

THE FIELD

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BOOK NO. 520

W. A. Rouch

CAPTAIN E. BEDDINGTON BEHRENS, M.C., WITH HIS DAUGHTER IN HYDE PARK

By flying the Atlantic in the Clipper, Captain Behrens made history as bearer of the diplomatic bag when he reached the Foreign Office 24 hours after leaving America

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THE FIELD
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THE VALUE OF LIBERTY

"IF the price of victory be high, it is a price worth paying, for it is the price of liberty and of all that makes life worth living for Europe and for ourselves." So Sir John Simon.

The price of victory: the price of liberty. Time was when men died for liberty, for freedom. To-day they both die and pay. War has altered considerably. No longer do banners fly bravely over battlefields the size of football pitches; no longer do heralds play upon their trumpets; no longer do knights practise the English code of chivalry. Modern warfare is not only a question of life to be sacrificed, it is a question of money of metal and of food. The money insures a proper supply of the other two essential commodities. And so there must be sacrifice in blood and the more sordid one of money.

The general reaction to the Budget is now well known. It was from the start typically English. A little grumbling a good deal of shoulder shrugging the inevitable "Well it can't be helped"; and life went on the same as usual. That the Budget came as a shock nobody could possibly deny, a two shilling increase on income tax, a drastic cutting down of allowances, increase on some of the more essential relaxations of war time and in particular beer and tobacco—these things are unpleasant. But the British taxpayer will pay and make his economies elsewhere and as he can. It is only thus that we can win modern war.

But to return to Sir John Simon's final sentence. "The price of liberty and all that makes life worth living for Europe and for ourselves." Do not let us for the moment concern ourselves particularly with Europe: let us consider "liberty and all that makes life worth living," and ourselves.

When this war is over not only will Europe need rebuilding but much that is in our own country will have to be reconstructed. We would like to draw attention to the verb we have used there: reconstructed, *not* repaired. We must not this time be put off by political slogans. One in particular, though it has not yet been produced is almost certain to see the light of day again in the near future. "A land fit for heroes to live in"—the domestic history of England during the years 1919-1939 made no provision for heroes. We must, this war over, plan an England fit not only for heroes but for the ordinary everyday humble working man. The politician will tell you that compared with any other country in Europe living conditions in this country of ours are superb. Perhaps they are, but they certainly are not anywhere near as good as they might be. It is astonishing how carefully mention of such places as Jarrow, the distressed areas around the Clyde, the slums in Glasgow, the pitiful, sordid, dirty back-to-backs of South Wales and the Black Country, is avoided. Everything in the garden was lovely, so long as you did not look at the dung heap. But the people, the men and the women who live in these places, are men and women. In peace time they may be ignored, in war time the men become heroes, the women may be flattered into one or other of the National Defence Organisations.

It may be thought that this is a subject that should be avoided in the best circles. We disagree with that opinion. So long as conditions, such as those of Jarrow or Cumberland or South Wales, exist, or are allowed to exist, in any country, so long will that country not be whole, so long will the words "Liberty and all that makes life worth living," be a mockery, so long will the seeds of discontent be rife, so long will the ultimate disaster of war be present. Similar, though greatly exaggerated, conditions existed in Germany and gave birth to Hitler; similar, though greatly exaggerated, conditions existed in Russia and gave birth to Stalin; there should not be a single depressed area in the home of Liberty. There is a proverb in the Bible that has to do with the beams and motes. We might when we talk about liberty and all that makes life worth living remember that proverb.

Hitlerism must be stamped out of Europe. After Hitlerism has been stamped out of Europe then Europe has to be reconstructed. The Europe that was reconstructed at Versailles after Kaiserism had been stamped out was a poor, silly, jerry-built patchwork. It was so not because its frontiers were arbitrary—there is no frontier in all the world that is not arbitrary—but because it took no account of the emotions and desires of men and women, because it took no account of the need of the humble man to live and work, to work to live.

We are paying a very, very high price for victory, for liberty and all that makes life worth living. We, the ordinary men and women, must see that the goods we get in return for this very heavy price (a price that must be counted not only in money but in lives lost and lives ruined) are full value.

If we do not: nobody will.

LET US LEARN

BEFORE war broke out the Government by the institution of a bonus of £2 an acre succeeded in getting a good deal of our poor grassland put to the plough. Much of this land has already been sown with mustard for the making of richer tilth; and a proportion of it, originally ploughed by the contractors, is now being ploughed again by the farmers. These fields under the harrow will provide a fairly good seed bed for grain crops, some sown in the winter and some in the spring.

There is a tendency to congratulate the Minister of Agriculture upon his foresight in instituting the "ploughing up" scheme. Perhaps it was foresight; though one cannot help the feeling that it came a little late. Nobody could blame Sir Reginald Dorman Smith for that. So soon as he was appointed Minister of Agriculture things agricultural began to move. We can also not help wondering what the position of British agriculture would be to-day and how far we might have got with the plan for an additional million and a half acres laid down to grain production had we not been handicapped for so long with Mr. Morrison as Minister. British agriculture has much leeway to make up and a very considerable portion of that leeway is due to Mr. Morrison's incompetence, and his peculiar insistence upon the attitude: There may be no war; and if there is no war then we have no need to improve our land.

We are not crying over spilt milk. We are merely pointing out the grave folly, and unfortunate (though happily in this case not disastrous) results of appointing unsuitable Ministers. We are fortunate, at this juncture, in having such a man as Sir Reginald Dorman Smith. It is, we think, very largely due to him that the farmers of this country have adopted their present attitude.

The plan for adding a million and a half acres to our land to grain production is not in essentials any different from the plan that was made in the last war. Its reception has been astonishingly different. Then almost every farmer had rude things to say about the Minister for ordering a destruction of old pastures. To-day almost every farmer is eager to co-operate. The county war agricultural committees are working sympathetically with the farmers, and this truly astonishing change in the attitude of bureaucracy to husbandry has met with an equally astonishing response. The county farm institutes have for some time now been giving extensive lessons in tractor driving to volunteers, and it has been found that these volunteers, including young women, are considerably more efficient than it was thought that they would be. The tractor, it is as well to point out, is not an easy thing to drive.

Tractors are going to play a great part in this war. For the main part the ploughing will be done by ploughing contractors. And heavy tractors drawing three or five furrow ploughs will be in use. It is safe to say that as the motor car leaves the road so mechanical propulsion will increase on the farm. Naturally a very great quantity of petrol will be needed to put this plan into action, and this will be but another nail in the coffin of the private motorist. But the results should provide more than adequate compensation.

This plan for increased grain production is a good one; but it is an emergency one. For twenty years we let our land slide back, and allowed many valuable acres to go out of production and to degenerate into waste land. One Minister after another watched from his august position the rot increase in compass, and did no more to apply a brake or seek a remedy than to deliver conciliatory speeches in the less agricultural districts. And to-day we have to produce an emergency plan, which no matter how good it may be, remains an emergency plan.

Let us see to it that, when peace finally breaks out, we do not allow any Government to play fast and loose with our birthright, and our most important industry, as the succession of governments did from 1918 to 1939.

We learnt many lessons from the last war. Do not let us fail to learn one lesson from the last peace.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Will readers and correspondents please note that the "Field" address is now

114, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4

LESSONS TO BE RE-LEARNT

When Weston Martyr wrote his war experiences for the October issue of *Blackwood's Magazine* he had no idea that it would appear at the start of another war. History has repeated itself with unusual rapidity, and his analysis of the conditions prevailing from 1914 to 1918 apply with no less force to those of to-day. He spares no one, including himself, from General to Private, and this very timely chapter of his life story deserves publication as a text book to provide food for thought for everyone holding a responsible position in the Army. But it may be doubted if he will meet with wholehearted support when he observes: "We waste our valuable Colonels. When they win their fights we turn them into Generals. We think because they can fight a battle they can plan a battle whereas the natural-born fighter never was a thinker, and never will be."

RACING AGAIN

The decision to hold meetings at Newmarket on October 18th and 19th and on November 1st and 2nd will be welcomed and also the prospect of further racing later on. Horses in training at Newmarket are likely to monopolise the programmes as no special arrangements are being made for transport of horses. The Cambridgeshire held at the first meeting (October 18th) is to be run over the Bunbury Mile and the Cesarewitch at the second (November 2nd) over the summer course. The war arrangements will mark an epoch in the history of both races which from sweepstakes become handicap plates of £500 each. The Middle Park Stakes figures in the programme on November 1st. From about mid-day to just before 3 p.m. is the time allotted to racing. Great interest will be shown in the Yearling Sales which are to be held on October 7th and possibly at the second meeting. The breeding side of the Turf is all-important now and it is hoped that there will be opportunity for making good the loss of Doncaster.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ONE of the things that twentieth century civilisation has missed, as it has missed such incidentals as peace, security, happiness and creative work, is the rhythmic periodicity of nature and country life. In every cultivated plot, as among all the fields that surround it, subtle and punctuated changes take place in orderly sequence, and it was his adaptation to these, before the machine rough-rode over them, that was the main source of the old countryman's knowledge and contentment. Being the season of fulfilment, autumn is particularly rich in such consummations and their due observance in the less-mechanised regions of the country.

Take so simple an office as the gathering of fruit. Early in September, the clear cold green of the Bramleys, like stilly, softly, radiant lamps, become washed with delicate pink and pale crimson flecks, and, when the wind blows, swing to and fro more like a lantern at a ship's mast than the steady distant glow from a cottage dormer.

This is their signal that they are ready for pot and pie. A little later the Codlins announce themselves, yellow-green, smooth-coated, snouted apples that proffer their goodness not by colour but size. I have a small Codlin, not 3in. round the bole, and I know exactly when to pick by the shortening of the distance between the bowed branches and the ground. As Chatterton wrote:

"When the fair apple, ruddy as even-sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground."

My little tree that gives of its utmost year by year is a symbol and true image of the happy life, smiling, exuberant, fulfilled, creative to the last ounce of generosity. But early October is the time for spice apples as for the Cox's that are inferior to them in flavour, while the deceptive apple, Worcester Pearmain, if plucked while it is resplendent in its shop-window crimson, turns to ashes in the mouth. But if left on the tree till December it makes a good average dessert apple.

Pears are just as temperamental in their times. In a rectory garden in Oxfordshire is a pear tree, taller than the tallest hedgerow elm, that normally produces 36 bushels of pears in a season. Nobody knows its name, but all the village knows that if it be picked too soon it goes sleepy and withers almost at once.

This pear is never picked until the starlings begin to puncture it in November, and that is its call for the basket. By Christmas time it turns into a dessert pear, but between November and Christmas offers itself for stewing, baking, pie-making and "pear ginger," a jam flavoured with ginger. I have a range of cordon pears that takes six months between first and last pickings (from September till March) but if Williams are picked after the middle of September even the pigs will leave them till the last.

Crabs nowadays are mostly left to rot under the trees when the gales strip them, but few blackberries are missed this year when the children from the towns make their first acquaintance with the sight and taste of a berry as familiar to Neanderthal Man's apish brood as synthetic rubbish out of tins is to the ragged children of our civilisation.

In this same rectory garden grow six varieties of hazel-nut, each one picked at a different time. The wood-nuts that fall from the cups or "buds," as they are locally known, are picked in the third week of September, filberts at the end of the month, and cobs a week or a fortnight later. If modern civilisation allowed a man to grow like a nut or an apple what happy intercourse might we not have with the sweet and wayward earth!

Here is an example. The productive powers of the strawberry called Ober-Schlessen is, I should say, without a parallel. I planted four rows of maidens last autumn, and these plants not only cropped heavily for over a month in the summer, but generated such hundreds of runners that it was a bore to cut them off.

I selected 34 of the best of these and left them in boxes plunged into ordinary soil, as an experiment against all the books to see whether they would root. In a fortnight they rooted, and at July end I planted them out. In the third week of September I took 54 runners off 34 plants that had been runners themselves less than two months before. What is the real reason for this? That this strawberry is rarely grown. In other words, it is not mass-produced, and that is half the secret of its prodigality, as it is with such peas as Onward and Alderman. Once science gets hold of a fruit or a vegetable its working years are numbered. In its rapacious, arrogant, Teuton fashion it squeezes the last ounce out of them and then disease or exhaustion finishes them.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.



NOW A FOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN PEACE AND WAR
A bridge over the Sûre which links up Luxemburg with Prussia

A SPECTACLE FOR TRIPPERS!

I HAVE read somewhere that the German Emperor was taken by Von Moltke to the top of a hill to watch the final stages of the battle of Sedan. Kings and emperors, of course, may watch from some safe vantage point the efforts of their troops in war. But then—even indeed so recently as 1870—war was a comparatively gentlemanly business. Chivalry was not dead, and banners flew bravely upon the field of battle.

War has always been a spectacle. I wonder has it ever before been regarded as one of the sights? It is now. I have read that thousands of visitors are arriving in Luxemburg to watch from the high ground of Schengen the fighting between French and German troops that is going on about a mile away.

I know that ground. I have sat on it, smoked my pipe and looked into Germany. I remember the day well. It was very warm and very sunny, and the valley below was draped in a haze of heat and was utterly peaceful. I remember very well that a man was singing in Germany, and his voice came up to me in odd, deep waves. I remember, too, a cow bell ringing far away beyond woods; the sound came up to me in ripples rather after the manner of church bells across water in the still of eventide. I remember that day very well, and the lovely lazy feeling, stretched out upon my back, my muscles relaxed after a long, long walk. There were no thoughts of war in Luxemburg on that day; and no thoughts of war among the peasantry over the German border.

To-day the trippers come. I visualise that same hillside crowded with prosperous civilians. I visualise the Luxemburg equivalent of "Stop me and buy one" doing a roaring trade. I imagine the local wine flowing freely, and perhaps someone is selling hot dogs. I see men hiring out binoculars at so many francs a time—and the time no doubt is limited.

And away where the man was singing, away where the cow bell rang, the big guns boom and men advance slowly to death, to mutilation. And in Paris, in Rheims, in Dijon, in many a town and village in France and Germany are chairs that will not be sat in again, slippers that will not be worn again, hearts that cannot be mended.

A sight, indeed, for the trippers. Better than dirt track racing, better than cock fighting, better than bull baiting; better, far, far better, than any cinema. A sight, indeed,—the slaughter and mutilation of human beings. Roll up, roll up. Watch the war in comfort. Deck chairs 2d.

And this in 1939.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago one, Nebuchadnezzar, who it will be remembered, ended up by eating grass, got a good deal of fun out of watching other people in agony. Death, preferably not sudden, appealed strongly to him as a form of entertainment. Hundreds of years ago the Roman mob turned up regularly to gladiatorial shows, paid their tanners, and yelled themselves hoarse. But this is 1939, and between the civilisation of Rome and the civilisation of this twentieth century we have had the Dark Ages. Or have we?

Have we really altered very much? The things we use and make use of have altered. The houses in which we dwell, the methods by which we get about, the clothes we wear, the food we eat—these things have altered. Our ideas about personal cleanliness have improved considerably. So I think have our ideas on a heap of other subjects. But basically we are much the same. Give us entertainment and we are satisfied. Give us bloody entertainment and we roll up. I believe the Romans, when a little off colour, enjoyed poetry.

Poetry, the best poetry, is always produced under adverse conditions. War, strife generally, the upsetting of one or another of the basic human emotions, always produces good poetry; very rarely good fiction. There were a number of good poets produced in the last war—it is too early to expect any to be born of this war—and there was a vast amount of fiction, almost all of which enjoyed a good sale and almost all of which, judged from any literary standard, was horribly bad.

The poets are forgotten, though Owen at least does not deserve to be. The fiction is forgotten, and with singularly few exceptions deserved no other fate. I suppose ninety-nine out of every hundred people, if asked to name a work of fiction dealing with the last war would name *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Remarque's book enjoyed a tremendous success, largely, I think, because it was elemental. To my mind, it cannot compare—and nor can any other war book—with *Death of a Hero*. Richard Aldington put all the bitterness, all the cynicism, all the disillusionment, all the courage, all the hopeless, steadfast, dogged perseverance of the ordinary humble bewildered man pitchforked into something beyond his understanding, in that book. And Richard Aldington was not unaware of what was going on at home in the minds of women.

Death of a Hero is magnificent. And so, though on different lines, and in my opinion in lesser degree, is *Patrol*. Philip MacDonald, better known as the author of a good many rather sensational crime stories, knew well what was going on in the minds of men during the last war. And though his book does not carry the conviction that is the secret of Richard Aldington's genius, though it is obviously unreal in its setting and in its ending, it too has in it the seeds of that incredible disillusioned doggedness that is man's make-up in the face of danger.

I do not know how many times I have read *Death of a Hero*; but many times. I am wondering at the moment about all the Georges of 1939. But also I am wondering what in the way of literature this war is going to produce.

So far it has produced nothing. Of course, it has not been going very long. The Ministry of Information—a sadly misnamed organisation on its showing to date—does not encourage fine writing in the newspaper. It might almost be said that it does not encourage writing. The fine, bitter stuff, the rudely elemental, the Aldingtons and the MacDonalds and the Remarques, will not be producing for some years after the war. It takes time to unlock the floodgates of bitterness.

But what of the current time-waster? The last war produced a spate of light, romantic, utterly unpermanent fiction. Much of it enjoyed a tremendous sale at the time. None of it has lasted except perhaps (I saw a copy for sale the other day) *Patricia Brent, Spinster*. But I can remember that a number of books by Bertha Ruck (I cannot remember a single title, but they run pretty strongly on the sweetheart theme) enjoyed no small success; and no doubt there were others.

There will be more and they will come soon. In due course there will be poets. And ultimately the madness of Hitlerism will produce a great work of fiction.

The old songs are sung again; the old slogans, the old jokes, have been resurrected. Even the old artists. After all, it was only twenty years ago.

Only twenty years ago; that should be more than sufficient to produce another Richard Aldington.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



South African Railways and Harbours

SKUKUZA REST CAMP, WHERE THE WARDEN OF THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS

SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIONAL SHOW PIECE

By ALUN JOHN

IN 1898, Paul Kruger, then President of the Transvaal, prohibited the hunting of all wild animals in an area in the Eastern Transvaal, which he named the Sabi Game Preserve. Ultimately, this became the Kruger National Park, and was the beginning of the world-famous game sanctuary of South Africa.

After the South African War, with the important addition of the Shingwedsi and other areas extending north of the Sabi River to the Limpopo, it was again proclaimed a reserve by Lord Milner. Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton was appointed warden, which post he holds to-day. The ravages of the War and other causes, such as the rinderpest in 1897, had resulted in the game being depleted to incredibly small numbers, and it took many years of careful conservation before all the various species again secured a stable footing. A convincing pointer to the results possible from protection measures is afforded by the fact that the park's buffaloes, now numbering about 1,000, sprang from a herd of about a dozen, which inhabited the Transvaal lowveld 40 years ago.

The park stretches along the Portuguese East African border to the Limpopo River in the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, a distance from north to south of over 200 miles, and from east to west an average of 40 miles, making a total area of approximately 8,000 square miles. There are approximately 900 miles of roads, well sign-posted, in the park. Administered by the National Parks Board under the chairmanship of Justice the Hon. N. J. de Wet, it is divided into nine sections, with a ranger in charge of each and the whole under the direction of the warden, whose headquarters are at Skukuza.

Thousands of tourists visit the park every year, and the authorities make elaborate arrangements for their reception. Of course, there are very necessary regulations and, in the interests of both visitors and animals, these are strictly enforced. For instance, no person shall sleep elsewhere than at a rest camp, or leave a rest camp or picnic place or travel in the park otherwise than by means of a vehicle. Under no circumstances must anyone disturb the animals by getting out of cars or following them in any manner whatsoever.

There are also a number of "Don'ts" compiled by the warden, and these include:

"Don't bathe; there are often crocodiles in the smallest pools."

"Don't imagine because the lions are passive that they are therefore tame, and that you can go up and pat them. If you get out of your car in close proximity to lions you are courting trouble."

Then there is the famous appeal:

"We, the animals of the Kruger National Park, appeal for your sympathy and friendship. You have been our bitter enemies for so long that it takes time to make us understand that a new and happier era has begun for us; do not betray our trust in you."

Visitors to the park may carry one fire-arm, solely for the purpose of self-defence. Any party of visitors may carry only one fire-arm to each motor car, and if an animal has been shot, or even fired at, the fact must be reported immediately. It is stressed that to wound a lion is making trouble, possibly for other visitors. The animal, probably merely curious before, will become angry and may attack the first person it sees. For obvious reasons the use of any animal or animal-drawn vehicle cannot be allowed.

The best time for seeing the animals is in the half light of very early morning, or late afternoon. So accustomed have they now become to cars that they take very little notice, they just stand and stare by the roadside.

Most people want to see lion—in fact, they feel that otherwise the trip is not complete—and they are not disappointed. There are approximately 800 fully grown lions in the sanctuary and, with other carnivora such as leopards—numbering about 100, cheetahs, wild dogs, hyenas, jackals and civet serve to maintain the balance of nature. The elephant and eland country is to the north of the Olifants River, and it is estimated that the elephants number 250, and the eland about 800. The only remaining herd of the smaller Addo elephant, numbering seventeen, is preserved at the Addo Elephant National Park, which is about 35 miles north of Port Elizabeth. A few black rhinoceroses exist in the dense bush country of the lower Sabi. Hippo, numbering about 400, are often in view sporting or lazing on river banks or basking on the islands. There are crocodiles in all the large rivers.

The sanctuary, it is broadly considered, harbours half a million antelopes of all ranks; zebra and wildebeeste forming a very large proportion of this gigantic total. There are several thousand kudu, whose spiralled horns sometimes grow to over 60in.; several thousand waterbuck, with their ring of white; 3,000 sable, and 1,000 each of roan and reedbuck. The fleetest and hardiest of antelopes—the tsessbe—number about 1,000; and the nyala, which is extremely rare, 100.

Warthogs scurry away or pace the car, their tufted tails held stiffly in the air looking for all the world like flags blowing in the breeze. Bustard, partridge, pheasant and guinea fowl speed through the long grass, and the grey lourie—the "go-away" bird—shouts his warning that intruders are about. There are, approximately, 1,500 ostriches, and altogether, there are more than 350 species of birds in the reserve.

An excellent site for seeing the animals is Pretorius Kop, where one of the twelve rest camps has been built. Owing to the open nature of the country it holds no secrets, and the animals may be seen at a distance of a mile or more. The pasture is excellent and attracts a large number of animals with, of course, the attendant beasts of prey. Lion are more readily seen here than almost



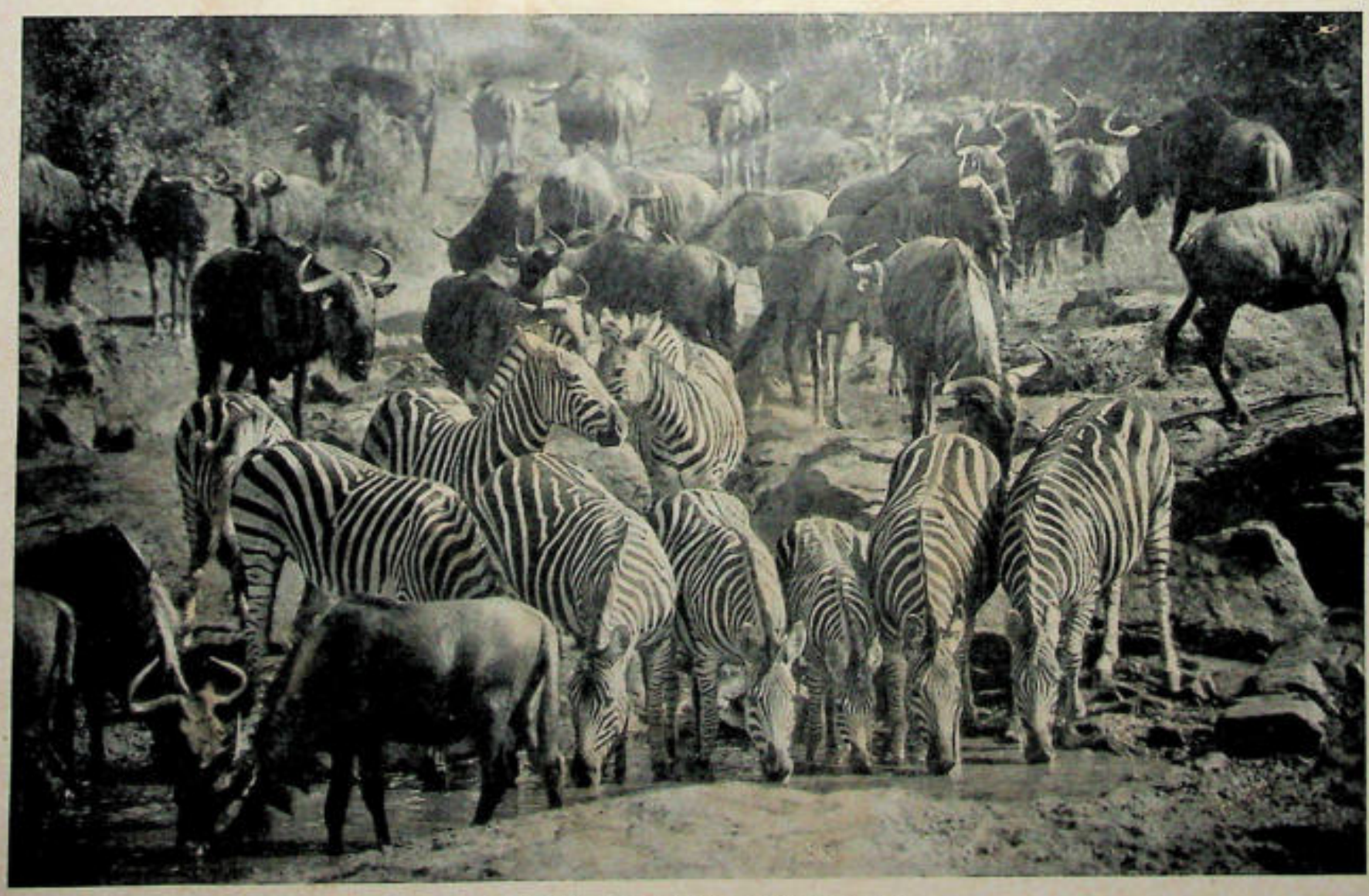
MOST PEOPLE WANT TO SEE A LION AND THEY ARE NOT DISAPPOINTED

anywhere else in the park. There are two circular roads, the first of seventeen miles leading round Pretorius Kop itself; and the second, somewhat longer, travels via the Sigazi River. There are also several branch roads.

Practically all the rest camp huts have concrete walls and thatched roofs and are furnished with iron bedsteads, a hurricane lamp, rough benches, washstand and basin, table, and other camp furniture. The large rest camps have fully equipped bathrooms, while most of the others have shower baths. The camp stores provide the essentials in food and equipment, either by hire or purchase. At some camps restaurant meals may be had.

The period for which the park as a whole is open to the public is from June 1st to October 31st. The Pretorius Kop section, however, may be visited at any time of the year. From mid-June to the end of September—the winter season in the southern hemisphere—the park is at its best with the climate then equal to the finest in the world.

Rightly the Kruger National Park ranks as an imperial showpiece of Southern Africa, and fittingly its fame is spreading throughout the civilised world, a happy circumstance being that it is easily accessible from any part of South Africa either by rail, road or air.



THE FAMILIAR GATHERING BY THE WATER HOLE

ROE DEER MIGRATIONS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN



FLASHLIGHT OF A ROEBUCK
He knew the camera was set, but braved the flash and stuck to his runway through a weak part in the deer fence

THOUGH I have studied the habits of roe deer all my life, it was only recently brought to my knowledge that in many parts of the country, though it may not be a general rule, these little animals migrate annually, as though in response to an inherited prompting. I say "inherited" because there does not appear to be any direct reason for these migrations, and though in years gone by I have discussed the life habits of roe from every aspect with such experienced roe deer hunters as the late Mr. George Macpherson Grant, I cannot recollect any reference having been made to anything suggestive of a general move on the part of the roe deer during the late autumn.

I have always regarded the roe as the most "stay-at-home" of all the deer. I have seen the same family within a mile or so of the same place the season through, and there is no doubt that they are more clannish and inclined to monogamy to a greater extent than their larger kindred. An old buck and doe with their children and grandchildren will haunt the same area of woodland, moor, and swamp the year round, but in the autumn, when the rutting season is ended, the young bucks tend to scatter out, and small herds of them are then to be found together, after the manner of young stags, haunting the low-lying swamp country.

Stags, on the other hand, cover a far greater area, and very often the stags and their hinds live their lives apart over the great part of the year. For example, Deeside is essentially stag country, while the Speyside slopes of the Cairngorms is essentially hind country. Their areas are almost as strictly defined as those of wild mountain sheep, whose habitat can be clearly mapped out as ram or ewe country. There are few, if any, big stags in the Aviemore area till well on in the rutting season—indeed stalking does not begin there till the big stags cross the range from the Braemar side. This kind of local migration is easily understood, but it is an order of things which does not prevail with roe deer. There is, nevertheless, evidence of their migrating at definite seasons, though the cause of such movements is obscure.

The roe may leave one valley and cross the bleak range to another where the conditions are much the same. The movements occur towards the end of October, or at any rate when winterly conditions begin to make themselves felt.

A farmer of my acquaintance in the upper valley of the Tweed has noticed the migration tendency among roe for a number of years. He is excellently situated for such observations, his land comprising the bleak hinterland on one side, and marched on the other by excellent roe deer country. The estate south of him is always well stocked with roe, but to the north there is no roe deer woodland for sixteen or twenty miles.

One cruelly cold October evening a number of years ago when first he took the farm, he noticed two roe deer, a young buck and a young doe, coming down from the heather to cross his sheep pastures, and he got his glasses on them. He saw at once that the little animals were in a much fatigued condition, and bore every sign of having travelled a long way. They descended the pastures slowly and fearlessly, and reaching a root field they both lay down to rest.

Thinking they had been hunted out of their home, my friend did not disturb them, though the roe are far from welcome, and he usually sends his dog to chase them off. The following morning they were still resting in the root field, but as the sun got up they proceeded stiffly down the slope, and crossed the river into the woods. One at once concludes that the beating of the pheasant covers was the cause of these two seeking new territory, but it must be borne in mind that the pheasants are late in this country, and the big estates had not begun shooting.

Since then, every year, with the first cold winds, the same farmer has noticed a movement of roe across his lands to the adjoining woods, these deer travelling in a southerly direction, so that there is no longer any doubt in his mind but they are migrants from some estate on the north side, so that they must have travelled at least sixteen or twenty miles across the moors. That, I admit, is no great distance for a deer to travel, but the point of interest is that it seems to represent an annual movement.

The keeper in the roe deer woods adjoining my farmer friend bears him out in this. He is able to keep pretty close stock of his resident roe during spring and summer, and every late autumn he notices new arrivals. One of his colleagues quotes an unusual case. Late one autumn he was in the woods with his black Labrador when he observed a young doe coming straight towards him, looking at him curiously. He saw at once that she was a stranger, and giving the word to his dog he stood motionless. To his surprise the little doe came right up to him and began to sniff and lick at the buttons of his waistcoat. He made a quick movement of the hand, at which she shook her head, and trotting a few feet began to graze fearlessly. He naturally concluded that this was a tame deer from some distant estate, but if, indeed, she was at one time a pet, she had travelled from an estate so far off that no news of her could be obtained.

The incident to my mind opened up another line of enquiry. Dotted about the high hills at intervals of some miles apart are strips and clumps of coniferous forest, relics of the vast woodlands, which once covered the hills. Isolated squirrels are occasionally to be found in these mountain retreats, no doubt remnants of the ancient stock, for squirrels will not face treeless country. Also in August I have seen occasional roe feeding in the heather, and when disturbed they make at once for the woodland patches.

A roe deer fawn born in one of these strips might quite conceivably live till autumn with no knowledge of mankind, and when instinctively seeking the more sheltered valleys with the cold weather, the unsophisticated little beast might well display such fearlessness on its first meeting with man.

I have noticed repeatedly that young roe are quite fearless till taught by their parents. In the woods near Lodge, by the Nethy, one November morning I came across a fawn standing quite close to me in the snow-laden undergrowth, and photographed him. I then went straight up to him, and stroked him, at which he shook his head and screwed up his nose as though he did not like my smell. I personally heard no sound, but his mother must in some way have given a warning to him, for suddenly a look of fear came into his eyes, and he went bounding off. A few seconds later I heard the doe crashing away through the woods, leading him out of the danger zone; then followed the bounding and barking of the buck as he joined them from another part of the wood.

I find that shepherds, keepers, and others take such migrations as the common and accepted order, and regularly refer to "roe deer roads," used annually in the autumn, and sometimes in early spring. For example a shepherd will remark casually: "Aye, there's a roe deer road following yon dyke up by the planting and over the moor. I see them passing that way late every season." One of these roads I have traced leads up the Tweed past Stobhope and the well-known Crook Inn, then out over the heather towards St. Mary's Loch, and the roe using it must make a considerable journey before they can reach congenial winter quarters. One concludes that it is all a matter of distribution of the species, for so far as I have been able to ascertain the restless ones are generally young animals.

It would be interesting to know whether other observers have noticed these local migrations, which I believe occur in some localities more than others. It is doubtful, for example, whether they occur in the rich and comparatively level English forests. High hills and bleak areas have generally a story of their own to tell.



ROE DEER IN WINTER
Buck and doe in an East Lothian forest

The Gun Month by Month

THE VARIETY OF OCTOBER DAYS

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

THE columns of a game book enshrine a host of memories, none pleasanter, perhaps, than those associated with October days. It is not only that in autumn the colourings of hills and glens are even more superb than in high summer, nor that there seems to be fresh tonic in the first snow breaths that come straight off the mountains.

October's charm lies largely in that it marks for many of us the zenith of the shooting year. Everything is legal tender; everything, except the backward pheasant, at its prime. Everything, too, is pretty wide-awake. Young birds have assimilated much of the wisdom of their elders, and it is no easier to walk-up partridges than grouse with any confidence of bringing down a brace. Less easy still, to come to grips with other wilder species, whose goings out and comings are influenced by weather changes.

With the first frosts, woodcock will be dropping into coverts, and teal and mallard deserting the reed belts for open water. And one will see the vanguard of the foreign snipe flight restlessly about the bogs. Perhaps they are looking for familiar landmarks of yester year, like the grey geese whose music, as they wing back from the frozen north, is one of the high notes of late October.

And so, for those who count variety the spice of shooting these early autumn days may be the pleasantest of all the year. It is unfortunately true that land drainage, combined with what comprehensively one may term rural development, is rapidly absorbing the very types of ground most adapted to the spread of "various." Nowhere, probably, not even in the famous bogs beloved of and appraised by Payne Gallwey in his *Wildfowler in Ireland* are average bags to-day one-third of what they were a generation back.

Yet bags are not everything. Many of us count among the high spots of our shooting lives those moments in which we achieve the unexpected. For just as there is an undefinable fascination in stalking something which is here to-day and may be gone to-morrow, so there are few thrills comparable to finding old friends in the last place one would normally think of looking for them. Which is precisely what so often happens when birds of marsh and moor on local and seasonal migrations are busy house-hunting for comfortable winter quarters.

In appreciation of individual species most men, I daresay, would agree to differ. For what is least easily obtainable is what we most desire. "Woodcocks," once said an Irish keeper, contemptuously, "why would ye be botherin' yer head with them little birdeens when there's pheasants in the bog." Had one told him that at the average English covert shoot one cry of "'cock forward" is enough to make a line of guns ignore a stream of pheasants and bring them to attention as one man, he would not have believed it. In his opinion, 'cock ranked rather lower than curlew. But then, he and I lived in a country where their ratio to pheasants was as six to one.

Sometimes in my irresponsible moments, I used to wonder whether the Argonauts who introduced them into Greece experienced the same difficulty in "salting" their pheasants tails as we did ours. For these hog-bred birds, retaining the characteristics of their Asian forbears, are as sprinters comparable to ostriches or emus. No strategist yet born can make them rise from stunted scrub and whins nor shake their intuition that their legs will always save their necks more surely than their wings. Which is why, perhaps, down to this very day the natives of that wilderness of Eire count a single pheasant better value than a glut of snipe.

Yet I have never found it pay to chase the more elusive, and let the more confiding quarry go. Often in my youth and innocence, stalking full duck on a bog lake, have I foregone *en route* quite easy shots at snipe, lest I should disturb the bigger birds. But nearly always the latter offed it out of shot, and the snipe did not return to give a second chance.

Once—most poignant memory of all—a few wild geese had settled on some tillage in the bog, the while walking up and down a little boreen, my setter slowed and stiffened in quite obvious appeal.

"Likely it's only another of them—jackeens," observed my henchman, thereby stiffening my intention to go for the bigger game. Besides via a sunken drain, I had a stratagem by which I could outflank those geese. But they had a better one for outwitting me. They flew, cackling derisively, when I was yet 100yds. away, and I turned to find the dog in very truth had set a snipe. But it was no "jackeen"; it was a great snipe, a bird I never saw before or since.

When I try to revive memories, typical of what is best in wild sport, I can get no very clear vision of any one red-letter day. My mental tangle is conglomerate of too many lovely scenes and disconnected incidents. Yet there are one or two outstanding recollections; of a day for instance which is memorable, not for yielding any bag to make a song about, but simply because so many of those "unexpected friends" already mentioned turned up in circumstances and surroundings that attained to the ideal. The mountains were capped with snow, and hoar frost clinging to the silver-birch woods against the emerald and russet background of the bogs reminded one of a drop scene in a fairy play. We were six guns, and at the first shot away in the distance a wedge of wild geese rose and headed out to sea.

By all the text-book rules the three-day frost should have filled these birch and rhododendron coverts full of 'cock, and these were our objective. But we spent almost an entire morning drawing them very nearly blank, and then, as a forlorn hope, put in the spaniels to work up-wind a tangle of whins and heather patches and bracken in the bog. In less than half an hour we collected nineteen 'cock and spent up to lunch-time trying unsuccessfully to make up the ten couple. All the birds were shot within a half-mile radius, but the explanation was quite simple. A "drip" had started in the coverts, and where the 'cock dined overnight they slept, in the drier shelter of the open country.

Snipe, likewise, seemed a bit bewildered by the sudden thaw, for seldom have I seen them more erratic. I recollect shooting a couple out of a patch of roots under which the softer ground had doubtless provided them with something succulent. But mostly they rose in little wisps from springs and deep dykes, and almost literally one had to kick them up.

Snipe are usually wilder and twistier in hard frost, though when it is breaking the converse seems to be the case, probably because their usual larders having been sealed up, they are searching far and wide for spongy ground and feeding by day as well as night. And gorging after a long fast makes them lazy. For all that afternoon we were chasing full snipe that never went out of sight even after being fired at. They displayed almost jack-like tendencies, as though loath to leave their new found zones of plenty whatever the risks. Which may point the moral that it pays when hard weather is just breaking, not to footslog miles of iron-bound country, but rather to sneak about round open springs and ditches, for even if you draw the same spots twice, you are likely to find what you want on both occasions.

At least I can remember that all that day we went on getting birds, but seldom where by all the laws man ever made they should have been. For odd grouse and pheasants, golden plover, teal and mallard made further contribution to the bag before we turned for home, and in more than one drive I saw four species competing in the air race.

So that was a day, to my mind, worth all those put together on which by perfection of machinery a thousand birds are loosed over shooting sticks in covert rides. A day such as Lord Buxton may have had in mind when he wrote that "it is not the heavy bags so much as the difficult and sporting shots that give the pleasure and linger in the memory."



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING UNDER NEW CONDITIONS

Soldiers who help as beaters when free from their ordinary duties

FISH AS "INSECTICIDES"

Control of Fly Pests by Insectivorous Feeders

By B. E. F. LINSSEN, F.Z.S., F.R.E.S., A.R.P.S.

FISHING'S truly vast literature can be divided under three headings: sport; hobby; industry. Of these three only the aquarist shows interest in the continued life of the fish he catches. But there is yet another known to few people—he is the scientist who makes use of fish as agents of biological control (the use of insects for biological control was described by the author in the *Field* for August 13th, 1938) of insects that are injurious to man.

Many of the vertebrates, from the highest to the lowest, not excluding man, feed upon insects. We are all familiar with insectivorous fish, amphibians and reptiles, birds and mammals, but among all these classes of animals few have been found that could be bred in large numbers and transported to other parts of the world for controlling insect pests. There are a few examples, such as the little owl, which was introduced last century to the British Isles and by some people is considered a useful addition to our native predators, but we also hear much criticism.

On the whole the use of vertebrates has been disappointing, reliance for control measures has been most usefully placed on the extensive interparasitism that obtains among the insects themselves, but one class of vertebrates, the Pisces, has given us some species that have rendered gratifying results.

Many fishes are insectivorous, insects being very important economically in fish production, but to man the destruction of such insects is of little importance as most of the aquatic species are not considered injurious. By aquatic species are meant those insects which spend their larval life in water, among these are many species of biting flies. Many live attached to the vegetation, from which oxygen is obtained, or live in the mud.

Mosquitoes also need water in which to lay their eggs, the larvæ of most of these diptera live near the surface of the water, to which they must return frequently to breathe by means of a siphon which they project into the air. This has given rise to "oiling"—the well-known anti-mosquito measure of spreading a film of oil on the water which blocks the siphon and so kills the larva. This method must be carried out at certain definite intervals, and is useful in city parks, small sheets of water, and where it is possible to justify the expenditure.

There are in many parts of the world large areas of marsh land where for many reasons oiling cannot be carried out. Here the use of fish is the most effective alternative. Many small freshwater fish swim near the surface and feed almost exclusively on the larvæ of mosquitoes; they are especially valuable for the control of these insects, and subsequently such diseases as yellow fever, malaria, dengue and filariasis for which many species of mosquito act as intermediary host.

The most effective fish used for biological control belong to the order cyprinodontes, which seldom reach the length of a foot. The largest are species of *Fundulus* and *Anableps*, one of the smallest is probably *Heterandria formosa*, Ag. found in Florida, which barely reaches an inch. The principal families are the cyprinodontidæ and poeciliidæ, the fact that they are prolific breeders and will live admirably in shallow waters makes them eminently suitable for our purposes.

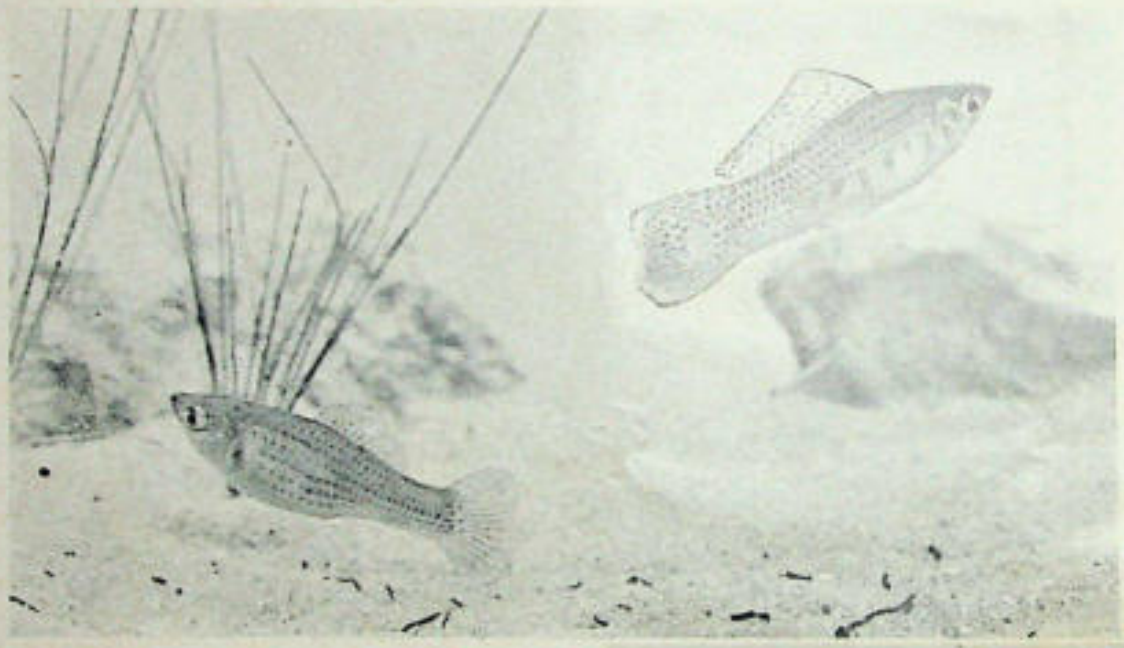
Cyprinodontidæ are oviparous and nearly all spawn in shallow water. In temperate regions spawning takes place late in April or May; in the tropics it may continue throughout the greater part of the year. Most species hatch in from five to twenty days, and are fully grown in less than a year; maturity is often reached in three months in the tropics. The poeciliidæ are viviparous, and also breed throughout the year, with the usual exception for those species whose breeding is restricted by temperature in the non-tropical climates. One of the most effective larvicidal species is *Gambusia affinis*, B. and G., which is used in the Mississippi valley; it is also found in Texas and North-Eastern Mexico, its relation *G. holbrookii*, G. is found from Florida to Virginia. For salt marshes the species *Fundulus heteroclitus*, L. will live where others could not be introduced; it is found on the east coast of the United States. Useful fish in East Africa are *Notobranchius* and *Pachypanchax*, and in the Congo and Nile basins are *Epiplatys* and *Aphyosemion*. In the Mediterranean are *Gambusia*, which has been introduced, as well as *Aphanius*, also found in the Near East.



THE BLACK VARIETY OF *MOLLIENISIA LATIPINNA* NOW CULTIVATED FOR AQUARIA

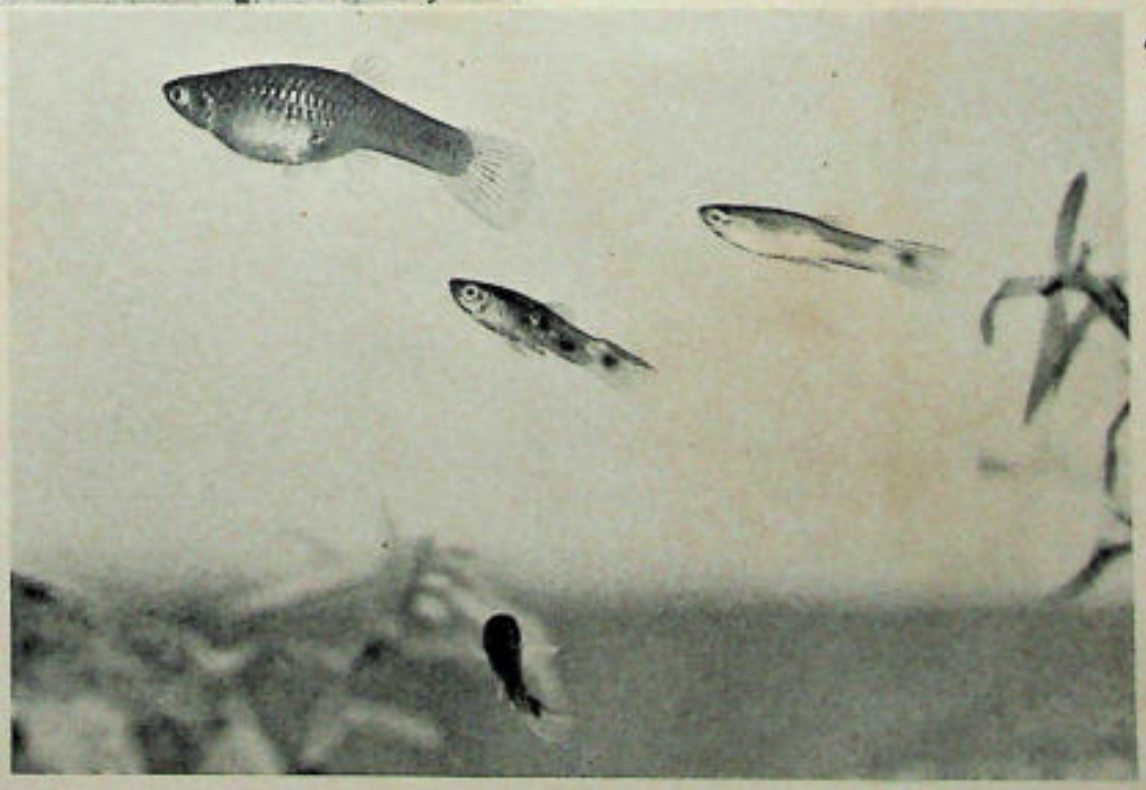
These fish are quoted as examples of species that have been used for biological control. Their importance is their insectivorous diet and that, like nearly all cyprinodonts, they inhabit still or slowly-moving water—which is also the ideal breeding site for mosquitoes. Such water is often full of weeds, restricting penetration by larger fish, in this connection *Rivulus* is invaluable as it lives in thick plant growths and is even able to reach larvæ on top of lily pads.

However, control measures if they are to be effective, need careful and intelligent study: indiscriminate stocking with *Gambusia*, *Panchax*, *Lebistes*, &c., might well prove harmful to the young of food fishes. Related but unwanted species may be difficult to identify from those it is desired to import. Had such care been exercised when *Gambusia* was sent to the Philippines, the species *Mollienisia latipinna*, Le S. would not have been introduced. It is now considered a pest.



ABOVE: THE COMMON FORM OF *MOLLIENISIA LATIPINNA*

BELOW: "MILLIONS"—*LEBISTES RETICULATUS*



It is natural that some assistance must be given to the fish if they are to reach the dipterous larvæ. In mosquito areas this is accomplished by preventing whenever possible dense vegetation so as to allow the fish to penetrate all mosquito-breeding sites, the fish are also introduced into canals and even tanks and barrels used for drinking water; all other sites where fish cannot be introduced, such as pools and inlets, must be filled in.

SOME AUSTRALIAN INHABITANTS SEEN at CLOSE QUARTERS





ON A KOALA FARM AT ADELAIDE

The female Koala carries the baby on the back of its neck. In the top picture the mother is asleep, but the young one regards sleep as a waste of time. On the left the mother is having a feast of gum leaves and the baby is asking for a share



THE KOALA FARM GUARDIAN WITH A HANDFUL OF SNAKES



WHAT A KOALA LOOKS LIKE WHEN A FEW MONTHS OLD



A CASSOWARY AT LONE PINE SANCTUARY, NEAR BRISBANE

The photographs of Koalas here reproduced come from Koala Farm, Adelaide, South Australia, and the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary, ten miles outside Brisbane, Queensland. Protection is now enforced for the Koala, not that this universal favourite is likely to be so much molested nowadays, but these numerous little "bears" were once threatened with extinction. At the Adelaide Farm Miss Sally Partridge is in charge and is shown with her Koalas and her snakes. The Koalas feed on the gum trees, and one of the pictures shows an adult enjoying a meal. Another inhabitant of Australia, the hunting of which has been declared unlawful, is the Cassowary, a wary three-toed ostrich-like bird with a horny crest, and one endowed with great speed and an all-powerful kick.



A CHAFFINCH CAUGHT BY THE FLASHLIGHT ON HIS ROOSTING PERCH

BIRDS AND THE GARDEN

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE



BLUE TIT ON THE DAY OF LEAVING THE NEST

THE economic value of birds in relation to gardening is a matter of importance to horticulturists. Without some knowledge concerning this subject it is impossible to distinguish between harmful and beneficial species, and it is a lamentable fact that many gardeners are quite ignorant in this respect. Dr. Walter Collinge has made a special study of bird economy, and his discoveries have been published in an interesting and informative leaflet by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Divided opinions are entertained with regard to the value of the tit family, and it is due to Dr. Collinge's painstaking research that we now know the true position with regard to this group. Take, for example, the case of the great titmouse. As a result of examining the stomach contents of a number of these birds during each month of the year Dr. Collinge has obtained the following significant facts: Injurious insects comprise no less than 66.5 per cent. of the tit's bill of fare; 23.5 per cent. neutral food is eaten (consisting mostly of harmless insects, spiders, wild fruits and seeds), while the remaining 10 per cent. only is prejudicial to horticultural interests. This latter item consists of fruit pulp (3 per cent.) buds (1.5 per cent.), wheat (1.5 per cent., which hardly concerns gardeners) and beneficial insects (4 per cent.).

The common blue titmouse eats as much as 78 per cent. of injurious insects, yet despite the good which this group of birds performs annually in gardens all over the British Isles, it is regrettable that many titmice are shot or otherwise destroyed owing to the ignorance and prejudice of gardeners.

The finch family is another group which comes in for more than its fair share of criticism—yet the commonest member of this tribe, the chaffinch, is a great destroyer of weed seeds. Those which it likes best are charlock, plantain, groundsel and knotgrass, all of which sap the nourishment from the soil which would otherwise be enjoyed by cultivated plants. It is true that chaffinches will thin out the newly-sown seedlings of both cabbages and turnips, but it is an established fact that such damage is carried on over a short period only, while the remaining months of the year are spent in destroying weeds. The goldfinch, on the other hand, is entirely beneficial, for it feeds chiefly on the seeds of thistle and dandelion. Of recent years the goldfinch has increased enormously, particularly in the western counties of England, and such increase portends good for the owners of gardens where thistles and dandelions are too numerous.

The bugbear of the fruit-grower is undoubtedly the bullfinch. This bird is of a shy and retiring disposition, and likes to hide itself away in a secluded corner of the garden where lilacs, apple and cherry trees are in bud. The bullfinch will strip apple trees of their buds for a pastime, wasting far more than it eats. It has been argued that only those buds containing an injurious grub are thus destroyed, but I once saw a collection of buds which had been gathered up from a newspaper spread under an apple tree and none of them were affected in this way. Yet it is perfectly true that in districts where bullfinches are common apple trees bear the finest fruit, since these birds are efficient pruners. It is quite impossible to overestimate the number of aphids which bullfinches destroy in a season, and in this respect the rose-tree grower finds a most useful ally. One aphis or greenfly can produce 16,000 of its kind in a week—and since the young themselves breed when only a few hours old, the increase in a single month almost defies calculation.



THE STARLING IS THE MOST UNGAINLY OF GARDEN VISITORS

Greenfinches will eat newly-sown garden seeds and soft fruits; but by means of cottoning and netting much of the loss can be eliminated.

Both thrushes and blackbirds are fond of soft fruits; but surely they are claiming a just reward if they take a few of these, when we consider how great a service is rendered by the annual destruction of countless worms, slugs and snails. It is probable that birds eat soft fruits more for the moisture contained therein rather than for actual nourishment. The soft fruit season comes at a time when rain is scarce, and many birds are forced to quench their thirst by eating raspberries, loganberries and strawberries. Much of the fruit can be saved by providing a shallow basin of cool water near the fruit bushes and plants, and several gardeners who have adopted this plan report that much of their produce has been thereby saved.

There are some species of birds whose good deeds are conspicuous by their absence, and the wood-pigeon or ring-dove is a good example of this type. Early in the morning, before the gardener is astir, hordes of these birds make a daily onslaught in the kitchen garden. Peas, beans and young crops—all are devoured without discrimination. Wood-pigeons should be shot at sight; but it is often impracticable to do this, especially in small gardens surrounded by houses. Fortunately this pest is extremely shy and any noise will drive it away. Tins tied together by string are useful, provided there is a strong breeze blowing, but the shotgun, where it can be safely used, is the best precaution. Some gardeners sprinkle poisoned grain for pigeons, but this is not a practice to be recommended. Some of this may be dropped by pigeons elsewhere and subsequently devoured by domestic fowls or geese, thus causing more harm than good.



INJURIOUS INSECTS COMPRISE 66·5 PERCENTAGE OF THE TITS' BILL OF FARE

On the whole, noise keeps pigeons at bay most satisfactorily, but the method of cottoning seedlings is almost useless. The marauders will break these with their strong bills and thus undo the patient work of perhaps several hours' duration.

The rook is another species which enjoys a varied reputation. Yet although this bird will devour grain on agricultural land it is entirely beneficial in the garden. Wire-worms and leatherjackets are its chief insect food, and a flock of rooks will clear a lawn of these pests in a remarkably efficient manner.

It is impossible in a paper of this length to mention the feeding habits of every individual bird which visits the garden, but the following figures compiled by Dr. Collinge will speak for themselves; they refer to the insect-food eaten by the species mentioned: Cuckoo (83 per cent.), garden warbler (55.5 per cent.), robin and jackdaw (39.5 per cent.), song thrush (32 per cent.), and missel thrush (30.5 per cent.). Dr. Collinge, furthermore, points out that such birds as wagtails, pipits, warblers, flycatchers, swallows, swifts, &c., are almost entirely insectivorous.

In the depths of winter, when the ground is frozen hard, our bird allies find it difficult to obtain sufficient for their immediate needs. It is then that they rely to a great extent on human assistance. Fresh water and crumbs, together with suet for the tits, are most welcome, and the birds are entitled to this consideration which is small compared to the enormous service they render throughout the year in every garden in the land.

JERUSALEM CRICKET

A One-Day Match on Mount Scopus



A CRITICAL IF SUPERCILIOUS SPECTATOR

"JERUSALEM crickets!" was a phrase much used by my grandfather as a harmless expletive. I was never quite sure whether he referred to the insects or to the game, but my young mind was left with the impression that a Jerusalem cricket was something fabulous, unlike the artichokes similarly entitled.

Yet Jerusalem cricket is, as they say, a living force. There are three grounds in the Holy City, one at the Sports Club, one at the Y.M.C.A. and one on Mount Scopus. Mount Scopus lies some little way from the centre of the city; it is away to the north. The depot of the Palestine Police is there, and to-day the Police are entertaining the Army to a one-day match.

Affairs are still unsettled in the land, and there are last-minute absentees from both elevens, owing to an expedition against a gang of bandits. While substitutes are sought a grim little ceremony takes place, viz., the careful searching of the pavilion for time-bombs. A patrol goes rummaging about the foundations of the building. It reminds one of the way in which the vaults of the Houses of Parliament are searched for the successors of Guy Fawkes.

On this occasion the pavilion is declared free from infernal machines, and the spectators—a handful of officers and their wives—take their seats. By this time it is nearly noon. Substitutes have been found for the unlucky soldiers and policemen who are by now scaling distant hills, and the police win the toss and take the field.

"Field" in this case is a courtesy title for an arid expanse of dust with a few stones protruding. Only one patch of green refreshes the eye; that is the new strip of matting laid over concrete to form the pitch. On one side of the ground lies the Nablus Road, where armoured cars and military trucks lurch along, camels amble, and donkeys trot past. Behind them is the British War Cemetery, and behind that again the Mount of Olives. There are trees on the Mount as a result of recent planting, but few of them are olives.

Occasionally, the passing traffic pauses and forms a gallery. There is something in the expression of a camel that makes it appear a critical, if supercilious spectator.

Something goes wrong with the opening batsman of the Police. Perhaps it is the row of meditative camels that he finds unnerving; perhaps it is the Army fast bowler. At all events his wicket falls with the score at 0. After this early set-back there is a gallant stand, yielding 80 runs and lasting until lunch-time.

Lunch is taken in the Police depot, in a light and airy room that keeps comparatively cool. Even here there is a reminder of the state of affairs in the country, for shields are hanging up, and they bear the names of police officers and constables "killed in the gallant execution of their duty." It is a long list, and some of the dates are very recent.

A fierce sun in a clear sky makes the task of the Army fielders a strenuous one as they hunt leather in the early afternoon over the burning desert of the outfield. But the attack does not weaken. Another policeman is dismissed, though not until he has made a nice 62, and then comes a bad patch for the batsmen.

Then a constable knocks up a welcome 55, and the police declare at 183 for 6. They are lucky in having no batting "tail." Their last man in is as likely to score his half-century as any of his mates.

Their fast bowler has his eye in, too, on this occasion. He takes five wickets at small cost in runs; only two of the batsmen can do much against him. At last one of them goes, though not until he has put on 41.

The sun is sinking now and the shadow of the pavilion creeps stealthily across the ground. When it reaches the pitch stumps must be drawn, and the question is whether the Army will play out time and make a draw of it. They do not. With the shadow on the very edge of the matting the last wicket falls. 109 all out.

Then the matting is rolled up, and thirsty players stroll up to the bar of the sergeants' mess, where cool drinks are waiting. From the road a measured ting, ting of camel bells sounds faintly across this cricket field.

S. C. M.



THE PAVILION, WHICH HAS TO BE SEARCHED FOR TIME BOMBS
"It reminds one of the way in which the vaults of the Houses of Parliament are searched for the successors of Guy Fawkes"



MOUNT SCOPUS CRICKET GROUND, WITH THE BRITISH CEMETERY AND MOUNT OF OLIVES IN THE BACKGROUND
Only one patch of green refreshes the eye, that is the new strip of matting laid over concrete to form the pitch



A PEAT TRENCH NEAR SHAPWICK
The two layers of soil can be seen very clearly, the lower part forms valuable fuel

SEDGEMOOR AND ITS SOIL AND FLORA

By G. S. THOMAS

TOWARDS the end of June I spent a day on Sedgemoor with a friend, and this note is written in the hope that it may contain something of interest to those readers who have never visited the district where the hopes of Monmouth were shattered.

At one time, perhaps as recently as a thousand years ago, Sedgemoor was under water, or at least in part so. Witness such place names as the "Isle of Athelney." Suffice it to say that at present it is in a very much drier condition, and the constant growth over a considerable area of the sedges has built up a layer of peat some 5ft. in thickness. One of the accompanying photographs was taken near Shapwick from a roadway of untouched peat (which heaved and trembled when small carts passed), and the view is down a trench where the peat had recently been cut.

It will be noticed that there are two layers. The top is of loose brown consistency, and is either used for litter, horticultural, or packing purposes, or else is turned into the bottom of the trench, to form, as may be seen in the left of the photograph, a platform for the blocks of peat when cut from the next trench. The lower layer, about 4ft. deep, is of almost black colouring, very wet, and as soft as a "heavy" gingerbread. It is this that is so highly prized and cut for fuel. Various shaped cutting spades are used and blocks approximately of one cubic foot are cut. They are then sliced into three. On partially drying they are stacked into neatly and intricately arranged piles of fifteen pieces, and later are stacked into the big bee-hive shaped ricks as seen in the photographs on this page. Peat that is cut in the spring is thereby ready for sale in the early autumn.

We had an interesting chat with one of the peat cutters. He was evidently a master at his art; he had hired an acre for twelve years, and told us it would take him all that time to cut, stack and market it. He has no helpers, in fact he told us that not only will nobody take up the trade nowadays, but that all the peat in that district was either cut or at least let for cutting. During the twelve years which he expects to take to cut his acre he pays several pounds in yearly rental.

The facts that the peat had never probably been cut before in the history of man, and that it would take thousands of years of rotting roots and leaves of sedge plants to bring it up to its level again, are surprising enough in themselves. But a fork full of the "bottom" (beneath the peat) was dug up before our eyes, and proved not only to be light in colour and very wet, but also to be composed of leaves, twigs, seeds, &c., in a scarcely decayed condition, incredible though it may seem.



A PEAT CUTTER AT WORK
Blocks of about one cubic foot are cut and then sliced into three

Furthermore, a stake some 8ft. long was thrust easily down into this yellow-brown, soft bog, and came up sweet and fresh smelling, having met nothing but this matter for the whole of its length. How deep the "bottom" was, and why it was so little decayed we were unable to find out. Perhaps some reader will enlighten us or confirm our supposition that the presence of salt water at some time upset nature's usual procedure of reducing all things to decay.

The flora of Sedgemoor is of absorbing interest, but is much too large a subject to discuss in full in this short note. Apart from a great number of birches, willows and buckthorn, several notable plants occur, however, and a brief reference to these may be of interest.

Iris pseudacorus, the wild yellow flag, gives bright patches of colour along the edges of the "rhines" or ditches, in company with the bullrush, *Typha latifolia*, and that charming small, invasive fern, *Nephrodium thelypteris*. In rather drier places the pink valerian, *Valeriana dioica*, reaches some five feet in height. But the most striking plant to me was the royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*, a rare British native, and an inspiring plant with its great firm fronds wherever it grows.

One of the photographs was taken in a meadow nearby, and shows a close-up of the more obviously beautiful plants in flower at that time, including six species of orchids. Reading from left to right they are as follows:—*Orchis maculata, Rhinanthus crista-galli, Listera ovata, Cirsium britannicum, Ajuga reptans, Orchis latifolia, Primula veris, Chrysanthemum leucanthemum, Ophrys apifera, Habenaria viridis, Polygala vulgaris, Habenaria conopsea, Briza media, Crepis biennis.*

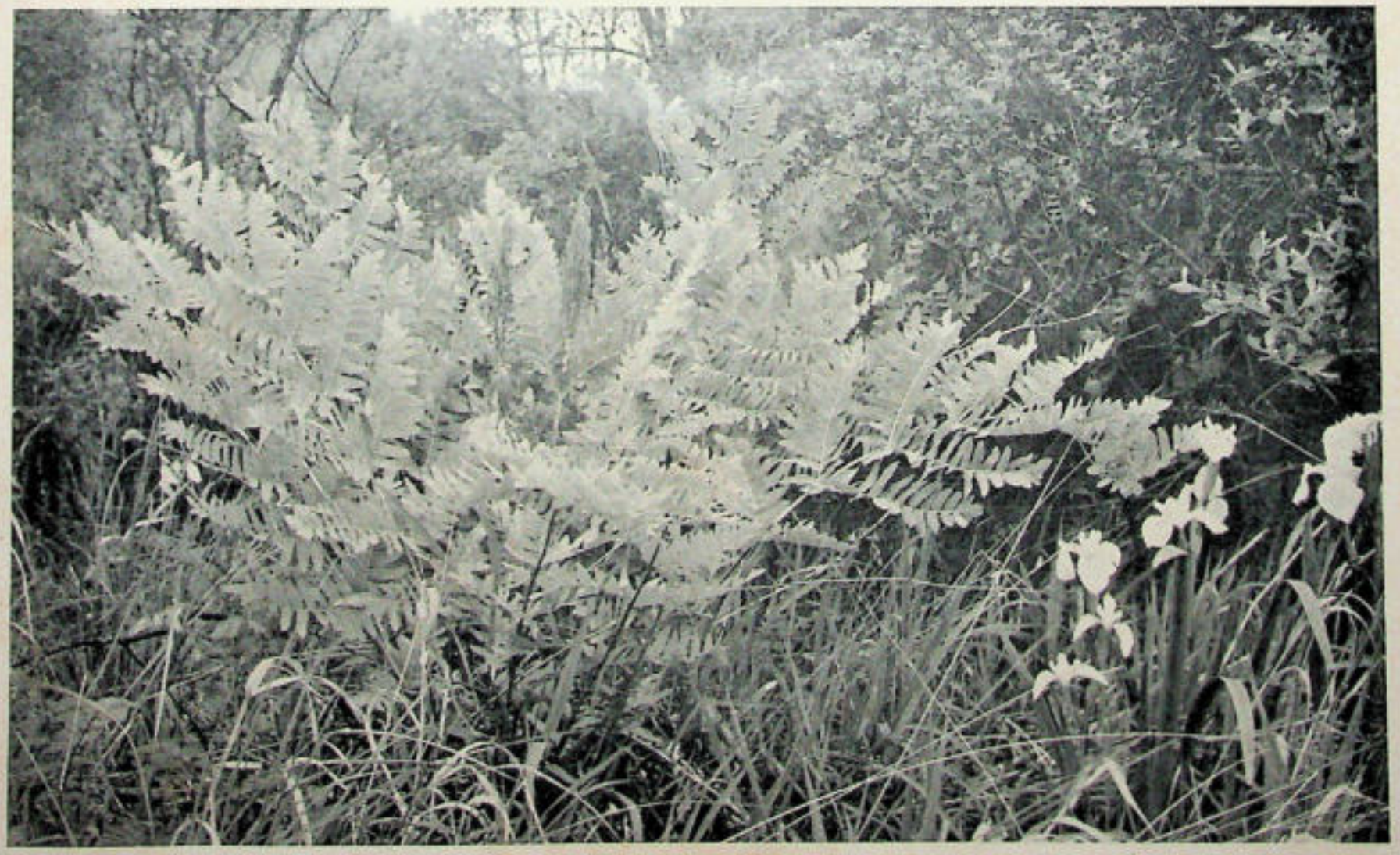
The most common of the orchids was the "scented orchid," *Habenaria conopsea*. It was a strange occurrence, surely, to find the cowslip and the bee orchid—both usually preferring chalky and rather dry places—in an acid peaty meadow.

Altogether a most interesting and beautiful collection of flowers grows there and those who claim that our meadows are inferior in beauty to those of the Alps would have had need to modify their views could they have seen them. A green June meadow warmly coloured with orchids interspersed with great colourful clumps of yellow iris and pink lychnis is worth a long journey to see.

ENGLISH MEADOWLAND BEAUTY TO RIVAL THAT OF THE ALPS



NATURE'S GARDEN IN FULL BLOOM. A "CLOSE-UP" OF SEDGEMOOR MEADOW FLORA



THE ROYAL FERN, *OSMUNDA REGALIS*, A RARE BRITISH NATIVE, AND *IRIS PSEUDACORUS*

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

Any further details of Hunts will be gladly received, and we shall be much obliged to secretaries if they will send us particulars for publication

IN addition to the notes of hunting activities published in last week's issue the following information as to changes and proposals for carrying on have been received pending any Government decision which may by now have been announced.

BEAUFORT.—The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt is going to carry on on a reduced scale for as long as possible. A certain number of hounds have already been destroyed, and more will be at the end of the cubhunting season, while some Hunt horses have gone to the Army. At present no alterations as regards personnel have been effected.

BLACKMORE VALE.—The B.V.H. are cubhunting four days a week, and during the season proper hope to do two days a week, with a by-day if possible. With Miss Guest's kind co-operation during this crisis it should be possible to hunt the B.V. country four or five days a week, so as to keep the foxes down and the country rideable. It is proposed to put down about one-third of the hounds and a percentage of the puppies now at walk or sent in to the kennels. A number of Hunt horses have already been requisitioned. In any case it will only be possible to mount Hunt servants on one horse per day. The Joint-Masters, Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby and Mr. Ellis Nuttall, have consented to carry on on a reduced guarantee. They have already cut down the number of hounds considerably, and probably more will have to be put down. But it must be remembered that after the last war, subscribers wanted to start hunting straight away on a full programme, four or five days a week, and sixteen-and-a-half couples out. This, of course, took several years to attain, as a well-entered pack of foxhounds cannot be doubled or trebled in strength in one or two seasons; in fact, entered hounds were fetching about £100 a couple in 1919 and 1920, so that it would appear to be the wiser policy not to be too hasty in signing the death warrant of half the pack until one is forced to do so on account of shortage of food, labour and expense.

Colonel C. P. J. Layard, M.C., of Corton Denham House, near Sherborne, Dorset, is now temporarily taking on the duties of honorary Hunt secretary. Lack of Hunt funds will, of course, present a serious problem, and it is most earnestly hoped that all those who have enjoyed hunting in the B.V. in the past, and those who hope to in the future, will do what they can by way of subscription to keep the Hunt going. It will be remembered that the present Master, Colonel F. J. B. Wingfield Digby, D.S.O., T.D., was M.F.H. of these hounds all through the last war, though himself abroad most of the time with the Dorset Yeomanry, so that the Hunt is indeed lucky to have him at the helm again. With Miss Guest assisting with her pack, as she also did all through the last war, foxhunting in the B.V. runs as good a chance of seeing this crisis through as any country in England.

BROCKLESBY.—The Earl of Yarborough is carrying on for as long as possible during the coming season. A certain number of hounds have been destroyed, and some of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned. J. Taylor, from the Chiddingfold, is the new second whipper-in.

COTSWOLD.—Hunting will continue this season two or three days a week, with a depleted staff. The packs are much reduced, and some fourteen horses have been requisitioned. Mr. C. Heber-Percy, M.F.H., has rejoined the Army and the horn will be carried by W. Welch.

COTTESMORE.—It is proposed to carry on this season in order to keep the Hunt in existence until happier times, to keep men in employment, reduce the number of foxes, and also to keep the normal life of the countryside alive as far as possible. Hounds have been reduced and a large number of the Hunt horses have been purchased for Army use, while many from private studs have also gone. At present there is no changes in the mastership or personnel. Most of the Hunt's supporters are serving with H.M.'s Forces, and all who can are working for their country in some capacity, but it is the determination of those responsible for the Hunt that the Cottesmore shall still be in existence when the war ends.

HAYDON.—Major Branfil proposes to hunt two days a week as long as he is able. Ten couples of hounds have been destroyed, and a further reduction will be made after cubhunting. So far no Hunt horses have been requisitioned and no changes made in the staff.

TYNEDALE.—Major Ian Straker, the Master, has planned to cubhunt four days a week, if possible, to reduce foxes to proper proportions, but afterwards expects the Hunt will not be able to turn out more than two days a week. Twelve couples of hounds have been destroyed and there will have to be further reductions after cubhunting. Six hunt horses have been turned out, and none so far have been requisitioned yet, but it is expected to occur very soon. Though no changes had been made at the time of writing, several men will be called up shortly. Major Hornby has become hon. secretary in place of Mr. Bewicke, who is soldiering.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—It has been decided to carry on as long as possible, but hunting days will be reduced to two days a week. The number of hounds has been reduced considerably. Up to the time of writing eleven of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned. There is no change in the mastership or personnel at present.

OTTERHOUNDS

H.O.H.—Owing to the impossibility of carrying on hunting during hostilities, the Committee of the Hawkestone Otter Hunt met at Shrewsbury on September 15th, to decide what to do about the future.

It was decided to reduce the pack to ten couples of entered hounds at once, and that as from January 1st, 1940, the Committee should take over the financial responsibility for the maintenance of the pack. Captain Wallace agreed to provide the present kennels together with water and equipment free for as long as he was able to; and the Masters will carry on as Acting Masters assisted by the following Executive Committee:—Major C. L. Blew, Mr. W. F. Kyanersley Browne, Caroline Viscountess Hill, Mrs. Eden Wallace and Mrs. Philip Stanier (who will also act as joint honorary secretary).

This executive committee has full power to review the financial position every three months and to vary the arrangements, even to closing down the pack, if the necessary support is not forthcoming. It is calculated that at least £180-£190 per annum will be required, and this sum is based on the present average cost of 5s. per week per couple, for food, bedding, fuel, licences and veterinary charges; and it also includes approximately £55 for wages and insurance of the present second whipper-in.

Several members have already most generously undertaken to pay their full subscriptions for 1940, and the committee have every confidence that all members will do their utmost to help in maintaining this nucleus pack.

Stallard, the kennel huntsman, will be leaving, but the committee has agreed with the Masters that he should have the first offer of the position on hunting being resumed. The Masters have given most careful consideration as to which hounds should be retained, and each hound has been selected for its working qualities or suitability for breeding in the future.

During the past season the pack hunted on 69 days found 68 otters and killed 33.

BEAGLES—IRELAND

WATERFORD.—This pack hopes to carry on as usual. The staff of the Hunt consists of Mr. M. O'Meara, Mr. W. Grant and Mr. T. R. Leonard, joint-Masters, with J. Kelly, kennel huntsman and first whipper-in. The hon. secretary is also D. J. Cleary, Parnell Street, Waterford, and the treasurer Mr. F. Power, Colbeck Street, Waterford. The club was originally started with drafts of hounds from Mr. R. Russell, now Master of the Waterford, and from the Clonmel Beagles, which have since been disbanded. The pack was greatly improved in 1936, when Major McCalmont presented them with a number of hounds from his private pack. All the hounds are pure bred 14in.-15in. beagles and are kept at the Kennels, Poleberry, Waterford.

Hunting Fixtures received are given on page 741



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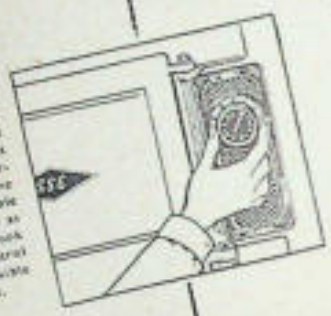
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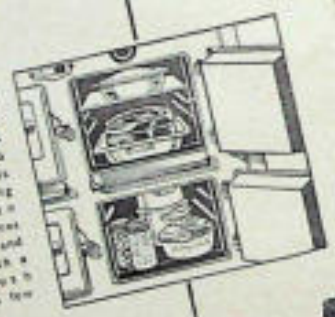
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D.C.C.I.A.

A GLANCE ASTERN—THE OFFSHORE RACING SEASON

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

It looks as though a long time may elapse before the storm will break and ocean racers put out again, and the following summary will stand as a record for 1939

NOW that our thoughts of yachting have had, so abruptly, to give way to sterner considerations, and all the familiar vessels which, a few short weeks ago, were spreading their wings in the height of the season, have been swept into their mud-berths—there to endure a winter of discontent longer, perhaps, than many of them have yet known—the receding season seems, in retrospect, to have a queer air of unreality, like something viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. The following list of races and victories may, therefore, be of interest of what was done on the eve of war.

Let us look back, therefore, over the year and review the events of the season; a season which, save for the cancellation of Burnham Week and one or two of the lesser winding-up events, just got through in time. In this article the off-shore meetings will be dealt with.

The off-shore season opened on May 13th with the Royal Corinthian's Estuary Race, a triangular course from Burnham, outside the Longsand to the Tongue and back, via Swin and Whitaker, to Burnham. This makes an excellent limbering-up race to open the season with, and at times can dole out a severe dusting; this year there was a good north-easterly reefing breeze, easing up towards the finish.

The Clark-designed John Dory (L. H. Ryan) won in the big class, whilst the owner-designed Mindy (J. Ridsdale and F. B. R. Brown), sailing her maiden race, headed the small class. The next event was the Weser-Harwich race on May 20th, in which nine German yachts took part (conditions were different then), Westwind and Ibis being the winners in Groups I and II respectively.

The First R.O.R.C. race of the year was the Harwich-Weser event on May 26th, when a big international fleet set off on the 295-mile course. The winner was the Gruber-designed Helgoland, and none of the English yachts (the fleet included many of the well-known names) distinguished themselves, except the British Admiralty vessel Tai-Mo-Shan, which won in the A class.

A lesser R.O.R.C. event was also held on this day—the Harwich-Solent race, for the small classes. In the open class, the gaff cutter Drobeen (W. G. and R. H. Gill), in her 36th season, was the winner; whilst Banshee (Dr. A. G. Bewes), another veteran of all but 40 summers, headed the A division.

The same date saw the off-shore season well into its stride, with the Island S.C.'s race to Cherbourg, a victory for Fore (J. Tilney), the Lloyd's Yacht Club race from Calshot to Cherbourg, which was won by Invertiel (I. S. C. Henderson), and the Poole-Cherbourg race of the Parkstone Y.C. Here Iyruna (N. F. Adeney) headed the A class, and Fae (L. K. Archer) the B class.

May 27th saw further events, among them the Bristol Channel race. This was over two courses, one of 200 miles and the other 120 for the smaller boats. The winner of the main event was Fairlight (K. G. Hann), which thus takes the title "Cock o' the Bristol Channel"; Quetzal (R. C. Tuckett) headed the smaller class. The Royal Mersey Y.C.'s Beaumaris-Holyhead race on the same date was a victory for Elvira (J. R. Smellie).

The Parkstone Y.C.'s night race round the Isle of Wight took place on June 10th and was won by Minoru (H. D. Drake), the next event of importance after this being the Clyde Cruising Club's McKechnie Trophy race, from Hunter's round the Rockabill Light and back, a course of 320 miles. This was won by Northward (D. Ferguson), after she had been hove-to for nine hours in the force 8 gale which blew up in the Irish Sea.

The Traumere S.C.'s midnight race to the Isle of Man, the oldest of all the N.W. coast events, was won on June 23rd, by Pastime; then on the 24th, the West Mersea Y.C.'s Sunk race was held for the Coulton Challenge Cup, which was carried off by Concara (Major Moore), and also that popular event, the Island S.C.'s Round the Isle of Wight race, which attracted the phenomenal field of 72 starters. The winner was the Giles-designed Kalliste (Major R. C. Windeler), and as an indication of the difficulties of handicapping the heterogeneous collection which took part, it may be noted that, winner on corrected time, she finished 55th! The race was run under R.O.R.C. formula which showed up well under a gruelling test. The large class (over 25 tons), for which there were only four starters, was won by Erivale (J. H. Rawlings).

The next R.O.R.C. event was the Southsea-Brixham race on June 30th, the course being from Southsea to and round the Havre Light-vessel, and thence to Brixham, 208 miles if a crow flew it. There was a good deal of windward work in fresh winds, and after rounding the light the yachts had a dead beat to Brixham. The winner of the large class was the new Clark boat Mary Bower (Major R. Bryson), with Mystico (D. K. McCowen), also a Clark design, the winner of the small class.

The Royal Yorkshire's annual Outer Dowsing race was held on this date also, and was won by the Also T-boat Maid of Also (Norman King), after a close struggle to windward against three sister ships from the same yard.

Another important "annual," the R.O.R.C. Channel race, was held on July 14th. This event sailed over a triangular course of 221 miles from Southsea to the Royal Sovereign Light-vessel, thence to the Havre Light-vessel, back to the Nab, and thence to the finishing line at Southsea, provided an 80-mile beat across Channel in the early stages, succeeded by unsettled and thundery conditions on the homeward leg.

The small class only took part in this race, which resulted in a victory for the new boat Lollypoppet (H. G. May) from the Berthon Yard. Wanda (B. G. A. Scott) took the first flag in the A division.

On the following day (July 15th), the Royal Thames Morgan Cup was raced, again on a triangular course, Ryde-Cherbourg-Ryde. All the big boats, unable to compete in the Channel race, took part in this; Bloodhound, the Nicholson yawl (Isaac Bell) sailing a fast race to win.

The Crouch Y.C. Cork and Sunk race, for the Houghton Cup and postponed from its original date of a fortnight before, was held on July 21st, resulting in a win for Lora (S. Herring).

When the Cowes-Dinard race was held on July 22nd, there was again a lot of dead plugging over its 168-mile course. Mary Bower once more showed her liking for windward work, and—as in the Southsea-Brixham race—she and Mystico headed the large and small classes, respectively.

Some of the prospective German and Dutch entries turned out for the Fastnet in the Ijmuiden-Solent race (started on July 31st). This resulted in a victory for Zeearend (C. Bruynzeel, Jun.); the Fastnet itself started on August 5th, 30 boats coming to the line.

The English summer was scowling its best, with black clouds to windward and a fresh northerly breeze. Outside, it was long tacks to the rock with a steadily backing wind, and the big fellows naturally came off best. The biggest of the lot was the German Admiralty yawl, Nordwind, built to the limit with a 60ft. waterline; she beat Latifa (Michael H. Mason) round the Light by a short head, and was also first home, thus gaining the Erivale Cup.

On the spinnaker run home, with a freshening wind, the bigger and faster boats were able to consolidate their advantage, and got in before the worst of the ensuing gale, which gave the tail of the hunt such a pasting. On corrected time, the Fastnet Challenge Cup went to Bloodhound (Isaac Bell), a well-deserved win for a hard-sailed race. Rose, the Artillery Yacht Club yawl, of ancient vintage, was first in the A division, and also carried off the Hong Kong Cup, while the new Elizabeth McCaw trophy, presented by Mr. R. J. Reynolds for the first boat round the rock in each division, went to Nordwind (Open) and Rose (A class). These two also collected the Inter-Regimental Cup and the Jolie Brise Cup respectively.

The R.O.R.C. Falmouth race (Ryde to Falmouth, 157 miles) also started on August 5th (for the small classes) and was sailed in very fast time. Invertiel added to her success in the Lloyd's Y.C. Cherbourg race by winning this event also. A special novice's prize was given for this race, for the owner sailing his maiden R.O.R.C. race and doing best on corrected time; this went to the second boat in the race, another Clark design, Astrophel (F. A. Keen). On the same date, the Little Ship Club's annual race from Brightlingsea to Ostende brought nineteen starters to the line; the winner being Sposa (G. H. Haynes).

The only R.O.R.C. event still remaining to be decided was the Plymouth-La Rochelle race, which, though a longish course of 355 miles, turned out to be a light-weather affair with fair winds and sunny skies. Bloodhound again added to her season's laurels by taking first place in the big class, whilst John Dory, bought just before the race by the Hon. E. E. S. Montagu, headed the small class.

The season was now drawing to its close, although its dramatically accelerated finish was not yet entirely foreseen. On August 17th the Island S.C. sailed their Cowes-Ouistreham race, a straight course of 100 miles. Starting at 6 p.m., this was mainly a night race, in a smart breeze, and Fore (winner of the same club's Cherbourg race earlier in the year) took first prize on corrected time. No more British off-shore events were on the programme, with the exception of the Island S.C.'s little 26-mile affair, Cowes to Poole, for September 2nd. Needless to say, this did not take place.



BURNHAM LAST WEEK

Not all the boats are up yet

The relative positions of the yacht clubs at the end of the season, in the Royal Ocean Racing Club Inter-club Points Championship, are as follows:

R. Corinthian Y.C.	293	R. Artillery Y.C.	52
R. Engineer Y.C.	241	R. Maas Y.C. (Holland)	50
R.Y.S.	226	R. Cornwall Y.C.	47
Marine Regatta Verein (Germany)	137	Little Ship Club	29
R. Thames Y.C.	136	Alexandra Y.C.	25
R.N.S.A.	135	Bremen Y.C. (Germany)	25
Island S.C.	130	Norddeutscher Regatta Verein (Germany)	23
Lloyd's Y.C.	125	Bar Y.C.	21
R. Harwich Y.C.	116	Cambridge Univ. Cr. C.	20
R. Netherlands Y.C.	95	Cruising Association	17
R. Cruising Club	84	Irish Cruising Club	16
R.K. das Wappen von Bremen (Germany)	82	Y.C. de Dunard Fraser	13
R. London Y.C.	77	R. Swedish Y.C.	10
Y.C. de France	62	Barry Y.C.	10
R. Hong Kong Y.C.	54	R. Temple Y.C.	6
		St. Helier Y.C.	6

The following shows the leading places gained by individual boats for the R.O.R.C. points prizes:

Mary Bower (Major Bryson (Trenchemer Cup), 118; Mindy (J. Ridsdale and F. B. R. Brown) (Ortac Cup), 114; Bloodhound (I. Bell), 105; Zeearend (C. Bruynzeel), 93; Rieland van Breusen (S. K. das Wappen von B.), 82; Olivier van Noort (A. W. Goudriaan), 79; Erivale (J. H. Rawlings), 77; Phryxa (R. G. Bevan and H. W. Palmer), 73; Prelude (Captain Jefferis and others), 66; Latifa (M. H. Mason), 60; Benbow (E. Gore-Lloyd), 57; Mystico (D. McCowen), 53; Golden Dragon (R. S. Rouse), 53; Maid of Malham (R.N.S.A.), 53; Marie Victoire (C. le Grice), 52.

Of the remainder, the points scored by the following will be of interest.

*Ada Nolze (G. Baldenweck) 49; Eventide (T. C. Ratsey), 44; Kerst (Miss M. E. Wiles), 40; Lollypoppet (H. G. May), 39; Rose (R. Artillery Y.C.), 38; Sharina (J. F. B. Gage), 26; Banba (A. Rosling), 21; Joyeuse (J. F. R. Mitchell), 12; Tai-Mo-Shan (Admiralty), 12.

*Changed hands during season.

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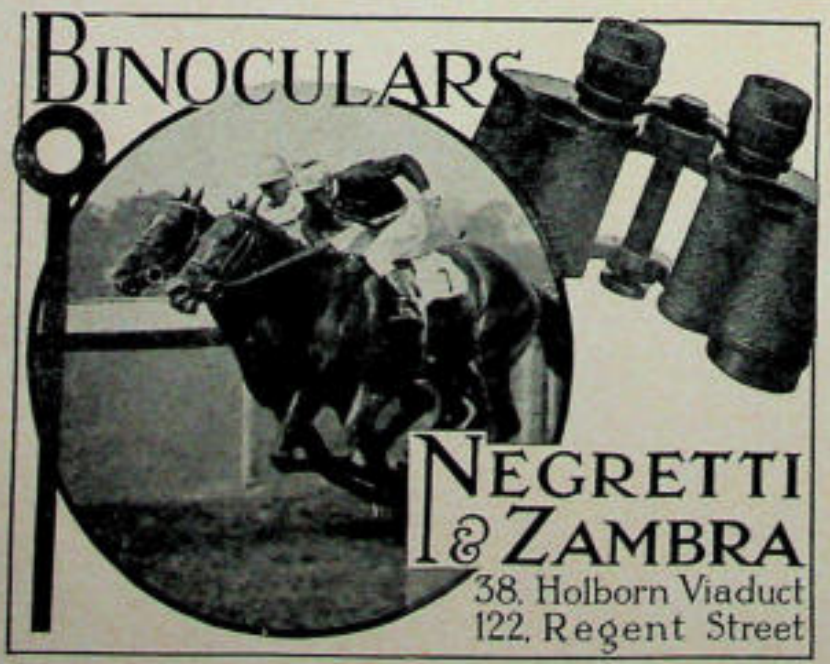
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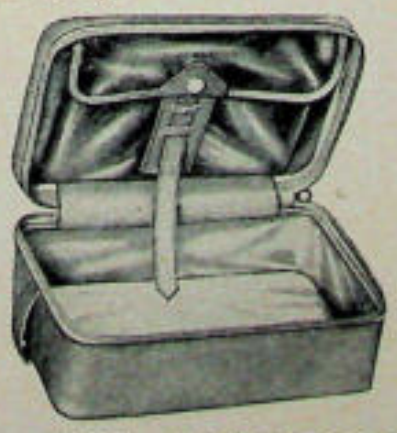


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SPORTING QUALITIES OF BARBEL

By E. R. PARRY

HOW many anglers nowadays make a speciality of fishing for barbel. As a young man, 40 years ago, I enjoyed reading that well-known treatise "Bickerdyke's", *Angling for Coarse Fish*, especially the section on how Thames barbel were lured by baiting their swims with thousands of lobworms for about a week. After spending this small fortune in ground-bait the anglers deserved success. Although I was only a modest roach and perch angler, living in an area where barbel were unknown, I was thrilled with the thoughts of the sport ensuing to those patient anglers after such elaborate preparations.

It was not till these later years, when circumstances caused me to live on the banks of a river noted for these "heavyweight fish, that I became a "barbel fisher." How it came about was, more or less, an accident which shall be related later.

First and foremost, let it be stated I graduated from a roach angler to a fly-fisherman for trout and grayling. This is generally accepted as the highest form of the angler's art one can attain; but there are times when this form of angling loses its hold, and resorting to coarse fishing acts as a tonic.

For sporting qualities amongst the various coarse fish the barbel takes a high place. One reads of big barbel, 14lb. or so, being caught in the Sussex Avon, and adjacent rivers, and occasionally in the Thames. The Trent these days, from reports, seems to have deteriorated in this respect; but north country rivers, such as the Yorkshire Ouse and its tributaries the Swale, Ure, Wharfe, Nidd and Derwent, are well stocked.

Hardly a week goes by but specimens up to 10lb. or more are landed. There must be larger ones, although, unfortunately, hundreds are caught every season from a pound upwards and retained—goodness knows why, as they are useless for food.

Old inhabitants here, on the Swale, tell of years ago when they went "leashing" at nighttime with torches. A dozen or so of the menfolk armed with spears or leashes and torches, with horse and cart, went into the shallows of a pool where a shoal lay. The barbel were speared as they lay, and thrown into the cart, which was soon filled as different pools were visited. Thank goodness, this kind of thing is not done nowadays.

The fish itself presents a handsome appearance with its red fins extended and golden bronze scales. Built on strong lines, with pointed snout for grubbing about the river bed, the fish is indeed worthy game to any angler's skill and tackle.

My first experience with the barbel happened when dace fishing with light tackle in a pool about 5ft. deep at the most. The stream was fairly fast, and the float dipped occasionally on its passage down-stream through contact with boulders scattered about the river bed. However, boulders or not, one should always strike to make sure.

Certainly in my case it paid, as, after a series of "dips" I was in something which neither yielded nor yet had the feeling that I had hooked the river bed. It was not long before the puzzle was solved, for the "thing" moved its position, which a boulder never does. Although the rod was like a railway arch with the strain put on, I was still in the dark as to what was going to happen next.

By trying a little more pressure I induced the other end to get a move on, and it did to my great surprise.

The reel began to whine, and the line to scurry through the rings at such a rate that I began to wonder how many more yards of the "miserable 40" were left, and whether the reel would finally leave its socket with a bang.

However, I braked and chanced the tackle, and succeeded in turning the cause of all the trouble at the end of the swim. After the recovery of three parts of the line I again finished up in the position from which I started. It was a waiting game, with the rod still arched and an uncertain feeling of things to come. Well, with a shake of line and rod end, the rush was on again, and the same procedure followed. It was impossible in my awkward position between bushes, with 5ft. of rushing water in front, to do anything but let him go, restrictedly, of course.

It generally ended in coming back to the original position. Half an hour elapsed, and still there were no signs of the fish relenting, nor showing himself. By this time I had one or two spectators in the nature of small boys, budding anglers, each of whom I allowed to hold the rod during a lull, and feel a "big un." Their glistening eyes were my reward. They were adepts at catching minnows.

After a further spell of determined rushes, during which I at last saw the fish, I exerted more pressure, and finally steered him into a shallow bay at my feet, and landed him in the unorthodox manner of grabbing him under the gills. The weight was 7lb., but he fought like one twice the size, and had had all the advantage in my awkward position, pulling against the stream to get him under control, and the light tackle of 4x gut and silk line to match. One's memory goes back to the heavy tackle of "Bickerdyke" and No. 8 hook in comparison. Times have changed in these days of "fine" fishing.

The pool had been disturbed so much, other members of the shoal having thrashed the surface every now and then, that I decided to retire and resume operations the following day.

I knew the barbel shoal was still in the neighbourhood (this pool was one of their favourite abodes), and finding the fish, therefore, would be easy. If they were in feeding humour I anticipated great sport. I was lucky as regards their feeding next day, for I quickly had fish varying from 1lb. to 4½lb.—grand sport, such as anglers dream about but rarely obtain.

Days like these live in the memory, especially when other styles of fishing are slack. The locals here often catch 20lb. of barbel during an outing, and a friend had one of 9½lb. recently, amongst others.

Personally, I always return my catch of barbel to the water, the only exception is this instance being the 7-pounder, which I had set up in a case as a reminder of the sport he gave on fine tackle.

Although the limit under regulations of the Yorkshire Fishery Board for this fish is 12in., no true sportsman, I am sure, would retain a fish of this size. Rather let them grow into "grandfathers," to give anglers the time of their lives at a later date.

A useful gadget to carry about to locate barbel is the binocular polarizing pool gazer. Barbel are easily seen with this instrument in clear water below weirs, or lying dormant in mid-channel of a fairly fast stream. Unlike the chub, which prefers quiet holes under banks and willows, the barbel



A REMINDER OF A GOOD FIGHT

delights in the rushing of water. At any rate, this is my experience.

This article will not have been written in vain if it induces some angler to pay a visit to a barbel stream, and specialise for the time being in this type of angling. If he locates a shoal, he is "in" for an exciting time. He also may be the lucky one to get that 16- or 17-pounder. Who knows?

Perhaps a few words as to tackle, &c., are desirable to get best results. For sport, use tackle where the fish get a sporting chance of liberty, not the clothes-line type. Silk line of about 3lb. breaking strain, with 1yd. of 3x gut, or substitute, and No. 12 round bend hook requires skill in playing a heavy fish.

With not less than 50yds. of silk line a good fish will give a fair imitation of a salmon when hooked, and the final part of the business is up to the angler. I find well-scoured lobworms, 3in. long or less, are best, threaded so as to hang naturally. A bunch of maggots, for a change, is useful, also green weed seen floating in streams in patches. A piece of this wound round the hook, and hanging half an inch or so is sometimes attractive.

Do not be in such a hurry to strike when the float indicates a bite. A barbel, by the shape of its mouth, sucks the bait with his leathery lips, therefore allow time for the float to disappear slowly, then strike. Nine times out of ten he is hooked in the corner of his thick upper lip. A trout, of course, has a bony mouth, with teeth, and usually swallows the bait, entailing the use of a disgorger. This applies chiefly to minnow and worm baits.

THE SEASON AT LOCH LEVEN

A Satisfactory 1939 Report

THE angling season of 1939 has been good, and although it finished a month earlier owing to the international situation, it would have broken the excellent record of the previous season had it run its normal course.

The early weeks of the season were not productive principally owing to the fact that winds were hard and cold, and blew from a northerly direction. There was also a lack of natural flies, and little rain fell during April.

The second week in May showed an improvement when the atmosphere was milder, and the winds more genial. The international match, which is always held this month had a grand day, and the total catch, though not so good as last year, was satisfactory.

June showed many good results, and although the National Competition, which is usually held on the first Wednesday in June, encountered adverse conditions, most of the results for clubs were favourable. The weather was cold, but the best day of the season was on June 14th when 1,344 trout were killed. Anglers then had ideal conditions, with light rain and a south-westerly wind.

July was the best month. There were no outstanding days, but the fishing remained steady throughout the month, and the total catch was 17,340 trout, 13,322lb. 11oz., this being the second best month on record, June, 1927, recording 18,428 trout. July had its share of rain, and the atmosphere generally was sultry, and once or twice torrential rain with thunder and lightning occurred.

August weather was much the same as July, and some warm days was the rule, with fishing still doing well.

Trout came into condition at an earlier date than usual, and on the whole well-conditioned fish were the rule. An interesting point observed in August was the large number of trout caught, weighing 2lb. and over.

The best trout of the year—one of 2lb. 7oz.—was taken by Mr. T. Rutherford when out with the Dunfermline Angling Club, the next best being 2lb. 6oz., caught by Mr. W. T. Richardson, Coatbridge, and the third by Mr. A. Dargie, Dundee, weighed 2lb. 5oz., Mr. McLeay, Arbroath, was next with one of 2lb. 4oz., and Mr. Wilson, Hawick, had one of 2lb. 3oz. There were fifteen trout over and above those already mentioned, which weighed from 2lb. to 2lb. 2½oz.

The average weight of trout for the season was 12½oz.; this is a shade lighter than it has been for two or three years, when the average was 13oz.

There was a good turn out of the clubs, including one or two new ones. The following will show the best catches taken:

BEST CLUB RESULTS.

OVER 100 TROUT.

	Trout	lbs.	ozs.
International Competition	525	413	8
Dundee Novelty Competition	524	377	14
Fifeshire Novelty Competition ..	527	374	4

BEST INDIVIDUAL CATCHES IN CLUB COMPETITIONS.

	Trout	lbs.	ozs.
Mr. J. Paton (Fifeshire Novelty) ..	27	20	7
Mr. G. R. Ferguson (Fifeshire Novelty)	31	20	3

CATCHES OF 25-LBS. AND OVER BY PRIVATE PARTIES.

	Trout	lbs.	ozs.
Mr. Thomas, Rochdale	71	58	0
Mr. R. T. Duncan, Edinburgh ..	60	48	8
Mr. Finlayson, Edinburgh	58	46	8

THE FOLLOWING IS A COMPARISON BETWEEN LAST YEAR'S TOTALS AND THIS YEAR'S.

1939.				
April	242 Trout	250 lb.	1	oz.
May	9,518 „	7,777 „	3½	„
June	15,543 „	11,660 „	1	„
July	17,340 „	13,322 „	11	„
Aug.	8,241 „	6,864 „	5	„
Total	50,882 „	39,874 „	5½	„
1938.				
April	1,862 Trout	1,711 lb.	2	oz.
May	15,214 „	12,095 „	9½	„
June	13,314 „	9,910 „	11	„
July	12,263 „	9,879 „	9½	„
Aug.	10,125 „	8,560 „	3½	„
Sept.	5,106 „	4,577 „	8½	„
Total	57,884 „	46,725 „	11½	„

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FEEDING FOR BACON

Pushing on with the Job, or Holding Back

By GERVAISE TURNBULL

THE superior attractions of pork feeding over bacon are doubtless partly due to its being an easier job, though one economist has striven to show that there is less profit in it. The opinion of some in the bacon trade is, I find, that until we are a nation of smallholders we shall never reach the Dane's position—expenses being so heavy, though they admit that producers are now better informed as to the kind of pig that is required. Be this as it may betterment from feeding alone still lies in our own hands, and under guaranteed prices should be more worth while; yet it is still often at fault, and since right feeding is now found to be directly conducive to right shape it is at least as important.

A proper nutritive ratio and plenty of digestibility are now much better understood than they were, but they are by no means everything (successful feeders do not all maintain the same standards). In excess they may even tend to encourage what is still one of the bacon producers' real difficulties—the over-early tendency of the smaller breeds and strains to lay on fat, fostered by a too competitive pork market, with the resultant over-soft meat. It shows that feeding is not the easy matter that it looks.

It is the reverse of the tendency of the faster growing large blacks and large whites, &c., to forge ahead too quickly before getting fat, and though crossing with a long-bodied (and therefore slow fattening) pig is the remedy prescribed by some for the former trouble—at least for the many strains which show that tendency—it is obviously not a practical one where the porkers already exist.

What is to be done?—for either tendency results in loss of quality or waste of food, or both. The remedy lies in feeding and it is here that real skill pays. Now it is found—though perhaps still with the minority—that it pays to keep back a bit pigs of this precocious (fat) type, just as it does to push on the free and rapid growers of the other type, which will otherwise not get their proper degree of plumpness before the time comes for killing out at the correct weight. As much as a month longer in the "fresh store" stage seems to be called for with the first type, and where this fat tendency is marked rationing has been found useful for porkers.

Some strains with either tendency marked will, of course, beat any feeder, but there is, I am sure, still need of a better recognition of this truth, for it has been the cause of a vast amount of waste and misunderstanding for years past in the bacon world. Events have shown that it is quite feasible, with either type of pig, to meet the curers' requirements in both size and fatness, especially under a bonus. But some are still at sea because they do not sufficiently recognise on the one hand that smaller sizes, as compared with older standards, are now a necessity, and that modern feeding methods, on the other hand, have tended to make all kinds of pigs grow faster than of old, and consequently large breeds leaner and small breeds fatter, than they are wanted at the correct killing weight, unless carefully fed with regard to ripeness.

Others cannot keep clear of the many large strains that will not reach recognised killing stage under 230lb. to 250lb. l.w., however good their conformation, though the recently modernised large white is a great step forward.

This confusion is perhaps responsible for the popular notion that because one breed or cross grows faster than another it must be a more profitable investment. Fair experiment, however, has shown that this is not necessarily the case, except for the quicker turnover, for, better "doer" as he may be, the more rapid grower requires more food to make this growth, though it may, it seems, waste less food than the slower pig if they are both unrationed. It may be wise, therefore, to increase the ration rather more frequently for the faster growers, and cubes make this an easier matter.

Opinions are still divided as to the loss incurred by feeding *ad lib.* even the fast growing type. No doubt the obvious differences in the outlines of both middle and large Yorkshires, which breeding has recently brought about, have made it easier to give just the right quantity of food to secure top-grade ripeness in the two classes of pigs referred to (slower growers and fast growers), which seem to be best secured at about 190lb.–220lb. and 220lb.–230lb. respectively, but there are still numbers whose grading would be materially helped merely by regulating the feeding in the way I have mentioned.

The restriction mentioned must, of course, be carefully done, for early stinting, we know, may have the opposite effect to that desired if the fat pig is pushed on later in the hope of making lean flesh. War-time need makes this pushing on at least more desirable, but both are in the interest of economy of pig food.

Dr. Hammond's instructive experiments going on at Cambridge indicate that if the keeping back period is confined to the latter period of feeding the carcase has no surplus fat.

MARKET GARDENING

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER
Principal, Horticultural Bureau

IT is only natural in time of war that land owners and farmers should be turning their attention to vegetable production. Enquiries are being received on the subject from all over the British Isles. This country, without a doubt, will have to rely more and more on the food produced within its shores. It is true that since the imposition of the tariff duties on vegetables in 1931 there has been a considerable reduction in the amount of produce imported, but despite this onions are still coming in at the rate of approximately 220,000 tons, to mention one vegetable alone!

It is useless, however, to plunge into vegetable production on a large scale without first giving the matter due consideration. All soils are not suited for market gardening. Many, it is true, have been cajoled into producing quite heavy crops, but this is only where large quantities of animal manure were available. In war time the market-gardener is likely to have difficulty in obtaining manure on a large scale, and so is advised to confine his activities to land that is really suited to the purpose.

Good soils may be considered to be the light loams of drift origin, the brick earths, the alluvial types of silts and loams, green sands and old red sandstone formations. In some parts of Cheshire and Lancashire, and in the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, the peaty soils are also cultivated, but only for special large scale crops like celery.

As important as the soil, is the sub-soil, for if the land is impervious, then free drainage is impeded and development of a good system prevented. It is impossible to get good crops without good roots. Gravelly land and the chalky sub-soils, on the other hand, have the opposite effect, because they allow the moisture to drain away too quickly and so the crops suffer severely during droughts.

When looking for suitable land or a suitable field on any particular farm (for it is often possible, even on a small farm of 20 acres, to find one or two fields that are suited to market gardening purposes, while others are not) a watch should be kept for perennial weeds, for there are some like Thanet weed, the wild Convolvulus and the perennial Thistle that will trouble the large scale vegetable producer unduly and make production expensive.

It is as well, before setting out on a large venture, to take advice. An examination of the soil with a special soil auger, by a horticultural adviser, can give that "worm's eye" view of the situation which is so important. Such an adviser will have available to him the soil survey reports which will show where suitable land lies.

It is necessary to beware of low-lying land where cold frozen air is likely to collect and so prevent early crop production. Land with a southern aspect, or a south-eastern aspect, is useful because it warms up quickly, but on the whole a gently undulating land, or land that is level, is preferred because this makes for ease of tractor cultivation as well as helping in the organisation of overheads.

It is said that a rainfall of about 30in. per year is what the vegetable farm requires. Such a rainfall figure can easily be achieved in the North of England, but here it is the early frosts that can do harm, and severe winter weather does make it difficult to over-winter such crops as Broccoli, Spring Onions, Winter Lettuce, autumn-sown Peas, and even in some districts, spring Cabbage.

It is most interesting the way that land near a large river or in fair proximity to the seaboard is never as severely affected by frost as land in the interior. The farm land around the Dee estuary, for instance, in Cheshire, and Flintshire, is well known for early production of spring Cabbages, and to go to the other extreme, the Tamar Valley, is also famous as a market-garden area.

There is much to be said for the market garden that is within a few miles of the market to be supplied. Quickly perishable articles should, naturally, be sold as soon as possible. Bulky green vegetables are expensive to transport, and these costs should be kept as low as possible.

It will be argued that land near a large town is highly rented, but it is better to pay a few extra pounds in rent, and to save in cartage and carriage. Anyway, in a war, transport is always likely to be difficult and so those who can carry out large-scale vegetable production near a large town will have a great advantage.

One of the greatest tragedies of the modern age has been the expansion of the housing estates into the market gardening districts surrounding our large towns. In many cases the taking over of the land has been compulsory. One can sympathise with the growers of Baguley and Timperley, on the borders of Manchester, much of whose land has now been built on. This was some of the best vegetable-producing land in England and will be badly needed.

There is every reason why the production of vegetables should be extended, provided that the points enumerated above have been borne in mind. A prospective large-scale vegetable grower should, however, consult the County War Horticultural Committee before deciding on crops to be grown.



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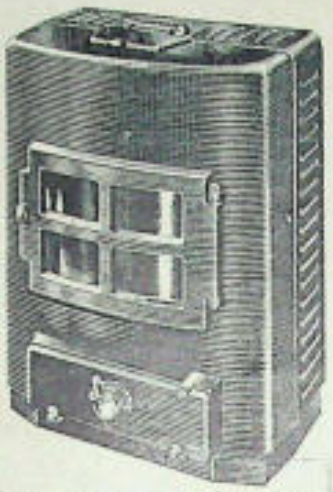
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THE VEGETABLE GARDEN IN WAR TIME

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BOTH for already cultivated ground and ground in process of being converted into a vegetable plot, liming is a matter of great importance, except for potatoes, which are best not planted in ground that has been recently limed. Some crops need lime more than others, notably all the leguminous tribe, Cabbages and Turnips. Strawberries fail badly on soil that lacks lime. Lime is the best preventive of various diseases, particularly club-root in the brassica tribe, and lime is also a preventive of pests such as wire-worm and leather-jackets.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of liming for the minute organisms on which the fertility of the soil depends cannot work without lime. Lime, in fact, unlocks plant foods, manuring being useless without lime. Further lime improves the texture of both heavy and light soils. It makes heavy soils more friable and light soils more compact. It sweetens all soils. There are many districts with a chalk sub-soil, but the top spits are frequently deficient in chalk and, consequently, these soils need lime.

It is customary to manure heavy soils in autumn and lime them in spring, and on light soils to lime in late autumn and manure in spring. If manure is spread on light soil in autumn it is apt to be washed too far down during the winter. No ground should be limed within a month of manuring. The best way of liming heavy soil is to get quick lime and slake it. Place half a bushel of quicklime at intervals on the ground, allowing half a bushel to a space measuring 5yds. each way. If the heaps are covered with soil to a depth of 2in. they slake slowly, but if it is desirable to slake it quickly, water (about a pint) should be poured on gently till the heap begins to swell and steam rises. The lumps soon crumble and turn to fine powder. After two days this powder can be spread evenly. The benefit of slaking slowly is that when covered with soil the lime does not get wet, and if lime gets wet it turns into a paste that is difficult to spread.

Carbonate of lime or hydrated lime is better for light soils. Both are usually sold in ½cwt. sacks, and are light and easy to handle. Carbonate of lime and hydrated lime are so mild that they can be applied even to land on which crops are growing, but freshly slaked lime is very caustic, and the soil will not be in a fit condition for sowing or planting for a month.

The bonfire season is now beginning, and in many gardens much is burnt that might be more profitably put on the compost heap. Many people burn weeds on the score that putting them on the compost heap spreads the seeds, but the heat of the average compost heap is quite sufficient to kill the germinating powers of any seeds.

The only weeds that should be burnt are nettles, thistles, docks and couch-weed. Bonfire ash is a valuable form of potash, and is particularly useful to spread on heavy soils as it helps to lighten them. But it is a very soluble ash, and on light soils it is better to store it until the spring, for spread on the soil, it is almost certain to be washed down below the level of vegetable roots. Waste paper is usually consigned to the dustbin, and it certainly makes a poor ash, but actual burning does the soil good. It is not easy to keep the paper burnt in the open from blowing all over the place. In early autumn we make a sort of zareba of woody garden rubbish with a centre quite 2yds. across. Into this all burnable rubbish including paper and cardboard is thrown and set alight every day. The daily burning keeps the zareba moderately dry all though the winter and a few dry days in spring make it possible to burn it all up.

Amongst the chief vegetables in season at present are Carrots, Swedes, Beet, Turnips, Savoys, Broccoli, Kohl-rabi, Leeks and Marrows. Marrows are at their very best when fully ripe and ready to store. After being stored for a few weeks they are not quite so good. Marrows and Squashes are amongst the most delicious vegetables though, strictly speaking, they are fruits, but are usually ruined by being gathered when young and then badly cooked. Immature vegetables and fruits are as unwholesome as unripe apples, and the real flavour is to be found only in the full mature specimens. In regard to marrows these are nearly always peeled, then any flavour that remains is boiled out of them, and to conceal this fact they are blanketed with the horrible pasty white sauce so beloved by English cooks.

We bake Marrows whole in their skins, wrapped in buttered grease-proof paper A Marrow weighing about 4lb. takes one-and-a-half hours. Visitors invariably comment on the delicious flavour. Custard Marrows peeled before cooking are almost tasteless, but cooked as described above they have an exquisite delicate flavour, and when served look most attractive, for even after cooking the skins retain their delicate colour. They take only an hour to bake. The famous American dish Pumpkin pie can be made either with Marrows or Squashes, but this weighty subject requires more space than I have left at the moment, so will be dealt with in another article.

OFFICIAL ADVICE ON FRUIT AND FLOWER GROWING

ALTHOUGH it is obvious that unlimited scope in war time cannot be given to what might be called the luxury horticultural crops, such as asparagus, chrysanthemums or carnations, yet it is important that valuable stocks of these plants and bulbs should be retained, for they will be required again for expansion after the war. But more food is now our paramount need. The Minister of Agriculture has informed the County War Agricultural Committees of the changes in horticultural crops that he thinks necessary at the present time. This is what he advises:

TOP FRUIT.—(*a*) Derelict orchards should be grubbed up and the land made available for the production of potatoes. (*b*) Since trees take several years to come into bearing, no land should be planted to further trees except with the consent of the War Agricultural Executive Committee, and this generally should not be given. (*c*) Since the labour available for fruit farms will in all probability be restricted, there would be no advantage in under-cropping the land beneath the trees. (*d*) During the period of war the amount of fruit imported will be below normal, and growers should be encouraged to produce the maximum crops from established trees. Growers should be urged to make full use of "sprayings" and tree nutrition.

SOFT FRUIT.—With lesser quantities of butter available larger supplies of jam will be needed, and also canned fruit to offset reduced imports. The acreage to raspberries, currants, gooseberries and loganberries should, therefore, be maintained, but not increased without the special consent of the Committee. Strawberries present a special case because of the number of poor and unproductive stocks in the country and the luxury character of the crop. Unthrifty beds and beds of three years of age and over should be grubbed and the land freed for potatoes or cereals. The occupier should be given permission to replant an area of land not exceeding 75 per cent. of that grubbed provided the Committee approve the strain worthy of planting.

VEGETABLES.—The acreage of most kinds of vegetables should be maintained at existing level; for other kinds an actual increase will be essential as imports decline. In a few cases a decrease would be necessary. Increases in acreages are considered desirable in the West Country and the Isles of Scilly for winter broccoli, spring salads, early potatoes, and early vegetables, and in other districts for carrots and onions. In past years imports of carrots and onions have been heavy, and some shortage may be experienced unless there is increased home production.

A reduction of area devoted to the following vegetables should be made as follows: *Asparagus.* No fresh planting should take place. Old and derelict beds should be grubbed up and the land used for more important food crops. *Rhubarb.* In counties where the crowns are lifted in the third year for forcing purposes, the area on replanting to be reduced by 30 per cent. In other counties any grower should be encouraged to reduce his total area by 10 per cent. *Seakale.* The area of land devoted to seakale should be reduced by 25 per cent. *Herbs and Mint.* The acreage should be reduced by 30 per cent. in 1940 and the land used for a food crop.

FLOWER CROPS IN OPEN LAND

ANNUAL FLOWERS.—These are raised from seed each year and no destruction of stock is involved. It is desirable to prohibit the use for annual flowers of land not so sown at present, which would then be available for cereals, potatoes, onions or carrots, &c.

PERENNIAL FLOWERS.—These plants are on the land for three or four years and then lifted, divided and replanted. The stock is valuable and destruction should be avoided. No increase in acreage should be permitted, but as the plants are lifted, permission might be given for some replanting, provided a reduction of the area by 30 per cent. is effected in each year.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS (in the open).—When the outdoor chrysanthemum crop is finished, the land could be cleared and utilised for a food crop. In 1940 growers might be given permission to plant an acreage not exceeding 25 per cent. of the normal to keep a stock of plants in existence. The fields to anemones in the West of England are planted and in flower, and a reduction of acreage before the spring would be impossible. When the fields are replanted in 1940 a reduction of 50 per cent. should take place.

BULBS IN OPEN LAND.—Bulbs are usually planted on the rich fertile loams and it is essential to free as much of this land as possible for food crops. The stocks of bulbs, however, are very valuable and destruction would be undesirable; it is necessary to maintain good stocks for the future. In view of the imports of bulbs already made and of the lessened demand for bulbs by flower forcers and the shops, it may not be possible for growers to reduce stocks except by destruction. Where planting has been completed no reduction this autumn would be practicable. In other cases a reduction in acreage this autumn of from 15 to 20 per cent. should be aimed at. The freed land should be used for potatoes, cereals or carrots (not onions for pest reasons).

Some growers having expensive stocks of choice varieties may prefer to overcrop the bulbs with a food crop, such as cereals or beans. Over-cropping could be regarded as an alternative to a reduction of acreage on holdings where there is proof that the varieties are choice or rare.

GLASSHOUSE CROPS.—The actual cropping of glasshouses will depend on the fuel available, but generally occupiers of glasshouses should be encouraged to use the houses to produce lettuce or early vegetable crops to be followed by tomatoes in large houses or cucumbers in small houses not suitable for tomatoes. Arrangements must be made, however, to preserve valuable stocks of plants such as carnations, chrysanthemums, orchids, grape vines, &c.

BULBS FOR FORCING.—The forcing of bulbs already received should continue, otherwise they will be planted in open fields to the loss of food crops.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—The plants grown out of doors during the summer are now ready to go into the houses. No restriction is necessary this autumn. In 1940 growers should be permitted to grow only 25 per cent. of the normal area or quantity of plants, as this would suffice to maintain the stock.

CARNATIONS.—Carnation growers usually have a number of houses: one with one-year plants, another with two-year-old and a third with the three-year-old plants. Grubbing of the three-year plants should be carried out, and the house used for the production of a food crop. Similar action should be followed in 1940. When permission to keep stock for propagation is applied for, consent to 10 per cent. or less would be sufficient.

ROSES (under glass).—Roses have a longer life—but the same principle should apply, *i.e.*, when a house is grubbed of old rose bushes the house should be used for producing a food crop.

GRAPES (under glass).—The vines need not be grubbed. Undercropping, where possible, with a food crop should be carried out.

NURSERY STOCK.—No destruction of nursery stocks or bedding plants need take place, but no increase in the acreage of land devoted to such crops should be allowed. Where nursery stock has to be lifted for replanting on fresh land, permission should be given provided an equal area of land was freed for food crops. In order to maintain the varieties of roses and other plants it may be necessary to authorise the planting of roses and other stocks for budding purposes. In such cases permission should be given, provided that of the land cleared of roses or other plants in any year not more than 10 per cent. is planted to rose or other stocks. All land on nurseries not planted to nursery stock to be cultivated and cropped to potatoes, cereals, carrots or onions.

Permission may be given for the use of the propagating house on nurseries to be used for propagating purposes. Other glasshouses on the nurseries should be used to produce lettuce, early vegetables, tomatoes or cucumbers. In dealing with any particular case or particular crop, of course, the Minister invites the Committees to act with their knowledge of the local circumstances.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SPORT FOR THE FORCES

SIR,—It is little enough that we can do to make life a bit more cheerful for those lads who are not only fighting for humanity but also for our existence, so, as a little help, would you through your columns ask all owners of shoots to get into contact with the C.O.s of nearby barracks and aerodromes and offer the shooting—*i.e.*, the days they usually give to their personal friends throughout the season, to the lads under their command. That is what I am doing, and one or two other owners that I have approached are now going to do likewise.

Yours faithfully,

Kilnwick Hall, Driffield, E. Yorks. — LETTHELL BYROM (Captain).

PANNAGE

SIR,—For a generation or two it has been the custom in most parts of England to waste the acorns and beech-mast which our forbears valued so highly—and whose importance to commoners was recognised by laws granting pannage rights for locally varying periods. Now, three points should be noted together. We are at war; pigs are one of the quickest maturing of all meat and fat producers; and the crop of wild fruits is abnormally heavy. In these special circumstances, it is earnestly to be hoped that acorns and beech-mast in private woodlands will not be wasted but will be converted into bacon wherever possible.

By fencing (which might be combined with the long overdue campaign against rabbits) or by herding, it should be possible to feed great numbers of swine without inflicting upon private persons any of the inconveniences which attend the pannage season in parts of the New Forest. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in a season of abnormally abundant acorns, care should be taken lest cattle—and in particular young cattle—kill themselves by over-indulgence, as they are very apt to do; but it may be noted that the Middle Ages also recognised after-pannage, the retropannagium of old documents. After-pannage, which sometimes lasted to Candlemas, seems to have consisted chiefly of hips and haws beaten from the briars and whitethorns. It must have been very much less valuable than the real pannage for whose utilisation we plead to-day.

Yours faithfully,

Oxford. — J. D. U. W.

RABBITS IN WARTIME

SIR,—I have been asked to try and organise a scheme for canning rabbits during war-time for the following reasons: (1) To add to our reserve supply of nutritious food during the war; (2) to reduce those millions of rabbits which destroy so much good pastureland and other crops.

I do not know how many firms there are at present in this country equipped for canning meat, but if they will communicate with me, I will publish a list of their names and the addresses to which rabbits could be sent. I will also send free information to farmers and others about the best humane ways of killing off their rabbits, and also for trapping other vermin.

Yours faithfully,

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants. — C. VAN DER BYL (Major), The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.

A WASP EXPERIMENT

SIR,—The letter in a recent *Field*, entitled "A wasps' nest problem," is an excuse for relating the following experiment which my son and I performed in July this year.

We were informed that a large wasps' nest had been discovered hanging in a rhododendron bush in a garden about a mile from my house, and that its destruction was contemplated. After inspecting this nest, which was about the size of a human head, and shaped like a rugby football, and being charmed by its beauty, we decided that its destruction was an act of aggression, which might well be avoided by arbitration, and obtained permission to transport the nest from its original position to my own garden.

After dark on July 17th, we approached the nest, armed with a pillow case, an electric torch, and a pair of garden scissors. The sentinels were seen to enter the nest, but before the disconcerted inhabitants had time to emerge we had slipped the pillow-case over the nest and closed its mouth. The branch from which it was hanging was then snipped off, and the pillow case containing the nest and an army of buzzing wasps was taken to my car, and transported to my garden, where it was hung to a branch of a Corsican pine in a sheltered position and the pillow case removed.

The next morning the pillow-case was found to contain a large number of wasps, some of which were dead, but during the day the majority recovered and presumably discovered the nest hanging just above them. For the next fortnight the nest was inspected from time to time, and appeared quite healthy. We then left for a summer holiday and returned home at the end of August.

On our return the nest was empty except for earwigs, and the cells open and denuded of grubs. This might have been expected, but we were indeed surprised to find that there were two fresh nests on the rhododendron, from which the first nest had been removed. These new nests were no larger than tennis balls and both were deserted. This experience presents several problems to which it is hoped that some learned "Vesperidist" may be able to give an answer:

1. Were the two fresh wasps' nests constructed by wasps that had not succeeded in returning to the nest before its transportation?
2. Or did the "homing-instinct" of some of the wasps prompt them to return from my garden to the original tree and build nests in it again?
3. Why should these subsidiary nests both in their turn be deserted in a month?

Would it be correct to suppose that the evacuation of the large nest was due to an accident met by the Queen during transportation?

Yours faithfully,

2, Howbeck Road, Birkenhead. — P. W. LEATHART.

THE TRENT AND POLLUTION

SIR,—It is thought it may be a matter of interest to note that the executive committee of this board has made arrangements to ensure continuity in its work for the preservation of the watercourses of the district from undue pollution.

The following remarks of the chairman of the Board, Sir G. Percival Heywood, are of general interest:

"Some of us, members of the Board, also have certain duties apportioned to us, but we also have to bear in mind that the work of this Board holds a definite place in National Service. In times of peace, our streams and rivers are of very great importance from the point of view of national recreation, but they are also of very great importance, even if less generally recognised by the care accorded them, for both domestic and industrial water supply. We can all recall the depredation done to our watercourses during and following the European War of 1914–1918, and this Board knows only too well the struggle it has had over the past fifteen years of its existence in its present form to bring about a reasonable reconditioning of the rivers. That a great measure of success has attended our efforts is now being increasingly recognised.

"In spite of the cheap sneers of some in responsible positions, who ought to know better, this Board is looked to by a growing number of industrial concerns to protect their water supplies from their fellow industrialists and urban communities above them. Why, then, should our rivers in time of war be allowed to return to sewers? The need for national recreation might reasonably arise even in war time, the need for reliable water supplies would be even more important, and in addition the fish life of our rivers, which acts at once as an important recreation for one in ten of our industrial workers and as an efficient policeman on surface water supplies, could and would become a valuable source of food.

"One also had in mind the possible greatly increased use of some of our rivers for transport purposes in war time. There would probably result therefrom considerable danger from oil pollutions, which would affect both water supplies and fish life.

"It is therefore absolutely essential that this Board should, in this time of war, endeavour to the utmost to preserve continuity in its work, even if only by means of a skeleton staff. The question of finance would arise. The Board is at present financed solely by revenues from fishing licences. This revenue would undoubtedly suffer and might possibly disappear, and the Board's reserve funds might last only about a year. In the event of the present critical national situation developing, as we all hope it will not, the Government must be looked to to provide financial assistance to this Board for the maintenance of at least a skeleton river protection service, and the committee suggests that this Board should ask the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries to take this matter under serious consideration."

I enclose also for your information copies of leaflets which are being widely distributed over the district. Some 20,000 of these leaflets will be deposited in appropriate quarters which will include over 1,000 of potential sources of industrial and other pollutions.

Yours faithfully,

68, St. James's Street, Nottingham. — J. INGLIS SPICER, Clerk to the Board.

NATIONAL SERVICE

ERRORS OF 1914-1918 MUST NOT BE REPEATED.

Contamination of Water Courses

Can cause injury to—

INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY
MANUFACTURING PROCESSES
DOMESTIC WATER SUPPLY
AGRICULTURE, CATTLE & FISH
HEALTH and RECREATION

All Can Help

EVERY FISHERMAN SHOULD CAREFULLY NOTE AND REPORT WATER CONDITIONS.

Tel. 43648. *Reports to* TRENT FISHERY BOARD, 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Salmon & Freshwater Fisheries Acts 1923-1932. Rivers Pollution Prevention Acts 1876-1893.

AN APPEAL AND A WARNING
(See letter "The Trent and Pollution")

SALMON JUMPING INTO BOAT

SIR,—While I was salmon fishing this evening on the Grand Cascapedia River, I had a rise and hooked a fish that swam rapidly up stream towards me. As there was practically no weight on my line, I thought it was a large sea trout, or perhaps a small grilse.

When the fish got opposite the canoe, it went down and sulked. I tried hard to raise it and coax it to the back of the boat. Suddenly there arose and sprang into the air a large salmon, which landed in the boat!

I was very surprised; but as it was jumping and flopping about, I pushed it under the seat with my foot. It was so amazingly active and strong I thought it would get away, but my guide fell upon it and seized it by the tail and held on to it until it could be subdued. Finally, it was secured, although we were both laughing so hard and so amazed it was a wonder we did not lose it. The fish weighed 23lb.

A few minutes later, I got another salmon of 18lb., which I played and landed in the usual manner.

Yours faithfully,

Camp New Derreen, Grand Cascapedia, Province of Quebec, Canada. — AMY GUEST.

DOG KEEPING IN WAR TIME

SIR,—The National Canine Defence League realises that many dog-owners are anxious to avoid depleting the national food supply and also desire to feed their canine friends adequately.

The League will send free advice which applies to present conditions and also anticipates any future shortage in the staple dog-foods. Economy practised now may defer any drastic privations later on. Please send stamp for reply, as economy is also vital to the N.C.D.L.

Yours faithfully,

Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1. — CHARLES R. JOHNS, *Secretary*, National Canine Defence League.

MINIATURE RIFLE SHOOTING

SIR,—The Royal Society of St. George has noted with pleasure the decision of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs to keep going, and to impress upon its 2,500 clubs that their work in teaching the art of shooting is more than ever of national importance.

The Royal Society of St. George, in addition to their championship cups, is offering a special silver cup to be won outright to be competed for by members of the Miniature Rifle Clubs who are English and members of the Royal Society of St. George.

Miniature rifle shooting, so strongly encouraged by the late Lord Roberts, has been carried on for years as a pastime. Its value as a national asset will be appreciated during the war.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES JARROTT (Lieut.-Col.), General Secretary.

The Royal Society of St. George, 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

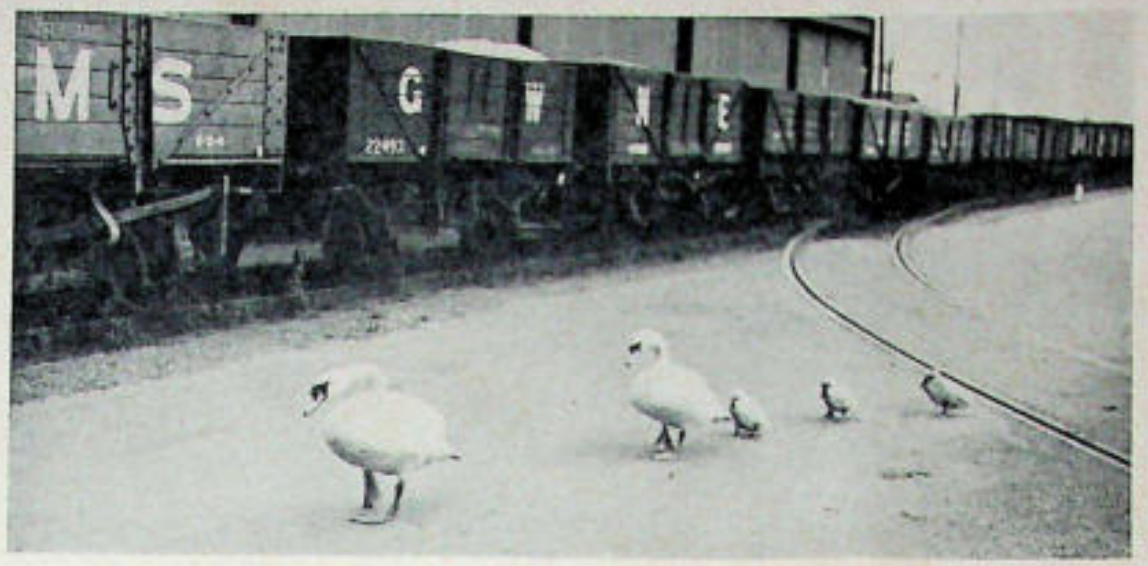
THE SWAN PATROL

SIR,—In the spring a pair of wild swans settled on a large pond just behind a quay on Immingham Docks, Grimsby. They built up a nest amongst the reeds and appeared unperturbed by the noises from the quay; in due course three cygnets were hatched and the procedure of the swans with these little birds was rather remarkable.

Early every morning they would leave the pond and lead the cygnets along the road to the Dock basin, a distance of about three hundred yards. This commenced when the cygnets were still very young and apparently almost too weak to clamber over the several sets of rails which crossed the road; on the morning this photograph was taken they did not walk down the slope into the Dock basin, they rolled down. However, they would all swim here for several hours each morning and then return to the pond by the same way.

Would the swans have some reason for this regular routine? Or did instinct tell them that the walking, or the salt water, would be beneficial to the young birds? They did not appear to go in search of food as this is abundant in the pond.

Yours faithfully,
40, Margaret Street, Immingham, Grimsby. H. S. VICKERS.



THEIR MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL
(See letter "The Swan Patrol")

FOXHUNTER AND AERONAUT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a decorative frieze above the main entrance to Scout Hall, a seventeenth century building in the Shibden Valley, near Halifax. The subject comprises a hunting scene, a fox—painted red—being pursued by several hounds and a huntsman. John Mitchell, the first owner of Scout Hall, had this frieze set up to indicate one of his many sporting activities.

He seems to have been a pioneer aeronaut, too, for he either invented or purchased a flying machine, the description of which suggests an early form of glider. After several fruitless attempts to "take off" from the hill behind the hall, he managed to launch his machine one day—but suddenly "came a cropper," rolling down the hill and breaking his neck in the process. He died on May 9th, 1696, at the early age of 37.

Yours faithfully,
Leeds. G. B. WOOD.

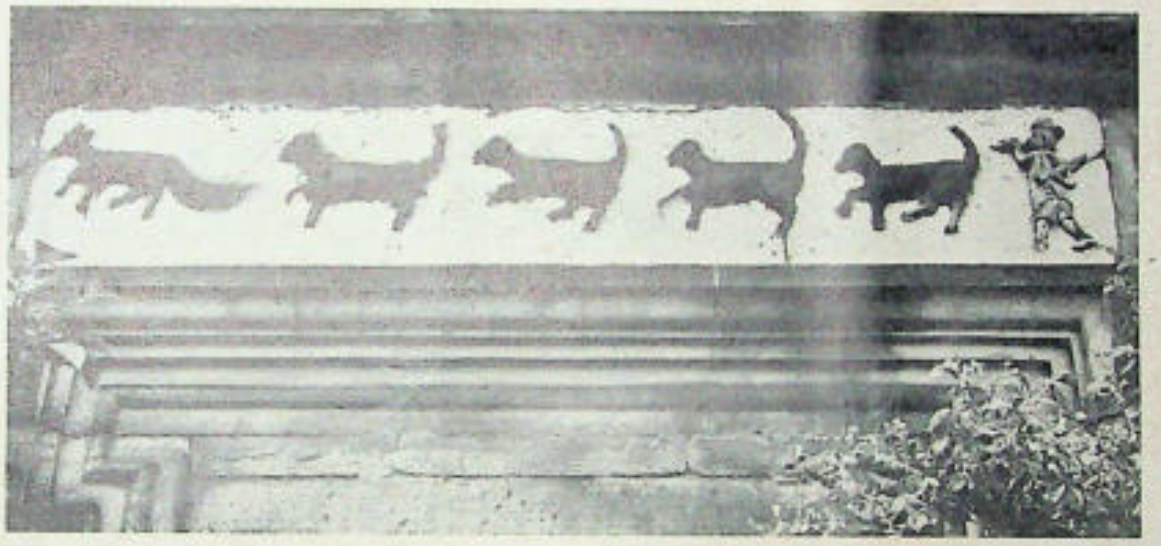
GREAT NEW ZEALAND EELS

SIR,—I enclose herewith photograph of eels, which may be of interest to your readers. They were caught by Mr. William Bird in the Rangitiki River at Murupara, in the North Island of New Zealand, at the same time in the same eel trap, and when I saw them were being kept alive in a large box sunk in the river.

The dimensions of the larger are as follows: length, 4ft. 11in.; girth, 19¾in.; weight, 35lb. The smaller fish weighed 25lb.

I personally took the measurements, but did not check the weight, but was assured by a number of people that they had seen both eels weighed several times, and that the above weights were accurate.

Eastover, Abbots Ann, Andover. Yours faithfully, C. M. LAFERE.



HARD ON HIS BRUSH
(See letter "Foxhunter and Aeronaut")

HARVESTERS

SIR,—Much the most effective preventive is also the simplest; lather legs in the morning and let the soap dry on, you will have no bites and no expensive oils to buy. Yours faithfully,
Tetbury. G. H.







A WRIGGLY CATCH NEARLY 5 FEET IN LENGTH
(See letter "Great New Zealand Eels")

AN UNPRECEDENTED WAR BUDGET

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SIR John Simon's Emergency Budget has brought home most forcibly the colossal cost of waging a war. Less than a month following the outbreak of hostilities extra and staggering taxes have had to be imposed upon the nation.

Last April Sir John estimated expenditure for the current fiscal year to next March at £1,322,000,000. Even then the weight of the Defence programme was pressing. Now expenditure for the current year is estimated at a figure little short of £2,000,000,000. The magnitude of this figure can hardly be appreciated.

Revenue from taxation, temporarily at least, has taken the opposite path. The Chancellor based his Budget last April on taxation revenue around £942,000,000. A change over from peace to war has upset calculations. Public income has dwindled. Revenue from taxes on the April basis is unlikely to exceed £890,000,000.

There is, therefore, a serious deficit. The Chancellor has been unsparing in making good the shortage. He himself has described the proposed increases in taxation this year as "fierce."

Income tax is raised to the unprecedented high level of 7s. 6d. in the £ for a full year. The basis for the current fiscal year is 7s. in the £. There are additional taxes on tobaccos, wines and spirits, and sugar. In addition, there is a new Excess Profits Tax and higher Death Duties.

During the current year to next March the Chancellor expects to secure an extra £76,500,000 by the increase in direct taxation. From drink, sugar and tobacco he expects an extra £30,500,000 this year. Such additions are estimated to raise the revenue to within measurable distance of £1,000,000,000. It leaves another £1,000,000,000 to be raised by borrowing.

It is readily conceded that everyone in the country is prepared and even anxious to provide the finance necessary for the prosecution of the war against Nazi aggression. At the same time the sudden and steep increase in taxation was a decided shock. A more gradual addition to taxes had been expected.

In the City it was thought that the Chancellor would recognise disorganisation in trade during the initial period of the war. He has decided otherwise. Not only is income tax raised, but the relief given married men with families is reduced. This latter decision might well be reconsidered.

There is a measure of compensation to wage earners who find their income reduced as a direct result of the war by 20 per cent. or more. There is no relief, however, for those who depend on income from investments. Here is a section of the community which has been heavily penalised for years past.

The Budget shock was tempered to some extent in the City by a reduction in Bank Rate from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. That helps those running businesses on borrowed money. The Treasury benefits directly from Bank Rate reduction. Temporary borrowing on bills is cheaper. Of even greater importance is the necessity for long-term borrowing on terms as cheaply as possible.

There is some £1,000,000,000 to be found by direct borrowing; that is assuming the Chancellor's expectations from increased taxation materialise. It is a colossal task, but one which should not be beyond the capacity of the nation. The assistance of every member of the community will be needed. Any savings possible when taxes have been met must go towards the new loans.

The severity of the Emergency Budget will inevitably be felt in every home in the country. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Chancellor has arrived at a wise decision in imposing such heavy burdens at the outset of the war.

Already there are complaints. It is stated on behalf of the brewery trade that the view apparently held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that beer, although it is to cost a penny a pint more, would continue to be consumed in the present quantities is altogether too sanguine.

It comes at a time when many thousands are suffering from pay cuts. The extra penny on the pint, it is claimed, will put beer beyond the reach of millions. The inference is that the Chancellor has allowed himself nothing for future emergencies.

OVERDONE

THE following is quoted from the *Timber Trades Journal*:—"There is a widespread movement, as we anticipated last week, to check and modify the first effects of war legislation. . . . One of the many early statements of policy laid it down that the Government would rely upon the natural decline of non-essential trades to release resources for expanding rearmament. Instead of relying upon any natural shrinkage, however, steps were in fact taken to destroy artificially a large part of our trade, essential as well as non-essential . . .

"We confess that we were taken by surprise when, without any warning, Government Departments produced, ready made, some 40 Acts of Parliament designed to put us on a war basis. Both Parliament and people were, at first, gratified at this wonderful display of preparedness, and Parliament, having high matters of policy to deal with in a hurry, very naturally passed almost without comment legislation which in other circumstances would have needed years of debate and amendment.

"In 1914-18 we had the celebrated D.O.R.A. and we are not yet wholly rid of her totalitarian ways. September 4th, 1939, will be remembered as the day when the elderly Dora gave birth to 40 little Doras, causing every business and professional man, as well as every worker, to wonder whether he would ever be allowed to function again. The widespread nervousness arising from this litter of legislation is evidenced by the dividend announcements of the past fortnight. Headed by no less an institution than the Prudential Assurance, large numbers of companies have cut or passed their dividends. These dividends in every case refer to periods closed well before the war clouds burst and reductions are justified only on the ground that the businesses are threatened by the greed of the departments to control and even conduct as much as possible of the work of all of us.

"War brings its injustices, they are among its minor consequences, but let us be sure so far as we can that they arise from the exigencies of war and not from the ever-present desire for bureaucratic expansion. The Commodity Insurance Scheme is a typical sample of the workings of the bureaucratic mind in fields beyond the range of its comprehension. Six per cent. per annum is a charge of 10s. per cent. to the concern which turns its stocks as rapidly as once a month, but it means perhaps as much as £25 per cent. to better-class or slower-moving commodities. Many a business has, within the last few days, paid out a compulsory levy at a rate in excess of its annual profit.

"The business man has to remember that this is only one of a thousand provisions contained in the 40 little Doras, and he is forced to enter a clear and definite protest. That protest will not be made from motives of self-interest, but by responsible citizens of the State in the interest of the State. We are determined to win the war and we do not, therefore, want right at the start to handicap ourselves by unnecessarily throwing away the very sinews of war."



THESE ARE POLICE AND THE SCENE IS LORD'S

In a match played between the War-Time Police and the St. John's Wood Police, the latter scored 76, and the War Reserve, who are seen taking the field, 164 for three. Among them will be recognised J. Thom, L. Compton, Robertson, W. Harrington, D. Compton and Price. Harrington took five wickets for 31. Robertson scored 59, Frank Lee (Somerset) 48 and Denis Compton 22.

". . . QUATIT UNGULA CAMPUM"

A comprehensive book of the horse.

Hoofbeats. By (WARREN T. HALPIN. Edition is limited to 1,550 numbered copies for sale. (London: Hutchinson.)

SELDOM during the last few years have I seen a book which has delighted me more. Mr. Halpin has produced a great number of drawings and an equal number of comments, and there is complete common sense and satisfaction in every line and every drawing.

The subjects cover polo, hunting and steeplechasing, and there is a suitable introduction to each. Mr. Stewart B. Iglehart writes on polo, and pays a tribute to the value of team work and to the value in international play of more or less standardised rules.

Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, the President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, contributes the hunting introduction. After some historical remarks these golden words occur: "The *spirit* which actuates true hunting people is the essence of this real sport . . ."

The foreword to steeplechasing comes from Mr. William Du Pont, Jun., and I was very interested to read what he says about the course at Aintree: ". . . the very small take-off, together with the drop to the landing side, combine to cause a great many spills." Only the other day I was talking to a friend who had ridden over some of these jumps, and he remarked on the eternity of time it seemed to take to land after passing the top of the fence.

And what is one to say of the drawings? They are perfect in execution and in the manner in which each one sums up some important moment. In the polo section we see Pete Bostwick trying for a backhand. Captain H. C. Walford in action. Vital moves, such as the pass and stealing the ball, are shown with uncanny insight of the right moment at which to illustrate.

The hunting section begins with the Meadowbrook moving off, and the next drawing is of a lady riding side-saddle. Mr. Halpin's comment draws attention to the number who ride side-saddle at Dublin. The picture "Going to the Meet" is fine, and one entitled "Brambles and Thorns" is perfect.

The steeplechasing is equally good, and it is perhaps the best tribute to Mr. Halpin's work to say that it is easy to sit over his book for many evenings and allow his drawings and comments to recall to the mind many a happy occasion caused by the beat of faithful hooves.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

WAR-TIME NOTICES

THE INSTITUTE OF THE HORSE AND PONY CLUB.—A shortage of grooms may occur owing to men being taken for Army service. In order to assist Masters of Hounds and owners of private stables it may be possible to fill these places by ladies holding the Instructor's Certificate of the Institute of the Horse. All ladies holding this certificate and available for employment at the present time are therefore invited to register with the Secretary, Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, without delay. All those registering will be put in touch with employers as applications for their services are received. Private employers, hunt stables and riding establishments wishing to employ these ladies should apply to the Secretary, Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, 66, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1, who will be pleased to forward the names and addresses of ladies holding the Institute's instructor's certificate who have registered for this description of war work.

NATIONAL FITNESS COUNCIL.—The offices of the National Fitness Council for England and Wales will be closed from Friday, September 29th, 1939. After that date correspondence should be addressed to The Secretary, Board of Education, Alexandra House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

DORSET RETRIEVER SOCIETY.—The Committee have decided, for various reasons, not to hold the Field Trials this season.

THE SPANIEL CLUB.—The Club have decided to cancel the Field Trials fixed for November 16th and 17th, 1939.



LILIES MAKE ONE OF THE FINEST DISPLAYS IN THE SUMMER GARDEN

The Country House

LILIES FOR AUTUMN PLANTING

IN view of the Government's desire that, so far as possible, the normal life of the nation shall continue, it behoves everyone to continue placing orders with nurserymen whenever possible. A leaflet issued by the R.H.S. reminds garden owners, that if, owing to lack of orders, many nurserymen are compelled to close their businesses temporarily, it will be many years after the cessation of hostilities before they will again be in a position to supply as before the war. For stocks on a large scale take years to raise.

Most people will avoid the more expensive plants, but in regard to Lilies, for instance, there are many cheap kinds that can be planted in autumn. English grown bulbs are obtainable now, but imported bulbs do not arrive usually till December and January. English grown bulbs are far the cheapest in the long run, for they have plenty of roots, are, as a rule, free of disease and, unlike imported bulbs, they have been freshly lifted and, consequently, do not suffer a severe check.

Certain points should be borne in mind in planting the bulbs. All Lilies need perfect drainage, and each bulb should be placed on a thick layer of sand and surrounded by sand. Not only does this afford extra drainage, but it protects the bulbs from mice and even wireworm. It is also an excellent plan to lay the bulbs on their sides because this prevents moisture collecting in the scales. The easiest Lilies are the cheapest, notably the Tiger Lily, the Martagons, *L. Henryi*, *L. Hansonii* and *L. Chalcedonicum*.

The Tiger Lily, once such a favourite in cottage gardens, is amongst the few Lilies that are ideal for the herbaceous border, for, unlike the majority of the tribe, it does not resent the heavy manuring essential for the border. Possibly this is the reason why this Lily did so well in cottage gardens, for cottagers have always enjoyed feeding their plants. Of course, the manure should not actually touch the bulbs. Even now the Tiger Lily is cheap, the finest form (*L. t. splendens*) costing only 6d. each. It is a vigorous lily, growing at least 4ft. high, with handsome foliage, and its orange red flowers spotted purplish black are produced in late August and September. It should be planted 7in. deep and in a position where the lower part of the stem is shaded from sun. This Lily is one of the oldest cultivated flowers for, in both China and Japan, it has been cultivated for food for at least a thousand years. It is curious that in both those flower-loving countries, Lilies have always been regarded as a source of food and not cultivated for their beauty.

The Martagons are the commonest of all the European Lilies, and the type is also a native of the large parts of Asiatic Russia. In many gardens it seeds itself. For instance, in the wilderness garden of St. John's College, Cambridge, it is a sight when its pinkish-purple flowers are in bloom in masses. The lovely white form is one of the most beautiful of all Lilies. The grandest form *L. m. dalmaticum*, which grows nearly 6ft. high, is both scarce and expensive. All the martagons like a stiffish soil enriched with plenty of leaf mould, but, as described above, sand should be put under and over the bulbs at planting time.

The old Scarlet Martagon or Scarlet Turks Cap Lily (*L. chalcedonicum*), was called "Turn again Gentleman" by cottagers in my childhood. It is one of the oldest Lilies grown in our gardens, for it was introduced in Elizabethan times. It likes a stiff soil, but is not resentful of lime, and succeeds either in full sun or part shade. The bulbs should be planted 4in. deep. This Lily blooms in July, and against a background of greyish foliage such as the handsome leaves of *Bocconia cordata* it makes a striking picture. The Scarlet Martagon, is resentful of disturbance and rarely flowers its first season.

Then there are the two yellow Lilies, *L. Henryi* from China and *L. Hansonii* from Japan. Both are amongst the most easily cultivated species. *L. Henryi*, which sometimes has as many as 20 flowers on a stem, has blooms of the palest orange yellow with golden stamens and a pale green line down the centre of each petal. It should be planted 8in. deep. This Lily succeeds in sun or part shade, but does best in part shade, for in full sun it is apt to fade badly. I recall a nut walk planted with the Lily and the effect was delightful. It is stem-rooting and benefits, therefore, by the shade of neighbouring plants. *L. Henryi* flowers in August and September, and is sometimes grown in cold greenhouses, but unless shaded in flower it fades badly.

L. Hansonii is closely related to *L. Henryi* but flowers in June. It is indeed amongst the easiest and loveliest of June Lilies. By many it is regarded as the queen of yellow Lilies. Fine specimens have ten and twelve flowers on a single stem. Like *L. Henryi*, *L. Hansonii* has to be planted 8in. deep and needs good loam enriched with plenty of leaf mould. *L. Hansonii* is a very long-lived Lily. At Kew the same plants have flowered profusely for nearly 30 years.

E. S. R.

R.H.S. AUTUMN SHOW.—The president and council of the Royal Horticultural Society have decided to hold an autumn show in the society's hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 24th and 25th. The special features of this show will be ornamental trees and shrubs worth growing for their autumn effect. There will also be exhibits of fruit and vegetables. Whilst the society is anxious to increase the production of these, it desires to draw attention to the fact that it is not in the national interest to eliminate the ornamental side of gardening. Next spring flowers will probably be doubly welcome, and it would be a mistake for amateurs not to plant bulbs this autumn, while shrubs and flowering trees will save expense on labour and upkeep.

SEASONING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

IF we are to avoid the mistake of using unseasoned timber, as in 1914/18, it is of paramount importance that mature conifer plantations should be felled this coming winter. Felling in excess of 1,000 cubic feet calls for the consent of the Timber Control (c/o Postmaster, Bristol); but the restriction of our large imports of softwoods makes a heavy call upon the privately-owned woodlands in this country.

The advisability of widespread felling, with adequate seasoning as the object, depends upon the facilities available. Oak can lie in the woods indefinitely without harm, but Scots pine would be ruined in a winter, if it is not under cover. The question also rests upon the degree of seasoning required. Four years' air drying will be needed to make oak really thoroughly seasoned. Twelve months is more usual and, particularly for soft-woods, is entirely adequate. Special kilns provide very rapid seasoning, but kiln-dried wood is never equal to the air-dried article. The over-rapid extraction of moisture leads to warping and cracking.

The usual organisation is to fell timber in the winter, saw it during the summer and use it from Christmas onwards. The yard would thus contain always a year's supply and the unconsumed portion of the previous sawing.

This should clearly be the aim during the present crisis, so that all timber seasons for about three months in the round and nine months or more when sawn. To achieve this it would involve the felling this winter of two years' supply, and the sawing next summer of the same double quantity. Whether the Timber Control will sanction this procedure is a matter not yet decided; but it is obviously needful to make the utmost use of the accommodation available.

Apart from special woods, such as ash, which is first quartered for seasoning, sawing can take place as soon after felling as is convenient. For ordinary purposes there is no need for the merchant's practice of sawing first into plank and then at a later date into scantling. If the owner knows the sizes required, and he can easily ascertain them, he can saw direct from round to scantling. So far as softwoods are concerned it is advisable to saw them into the sizes usually imported, 4 ins. by 2 ins. being by far the greatest consumption.

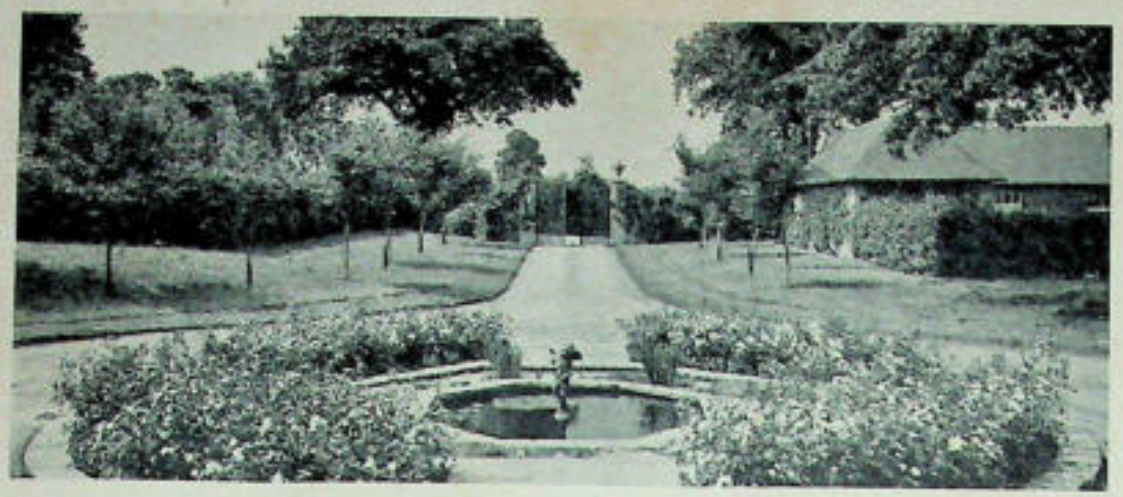
Not all timbers need storing in a building and if they are there should be plentiful ventilation, if need be bricks being removed every 10 ft. in the footings. Oak seasons best in the open and benefits rather than otherwise from rain, but corrugated iron sheets are required to keep off the sun which causes warping and cracking. Sweet chestnut can be dealt with in the same way. Ash, beech, elm and Scots pine ought to be under cover, as rain will cause decay. Larch can be stacked in the open, provided the sun is kept off with corrugated iron sheets.

The essence of stacking timber efficiently and in minimum space is an orderly plan, and there should be a resolve to keep the different sizes in separate piles and with ample room for loading vehicles to pass down the lines and stand by each pile. This cannot always be arranged for timber stored in buildings, but it can be arranged that any size of timber can be reached and loaded without interfering with other piles.

The method of stacking is important, as many excellent systems exist which involve an undue waste of space. For all piles there should be a firm base of short lengths of timber placed 2 ft. or 3 ft. apart and perfectly level in all directions. For boarding, the planks are laid on the bed and each row separated by thin laths placed vertically and exactly above the base timbers. A free air circulation is thus assured, and no warping can take place owing to the weight of the boards above. For easy stacking boards of different lengths are best stacked separately, as it is wasteful to attempt to saw all boards the same length.

For stouter timbers of the 2 ins. by 4 ins. type and larger no laths are needed. The same firm and level bed supports the lowest layer, each piece being separated by an inch from its neighbours on both sides. The pieces in the next layer are laid to span the spaces left, so that the end of the pile presents a honeycomb appearance. Stacked in this way seasoning is excellent and space occupied is a minimum.

Owing to their smaller size, pit props season more rapidly than timber. If barked and stacked in a drying wind four weeks will dry the timber sufficiently. If conditions are not so propitious several months may be necessary. Pit props are usually stacked in a field near the wood from which they were taken, and adjoining a hard road. It is unusual for them to reach the saw yard.



" METAL GATES, WHICH ARE LIGHT IN APPEARANCE, ALSO NEED SUBSTANTIAL POSTS, AND BRICK OR STONE ARE GENERALLY THE MOST SUITABLE

GARDEN GATES

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

SIMPLE things, gates! But what a variety there is among them, and what a difference the right gate makes to the look of any property.

At the Royal Show this year one of the most interesting sections was a competition for gates of different types. There were gates in oak and in teak, in a remarkable variety of designs, varying from the simple field or cottage gate to the most elaborate self-closing structure.

In the details of design gates vary enormously, as in their general proportions, and selection of designs is a matter of personal taste. In the matter of proportions each gate must be chosen according to its setting. If it is an opening in a fence, there must naturally be some connection between the height of the fence and the height of the gate, between the style of the fence and that of the gate too. If a gate is used in a living hedge, allowance must be made for the height of the hedge when mature.

New gates constructed at the same time as new fences are easily matched to their surroundings. If a new gate must be added to old fencing it needs a little extra care in the choice of a type that will quickly sink into the general picture.

The chief materials used for gates are oak, teak, and metal. The small cottage can take a gate of painted deal or pine, and often this type of gate is best painted white. The paint must be renewed annually, but with this small attention, and provided the posts are sound, the gate will last well. White paint, in rural districts, has the advantage that it is easily seen at night.

A gate of oak or teak needs no paint. In fact I saw a cleft oak gate in the antique section of the Royal Show which was still sound after 45 years' service! Oak, left entirely untreated, weathers to a lovely silvery shade, while teak needs nothing more than an occasional rub with boiled linseed oil to keep it in perfect condition.

Gates on large properties are usually made to order. Where dual gates are required, for foot traffic as well as for cars, they should be in the same material, and with a similarity of design.

A good gate maker is a genuine craftsman, and is worthy of his hire. For instance, where a gate entrance is on a slope, the swinging of the gate has to be adjusted to give a clearance, and this is a matter for the expert—not for the odd job man.

Posts for gates must be sound, too. The inexperienced gate maker often allows a gate to be slung on posts that are too slender. A gate 3ft. 6in. wide should have posts at least 6in. square, and the butt ends should be buried in concrete for security.

Metal gates, which are light in appearance, also need substantial posts, and brick or stone are generally the most suitable. The makers of these and of any gates will usually supply posts and fix the gates if they are in the vicinity, but where gates are brought from a distance the best way is to get a local builder to do the work.

Where access is wanted to a garage on small property, and the gate is also used by pedestrians, a pair of gates with central stop is economical. The stop is best when hinged so that it falls level with the drive surface when both gates are opened.

Plain oak gates, straight at the top, or curved upwards or downwards, close boarded, or of 2-in. pales, the pales pointed at the tips, or cut level with the top bar, crossed in diagonal or square fashion or built into various patterns—these are the general variations of oak gate, and they constitute a sufficient variety for any owner to find a style suited to his particular property without exactly duplicating every other gate in the district.

Oak gates can also be made to match with pergolas and arches in the garden, with square trellis, woven boards, and so on.

Teak is made up in most of the same designs as oak, and in durability there is little to choose between these woods: both can be considered almost everlasting.

The modern smithy does not make much money shoeing horses, yet I know at least one smithy where six anvils are fully employed all the time—making wrought-iron gates and other garden necessaries. The design for wrought-iron gates, like that for wooden gates, is first worked out on paper. It is quite a feasible proposition for wrought-iron gates to be made to order, sometimes from old family designs. Sometimes the name of the house can be suggested in the metal design.

Metal gates have a particular use—to divide one part of the garden from another, especially where a wall or a thick yew hedge form the general partition. The thin filigree of metal and its decorative character are loved by landscapists; moreover, the open metal gate allows the architect his ideal of a vista from the garden into the distance.

A novel gateway is the oval form. I was discussing this with a maker lately, and he told me it required a great deal of experimental work before these gates could be made to swing properly. They are very delightful, however, and as a finish to a sunk or Dutch garden they can hardly be beaten, or an oval opening can be constructed through a wall.

It is important to specify, when ordering metal gates, that they should be treated with black non-rust material.

It is doubtful whether any form of gate adds so much interest to a garden as does a lychgate. Instinctively one feels that there is something out of the ordinary about the property.

Lychgates cannot, however, be used everywhere—no doubt this adds to their interest—as they are only suitable for foot passengers in most cases. Made on a scale large enough to be used by any vehicles they are apt to lose their charm, though an arched entrance on this scale is quite attractive.

The park entrance gate usually takes the form of a wide central gate used for car traffic and one or two side gates used by foot passengers, the two side gates being desirable where there is occasionally a good deal of foot traffic, as, for instance, where park grounds are used for fêtes.

A swing gate of the "Exit only" type can, in such a case, be used on one side and an ordinary gate on the other, if circumstances make this desirable.

It has, of course, only been possible to review the various gate types very briefly here, and owners who can contemplate additions of this kind to their property will do well to send for catalogues and peruse them carefully before placing any orders with artists, craftsmen or dealers. There is definitely a right and a wrong gate type for any position, and those accustomed to make and choose gates are generally the best judges of what is right and proper on any given site.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Buying Fruit Trees and Bushes

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT never does to be niggardly and parsimonious when purchasing fruit trees or bushes. After all, they are going to be in the garden for a large number of years, and everything depends on their being true to name and type. To save a shilling or two on the purchase price may mean great disappointment in the long run.

The best trees are naturally to be had from the best nurserymen, and we would advise readers to consult the catalogues of the following firms: Messrs. Rivers & Co., of Sawbridgeworth, Herts; Messrs. George Bunyard, of Allington Nurseries, Maidstone, Kent; Messrs. Laxton & Son, of Bedford; Messrs. H. Merryweather & Sons, The Nurseries, Southwell, Notts; and Messrs. George Pyne, The Nurseries, Topsham, Devon.

It is important, in the case of top fruit, to choose the root stock as carefully as the variety. The work of the East Malling Research Station has shown that root stocks have a very definite influence on behaviour of the varieties which are grafted on to them. It is the root stock which controls not only the vigour and size of the tree, but the earliness at which it comes into bearing and the eventual cropping capacity also.

Root stocks also have an effect on the keeping qualities of apples and pears. They affect not only the size of the fruit, but the colour also, and many gardeners state that they make a difference to the flavour, though this has never, as yet, been proved experimentally.

The stronger growing stocks may be used for the weaker growing types and the weaker types of stocks for the vigorous varieties that tend to come into cropping late. Strong stocks are needed for standards and half-standards, and weak stocks for cordons and bush trees.

In the case of apples, the very vigorous stocks are represented by such types as Malling XII, Malling XIII and Malling XVI. The use of these ensures strong-growing trees and first-class anchorage roots. The vigorous stocks are represented by Malling I, which has good anchorage roots, but usually makes too big a tree for the small garden. Malling II is the best semi-dwarfing stock and is used principally for bush trees, while Malling IX is the best very dwarfing stock, and brings trees into cropping almost immediately. It is most suitable for cordons and for bush trees, but its root system is such that even bush trees grown on it need staking.

In the case of pears, there are two main stocks, the wild pear and the quince. The wild pear stock is used principally for standard and half-standard trees and the quinces for cordons, bush trees and pyramids. The quince stock, Malling A, produces good anchorage roots and much fibre, while Malling C may be likened to the Type IX stock for apples, as it is very dwarfing in its effect and brings varieties into bearing early.

It is difficult to guarantee that all pear varieties will make a satisfactory union with the quince stocks. It may be necessary, therefore, to purchase trees that have been "double worked," but the nurserymen will attend to this.

With plums, the most dwarfing stock is, perhaps, the common mussel, which is a specially useful stock in bringing into cropping early varieties that tend to delay producing fruit. Myrobalan B is, on the other hand, the best stock for half-standards and standards and in the case of varieties that tend to be weak growers.

Unfortunately, there is not the same classification in the case of cherries. At the present time it may be said that for sweet cherries the best stock for standards and half-standards is Gean, and for Bush trees and "fans," the layered Mazzard. With sour cherries Gean is used for the standards, but for the bushes, &c., Mahaleb may be the best. Research workers seem, however, to think there is some doubt about Mahaleb (and its predisposition to disease) and so layered Mazzard may be used for sour cherries also.

Firms that specialise in the raising of fruit trees have a name to live up to, and they can, therefore, be trusted to produce healthy trees and bushes true to name. It is, however, quite a good plan to pay a visit to the nursery and to select the plants required. Naturally, those who go early tend to get the best plants, but an order placed right away can be relied on producing first-class material.

It is a mistake to insist on old trees. They are more difficult to transplant, in addition to being more expensive. A two-year-old will give the best results, and will have the advantage of being able to grow and develop before it settles down to fruit.

Standard trees may, of course, be three years of age, fan trees four years old and espaliers the same age. Cordons are best planted at two years of age also.

MOTORING STANDS STILL—BUT WHAT FOLLOWS?

By W. G. McMINNIES

IN the twinkling of an eye the terrible stimulus of war has switched the nation's brains, energies and finances from the pursuit of culture and commerce to the awful business of killing.

And so for a period motoring, as we understood it a few weeks ago with all its allied interests, has come to a standstill. The great factories whose output of cars had beaten all records this year and in several cases had reached 1,000, 2,000 and even 3,000 cars a week, shut down all this work with swift decision and instantly set about reorganising their resources in machinery and skilled man power with the single object of prosecuting the war. New models planned to appear at the Motor Exhibition were laid aside, costly press and publicity campaigns were cancelled, and agents were left to do the best they could with their present stocks.

But while the immediate future looks pretty grim, it is not out of place to consider the future. How may a few years of modern warfare affect motoring when peace comes again? The possibilities of the order that may develop from the present chaos and be felt in every detail of our lives are both varied and intriguing. Just for a moment cast your mind back to motoring conditions in 1914. True, we thought our cars most civilised conveyances in those days. Yet as far as my memory serves there were few completely covered-in cars, lighting relied on acetylene gas, a good 12 h.p. car cost £350, front wheel brakes were practically unknown, and individual springing and easy change-gear systems had still to be perfected. Even the methods of painting and plating the bodies of cars in 1914 were destined to be replaced by the use of cellulose and chromium ten or twelve years later.

In those days quantity production employing the use of moving bands and tracks for the conveyance of units and parts past carefully-planned and placed gangs of fitters was still a dream in the mind of the production engineer, while the conception of selling a family saloon for the sum of one hundred pounds or of this country ever supporting some two million motor cars would have given even Mr. H. G. Wells a shock.

As regards road construction and design we had just emerged from the dust period when a single motor-bicycle popping along the chalky highways of Wiltshire could raise a column of white powder a mile long to envelop the hedges and trees and invoke the curses of all right-minded country folk. In those distant days there were no motor roads, coaches or bypasses. Wireless was in its infancy, a science less understood than television is to-day. Aeroplanes existed as crude constructions of ash, wire and fabric, and their owners were obviously "cranks." More interesting still is the fact that the film industry was still unborn which in the light of present experience makes one wonder how people spent their evenings twenty-five years ago. Life must have been much less sophisticated without cheap world cruises and tours, Leica cameras, ciné Kodaks, colour film, night clubs and the B.B.C.

Time marches on, the scars of war are healed and peace once more prepares the path for progress. First, let us consider the car. Will post-war design take up the threads as laid aside on the third of September, 1939? Or will the need for restarting car production *de novo* encourage manufacturers to jump the slow intermediary stages of development and achieve at one bound new and better designs? Hitherto, of course, the conservation of the public taste and its dislike of anything too advanced in appearance or technical detail, coupled with the very heavy outlay in plant that an entirely new model necessitates, has prevented rapid and revolutionary advances in motor-car design. And so the manufacturer proceeds cautiously and economically, altering a bit of his car at a time. In extreme cases we find that the best modifications he can announce may consist in a new type of radiator grill or a better method of housing the luggage or spare wheel.

So the problem is clear: Shall we, when the present trouble is over, see 1940 models reappearing in post-dated form or will brand-new vehicles specially designed to meet post-war conditions welcome our car-starved eyes?

Those words "post-war conditions" will probably supply the dominating influence in our future car design. What those conditions may be none can tell. One thing, however, is certain, we shall all be immeasurably poorer, and for that reason we shall need cars that are even more economical to run and maintain than the vehicles we have to-day. One of the ways in which a greater degree of economy may be obtained is by a reduction in weight which in turn may be achieved by more compact design. And in the attainment of this more compact plan we may be forced to adopt revolutionary changes in the layout of the car's components.

Then of course there is the question of alternative fuels. It may be that the devastations of war, the burning of oil wells, the sinking of tankers and so forth, may make petrol practically unobtainable for civilian purposes when the conflict is over. Whether satisfactory alternatives in the form of alcohol or derivatives from coal will be available by then remains to be seen.

Round up with a general consideration of post-war motoring conditions is the future disposition of the populace as between the town and country. Should air raids make it impossible to live in a town, except underground, or destroy whole cities, the post-war civilisation may prefer to spread itself out in a safer, healthier and better-planned existence in the country. Should this come to pass, the need for cheap, frequent and quick transport will be more important than ever. And following naturally from this possibility will be the need for a complete revision and modernisation of our road system. In the great wars of the past roads have played an important part. The Roman roads in this country bear witness to this and on the Continent the roads built by Napoleon's armies, sometimes in face of the most tremendous natural obstacles, show what can be achieved in an emergency by organised labour on an immense scale.

In what other directions post-war progress will develop none can foretell. But if its ramifications are at all comparable with what has been achieved between the years of 1918 and 1939 then indeed the age of miracles must be at hand. Even were the average man asked to suggest some directions in which the present facilities of living could be improved he would have to think hard after he had enumerated such achievements as dead safe and silent flying, television for all, perfected colour photography, weather control, simplified and labour-eliminating cooking, the rigid abolition of every slum in the country and the attainment of a much higher standard of personal health and hygiene on the part of a large number of the less fortunate members of our community.



RATHER HARD ON THE CAR

One method adopted to cope with transport difficulties

PETROL PROBLEMS

THE R.A.C. have issued the following helpful particulars concerning petrol problems: The introduction of petrol rationing has increased considerably the risk of car owners and motor cyclists running out of petrol, and thus being stranded on the road. In order to assist any of its members who may thus inadvertently be stranded from this cause, the R.A.C. is extending its "Get You Home" Service to cover such cases.

Should a member run short of petrol and still have current coupons in his possession, the R.A.C. will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, but not, of course, for the petrol. In cases where he runs out of petrol and has no coupons left with which to purchase a new supply, the R.A.C. will pay the cost of towing the car home or to a garage. Where it is not necessary to tow the car, then the club will pay for a conveyance to the nearest station or the member's home.

It should be appreciated that if a car owner or motor cyclist has used all his current coupons and has run out of petrol, it will not be possible for him to buy even a gallon to get him home, and he will have to arrange for his vehicle to be towed in and garaged until his next month's allowance of petrol is available. In all cases the maximum distance either for towing, carriage of petrol or conveyance, is five miles each way, it being felt by the club that when members are stranded because of shortage of petrol the stoppage is almost certainly to be within a mile or two of the motorist's destination. The scheme is being put into operation experimentally until the end of the year. Should it prove of real service to members, even to the extent of relieving their minds of the anxiety of being stranded without any chance of getting further petrol supplies, then it will be continued until such time as petrol rationing is dispensed with.

Reports which have appeared in the Press during the past few days of convictions for "petrol hoarding" have caused considerable alarm to many people who took the precaution to lay in a small store of petrol before the rationing order came into operation.

The R.A.C. has received a large number of communications from motorists who have stored petrol asking if they are liable to prosecution. The club states that provided the provisions of the Petroleum Act, 1928, and the regulations made under that Act, are complied with in all respects it is not an offence to store petrol for private use, although, of course, once existing private stores are exhausted it will be impossible to replenish them whilst petrol rationing remains in force.

The postponement of the petrol rationing scheme has given rise to a certain amount of misunderstanding regarding the duration of the period covered by the first book of coupons. The R.A.C. has ascertained from the Ministry of Mines that, despite the postponement, the first book of coupons is intended to cover the full four weeks, i.e., from September 23rd to October 22nd. The validity of the second book of coupons commences on October 23rd, and lasts until November 22nd.

BRIDGE

"MISFITS"

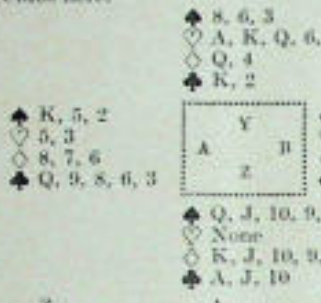
By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

OCCASIONALLY one has the misfortune to run across a hand in which one has no support for partner's suit or suits, nor has partner any support for one's own suit or suits. These misfits occasionally play well in no trumps, but more often than not play better in a suit. The inherent weakness of a resultant No Trump contract lies in the lack of entry cards to lead from one hand to the strong suit in the other.

Holding a strong hand which, however, includes a void, singleton or two small cards in partner's suit, the bidder should always be very chary of immediately forcing the bidding. He should immediately be on the look-out for a misfit and try to keep the bidding as low as possible to avoid reaching the wrong or too high a contract. With selfish partnerships, misfit hands usually give disastrous results. Each bids his own suit, or suits, higher and higher and the opponents sit tight, with the balance of each suit. The bidding usually finishes with a series of doubles and a large penalty. Thus:—

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	One Spade	No bid
Three Diamonds	No bid	Four Clubs	No bid
Four Hearts	Double	Four Spades	Double
Five Diamonds	Double	No bid*	No bid
No bid			

* An unusually obstinate bidder will even venture Six Clubs here.



Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Two Hearts	No bid
Three Diamonds	No bid	Three Hearts	No bid
Three No Trumps	No bid	No bid	No bid

Playing approach forving with a good partner, there is no need to force on Y's hand and therefore the first response was Two Hearts.

Z had an unpleasant choice for his third bid. In a suit contract he could see probably Two Spade losers, a Diamond loser and a Club loser. If his partner had Spade support there should be a game in Spades, but if he had Diamond support there might be only Four Diamonds. Z therefore chanced his luck and tried for the awkward contract of Three No Trumps.

The lead of the six of Clubs was taken by the ten of Clubs and the two of Diamonds returned. In actual play this was taken by the Ace of Diamonds and a Club returned which made things easy for the Declarer, since Three Hearts, Four Diamonds and Three Clubs gave him Four No Trumps.

However, if B had refused to take the Queen of Diamonds, the play of the hand would have been extremely awkward against good defence.

The immediate consequence of refusing to take the Ace of Diamonds is that Z has no direct entry into his own hand other than by overtaking the King of Clubs with the Ace. On analysis it will be found that any attempt to take two or three Heart tricks establishes the setting tricks in Hearts, provided the opponents defend correctly.

So long as the hand with the long Clubs has not the Ace of Diamonds and has only one of the two top Spade honours, the hand can be made by the following line of play, but I am not certain that it does not savour of double dummy play.

A Spade is returned from Y's hand and B's best defence is to play the Ace of Spades and return a Club. Another Spade is played from dummy. If A takes it Z can make nine tricks by setting up the Diamonds. If A refuses to take the trick, Z puts B in with the Ace of Diamonds. A Heart return and Z takes three rounds of Hearts, gives A a Spade and Z must make the remainder of the tricks. A Club return by B and Z makes the contract with three Clubs, Two Spades and Four Diamonds.

It will be noted that although the hand presents considerable difficulty in No Trumps, a Four Spade contract can be made with ease against any defence.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	Y
One Heart	Two Clubs
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

A leads the 5 of Diamonds. How should B defend the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z	Y
One Club	One Diamond
One Heart	Two No Trump
Three No Trump	No bid

A leads the 5 of Spades. How does B defend and why?

SOLUTION

It is obvious from the bidding and the strength of B's hand that Z holds the balance of strength and the only possibility of beating the contract is to establish Two Spade tricks in A's hand. However, if B plays the Ace of Spades, and returns the Queen of Spades, Z will hold up the King and effectively shut out A. If's correct play, therefore, is to play the Queen of Spades. Z will not dare to hold up for fear of a lead through his King of Spades.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the first round of the Premier Tournament.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) A well-known position arising from Sämisch's variation (1. P to Q B 3) has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) If P takes P, then Q to R 4.

(c) Loss of time (see move 15). He should, instead, play Q to B 2 to supply the necessary protection to his Queen's pawn as a preliminary to P to K 4.

(d) White has now the better game.

(e) R to B 3 is, we think, to be preferred (see moves 26 and 27).

(f) This move leads to very interesting complications.

(g) If, instead, 31. . . . B takes Q, then 32. R takes R (K 8), followed, if 32. . . . Q takes R, by 33. R takes Q, K takes R; 34. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 35. P takes B or, if 32. . . . Q takes B, by 33. R (K sq) to K 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 34. Kt to B 4, ch, in each case with advantage to White.

(h) If, instead, 35. B takes Kt, then 35. . . . P takes B; 36. P takes B, R to B 8, ch; 37. K to B 2, P to Kt 6; 38. R to K 2, R to B 7; 39. Kt to B 5 (if K to K sq, then R to B 8, ch), R takes Kt gives a difficult end-game in which Black has good drawing chances.

(i) A good move.

(j) If K to K 3, then Kt to B 7, ch, followed by Kt takes P.

(k) A mistake. With 41. . . . R to Kt 3 Black can force a draw, *e.g.*, 42. P to Kt 3, R to R 3; 43. P to R 4, R to K B 3; 44. P to B 4, R to Kt 3.

(l) White is now a pawn ahead and his King is in a good position supporting the passed pawn. The remaining moves were: 43. . . . K to K 2; 44. R to K 2, ch, K to Q 3; 45. P to Kt 4, R to R 6; 46. K to K 4, R to R 8; 47. R to Q B 2, R to K 8, ch; 48. K to B 5, R to K 2; 49. P to Kt 5, K to Q 4; 50. R to K B 2, R to B 2, ch (if K takes P, then R takes P, followed by K to Kt 6); 51. K to Kt 4, P to Kt 3 (if 51. . . . K takes P; 52. K takes P, K to K 6, then 53. P to Kt 6); 52. R to Q B 2, K takes P; 53. R to B 6, R to Q Kt 2; 54. P to B 4, K to K 5; 55. R to Q 6, R to K B 2 (if 55. . . . K to K 6, then 56. P to B 5, P takes P, ch; 57. K takes P, R to B 2, ch; 58. K to K 5 followed, if 58. . . . R to K Kt 2, by 59. K to Q 5, R takes P, ch; 60. K to B 6, or, if 58. . . . R to Q Kt 2, by 59. K to Q 5); 58. R to K 6, ch, K to Q 4; 57. R takes Q Kt P, K to B 4; 58. R to B 6, R to Q 2 (if R to Q Kt 2, then P to Kt 6 since Black cannot play R takes P because of R takes R, followed by P to B 5); 59. P to Kt 6, K to Kt 4; 60. R to K 6, K to B 3; 61. K to B 3, K to Kt 2; 62. K to K 4, R to K B 2; 63. R to K B 6, R to K 2, ch; 64. K to Q 5, K to B 3 (if R to Q 2, ch, then K to K 4); 65. K to Q 6, R to K 5 (if R to K sq, then R to B 7); 66. K to B 7, R to K 2, ch; 67. K to Q 6, R to K 5; 68. K to Q 5, R to K 2; 69. K to B 6, R to Q Kt 2; 70. R to K 6, R to Kt sq (if R takes P, ch, then K to Q 7, and wins. If, instead, R to B 2, then R to K 8, threatening R to R 8, ch); 71. K to B 7, R to Kt 2, ch (if 71. . . . R to B sq, then 72. P to Kt 7, ch, K to R 2; 73. R to K 7, R to Q Kt sq; 74. R to Q 7, R takes P, ch; 75. K to Q 8 and wins); 72. K to B 8, R takes P; 73. K to Q 7, K to Kt 4; 74. R takes R, ch, K takes R; 75. K to K 6, K to B 4; 76. K to B 7, Resigns. A very interesting end-game.

AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTACK

In the following game, from the 1938-39 Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, some faulty play by Black allowed White to obtain an advantage in position. On his 18th move he started a King's side attack which speedily proved irresistible.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. G. S. A. Wheateroft.	BLACK. R. Spitz.	WHITE. G. S. A. Wheateroft.	BLACK. R. Spitz.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q R to Q sq (g)	Kt takes Kt
2. P to K B 4	B to B 4	14. R takes Kt	B takes Kt (h)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	15. R takes B	Kt takes Q P
4. P to B 3 (a)	Kt to K B 3 (b)	16. B takes P, ch	K takes B
5. P to Q 4	P takes Q P	17. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3
6. P takes P	B to Kt5, ch (c)	18. P to B 5 (i)	R to R sq
7. B to Q 2	B takes B, ch	19. R to R 3, ch	K to Kt sq
8. Q Kt takes B	Castles	20. R (R 3) takes R, ch	K takes R
9. B to Q 3	B to Kt 5 (d)	21. Q to R 3, ch	K to Kt sq
10. Castles	Kt to B 3	22. R to K R 4	Q to Kt 3, ch
11. Q to Kt 3 (e)	P to Q 4 (f)	23. K to R sq	K to B sq
12. P to K 5	Kt to K 5	24. P to B 6	Resigns.

(a) The most promising line of play for White in this opening.

(b) An alternative here is P to B 4.

(c) Not good. He should, instead, play 6. . . . R to Kt 3 in order to get some pressure on White's centre. If, in reply, 7. Kt to B 3, then 7. . . . Castles, or, if instead, 7. B to Q 3, then 7. . . . B to Kt 5; 8. B to K 3, Kt to B 3.

(d) An inferior move. 9. . . . P to B 4 is preferable. If, in reply, (1) 10. Castles, then 10. . . . P takes P; 11. Kt takes P, Q to Kt 3; if (2) 10. P to K 5, then 10. . . . Kt to Q 4; or, if (3), 10. P to Q 5, then 10. . . . R to K sq.

(e) Taking advantage of Black's 9th move.

(f) This is played so that he can reply to 12. Q takes Kt P with 12. . . . P takes P. However, 11. . . . R to Kt sq is better.

(g) Threatening 14. Q takes Kt P. If at once 13. Q takes Kt P, then 13. . . . Kt takes Kt; 14. Kt takes Kt, Kt takes Q P; or, if, instead, 13. Kt takes Kt, then 13. . . . P takes Kt; 14. B takes P, B takes Kt followed by 15. . . . Kt takes Q P.

(h) A bad move which brings White's King's Rook into action. R to Kt sq is better, but Black would have the inferior game.

(i) If, instead, Q takes Kt P, then Q to R 4, threatening to win by Q to K 8, ch followed by Q to K 6, ch. To the text-move, which threatens R to R 3, ch followed by R (Q 4) to K R 4. Black has no adequate reply. If 18. . . . Q to K 2, then 19. R to R 3, ch, K to Kt sq; 20. R (Q 4) to K R 4, Q to B 4, ch; 21. K to B sq, Q to B 8, ch; 22. K to K 2 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4034

By G. CRISTOFFANINI.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K 6, Queen at K R 5, Rooks at Q B 3 and K 7, Knights at Q 3 and Q Kt 3, Pawns at K Kt 2, K B 3 and K B 6.

BLACK (12 pieces): King at K 6, Queen at K R 4, Rooks at K R 3 and Q R 5, Bishops at Q Kt 4 and K Kt 8, Knights at K R 5 and Q Kt 5, Pawns at Q 3, Q 4, K B 4 and K Kt 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Sachs Mabsle*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4033

1. B (Q 7) to Q 8. Any move; 2. Q, R, B, Kt or P (dec. Kt) mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

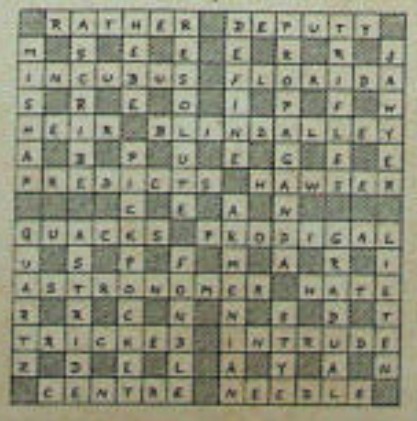
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 537

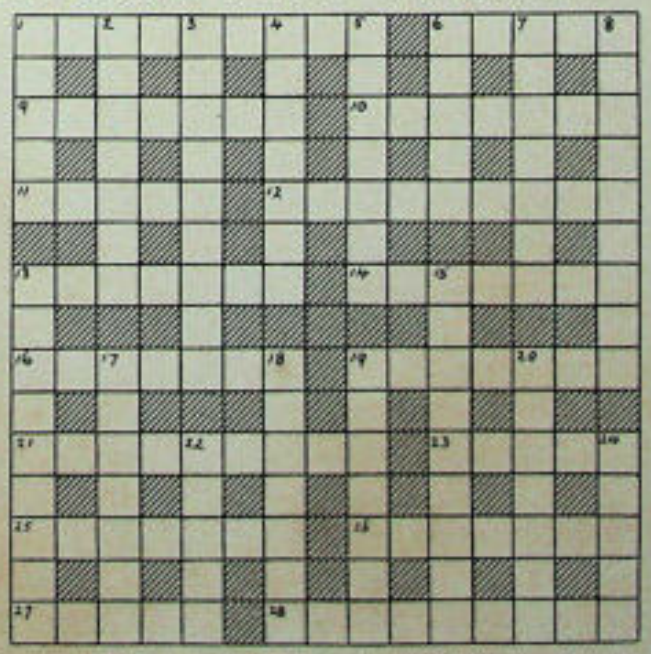
ACROSS.—1. Stephen on the wireless (9). 6. Short cheeks (5). 9. This may result in 17 (7). 10. A constituent of camphorated oil (7). 11. This is to the north of Palestine (5). 12. I sent rope (anag.) (9). 13. A hand for which one should be grateful (7). 14. One who is proposed (7). 16. Keep under (7). 19. Small remaining quantity (7). 22. Firmly persuaded (9). 23. A genuine letter (5). 25. Treason (anag.) (7). 26. A Downing Street pudding (7). 27. Absolute (5). 28. One who does not agree (9).

DOWN.—1. It is unpleasant to be out of these (5). 2. The red one is a butterfly (7). 3. Story (9). 4. "Never morning wore To ——, but some heart did break" (Tennyson) (7). 5. Ancient tough (7). 6. Frisky movement in the water (5). 7. You, he or me (7). 8. Tentmates (anag.) (9). 15. These make good law (4, 5). 15. "He nothing common did, or mean, Upon that —— scene" (Marvell) (9). 17. A sorry exhibition (7). 18. Seducer (anag.) (7). 19. Another anagram of "seducer" (7). 20. A giant's to be found here (7). 22. It's nearly winter (5). 24. Machine supplying the power of movement (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 536

Published September 30th





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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

ENCOURAGING reports of the Government's plan for increasing food production through a War Agricultural Committee in every County are coming in. Some of the extra 1,500,000 acres are already being ploughed, and the arrangements as a whole are working smoothly, although naturally there are problems to be solved.

In most of the counties sub-committees have been appointed in the different districts so as to make full use of local knowledge, and in at least one county there is a sub-committee in practically every parish. The 1914–18 mistakes of ploughing land that never could grow a wheat crop are being avoided. Each county has been given its quota of fresh land that must be put under the plough, and practical farmers are supervising its selection.

There are some farms where an existing system of balanced farming makes them almost self-sufficient for feeding their considerable head of live-stock. The local committees will be unlikely to interfere drastically with such enterprises that are making so full a use of the land. Others, for instance one-time arable farms put down to grass to maintain a big dairy herd fed on imported rations, present a greater difficulty. It may seem a little hard to such a farmer if he has to plough some of his grass.

The local committee will deal in a practical way with such problems, but if the farmer has to plough it should not be forgotten that even if there were no ploughing-up scheme he might now have to bring some land into cultivation (without £2 per acre subsidy) or sell a large number of his cows since imported feeding stuffs may be no longer available in unlimited quantities.

Machinery for ploughing is another of the "snags" on grass farms, some of which have no ploughing tackle at all. But, from reports coming in, contractors seem to be going a long way towards meeting this difficulty, and one of the interesting things that the war has brought to light is the number of very small farms with a tractor that could not possibly hope to work anything like full time in normal circumstances. The owners of these are showing great willingness to plough for other people when their own work is done.

Work for the Furrow Press.

On most farms there are forgotten implements lying idle. The ploughing-up campaign will bring some of them into use again. If there is a furrow press on the farm it will be wanted this autumn to follow the plough and consolidate the turf that is being ploughed in. Farmers are advised to get these presses in order if they need repair. Any farmer who has a spare press will probably find a ready sale to the local agricultural engineer.

Using Surplus Grass.

First-class hay is not likely to be too abundant next year, and in any case it is important that farmers should think of making their farms as self-contained for feeding stuffs as possible. The flush of aftermath, or surplus grass, is particularly marked this autumn, and it is not too late to turn it into silage. No elaborate apparatus is required. The site chosen should be flat, level, hard, sheltered and conveniently situated. The smallest useful size is 12ft. by 12ft., and stacks of 15ft. by 15ft. to 15ft. by 18ft. hold 40–50 tons. The molasses solution that is added during stacking to the freshly-cut grass is made by adding 40lb. of molasses to 30 gallons of water and stirring until liquefied.

To make the stack, first spread an even layer of grass 1ft. thick. Pour evenly on it 6 gallons of the solution (a piece of tin 8in. by 6in. in the spout of the can helps even pouring). The next layer is only 6in. It is spread and well trodden down, especially at the edges, avoiding all lumps and pockets. Six more gallons of the solution are evenly poured on it. Similar layers, 6in. at a time, are trodden and treated in the same way until the stack is 6ft. to 7ft. high, great care being taken to keep the sides absolutely upright. This is the first stage, and it ought to be completed in a single day, certainly in under two days.

Final stages. The stack is left for 36 hours while the material heats to 100–115 deg. F. The practical test for this is not to be able to keep the arm plunged in it for more than a moment. If the material is very wet, another 24 hours may be needed to let it heat up.

The heating and settling cause the stack to sink to about 4ft. high. Further layers are spread and treated with molasses until a further 6ft. is added, when the stack is left another 24 hours for heating up. Building is continued on alternate days until a height of 12ft. to 14ft. is reached. If more material is still available, heavy objects, such as wooden baulks, laid evenly on the top, will assist settling.

The completed stack must be sealed. This is done by covering it with old bags, then ploughing three or four furrows round it and throwing the loose earth on top of the stack. The stack must be covered with a dome of soil 2ft. thick in the centre and 1ft. at the outside edges. If a wagon is drawn up beside the stack and the earth first thrown into it, it will be easier to get the earth on top of the stack. Both weighting and sealing should be done not later than twelve hours after the spreading of the last layers, otherwise top and outside wastage will be excessive.

The silage will be ready in six to eight weeks, and will keep sound for at least nine months. To use it, remove the earth from a section 1 yard square, scrape away the shiny top and outside and cut the daily requirement with a hay knife.

The feeding value of 2lb. to 2½lb. silage = 1lb. hay; 5lb. to 6lb. = 10lb. roots.

Safeguarding the Wheat Yield.

It is of particular importance at the present time to dress seed wheat to prevent bunt. Seed already dressed can be obtained from a large number of seed merchants, but seed saved from the farm must be dressed by the farmer himself. The old methods of steeping or sprinkling with a solution of bluestone or formaldehyde are reasonably effective if carried out correctly, but by far the most efficient materials to use are the modern mercurial powders. They do not reduce or delay germination as wet treatments are apt to do and dusted seed, unlike moistened seed, can be stored without being injured. Since dusted seed does not swell, no change in the rate of sowing is necessary.

For those who do not purchase their seed ready dressed there are machines specially designed for dressing seed with these powders, and they can be bought from £2 upwards. They may be made at home for treating small quantities out of any barrel or box that can be rotated like a churn. They must have baffle plates or some device inside to make sure that seed and powder are thoroughly mixed during the three minutes or so of turning.

The practice of spreading the grain on a hard floor, scattering the powder over it and then turning three or four times with a shovel is not to be recommended. The man turning the mixing apparatus should wear some kind of mask to avoid inhaling the dust during long periods of grain treatment. A wet cloth will serve the same purpose in a rough and ready way. Treated grain must not be used for animal or human consumption.

Loose Smut.

All corn growers are familiar with the few black, smutty ears that are noticeable as soon as the ears emerge from the leaf sheaths. They have nothing to do with bunt. They are the result of infection with loose smut, a disease that cannot be controlled by the powers mentioned or by any other chemical. Wherever possible, seed should be selected from crops that are free from loose smut.

Seed oats should be disinfected with one of the organic mercury compounds on the market. These prevent smut and also control leaf spot, a disease carried by seed that injures the leaves and so reduces yield, sometimes very markedly.

The Fertiliser Position

The Agricultural Departments have been in close touch with the Ministry of Supply regarding the fertiliser position. At this stage it is impossible to forecast accurately either the extent or nature of the demand, because the crops which will be grown on the increased arable acreage are not yet known. It has, however, been suggested to distributors of potash that until further notice they should restrict sales of potassic fertilisers, as such, to half the quantity supplied to each customer at the corresponding period last year. Manufacturers of compound fertilisers have been recommended to reduce the potash (K_2O) content of all compound fertilisers so that, generally, the total quantity of potash used in the manufacture of compound fertilisers does not exceed half the quantity so used last season. The intention is that, in each district, the supplies available shall be reserved for those crops and soils most in need of potash.

Stocks of phosphates will also have to be used economically so as to produce maximum results from the supplies available. To achieve this, it is recommended that all stocks of high-grade phosphate must be reserved for dissolving; that lower-grade North African phosphate should also be reserved for dissolving, for application to grass on acid soils in the wetter districts or for inclusion in compound fertilisers destined for crops which can make good use of this source of phosphate, such as turnips and grass in certain districts; and that ground phosphate should not be included in fertilisers destined for such crops as potatoes and grain.

Generally, with superphosphate and all compound fertilisers it is important to save transport costs by making the plant food content as high as possible. Existing stocks of phosphate are of a high grade and the superphosphate made from them will be correspondingly high in phosphate content; farmers, by using a smaller quantity of these higher grades, will be able to apply the same amount of plant-food per acre as in the past. It will be understood that the above recommendations are intended to lay down general lines of guidance and not hard-and-fast restrictions; special cases will have to be dealt with on their merits.

Farmers will appreciate that under war conditions they may not be able to obtain fertilisers exactly similar to those they used last year. The busy season for distributing fertilisers—namely, February, March and April—puts a strain on transport even in peace-time. Farmers who can keep fertilisers in a dry condition are earnestly asked, in their own interests, to assist the Fertiliser Control by intimating to their suppliers their willingness to accept delivery of supplies as and when this can be arranged, without waiting until the usual delivery months.

The Ministry of Agriculture will shortly issue a special Bulletin, *Food from the Garden*. Its price will be 3d. or 3½d. post free from any bookseller, or from H.M. Stationery Office, at the following addresses: York House, Kingsway, W.C. 2; 120, George Street, Edinburgh; 26, York Street, Manchester; 1, St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast. A free leaflet condensing the advice given in the Bulletin is obtainable from the Ministry of Agriculture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Country House

Filtering Well Water.—It is not easy to make any detailed water treatment recommendations without a fuller analysis of the well water. It is assumed that the figure given of 23.7 grains per gallon refers to sodium chloride as such. Although the potability of such a water may be a matter of personal taste, this is actually not an excessive saline concentration, and there are treated waters in some municipalities in which the sodium chloride content is as high as 28 grains per gallon. This water is used for household and drinking purposes without any complaints or ill effects. Possible treatment methods would be of two kinds: (i.) Chemical treatment, (ii.) distillation. With regard to (i.), the Permutit Company, Ltd., of Permutit House, Gunnersbury Avenue, London, W. 4, have developed commercially the new synthetic resins used in a sort of zeolite process, in which the chlorine in sodium chloride would be replaced by some other radical. It might be worth while consulting this firm, but it is doubtful whether the consumption in this instance would warrant the capital expenditure on a treatment plant of this kind. Distillation would probably be the most practical method. Any of the following firms should be able to supply a suitable small evaporating unit for this purpose: Royle's, Ltd., Irlam, Manchester; Hartley & Sugden, Ltd., Sundial House, 356, Euston Road, N.W. 1; Meadow Foundry Company, Leicester; and Messrs. G. & J. Weir, Cathcart, Glasgow.—*R. S. K. E., Crowborough.*

Hunting

Carlisle Otterhounds.—The chief river hunted by these hounds are the Eden, the Caldew, the Esk, the Eamont, the Irthing, the Petterill, the Liddle, the Lowther and the Waver. The Hunt was founded in 1863, and the best centres are Appleby, Carlisle and Penrith. Hounds meet on Mondays and Thursdays, and you may get all other information from the Secretary, Mr. H. S. Glaister, 52, Castle Street, Carlisle.

Treatment of Saddlery.—If you wish to store your saddlery in a dry room for the winter, you should first of all give all the leather a liberal application of saddle soap, and all the steel parts one of vaseline. You will find that this preserves the whole thing as well as any other method.—"Bruce Wells," *Lisca.*

Kennel

Wilful Pekingese.—In all probability it is not the harness, but the lead, to which your Pekingese objects. You could get him used to the harness by letting him wear it indoors. Many puppies turn awkward when first introduced to the restraint of a lead. Put it on him in the house and play with him, trying to make him think it is a game.—*Mrs. A. McW., London.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis of Young Game-birds.—Since our previous report on coccidiosis among pheasant chicks we have diagnosed the disease in twelve samples of pheasant poults, two partridge chicks and two samples of chicks from poultry farms. This germ infection of the bowels usually attacks chicks about two to three weeks of age and may spread over the rearing field; less commonly it appears about the time poults are turned to covert. The usual symptoms of the disease are ruffled plumage, watery eyes, drooping wing, lameness and diarrhœa. The appetite is usually retained until the chick is too weakened to search for its food. The droppings of such chicks contain the germs of coccidiosis, which are spread to healthy birds through contamination of the ground and food. Obviously, diseased chicks are not likely to benefit from treatment and should be destroyed. The remainder should be fed for three weeks on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of milk powder, or of 2 per cent. molasses. Also, as a tonic, 2oz. of sulphate of iron should be added to each gallon of drinking water. The coops should be moved on to clean patches of ground daily; the patches of used and infected ground being sterilised by burning twitch or straw over them. At the close of the season the field should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and should not be used for rearing or for poultry for a period of two years.—*M. H., Norfolk; E. S. S., Montgomery; A. M., Suffolk; J., Berks; C. B. A., Sussex; C. H. M., Durham; W. S. F., Wilts; A. H., Leicestershire; P. R. G., Kent; F. H. B., Hereford; K. J., Ayrshire; E. C., Norfolk; J. A. P., Notts; C. H. B., Norfolk.*

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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THE HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON, JOINT-MASTER OF THE OAKLEY

Miss Lawson-Johnston, who is the youngest daughter of Lord Luke, was Field-Master and Joint-Master of the Oakley last season. She will continue to share the Mastership with Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill and cope with the problems of the forthcoming season

WHEN YOU NEED
A DRINK-
YOU NEED A
HENNESSY
★★★ BRANDY

THE FIELD
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A PRESSING PROBLEM

IF life were reduced to bare essentials but four things would be needed—food, covering, heat, and shelter. But even the most primitive societies have desired something more than this, and as our modern civilisation has been built up we have surrounded ourselves with a host of things which we consider necessary to a cultured existence. Creative endeavour has expressed itself in art, music, literature and scientific achievement; in the desire to have beautiful homes and gardens; in the effort to improve conditions and raise the standard of living. True, some of the efforts have been misdirected and, as Mr. Massingham would point out, in departing from simplicity the last state has often been worse than the first. Science, misused, far from aiding us, has plunged us into misery. But whatever defects there have been in our system it has worked none too badly and would have been improved. In the increase of production and spending power each member of the community would have bettered his conditions. Countries in Europe profited by the same process and would have continued to do so had no drag been placed upon the wheels.

It is an intriguing occupation to take any article around one and endeavour to count the number of individuals through whose hands it has passed and in doing so has provided a livelihood for each of them. Were a newspaper selected for such an experiment, the task would be a difficult one and reveal a host of occupations. The people concerned would have to include the staff running the paper, those dependent on the offices housing it, compositors, printers, block makers and their supply services, camera makers, the manufacturers of intricate and heavy machinery, and those dependent on them, the paper makers, the ink makers, lift manufacturers, lorry makers, train and steamship services, distributors, agents, newsvendors, and the firms providing motor-cars for transport. This is but a sketchy outline, the services employed are legion. And so it is with everything else. We live on one another in a highly complex organisation.

It needs but the savage to preach a doctrine of destruction, the vandal who has put the clock back in his own country and robbed it of every cultural influence, to put a spoke in this wheel of progress, in order to unbalance the whole of its delicate machinery. Nazi-ism and Bolshevism have in common the aim of destroying for their own ends a civilised system of living which it has taken centuries to construct. We have to fight in order to preserve it. A nation's energies must be directed into new channels, those which will provide the necessary armaments for the battle and at the same time furnish the essentials of life for its people. Formerly an ever-widening circle of activities contributed to the happiness and amenities of life: that circle has to be contracted to include in the main those who are in the fighting forces, those who provide the weapons and those who provide the food.

In such a process it is inevitable that many at first will be left outside that circle and among them most important members of the community; that vast and nebulous body which we refer to as the middle classes will principally be affected. They are the people who have contributed to every measure for social improvement, who have never asked for benefits themselves or have even been entitled to receive them; the people who have never been dependent upon Governments but upon whom all Governments have depended. It is now, when new ordinances are issued every day and when fresh restrictions are imposed, that their interests must be safeguarded. This is the problem which demands the greatest concentration on the part of Ministers. It is a time when the leaders of this country cannot afford to live in a world of their own. There has been promise of absorption. But absorption will take time. And what of the interim? Clichés will not win this war and of all wastage that of man-power is the worst. Criticism is easy and the Government has a great task in front of it to bring about the victory that will assuredly be ours. But there are facts to be faced and in our opinion one of the sternest at this moment is the need to adjust burdens in such a fashion that it will be possible for the man who is first hit to carry on and help provide the sinews of war until such time as it may be necessary to enlist his services in other directions.

HUNTING AND THE WAR

THE first few weeks of the war have passed, and the various hunts all over the country have been busy making adjustments and devising ways and means of carrying on. Many hunt horses and some belonging to individuals have been requisitioned, a great number of hounds have been put down. In many cases the Master or Secretary has been called up, and a vast number of the members of hunt staffs have left for national duty.

Yet hunting is so far carrying on, and we think that it is very important that it should do so. The debt of gratitude which the nation owes to the hunting world as the supply of horses for an army which had been sadly and foolishly robbed of its trained horses is the subject of comment elsewhere in this issue. Light horse breeding can continue if the responsible authorities make up their minds that it should, and a steady supply of horses can be maintained.

Both the War Office and the Ministry of Agriculture have so far encouraged Masters of Hounds to believe that hunting would be continued this season with their approval. The Remount Department has carried out its undertaking to leave a sufficient number of horses to enable hunts to carry on, and the Ministry of Agriculture has stated that there is a sufficiency of hound feed for the present.

The confidence which was instilled by these assurances was slightly shaken recently when Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith announced in the House of Commons that the Government had the desirability in mind of imposing certain restrictions on hunting. What these restrictions would be it is idle, at the moment, to guess. It may be that certain agricultural areas are to be closed, or that the supply of oatmeal is to be curtailed. But we may venture to hope for two things. One is that some definite policy will be laid down at once, in order that hunts may know their position exactly. The other is that the Government will realise, before reducing hunting activities in any drastic manner, what an enormous number of men and women are dependent on the sport for their livelihood, and that to take any action resulting in their wholesale dismissal would mean a very great increase in unemployment from which there is no immediate hope of release.

This season will naturally produce its own problems, and much good humour will be necessary on everyone's part if it is to proceed at all satisfactorily. Yet we believe that it will have its compensations. As regards hounds, it may be possible to use some sort of trencher feeding principle and to kennel parts of the pack in various parts of the country, thereby avoiding the use of the hound van.

And we think it will not be unpleasant once more to set out at the crack of dawn for a long hack to the meet, enjoy a really good day and then the long hack home again. Who knows whether we may not return to a really Surtees atmosphere and pass the night in discussion in some tavern far from home, and ride back early the next morning? It seems a very much better prospect than rushing home in a car in time for a rubber before dinner.

It is inevitable that those who, for various reasons, can no longer—or not yet—take their places with the fighting services should occasionally feel a twinge of conscience in the hunting field when they remember the men whom they used to see there and who are now enduring the dust and heat of battle. Such an emotion is, we think, unjustified. If we cannot yet take any active part in the struggle, it is our duty to preserve that England for which the war is being waged.

PROPAGANDA MACHINERY

The Ministry of Information, as originally embodied, is dead; and the country as a whole, and Fleet Street in particular, breathes more freely. But the Ministry of Information still exists. Just exactly what it is going to do in the future is not clear. Lord Macmillan has made a statement, but the position is not really any the more clear for that. It does seem, however, that the Ministry of Information is going to have a good deal to do with propaganda.

Propaganda is one of the most forceful weapons of modern warfare—in the long run, perhaps, the most forceful. Good propaganda may well win a war; bad propaganda may very well lengthen a war immeasurably. One wonders, naturally, who is going to write this propaganda.

It is not work that can be done easily and without experience. It is not work for retired civil servants, or even active civil servants. Income-tax inspectors (retired), pension officials and so forth know absolutely nothing about propaganda—and should not have anything to do with it. The same applies, with equal truth, to gossip-writers and sporting journalists. This is work for really experienced journalists who have also some executive experience. The old Ministry of Information included 43 journalists. The new must contain at least that number of men who are capable of putting over compelling propaganda.

Propaganda, too (the fact seems to have been forgotten lately) consists of telling the truth persuasively. The truth is not always pleasant, but a propaganda machine that conceals the unpleasant the while it stresses the pleasant defeats its own ends. Lord Camrose will certainly know that. We can only hope that the advice he will offer will be accepted.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE other day, being wearied out with the weight "of all this unintelligible world," I dropped on my way back from hospital into a minute limestone church whose lofty early English lancets had often attracted me. The site had been chosen with that intuitive grasp of right relationship to the mouldings and conformation of a particular piece of land, which was part of the genius of the old builders, a faculty of placing wholly lost since the Industrial Revolution.

The stone village stood on a steep little hill and flung off branches or twigs from this stalk on either side of it, just where it reached the crest of the hill. The village shape was that of a cotyledonous seedling, and the church was built at the point of intersection between the stem and the paired lateral leaves. The obvious position?—then it is a pity that speculative builders and District and County Councils have not developed a sense of the obvious.

The visit was worth while, because inside the church was a number of carved bench ends, the like of which I had never seen before. The oak of each end had been split, and figures in pairs—crowned heads, grotesques, comedy animals, village characters, comely women with broad fillets round hair and forehead—had been carved upon these double projecting pieces.

This was a pleasant curiosity, but it set me thinking about other village church interiors I had seen in the course of years in many different counties. I thought of the rood-screens in the broadland churches of Norfolk; of the marvellously intricate font-covers of Ewelme and Edlesborough in the Chilterns; of the exquisite hammerbeam roofs of March and Chatteris in Cambridgeshire, in which a multitude of angels with outspread wings uphold the corbels of the profusion of carved wood-work at Croscombe and elsewhere in Somerset; of other fanciful, fairy-tale bench ends in Devon, Rutland and East Anglia; of the beam-carvings in some of the porches of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire churches; of the witty, satiric, dramatized miserecords in the choir-stalls of many a country church, notably the scenes of husbandry at Ripple in the Midlands and of many and many another wood-carving in villages either forgotten and sinking into ruin, or so transformed by suburban invasion that their former natives would not have recognised them.

I began to realise how extraordinarily tenacious and full-blooded and incomparably rich this tradition of wood-carving in churches had been. It came to its full flower in the fifteenth century, but it was not brusquely interrupted by such upheavals as the Reformation, the Tudor Enclosures and the suppression of the Guilds which ended the Gothic tradition of church-building. Even in the eighteenth century, the tradition of wood-carving in churches survived, though ecclesiastical architecture was nothing but a sentimental memory in the studied creation of artificial ruins. It finally vanished in the Industrial Revolution, which killed the artistic capacity of the English people as a whole, just as surely as the Puritan Revolution killed its diffused power of song-making.

Wood-carving of the Renaissance and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in no sense a new turn of the English genius for the arts. It was simply a prolongation or rather adaptation to meet new demands of the Gothic spirit which handled wood with a touch inspired. Who were the carvers who could so combine satire and realism with spiritual aspiration, who filled a world of wood with angels of heaven and bulbous-nosed comics who had their heads in the clouds and their feet so firmly upon the good earth, who worked with such gaiety, exuberance, richness of imagination and wonderful craftsmanship? Dust of dust; bare a name has survived the corrosive of time. In other words, they were the ordinary villagers and small townsfolk scattered over the length and breadth of the land. They were the common people. When I came out of the church, I remembered the world as it is. I remembered the war, but I saw that it is not only a crusade against the foulest system that ever disgraced and crucified humanity, but also a judgment and a warning most bitter. Humanity will win it, but unless we English create from the winning a world in which it shall be possible once more for men to walk with their heads in the clouds and their feet on the good earth, we lose it in the spirit. That faculty has been lost for a hundred years; it is high time it were recovered.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday paper. "Magpies will be arbiters of fashion. A white tail shows well in the dark. A peacock would be no use at all; the merest rabbit would do better so long as it was running away and showed its scut. One can use almost any white device on a dress—save, perhaps, the most decorative—a feather."



THE LAW AND THE LANDLORD

A Simple Explanation of Legislation

IN the first week of the present War Parliament passed nearly all the legislation which was spread over three years from 1914. It is difficult to grasp the scope of what has been done, and hopeless if we muddle ourselves with details, but a broad summary may help to appreciate what the House took on trust from its Law Officers.

First, there is no general moratorium of debts as in the last war. It was thought that the effect on trade and general economic life would be too disturbing. Instead we have the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. The broad effect of this Act is that a creditor who has obtained judgment in the Courts, or a landlord who has the right to distrain, cannot do so without leave of the Court if the contract or tenancy was made before September 2nd.

You may bring your action in the ordinary way, but before you enforce judgment you must get leave. The Court *may* refuse leave if it is of the opinion that the debtor is unable to pay immediately because of circumstances directly or indirectly attributable to any war in which His Majesty may be engaged. If a tenant is called up for military service, the Courts will protect him if he *cannot* pay, but he cannot escape all liability if he can pay some of the rent. But if a civilian sees fit to evacuate to a fresh district, there is nothing in the Act to relieve him from the liability to pay rent for the house in which he had been living. This Act applies, with slight modifications, to Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Then we have the new Rent Restrictions Act. All property owners are more or less familiar with the "control" of the letting of their premises and raising of rents under the former Acts. The scope of the new Act is so wide that 98 per cent. of the houses in the country are now controlled. The test under the Act is *rateable value*, not the standard rent. The following are controlled: those in the Metropolitan Police District with a rateable value on April 6th, 1939 of £100 or less; those elsewhere in England and Wales with a rateable value on April 1st of £75 or less; those in Scotland with a rateable value on May 16th of £90 or less. It applies to houses built, or to be built, even if not let.

Houses controlled by the Act are not decontrolled if the landlord obtains possession. Houses decontrolled under the old Acts are recontrolled if within the limits of the new Act. The Act does not apply to houses let furnished, or let at a rental which includes payment for board or attendance, or off-licence premises. Under the Act a landlord is restricted as under the old Acts in turning out a tenant, and he cannot raise the rent of a house let after September 2nd if it comes within the scope of the Act unless there is an increase in the rates payable by the landlord, or unless he spends money on improvements (not repairs) or structural alterations, or improved fixtures or fittings.

Of great importance to property owners and tenants is the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Act. Most leases do not refer to war damage. But by law, if a tenant had contracted to keep the property in repair he had to do so, and pay the rent, if the premises were damaged or even destroyed by acts of the King's enemies. This doctrine goes back to the days of the Civil War, when a tenant refused (in vain) to pay the rent because he said Prince Rupert and his cavaliers had occupied and ruined his house. Under the old law, if there was no covenant to repair, neither landlord nor tenant was responsible for making good damage or destruction. Under the new Act neither landlord nor tenant is liable to fulfil a covenant to repair, if the damage is war damage.

With regard to property *which is not agricultural*, the position is roughly as follows. If premises are damaged by war, the tenant may claim either to disclaim the lease or retain it. If he seeks to disclaim it, the landlord can either let him go, or hold him to it. If he holds him to it, the landlord must repair the premises as soon as practicable, and no rent can be charged until the property is repaired. If the tenant wants to retain the property, he must repair it himself. There are special provisions for sub-tenants and ground leases into which we need not now go.

But a word should be said about agricultural and mining leases. Neither party is liable to repair war damage, but a tenant has not an unqualified right to disclaim the lease. If premises under such a lease are made unfit by war damage, the tenant may apply to the Court, and the Court may determine the lease or lower the rent, as appears just. This Act applies in spite of an agreement to repair war damage, if the agreement was made *before the damage was done*.

Compensation is the next point dealt with by Parliament. Land may be taken by the Government for their own purposes. Even if entire possession of the land is not taken, the Government may want to execute works on it. If they want the land they cannot be prevented from taking it, but compensation must be paid. If the Government take possession of land, they will pay as compensation the rent which a tenant would pay under a lease whereby he had to pay tenant's rates, taxes, repairs and insurance. They will also pay the cost of making good any damage they do. If the land is agricultural they will pay also the sum which an incoming tenant would pay in respect of previous cultivation and growing crops. If works are done on the land, but the occupier is left in possession, then the Government will pay any lessened value of the land due to the work, and at the end of the period they will pay compensation for any permanent decrease in the value of the land.

If housing property is damaged, and the owner will not repair it, the local authority may do so if it can at a reasonable cost be made fit to live in, *and* lack of houses in the district makes repair desirable. The cost of the repairs can then be recovered from the owner.

Lastly, if property (or land) is damaged by war, such as by bombs or anti-aircraft fire, a claim should at once be made to the local authority or the District Valuer. The damage will be estimated, and *may* be paid, partly or in full, after the war. No payment will be made in respect of such damage until the end of the war.

The above is a brief survey of the legislation likely to affect property owners in the country. It is as fair and comprehensive as could be expected under the circumstances, and the Government is to be congratulated on bringing it into operation so soon.



IT IS IDLE TO STRIKE A NOTE OF REGRET, BUT THE PICTURE OF A QUORN FIELD IS EXPRESSIVE OF DAYS THAT WILL BE MISSED

HUNTING FACES ITS DIFFICULTIES

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THE production of a Hunting Number this season on the usual scale has been frustrated. The majority of Hunts have settled down to some general working schemes details of which have been published in the *Field*, but, in a great many cases, these cannot be more than tentative and liable to revision. Should the war continue for some seasons, there are bound to be many more changes and committee meetings.

We had, as usual, prepared a list of hounds with particulars of Masters, Secretaries and so on for publication at this season. The outbreak of war made three-quarters of the list inaccurate at once, and the changes are yet far from complete and cannot be permanent. As the season advances and the war makes its own demands, there will be further changes in Mastership, new Secretaries and alterations in the hunt servants. Further horses may be requisitioned and more hounds may have to be put down.

In these circumstances, the publication of such a list as we had prepared would be futile. Later on in the season, when things have become as settled in the hunting world as they are likely to be during the coming years, it may be possible to publish some form of list. In the meantime, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Secretaries of Hunts both in this country, in Europe and in India for the promptitude and care with which they replied to our questionnaire.

It is, of course, idle to strike a note of regret at the present time, for there is plenty to be done. But it may not be out of place to say something of what the *Field's* plans for this season were. We had hoped to include every form of hunting and to publish accounts of outstanding reports from every part of the country. Arrangements had been made with correspondents in almost every hunt for this purpose. I myself had hoped to have the privilege of hunting with staghounds, foxhounds, harriers and beagles and of dealing with their hounds in detail. The wonderful hospitality with which I have always been met on these occasions in the past is one of my most pleasant memories of the hunting world and of my time as Hunting Editor. We had also hoped to give some idea of hunting in America, India, Palestine and Iraq.

These plans must be shelved for the time being. I hope it will be possible to record from time to time what is happening all over the country during the war. The knowledge that the image of war was continuing was, in the last conflict, of great consolation to those who were experiencing the sterner battle, and I am confident that it will be the same now.

The manner in which hunting is to be carried on this season must vary with each hunt. Any remarks and suggestions must keep this fact in sight—" and with this sword shal I sleen envye."

Hounds and hunters are of equal concern at the moment. We hope and believe that there is no need to envisage an England without hunting when we have won the war. Few hunts will be able to keep all their hounds, and there will be practically no breeding during the war. It is very much to be hoped that consultations have taken place between various kennels, so that excellent strains may be used again later. It is the hound list, with its evidence of home and foreign blood, which should decide which hounds are to be put down.

An excellent suggestion was made to me the other day to the effect that it might be possible to introduce, in some parts of the country at all events, the practice of trencher feeding. The idea might be worth consideration by those who will possibly be faced with the necessity of a further reduction in their packs.

Of the question of hunters and hunter breeding generally, it is difficult to write with restraint. It is useless to recall now how the *Field* has constantly pointed out the folly of selling our fully-trained war horses to foreign powers for a mere song. Now it has been found that horses are necessary after all and hunt stables and those of private owners are being searched for suitable horses, and the price paid is, on the average, three times the sum obtained for the regular horses. No one wishes to be captious at a time like this, but the whole thing may be summed up and regarded as a great pity. Both horses and men are untrained.

But hunting men and women may take consolation and a certain amount of pride in the knowledge that had it not been for their sport there would have been extremely few " civilian " horses to requisition. They may also reflect that had more assistance been given to the vital industry of hunter breeding there would have been considerably more.

It is very much to be hoped that the necessity of future right horse breeding will continuously be present to the minds of the Remount Department.

Many problems are likely to arise during the season as to the exact conduct of hunting. I believe the killing of foxes should be regarded as being of paramount importance, and the purely sporting aspect of hunting should be relegated to the background. Many otherwise abominable practices—such as heading the fox—will become the order of the day.

And here another question crops up—that of getting hounds to remote meets in the hound van



SOME OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL STILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING HOUNDS AT WORK

on a limited supply of petrol. Yet hounds arrived at meets before the motor hound van was thought of, and there can be no doubt that ways and means will be found. There appears to be no reason why the hunt horses should not be hacked to the meet the day before hunting and quartered in some neighbouring and friendly stable. But without doubt there remains the fact that in a large country there is the danger that it may be extremely difficult to hunt parts of it with anything like regularity, with a consequent increase in the damage done by foxes. Where this proves to be the case the Master will, it seems to me, have to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement with the farmers in these parts of his country.

It is impossible to generalise on the position of the farmer. In a great many cases he will not be able to make any very great claims on the hunt funds. But wherever possible—and a good many hunts have found it to be so—funds such as that devoted to poultry damage should remain open to the farmer for as long as can be. For hunting is now more than ever dependent on the goodwill of the farmer. And the farmer will probably lose a lot of money in the way of hunter breeding and of forage.

What exactly will happen to agriculture it is very difficult to say. The desirability—to use a mild word, for were not superlatives exhausted before the outbreak of war?—of increasing the amount of home-grown food was stressed by the *Field* months ago. Yet little has been done in the last few years, and only the other day a film was being shown in London, which asked the question, in all seriousness, whether we should grow more food in England. After presenting both views, the film left the impression that there was no need.

But whatever the view taken elsewhere, there can scarcely fail to be a great increase in the number of market gardens, poultry farms and allotments—and it is of the first national importance that this should be so. This may conceivably very much curtail the activities of hunts near large towns. It is also possible that some sort of Government control may be exercised over all agricultural land. How Whitehall would view hunting would remain to be seen. In fact, generally speaking, the relation between hunting and farming cannot be defined until the position of the farmer becomes more clear.

It is bound to be, from every point of view, a most difficult season. A great deal of goodwill, forbearance and accommodation is called for both from those left in charge, from those who are lucky enough to be still able to hunt with them, and from farmers. The one fact to keep in mind is that hunting must go on. Both as regards the future supply of horses for the army and because to stop hunting would simply add to the number of unemployed and would increase financial distress all over the country without any compensating gain, this great national sport and industry must not be allowed to lapse.

FITTING THE RIDER TO THE HORSE

By R. ANSELL WELLS

NOW that we are at war there can be very few people who are not in some sort of trouble or another; we are all faced with the necessity for completely altering our outlook upon life and of making the best of the conditions which have been forced upon us.

For many the outlook can hardly be considered hopeful, and the events of the past few weeks will have given many of those whose business it is to buy and sell horses much to think about. However, it is not with their present difficulties that I propose to treat in this article, but with the aspects of the trade which are inseparable from it in peace time and which are rarely, if ever, appreciated by the general public.

If there is one thing which is more important than any other in a dealer's business it is to suit the horse to the client. This may sound rather elementary, but it is, for all that, by far the most difficult problem with which the dealer is faced. He knows his horses, but in many cases he has but a very superficial idea of his client, and people seem to have an infuriating desire to buy the one horse which they will not like when they get it home!

Unless the client has purchased horses from the same source before the dealer will have but little idea of the man or woman with whom he has to deal. If he is wise he will have made all enquiries that he can as to the capabilities of the person concerned, but even then he will have to rely very largely upon the impression which he can gain in the course of seeing his man try one or two horses in a paddock. Upon his ability to make a correct estimate may depend his reputation as, if the horse which is eventually purchased does not suit the new owner, however good that horse may be, the name of the man from whom it came will be rather less than mud.

In the majority of cases those who are looking for horses must ride at least six before they buy one. There have been in the past, and are sure to be again, those whose boast it is that they have hunted so many days a week for half the season or more on horses which they have had on trial, without ever purchasing one; the reputation of such people usually precedes them, and anyone with any sense need bother no more, he should know what to do.

Nevertheless, the genuine would-be purchaser is entitled to a fair trial before making up his mind, and it is one of the drawbacks of a dealer's business that the more inexpert the buyer the more horses must he ride. There is no need to elaborate upon all the horrors which are inseparable from having to let a variety of the worst kinds of horsemen ride one's best horses, or upon the ways in which different horses will react to bad riding, and the hours of patient nagging which are necessary to restore a horse to his normal form after even half-a-day's hunting with a "mug" in the saddle, but there is another side to the question which is presented by the varying methods of efficient horsemen.

The greater part of a dealer's business lies with the average foxhunting men and women, and his horses have therefore to be schooled in such a manner as will be likely to appeal to those average people. Experience has shown that the average person will buy and will like a horse that requires just so much riding and no more. Such a person likes to feel that he or she is, to some extent, responsible for the day's outing and does not want to be a complete "passenger," but is, at the same time, all too willing for the horse to disregard the instructions which are given should those instructions prove to be wrong or to have been given at the wrong moment!

Horses, if they are to suit the majority of people who come into the yard, which, after all, is what they are there for, should be well-mannered and, when they see a fence, should cock their ears and take just a little bit of a hold. To every rule there are exceptions, and to this rule of the general requirements of the foxhunting public there are those exceptions which are to be found at both ends of the scale.

There is the "bruiser" who likes his horse to take charge every time he sees a fence; this, by the way,



THE STORRINGTON FOOT BEAGLES CARRY ON. HOUNDS ON THE MOVE AFTER A MEET AT PEPPERING FARM NEAR ARUNDEL

may be a sign of lion-like courage, or, on the other hand, it may be due to a desire to have a horse which, by this habit, will supply just that little extra bit of dash which is left wanting by a failing nerve. At the other end of the scale we find the careful and meticulous expert who likes to do it all himself; he is usually a fine horseman who rarely has a fall, and when he does is the first to blame himself and not the horse; but he has to give the whole of his attention to his horse and seldom has any to spare for hounds or other aspects of a day's hunting.

The dealer can, as a rule, only effect a sale if his horse carries the prospective purchaser in the way in which he likes to be carried, and it is often very difficult to suit all the possible and impossible kinds of people, however good one's horses may be. In the course of a short trial in the paddock the horse and the rider will not have time to adjust themselves to each other, and if a more extended trial is given in the hunting field it is all too likely that the rider will, in his efforts to get the horse going as he likes, completely upset it, which will necessitate a course of schooling afterwards; it does, however, offer a much greater chance of a sale, although the risks are enormously increased.

Having regard to the type of horse which the average person likes, it is easy to see that some of the worst offenders for upsetting horses are those who ride them on a loose rein at everything which comes in their path; they may be, and often are, good horsemen, but their methods do not fit in. It is also very important to know how these folk ride before making a selection of horses which are to be offered to them, as the following story will show. The story is quite true, and concerns an American who came over to Leicestershire on his first visit to England.

As is so often the case, the tales of his prowess which preceded him across the Atlantic were grossly exaggerated, and an all too enthusiastic friend, having turned down a well-schooled but somewhat uninspired hunter, selected an animal which was a genius over a country, but took a very fair hold. The result was, as might have been expected, that the animal arrived back in the yard at 1.45 p.m. to be followed by an exasperated American at 2.15 p.m.

Having been conveyed willy-nilly through 350 people for three-quarters of an hour or so in the morning, he was spluttering with rage and vowing vengeance upon all who crossed his path. Such was his temper that anything that was said only made matters worse, and he departed. Two days later, when the shame of that first appearance at The Chase was beginning to recede into the background, the dealer called at his hotel when he knew his man would be in. The result was that he sold the American six horses, and became a great friend of one whose only fault was that his tastes had been wrongly interpreted.

Such are a few of the troubles and trials which beset the dealer in horses in the course of his normal peace-time routine; he has many more besides, very many more, but they are more readily appreciated than those I have mentioned, which, because they arise from the customer himself, are such as he can hardly be expected to think of. With things as they are at present, it is hardly likely that many of us will be buying horses from dealers or anybody else, but when we do start once more, will it be too much to expect that some at least will try to remember that they themselves are the dealer's greatest trials, and that, after all, it may not have been his fault?



HUNTING AND ITS LITERATURE

By BRIG.-GENERAL C. G. HIGGINS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

IT is possible, I suppose, to enjoy fox-hunting without ever having read any of the classics on the subject; to be a votary of Venus without ever having sung her charms with the poets; to indulge in terpsichorean revels unaccompanied by the strains of music.

But this, surely, is rather a rough way of going through life, and not to be commended to those who want to get the best out of it.

Never can I stand outside a covert, on foot or horseback, when hounds are working up to their fox and listen to their single whimpers gradually swelling into a mighty chorus, without recalling those lines of Somerville:—

> "See! How they range
> Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
> They cross, examining with curious nose
> Each likely haunt. Hark! On the drag I hear
> Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
> More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth."

But, when Sergeant Horsefield in the celebrated Jorrocks trial wanted to awake the feelings of the jury to the thrills of the chase, he preferred to quote Shakespeare:—

> "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
> When in the wood of Crete they bayed the bear,
> With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near,
> Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder!"

He was right. No nobler lines on the chase have ever been written, and they so excited Mr. Jorrocks that the Commissioners again had to threaten to turn him out of Court.

Probably few people will dispute that at the head of the list of classics on the sport of fox-hunting come the works of Somerville, Beckford and Surtees.

In the early spring of my military career, I and my contemporaries knew them by heart.

Beckford and Surtees have been my faithful companions through two wars and one honeymoon. Probably, had we devoted the same attention to our "Combined Training" and "King's Regulations," we might have risen to greater heights in our profession.

But as shells and bullets for ever put an end to both the hunting and soldiering of those I am thinking of, it matters not now.

As a survivor and having hunted a little ever since, I do not regret those early years of study of the works of those great writers.

And what a remarkable bond of union this knowledge forms between those who worship at the same shrine!

I call to mind many years ago attending an official dinner party at Simla—a form of entertainment I have never been fond of. I found myself to be the youngest and least distinguished guest of the party. On my right sat the Keeper of the dusty archives of one of the great Indian Provinces; on my left, a Government Treasury official. Neither of these gentlemen appeared to take any interest in me of any kind. Early on in the evening, therefore, I came to the conclusion that if I was going to get through the long entertainment without harbouring homicidal or suicidal thoughts, I must call Bacchus to my aid with all the freedom permitted me.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the situation changed. A waiter handed me some mince. I refused it, remarking to my left-hand neighbour, "I likes to chew my own meat." Immediately, the great man became human. "Ah! I see you know your Jorrocks." I did, there was no doubt about that. Now we were two enthusiasts together, and that evening which had started in gloom and distrust ended in joy and friendship.

I find it difficult to believe that the great majority of those people who have never read Beckford and Surtees can appreciate to the full their day's hunting, or observe the endless factors in nature which may affect scent in the course of the day. Does it ever occur to many of them to note the behaviour of birds, sheep and cattle and countless other things which may give a clue to the line their fox has taken? Do they ever speculate on the probability of their fox having been coursed by a dog at certain times, when without any apparent cause, scent which has been good, suddenly fails?

But Beckford will tell you about all these things in his *Thoughts on Hunting*, and read in his language, you will never forget them.

"Never had fox or hare the honour of being chased to death by so accomplished a hunter. He would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in excellent French." So wrote someone of this accomplished man many years ago.

A famous M.F.H. has also written, "No man or woman ought to be allowed in the hunting-field until they have read and thoroughly digested *Thoughts on Hunting*." I fear he would have a very small field behind him, if this was put into force now. In these days of Pony Clubs, one might add the word "children" to his remark, for long after many of the things that children are now taught at their clubs have been completely forgotten. Beckford and Surtees, to their everlasting benefit, would remain indelibly fixed in their memory, had they read them when young. And when they were grown up, did they know their Beckford, I think that, perhaps, there would be less of this constant stream of uninformed criticism which now circles round a huntsman's head.

And perhaps, too, we should cease to be regaled with those stories of a "perfectly marvellous hunt," when, if the truth be known, it was a complete double circle, and the marvel consists in having jumped twenty fences, forwards and backwards.

Surtees' characters can never die so long as hunting exists, and they can all be seen to-day in any large hunting field. For human nature never changes and the reactions of man to partnership with the noble horse seem to remain immovably constant.

Still to-day "some come to see, others to be seen; some for the ride out, others for the ride 'ome; some for happetites, some for 'ealth; some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt." Barnington and Jawleyford and all the Files and Fossets are with us to-day, and who has not seen that "last fumigating piece of conceit" cast up at the meet?

I must confess that about a year ago I suffered a great shock to my pride in the matter of my knowledge of that great book *Handley Cross*.

A certain paper had advertised a "Jorrocks Competition" with cash prizes. I looked upon it as cash already in my pocket. Every quotation in the set paper I knew and could give chapter and verse for. I checked and rechecked them over and over again. Only one slight doubt came into my mind, Pigg's abominable dialect had to be translated into English. I have always disliked reading any kind of dialect and all through the long years when I have taken up my *Handley Cross* I have never bothered to do more than get the general sense of what Pigg was saying. Now I had to give a literal translation of every word.

Determined not to let years of study go unrewarded for such a trifling omission as this, I wrote to a learned professor of languages hailing from Pigg's own country and asked him for his interpretation of Pigg's strange dialect.

Courteously he sent it. I did not like it when it came, and yet thought I must trust the professor. He lost me the prize, and my faith in professors living in Canny Newcassell has vanished for ever.

For those who can only read modern writers, Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* is a post-war classic. Fine hunting in fine English. There is, also, some wonderful hunting in *Sporting Prints*, by G. March-Phillips. Here again, there is not a false note anywhere to jar.

Probably most people will agree that for outstanding descriptions of hunts both *Facey Romford* and *Mr. Sponge* are superior to *Handley Cross*.

But many of the most attractive pages in the books of Surtees deal with all the former sights and sounds seen and heard on the road when going out and returning from hunting. These rides did, in truth, form one of the charms of hunting in the pre-war days.

Alas! they are gone for ever. For those rare people who hack both ways now, the time thus spent can only be described as a nightmare by day and a peril by night.

But who of my generation can forget some of those rides home along the lanes and by-ways of the English countryside in the company of some trusted friend or fair companion?

The horses shoulder to shoulder, and, with every step they take, romance and the twilight creeping on. Oh! for the lanes of England once again and close by one's side, the long graceful lines of a fair English girl set off by a faultless habit and crowned by a silk hat.

Now must youth, if he dare, ride with her on the straight and glittering tarmac road, hemmed in by impossible kerb stones.

Gone are the shadows and darkness. Instead, dazzled every minute by the blinding glare of the monster headlamps, and no longer able to ride beside her, his squinting eyes now fall, as like as not, on the back of her schoolboy coat, round thighs and—dare one write it—"hunting" cap. But no matter what they wear, they are all brave, very brave, when hounds run.



THE OLD BERKELEY GOING INTO COVERT AFTER A MEET AT COLESHILL WATER TOWER, NEAR AMERSHAM



W. S. BROWNLOW, MASTER AND ACTING SECRETARY OF THE ETON BEAGLES



MRS. BARRATT (FIELD MASTER), WITH MISS ROSEMARY BARRATT AT THE MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY



THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES CARRYING ON THOUGH WITH A REDUCED PACK

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

ALBRIGHTON.—This pack is carrying on, but 21 couples of hounds have been destroyed and five Hunt horses requisitioned. The Master remains in office and has a reduced staff under him.

BERKS, SOUTH.—Sir William Mount and Mr. J. G. King have both been called up, as also has been Mr. R. Palmer. The country has been taken over by the committee. Mr. Eric Palmer and Mr. Geoffrey Palmer are acting Masters on behalf of the committee, and are to hunt on Mondays and alternate Thursdays and Fridays. A number of hounds has been destroyed, and about half the Hunt horses have been bought by the authorities. So far there has been no change in the Hunt personnel. Scent has been bad. Litters are about the average, there being rather more in the Monday country. An average number of cubs have been accounted for.

CURRE'S, LADY.—Hounds are carrying on during the coming season as far as possible. The pack is being reduced by seven couples, and so far 20 horses of the Hunt have been requisitioned, but only enough are being kept for carrying on the Hunt. Mr. W. H. Fox, the joint-Master, has rejoined the Army, and the breeding of hounds is being supervised by Captain Forsyth Forrest in his absence.

DEVON, SOUTH.—Hounds, reduced to two days a week, were out on sixteen mornings during August and September, during which eight brace of cubs and a badger were accounted for. The young entry are doing well, a draft of three-and-a-half couples from the Percy being as good as their looks. Cubhunting started on August 15th with two rather scentless mornings amongst the Stover cubs. Two moorland days followed with a more helpful scent, and the month closed with useful work amongst the cubs of Yeatt and Gurrington. The best day to date came from Rowden Gate on September 12th, when a Blackaton Bog fox piloted hounds by the Cators to Corndon Common and thence down the Jordan valley to Lizwell Wood. Taken back to Blackaton Bog, a brace of cubs was accounted for. As regards arrangements, the intention is to carry on as long as possible. A number of hounds has been put down, and it is hoped to hunt two days a week, as already remarked, till further notice. Half of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned. There are no changes in the staff, except that Albert Haines comes as whipper-in *vice* E. Blatchford. The Hunt will continue to be run by a committee.

FERNIE.—Hounds are cubhunting two days a week, with Peeler hunting hounds. It is hoped to continue hunting during the season if possible.

PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND.—The Hunt has been carrying on with the cubhunting as usual. Very satisfactory mornings have been recorded, and large numbers of cubs killed. The Misses Wilson are carrying on, with Welsh as huntsman, and are adapting their arrangements to cope with war conditions.

VINE.—Owing to the generosity of Sir Stuart and Miss Ralli, who becomes Master in the absence of Mr. Fox on active service, it has been found possible to carry on the hunting of the Vine country for the coming season on Tuesdays and Saturdays, as usual, with a skeleton pack and staff, and drastically cutting down all kennel expenses. Thanks are also due to those members and subscribers who have made the above decision possible by paying, or promising to pay, their subscriptions whether they themselves are able to hunt or not. Under the circumstances, the Hunt committee much regrets that it will be impossible to pay out the usual fees to the keepers for finds, litters and stopping, and also that it will be impossible to meet the poultry claims. H. Gould will hunt the hounds, with Major H. C. Booth as hon. whipper-in, and Mr. H. G. Watson, Sawyer's Lands, Silchester, continues as hon. secretary.

WOODLAND.—As Major J. S. Judd has joined up since the outbreak of war, Mr. H. Wynmalen, the joint-Master, will carry on alone for the time being. It is hoped to keep hunting going one day a week (Saturdays), with an occasional by-day (Wednesdays) with a reduced pack of sixteen couples. Jack Beck will hunt hounds, with Mr. J. D. Parmiter and S. Fancourt as whippers-in. It is hoped that as many followers as possible will continue their support in order to help the Hunt through a difficult time. Cubhunting has been successful, with an excellent supply of foxes and hounds showing great form. It is hoped, therefore, to be able to show good sport, notwithstanding the drastic reductions made in kennels and stables to ensure economy.

YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH).—This pack will carry on two days a week instead of three. About one-third of the pack has been destroyed, and six of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned so far. Up to the time of writing there have been no changes in the staff.

SCOTTISH HORSE BEAGLES.—On Saturday, September 30th, this newly formed pack, loaned by the Eton Beagles, met somewhere in "Scotland" beside a famous beech hedge on that delightful estate owned by an officer of the regiment. Hounds were hunted by Lieutenant Douglas Nicholson, with Lieutenant R. Campbell-Preston and Captain Maurice Cox whipping-in. (This hunt staff is better known hunting hounds in peace-time.) The field consisted of twelve officers and 60 troopers of the regiment, also fifteen A.T.S. (women). At first hounds had trouble with a surfeit of hares, but in another area a good hare was pushed out of a large root field. Going towards the river, hounds ran with a great cry along the bank and killed after a fast hunt.

YEARLINGS FOR THE NEWMARKET SALES

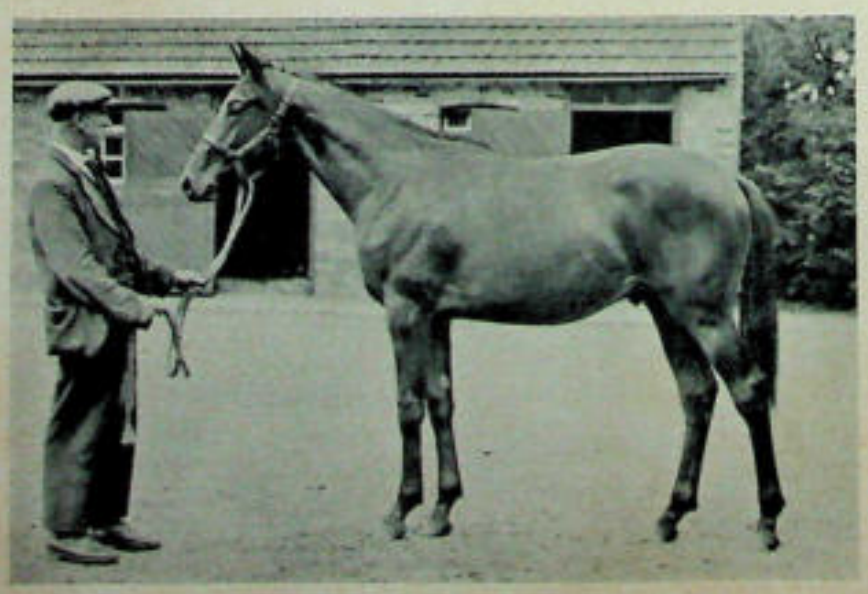
Next week sees the resumption of racing on a war scale at Newmarket, and the yearling sales should arouse great interest among breeders. Below are some representatives of four famous studs



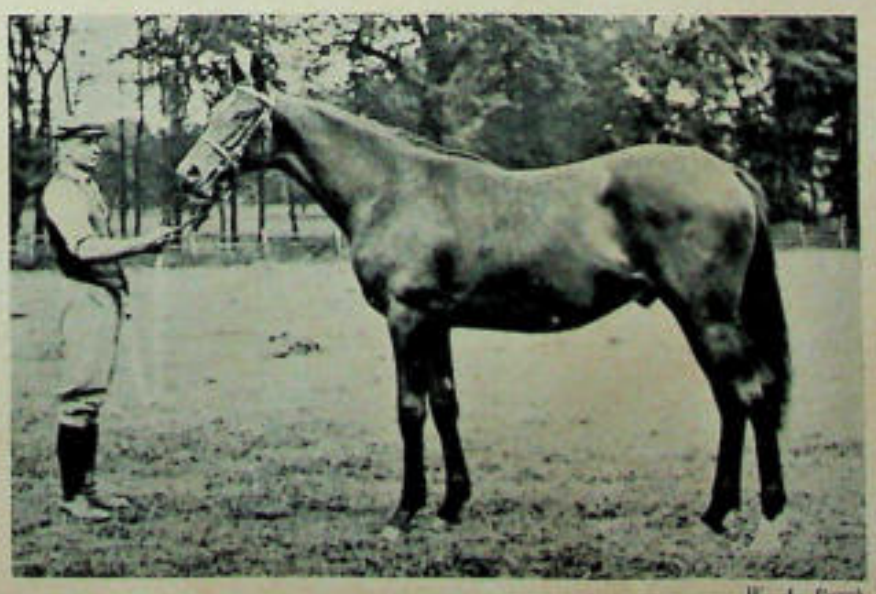
BAY COLT BY GAINSBOROUGH—PERCE NEIGE
From Lady James Douglas's Harwood Stud



VALDARIAN, BAY COLT BY TIBERIUS—HAINTONETTE
From the Sezincote Stud



BAY COLT BY BAHRAM—APPLE RING
From Captain J. B. and Lady Moyra FitzGerald's Walton Manor Stud



W. A. Rouch

BAY COLT BY COLOMBO—FUTURITY
From Captain J. Farr's Worksop Manor Stud

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN FOX

By RICHARD CLAPHAM

THE English Lake District with its high fells, crags, rocks, scree-beds, and heterogeneous rough going, hardly fits in with one's preconceived idea of a hunting country, yet it provides grand sport for those who are willing to forego riding and follow hounds on foot.

Certain of the mountains, such as Helvellyn and Seawfell, rise to a height of over 3,000ft., while many others are well above the 2,000ft. mark. These fells comprise a country of rocks and crags, deep ghylls and watercourses, with scree-beds strewn broadcast beneath the taller cliffs. The latter are seamed and intersected with ledges, known in local parlance as "binks," on which is often found a luxurious growth of heather or blackberry. It is on these snug, well-sheltered ledges that the mountain fox loves to make his kennel. Protected from the wind, with a wide view of all the ground below, Reynard curls up to sleep away the daylight hours.

The true hill fox is a big, long-legged, grey-backed customer that often weighs as much as 20lb. The Ullswater Foxhounds once killed a 23-pounder on Cross Fell. Roughly speaking, the average dog fox weighs about 15lb., and the vixen 13½lb., but these weights are often greatly exceeded on the fells.

In his habits the mountain fox differs little from his relations in the Midlands. During the day he makes his kennel at a high elevation, but when the sun begins to sink he leaves his bed and turns downhill in the direction of the dales.

On the bare, open fells his chief food supply consists of beetles, frogs, field voles, and occasional carcasses of dead sheep. In order to capture more substantial fare like rabbits, hares, grouse and other game, he is compelled to travel long distances to the low ground. He also eats a certain amount of wild fruit, but, above everything, he likes beetles.

The latter are extraordinarily plentiful on the fells in summer, and the foxes eat thousands of them. Occasionally he falls from grace by killing lambs in spring. Every season a certain number of lambs are worried by foxes, and when this happens the farmer sends for the local hounds to put paid to the marauder's account. After killing a lamb, Reynard often bites the tail off before he carries the carcass away. When his night's hunting trip is over, he wanders back at daybreak to his kennel far up the fellside, and curls up amongst the rocks, or on some favourite ledge in the face of a crag.

To-day foxes are plentiful on the lakeland fells, and they afford capital sport for the five packs of fell hounds which hunt the district.

Owing to the exigencies of the rough and precipitous going on the fells, the hounds comprising these packs are of a different type from those you see in the Midlands. Heavy hounds can't stand the work, and very soon knock themselves to pieces. When you come to think that the fell hounds often have to chase their fox across the steep slopes of mountains like Helvellyn and Scawfell, you can understand that weight soon tells a tale.

What you want for fell hunting is a light-built hound, standing 22½in. or thereabouts in height, with hare feet, oblique posterns, and sloping shoulders. Such a hound gives an impression of lightness, activity, and pace, coupled with wonderful stamina; in fact, exactly the type to cope with the dangerous crags and general rough going to be found on our lakeland fells. The majority of these fell hounds are light-coloured with white predominating. The advantage of being light-coloured is that you can see them against the dark background of the fell when they are a long way off. Their huntsman being on foot cannot keep up with them, but if they give plenty of tongue so that he can hear them, and show up clearly when they are in sight, he is able to keep in touch until they kill their fox or run him to ground.

When it comes to hunting the mountain fox, the mode of procedure is different from that in the Midlands. There are no coverts on the fells into which you can throw your hounds with the certainty of a find. Instead, a fox may be lying anywhere, and in order to find him hounds must first pick up a drag, otherwise the line left by Reynard during his previous night's feeding expedition. The huntsman casts off his hounds on the fell, and they immediately busy themselves searching for a drag.

Having picked it up, they proclaim the fact by throwing their tongues in no uncertain manner, and away they go. If you are fond of hound work there is no prettier sight than a fell pack working out all the twists and turns of a drag.



GONE TO GROUND IN A SLATE QUARRY

At last the line leads them to the vicinity of where their fox is lying. Should he be in the face of a crag and think himself safe, he may wait until hounds are almost on top of him, otherwise he may steal quietly away and so get a good start. Even if you can't see them, you can tell when hounds have unkennelled their fox by the change in their cry. The steady music of the drag becomes a wild, full-throated chorus as they strike the line where he has gone away.

Hounds soon leave the huntsman and the field behind, but their cry can be heard at a long distance on a clear day, and even if they get out of hearing altogether, the huntsman has a pretty good idea of where to make for. By constantly listening and watching for the movements of other followers who have joined in, or those of sheep, fell ponies, &c., you can generally keep in touch and eventually come in sight of hounds again, either running or marking their fox to ground in one of the numerous big rock-earths or "borrans" as they are locally called. There are times when you can see almost the whole of a run from the fell top without moving more than a few hundred yards. While it pays as a rule to climb out to the top, there are days when people down below get the best view of a hunt.

Weather is often the fell foxhunter's bugbear, especially mist. The latter blankets your view, and tends to muffle sounds so that the distant cry of hounds is difficult to hear. Wind, too, often makes hard work of it, for it sometimes blows so strongly on the high tops that you cannot face it.



A FELL HUNTSMAN AND HIS TERRIERS

Should there be snow on the ground, both fox and hounds leave their footprints in it, and these will give you your direction. Hounds can often run hard in soft snow, and as they are longer-legged than their fox they may kill him very quickly in the heavy going. The fell hounds regularly hunt in the snow, but when the latter is crusted and hard, and icicles are hanging from the crags, it becomes too dangerous to take hounds out.

Earth-stopping is, of course, impossible on the fells, and a hunted fox can get in almost anywhere. To the credit of the breed be it said, a very good percentage of them refuse to go to ground and are killed fairly and squarely in the open. The big rock-earths or "borrans" consist of masses of piled-up boulders which in some cases cover a lot of ground. Beneath them are endless deep subterranean passages. Rubbish heaps of disused slate quarries are often occupied by foxes. Some of these "borrans" are impregnable places.

In order to bolt foxes from these earths you require first-class working terriers. They must be hard, never-say-die sorts, because a big hill fox can deal out severe punishment to a terrier, especially if Reynard holds the upper position, as is usually the case. In spring, when lamb-worrying is going on, a fox that gets to ground must either bolt or face the terriers. If he doesn't bolt his shrift is generally short. Hounds hunt for the benefit of the farmers as well as for sport, and a lamb-killing fox is a criminal that deserves the death sentence.

During the regular season hounds meet about 9 a.m., but in spring when they are out after the lamb-worriers they meet at daybreak in order to take advantage of the dew before the sun gets up and dispels the scent.



HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS IN HEAVY SNOW



WATCHING HOUNDS ON THE FELL ABOVE

EXPERIENCES WITH SYNTHETIC GUT

By A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS

HAVING enjoyed the opportunity of testing this new substance for a longer period than most anglers in Great Britain, my experience of it for salmon and trout fishing may be of some interest to others.

Nylon has been evolved in the U.S.A. after many years of experiment and the expenditure of a vast sum of money. A bi-product of coal, it is destined to be utilised in the manufacture of "ladderless" silk stockings. The fisherman, however, is more concerned with it in that stage of its manufacture in which it closely resembles silkworm gut and is technically known as polymeric monofilament synthetic gut.

It has been marketed in this country under several names: "Monofil," "Monoflow," "Millflex," &c., and already a large number of anglers have tested it, but the great majority have yet to appreciate its merits; possibly they classify it in their own minds as another type, possibly a superior type, of what is commonly known as "gut substitute," which is a Japanese product consisting of silk thread core covered with glutinous matter. On handling Nylon one discovers that it is smooth and round without the flats and weaknesses common to the natural product. Its elasticity will also be apparent. The strength of Nylon is almost the same, size for size, as the best silkworm gut: in no case is it less, and in the finer sizes it is rather stronger.

When the cast is unwound it lies almost straight, and this combined with the fact that it does not require soaking before use, enables one to start fishing immediately without those usual preliminaries, which although small in themselves cause an irritating delay to those of us who are impatient. Synthetic gut can also be knotted in a dry state, or, to be correct, it must only be knotted when dry or the knot may draw.

On the whole it makes up into excellent fly casts although, being rather less "steely" than silk worm gut, a 3X or 4X point may blow back a little on the water when fished against a wind. This, however, is only apparent when casting into a stiffish breeze. The difficulty can be overcome by using a cast with a steeper taper than customary, say, a stout to 2X, medium to 3X or extra fine to 4X.

Nylon is less visible than gut (there being less glint), and it gives much more "life" to a wet fly. A well-known Scottish angler tells me that this latter point is most marked and has resulted in his getting much larger catches than formerly. A synthetic cast with a natural gut point seems a possibility, but the two materials do not appear to "marry" well, and the result is not as satisfactory as one might expect. My experience with this type of mixed cast is small, and I intend to test it further before coming to a definite conclusion.

An occasional complaint is that the knot slips at the eye of the hook, and consequently one leaves flies in fish. Personally I use an ordinary over hand knot (putting in an extra twist for safety, and not cutting off the projecting end too close to the end), and so far I have neither been broken by or lost a fly in a fish.

It seems likely that this trouble occurs when changing a fly and a new knot is tied in the wet cast. The remedy is to dry the point thoroughly before attaching the new fly. A more serious criticism is that the 4X synthetic gut sometimes breaks too easily. On the other hand, the majority of users appear to find it quite satisfactory, and the trouble may perhaps be more fairly attributed to the heavy handedness of the fisherman than to any fault in the gut, although one cannot entirely rule out the possibility of some occasional manufacturing fault. One experienced angler assures me that he has lifted a 11lb. dead weight on 8X Nylon—a remarkable tribute to its strength.

The greatest merit of synthetic gut would appear to be its quite amazing durability. It does not fray, swell or split, and retains its nature far longer than even the best natural gut. Personally, I have had nearly 40 good trout, nearly all of them over a pound, and many around the 2lb. mark on the same "Monoflow" cast. Eventually the 3X point was replaced, because with frequently snipping off the fly it had become too short, but the remainder of the cast was just as good as when first used.

The wearing qualities of synthetic gut were even more evident when salmon fishing. A friend of mine killed over 20 fish this spring on a 5/5 Monoflow cast, using it both for prawn and fly on a rocky river. The fish averaged about 15lb. each. He tells me that this cast shows little signs of wear and expresses the opinion that no silkworm gut could possibly have stood up to such a severe test.

Whether Nylon will deteriorate and become brittle with age like natural gut remains to be seen, but in view of the way in which it retains its nature when in use this would appear to be unlikely. This possibility should be very pleasing to fishermen if not to those who sell tackle. The price of the synthetic material is a little less expensive than the best Spanish gut in the finer sizes, and considerably so in the heavier sizes. As an example a 3yds. Monoflow or Millflex cast in the heavy salmon (3/5) size costs but 3/- against about 14/- in natural gut. These figures, of course, are pre-war.

In America it has been claimed that the artificial product is vastly superior to silkworm gut. Startling as this suggestion may at first appear, and admitting that there is still a lot to be learnt about Nylon, when one considers its many undoubted advantages, one wonders whether the claim is as fantastic as it may seem. In view of my own limited experience of the synthetic gut, I should hesitate to commit myself as regards trout casts, good as they are, but I feel pretty sure that for salmon, sea and probably coarse fishing, it will eventually take the place of silkworm gut.

In this country Nylon has been handled by the I.C.I., and for angling purposes marketed by some of the large tackle wholesalers. At present it is all imported from America, although it was hoped (within the next two years) to be able to produce in England as well.



TO A TROUT STREAM

A rippling gravel-bedded stream,
Through which at times white pebbles gleam,
A low cascade to aid its flow,
And feed the sparkling wave below,
An alder bush beside the fall
To shade the stream with leafy pall,
And bending boughs to kiss the wave,
And tender trailing foliage lave,
A certain haunt of lusty trout;
No angler there success could doubt.

He came; he saw the lovely place,
Complete with nature's fairest grace,
His angler's heart with joy was filled;
And gladdening hope his spirit thrilled,
A cast, a rise, a strike, a swirl,
A mighty rush, a leap, a whirl,
A pause, a dash, a spinning reel,
A fight for life 'gainst angler's zeal!
A gallant fish, a deadly foe—
A tale that all true anglers know!

T. H. CHETWYND.

"HANDS" AND PATIENCE

"DISTOFFER'S" workmanlike article in your issue of August 26th, under the heading "Pointers from Three Instructive Trout," tempts me to wander into words in describing similar experiences which entirely endorse "Distoffer's" valuable conclusions, and, like his, must be of great comfort to others similarly placed.

The first experience was encountered when a salmon, not far short of the 30lb. mark, in a fast run rose to a No. 2 Kilroy Black and Blue (*i.e.*, Blue Charm) with a great boil in a howling S.W. gale. I was astounded to realise it was to my own fly, but the gusts were so boisterous that it was impossible to keep in touch with one's efforts, as the outfit was all too inadequate for such conditions, viz., an aged 10ft. steel centre Hardy dry-fly rod, greased line and 2x gut.

After many attempts to outwit the S.W. cross-wind gale, the fly fell where I thought it might have the first time; again there was the same big boil, a carefully timed tauten up and "contact." After a fairly beetle time the fish took charge and made downstream. It was necessary to run in the opposite direction to gain a plank bridge over a carrier leading to a high railway embankment, when the run was at last checked, and, after half an hour, there was every chance of a successful ending, when the fish went into a thick weed bed.

This did not worry one too much, as it had often happened before, but the cardinal mistake made on that occasion was keeping too taut a line on the fish, the pressure being augmented by the gale. After 20 minutes spent by two friends, in bombarding the weed bed with railway ballast, the hook came away, and it was impossible to tell at what period the fish transferred the fly to the toughish weed with which evidently it had filled its mouth.

Had I read "Distoffer's" article, the ending, I feel sure, would have been different.

This 10ft. rod and 2x gut have accounted for scores of fish up to 25lb., on greased line, nor can I remember one instance of the 2x gut breaking, because one cannot exercise any great pressure with such gear, the great aim being to keep in touch with your fish even when weeded. Then, of course, your position is downstream, and the fish will free itself and be ready for gaffing in an hour or more, if you are by yourself.

The failure of this policy of "staying with" your fish led, some five years ago, to a major catastrophe, when quite unexpected contact was made with a big salmon, whose first run beat anything one has experienced in a fast river in Norway for almost incredible speed. This occurred in a fairly slow running river in Dorset.

Again the cardinal mistake made was the use of far too much pressure by "walking-up" the fish many times to get him out of the swift water of the big hatch-pool into which he had run. After an hour and a half the hook flew into the air, but had one been content to "stay with" this fish for even four to five hours, a different tale could have been told, as Colonel Noel Llewellyn, who has fished all over the world, saw this fish in the bright sunshine in fairly shallow water two days before, and he and the late Rev. T. Fillcul, who also saw the fish the week after, put it down as nearer 70lb. than 60lb. Both of these fishers had had a life-long experience and were capable of giving an expert opinion.

This fish was hooked spinning with very different gear from the greased line outfit, consequently one was able, unfortunately, to put the maximum tension on the fish the whole time until the hook-hold gave.

Flyfishers' Club. PISCATOR IN PURBECK.

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU



THE LINCOLNSHIRE HILLS

By GWENDOLINE C. HAMILTON

AN article once written by the late Mr. E. V. Lucas, in which he declared that he had made a delightful discovery of a (to him) hitherto unknown English county, decided me to explore it. His enthusiasm over Lincolnshire, and conversations with various friends who assured me that "very few people ever visited it, but only went through it on their way to Scotland or Yorkshire" made me doubly eager to go there.

It sounded so strangely attractive in pre-war days of crowded roads and traffic-laden villages. Alluring mental pictures of solitary straight roads and undisturbed wide marshes arose in my mind: limitless flats and fens and dykes, windmills and wind-tossed rushes called to me. I could enjoy that atmosphere of calm and infinite distance which Holland gives, without the risk of a rough crossing from Harwich: but it would perhaps be best to borrow a guide book and buy a map of "the least-known county" as it is, after all, the second largest in England.

Then, and not till then, I must admit did I realise there were lines of hills and wolds from 500 to 1,000 feet running through Lincolnshire, and rising abruptly from the low flat land which does, of course, make up a good two-thirds of the county. And not only hills and rolling "downs" or wolds (for there is really hardly any difference between them), but immense expanse of level grass-land, root crop and rich red-coppery earth. I seemed to have left the modern world behind me. Except for one or two tiny daubs of distant red and green, which betokened farms and homesteads, the picture was much the same as it had been when the Plantagenets and Tudors reigned. A few more and far better kept roads, of course, more frequent bridges, dykes (and, perhaps, cleaner dykes), but otherwise no sign of any life or movement save the calling of sea and land birds and the leisurely "cropping" of cows and sheep.

In just such a setting as Tennyson describes it I came upon "Locksley Hall," austere, gloomy and remote, as his words painted it, and then as now "the curlews were calling—calling over Locksley Hall!" The hackneyed and familiar lines echoed in my brain as I gazed upon the scene and listened to the wind blowing landwards off the sea which is less than two miles away.

"'Tis the place, and all round it as of old the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland-flying over Locksley Hall,
Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts."



LOCKSLEY HALL, THE SCENE OF TENNYSON'S POEM

lovely leafy villages, spreading trees, woods and roads which run up and down steep, sudden gradients. In fact some of the most fascinating parts of the county reminded me of an enthralling switch-back railway, diversified by winding, twisting lanes and unexpected villages, just as old and tree-shadowed as many famous ones in the more-sought-after southern counties.

No county that I have ever been in has such quick and acute contrasts. For in less than half an hour's ride, and sometimes in a few minutes, a long, high ridge of hills merges suddenly into the traditional flats and woods, winding lanes and pretty villages have given place to limitless marshland and huge grazing fields swept by a strong sea wind.

To a great number of the public, who in peace time have been eager to get north to the Yorkshire moors or Scottish Highlands, there are only the long arterial roads near Doncaster to Selby. All along this route, which runs sometimes in Yorkshire and at others in Lincolnshire, the county seems an interminable stretch of monotonous, featureless, market gardens and potato fields; with at intervals farms piled high with market baskets and dotted with stooping and industrious "pickers."

No wonder that the county is sometimes described as awfully dreary, flat, and commercial, for this particular route is nothing but a succession of prosperous busy market gardens and occasional "new industries." But leave the main roads for the Wolds or the marshes and the coast and there will be found a new world and yet an old one, for there is very little changed. Here, the hurried march of centuries has stopped and there is an immediate feeling of wide-stretched illimitable loneliness and peace.

As I made my way over the perpetual little marshland bridges which span the great dykes—many fifteen to twenty feet deep, often filled with high brown feathery rushes—and gazed over the

Occasionally, after miles and miles of this fertile, windy loneliness, one finds a little oasis of trees and gardens and comes upon a village full of cottages, flowers and beauty. Some of these are a sort of island suburb to the little coast resorts, where many people have realised how wonderful the long firm sands and sand dunes of this flat coast can be for children and for bathing.

It seems as if Lincolnshire had inspired many poets, for at my first sight of the magnificent lines of the famous Boston "Stump," rising in its architectural splendour right out of the surrounding marshes, Jean Ingelow's well-known verses occurred to me.

They were written about the great rising of the river Lindus on the coast in 1571, when miles of country were then inundated, and many lives saved by the ringing of the Boston Steeple bells which always played a tune called "The Brides of Enderby" when any danger threatened.

When clouds and evening darkness began to obscure the distance their words returned with a poignant realisation of what a flood out there could be with the limited communications of the Middle Ages; and no wonder "when the Ringers ran by two by three" that the Old Mayor climbed the Belfry Tower and urged them to do their best—

"Pull! if ye never pulled before
Good ringers pull your best quoth he."

This is no country to be in on dark foggy nights, for the roads are narrow and the dykes a sheer drop of many feet on either side. But I can see now what so many artists have assured me that it is indeed a country to paint, with its wonderful sweeps of sky and wide horizons. Clouds here seem to assume a new meaning and beauty. It is a country of space and colours laid on with a firm and unhesitating hand; a country of primitive values and peace and rich red prolific earth.



CLEANING OUT THE STABLES

FROM THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY

IT is impossible to estimate the far-reaching effects the general exodus of town children to the country will eventually have on their character and outlook on life. The quiet peace of the countryside after the roar of traffic in towns, and the fresh air unpolluted by fumes from factories and cars, should have a lastingly beneficial effect on their health of body and mind. Good country food and fresh milk in place of tinned produce, and plenty of exercise in the fields, will go far towards eliminating the harmful effects of town life, street games, and constant visits to badly ventilated cinemas.

Undoubtedly, too, contact with animals is a valuable factor in the development of a child's character, giving self confidence, and teaching silent lessons in patience, kindness, regularity and self-control. Farmers and teachers in charge of evacuated children would do well to consider the example of Odam Hill Children's Farm, in North Devon, where a new plan has been devised to overcome the difficulty of accustoming the children to country life. Each child is encouraged to take a special interest in one animal, and, under proper supervision, groom it, feed it, and, in the case of goats, do the milking morning and evening.

Most town children have a natural fear of the larger farm animals, and so at first they are only asked to help with harmless creatures such as chickens, ducks and little pigs. But later they take their turn with the goats, and finally help in the stables with the cows and horses. With these larger animals a certain amount of care and common-sense must naturally always be exercised.

Children will soon realise that milking cows is a task for grown-ups only, but they will be delighted to help with the feeding of the calves and other odd jobs. When they learn that the cowsheds and stables are actually the homes of the farm animals, they are only too ready to clean them out.

Many of the children now in the country for the first time have probably never before realised that the milk that they get every morning in bottles is produced by cows. Of course, the newspaper story of the child who said at breakfast the first morning on a farm, "This ain't an egg—it ain't got 'Danish' on it," may not be true, but it does go to show how wide the gap is between town and country. A personal experience of the funny mistakes town children can make was a remark overheard recently at Odam Hill, when a little girl called tassels on a goat's throat the animal's "pedigrees"!

H. NEWMAN.



A CONGENIAL JOB

TEACHING TOWN CHILDREN TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES IN THE COUNTRY



ODAM HILL CHILDREN'S FARM



A GOAT MILKING EXHIBITION

This farm in Devonshire is not the sort one expects to find. It is a modern building planned for affording the maximum light and air. The girl in the foreground of the second picture is an expert milker and now has an important job in teaching the town children to milk. The herd is being enlarged to supply milk to all the evacuees and make them self-supporting



WEIGHING THE MILK



TWO EXMOOR PONIES MUCH IN DEMAND FOR RIDING LESSONS

A careful record is kept of the milk obtained from each goat, morning and evening, and entered in the Odam herd book



GOATS IN THEIR STALLS WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS



A BED-TIME STORY FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Looking after animals gives the child valuable lessons in patience, kindness, regularity and self-control. As will be seen, the younger ones are ready for sleep after a day in the open air



AFTER FEEDING HER FAMILY THE HEN WENT ALL BROODY, SLACKENED HER FEATHERS, AND SETTLED DOWN ON THE NEST



A CLOSE-UP VIEW IS NEEDED TO REVEAL THE BEAUTY OF HER STREAKED PLUMAGE

THE REED BUNTING

By GUY B. FARRAR

DOWN in the water meadow with its tall clumps of dark rushes, its masses of yellow kingcups looking like a hoard of miser's gold, the green sword blades of iris leaves springing from wet places where forget-me-not grows, a small brown bird with a conspicuous black and white headdress may often be seen in May clinging to a swaying stem, or perched on a rotting post.

His anxious call of "chit," an oft-repeated alarm signal, tells us that this male reed bunting has a nest containing eggs or young hidden in a tuft of nearby rushes, or amongst the long rank marsh grass. If we approach too close to the actual site both birds will fly anxiously round us in narrow circles, alighting every few moments on a low bush or reed clump. At one nest I watched and photographed in North Lancashire the hen performed the broken wing act every time I approached, a purely instinctive action as she was quite fearless, returning to brood the youngsters as soon as I entered the hide.

At another nest the cock resolutely refused to brave the eye of the camera although his wife was the tamest of the tame. I believe he supplied her with food for the young so frequently did he return with insects or larvæ. When the hide was removed he at once resumed his paternal duties.

The reed bunting nests I have examined have always been close to the ground, but never actually on it, a foundation of bents and moss being lined with finer grasses and, in one instance, a little horsehair. The clutches of four or five eggs have always been buffish brown with streaks and speckling of very deep brown, but considerable variations do occur. Nestlings are covered with sooty black down, their rose pink mouths having pale yellow flanges. They are very susceptible to sunlight, and must on no account be allowed to remain exposed for long periods on a sunny day. If either of the parent birds begins to act as a feathered parasol, shielding the chicks with outstretched wings, it is a warning to cease photographic work and cover up the nest for an hour or so.



PERCHED ON AN OLD POST, PATIENTLY WAITING HIS TURN TO FEED THE YOUNG

At this North Lancashire nest a curious incident occurred, a second female kindly deciding to lend a hand with feeding the young. Unfortunately, the rightful owners were both at the nest when she arrived. A regrettable scene then occurred between the two hens, green caterpillars being scattered in all directions, the youngsters losing their dinner.

Both the cock and hen reed bunting brood the young. At another nest I watched the male brooded persistently, his wife bringing the bulk of the food to the nest. If they chanced to arrive together she always fed first, while he, perched on an old post, a caterpillar in his beak, patiently waited his turn to visit his family.

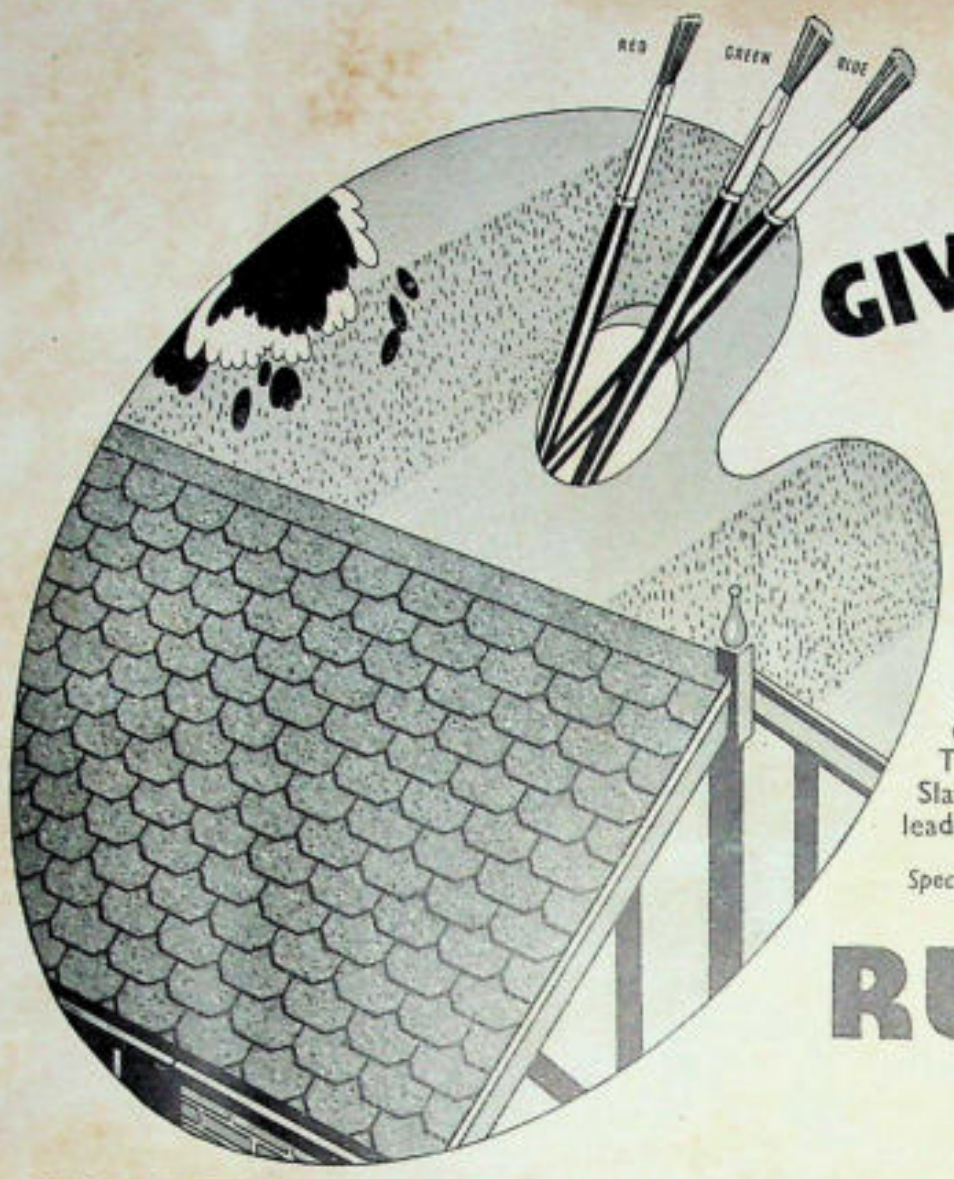
Except, perhaps, for the male yellow wagtail, a golden vision in early spring, I regard the cock reed bunting as being the most beautiful and interesting summer resident of our water meadows. The mahogany and buff patterning of the hen, her buff eye stripe and throat and dark moustachial streak, make her almost as attractive as the male, but a close-up view is needed to reveal the beauty of her streaked plumage.

Reed buntings are well distributed throughout the British Isles, but in spite of being common, there are few birds that give more pleasure either to watch or photograph.





LEFT: THE HANDSOME MALE AT THE NEST. RIGHT: SHIELDING THE YOUNGSTERS FROM THE SUN'S RAYS, THE FEMALE ACTING AS A FEATHERED PARASOL



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THE USE OF THE REVOLVER

By Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. LEE, I.D.F., V.D.

(Late Instructor in Pistol Shooting, Burma Division).

HUNDREDS of young officers are on their way to the front. They have been supplied with a very efficient service revolver. But perhaps for the most of them a hefty stick or a half-brick in a stocking would give more confidence. Not because these implements would be of much value in a mortal struggle, but because the revolver has never come their way; it would be little better than an inferior club. Before the Great War it was fashionable to affect contempt for the sword and revolver. Whether this attitude has changed time alone will show.

After the war and up to 1936 political prejudices laid a great strain on those who felt the need of training in the use of knightly weapons. Now the "Dick Turpins" over the Maginot Line will not, with old-fashioned courtesy, invite "Monsieur" to fire first. For better or worse the battle is joined. May I then, offer these few notes, the result of long experience? Perhaps they may help a few whose knowledge of a difficult art is a bit sketchy, by putting them on the road to help themselves.

Should anyone doubt the value of a revolver, I invite such to look up the *Field*, 1904. There he will see reproduced a target which would do credit to a rifleman. It was shot by W. O. Raven at a 5-in. bull at 50-yds. with a target revolver; of six shots, five would have struck a threepenny piece. The new service revolver is of .38 calibre, it is lighter and better balanced than the .45, but whether it has the same stopping power remains to be proved.

Anyone who for the first time handles one of these weapons need not dismount the action, it is sufficient for him to know how it works.

Revolver shooting is partly a matter of natural aptitude, but much more of constant and intelligent practice. No two weapons shoot exactly alike, and until you know its shooting you can have no confidence in your revolver; you must test it as you would a rifle. Do not at first hold it with one hand, but sit on the ground and shoot at a 3in. bull at 20yds. just as you would in the "sitting position" on the rifle range, or you may use a rest (not a rigid one) until you can put all your shots into the 3in. bull. If they will not go there, as a rifleman you will know how to correct the sighting by the use of a small flat file, which must be used carefully, and the shooting tested after each application.

Now fix up a sheet of brown paper or cardboard 5ft. high and 2ft. wide, on it put a black bull's eye, circular and 10in in diameter. Stand ten yards from this target; if right-handed with the heels about a foot apart, the right toe more or less pointing to the target; the body not quite sideways to the bull, but with the left shoulder brought slightly forward until you have your standing firm and comfortable.

Now, laying aside the pistol extend your arm and point with the fore-finger at the bull. You will find that you cover the bull every time. That is the whole secret of instinctive pistol shooting. Take up the pistol and push it direct on the mark, just as you did your finger.

By shifting your grip, which should be loose, you will soon find that the foresight comes on to the bull. You are already a revolver shot.

Now load up with some live rounds, cock the trigger, point as you did before and fire. If your shots go wild, close up to 5yds. and stay there until all your shots begin to gather in the centre of the brown paper, never mind about the bull, try to get your perpendicular line correct.

Having once sighted your revolver, using it as a rifle, held in both hands, do not further trouble about bull's-eye target shooting. It only falls to the lot of a few to become a first-class target shot with deliberate aiming. That is a young man's game with success mostly achieved in the heyday of youth when the nerves are under full control and the health unimpaired. Rifle shooting is on a different plane altogether. So let me urge you not to specialise in deliberate aiming. There must be no dwelling on the aim. That would spoil all and give your friend the enemy time to get in his shot first.

When you find yourself centering your shots practise advancing on the target and firing at a word of command. Vary the sport by walking over rough ground like the snipe-shooter, firing perhaps with one foot in a hole and the other on a bank.

Get a friend behind the bank to lift a tin-can on a stick, and shoot at it on sight, a known time exposure is useless, and results in "poking." Next, stand with your back to the target and fire without a pause. Then ask your obliging friend to roll a hoop covered with brown paper first to right then to left. Here, again, there must be no conscious aiming over the sights, you should be turned away until the hoop starts its run. Fire on the turn.

Practise! Practise! that is the secret, when the chance of a deliberate shot presents itself, think of your revolver as a miniature rifle, use it with both hands as a rifle or prop it on a rest, a walking stick, a tree branch or your left arm; your duty is to hit not to try to rival the Bisley target shot, to whom this counsel does not apply.

Do not imitate the "cow-boy" of the pictures; and bring down the pistol from over your head; that



EX-ROYAL MARINES IN THE POLICE FORCE AT REVOLVER PRACTICE

The barrel is pushed forward and fired and not brought down from over the head as done by the "cow-boy" of the pictures. That method obscures the mark and wastes precious time.

way obscures the mark and wastes precious time. Just push the barrel forward and fire; I can assure you that a high degree of accuracy can be got in shooting from the pocket level. Indeed the quickest is made from the right-hand jacket pocket if that be wide and easy to reach. Eschew fancy holsters.

An automatic shoots at twice the pace of the double action revolver, which makes constant practice with the double action very advisable. To learn the exact moment when the trigger will fall is a knack, but for war work is worth all the target work put together. One last word, if you have to shoot, choose the widest part of your target's anatomy; and get your shot in first.

DOGS FOR THE ARMY

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

SO far nothing has been done by the military authorities about starting a school for the training of dogs for the Army, and I am unable to say if anything of the kind is likely to occur. The Great War had been in progress for nearly three years when Colonel Richardson was put in charge of a War Dog School at Shoeburyness. The country was well combed then for suitable animals, and in a little over a year more than 600 had been sent to the front.

The experience gained then showed that nothing smaller than an Airedale terrier answered the purpose. The other terriers, though alert enough for sentry duty, at any rate, never seemed to overcome their natural propensity to loiter on the way, if sent with messages, to investigate anything interesting that might cross their path. It is absolutely necessary to have dogs that will attend to their business without wasting time over other preoccupations.

Roughly speaking, war dogs may be used for sentry and guard duties, for carrying messages, and for assisting the Red Cross in finding wounded men. As guards and sentries they are incomparably superior to men, their faculties of seeing in the dark, hearing and smelling being so much more acute.

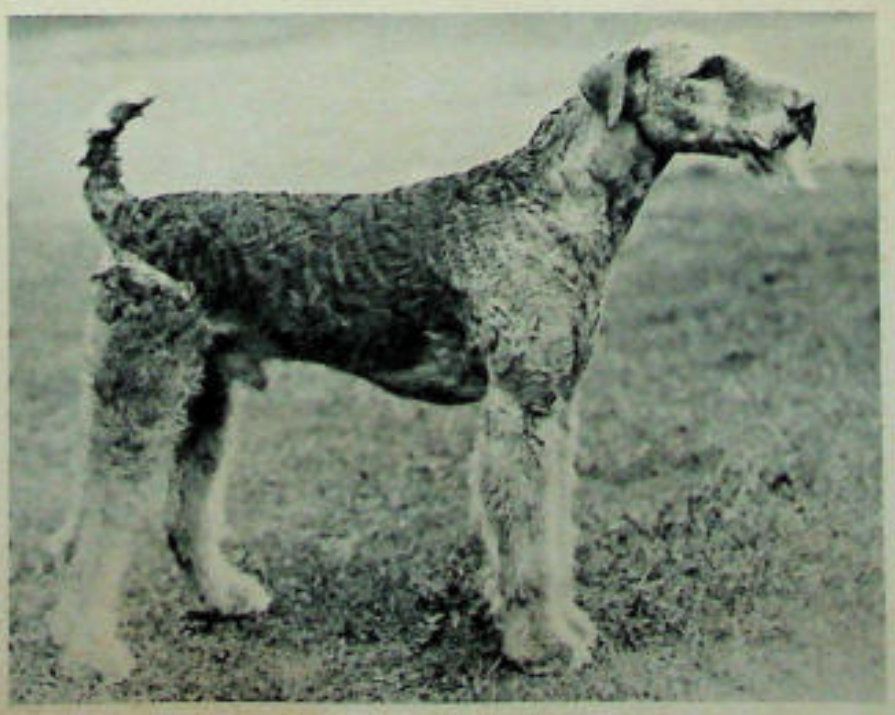
In his book *Forty Years with Dogs* Colonel Richardson relates how he visited the French army in the Vosges, intent on discovering what the war dogs were doing there. He gives some instances of their uses. On one occasion it was believed that an enemy listening post was within near range of the French lines, but it could not be spotted. At night, however, a sentry dog on duty soon sensed that strangers were about and began growling. Having indicated the direction of his suspicions it became possible for the soldiers to clear up the nuisance.

At another part of the line as many as seven sentries were captured by the Germans in a week. This annoying contretemps was stopped when dogs were posted with the sentries. Instances of this description could be multiplied without number. Dogs for this purpose have, of course, to be taught not to bark but merely to growl. Guard dogs, on the other hand, are required to give the alarm vociferously. They can be used as the custodians of magazines, aerodromes, arsenals and other places to which the public have no right of access. Where the building or dump is not very large a wire can be stretched round the place and the dog attached thereto.

There must be many places in this country at the present time that would be all the better if guard dogs were stationed at them. Training for such work would be almost of an elementary character if the right sort of dogs were obtained, such as Alsatians, Labradors, bull mastiffs or Airedales. The act of giving the alarm would come naturally to them if they were once made to understand what they were expected to do.

The training of dogs to carry messages must necessarily be of a more elaborate character as they may have to leave an advanced post for Brigade Headquarters several miles away, and they must be taught to take cover and be as secretive as the poacher's lurcher. This often has to be done under heavy gunfire, and many a sorely wounded dog has struggled home, intent upon performing his duty before everything else.

In the last war one handler told, without striving after literary effect, how Jim did record time. "The journey he did used to take a man one hour and ten minutes, and Jim did it in twenty-two minutes, through barbed wire entanglements and a large number of batteries. I noticed that when he got near home that some of the gunners tried to draw his attention, but he took no notice and came straight to the pill-box where I was billeted."



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Colonel Richardson, in his experiments with dogs for war purposes, found that nothing smaller than an Airedale terrier was suitable.

The last war gave us plenty of experience to go upon in the use of specially trained animals for use as guard dogs and also for assisting sentries.

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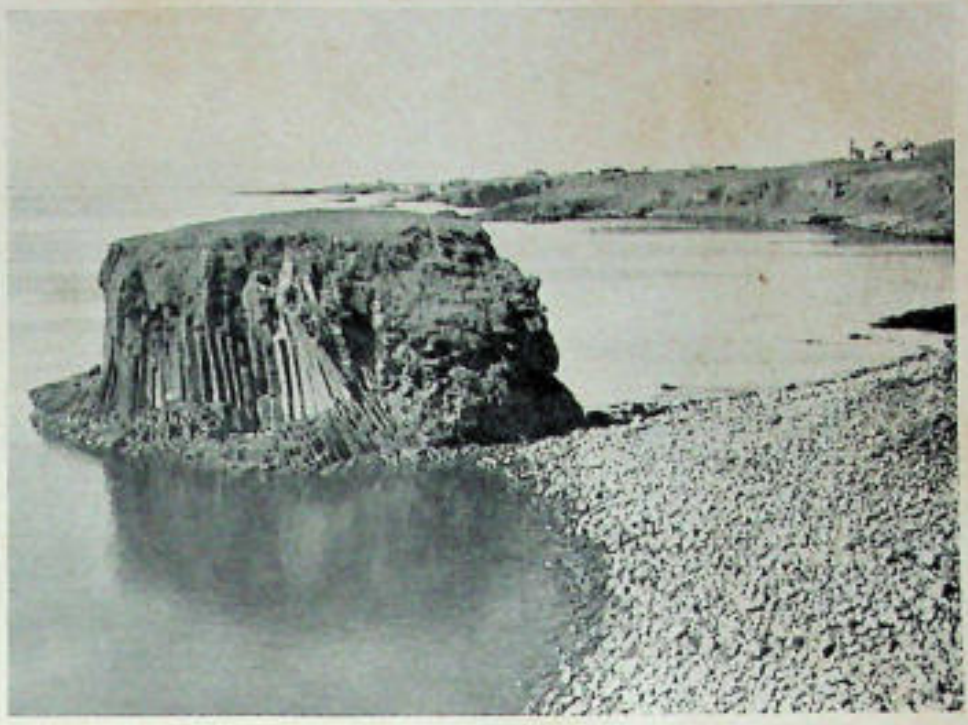
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GRIMSEY: A NORTHERN BIRD ISLAND

By L. S. V. VENABLES

GRIMSEY is a small island to the north of Iceland and is situated immediately on the Arctic Circle. Other than for spectacular basalt-column cliffs on the west side and for the fact that one usually crosses the Arctic Circle at least twice when one goes for a walk, it is remarkable also for such points as being the most northerly gannet—and the most southerly little auk—breeding place in the world and also, curiously enough, for the very high standard of Chess as played by the islanders.

On July 10th, 1939, we arrived at Grimsey on the little monthly post-boat which we had caught in Mùsavik, a fishing village on the north coast of Iceland. The hospitality with which we were received was as great as in any other of these isolated northern places—the island, so to speak, was ours for the asking. We shouldered our packs and walked through the little village round the bay; the track winding through the wood and rough stone cottages with green turf roofs. We were conducted into one of the outlying cottages and immediately two girls produced a large and excellently-cooked meal for us. We were then led to the schoolroom (not used during the summer months) and told to make ourselves at home. As the only piece of furniture was the master's desk it did not take long to settle in. Each man merely unrolled his blanket on the floor and we were then free to explore the island.

The gannets nest a few hundred yards north of the Circle; a long way beyond their usual breeding range. This outlying colony, which consisted of some twenty pairs, used to be situated on a large stack off the north-east cliffs, but in the earthquake of June 2nd, 1934, most of this fell down. When a party of English ornithologists visited the place on July 6th of the same year they found only one occupied nest left, though 46 adults were flying about.

When we got there on July 10th, 1939, we found 45–46 nests situated on a group of wide ledges on the cliff immediately opposite the remains of the stack. By lying down straight above the colony and looking over the cliff-edge it was possible to pick out "the most northerly-nesting gannet in the world."

Other species go to make up a vast bird-community on these cliffs. Some thousands of Brünnich's guillemots were incubating eggs or brooding newly-hatched chicks on all the typical ledges. Here and there the browner back and narrower, unmarked beak of a common guillemot could be seen but they were quite a rarity in this big colony of "auks"—that is to say, Brünnich's, common and black guillemots, razorbills and puffins. The rest of the cliff-bird population was made up of fulmars and kittiwakes. These were both very numerous and were to be seen sitting on eggs or small young around all the suitable places.

Along such northern cliffs as these the whole place seems to be solid "bird." The cliffs are covered with them, the sea is covered with them and the air between the two is thick with birds flying to and fro. On Grimsey, though by no means the most spectacular, the deception is helped by the vast cloud of arctic terns that hangs screaming over the flat top of the island the whole time. We were interested in the distribution of the breeding birds on this grassy heathland (snow bunting, meadow pipit, white wagtail, golden plover, dunlin, snipe, redshank, ringed plover and phalarope), but our data were obtained only after a most uncomfortable time with innumerable terns constantly doing their best to scalp us.

I believe that I was the only member of the party to have blood drawn by these attacks but we all got pretty tired of the constant screaming and buffeting and, incidentally, of the numerous direct hits registered by the guano!

As to the phalaropes mentioned above, most of the red-necked were nesting in a magnificent expanse of cotton-grass towards the south, but we frequently saw grey phalarope (strikingly handsome in their red summer dress) feeding on the seaweed-covered rocks, though we did not find any signs of breeding.

The Grimsey little auks nest in the cliff-foot boulder-tangles at two places: Básavik, north of the Circle, and Flesjar, south of it. We frequently visited these places by day, but saw no birds until July 14th. On this day a Norwegian gun-boat, the Fridtjof Nansen, offered to take us off at 4 a.m. the next morning.

It did not seem worth retiring to our hard beds for so short a time, so we walked up to the north of the island instead for a final look round. When we got to Básavik we were delighted to see ten little auks standing in a row on the top of a rock. We lay about among the boulders, and eventually were watching thirty flying around and coming into the rocks with their "chins" bulging with food for the young.

They were most immaculate-looking little birds and were very pleasant to watch, either hopping from rock to rock with swollen "chins," or rapidly zig-zagging over the sea in close formation crying a quiet, high "tit-tit-tit-tit."

We found one of the young among the boulders looking like a little powder-puff in its grey down. Its sheathed primaries, however, were just appearing.

Quite why the Grimsey little auks should only be active at night I do not know as, of course, in that latitude it is light all the time during the summer. No doubt if we had gone down to Flesjar we should have seen those birds also but we had no time before getting aboard the gun-boat which was taking us south to Iceland again.

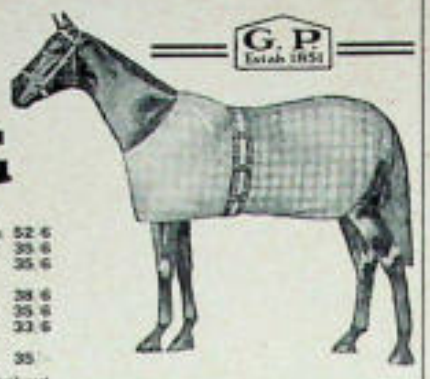


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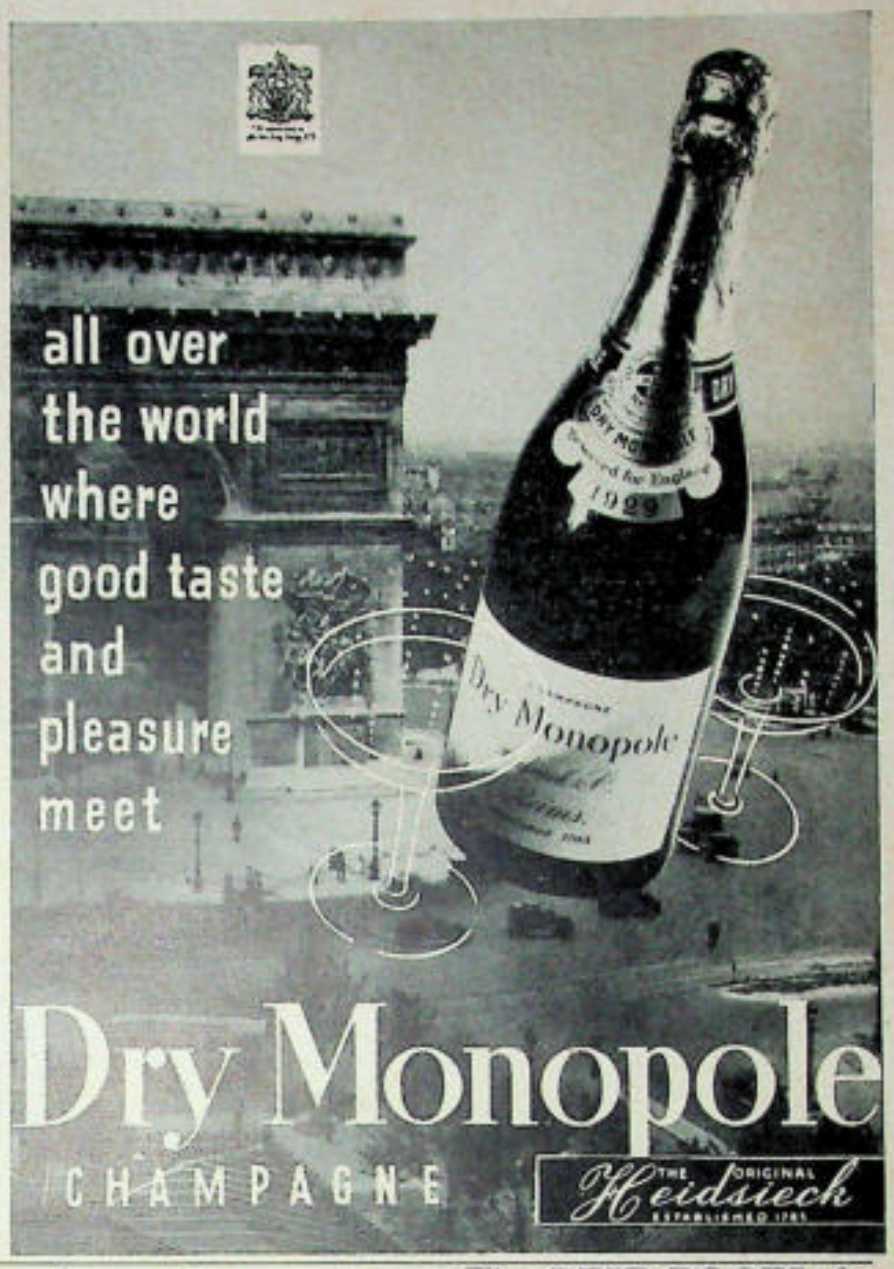
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THE EARLY REGATTA SEASON

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

THE 1939 season, so far as class racing and the annual regattas are immediately concerned, has been as varied—and as full of incident—as any that can be remembered this side of 1914; that other ominous landmark in this troubled century.

Starting at Burnham-on-Crouch the first week in April, the season opened well, with generally fine weather; for which, however, many masts were exacted in tribute later on. Though international shadows loomed in the background, by the time the first of the regattas was due these seemed to have lapsed somewhat into abeyance; and the happier international note, struck by the arrival of Mr. Vanderbilt and his 12-metre Vim, put the prospects for a good season at set fair.

However, before the Twelves took the centre of the picture the early part of the season was in full swing. At the outset, considerable discussion was prompted by a suggestion, born on the Clyde, that for the first time in history the important events of the yachting year should be sailed "for love"—*i.e.*, that prize money should be done away with.

This met with some support, especially among the smaller clubs, who sometimes find themselves in a considerable fix when prize-fund subscriptions fall short of the advertised prizes, and the deficit has therefore to be made up by the club concerned. The matter was discussed at length by the Council of the Y.R.A., who eventually decided that no action should be taken by them, and the position, therefore, remained unchanged. However, the movement was reflected by a reduction, in many cases, of prizes offered, and—since the acceptance of money prizes, however immemorial the custom, is undeniably difficult to reconcile logically with the amateur status of the sport, and of owners taking part in it (surely, yachting is alone amongst sports in this particular respect?)—it is probable that the full effects of the "no prize movement" have yet to be felt.

This early part of the year saw a number of seasonal events sailed by the very small fry: the 12- and 14-footers. Continuing as they do, in restricted degree, throughout the winter, the dinghies spring fully armed into the fray as soon as the summer season itself has started. On April 15th the Webster Cup for International 14ft. Dinghies was won by F. C. Knife's Effort, under the flag of the Tamesis Club; whilst the Henley Challenge Trophy for 12-footers was won on April 22nd by A. W. Macdonald's Farandole. The Shackleton Trophy (International 14ft.) was won on May 20th by N. Moore's Melita, in the waters of the London Corinthian S.C., at Hammersmith.

Amongst the milestones of the early season must be noted the first appearance of the International One-Design Class (Royal Corinthian Y.C.) at Burnham, the first race being held on April 29th. This class was first mooted a year or two ago, and one or two boats were then bought by Burnham yachtsmen. The 6-metres were on the top line at Burnham last year, but this year no Sixes were sailing, the International One-Designs having been adopted in their stead, a fleet of four boats.

Another feature of 1939 has been the increase in inter-club, inter-'varsity and, in some cases, international team races, usually sailed in one or other of the smaller One-Design types. Too numerous to mention in detail, this type of event has taken an increasingly large place in the programmes of a large number of clubs all round the coast; and the universities, notably Oxford and Cambridge, have been very active in this respect throughout the season. These team races play a valuable part in making the season "go," particularly where the smaller and less ambitious clubs are concerned, and provide also a useful opportunity of widening a helmsman's experience in types of boats foreign to his club.

Whitsun found the season really getting into its stride, for the Solent season then opened with the first of the Solent Club's regattas, that of the Castle Y.C., held at Calshot on May 26th and 29th.

On the 27th, the Royal Yacht Squadron's starting guns announced the first of their seasonal regattas. The Broads yachting season also opened officially at Whitsun, the Oxford and Cambridge Sailing Society sailing team racing against Broads One-Design owners on Oulton Broad, but suffering defeat by the home team.

In the 12-sq. metre Sharpie world, the Itchenor Quart Cup was won by the Dutch boat Ducky-Wucky (C. A. den Tex) on May 25th, whilst another boat of the same nationality, T'Geufje (B. E. Ott) secured the Duke of Connaught's Trophy by a very short head indeed. On the Thames, the "A" class Rater Ulva (W. R. Preston) carried off the Muir Cup for the Whitsun meeting of the Thames S. C. and Minima Y.C.

With June, began the series of big coastal regattas, which, however, brought no diminution in the number and variety of lesser events. The premier class—the 12-metres—were tardy in starting their season's battles, and the first big regatta, that of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C. at Lowestoft took place on June 3rd without them. However, the occasion was marked by the visit of a German team from the Seglerbund am Wannsee Verein, which—in International fourteens—took on a British team, containing, among others, such redoubtables as John Winter and Stewart Morris. The home team won by 30 points to 11.

In the Solent an Oxford University Y.C. team, also sailing fourteens, defeated the Island S.C. on the same day by the narrow margin of 1pt.



MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT'S VIM AND SIR WILLIAM BURTON'S JENETTA

On June 10th was sailed the eagerly-looked-forward-to first race of the 12-metres, on the first day of Harwich regatta. Two of the four new British Twelves—Jenetta, owned by Sir William Burton and designed by Alfred Mylne, and Tomahawk, owned by T. O. M. Sopwith, and designed by C. E. Nicholson—met Harold Vanderbilt's Stephens-designed Vim; last year's British champion Trivia (V. W. MacAndrew), and Evaine (C. R. Fairey) completed the fleet.

Vim, leading the field from soon after the start, sailed a fine race, but was disqualified by going the wrong side of the Cliff Foot buoy; and the prize went to Trivia.

On the second day at Harwich Vim made no mistake and took first prize, showing in unmistakable manner that—unless there were any surprises hidden in the other two new Twelves which had yet to be tried out against her—the English yachts were up against a challenger of the first water.

Four more firsts were to fall to Vim in succession after this, until, at Ramsgate on June 20th, Tomahawk engaged her in a luffing match, which eventually resulted in Evaine taking first gun.

In the meantime Southend Week had run its course, marred by somewhat persistent rain and by the poor showing of the Y.R.A. Handicap classes. There had been one or two rather (from the point of view of the number and variety of entries) scrappy races at Harwich, between the Blue Peter, Diadem and Noreen (with Erivale entering the lists, and taking the prize on the 10th), but at Southend, Noreen (H. M. Crankshaw) had a sail-over as the only entry. There were small local handicaps, and the usual number of One-Design events (in which the Velsheda Challenge Cup for the Southend One-Design classes was won by Maybrook (G. Baker), but aside from Noreen, the first big yachting festival of the year remained unsupported by any "heavy class" save the Twelves.

Concurrently with this an event of another kind was taking place, a long way away and in a foreign country, but forming part of the British yachting season nevertheless. This was the International contest, sailed in 30 sq. metre "L" class boats (a modification, slightly less "extreme," of the well-known Swedish "Thirties") on Lake Thun, Switzerland, between a British and a Swiss team. Stewart Morris, Peter Scott and David Wilson, forsaking for once their favourite dinghies, were the British helmsmen; and after a series of six races, sailed by three boats from each team, Great Britain's luck, which has been singularly high in International events this year, both at home and abroad, came out on top; largely owing to the sparkling helmsmanship of Morris, the English captain. Great Britain won by 1,589 points to 1,387; which, allowing for the somewhat astronomical figures attained under the system of point-scoring employed, represents a fairly narrow margin; certainly, the issue was in doubt until the last race.

The season henceforward crowds thick and fast. Storms descended upon the third day of Ramsgate regatta, and blew away the programme; Ormsay, the new British Twelve, designed by C. E. Nicholson for A. C. Connell, lost her mast the previous day, as did Caribs (A. Moy), the latter sailing in the handicap event.

The first day of the Dover regatta was likewise a *dies non*, and regatta week in "the straits," usually a very pleasant half-way period between the East Coast festival and the start of the South Coast and Solent season proper, was badly reduced in scope.

Bourne End week, which may be regarded as the height of the up-river season, began on June 19th, and though it, too, brought its crop of dismastings and capsizes, was carried through to a successful finish. All the small fry—the various dinghy classes—compete here, while of course the queens of the up-river season are the "A" class Thames Raters; craft of ancient vintage, of the Linton Hope era, the youngest of them thirty years old—yet, with their lofty masts, providing extremely fast and exciting sailing, especially in such narrow waters.

In this class Ulva (W. R. Preston), the oldest of the fleet, won the Wakefield Cup, and only just yielded to Estelle (E. M. Richardson) for the Queen Victoria Challenge Cup.

The Fury Cup, for National 12ft. dinghies, was taken by Riot (B. S. Wood), whilst the H. Scott Freeman Cup, for the International fourteens, fell to Velocity (T. Simpson)—her seventh consecutive win.

There was now a few days' pause in the sequence of Y.R.A. regattas, while the boats made their way to Plymouth for Plymouth Week; and the round of Solent Club regattas continued unabated.

The International Metre Classes in the Solent have been especially strong this year. The 8-Metre fleet had two fresh additions, both Swedish boats; one was Iskareen (R. Tree), designed by Olin Stephens, and with her narrow "ultra-modern" sail plan and cambered deck, something of a miniature Vim. The other was Christina (ex Bjderem), owned by the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers; a boat that had already made a name for herself on the Continent. These two took a little while to tune up on the Solent, but when they found their form began to figure with almost monotonous regularity in the prize list.

Amongst the 6-Metres, the biggest fleet for years—in fact, one thinks, the biggest ever—took the water; whilst the Q class (ex 6-Metres) was also in unusual force.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGGS

SIR,—Your correspondent "Ruby" asks what can have been the cuckoo's object in entirely robbing a nest? This nest of the wagtail contained the full complement of eggs, and they were probably sat upon for several days.

A nest in this condition is of no use to the cuckoo, so she robs it to force the owners to build again. In our garden we have three pairs of robins. One of their nests is usually used by the cuckoo each season. When the cuckoo arrived last spring this particular nest contained five young just hatched. Two days later the cuckoo pulled the nest to pieces and the young were thrown outside. In less than a week the robins had another nest, and when this contained three eggs the cuckoo removed one and laid her own in its place.

Mr. Ernest E. Johnson, in his letter in the *Field* of September 2nd, says this fact that the cuckoo destroys nests is the "grand finale." Why is it that persons who have a very superficial knowledge of the habits of certain birds contradict those naturalists who have made a life study of them? There have been so many instances of cuckoos robbing and destroying nests that it is futile to deny them.

Also why do so many insist on the old-fashioned theory that the cuckoo deposits her eggs in nests with her beak or feet. Although the beak theory has been in existence for about two thousand years, there is not a single authentic instance of anyone having seen a cuckoo perform such a feat. On the other hand, competent observers have watched cuckoos lay direct into the nests of seven different species of fosterers on over one hundred occasions. The whole performance has also been filmed and photographed many times. Notwithstanding these incontrovertible facts, numbers of people without a shred of evidence to prove them bring forward the most fantastic theories about this interesting bird.

Yours faithfully,
Leighton Buzzard. OLIVER G. PIKE.

THE MENACE OF RATS

SIR,—On all hands it is agreed that food production and conservation is a national concern of the most paramount importance.

With this outlook of immediate urgency before our eyes I venture to invite your co-operation in regard to the danger which will surely threaten should the nation neglect its duty to destroy rats and mice.

The Rats Act enjoins upon each and every one of us that we should help the Government to keep down that most dangerous and wasteful of marauders, the rat, and ceaseless vigilance is just as necessary to rid ourselves of an enemy that costs the country approximately £70,000,000 per annum to feed as is necessary to combat any other known plague.

That rats and mice are a plague apart from their destructive habits was abundantly proved at the time legislation aimed at their elimination, or else the Act would never have passed the House of Commons.

Now is the time for every individual householder to initiate a crusade of rat and mouse destruction, and for the farmer to placard his barns with "Kill that Rat" for it is a Government decree that these vermin should be destroyed, but, it is common sense and self interest that should enforce it.

Yours faithfully,
The Institute of Micro-Biology. A. MOORE HOGARTH, *President.*

MOOSE AND ELK

SIR,—I have just seen the comment of my more learned brother on my letter regarding the moose and elk which you were good enough to publish. I fear that, like Miss Fannie Squeers, he "pities my ignorance and despises" me; but I will try to bear up.

I am so far gone in sin that I shall continue to call the great American deer of our Rockies an elk, as I have done for more than 75 years, and my learned brother can call it whatever he pleases, as he will do, anyhow.

The question raised by my note was not of nomenclature, however. My learned brother thinks the elk a degenerate moose; I think it a different species. The *Field* has no room for futile discussion of that.

The works on palæontology—a bully word!—call the giant deer sometimes dug up in the Irish peat mosses an elk.

The only time I ever heard the term Wapiti was from a Cree guide in Manitoba, who told me with a sardonic grin—it is a mistake to suppose the Amerindian has no sense of humour—that an English hunter told him to call the caribou or wild reindeer by that name; and added, "Englishmans always so nice about teaching peoples."

My more learned brother has reason to regret that Mr. G. Lyttleton Rogers is only a name to him; I had supposed that all English sportsmen took cognizance of what went on at Wimbledon, where the genial and giant Irishman is far more than a name.

Yours faithfully,
51, Hamilton Place, New York City. THOMAS J. JOHNSTONE.

TREES AND THE LANDSCAPE

SIR,—Reading "A Countryman's Journal" this week gives rise to the thought that Sir Daniel Hall is not alone in choosing unfortunate illustrations. Mr. Massingham's objections to joint stock farming are illustrated by what he calls the Teutonisation of our woods by the Forestry Commission. The fallacious arguments of the Friends of the Lake District, including the red herring about Herdwick sheep, are restated in a manner that would make Dr. Goebbels envious.

Yet I fancy that Mr. Massingham will be one of the first to appreciate the food that our timber ships, released owing to the pitprop reserves in our state forests, are able to transport from overseas.

But let us be quite clear that for silvicultural reasons there are not now and will never be in this country, large areas of the dark, dense and silent spruce forests associated with Germany.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

NESTING OF REED BUNTINGS

SIR,—I saw a statement recently that reed buntings remain in the nest for a fortnight after they are hatched. Perhaps therefore, observations made on two nests last year may be of value: I cannot find the nestling period mentioned in any book of reference. On May 8th, I flushed a cock reed bunting from a nest containing five eggs. On 15th, the cock was again on the nest and the young were hatched and sparsely covered with black down; from previous experience I judged them to be a day and a half old. On May 20th, the hen reed bunting was sitting, and although still very small, the nestlings were penning. On May 23rd, I visited the nest intending to photograph the old birds feeding the young, but two of the nestlings had already left and the remaining three followed soon after I had entered the hiding tent.

On June 20th, within a few yards of this nest, there was another containing four eggs. I think it was a second nest of the first pair, I had not seen another pair in the same area. Early on July 2nd two of the eggs had hatched out and the remaining two were chipping. The young were minute and naked. On July 7th, they were penning, and late on July 11th they all left the nest. I should say that nine and a half to ten days was the normal nestling period.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, Windermere. CATHERINE M. CLARK.

TREATMENT FOR MANGE IN DOGS

SIR,—I was surprised at Mrs. Bradbury's letter, published in the *Field*, recommending Odyline for the cure of follicular mange. This product, made by Bayers, Ltd., is, of course, fairly generally used by veterinary surgeons for the treatment of sarcoptic mange, but the opinions I have heard expressed by veterinary surgeons as to the treatment of follicular mange have never included this product, although in the majority of the cases referred to it had been used for sarcoptic mange. So far from follicular mange being easier to cure than sarcoptic, it is, I believe, generally held in the veterinary profession that follicular mange is very much more difficult to cure, and some authorities recommend the destruction of the dog rather than embark on a lengthy and possibly futile attempt at cure. Is it possible that the diagnosis, particularly difficult in the case of follicular mange, was at fault in the cases of cure referred to by Mrs. Bradbury?

Yours faithfully,
The Old Cottage, Bank Mill, Berkhamsted, Herts. J. F. BLEASDALE.

WATER IN DESERT LANDS

SIR,—The map of the Libyan Desert in your paper of Sept. 16 shows five oases, in which artesian wells give a good and constant supply of water, while the Italians are making reclamations; yet there is no mention of reservoirs.

Salt lakes also appear to exist in these deserts, like those in the interior of Australia, which itself is in the nature of a giant "Atoll," with a barrier reef of coral remaining off the north east coast which is part of a fertile ring of land, with the dry bed of an old lagoon sea in the centre like other and smaller "Atolls" in the Pacific Ocean. Apart from reservoirs for storage of fresh water some artificial limitation of water might in time make the smaller lakes fresh.

In California there appear to be giant centrifugal pumps in action to clear low lying land of water, and these might quicken the flow of water through at least some smaller lakes by way of experiment when they would become centres of settlement for emigration.

Yours faithfully,
Newtown Park, Co. Dublin. JOHN H. BURTON.

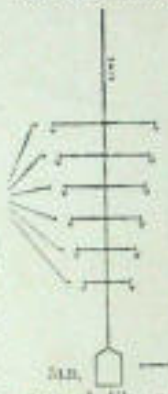
TENDERFOOT LUCK

SIR,—One often hears of "tenderfoot luck," but I think that my son put up a very fair record this summer when on his first occasion of fishing for salmon, on the Namsen, he brought home a cock fish of 41lb., and a week later he caught his second fish 43½lb. This, I think, will take some beating?

Yours faithfully,
Bramcote, Notts. N. GERVIS PEARSON.

HERRING ON ROD AND LINE

SIR,—The second incident related in Mr. John R. R. Smith's letter (*Field*, August 5th) is not so rare as he appears to think. A bare white hook is more deadly than a "cuddy" fly, and should Mr. Smith again find himself on a West Highland loch when herring are "in" I can assure him that the rig-out shown in the accompanying sketch will fill his boat with herring in a very short time.



The weight is thrown overboard, and the line run out until the weight touches bottom. It should then be hauled in rapidly, letting the weight rest on the gunwale (outside boat) and the herring flicked off. Repeat *ad nauseam*! For the ladies' sake I had better add that herring can squeak like a mouse.

Yours faithfully,
Perthshire. .577.



We cannot tell a lie..

We hate to admit that Lillet possesses *tonic* value . . .

So many drinks claim to do you good that we hesitate to tell you that the pure juice of the grape and aromatic herbs from which Lillet is made are of real benefit to you.

You have only to savour the fresh flavour of Lillet to realise that those Frenchmen know the nicest way of taking Mother Nature's pick-me-ups, so, allons enfant de la patrie . . . demandez un gin and Lillet and . . . Cheerio!



LILLET

5/6 *a bottle*

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

REMOVED AND RENEWED

SIR,—In your issue of October 21st you illustrated the oaken skeleton of an old house being carefully demolished on the Chelmsford—Witham road. Hearing that it was reborn as a perfect replica of its previous existence, including the Jacobean staircase, moulded beams, barrel ceilings, &c., I took the enclosed snapshot and trust it may be of interest to your readers. It is now on the Chelmsford—Braintree road, near St. Anne's Castle.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. HAMILTON-ADAMS.

Kennel Club, Piccadilly.

A QUEER SEAT

SIR,—With reference to the letters on "A Queer Seat" by Mr. King and Mr. Wood, the third chair is here, at Trebartha.

We agree with your conclusions as to its comfort. It appears to have been built on the principle of the Eastern torture of impaling.

Yours faithfully,
A. F. HOPE RODD.

Trebartha Hall,
Launceston.

(The seats referred to are made of antlers.—ED.]

EXPLAINING OUR CAVES

SIR,—I thought you might be interested to hear that the British Speleological Association is having an unique museum formed at Cragdale, Settle, West Yorks.—the Association's headquarters. The museum is stocked, of course, with many beautiful varieties of stalactites and stalagmites, and other formations found in our caves and potholes, but the Association's recorder, Mr. E. Simpson, is not content with that. Visitors shall understand why such beauty is being created underground, as well as see the beautiful formations themselves.

Accordingly, a striking feature of the museum is its scale models which "explain" some particular cave system. The accompanying photograph shows such a model. Made by one of the Association's Derbyshire members, it is a plan of the noted Peak Cavern in that county, the main cave and its offshoots being cast in plaster.

The frames which intersect the cave at intervals represent the various faults in the rock. By examining this accurate model, therefore, one is able to see how the Peak Cavern was formed. Every fault has played its part and, as is clearly demonstrated, wherever several faults "meet" or "cross," there is generally a large chamber in the cave, due to the action of water which enters through the fissures between the different faults.

Leeds. G. B. W.



RECONSTRUCTED WITH THE ORIGINAL MATERIAL
(See letter "Removed and Renewed")



OF COCK PHEASANT AND BANTAM HEN PARENTAGE
(See letter "Pheasant Crosses")

PHEASANT CROSSES

SIR,—Your correspondent "English Pheasant," whose letter appeared in your issue of September 9th, will be interested in the enclosed photograph. The bird is a cross between a cock pheasant and a bantam hen and is now two years old. It flies like a pheasant and is quite free, coming to the house each day to be fed. In size, shape and colour it resembles a cock bird.

Yours faithfully,
ELIZABETH HIGGON.

Scolton,
Haverfordwest,
Pembrokeshire.

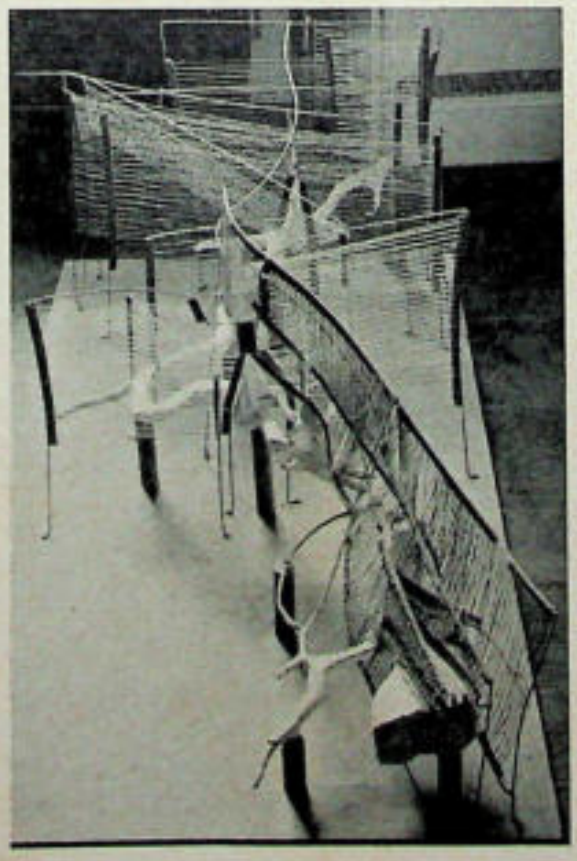
SIR,—In reply to your South African correspondent, "English Pheasant," may I relate the following: As a boy, living at Handforth, a small village in Cheshire, the house a mile away from the station, I kept and bred guinea-fowl. These were allowed freedom and could roam about wherever they wished; therefore it was quite natural that some should be missing.

My brother and friend had the shooting round about the house, perhaps 2,000 acres.

One particular year several birds shot were a cross between a pheasant and guinea-fowl. The hybrid was always of pheasant form, but heavier and with more breast, the feather colouring mixed except in one case, where the bird had entirely guinea-fowl plumage, even to the long tail feathers. Although we kept many kinds of poultry I do not remember ever seeing any other type of hybrid, nor did any appear out of guinea-fowl eggs domestically hatched.

Yours faithfully,
L. G. LARMUTH.

Lorneville,
Heaton Moor Road,
Heaton Chapel, Stockport.



HOW A CAVERN IS FORMED
(See letter "Explaining our Caves")

CORNCRAKES IN PERTHSHIRE

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that for the first time in ten years I have seen a corncrake. They used to be fairly common here then and could be heard on any night. Two were seen. The first flew out of an oat crop, while it was being cut. The second was put up in a clover field. This may have been the same as the first. Ten days elapsed between these two observations.

Yours faithfully,
H. C. H. BOWSER.

Argaty,
Doune,
Perthshire.

A BUFFALO'S CURIOUS FEAT

SIR,—In the number of the *Field* for September 9th is a letter about a buffalo with his leg over his horn. In one of Mayne Reid's books for boys, written over 60 years ago, is an account of a gnu in the same position. This was always thought to be impossible, as was an account by the same author of a wolverine dropping on the neck of a wapiti cow. This has been proved to happen in recent years.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE L. HARRISON.

London, W. 1.

MARTIN'S CHANGE OF RESIDENCE

SIR,—In these difficult days the contemplation of the humbler creatures of the earth does bring a refreshment of mind to some of us, and I venture to send you the following notes.

For some years a pair of house martins have built their nest under the eaves of a large house on the main road here; during last winter the nest was destroyed through some repairs done to the wall of the house. The martins returned early in May and completely rebuilt their home. They then entirely deserted the nest till the middle of August, when they came back and inhabited the nest each evening. There were three or four birds always around the house, but they never came during the day time.

Presumably another site was found, and the old nest was used as a sleeping convenience for the new brood.

Is this a general habit with house martins?

Yours faithfully,
H. M. BIDDELL.

The Vicarage,
Sandown, I. of W.

OXFORD SPORTING CHRONICLERS

SIR,—The Turner Brothers are an Oxford institution known to all who have been to Oxford this century and a good many years of the last. Mr. J. R. F. Turner, famous all over the world for his "Schoolboys Cricket Scheme," which has discovered talent, showed itself in test cricket, has just celebrated his golden wedding. All who know "J. R. F." wish him happy and useful years till the diamond wedding. Cricket owes him much.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK R. SMITH.

64, Annesley Road
Rose Hill, Oxford.

HERE AND THERE

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NOT very far from Plymouth is the second highest (I like the exactitude of that calculation) inn in England. As an inn it has little to commend itself beyond its loneliness, the friendly lack of space in the bar parlour and the view. In front of it the ground falls away sweepingly, giving a magnificent—I am not sure if it is the second or third, or fourth most magnificent—view of Dartmoor scenery. Architecturally, the building is nothing. But it has a "great" fireplace and the fire that is in it has not been out for 100 years.

One hundred years ago, on a winter's night, that fire must have been welcome to many a traveller over this bleak moor. To-day I doubt if many travellers stop at the little inn in winter. But the fire remains. So strong a hold has custom on the English.

I went there for tea after a walk along the ancient trackway that runs nearby. It was the second Saturday of the war, and my second Saturday in Plymouth. Plymouth is famed as the home of mariners. Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh and many others sailed from here. A fortnight of Plymouth has been sufficient to convince me that they were wise.

But beyond Plymouth lies Dartmoor and Dartmoor is magnificent and very easy of access. So each week-end I go on to the moor.

Some way along the ancient trackway is a mound. Maybe it was once the grave of some Neolithic chieftain. Maybe it was no more than a signpost put up by the men who surveyed the track all those thousands of years ago. It stood up, a little hill, from the flat moor around, and it was plentifully clothed with heather.

One of the best things in life is idle talk when stretched flat upon one's back. To let one's thoughts form their own words, and flow unchecked at their own pace. To talk about nothing and everything. To laugh inordinately at foolish things. To be silent. And there is no better place to indulge in this than deep in soft heather upon an ancient mound. To lie and talk: to lie and listen—to the whisper of the wind in the grasses, to the bleating of sheep, to the clip-clop of ponies, to the barking of a dog in the far blue distance, to the murmur of a voice as soft as the heather, as drowsy as the great white clouds above.

These are small things. These are things that may be enjoyed (in the right company—and how rarely is the right company, by which I mean, of course, the essential community of thought, to be found) by everyone. These are things that are free. And perhaps because of this, because they are small and free, these are things that are largely ignored. Yet if free, they are priceless—for of them is the treasure of life.

Our values have altered. Things that are free are not worthy of consideration. No longer do we set store by conversation; no longer do we set store on letters. Conversation and the art of letter writing are dead. And with them has gone laughter. As a race we laugh less and less. We are too absorbed in our new civilisation, in carving for ourselves a niche in the new social order we have created. We must make money. We shall have only about 50 years to do it in. There is no time to waste; no time for conversation, no time for laughter, no time for dalliance, no time to lie and listen to the small things that mean so much. We must hurry: life is so short and money so important.

The small things: the beauty of a flower, the grandeur of a tree: the song of the blackbird: the laughter of a gull: the whisper of wind in grasses; the crash and fury of a gale against the cliff: the silence of a wind at noon in high summer: the ceaseless chatter of a reed-bed: the soft lapping of water: the gentle drum of rain on fallen leaves. Each of these things is permanent because each of these things is natural.

Against them we have set, poor humans, our own standards in scales of time. When we were content to build slowly, whether it were a house, or church, or cathedral, or cart, or wheel, or cottage, we built well on the lines laid down by nature. And then we called it craftsmanship. Which craftsmanship was very beautiful and very permanent. Take, for example—and take it only because it is so well-known, for there are others as good in many parts of the country—Arlington Row, at Bibury, in Gloucestershire. That row of cottages built in the natural stone stands out a thing of beauty in the sun: but move a little away, and see it, if you can, in the soft light of early morning, or against a setting sun, and the whole row has melted away into the green of Cotswold. It was built by man, but it is part of earth. I am not at all certain that the peace of the world, and the peace of mind of every thinking person in it, was not destroyed with craftsmanship, when craftsmanship was swallowed up in mass-production.

Strange thoughts, perhaps, to have upon a mound that might have been a grave, or perhaps not so strange since the cataclysm that has overtaken mankind compels us to think, so far as we are able, about causes.

And on that mound war was very, very distant. The death of one or more Pole, or German, or Russian, the destruction of one more house, the loss of one more frontier mattered not a jot. What did matter was the sweet, warm scent of earth and the calling of the birds. What did become apparent was that when all this is over, when all the stench has cleared away, there will yet be earth and grass, and wind to stir the grasses: what did become apparent was that of all our human possessions only the emotions are permanent.

Tea was Devonshire cream of a consistency approaching that of cheese, and bread and butter and strawberry jam, and much strong tea. You only get tea, strong and black as tea should be, in the remote places of the British Isles: in the Joyce country, in Connemara, in the Barreny of Burren, in the Outer Isles, in the Highland crofts, on Dartmoor. Tea in such places is a stimulant, a thirst-quencher, a drink. Tea in such places is a necessity. Elsewhere it is an excuse—as synthetic as the complexions of those that sip it.

I like my tea. But with it, even in the second highest inn in England, there were what I believe are technically known as "fancies." In the second highest inn in England. Many miles from a town. And that I find to be a depressing sign of the times.



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE MR. ROBERT STANDISH SIEVIER WITH SCEPTRE

No novel has ever been written which describes a more adventurous life than that led by "Bob" Sievier, whose death has occurred at the age of 70. His career from his early years was one of ups and downs, of gambles which left him in poverty at times and with immense wealth when on the crest of the wave. Throwing away money at cards, being wrecked on a leper colony island and losing the bulk of a fortune in gold, at one time actor in Ireland, England and India at a salary of few shillings a week, then bookmaker in Australia—all things came alike to Sievier in his wild progress. But of all his romances the Turf provided the most sensational. He won sums of £35,000 and £24,000 on the City and Suburban and the Derby in 1900, and the purchase of Sceptre was his crowning triumph of that year. He paid £10,000 in cash for her as a yearling when the Duke of Westminster's horses were sold after his death, and with her won, among many races, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger, and made something approaching £40,000 in stakes. In 1903 he sold her to Sir William Bass for £25,000.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. A bedridden widow of a farmer, aged 82, and her daughter, who is at home to look after her mother, need help. They have only a tiny agricultural pension, and the old lady's old age pension which, together, are insufficient to provide the necessary nourishment. The Friends of the Poor have been giving them 5/- a week, and during last winter 2/6 a week for coal. They are most anxious to continue this small but most necessary help. Without you this will not be possible—please help.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets settled down fairly quickly after the Emergency Budget. The steep increase in direct taxation was a decided shock. It became necessary to adjust prices for securities to levels necessitated by the higher taxation. That, however, did not lead in all cases to lower prices.

Immediately following the outbreak of war many were forced to sell stock in order to obtain cash resources. Such selling came on a very unwilling market. Values had to be lowered somewhat drastically until the securities on offer attracted a new buyer. Forced selling is now over.

As a result, values in many instances had already discounted the higher income tax. There was, therefore, a tendency towards a slightly higher range of prices, more especially for the leading industrials and certain brewery stocks and shares.

The Budget shock was to a large extent minimised by a reduction in Bank Rate. That, however, failed for a considerable time to restore normal dealings in British Government securities. Holders found it impossible to dispose of the funds at the fixed minimum levels. The market was almost completely frozen. Subsequent thaw was very gradual.

This particular section of markets is under careful supervision by the authorities. A free market for the Funds is an absolute necessity before the Chancellor of the Exchequer can launch new loans for war purposes.

The Chancellor is naturally most anxious that new borrowing for the war can be arranged on the cheapest possible terms. Reduction in Bank Rate has meant much cheaper borrowing on three-months Treasury Bills. The Bills are, however, outside the scope of the man in the street. The smallest denomination is £5,000.

Upwards of £1,000,000,000 needs to be borrowed for war purposes. It is a colossal figure. The money is, however, available in the country. It will doubtless be produced. The problem of the day is ways and means of attracting the savings of the public to the War Loans.

At the end of last July, eleven banks in the country showed a total under "current deposit and other accounts" of £2,240,000,000. All this money is not on actual deposit and receiving a rate of interest. At the same time there are vast monetary resources which can be used for financing the war.

Deposit rate at the banks is 1 per cent. It is argued in some quarters that Bank Rate will be reduced to such a level as would remove bankers' deposit rate altogether. Money must be made to produce some return. The argument is that a still lower deposit rate, if not its removal altogether, will direct vast resources for the financing of the war.

War Loan problems, however, can scarcely prevent investors turning attention to other securities. There are many at present buying shares in oil producing companies. The theory is that war conditions necessitate huge consumption of petrol by the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy. It is not overlooked that the Armies of to-day are very largely mechanised. I notice that investors in oil shares discriminate in their choice of securities.

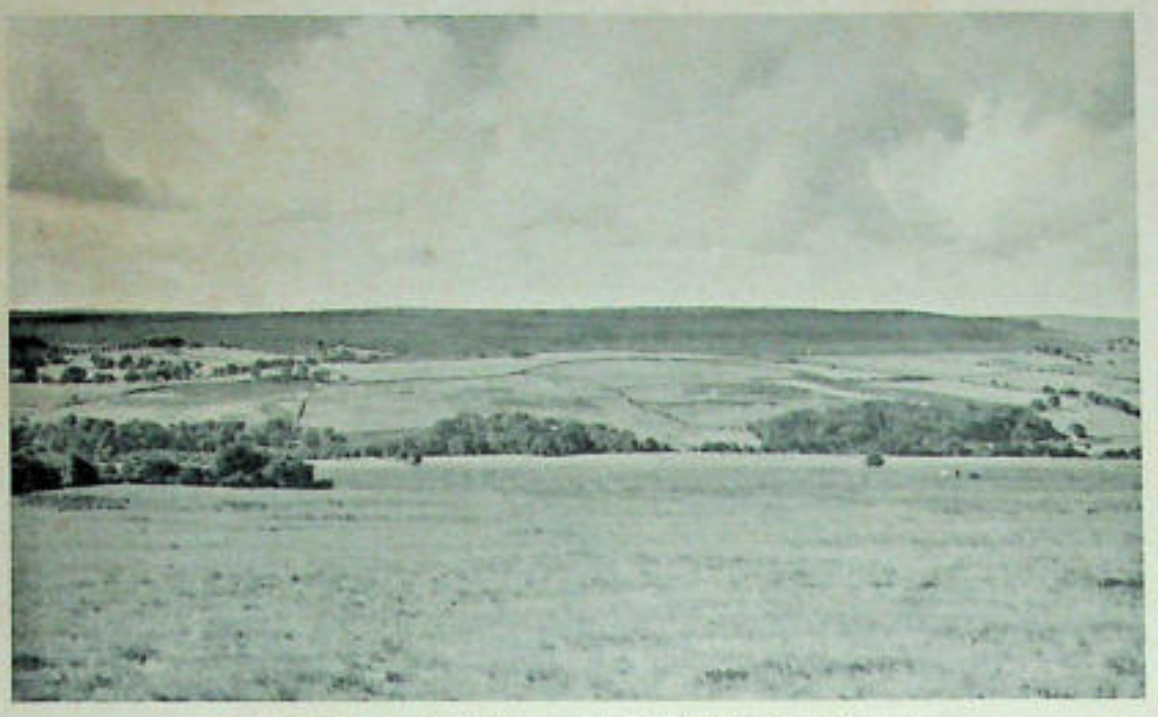
Many favour Trinidad and South American companies' shares. That is because the properties are far removed from the war zone. I consider that some such securities can be quite useful over a period. Many Trinidad issues have been steady dividend payers. Apex (Trinidad) shares at a price around 28s. 6d. can bring good results. Trinidad Leaseholds ordinary standing around 88s. or Lobitos ordinary around 37s. 6d. might also be selected.

There has been a disposition to leave Anglo-Iranian units out of reckoning. The price has fallen back to 56s. 3d. The British Government has a very substantial interest in this company. Investors, however, desire a definite indication of the attitude which Turkey will adopt in this war before being attracted to Anglo-Iranian. This may be a short-sighted policy, but investors, under existing circumstances, are naturally very cautious.

WAR TIME NEWS

ARGYLLSHIRE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—Trials advertised for November 23rd and 24th have been cancelled.

SQUASH RACKETS ASSOCIATION.—The S.R.A. have cancelled the Amateur Championship and all other competitions organised by the S.R.A.; and the publication of the S.R.A. Handbook. It is hoped that, so far as may be possible, County Associations and Clubs will continue their activities in order that the work of reconstitution may not be difficult at the termination of the war. The S.R.A. office at the Royal Automobile Club will continue to operate in order to give such advice and assistance as may be required.



A NORTH OF ENGLAND GRAZING THAT MIGHT READILY BE IMPROVED

LIME AND SOIL FERTILITY

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

IT can truthfully be said that lime is one of the most important factors in soil fertility. It is the key which unlocks the doors of many plant food stores. It is the "magic wand" that can make difficult sticky soils friable and workable. It is the counter attack against acidity and so makes all the difference to crop results, and in itself it is an essential plant food.

The old marl pits of years gone by testify to the value placed on lime by bygone farmers. The custom in the olden days of liming arable fields fairly heavily during each rotation is too well known to need repetition. In those days it did not seem to matter when the lime was given (it was often in the form of chalk), for the main idea seemed to be merely to keep on giving regular applications so as to maintain the existing supply in the soil.

It was really not until September, 1937, when the land fertility scheme came into operation, that farmers began to purchase lime in large quantities. The encouragement was, of course, the fact that it could be obtained at half-price. In one county alone some extra 30,000 tons were purchased in the first season! This must have made considerable difference to the productiveness of the farms to which it was applied.

Unfortunately, this Government scheme was misused in some cases. Soils naturally differ tremendously in their requirements. If heavy dressings of lime were given to some soils it would harm them, rather than do them good. It is a waste of money to make such applications where they are not required. It is also unfair in war-time to deprive other farmers of what may be a national necessity to them.

Wherever chalk pits are to be found, the "chalking" done by farmers of the past has been, without a doubt, responsible largely for the fertility of the fields. But the tendency has been for later generations to live on the capital accumulated in this way, and as every year some lime is washed out of the soil by rain water and more is removed, there has been, and still is, a tremendous drain on the lime resources.

It will never be necessary to lime the many thin chalk soils that are found in the south-east. Soils that were given tremendous dressings in September, 1937, and during 1938 may have sufficient lime in them to serve for a good many years to come, and it would be uneconomic therefore in war-time to spend the money on that which would show no immediate return. There are, however, without a doubt, many pastures that are being ploughed up to-day that are very deficient in lime, and there will be soil all over the country whose fertility has suffered much through excess acidity.

On soils that are really acid it is much better to give one really good dressing at one time than to make yearly applications over a period of three years. The lime content must be raised up to a certain point immediately and so applications made in dribs and drabs are useless. As a rule it is better applied as a top dressing and will work its way through soil quickly. In very acid soil, however, it may be necessary to work half the lime requirement into the soil and then to plough it deeply under and to give the remainder to the surface to be harrowed in. In this way it can be ensured that the soil fertility has been improved to a depth of, say, 12in.

Having given the soil the necessary application "at one fell swoop," it is advisable to continue with light dressings once in a rotation in order to make up for losses by leeching and the considerable quantities used by crops.

With grass land lime can be applied almost any time, though it is usually done during the early part of the year. Where the sludge lime is obtained from a beet factory the dressings are usually given late in the summer, for it is only then that this alkaline material is really in a fit condition to cart, spread and harrow in. Lime takes some time to get through to the soil, especially if there is a thick grass mat. In this case heavy harrowing will do a lot of good, for it will allow the lime to penetrate through to the surface of the soil much more quickly.

Opinions seem to differ as to the amounts of lime that should be applied as a regular matter to soils, once the content has been brought to the right condition. The Rothamstead Experimental Station seems to show that the annual loss of carbonate of lime per year, per acre, is round about 5½cwt. Experiments carried out in Wales seem to suggest 2cwt., while research carried out on sandy soils in the Midlands showed an approximate loss of 3½cwt. It may be said, therefore, that the arable farmer would do well to give an application of 1 ton of carbonate of lime every four years to the appropriate crop in the rotation or 10cwt. of quicklime could be given instead.

The farmer should aim to maintain his land either at or slightly below what is called the neutral point. Soil that is neutral is neither alkaline nor acid and chemists refer to this condition as pH7. The market gardener has found that his crops do best in a soil that may be described as slightly acid or at a figure pH6. Potatoes, tomatoes and marrows prefer to grow at about pH5.5. Barley and wheat seem to prefer to be grown in a soil at pH5.3, while sugar beet and mangolds do best at pH5.4. Oats, curiously enough, will put up with far more acid conditions, and have been known to succeed at pH4.3, while rye has even done at pH4.0.

It is not difficult to-day for a farmer to make his own soil tests now that soilometers may be purchased for a few shillings. Messrs. Baird and Tatlock, of London, offer the soil testing outfit, which is quite easy to carry about and which gives excellent results in a very short time. It is only necessary to take a sample of freshly dug earth from a few inches below the surface of the soil and place it in the little "plate" provided. The soil indicator is then added, drop by drop, and the sample stirred. It is then allowed to settle for about a minute and the plate is tilted in the opposite direction so that the liquid flows down the channel to the opposite end of the colour chart. It is then an easy matter to observe which to the colours the fluid most nearly corresponds with, and the number opposite this colour indicates the acidity of the soil.

The only satisfactory way of comparing the various limes available is by their content of oxide of lime (CaO). Quicklime usually contains about 90 per cent. oxide. Carbonate of lime (chalk and ground limestone) contains 55 per cent. oxide of lime, and hydrated lime 75 per cent. oxide of lime. Thus for the purposes of comparison it may be said that a ton of quicklime equals 1¾ tons of ground limestone and 1½ tons of hydrated lime.

FORD EMPLOYEES.—Following earlier announcement regarding privileges for Ford employees on National Defence Service, the company has now arranged that Ford employees on active service or joining His Majesty's Forces in 1939 are to receive their normal salary or wages for three months, less a deduction in respect of pay and allowances and a further reduction of 10/– a week for the value of food and clothing. Employees engaged on any branch of voluntary National Defence Service are being paid the difference between their service pay plus allowances and Ford pay for a period of three months and payment on a similar basis for two months is being made to Reservists who have been recalled for duty. If training or service has prevented an employee from taking the annual two weeks' holiday with pay extended by the company to all personnel, he will receive an additional payment equal to salary or wages for the period. In announcing these privileges the company has again stated to Ford employees that it is the company's intention, if practicable, to re-engage each employee upon his return to work after demobilisation.



THISTLES AND DOCKS IN A LINCOLNSHIRE GRAZING

TRACTORS AT WORK ON THE LAND

By G. N. McHARDY

THE success or failure of tractor work is now determined mainly, if not wholly, by the manner in which it is handled and managed, the driver being frequently the determining factor. It is very generally agreed that those who have started work with other farm equipment, and who understand the proper use of the horse plough and tillage tools in general, are better fitted to become first-class tractor drivers, than men who may have some mechanical knowledge but no agricultural background.

This is easily understood when one realises the combination of skill and art which is requisite for the proper cultivation of the land—an art which is not properly understood even by many farmers and farm workers.

The advantage of agricultural bias is still more strengthened, when we consider that manufacturers have for years concentrated on designing tractors that are simple to handle and that are fully reliable so long as they are not "tinkered with." The unskilled mechanic, who has an inclination to improve on the makers' designs, may thus constitute a very strong source of danger.

The farm hand who is to be promoted to tractor-driving should be carefully selected and, as a rule, the younger he is caught the better. Some boys of sixteen can quickly be turned out as first-rate drivers, and often constitute the best material. In any case, it is well to pick upon someone who exhibits a natural interest in machinery and a bent for taking proper care of it.

As far as possible the potential driver should also be free of such duties as milking, since it is essential that his regular spells of work should not be interrupted. Should the hands available at home be unsuitable or so reduced that no one is to be had for a new job, the services of a girl from the Women's Land Army may be sought, as a number have already been given training in this work.

Classes are being held in most counties, to which a prospective driver may be sent for a short period, while most manufacturers and some dealers are willing to have men for a few days at their works, to study the machine which is being purchased. In addition, there is the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering, which is entirely devoted to giving instruction in tractor operation and the use of all kinds of power-driven machines.



PLOUGHING ON THE DORSET HILLS WITH AN ALLIS CHALMERS WF AND THREE FURROW COCKSHOTT PLOUGH

When delivery is taken of a new tractor the man to be responsible for its operation should be in charge from the start, and it must be impressed upon him that its proper treatment, especially when straight from the factory, is essential to avoid after troubles. Some tractors may be extremely stiff when first delivered, and this may be disheartening to the novice, unless it is explained that this will wear off after the machine is run in.

Before any attempt is made to start the machine the instruction book must be given careful study by owner and driver, so that no mistakes are made. All directions regarding fuel, lubricating oil and water supplies must be checked, and the tractor should be given a thorough examination to see that all is in order.

A new machine should have at least fifteen to twenty hours running before it is put on to full load and the first ten hours would be best run without any load at all. One may devote the time, in the case of a novice driver, to instruction in steering, turning and driving to a true line, operating the machine in a paddock or on a stubble field. During this first day, it is best to run a paraffin tractor on petrol. After ten hours the tractor is best put on to some light operation if possible, such as harrowing, and after the first 20 hours' run the crankcase should be drained while hot, to remove the oil which may have become contaminated with particles of metal.

The warming-up period on petrol which is used for starting can be considerably shortened by keeping the radiator covered for the time being, and running the engine fairly fast. It may be driven for the first round of ploughing, or driven from stable to field on petrol, before changing over. This should be done when the intake manifold is thoroughly hot.

To facilitate warming up some tractors have a control, which may be used temporarily to increase the heating of the vaporiser. Others employ an automatic thermostat control of the water circulation, which prevents any movement of the cooling water until correct temperature has been attained. On some machines a most useful instrument in the shape of a temperature indicator is fitted.

It may be found that some tractors need to have part of the radiator surface blanked off all the time in cold weather, and a number of makers now supply shutters or blinds.

The reason why a high temperature is necessary is to ensure complete combustion of the fuel. In a cold engine the unburnt portion of the fuel will seep down the cylinder walls, dilute the lubricant, and cause rapid wear or even breakdown. This is true even of engines employing petrol as fuel, and one never gets satisfactory or economical running from a cold engine.

The driver who gets off his machine, puts his hand on the radiator and proudly asserts that "she is cool as a cucumber" is merely proclaiming his ignorance. The fault, however, is so common, and is responsible for so much trouble, that one cannot over-emphasise its dangers.



THIS CASE TRACTOR IS TURNING ONION TOPS UNDER ON A BEDFORDSHIRE VEGETABLE FARM

The machine should now be considerably eased from stiffness and may be put on to three-quarter load, such as a job of ploughing which is not too hard. The use of a heavier fuel, tractor vaporising oil, should then be commenced in a paraffin tractor. The driver must be given to understand that tractors cannot operate efficiently unless kept as hot as possible, short of the cooling water actually boiling.

CEREALS FOR AUTUMN SOWING

AT this time of year farmers are seriously considering which among the many available cereal varieties are likely to give the best financial return. The solution varies with soil, climate, and many other factors. The National Institute of Agricultural Botany has conducted systematic field trials for the last seventeen years, with the more promising varieties, and is able to give reliable advice to farmers in the North Midlands, Midlands, South and East of England on the choice of varieties of wheat, barley and oats.

There is a wide choice of good winter wheats, among the best being Juliana, Victor, Wilhelmina, the Yeomans, Holdfast, Little Joss, and Squarehead's Master or Standard Red. Other heavy yielding but later ripening varieties are Chevalier, Crown, Steel, Weibull's Standard, Weibull's Standard II, Scandia, and Rivet; any of these, and especially Rivet, should be sown early. Desprez 80 (Jonequois), a very early-ripening and short-strawed variety, gives heavy yields on good, well-drained soils. As a result of the decline in demand for poultry wheats there are indications that baking quality may assume greater importance than heretofore. In these circumstances Holdfast is worthy of special attention, for baking tests have shown it to be of superior quality to the Yeomans, or in fact, any other English wheat.

In the case of barley, where winter hardiness is of first importance, the ordinary six-row winter is most satisfactory. Under favourable conditions Plumage-Archer or Spratt-Archer both withstand normal winters and give good malting samples as well as high yields.

Among winter oats Grey Winter and Black Winter are the most hardy. Where extreme winter hardiness is not required, and for very fertile soils, Resistance can be recommended on account of its resistance to lodging, good quality straw and very high yields. The Aberystwyth White Winter Oat S. 147, marketed by the Institute for the first time last autumn, can be recommended for fertile soils where Grey Winter is likely to lodge. The use of the term "White Winter" as a varietal name for oats should be avoided, as it is ambiguous.

Brief particulars of the purposes for which the above varieties are adapted are given in Farmers' Leaflet No. 1, issued by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany. Copies can be obtained free of charge from the Institute at Cambridge or from any County Agricultural Organiser, and inquiries about these or other varieties are always welcome.



MICHAELMAS DAISIES IN MIXED COLOURS ARE DELIGHTFUL FOR INDOOR DECORATION

THE OCTOBER HERBACEOUS BORDER

THE splendours of the autumn herbaceous border far outshine the softer colourings of summer, and though the year may be dying it goes out with banners flying and gorgeous in hue.

Michaelmas Daisies, especially when interspersed with Dahlias, make the principal display, for though Dahlias are not "herbaceous" they figure in most borders. The mammoth Dahlias which attract every eye at shows, are far from being the most effective in the border. Apart from being so top heavy that they need the most careful staking they look all out of proportion to the other flowers.

One of the finest of the newer Michaelmas Daisies is, I think, Beechwood Challenger. In the border it looks striking, and for indoor decoration in artificial light it is quite unlike any other Aster. I have a special affection for the cherry and lavender coloured Dahlias. Cherry, Charmer and Mrs. David Hepburn are amongst the pick of the cherry kinds, and the richest lavenders are J. W. Davis and T. Hay. J. W. Davis is the better of these two.

Very pale lavenders look well on the show bench, in fact they stand out peculiarly well, but in the border they appear merely washy.

Amongst pink Dahlias, Jersey Beauty is still a prime favourite, and small wonder, for its rich pink flowers are produced in continuous profusion from late August till they are cut by frosts. The only yellow Dahlia I really like is St. Fagans. It is a peculiarly clear lemon yellow, and in mass is very fine. Grouped with other Dahlias no matter how rich their colouring, it is apt to make them look muddy.

Amongst the new Cactus Dahlias are the citron yellow, Sir S. Tallents, which won the silver cup for the best stem Cactus at the National Show, the large flowered Whimsical and Julius Bunge, a particularly attractive rose-pink. The novelties amongst decorative Dahlias include Duke of Windsor (one of the best Australian kinds, with dark red blooms nearly a foot across), Honor McLoughlin, another Australian kind with huge scarlet flowers; and Earl Baldwin, considered by many the finest 1938 introduction.

Chrysanthemums are still amongst the invaluable late autumn border plants, and it is interesting to note the increasing popularity of the single kinds. The types that make large sprays are especially useful for cutting. The exhibition singles are, of course, more striking, but not so effective for bowls.

In dull days all pink, crimson and terra-cotta varieties are the most cheering colours.

Amongst the pick of the singles for late flowering are Nan Park, with purplish wine-coloured flowers and generally regarded as the best purple single; Shirley terra-cotta; Vicar of Shirely, deep bronze with large sprays of flowers; and Red Riding Hood, which makes a brave show of bright red when that colour is at its scarcest in the border.

The new anemone-centred Chrysanthemums attracted a great deal of attention when first exhibited, and possibly their charm is owing to the fact that at first glance they do not look like Chrysanthemums at all, but some curious new flower. The Korean Chrysanthemums were the star attraction last season, but I think they were decidedly overrated.

Amongst the pick of the double flowering kinds are Shirley Lilac (a really good lilac colour); the vivid orange bronze Tibshelf Glory (continuous flowering); Pink Gem and Nita. Favourites such as the Cranford Pink, yellow and cream, Crimson Circle, Balcombe Gold, Autumn Gold, Lichfield Cream, Harvester and Shirley Cerise, are all invaluable.

As for the old button Chrysanthemums, they are the most reliable flowers towards the end of November. When every other flower is dashed and splashed with rain almost out of recognition these cheery little flowers are still going ahead gaily, and in mixed colours they make delightful Victorian-like bouquets for indoor decoration.

On sandy or, indeed, any well-drained soils, Chrysanthemums are perfectly hardy; but on heavy soils, especially in bleak parts, they have to be lifted after flowering and kept in a cold frame or greenhouse. The plants are divided up in April and put in fresh soil. Cuttings can be taken in March, inserted in pots of sandy soil, and kept under a handlight in a greenhouse till they have rooted. They are then transferred singly to 3-inch pots, using a compost consisting of two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf-mould and sand. After hardening off during May in a cold frame, they can be put in their flowering positions.

On sandy soils Pentstemons are amongst the invaluable late flowering, for they continue flowering long after Dahlias are over, indeed till nearly the end of November, and very hardy varieties such as Newry Seedling go on till nearly Christmas. In mixed colours, cherry, red, mauve and crimson, they make lovely groups in the October.

Pentstemons are easily increased by cuttings taken in late September or early October, and struck in very sandy soil in a cold frame. The cuttings are taken from side shoots that have not flowered, and the best cuttings are those that are not more than 4in. long. Take the cuttings either with a heel or cut below a joint in such a way that the joint itself is not injured. Remove the lower leaves before inserting.

The cuttings should be watered through a rose after insertion, and the frame then kept closed for a month or six weeks till they are rooted. No watering should be necessary unless we get a really hot spell in late October. When rooted the plants can be transferred singly to 3-inch pots and transferred to a cool greenhouse. Being almost hardy, undue coddling only makes them sickly. After hardening off in a cold frame in May the plants can be put out in early June.

E. S. R.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Cultivating Gladioli

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

GLADIOLI look very beautiful when in flower, but the foliage is apt to appear rather be-draggled once blossoming is over. As it is necessary, however, to give the corm the opportunity of "plumping up" ready for next year's flowering, the foliage should not be cut off.

It is not, however, always wise to leave the corms growing until the foliage has turned brown, and so the keen flower grower will aim to get his corms dried off and in store by the end of this month. Much, indeed, can be done to hasten matters if the plants are dug up five or six weeks after the spike has been cut.

The foliage, at that time even, may still be green, but this gives an opportunity for a dozen or so corms to be bunched and tied up by their leaves to a wire stretched across a dry airy shed. This hanging up of the corms plus leaves, is important for it prevents the foliage from rotting off, and being attacked by a white "mould." Lay gladioli down in heaps, and this rotting soon takes place.

When hung in bunches, corms uppermost, the leaves continue to pass back the plant food they have manufactured, and in a few weeks' time they will have turned brown and may be cut away to within an inch or so above the corms.

Unfortunately, the gladiolus is attacked by several diseases, many of which are carried over during the winter on the corms. There is Bacterial Base Decay, for instance, which attacks the leaves where reddish-brown raised spots are seen towards the base. The spots increase in size and become black and pitted. The inside leaves get a wet rot, and in severe cases the bases of the leaves and the stalks are destroyed. The bacterium keeps alive during the winter on the stored corm, as well as in the rotted and diseased leaves which may be left lying about on the ground. Corms, therefore that have been affected should be burnt and so should the foliage.

During harvesting the scales may be found to be spotted dull brown, and partially decayed. If the corm is stripped it will show dry sunken spots, reddish-black in colour. This is Dry Rot. Again, the corms should be destroyed, and care should be taken never to purchase infected corms. If, on the other hand, the corms are to be found covered with dark, hard spots, it will be known that they are affected by the Hard Rot, a fungus which will last in the soil for four years. It will be necessary, therefore, not to plant in infected ground, and to reject the affected corms.

The Grey Bulb Rot (*Sclerotium tulipareum*) will attack gladioli as well as tulips. The young shoot is first affected, and the disease is passed into the corm, where a grey mould will be found on the surface. The affected corms should be burnt, and the soil should either be rested for four years or should be well soaked with a 2 per cent. solution of Commercial Formalin.

Some varieties seem to deteriorate after a number of years in a garden, and in this case it is better to discard the corms and to purchase a new stock. A vigorous young corm three or four years of age often gives better results than an older corm, twice the size. New corms may be purchased from such firms as Messrs. Kelways of Langport, Somerset, who have specialised in these flowers, as also have Messrs. Unwins of Histon, Cambs. Messrs. R. H. Bath of Wisbech, Messrs. Carters of Raynes Park, London; Messrs. Barr & Sons of King Street, Covent Garden; Messrs. Robert Sydenham of 22, Tenby Street, Birmingham; and Messrs. John Peed & Son, of West Norwood, London, S.E.

What corms are to be stored should be placed on shallow paper-lined trays such as are used for storing fruit, and placed in a dry airy shed that is absolutely frost and damp-proof. They should be looked over from time to time during the winter, and may be turned if necessary to prevent sweating taking place.

Those who are thinking of purchasing corms for delivery in the spring of 1940 should take note of the following varieties which attracted me at the last Gladioli Show in the R.H.S. Hall: Vagabond Prince, a brown and flame scarlet; All-Gold, a coppery yellow with dark orange edging; Arabella, an almost black; Greta Garbo, a white with a pink flush; Irak, a grey sport of Baghdad, the smoky-rose; Madam Curie, an immense large rosy pink; Miss New Zealand, a deep salmon pink with a cherry blotch in throat, the florets are often 5in. across; Tanui, a creamish-yellow overlaid with orange-scarlet; and Shirley Temple, an immense heavily ruffled cream with a yellow throat. It is an outstanding variety, but the corms are 3/6 each.

PRICES FOR STANDING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

ON the day before the outbreak of war the Minister of Supply made an Order preventing the sale or offering for sale of growing trees, including thinnings, in excess of 1,000 cubic feet. This standstill arrangement has been in operation until recently, when the Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order, 1939 (Stationery Office, 1d.) was made. It makes the licence of the Ministry of Supply needful for all sales or offers of timber for sale. So far as felling is concerned it may proceed without licence up to an aggregate of 1,000 cubic feet in a month, or with a licence in excess of this quantity.

The most interesting part of the Order is the maximum prices which it fixes. These are stated to be for timber of ordinary commercial quality. For inferior grades or defective butts the usual trade allowances are to be made in arriving at the appropriate maximum price. This would involve a reduction in the length of a stem affected by heartrot, though the price per cubic foot for what remains would not be altered. For a crooked or very knotty stem it would be the price that would be reduced, while the measure would remain normal. The not uncommon practice of making a deduction from the measurement of inferior trees, so that the whole volume in the wood may be priced at the same figure, is not recommended.

The case of trees of exceptional size or suitable for a special purpose is not forgotten. For these the maximum prices do not apply, and, on application, the Ministry of Supply will fix special figures. These may be applied generally, or relate merely to a special contract.

The majority of trees will be sold standing, by private negotiation with the timber merchant who usually buys the timber on the estate. The merchant will then organise the felling and haulage. Exceptionally, the owner may employ his own woodmen to carry out the felling, removal of side branches, cording of the top and burning the brush. In this case 2d. per cubic foot may be added to the maximum price in the case of hardwoods, and 1½d. for conifers.



A MIXED FIR PLANTATION, 30 YEARS OLD
Much too dense and now required for pit props

The prices, which are maximum figures, for good quality clean and straight timber, must not be taken as standard prices. They are:—

SPECIES.	GRADE, in quarter girth at mid-length, measured over bark.	MAXIMUM PRICE. s. d.	BARK ALLOWANCE per cent.
Larch	18in. and over	1 6	England and Wales: 7½ per cent.
	7in. to 9½in.	1 0	
	Under 7in.	0 7	
Other Conifers	12in. and over	1 6	Scotland: 10 per cent.
	8in. to 11½in.	0 10	
	Under 8in.	0 7	
Ash	Over 12in. selected butts	4 6	7½ per cent.
	Other selected trees	2 6	
	Other, not selected	1 9	
Oak	18in. and over, well-grown selected trees	3 6	10 per cent.
	14in. and over, well-grown whole parcels	2 6	
	12in. to 13½in. well-grown whole parcels	2 0	
	Other descriptions	1 6	
	Inferior in size and quality	0 9	
Sycamore	11in. and over, good quality	2 0	7½ per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	
Hornbeam	—	1 6	7½ per cent.
Spanish Chestnut	Selected trees	2 0	10 per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	
Beech	Good quality and size	1 6	7½ per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	

These prices are entirely satisfactory from the owner's point of view. It is true that holes can be picked in the scale. The price of 7d. is a low figure for larch with a central quarter girth of 7in., quite a large tree. The other conifer prices seem out of proportion in relation to the larch. The 15 per cent. bark allowance for elm, poplar, alder and lime is on the high side. On the other hand the general level is slightly above normal, and for conifers, except larch, is very much in excess of those normally secured.

Outside this scale come the high quality timbers used for special purposes. Young quickly grown ash used to make 6s. 6d. per cubic foot for selected butts, for use in the sports trade and for aeroplanes. Cricket bat willow made 10s. and more, while walnut suitable for gun stocks made 8s. or 9s., and pruned larch for boat building 2s. 6d. These prices are taken from the book *Marketing Timber* (Estates Gazette, 5s.).

No difficulty need be anticipated in selling. The first step is an enquiry to the Divisional Officer for the district, whose address will be supplied on application to the Timber Control, c/o Postmaster, Bristol. The officer will make an appointment to view the wood, and impart much useful guidance into the bargain. The parcel can then be measured, valued and offered to the local or other timber merchant in the usual way. When the bargain has been made it must be recorded upon a form, signed by both parties, and forwarded to the Divisional Officer. Felling, clearance and payment will follow the customary course.



SCOTS PINE AND YOUNG LARCH AT HURSLEY

MAKING THE MOST OF BEETS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALL the beets are now in season and it is to be hoped that the war will teach us to grow Sugar Beet and Seakale Beet more commonly for the former is a most nutritious vegetable, being rich in natural sugar and the latter affords what may be described as a luxury vegetable at a time when all such vegetables are decidedly scarce—*i.e.*, during the bleakest weeks of the year. We grow both these beets and find them invaluable.

Sugar Beet makes a delicious soup. The recipe we use is to allow one pint cooked and sieved Onion or Shallot to eight parts cooked and sieved Beet. The beets should be rubbed through the sieve with their skins on for with vegetables as with fruits, the most valuable salts are contained both just under and in the skin. The fact that the skin has been left on is quite unnoticeable after sieving. Thin the mixture with a little milk and add a little chopped Parsley and a tablespoonful of butter made into a roux with an eggspoonful of flour. Bring the whole to just below boiling point. If preferred richer, the yolk of an egg can be added but do not let the liquor boil after the egg yolk is added or it will curdle.

We have also adopted the method of baking Beets (both sugar beet and the common beet), for this is quicker than boiling and saves fuel. Also the flavour is vastly better and there is no risk of bleeding. Hot Beet with melted butter is delicious. To bake Beets wrap each separately in greaseproof paper rubbed over with margarine, butter being an impossible luxury for such purposes nowadays. Small globular Beets take an hour. Slip off the skins before serving.

Savoury Beet is an excellent supper dish. To make it, slice some cooked Beets and put the slices in a shallow pan with a tablespoonful of any good Stock, a grated small Onion, a pinch of flour and a handful of finely chopped herbs, obtainable now, such as Sweet Marjoram, Parsley, Chives, Thyme, &c., or a teaspoonful of dried herbs. Boil gently for fifteen minutes and on removing the pan from the fire add a dessertspoonful of cream. People grudge cream and butter but a very little goes a long way.

Fresh herbs are much better and it is a pity that the old herb patch in gardens is not revived, for herbs improve most vegetarian dishes and are less expensive and more wholesome than bought sauces. Fricassee of Beet is also good and is a variation of the recipe given above. Slice some large Onions, fry them and arrange in a pile in the centre of a largish flat dish. Sprinkle a little lemon juice over the pile. Round the Onions arrange the Beets cooked as described in the previous recipe and pour the sauce made with the stock and herbs over both the Onions and Beet.

Cream of Beet is nourishing and appetising. To each large cooked Beet allow a medium-sized Onion, grated raw. Rub the Beet through a sieve, add the Onion and an ounce of butter, and leave in the oven for half-an-hour. In the meantime make a sauce with the yolk of an egg, an ounce of butter or margarine, an eggspoonful of lemon juice and seasoning to taste. Heat the sauce but it must not boil, or the egg will curdle. Take the Beet and Onion out of the oven. Mix with the sauce, put the mixture into a pie-dish and garnish the top with chopped Parsley and powdered hard-boiled egg.

Seakale Beet is, theoretically, not so hardy as Spinach Beet or the Common Beet, but in the bitterest cold of the last severe winter and on clay soil we were gathering the beet with only the protection of a few leafless boughs laid over the plants. This Beet is a paying crop, for from a sowing made in May one can gather continuously from late summer, all through winter till the following May. Then it runs to seed. Seakale Beet, unlike the Common Beet, does well on a heavy soil and can do with generous supplies of manure. The mid-ribs of well-grown plants are three to four inches across and very succulent. They should be steamed or cooked in stock or milk and water. Boiling them ruins the flavour. The green part can be used like spinach—*i.e.*, cooked in its own moisture and then chopped up before serving. Rubbing it through a sieve involves too much labour in these days.

This year I tried the new Rainbow Beet which was launched by an American firm. This is a variety of Seakale Beet but the mid-ribs are every shade of crimson vermilion and pink and very striking in growth. The leaves are heavily tinged crimson. In my opinion, the flavour of the mid-ribs is not so good as that of the type, but the green part is quite delicious. I intend to grow it simply for the green part every year.

Spinach Beet is not exactly a luxury vegetable and is despised by many but it is undoubtedly a great stand-by for greens all through the winter. The important point is that all through the season the outer leaves should be picked off (whether wanted or not) to encourage the growth of spring tender growths. Further, these leaves should never be cut but broken off, for cutting bleeds the plants. This applies also to Seakale Beet.

It is customary to harvest and store Beets but anyhow in the south I think this lifting of root vegetables can be overdone. Freshly lifted roots have a far better flavour than stored roots, and frost improves their flavour. We only lift ours as and when the ground is required for autumn digging.

SPINNING OUT THE PETROL RATION

By W. G. McMINNIES

A GREAT many suggestions have been made for counteracting, if only to a small extent, the efforts of petrol rationing. The majority deals with methods of driving and ways of adapting the engine and carburettor to this war-time state of affairs. The minority look to the use of alternative fuels as a way of helping towards solving the problem.

The most obvious alternative fuel is paraffin, which at the moment is not rationed, although it is subjected to an excise tax except when used for certain special cases such as ploughing.

When paraffin is used in a stationary engine the plant is started up on petrol and so allows the exhaust gases to warm up the vaporiser. When sufficient heat has been generated the petrol is turned off and the paraffin on. Given a suitable carburettor or vaporiser, which could be fitted in place of the standard carburettor, there is no reason why a car engine should not be run on paraffin in this way. And in this connection I remember that years ago I actually ran an air-cooled motor bicycle on this lower grade fuel.

As an alternative to this scheme the idea of mixing paraffin with petrol may suggest itself. But in this case it is almost certain that starting difficulties would arise. Indeed a few weeks ago there was a rumour going round that the present pool petrol already contained as much paraffin as was good for it. When I tried to verify this rumour the garage owners I asked said that it was quite inaccurate and that there was no paraffin in the pool petrol. Anyway, it may be assumed that the specification of the pool petrol is such that if paraffin were mixed with pool it might be next to impossible to start the engine. But once the engine was started it could be run successfully on the mixture with some additional form of control to the air supply of the carburettor.

Another form of fuel which has been the subject of much discussion is town gas. It was used as an alternative fuel by some cars and commercial vehicles during the last war, but for reasons which are explained below it is but a poor substitute for petrol, at any rate in a motor car. It is, however, used regularly in some motor manufacturing works for the running in of batteries of engine on test. In this case, there is no difficulty in the supply, which is piped up to the engine, where an air valve is fitted, and generated in a gasometer in the ordinary way.

The principal snag with gas is the difficulty of carrying enough of it either in a bag, series of cylinders or specially shaped container on a car to make the trouble of installation and replenishment worth while.

As an example of how unfavourably gas compares with petrol it is stated that a pint of petrol will propel a car approximately the same distance as 30 cubic feet of gas. This is due to the fact that the average town gas has a calorific value of 572 British thermal units per cubic foot, and that the average value of petrol per pound is 18,600.

The storage of the gas in cylinders has better prospects of success despite the fact that there is not much superfluous room on a standard car for a battery of cylinders or a special container. There is also the question of the extra weight to be taken into consideration. In the average light car it would be possible to carry perhaps a pair of cylinders, each containing 100 cubic feet of gas, while on a larger car twice that amount might be accommodated by designing and building into the chassis a special container. But when all this trouble has been taken, and all this expense gone to, the motorist will only have obtained the equivalent to an extra two to two-and-a-half gallons of petrol, which is not a very encouraging result.

Nor is that the end of his troubles, for having fitted up his cylinders or container he is then faced with the problem of securing quick, accessible and regular supplies. Gasometers do not grow at the roadside like petrol pumps, nor at the moment do I know whether the gas producing companies would be prepared to supply fill-ups for the cylinders for the travelling motorist. Obviously he would be unable to fill his own cylinders from the tap in his own home, owing to the high pressure required in the cylinder or container.

When all these difficulties are added to the fact that gas gives far less power than petrol, the futility of expecting its use, at any rate on touring cars when used for serious business purposes, seems obvious under present conditions.

No, the simpler and more practical way of elongating that monthly 200 miles' ration is first by improved driving technique, specially practised for the present state of emergency, and second, by making a few simple adjustments to the car and its engine.

Driving technique consists in hanging on to top gear as long as possible, eliminating idling periods, either after starting up from cold or when waiting, getting into neutral whenever possible and allowing the car to freewheel, with the engine switched off, down hill or when approaching a "halt—major road ahead" sign or traffic signal. And of course the speed should be kept down to an economical figure of 30-40 m.p.h.

On the technical side some economy can be obtained by re-setting the throttle stop screw or adjuster, so that when the accelerator is released the throttle is completely, instead of nearly, closed, as it is in the ordinary way. The only snag to this arrangement is that the engine will stop when the gear is put into neutral for coasting or waiting at a traffic sign. To overcome this drawback it should be possible to arrange some form of hand setting control, that is, unless one is already provided.

The importance of the water temperature being quickly raised to the correct level and maintained there, should not be overlooked. And for this reason care should be taken to see that thermostatically controlled radiator shutters work properly. As winter approaches, and the temperature of the atmosphere falls, it may help considerably if a radiator muff is fitted for constant use during short journeys. Another plan, which is worth trying, especially if the car is only used for short journeys, is to remove the fan belt. This obviously not only permits the engine to warm up quickly but will keep it at a higher and therefore more efficient running temperature when running at the comparatively low speed of 30-40 m.p.h. under a very light load.

Of course, if one is prepared to go still further in making adjustments to the engine one could raise the compression, always on the understanding that the throttle would never be open more than say, one-third. On the other hand, it should be noted that with quite a number of cars the compression ratio has been pushed up so far already that when a low grade fuel is used and the throttle is opened fully, they are subject to pink. So owners of these cars, intended to be run on Ethyl or its equivalent, are faced with the following alternatives: either they must never open the throttle more than a small amount, or else they must reduce the compression ratio of their engine. The simplest way to achieve the latter is to fit a second cylinder gasket. When this is being done, care should be taken to see that the holes in both gaskets correspond and match up with the holes in the upper face of the cylinder in its head.

Another important hint for securing additional economy is to inflate the tyres to a pressure even higher than that recommended for all round comfort and security by the makers. It is pointed out by experts that a reduction of fifty per cent in the pressure of a tyre increases the rolling resistance by some forty per cent.

If one were so inclined one could carry out a series of rolling tests by starting the car from a stand-still in neutral on a decline, and noting how far it would glide down the hill with the tyres pumped up to varying pressures. One would then probably discover a pressure beyond which there would be no gain in the length of the glide.

With a little practice one should become so expert in the drill of coasting and switching off the engine that on a well-known road the brakes should hardly ever be called into action. For every time they are used it means that a few more yards are knocked off the highest attainable mileage figure. Practice will also indicate the correct moment for switching on and re-engaging top gear.



BACK ONCE MORE TO THE GAS BAG

A start at conversion. A crate has to be fitted to keep the gas bag from swaying about. The Leeds Corporation have installed a special gas main at their depot in readiness for more users.

ROAD ACCIDENTS AND THE BLACK-OUT

In the absence of official figures, the National "Safety First" Association is endeavouring to keep a close watch on the accident position. The Association is hoping by means of examining newspaper reports of inquests in all parts of the country to discover just how present conditions are making the roads more dangerous. It will then be possible to suggest how individual road users can best help themselves and each other to overcome the difficulties.

The "black out" has made night movement much more difficult, but it must not be forgotten that accidents happened at night in peace time, and it is not fair to ascribe every mishap to war circumstances. In war, as in peace, the common sense of the road user is the best protection, and the more this truth is hammered home the less likely the increase in accidents. Many people seem to have the idea that the coming of war means that traffic regulations have been put into cold storage "for the duration." Such an idea is quite ridiculous. The man who behaves reasonably on the roads is the most likely to give the best service in emergency. Dangerous road conduct indicates a lack of public spirit and is not a sign of personal importance.

FARMERS AND THEIR LANDLORDS.—In order to remove any misapprehension regarding the position as between landlord and tenant in connection with the ploughing up campaign, Orders will be issued by County War Agricultural Executive Committees in due course in respect of all grass land voluntarily ploughed up after the outbreak of the war (September 3rd) in response to his appeal, and copies will be served on both landlord and tenant. These Orders will have the effect of overriding the terms of the farmer's tenancy agreement and will exempt him from the necessity of obtaining the landowner's consent or of complying with any conditions imposed by the landowner in the tenancy agreement or otherwise, in regard to such ploughing up. No farmer should delay ploughing up pending the receipt of an Order from the Committee.

BRIDGE

OVERCALLS

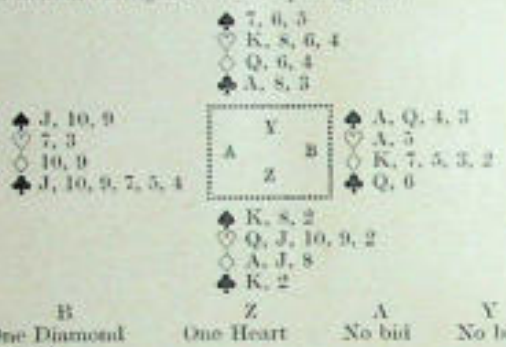
By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

BEFORE commencing this article I should like to pay a short tribute to the late A. Manning Foster. Of late years he was regarded as the Grand Old Man of Bridge. He was a founder and until recently president of the British Bridge League and one of the first sponsors of Duplicate Bridge in this country. Founder and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*, he always advocated a game free from convention, and he was well known for his favourite motto of "Bridge is a game."

He wrote several books on Bridge, notably *Contract without Conventions*, and was until the early part of this year Cards Editor of the *Field*. He was responsible for the *Bridge Magazine* offering the Gold Cup, the most coveted trophy amongst British players for teams of four. His many correspondents and friends all over the world will regret his death.

Many players are curiously illogical with their overcalls. On hands on which they would not dream of opening the bidding with a one call, they gaily overcall with two. When playing against good opponents the overcaller is often doubled and suffers heavy penalties. However, he never seems to realise that the fault is his own.

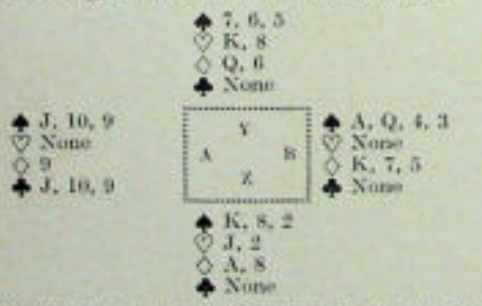
His first excuse is, "It was only an overcall, partner," if taxed with the enormity of his crime; his next line of defence is that "the distribution of the opponents' cards was very unfortunate." This habit of making weak overcalls has a secondary effect, when the partner of the overcaller begins to distrust the bid and will not give a raise unless very strong. Although the overcall may be rather weak in defence against the opponents' bid, it should always be strong in playing tricks. As a general guide, the overcall should be only slightly weaker in honour strength than an opening bid.



B	Z	A	Y
One Diamond	One Heart	No bid	No bid
No bid			

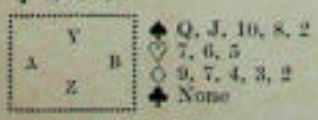
Y thinking that Z's bid was only an overcall, waited until the next round. Unfortunately, there was not a next round. His correct bid is undoubtedly Two Hearts and then the hand would probably be played in Three Hearts.

The play of the hand was rather interesting. A.'s opening lead of the 10 of Diamonds was taken by Z's Jack of Diamonds. The Queen of Hearts was led and taken by B, who returned a Heart, taken by the 9 of Hearts. Z now eliminated Clubs by leading the King and Ace and ruffing the 3 of Clubs with the 10 of Hearts. The following situation had now been reached.



Dummy was now entered by leading the 2 of Hearts and a Spade led. B ducked and Z took the trick with the King of Spades. A Spade was returned and whether A or B took the trick they could only make one more Spade trick. The return of the thirteenth Spade gives Z a ruff and a discard. A Diamond lead by B would be run to the Queen in Dummy, a Diamond lead by A would be covered by Y and the 8 of Diamonds established. It should be noted that to make the hand it is essential that Z eliminates Clubs and Hearts and throws the lead with a Spade.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

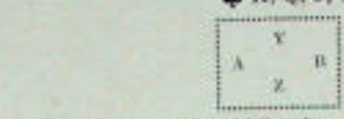


The bidding has gone.

Z	A	Y	B
Four Hearts	Five Clubs	Five Hearts	All pass

A leads the Ace of Clubs. How should B defend the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	Y
One Heart	Two Clubs
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

A leads the 5 of Diamonds. How should B defend the hand?

SOLUTION

On the bidding it is certain that Z has a stop in Diamonds, and unless A has the Ace of Clubs the hand cannot be defeated. If, however, A has the Ace of Clubs it is essential that Y's entry, the Ace of Spades, is removed. For this purpose B must take the trick with the Ace of Diamonds and return the King of Spades and another Spade, if Z should hold up the Ace of Spades. A low Spade return is of no use, since Z will almost certainly take the trick with the Queen of Spades. Z's hand was:

♠ Q, J, 8
♡ A, K, 7, 5
◇ K, Q, 8, 3
♣ 10, 6

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

THIS year's congress of the International Chess Federation was held at Buenos Aires and has recently come to its conclusion. No fewer than 27 teams took part in the International Team Tournament, but unfortunately U.S.A., the holders, were unable to compete. The 27 teams were arranged in four preliminary groups, the final scores in which were as follows: (a) Bohemia and Moravia and Poland each 18½ points out of 28, England 13½, Brazil 12½, Canada 11, Paraguay and Peru each 5; (b) Latvia 17½ points out of 24, Germany 18, Chile 14, France 13½, Belgium 10, Uruguay 8½, Bolivia 4½; (c) Argentina 18 points out of 24, Lithuania 16½, Holland 15, Denmark 13½, Ireland 13, Eire 4½, Ecuador 3½; (d) Sweden 14 points out of 20, Estonia 15, Palestine 11, Cuba 10, Norway 8, Guatemala 4.

The first four teams in each of the groups then played together in a final tournament, with the exception of England, who withdrew on account of the war. The final scores were as follows: Germany 36 points out of 50, Poland 35½, Estonia 32½, Sweden 32, Argentina 24½, Bohemia and Moravia 32, Latvia 31½, Holland 30½, Palestine 26, France 24½, Cuba 22½, Chile and Lithuania each 22, Brazil 21 and Denmark 17½. The scores made in the preliminary sections were not carried forward.

A tournament for the Women's Championship of the World was also played. Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson retained her title with a score of 18 points out of 19.

A game from the match between Argentina and Latvia.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Pleci. (Argentina.)	BLACK. Endzelins. (Latvia.)	WHITE. Pleci. (Argentina.)	BLACK. Endzelins. (Latvia.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	12. Kt to K 5, ch (g)	P takes Kt
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	13. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to Kt 3 (h)
3. Kt to Q 2	P to Q B 4	14. B takes B	Kt takes B (i)
4. K Kt to B 3 (a)	Q P tks P (b)	15. R takes R	P to Q R 5
5. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 2	16. B to K 2 (j)	P to K 5
6. P takes P	Kt takes P (c)	17. P to K B 4 (k)	P to Kt 4
7. Q takes Q, ch	K takes Q	18. R to K 8	K to B 3
8. B to Kt 5, ch	P to B 3	19. R to B 8, ch	K to Kt 3
9. Castles, ch	K to K sq (d)	20. P to K B 4	B to Kt 2 (l)
10. B to Kt 5, ch	K to B 2 (e)	21. P to R 5, ch	Resigns (m)
11. R to Q 8 (f)	B to K 2		

(a) If K P takes P, then Q takes P leads to an even game.
(b) Kt to Q B 3 is, perhaps, better.
(c) An inferior move. He should, instead, play 6. . . . B takes P followed, if 7. Kt takes B, by 7. . . . Q to R 4, ch; 8. B to Q 2, Q takes Kt.
(d) K to B 2 is preferable.
(e) If 10. . . . B to Q 2, then 11. Kt takes Kt, B takes B; 12. Kt takes K P.
(f) A fine move. If now 11. . . . P takes B, then 12. Kt to K 5, ch, K to K 2; 13. R to K 8, mate; or, if, instead, 11. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 12. Kt to K 5, ch, K to K 2 (if P takes Kt, then B to K 8, mate); 13. R to K 8, ch, K to Q 3; 14. Kt to B 7, ch, K to B 4 (if K to B 2, then R takes B); 15. B to K 3, ch, K takes B; 16. R takes K B followed by 17. Kt takes R.
(g) Another fine move.
(h) If R takes Kt, then B to K 8, ch, followed by B to Kt 6 or B 5, mate.
(i) There is nothing better.
(j) Threatening B to B 3, which would prevent the development of Black's Queen's side by P to Q Kt 4 and B to Kt 2.
(k) A good move.
(l) This loses at once. P to K R 4 would prolong the game.
(m) White mates next move.

FINE'S PLAY

The following game, from the American Chess Federation's Championship Tournament at New York, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master Reuben Fine. He won the tournament with the splendid score of 10½ points out of 11.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. R. Fine.	BLACK. I. Horowitz.	WHITE. R. Fine.	BLACK. I. Horowitz.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	18. R to K sq	K R to K sq
2. P to Q 4	P to Q B 4	19. Q to Kt 2	Kt to Q 4
3. P to K Kt 3	Kt to K B 3	20. Q R to B sq (g)	B to R 6 (h)
4. B to Kt 2	P to K 3	21. B to R sq	Q to B 4
5. Castles	Kt to B 3	22. P to B 6	P takes P
6. P to B 4	B to K 2	23. P takes P	Kt (K 5) to B 6
7. B P takes P	K P takes P	24. Kt takes Kt	Kt tks Kt (i)
8. Kt to B 3	Castles (a)	25. Kt to B 4	B to Kt 5
9. P takes P (b)	P to Q 5 (c)	26. P to K 3 (j)	P to Kt 4
10. Kt to Q R 4	B to B 4	27. P takes P	Kt to Q 8
11. B to B 4 (d)	Kt to K 5	28. Q to Q 2	R takes R, ch
12. P to Q Kt 4	B to B 3 (e)	29. Q takes R	P takes Kt
13. P to Kt 5	Kt to K 2	30. P to B 7	R to Q B sq
14. R to K 5	R takes B	31. R to Kt 7	P takes P
15. Kt takes B	Q to Q 4	32. R P takes P	B to B 6 (k)
16. Kt to Q 3 (f)	Q R to Q sq	33. B takes K	Q takes B
17. Q to B sq	Q to K 3	34. Q to K 7	Resigns.

(a) A well-known position in Tarrasch's defence to the Queen's Gambit has been reached by transposition of moves.
(b) B to Kt 5 is considered to be stronger.
(c) This pawn-sacrifice was strongly recommended by Dr. Tarrasch.
(d) The usual move is Kt to R 4. The text-move, which is preparatory to P to Q Kt 4, appears to be stronger. If at once P to Q Kt 4, then P to Q 6 is good for Black.
(e) If 12. . . . Kt takes Kt P, then 13. Kt takes P, B to Kt 3; 14. B to Kt sq, P to Q B 4; 15. P to Q B 3, Kt to Q B 3; 16. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 17. B to Kt 7 with the better game for White. If, instead, 12. . . . Kt to B 6, then 13. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 14. P to Kt 5 leads to a complicated game in which White appears to have the better chances.
(f) White has the advantage. His Queen's side pawns are very strong.
(g) Not 23. Q takes P because of 20. . . . Kt (Q 4) to B 6; 21. Q to Kt 4, Kt takes Kt; 22. Q takes Kt (R 4), Kt to B 6; 23. Q to R 2, Kt takes P, ch; 24. R takes Kt, Q takes R; 25. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 26. Kt to B 4, R to B 7 with advantage to Black.
(h) If Kt (K 5) to B 6, then Kt takes Kt followed, if Kt takes Kt, by Kt to B 4 or, if P takes Kt, by Q to Kt sq, threatening P to K 4.
(i) If P takes Kt, then Q to Kt 3, threatening P to K 4.
(j) A good move. If now 26. . . . P to Q 6 (threatening P to Q 7), then 27. Kt takes P, Kt to K 7, ch; 28. R takes Kt, B takes R; 29. Q takes B, R takes Kt; 30. P to B 7 and wins.
(k) Black has no satisfactory move.

PROBLEM No. 4035

By Frhr. F. VON WARDENER.*

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

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K Kt 6, Rooks at Q R 2 and Q R 6, Bishop at Q B 2, Pawns at K R 3, Q R 3, K 4 and Q 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Deutsche Schachblätter*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4034

1. Q to Kt 3, Any move; 2. Q or R mates.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—We understood that, on account of the war, this tournament will not be played.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 538

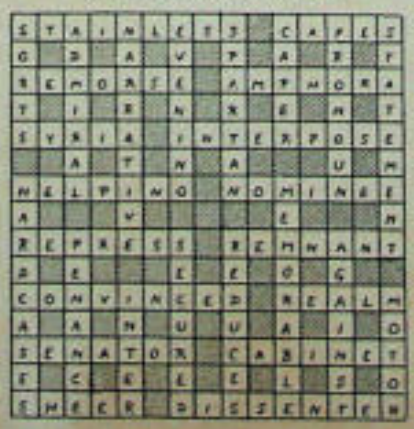
ACROSS.—7, This is before you now (5). 8, Unaffectedly (9). 10, Primes (anag.) (8). 11, Gradient (anag.) (8). 12, Honest (8). 14, My very dear nurse was particularly kind to me (hidden) (4). 15, The man expected to hear something at each stopping-place (hidden) (4). 18, Job in *The Pickwick Papers* (7). 20, Allots (7). 22, Seed-vessel without the flesh (4). 24, Eastern judge (4). 26, One shade of blue (8). 29, Nora is between her parents (8). 30, Ignore (anag.) (6). 31, Honours (9). 32, April 1st, 1900 and December 25th, 1938 (5).

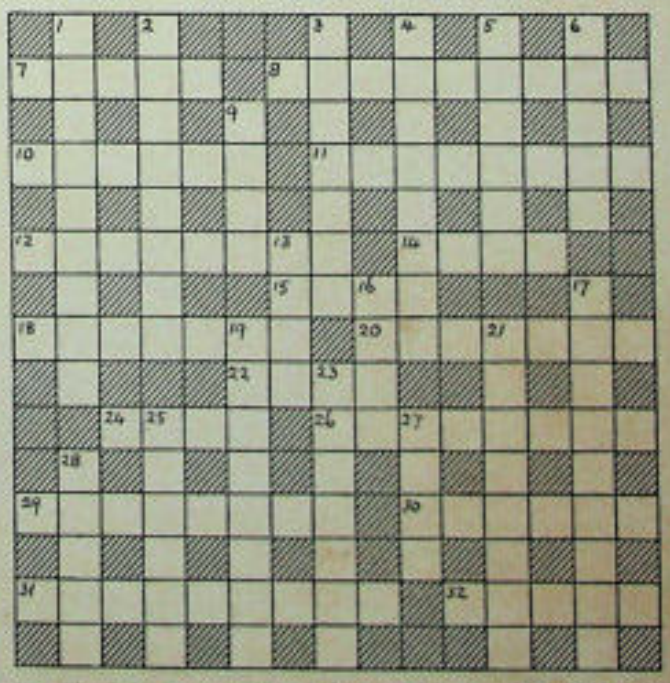
DOWN.—1, "Angels and —— of grave defend us" (*Hamlet*) (9). 2, This animal is credited with a phenomenally good memory (8). 3, Choral work (7). 4, Certainty (8). 5, Andrew (anag.) (6). 6, "We carved not a line and we raised not a stone But we left him —— with his glory" (Wolfe) (5). 9, A rugged rock (4). 13, The really urgent question is how we are to escape from our difficult position (hidden) (4). 16, Use abusive language (4). 17, Idea in top (anag.) (9). 19, "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and ——" (*Richard II*) (8). 21, This comes of altering "altering" . . . (8). 24, . . . while this is "altered" altered (7). 25, A spring? (6). 27, The result in the hectic-to-me appeared very dangerous (hidden) (4). 28, The Queen who married Private Willis (5).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 537

Published October 7th





FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

ALTHOUGH agriculture is perhaps the industry least of all suited to sudden changes, it is adapting itself remarkably well. This may partly be because some of the things we are doing under the stress of war are things that might equally well be done in time of peace. For example, ploughing up grassland. Before the war, and even before the £2 per acre grant was given, some of the more venturous farmers had been busy ploughing up their pasture, on lines advised by Sir George Stapledon, and finding every reason to be well pleased with the result. The difference now is that counties are ploughing in thousands of acres instead of tens, and the land is being sown to cereal or fodder crops or potatoes and not to new grass. But the farming principle is the same, and the industry is fortunate in having to do under the duress of war what will improve the land and make it more productive for many years to come.

Again, the pre-war oats and barley subsidies were designed in a way to encourage farmers to grow more of these crops to feed their own stock. It was not so much that we needed the oats and barley, but rather that growing more of our feeding-stuffs promotes good farming, and helps to save the farmer from being at the mercy of any ill wind that affects the price of feeding-stuffs in any country in the world.

Provided that arable farming can be carried on under reasonable financial conditions, agriculture looks like being all the healthier for these war-time measures, and the farmer born and bred will find satisfaction in them. He is now able to make the land produce to the full, with no limitations of output, no compulsion by force of circumstances to over-specialise, but to get back to the old principles of mixed arable farming with rotation of crops. In their hearts the men on the land that is now being ploughed up have always known this to be right.

So we are getting a war-time picture of a more active, more fertile countryside, with the plough coming into its own again and the farm a more self-contained unit. Prices for what is sold off the farm are being fixed—in much the same way as we have done for some time now with wheat, milk and hops—and the costs of such things as fertilisers and feeding-stuffs are being fixed also. The Minister has given his assurance that these two vital factors are being closely watched with a view to keeping them in step. There is this further advantage. In times when food imports are likely to be curtailed, the home producer can expect a stronger demand for his output that will make it unlikely that he will have much surplus left on his hands. There is strong evidence that farmers are already feeling more at home in this new world and the plough is going forward with increasing confidence.

Beef producers will have noted that an Order from the Ministry of Food gives them a possible 4/- per live cwt. more for the better animals of the "Ordinary" class—that is, for cattle of this grade estimated to kill out at 57 per cent. or more. The reason for this was that many useful cattle of this class, with plenty of meat on them, were coming forward, although they were not quite of the type and conformation to put them in the quality grade. But under existing conditions they seemed to merit a higher price. The new maximum prices for fat cattle are therefore as follows:

MAXIMUM PRICES.

Quality—
57 per cent. and over, 48/- per live cwt.
54–56 per cent., 44/- per live cwt.
Ordinary—
57 per cent. and over, 44/- per live cwt.
54–56 per cent., 40/- per live cwt.
Others—
53 per cent. and under, 37/- per live cwt.

POTASH ON THE FARM

Since most of our potash fertilisers came from Germany, this particular fertiliser is likely to be in short supply. But farmers need not worry unduly. The same thing happened in the last war and we got along remarkably well without it. Cereals do not normally require much potash. The shortage will be felt most by such crops as sugar beet, mangolds, potatoes and the legumes such as clover, lucern, vetches, peas and beans, especially on certain light soils.

Until 1890 potash salts were unknown to farming use; up to then the manure heap did what was necessary. Farms working on the four-course rotation can still do with little bought potash if plenty of dung is made, for the animal retains little of the potash contained in feeding-stuffs. Hay, straw and roots contain relatively a very large proportion of the potash removed from the soil by them, and if these crops are consumed on the farm where they were grown much of the potash will be returned to the land through the manure.

But the manure heap must be adequately protected from heavy rainfall. The liquid manure must also be saved, for this contains much valuable plant food. It may be saved by collecting in tanks or other containers, or by using plenty of litter to absorb it. The liquid manure can be applied direct to the land, or by soaking it up in some absorbent material such as compost or peat moss.

Other sources of potash on the farm are the leaves of root crops or crop residues. Mangold leaves, for example, are comparatively rich in potash. The leaves should be spread evenly over the soil and ploughed in. The potash released by their decomposition should suffice for a succeeding crop of anything else. Potash in considerable quantities is also stored in the roots of crops, especially clover leys and grassland, and this should be borne in mind when deciding on the cropping for the coming season.

Those who live near the coast can meet any potash deficiency by liberal applications of seaweed. "Broad-weed" can be used after rotting in heaps, but "grassy weed" and "tangle" should be dried and burnt. A ton of broad-weed should yield 20lb. to 30lb. potash (enough to manure a quarter to half an acre of potatoes), while good quality ash may contain 16 per cent. of potash.

In inland districts potash may be obtained from brushwood, sawdust, weeds, bracken, hedge trimmings, damaged straw and fallen trees. They should be collected and burnt and used in gardens for such crops as late potatoes, parsnips, carrots and spring onions. Bracken ash only yields about 2.5 per cent. potash, but hedge trimmings and waste cavings each give 10 per cent. Flue dust from sawmills and smelting furnaces gives about 10 per cent. also. These ashes must not be exposed to rain.

There is also another method of obtaining potash, specially applicable where high farming has been practised and large quantities of potash salts and cake-fed dung used. In such cases potash has probably accumulated in the soil and it can be released by applications of dressings of agricultural salt or lime.

Lime is usually preferable to salt on heavy soils; salt would be more useful on light soils rich in reserves of potash. Salt would be more generally suitable for mangolds, lime for leguminous crops. Neither lime nor salt supply potash; they only set free potash already in the soil.

POULTRY FARMERS

It would be a happy day for the poultry industry—and for the Minister of Agriculture—if they could be told quite definitely what feeding-stuffs will be available for them for the rest of the war. That, unfortunately, is not possible.

But this is the Minister's view. The position cannot become clear for some time, in view of the uncertainty of the general situation. Everything possible will be done to provide feeding-stuffs for the poultry industry, but it is probably too much to hope that the normal requirements of the industry, as at present organised, will be fulfilled. In their own interests, therefore, poultry-keepers should begin now to think of alternative sources of supply. Some may be in a position to grow more of their own, others may have to depend more upon the waste products of the kitchen, the garden and the allotment. Cooked potatoes may be fed up to one-sixth of the feed requirements. But such rations must be properly prepared and properly balanced with mash and grain.

There is considerable scope in substituting other grains for the wheat, kibbled maize and oats that make up a typical grain ration in normal times. Barley, buckwheat, dari and millets and rye are possible alternatives.

Barley may be used with wheat or oats or maize up to half of the grain ration. Preliminary soaking makes it more palatable.

Buckwheat is very palatable and may be used with other grains up to one-fifth.

Dari and millets have a feeding value akin to wheat and can be freely used either as grain or meal in place of wheat. The small grains are well suited to chicks and young growing stock in place of cut wheat or maize grits.

Rye is akin to wheat, but is somewhat unpalatable and should not be used for young stock. The safety limit of rye in the grain ration is two-fifths.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 21st.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Chapel Green—9.
ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Dunton Bassett—9.
BERKSHIRE, OAKLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Stalmswick—8.30.
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Smiths Cross; Tu., Dejon's Green; Th., Chantry Post; S., Ashurst School—9.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND AND WALES

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Opening meet, Flagg; W., Newhaven; S., Monyash—12.
HOSCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Edenfield S., Grant's Tower (by-days)—12.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), The Mountfield Arms, Rowarth; S., The Church, Harpur Hill—1.30 for 1.45. Every effort will be made to keep the above meets and to continue hunting with a small pack as long as is possible. Members are advised, however, to 'phone the Kennels, Chapel-en-le-Frith 17, or The Hon. Secretary, Chapel-en-le-Frith 83, and get confirmation of each meet the day before.
EDITH WESTON.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Crown Inn, Worthy Road; S., Norfolk Arms, Greenside—1.30.
FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Wednesday (Oct. 18th), Gatesyke, Cartmel; F., Town Bank, Ulverston—10.30.
NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Penn Common; W., New Forest Inn, Emery Down; S., Godshill—11.
SANDHURST.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Owlsmoor Village—2.30. Followers must carry respirators, and are particularly requested to avoid doing damage to fences.
STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Marquis of Granby, Sompting, near Worthing; W., Rangers Common, Petworth; S., Greatham Common—11. No further fixture cards will be sent out this season, but all future fixtures will be published in the following: *Field, Horse and Hound, West Sussex Gazette, Sussex Daily News, Southern Weekly, West Sussex County Times, Worthing Herald*, and *Worthing Gazette*. Subscriptions are due, and should be sent to Mr. A. E. Cook, Newtuggin, Storrington. The continuance of the Hunt will depend to a great extent on the financial support given.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

NEWRY.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Sheepbridge; F., Frankfort—12.30.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Forestry

Dead Scots Pine.—The tree which you sent by passenger train has arrived safely, and if it is a fair sample of the trees in the wood, then it is, to our mind, very clearly a case of drought. The last three springs have been exceptionally dry and many strong growing trees have died in different parts of the country. The soil enclosed with the tree is of a light sandy nature, and the presence of a small piece of sandstone suggests that it is probably not very deep and overlying rock. These are conditions under which drought would have its greatest effect. The particular tree sent has made a noble effort and in ordinary years would probably have survived. Its growth during the first year after planting was 3in.; in the second year it lost its leader, probably due to the pine shoot tortrix; in the third year a lateral shoot grew strongly, obtaining a length of 5in.; in the fourth, fifth and sixth years the shoots were 5in., 8in. and 9in. respectively. The diameter at the base of the stem is between 1¼in. and 1¾in., and the tree above the ground shows a sturdy though slow rate of growth, although it was rather late in making a start. Below the ground we find a different story, the root system is all one-sided, and when the tree was young the roots were probably lanky and lacking in fibre, a fatal defect when planting in a dry soil. The defective method of planting which caused the roots to be set in the ground in a one-sided manner was undoubtedly a contributory factor. From these observations you will gather that had the tree been of a desirable type in the first place, with a compact fibrous root system, and had it been planted skilfully with the roots well spread out and the tap root kept in a vertical line, the tree would almost certainly have survived the drought, as Scots pine are particularly resourceful in this respect. From what we have seen we should have no hesitation in replanting the area with Scots pine, paying careful regard to these two points.—*S.*

Garden

Growing Hydrangeas.—The soil sent is decidedly alkaline, either the bulk is naturally so or it has been heavily dressed with lime at some time. This would cause any hydrangea planted in it to bear red or pink flowers varying in intensity according to the variety, but very rarely, if ever, would they become blue. In acid soils the red and pink colouring is intensified while the plant is growing in the upper cultivated soil, when the roots reach the subsoil they often turn blue, especially when it is impregnated with iron. Again, the shade of blue varies with the variety grown. As your soil is alkaline, I suggest that you should try growing them in tubs or large pots above the surface of the soil, placed so that your natural water soakage, which is probably also alkaline, is not absorbed into the soil. The compost should consist of two parts of light peat, two parts of leaf mould, one part of loam and a good sprinkling of sand. Provide good drainage and pot only moderately firm. To obtain blue flowers purchase one of the blue colouring compounds and use according to the directions given. We note that you mention that there are good blue hydrangeas only 200yds. away from your garden. Soils in some localities vary in a few yards, or it is possible that the water passing through the soil is of a different character. We grow some hundreds of large bushes, only those recently planted are pink or red, the iron subsoil causes the others to turn blue.—*A. W. J., Pembrokeshire.*

Kennel

Fits.—The symptoms described are not at all typical of canine hysteria, but rather those of chorea and epileptic fits. It seems probable, therefore, that the fits which occurred when he was three months old were associated with distemper, which has left the chorea in its wake. There is no cure for chorea, but to get rid of the worms, which cannot but have a prejudicial effect on his nervous system, we should suggest giving him 15 drops of syrup of iodide of iron in a little water once a day for about ten days and repeat this course of treatment after an interval of ten days.—*M. N. H., Oxford.*

Shooting

Heather Beetle.—The frosted appearance of the heather is caused by the grub of the beetle (*Lochmaea suturalis*). The grubs appear during July and August, the beetle itself emerging in September merely to go to ground again for hibernation. Very rarely is the beetle seen because a slight shock sends him to ground at once. It is always in the late summer that 'frosting' is reported and the difficulty is to deal with the pest, as the beetle is below ground during the time that heather can be legally burnt. The eggs are found in June on the lower stalks of sphagnum moss and one of the methods of control advocated is to rake out the moss in the neighbourhood of the frosted heather and spread it out to dry in the sun. This will kill the insect in the egg, which needs moisture for hatching. Another method is the rather expensive one of surface draining wet areas. There is nothing else that can be done so far as we know, but research is likely to be directed towards finding a disease with which the beetle can be infected.—*H. J. (Fife).*

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MR. MICHAEL LYNE

Mr. Michael Lyne, author of *Horses, Hounds and Country*, and one of the most promising of our younger sporting artists, is now a private in the Herefordshire Regiment. Recently, while on short leave, he hunted the United Cotswold Beagles, of which he is Master, killing his hare after a great 49 minutes' hunt. The pack is being carried on by Mr. Mallinson and Mr. Cheney as Joint-Masters

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GERMAN DOCTRINE

AFTER five weeks of inflamed peace, we have had Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Herr Hitler's "peace" offer. The reply was the only one that could possibly be given. Any form of negotiation on the terms offered by Herr Hitler was quite impossible. Any form of negotiation is quite impossible without the assurance of the most binding guarantees given in advance. As no country is in the least likely to guarantee Herr Hitler's word, and as no one would believe for a single moment any guarantee given by Herr Hitler, we may take it that the period of inflamed peace is now ended, and that the war we declared on September 3rd has now begun.

It is, we are assured, a war not against Germany, but against Hitlerism. The removal of Hitlerism would, therefore, ensure peace. And no doubt there are a good many people, though certainly they are in a considerable minority, in Germany, who would like to see Hitlerism removed and a peace, though not an anti-German peace, proclaimed.

But what is Hitlerism? It is too frequently forgotten that this is the *fifth* time in less than 100 years that Germany has put Europe to war. Hitlerism we have come to regard as a recent growth. Is it anything of the sort? May it not be that it is but another manifestation of the old disease? Round about 1870 Europe talked of Prussianism: twenty-five years ago we went to war against Kaiserism; to-day we fight Hitlerism. But do not let us make any mistake. The doctrines so clearly preached in *Mein Kampf* are not Hitler's. They are more than 100 years old.

Leaders may make their peoples: but first the people must make the leader.

In 1918 the German people revolted. They revolted, not against Kaiserism, though Kaiserism went to the wall in the course of the revolt, but against lack of food and lack of money. We have no doubt that at some time in the future, in perhaps the near future, the German people will revolt again. But will it be a revolt against Hitlerism, or against lack of food and lack of money? And having revolted, is it not obvious that Stalinism will take the place of Hitlerism, Communism replace Nazism? Unless—!

Unless, in the making of the peace that is to come we can remove the causes that so many times in the last 100 years have produced the cult that knows no life but war.

What those causes are is a matter of opinion. The German people are a very nice people until they become arrogant. They become arrogant very easily. We do not pretend to know a certain cure for arrogance, but we are convinced that there must be one somewhere. We are by no means convinced that the mere removal of Hitlerism, which in itself is not any easy task, is the cure for the world's ills; that it will ensure no recurrence of the disease that has five times in 100 years smitten Europe, that has three times in that period laid waste Poland.

Herr Hitler has been talking about the horror of war. He has pointed out that there cannot in a war be two victors. But Herr Hitler, who now so eagerly requests a conference, might have had that conference in August or at any time in the last year. He did not want it. He knew there could only be one victor in a war with Poland. He cared nothing then for the horrors of war—a blood bath was good for Poland. Now—well, now things are a little different. War waged in Germany is much more horrible than war waged in Poland. And it remains true that in war there cannot be two victors.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was the model of what such a speech should be. It was firm, dignified, and non-aggressive. It left no room for doubt about our attitude. We cannot now retract—we could never have retracted—without losing all honour.

Honour, even in the 1930's, is a jewel beyond price. It is the corner stone of peace, the corner stone of all life. It has been missing from the German edifice for many years. We have two great tasks in this war: the forcing home to the German people of the truths contained in Herr Hitler's speech, and the rebuilding of Europe upon a sure foundation. We cannot do the latter without first accomplishing the former.

TRUST, AMUSEMENT, AND BUREAUCRACY

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is of the opinion that the British Public should be trusted, and should be given more news. He is also of the opinion that the B.B.C. programmes are dull. And he admits that the British Public have lost faith (they never had it) in the Ministry of Information.

No one would disagree with Sir Samuel Hoare on this occasion. Everyone must have been pleased with this speech. But we want more than speeches. We want news, and we want entertainment from the B.B.C., and we want both presented efficiently.

We do get the news. We know now that the Cap Norte has been captured. But we don't know when or where or by whom; and it surely would not make any difference to Germany if we did know these things but it would make a great deal of difference to us. The official announcement of this German liner's capture followed a hint dropped by the *Daily Telegraph*. Is that the way we are to be trusted?

Again there are any number of rumours about the German pocket-battleship, *Admiral Scheer*. It is said—it has even appeared in one or two papers—that she is out in the South Atlantic. If true, she has apparently been there some time. She may, of course, have been sunk. She may, of course, be in Kiel or Wilhelmshaven. We do not know. Might we not be trusted with some news of her whereabouts. If she has got out, we know she won't get back. If she has not got out might we not be told? Might we not be told in any case? German raiders were out in the last war, and we knew about them. We were told about them. We did not panic. And the fact that we knew was of no assistance to Germany. There should be some limit to red-taped bureaucracy.

As it is, fewer and fewer people listen to the English news in English. And when they want entertainment they go to the German news in English. Surely they could get amusement from the B.B.C. if the B.B.C. really tried. Sir Samuel Hoare admits that the programme is dull. That is a characteristic understatement. It is horribly, depressingly, morbidly, any adjective-you-like, dull. *Adolf in Blunderland* and Gracie Fields have been the only bright spots.

Is it really necessary, just because there is a war on, to close down on everything? To ask for more and more and to give less and less. The Government may ask for anything they want, and they will get it. In return they might trust us, and amuse us. To do so should not overstrain even the bureaucratic mind.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED —

AND it is really funny. The first war time show is in every way excellent and a true lineal successor to the shows that were put on during the last war for the amusement and relaxation of a somewhat worried population. Mr. George Black knows very much more about the needs of a civil population in war time—so far as relaxation goes—than all the Government Departments and the B.B.C. put together. He knows, too, that uniforms and martial music and flags have a certain value—a heart-stirring value—in times such as these. But he does not overdo it in the very least. And he is most ably assisted by Mrs. Flanagan's boy, Bud, and the Crazy Gang generally. They—and particularly Bud—are the life and soul of the party. But the music is good, the dancing excellent, and the "knock 'em down" turn at the end quite masterly. As a clever mixture of Vaudeville and Revue this show is beyond criticism. You will be taken out of yourself, you will laugh uproariously, you will come out feeling uplifted. And this show at the Palladium finishes early—and the seats are cheap.

AUTUMNAL

The Golden Days? Of these you tell,
When Youth was young and Hope was high
And all the world went very well,
And favourites were a certainty?
How blue those April skies would stoop
When, nosegays in the coats of us,
We saw ourselves ride cock-a-hoop—
Apollos sitting Pegasus?

You name the days of daffodil
And sunrise on the mountain top?
You recollect when Jack and Jill
Brought pitchers home nor spilt a drops,
And took them to the well again?
Now Autumn is where young Jack trod?
Yet when, since God made wind and rain,
Did Autumn need an Ichabod?

Her banners fly from oak and beech;
Her bugles in the high wood call;
Her tabors in the forest teach
Gold leaves to dance although they fall:
Her days grow many? They've that knack:
The days grow old? And with them we;
The burden of them bends the back?
The burden does not bend the knee.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I WRITE at a period when so great a darkness overspreads the world that even the beautiful perennial themes it has been my privilege to handle are obscured by it. Whatever comes out of that darkness, whether a new hope or despair, the world we have lived in of late can never be quite the same again, and it is the gain rather than the loss that should be a kind of oblique comfort to us. In the first place, science will in the future be displaced from our idolatry and there the gain is incalculable. Idolatry destroys perception, so that we have been incapable of observing how science has been much more often wrong than right since the seventies of last century, when it established such a dominance over mind and matter as actually succeeded—to our twisted minds—in expelling God from His own universe. Now we are able to see to what science, that arbitrarily cut itself off from all spiritual insight and moral issues, that has done its best to enslave the world by its sinister alliance with money, and by turning men into machine-minders, by establishing automatism both in its acts and its philosophy, to what it has brought humanity. Its career has been strewn with fallacies—fallacies about the meaning and constitution of the universe, fallacies about the history of man, fallacies about animate nature, fallacies about agriculture and the land. But its arrogance and self-deification have been partly our own fault, because we have accorded it a worship we owe only to God. We might have made it a good servant, but we allowed it to become one of the very worst masters that has ever plagued the hapless generations of men. As that master, we see it now as what it is, a monster, an idol most hideous. And it is to our gain, to our salvation (to use an old-fashioned word) to see it as it is.

Another burden loosened by the lesson of the great darkness is the dogma of inevitable progress, one of the cruel fantasies created by the unholy coupling between science and a purely material attitude to all the phenomena of life. It is needless to point out that a grosser absurdity has never, not even in the most lightless superstitions of savages, so fettered the freedom and action of the mind. It is needless because men are now able to see for themselves that a surrender to the conception of a blind mechanical force, making in some unexplained fashion for improvement, produces results so destructive as are beyond our capacity to grasp. Our credulity has totally cut us off from the wisdom and experience of our ancestors, so that, lacking God, tradition, the comfort of the earth, and a belief in our own human power by their aid to govern human circumstance, we have been as sheep without the shepherd. Our stintless faith in the mechanisation of life has drawn us, ourselves forced into the likeness of machines by such fatalism, towards a wreckage hitherto unknown to the world. We see these things more clearly now because in Europe they have been carried to such logical lengths, to so abominable a climax as we, by the intuitive promptings of that humanity the civilisation of the twentieth century has disowned, have not yet committed ourselves to.

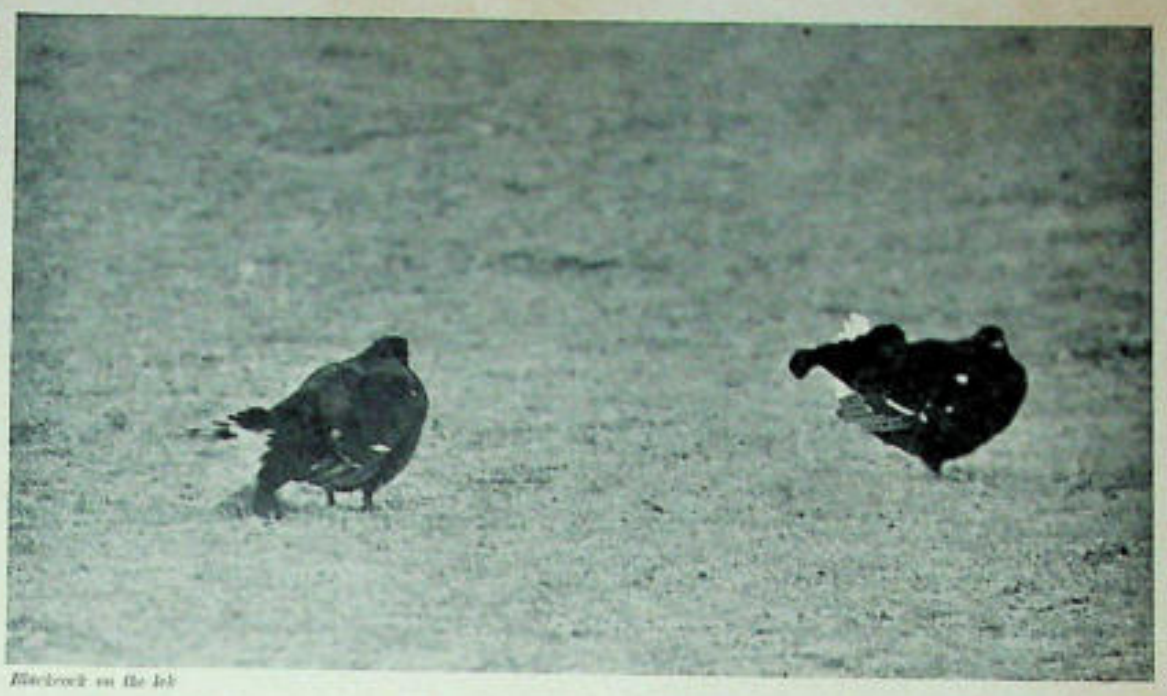
Lastly science, political economy and commercial oligarchy have led us to regard material gain as the true end and purpose of our existence upon earth. The boil-like swellings of our great towns, the destruction of the countryside, its servitude to the towns, the treatment of our fundamental needs as profitable business, the ousting of craftsmanship and home-made goods by mass-production, largely from imported sources, the swallowing-up of the little man's property, whether in land or goods, these and other abuses are all symptoms of the Dark Age of gain as a way of life. It may be said that it has always been so, and this is false. The change-over from "plenty to power," from the idea of subsistence to that of investment, from personal responsibility to self-interest, from a spiritual to an economic basis of life, can be definitely traced from the Tudor enclosures and suppression of the guilds through the Puritan victory in the Civil War, the eighteenth century enclosures and idealisation of commerce to free trade and the Industrial Revolution. Step by step this "progress" can be marked until what was regarded in the Middle Ages as a mortal sin was accepted as the *modus vivendi et operandi* of society.

The recognition that these things are so is our gain, since the English character possesses deep hidden reserves of poetry, of goodness, of devotion to truth of which the barbarian nations of Germany and Russia are incapable. Out of the terror or the furnace or both will come for us the second chance to restore our native land, our integrity, and God to both. I pray we may take it.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Overheard and can be verified: "I think all those R.I.P. should be put in one of them Consecration Camps."



Blackcock on the lek

WILD LIFE IN ENGLAND

By ROGER GRAHAM

AN article that appeared recently in one of our leading daily newspapers commenting regretfully upon the vanishing private zoos of the English country houses, gives scope for speculation as to whether certain animals and birds, not indigenous to our island, might not be introduced into areas where the general public has access.

Of such areas the New Forest is, perhaps, the most suitable in that it is—as most of us know—a wide expanse of forest and heath, readily accessible to all, possessing a more temperate climate than most parts of Britain, and offering, by reason of its size and characteristics, a better chance of survival to such creatures that might be introduced therein.

Actually the wooded enclosures and open heath of the New Forest holds more animal life and more varieties of the larger birds than the casual visitor realises. All the indigenous deer live wild in these woods, and there are a few Japanese deer, creatures about the size of a large terrier.

It would, of course, be most undesirable to reintroduce such dangerous animals as the wolf and wild boar which haunted the forest only a few centuries ago, but there are other forms of deer which would thrive in the thickets and beside the brooks and streamlets, where there is no lack of pasture.

The chital, a spotted deer, which is to be found in most of the forests of India, is a very beautiful and gentle animal. It is easily tameable, but is sufficiently alert and agile to evade the unwelcome attention of hounds or marauding dogs, while there is no reason to believe that it would fail to acclimatise and breed in its wild state in this country. There is space, too, for some of the smaller forest deer such as the barking deer. This little animal, which stands about 2ft. high, has a deep chestnut body and is notable for its sharp canine bark, which it utters freely when alarmed.

The hog deer and musk deer also live in the Indian forests under conditions not unlike those of the New Forest—some of the enclosures, in fact, between Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst bear a close resemblance to those found in the foothills of the Himalayas and in the Western Ghauts of India.

Could it not be arranged with the Forest Commissioners to introduce, as an experiment, such animals of this sort that could be spared from Whipsnade or from private parks? Those selected would have the priceless gift of complete freedom, with the minimum of danger to themselves, and the many lovers of this beautiful part of England would find new interest in watching their progress.

While there are, as stated, few enemies to animal life in this forest, yet it is a rather lamentable fact that for bird life rapacious enemies abound. Winged vermin, the crow, jay, magpie and hawk, are too common, they may be seen during any walk through or beside the enclosures, and do, undoubtedly, take heavy toll from the smaller birds, and also from the eggs and chicks of woodpigeon and pheasant. The verderers do try to deal with these vermin, with trap and gun, but the woods are too numerous and extensive for their efforts to have much effect.

However, in spite of these winged vermin and the numerous foxes and semi-wild cats that prey on bird life, most of the British game birds can be found within the forest area. Many of the migratory birds, such as snipe, woodcock, duck and teal, nest here, while there are pheasants everywhere and a few coveys of partridge near the cultivated fields.

Some years ago black game were introduced, but they have not flourished, and it would seem that for them, as for grouse, the climate is too mild. The wise rule that hen pheasants may not be shot accounts for the fact that most, if not all, of the enclosures hold these birds which may occasionally be seen by the roadside, while the challenge of the cock can be heard quite frequently.

Again, there is space for more forest birds such as the hardy jungle fowl, who is the progenitor of our domestic fowl and is very like the common bantam. The grey jungle fowl may not be exported from India, but the red variety has been introduced into private coverts by men who have known and admired him in the East. From a sporting point of view he cannot compare with the pheasant, as he is too artful to take to the air so long as his agile legs can carry him out of danger.

For this reason, and because he interferes with pheasant breeding, he is not altogether popular with the keepers on private estates. In the more spacious New Forest, however, there is ample room for him, and there can be little doubt that he would acclimatise readily, while his skill in evading the pursuit of jackal and wild cat in his native jungle would enable him to compete successfully with the less numerous fox and marauding cat or dog in this country.

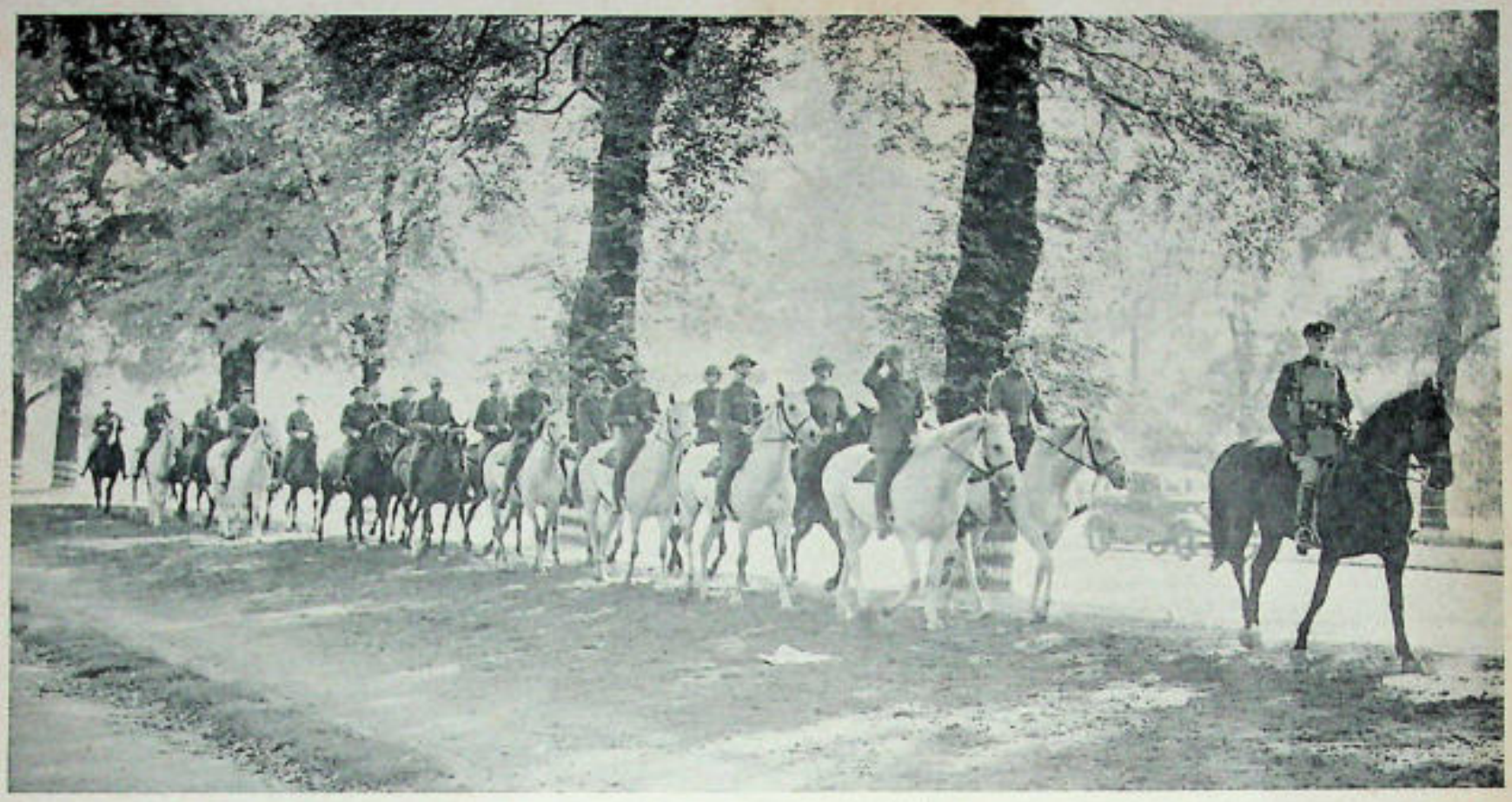
The jungle cock is well provided by nature with sharp spurs and a strong beak to deal with winged vermin, who would find him more than a match. His attractive colouring and his cheeky challenge would make him a distinct asset to the naturalist, while his cunning would make him an exasperating quarry to the few sportsmen who shoot under licence in this area.

Another forest bird, smaller, less known and less handsome, is the spur fowl, who is found in the same sort of jungle as the bird already described. The spur fowl is about the size of a partridge, but his colouring is more of a ruddy brown; he is as hardy and perhaps even more cunning than the jungle fowl, seldom leaving the woodlands, preferring to scurry through the undergrowth until forced to fly. He has a very distinctive cluck, and would be a welcome addition to the bird life of the forest, though he would not often be visible to any but the skilled bird watcher.

Other birds there may be, known to those who have journeyed even further afield than India, that might flourish and add to the colour of those few country districts that retain their individuality to-day. Our few remaining open spaces are more and more to be valued, in these days of rural planning, petrol pumps and wide roads full of traffic.

Unexpectedness, too, adds to the charm of a country ramble. What could be a greater attraction than to ramble through the free forest glades, seeing, perchance, a beautiful chital stag standing alert in the thicket, free to wander at will. Then to see a gaily hued jungle cock scurry across the path, moments adding to the spice of a walk where nature is unspoilt by man.

Is it not worth while to experiment?



CAVALRY—"SOMEWHERE IN LONDON"

ARMY HORSES—THE PENALTY *of* IGNORANCE

By R. ANSELL WELLS

DURING the last ten years those people actively interested in the production of light horses cannot but have been only too painfully aware of the opinions of the Army Council upon the question of cavalry, and have viewed with dismay the mechanisation of one cavalry regiment after another. This policy of mechanisation has been pursued relentlessly, and the War Office finally severed their connection by withdrawing the annual grant which they had been in the habit of making to the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Association.

Having thus disassociated themselves entirely from the horse, the result of the Palestine campaign must have come as something of a shock to the authorities, for there they saw troops operating under conditions which were wholly unsuitable for mechanised units, and were compelled to call in the remaining cavalry. Apparently someone learned a lesson from this, and the next thing we knew was that the Army was anxious to purchase horses. No sooner was this piece of news made public than the business of purchasing suitable animals commenced and prices up to £80 were being paid for young untrained horses, to take the place of the "finished article" which had been sold for prices ranging from £10 to £30 and averaging somewhere about £15!

Individuals know how many horses were purchased for Army purposes in their own districts, but, so far as I am aware, there was never any official statement of the number of horses which the Army had acquired at any date. An officer was present at Dublin Horse Show for the express purpose of buying horses, and then, almost immediately afterwards, war was declared. For a fortnight those who had been warned to stand by to assist in the purchase and requisition of horses for Army purposes received no instructions whatever, and then in the third week of the war it was learned that horses would be required in a few days' time. The prices which would be paid for them were said to be from £40 to £70, which latter would be a maximum, and there, so far as official utterance is concerned, the matter rests.

It would seem that those in control have decided to disregard not only the horses but also their present owners, and in so doing they are making a very great mistake. They have already, by the policy which they have pursued, made things as difficult as they possibly could for those whose care it is to produce light horses, and they might well have done irretrievable damage to a great industry had it not been for the timely intervention of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, who, by their generous grant of £20,000, made it possible for the Hunters' Improvement Society to carry on with their work and even to expand it. At present there would seem to be only one saving grace in the scheme under which the Army are acquiring the horses which they have rather belatedly realised are necessary, and that is the appointment as buying agents of those men who are in close contact with the horse-breeding and horse-owning people in their own districts; it is up to these men to see that none of the graver mistakes of the last war are repeated now.

In the last war the comparative unpreparedness in the country and the very large number of horses which were required for active service led to certain mistakes being made, which it took a very long time to set right. One of the gravest of these was the commandeering of large numbers of good mares, which left the country sadly depleted for breeding purposes, and created a shortage of high-class mares from which the breeding fraternity have not so very long recovered. Another grievous error was the wholesale commandeering of horses from one source; a case in point was that of a man who has always bred the best class of horse for sale, and in 1914 had over a hundred first-class animals on his farms. These horses would, in the normal course of events, have fetched very high prices; there might have been a few cheap ones among them, but these would have been offset by others which would have fetched prices up to the £750 and £1,000 marks, with the result that a fair average price for the whole number would have been, say, £300. The whole of this man's horses were taken and he was paid £70 apiece.

Such is the patriotism of the British race that he did not grumble, he merely set his teeth and carried on, but however much his action might be praised the effect of the catastrophe could not be mitigated, and the net result was that he suffered a financial blow from which he has never completely recovered. This is only one instance, and it must be multiplied many times if a true idea of the conditions over the country is to be arrived at. Our people will not grumble if they are called upon to sacrifice all that they have in the country's cause, but should such demands be made upon them a second time in one generation, those demands will defeat their own object by completely liquidating a section of the public and with it will disappear the light horse. It is up to the authorities in their own interests, as well as in those of the country, to see that this is not permitted.

So far as one can see at present it would not appear likely that there will be any use for horses on the Western Front where, with the two opposing and strongly fortified lines, the war is being conducted rather on the lines of a glorified siege. It would seem, therefore, that the horses which are required will be sent to the East or to some other locality, and that the numbers which will be needed will be required mainly for Yeomanry regiments, and will not be very great. It should, therefore, be possible to take them from the country under a proper and well-thought-out scheme, which will place the burden where it can the most easily be borne and will deplete no single establishment or district to too great an extent.

There are, without doubt, large numbers of suitable horses in the country which the owners would be quite pleased to part with at the stipulated prices, these should be taken first. When these horses have been absorbed a more general application of the requisitioning system will have to be adopted, but the local representatives of existing bodies, such as the corresponding secretaries of the Stallion Scheme, the secretaries of packs of hounds, and similar individuals, should be placed in charge and should be allowed to use their discretion. If this is done their intimate knowledge of their own districts will enable them to take those horses which can best be spared, and should avoid unfair demands being made upon anybody.

The army has made it perfectly clear that it has no intention of paying the piper, it should therefore be prepared to renounce also the right to call the tune. This it may do, quite safe in the knowledge that no Englishman and no countryman will let his country down in an emergency; every man will give all that he has to enable us to win the war, but the interests of all will be better served by allowing those who know the job to have the doing of it. If horses should now be taken in a reckless manner everyone will suffer because, when further demands are made, which they well may be in the course of a long war, the means of satisfying them will no longer be there.

If proper care is exercised and the work is carried through with an understanding of the many difficulties which have for so long beset the breeders of light horses, the supply of these horses can be maintained and assured, and there will be a steady stream of them to keep up the numbers on active service. Then, again, when the war is over we shall be faced with the difficult task of building up once more a peace, and bitter experience has shown that this is a much longer and more difficult business than fighting a war. It took us 20 years to recover from the last war, what it will take us to recover from this one no man can tell and few like to think. We should try to remember, however difficult it may be, that the war is only a means to an end, and that that end is a durable and prosperous peace.

We are fighting for peace, but that peace will be much more difficult of attainment if, in the course

of fighting for it, we squander all the stuff of which it is made. It may well be that in the course of the war we shall have to pull down a great part of the structure which we have built up in the years of peace, but let us at least take care to leave the foundations, and sufficient material with which we may rebuild some part of the edifice when hostilities are over. Let us keep the framework of our great horse-breeding industry and sufficient brood mares and stallions to enable the breeders to build up their stock again when peace shall return. Let us remember also that the breeders themselves are an essential part of the scheme of things, by their experience and their knowledge which have been gained over the many years they have fitted themselves for their task, and should they now be called upon to ruin themselves they will, perforce, have to give up their activities. Should their patriotism be stretched to the uttermost limits it will not fail, but they will disappear under the strain, and with them will disappear a great industry and one in which this country has always been and can for ever remain pre-eminent.

THE OUTLOOK *for* BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

The effect of war conditions on racing and some comparisons with the experiences of 1914-1918

THERE were about 6,000 horses in training for Flat-racing when the war started, and 2,000 yearlings were about to leave the studs or the training stables. About 4,000 thoroughbred foals were born in the first half of this year. Never in the history of racing had the popularity of the sport and its commercial interests produced so many animals.

Nothing can reveal its remarkable expansion as effectively as one glance at a collection of the annual volumes of the *Racing Calendar, Races Past*. That of 1938 is just twice as thick as that of 50 years ago, and no new feature worth considering has been added in the interval, or any other change made which might account in part for the increased bulk.

Perhaps it was to be expected that some check or set-back would come sooner or later. Anyway, it has come, and violently. If, as some have said, modern conditions led to the production of far too many bad horses, and to their use for breeding purposes, out of this great upheaval some good may arise. In the last few weeks several hundred horses have disappeared from a sphere in which they were not conspicuously meritorious or for which they showed little promise. I hope that it will not be thought that I am unmindful of the great loss the process of elimination has entailed. I had myself to decide that any further expenditure on a two-year-old, which I had bought and kept for nearly a year without any return up to the time the war started, could not reasonably be faced.

It is easy for the enthusiast, or one with a vested interest to lose a sense of proportion when advocating war-time facilities for racing. Drastic restriction and much hardship are inevitable, and all that one can ask is little more than that there should be sufficient race meetings to enable owners to judge which of their horses are worth every effort to keep, until the war is over. The British and Irish thoroughbred is the product of over 300 years selective breeding, based entirely on the racecourse test. Apart from the millions of capital invested in bloodstock, studs, training establishments and racecourses, what has been accomplished is surely worth preserving during the stress of a great war, having regard to all national considerations of more vital importance.

If there had not been any racing in England during the last war, the potentialities of Gainsborough, Hurry On and Phalaris, who, with the Tetrarch, have since exerted a greater influence on the modern thoroughbred than any of their contemporaries, might never have been discovered or their inherent virtues exploited.

Phalaris brings to mind the death of Manna last week. A large proportion of thoroughbred stallions die before old age and Manna, winner of the 2,000 guineas and Derby of 1925, was seventeen years old. He was a Phalaris horse of medium size and great quality, bred by the late J. J. Maher, from Waffles, dam also of Sandwich, Parwiz and the notorious Tuppence. Fred Darling gave 6,300 guineas for Manna on behalf of Mr. H. E. Morriss at Doncaster. He won twice as a two-year-old and was the last of S. Donoghue's four Derby winners at Epsom. He started a hot favourite for the St. Leger, but cracked a bone in his knee and ran badly. That was his last race. His total stake winnings were £23,534. For a Derby winner he had fair success as a stallion. To date his offspring have won approximately 250 races of a total value of £120,000. He was the sire of Colombo, Mannamead, Miracle, Manitoba (now at stud in Australia) and Pasca, the dam of Pasch. His fee, at first 400 guineas, was reduced to 198 sovereigns last year and to 98 sovereigns for 1939.

Rockcliffe, the dam of Rockfel, has also died at the comparatively early age of eleven years. She was by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Santorb, out of Sweet Rocket, and was bred by Lord Londonderry. As a two-year-old, trained by O. Bell, Rockcliffe ran for several selling races, and after winning a second time in this class, she was bought by Mr. F. Phillips at Chepstow for 380gs. At the end of that season Mr. Phillips sent her to a small sale of bloodstock held at Ascot, and Bell bought her himself for 250gs. Later, Lord Londonderry asked if he could have her back, and she was transferred to him. She won several races for him during the next two seasons, nearly all of them over a mile and a half.

In 1933, Lord Londonderry mated her to Felstead, the Derby winner of 1928, and she produced the filly Rockfoil, a winner of one race of one-and-a-quarter miles, worth £204. Rockliffe was put to Felstead again in 1934, and Lord Londonderry then sold her privately to Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, the owner of Felstead, for £3,000. She was carrying Rockfel at the time. Like her mother, Rockfel began her racing career by running for a two-year-old selling plate. As she did not win it, anyone could have claimed her for the value of the plate plus the sum for which she was entered to be sold. None did so. The potential winner of the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks of the next season, and the best race-mare seen for a long time, could have been acquired for £550.

Since that day Rockfel has won for Sir Hugo £23,431 in prize money. She has run once this season. After her victory over Glen Loan and others in the March Stakes at Newmarket, it was found that she could not be satisfactorily prepared for the Ascot Gold Cup, which was to have been her chief objective this year. She was believed to be in her best form again, and many will regret not being able to see her run at Newbury or Newmarket before her retirement from racing. Rockcliffe had been repeatedly barren since the birth of Rockfel.

Turning to other breeding matters it may be noted that Lord Rosebery has fixed Blue Peter's stud fee at 400gs. The horse is at Mentmore Stud, and his services in his first year will be limited to 20 mares, including those belonging to his owner. The highest stud fee, registered for stallions covering this year is 500gs. It is charged for the services of the unbeaten Bahram and those of Solario.

Hyperion, whose stock have done so well this year that he is hailed as the most successful stud force since the mighty St. Simon, stands at 400gs., as do Donatello II, Fairway (the sire of Blue Peter), and Nearco. It is interesting to note the fees of other Derby winners. Cameronian, Felstead, Mahmoud and Mid-day Sun each stands at 300gs.; April the Fifth and Trigo covered last season at 198 sovs., and Sansovino at 148 sovs.

War conditions will doubtless depress stallion fees in many instances. The reduction of a few has already been announced. In 1915, Prince Palatine (a failure at the stud) and William the Third stood at 400gs., and Bayardo, Lemberg and Cicero at 300gs. By 1918, the highest fee was 300gs., charged for the services of The Tetrarch, Sunstar, Swynford, Pommern and Polymelus. Apart from these, there were exceptionally few stallions who could command a fee exceeding 100 sovs. While referring to these details, I was struck by the fact that the number of stallions whose fees were registered for the year of 1918—after over three years of war—was 385, and only a few less than in 1914. Though there have been in recent years 25 per cent. more horses in training than there were just before the last War, the number of stallions, whose fees have been registered this year, was very much smaller than in those days. Last year there were 255, and those registered for the covering season of 1939 numbered 274, or well over 100 less than in 1918.

A devastating European war must greatly restrict the customary export of stallions from England and Ireland, with the result that a large number of entire horses who would under normal conditions be sold to go abroad are kept at the stud, at low fees, in the hope that they will earn their keep until such time as there is a market for them.

YEOMAN.



OFF ONCE MORE. A STRING OF W. NIGHTINGALL'S HORSES RETURNING TO PADDOCK AFTER EXERCISING ON THE DOWNS AT EPSOM

With the Cambridgeshire having been run this week the war-time racing programme is under way. That historic event the Town Plate was again run last week, when Contrecent, ridden by Miss Vera Bullock, beat Roanoke, ridden by Miss Angela Earl

VALUE OF HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES

By CAPTAIN H. B. MOSER

THE name "Hungarian" for this partridge is, of course, a misnomer. It simply designates the grey partridges which are imported into this country from the Continent. The continental partridge is, in fact, the same bird as our own native bird, viz., the grey partridge (*Perdix perdix*).

For many years a large section of shooting men were against the introduction of this bird. Why was this? We know that there is no difference in size, habits, food or markings between the Hungarian and English birds. Moreover, "partridge disease" epidemics are unknown in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In my own mind, I am convinced that this prejudice was in great part due to disappointing results following his introduction. In the first place, in the early days of his introduction, the cost was a heavy one. In the second, he was put out on arrival with such utter lack of intelligence and foresight that he was bound to fail.

The birds were dumped out of the crates in which they arrived any old how, frightened out of their wits, and with no food provided they naturally shook the dust of the neighbourhood off their feet as quickly as possible. Hence much disappointment, and much good money wasted. Now, with more knowledge, this prejudice against the Hungarian has to a great extent disappeared. In addition to this main cause of failure there are certainly two others at least, on account of which the introduction may fail.

The first of these is weather. The grey partridge will not thrive in a wet climate, and if he is introduced and encounters a thoroughly wet season he will not prove a success. Neither, in fact, will our own native bird. The second cause is concerned with a shoot already holding a heavy stock of native birds. The owner, out for a record, introduces Hungarians for this purpose. His ground is already carrying its full capacity, and he probably does not winter feed. The birds, both native and Hungarian, get out of condition and contract disease, and the Hungarian gets the blame.

Now to turn to the other side of the picture. We have the shoot where the stock has become depleted through one cause or another—the owner cannot purchase native partridges or their eggs. The only course open to him is the Hungarian, and in this bird I maintain there is a first-class change of blood. Epidemic disease, as I have said, is unknown in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and when I say this I know that the Hon. E. A. Stonor will bear me out, and no man living to-day has a wider practical knowledge of this bird.

I have heard it stated that a bird which is taken from a high altitude will not thrive at a lower one. This is surely a fallacy. I have known of Hungarian partridges put down successfully in nearly all of the English counties, also in Scotland. I have also successfully hatched and reared the "hill" or mountain partridge at Knebworth, and a very successful change of blood he has proved to be.

I will give one or two instances of results obtained through putting down Hungarian partridges. In the Isle of Coll (Inner Hebrides) the bag of partridges fell as low in 1921 as 25 birds. In that year 20 brace of Hungarians were introduced, with the result that the bag rapidly increased up to 462 in 1930, 421 in 1931, 403 in 1932 and 356 in 1933. In 1934, six brace of Hungarians were put down, in 1935, ten brace, and in 1936, five brace; and as a consequence, in 1938, the bag was 457, the shoot being very lightly shot and a grand stock left for next season.

When we consider that there is only one keeper in Coll to look after 20,000 acres, and that he has a good stock of grouse to look after as well, it gives some idea of how the Hungarian has thrived. Exceptional man though he is, the bag of partridges that might be obtained there, provided an additional keeper could be maintained with the care of the partridges his sole duty, may be imagined.

The second instance I can give concerns a single partridge beat in Hertfordshire. In 1937, this ground was shot on three days with the following bags: 25 brace, 26½ brace and 11½ brace. In January, 1938, 30 brace of Hungarians were purchased, penned in three lots of ten brace each and kept penned for ten days before release. The bags for the three days on which this beat was shot in 1938 were as follows: 96 brace, 53½ brace and 81½ brace. The shooting tenant writes to me: "In 1938 the first two days shooting were short days over half the beat. In 1937 the proportion of old to young was four old to one young, in 1938 the proportion was exactly the reverse. I have got a very large stock left, possibly a little too large, but I am feeding hard. I ascribe the increase to the introduction of Hungarians, continuous vermin destruction, dusting shelters and winter feeding."

There is another instance from the same county—20 pairs of Hungarians were bought in January, 1938, braided, and placed in two pens, ten pairs in each pen, for three weeks, the pens being about half-a-mile apart. The birds in each pen were rung, the rings being of different colours. When the birds were finally released from the pens they still came to feed there for some time afterwards. One bird injured itself in the pen and was destroyed. Of the remaining nineteen-and-a-half brace nineteen brace were shot during the shooting season, leaving only one bird unaccounted for. The total bag of partridges during the course of the season was close on 100 per cent. over that of the previous year, and more important than all a really good, sound and numerous stock was left for breeding in 1939. It was noticeable, too, that the birds this season have paired better than in previous years, no threes or single birds being in evidence. What better instance could be given to prove that Hungarians, when put out intelligently, do not stray, and also provide a healthy stock.

For the reasons I have stated above, and after many years' experience of this bird, I have no hesitation in saying that the Hungarian will improve any shooting.

THE SERVICES AND DOG BREEDING

By A. CROXTON SMITH

EVER since I can remember fighting men have been addicted to dogs, and many of them have been stalwart supporters of the Kennel Club. Some run show kennels, others confine themselves to field trials, and a few do both. On the Kennel Club Committee at the present time we have Brigadier-General F. F. Lance, Colonel A. S. Marriott and Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Colenso, all of whom served in India.

General Lance, when on duty in Syria during the Great War, made the acquaintance of salukis, and brought home with him that truly great dog Ch. Sarona Kelb. Latterly he has been devoting himself to the resuscitation of the curly retriever, which he runs at trials, shoots over and exhibits. The Earl of Northesk, who was put on the committee this year, and is a supporter of dachshunds, was in the Guards. He was recently appointed joint-Master of the Garth.

Brigadier-General Lord Roundway served in the South African as well as the Great War, and, in spite of his many interests, he finds time to go in for breeding and showing wire fox-terriers. Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Adjutant-General to the British Field Force, who also came on the committee this year, goes in for those queer little dogs known as Shih-Tzu, several of which were brought home by him from China. Indeed, he and Lady Brownrigg were the first to make them known in this country, and their missionary efforts are meeting with success.

Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Heseltine, the old Hampshire cricketer, at one time hunted the Walhampton Bassets with his brother, the late Major Godfrey Heseltine, and he has also gone in for cocker spaniels. As a judge at trials and shows he is characterised by an independence that makes his opinion valued.

Major Harry Jones, now a vice-president of the club, was one of the pioneers of dachshunds, and no one has been more familiar than he at field trials. He has had sealyhams and Border terriers as well. Colonel S. H. Elkington has been too much preoccupied with business affairs to continue his kennel of Airedale terriers, but he is always welcomed as a judge. Air-Vice Marshal Sir Charles Lambe was one of the able coterie that succeeded in establishing Alsatians in the country, and for some years he has had a leading kennel of wire-haired dachshunds. Wing-Commander J. A. Cecil Wright, M.P., has remained staunch to the German shepherd dogs. Captain Leslie Williams attends committee meetings as a delegate from the Council of Representatives.

Outside official circles we have a whole host of soldiers, sailors and airmen who take part in our hobby. Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Moore-Brabazon did more than most to elevate Alsatians to the giddy heights to which they attained soon after hostilities had ceased. As first secretary of the Alsatian Wolf Dog Club he had much to do with the selection of a name for the breed to which, strictly speaking, they had no claim, but what was to be done? The public at that time would not have had German shepherd dogs at any price, though now we have reached a compromise by putting these words in brackets after Alsatian.

Another notable doggy man is Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Bailey, who has had an adventurous career in the Indian Political Department, has given his name to the blue poppy and earned distinction at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society. He and the Hon. Mrs. Bailey have a kennel of Lhasa apsos and Tibetan mastiffs.

Bull terriers are likely to come well into the picture, a charming photograph of General Sir Edmund and Lady Ironside, showing two of them in the foreground. Plucky dogs for a plucky man is the inevitable comment, and it reminds me how Lord Charles Beresford, when he was an admiral, had a bulldog as his constant companion.

WHEN THE PUPPY SINS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

DISCUSSING the conduct of the most undesirable class of evacuated child, a writer in one of the daily papers recently observed that "when a puppy misbehaves himself in the house, the recognised way of dealing with him is to "rub his nose in it," give him a beating, and carry him out-of-doors"!

But I thought that this way of dealing with puppies gave way to enlightened methods, along with the nineteenth century ideas of humiliating and degrading children for their simple sins! I am only surprised that the writer did not advocate peppering the entirely natural misdeed as a further refinement in the stern dictates of family discipline.

As a matter of fact you cannot make a young puppy understand household customs any more than you can a small child. You can punish him every day for it, and he will go on doing it till he attains a certain age of self-responsibility. It will then come to him naturally, and all the previous beatings will neither hasten nor retard that day. These beatings may, however, speedily break his good faith in *you*!

I do not mean that you should never punish a puppy, but certainly not for mistakes which he cannot be expected to understand—not, at any rate, until he begins to show signs of dropping some of his puppy ways. Older dogs will punish him when he oversteps the mark, rolling him on to his back and standing over him with a terrific bluff of anger, but though he may yell, he rises unhurt and, we hope, chastened. As another hint direct from nature—the cleanliest animals in their home lives, badger cubs, for instance, soil their dens till they have reached a certain age, but their parents merely tidy up after them and leave them to outgrow it. So if you take a small puppy into the house it is your own responsibility, and you must do the same thing.

At all events a puppy should never be beaten with anything harder than a handkerchief. As he grows a little older show him what he has done, let him see that you strongly disapprove, then by all means put him out-of-doors so long as he will not catch cold. The repeated humiliation of being beaten will only harden him. After a few chastisements he will run off and shake himself and say "be damned to you." A few more and he will turn round and bark at you by way of derision. You are then well on the way to having produced a disobedient, indifferent, and badly mannered dog.

In other words it is quite natural for a puppy to respond immediately to his needs, and only age will teach him to have regard for time and place. Until he attains that age you will never make him understand that you are beating him for *that*!

When I see a keeper wallop an adult dog for misconduct on the field I know very well that the man does not know his job. Probably he beat that dog when it was a puppy, and now he will have to keep on beating it all its life, and all to no purpose. The best trainer I know hardly ever speaks to his dogs above a whisper, and I have never known him to beat one. Thus they work not only with him but for him, as quiet, trusting, and fearless companions.

THE GARDEN IN WAR TIME.—At 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, October 24th, the first day of the Royal Horticultural Society's special Autumn Show, Mr. F. J. Chittenden, F.L.S., V.M.H., will give a lecture in the lecture room of the Society's New Hall, in Greycoat Street, Westminster, on "The Garden in War Time." Dr. H. V. Taylor, Commissioner for Horticulture, Ministry of Agriculture, will preside. The show that day will be open from noon to 5 p.m., and on Wednesday, October 25th, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.



A SECTION OF A SITTING HIDE SHOWING ITS IMMENSIONS. THE GUNNER'S EYES SHOULD BE ALMOST AT GROUND LEVEL WHEN HE BENDS FORWARD

Below the High Tide Mark—I.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

"MAY I go shore shooting next holidays?" This schoolboy request is often the beginning of a lifelong love of wildfowling and the seed from which springs the ardent bird-watcher and naturalist of the future.

What normal boy can resist the magic of the saltings, the windswept mud flats with their wealth of bird life? What better place for him to learn to shoot? But he must begin in the way he should go and not become that pestilential nuisance, the beachcomber with a gun, the man who wanders aimlessly over the marshes shooting at anything and everything that flies.

The schoolboy gunner should clearly understand that he must first use his field glasses before he can expect to use his gun. He will never be successful until he knows the saltings intimately, knows the course of every winding gutter, and the exact amount of marsh left uncovered by tides of various heights, and knows also the effect of different winds on these tides. He must study carefully the ways of his quarry and comprehend the real reason underlying the flight movements of ducks and waders.

Let us watch him as he sits for the first time in a hide at the edge of the saltings on an August day.

In front of him stretch miles and miles of mud flats intersected by shallow sandy channels through which the flood tide is beginning to creep. In these channels, mallard and, perhaps, teal are resting, while parties of curlew and oyster catcher stand on the banks in long, black, motionless lines waiting for the flood to unlock the store of marine delicacies hidden beneath the dried-out sand.

It is still two-and-a-half hours before high water, but a party of six mallard suddenly rise from a channel nearly a mile away and come landwards in wedge-shaped formation. They cross the edge of the saltings some 300yds. on our left, following the line of a gutter in their journey to the fresh marshes beyond the sea wall. Four more follow; and then a pair, accompanied by a bunch of teal. All steer directly for the mouth of the gutter, obviously a landmark for returning ducks.

The tide is now flowing strongly and our schoolboy gunner is busily engaged watching the waders assembling on a nearby sandbank, evidently the highest point of the mud flats. As the tide rises party after party, driven from lower levels, join this noisy congregation, comprising cormorants, gulls, curlew, oyster catchers, and innumerable small fry, with two gawky herons standing like grey lighthouses on the rapidly narrowing circle of dry land.

Cur-lee! Curlee! A party of curlew leave the bank and cross the saltings. More and more follow, the whole herd eventually alighting on a rough pasture at the edge of the shore. They will remain in their inland sanctuary until the ebb uncovers the banks, when they will hurry back to renew their interrupted meal. We have noted their flight line.

At high water, schoolboy hopes are revived once more by the sight of several clusters of black dots—family parties of mallard—bobbing amid the waves. As the ebb begins to draw them seaward, they rise from the water and make for the inner marshes, their line of flight passing on the right of the hide.

So ends this tide shoot with never a cartridge fired; a wasted opportunity in the eyes of a rather rueful schoolboy, a somewhat downcast shore shooter.

But has the day been wasted? Have we learnt nothing from all our watching?

I would rather say that the day has been particularly successful, and that we have acquired sufficient knowledge to ensure a good shoot on the morrow and, perhaps, the following day as well.

To-morrow, two-and-a-half hours before high water, we shall be crouching under the bank at the mouth of that gutter in order to take some toll of the early flight. Then we can return to our previously dug hide, placed to intercept ducks rising from the first ebb, and lastly we may even be able to deal with the curlew on their return to the sandbanks uncovered by the ebb. We ought certainly to get some shooting but not if our schoolboy novice moves his head about as he did to-day when birds are approaching—he must learn to keep dead still at that critical period.

We have watched three distinct flights: two of ducks returning to their sanctuary in the fresh marshes, and one of curlew escaping from the flooded sandbanks. In August, we are dealing with home-bred ducks whose passage between the fresh marshes and the shore gives the wildfowler his opportunity. On some estuaries ducks will come



CURLEW FLIGHT BEFORE THE INCOMING TIDE TO SOME ISLAND WHERE THEY REMAIN DURING HIGH WATER. IF THEIR FLIGHT TIME IS CAREFULLY NOTED THE SCHOOLBOY GUNNER CAN ENJOY SOME EXCELLENT AND DIFFICULT SHOOTING



A HIDE CONSTRUCTED OF NETTING COVERED WITH SEA GROWTHS

out to the tide just after the ebb sets in, but in most cases the fowler should look seawards.

An hour after high water, if the schoolboy gunner stations himself at the mouth of a marsh gutter, having first persuaded a self-sacrificing friend to walk it up from the opposite end, he will obtain some delightful shooting at redshanks as these noisy waders pass in twos and threes along the gutter on their way to the sea. I rate them as more difficult to shoot than driven snipe.

In my opinion, curlew, plover and redshanks are the only waders at which a gun should be lifted. All others—and in this category I would place the sea-going ducks—are suitable for bird watching purposes only.

One of the illustrations to this article shows a section of a sitting hide and the proper method of occupying it. The front wall should face half right to the expected line of flight, in order to give the gunner more freedom of swing—an important point when all footwork is eliminated.

When ducks have travelled some distance before reaching the edge of the saltings, a side wind exerts considerable influence on their normal line of flight, a fact that must be reckoned with when deciding on the position for a hide on a windy day.

The siting of the hide, its construction and camouflaging, the subsequent shooting, and the opportunity for a bathe to rescue dead birds from the tide, all make August shore shooting a delight to most schoolboys, and the fact that any success is entirely due to their own judgment, their own observation, only adds to the triumph of a good bag.

(To be continued)

A MEMORABLE DAY ON THE MOY

THE vagaries of the British climate are notorious, but it is surely astonishing that practically all the rain which deluged large areas of England and Wales during July, 1939, should have missed Ireland, and up to the end of the month rivers were still low after a dry spell which had lasted without a real break since April.

This was responsible for an amazing state of affairs in the Moy, one of the best salmon rivers in the country. There had been an immense run of fish; the nets which average about 40,000 yearly had had 33,000 by the end of June in the tidal reaches. But comparatively few had been able to pass the falls at Ballina, and the beats above, Mount Falcon, Foxford and others, had had one of the worst seasons in living memory.

Below the falls is the famous Ridge Pool, some 250yds. long by 80yds. wide, and nearly all shallow water of 4ft. or less in depth. Here the fish had accumulated until the bottom was literally paved with a living carpet of salmon and grilse, and the head gillie estimated that there were over fifteen hundred fish in this one pool.

On the first day I saw it during a recent visit the whole surface was literally boiling with salmon, rolling, jumping and rising, often a dozen to twenty were showing at the same time, and I looked forward intensely to the day which my host had arranged for the morrow, since to me, accustomed for the most part to fishing "hard" rivers where one is glad enough to get a salmon a day, and may go weeks without a touch, the Ridge Pool loomed like some fabulous Eldorado.



READY TO GO AFLOAT

As soon as R. restarted he began meeting fish on a little devon the same colour as mine; we tried others, but the fish would not look at them. Between 2.30 and 6 p.m. R. hooked seven fish, landed one of 8½lb., and lost one of about 16lb., after a long fight, when it was practically played out only a few yards from the boat owing to the fine wire triangle bending out enough to release the hold—cruel luck. These Moy fish in the very shallow water and strong current fight desperately hard. One is stuck in the boat and when a fish runs down stream it is impossible to get below it, and I have never taken so long to kill salmon of the same size in any other river.

While R. was busy I had a very slack time only hooking one and losing that. It was curious that from about 3 p.m. until about 6 p.m. the only method any use was to cast straight up stream and spin down as fast as one could reel in. At 6 p.m. we landed to stretch legs and have a drink. There were three fish in the boat out of seventeen hooked, a wretched average, partly explained by the very small baits and therefore hooks it was necessary to use. I tried a small spoon, a plug and larger devons, but the fish would take no notice of anything except the tiny brown and cream baits.

About 6.30 p.m. we went afloat again, and at once I began to be busy. In just over an hour I hooked seven salmon and landed five of them, varying in weight from 15lb. down to 4½lb., and lost two others after longish battles. The largest proved to be foul-hooked in the back fin. It took us right round the outside of the big pool twice, the boat having to be up-anchored as nearly all the line was taken off the reel in its first run.

The curious thing was that during that time R. did not hook a fish, and all mine were caught casting down stream, a method which had been useless during the afternoon. The best part of the tide, the gillie said, was between 8 and 9 p.m., but oddly enough, in a day full of oddities, neither of us had a pull in that hour.

In other ways the day was remarkable. Although there were hundreds of fresh-run salmon and grilse in the pool, seven out of the eight we landed were reddish and had been in the river some time, and the same was true of most of those we saw which were hooked and lost. In all we had twenty-four salmon on, but several of these were almost certainly foul-hooked, almost inevitable when covering so many fish each cast in such shallow water.

The other boat, in which Pat Hearns and an angler were both using fly, did not touch or even rise one salmon during the whole day, and as we kept on getting into fish our gillie was jubilant. "Ach," he said, "the salmon know the names of all the flies as well as Hardy's themselves; it's the spinners what is new to them."

The next day I fished the pool again with another companion. In eight hours we hooked only five salmon, two of which I am fairly sure were on foul, and landed never a one—an apt illustration of the lottery of salmon fishing. If it is possible to do this in water tenanted by whole battalions how long are the odds on third and fourth class rivers where most of the pools only hold single spies?

WEST COUNTRY.



PAVED WITH A LIVING CARPET OF SALMON AND GRILSE
The Ridge Pool on the Moy at Ballina

Presently, as I watched from the bridge, along came Pat Hearns, the head gillie of the Moy Fisheries which owns the fishing rights. "Never in all my life have I seen so many fish in the pool," he said. "They haven't been able to pass the falls for weeks." Then he went on to give some details of recent catches, the high light being one man who a fortnight previously had hooked fifty-seven salmon in one day and landed fifteen of them. Another angler fishing every day for a month had a catch of ninety-six.

Fishing the Ridge Pool is governed by the tide, and our gillie told us we could start about 12.30 p.m. next day. Soon after noon we were afloat, I armed with a light 7ft. spinning rod and a fixed-spool reel, R. with fly. The boatman said it was no use starting for awhile, but R. looked at me with a grin. "Show him he's wrong."

I started off with a little "Nevison" natural minnow covered with celluloid and painted to resemble a trout, and about the third cast I was into a fish. Two short runs and then the bait came back, and five minutes later the same thing happened again. I looked at the tiny treble and decided that the cause of the trouble might be here, and so I removed the "Nevison" and put on a 1¼in. home-made devon with brown back and cream belly, the same colour scheme as the "Nevison."

In the next half hour or so two other fish were hooked, one being played for five minutes, but both came unstuck. R. meanwhile had not had a touch on fly, and so he decided to land and go home for spinning tackle. By the time he returned at 2.30. I had had seven fish on, but only one of 9½lb. was in the boat, while the gillie, who had fished fly, had landed a 5lb. grilse and lost another on a No. 10 Black Doctor.

CHEESE BAIT FOR CHUB

KNOWLEDGEABLE anglers make capital of the partiality of chub for cheese. Most of them fish cheese-baited hook on float tackle, enjoying roving, remunerative and attractive fishing. Others use ledger tackle, looking for quality rather than quantity catches.

Cheese paste recipes are numerous—too numerous, one is tempted to think! Here is a selection: Ordinary white paste, one part, worked up with two parts of cheese. . . . Soft cheese added to breaderumbs. . . . Soft or soapy cheese worked into a paste with, or without, the addition of a little butter as a softening agent. . . . Soft cheese mixed with flour and honey until they form a tough paste—a small boiled potato can be used instead of the flour. . . . Some recipes insist, quite unnecessarily, on cheese that "talks" and others, again unnecessarily, on particular varieties of cheese. . . . Soft cream (packet) cheeses may be used without preparation.

All these cheese-baits are effective, but personally I know of nothing better for this fishing than ordinary cheap Cheddar cheese. A piece as large as a No. 6 hook can comfortably accommodate forms the bait. This can be used without preparation and will remain on the hook, which is more than can be said of soft cheeses. Pieces can be broken or cut from the cheese whether to serve as hook bait or as groundbait. Preliminary groundbaiting is most helpful, but should not be overdone; initially half-a-dozen fair-sized fragments broken from the cheese should suffice.

Bait brevities: Irregularly shaped and sized baits suggested. Breaking, rather than cutting, off the baits may offer a more natural looking bait. . . . Commonly, red Cheddar cheese is used by chub fishermen, but no less an authority than "Silver Doctor" has told us that the whiter the cheese the better. . . . Do not "pad" the point of the hook with any part of the bait. This will prevent the hook from being driven home. Leave the hook point free, and (smashes apart!) Chevin shall not go free, at least until *after* you have netted him. . . . As befits a big-mouthed fish Chevin likes a sizable bait. . . . Incidentally, *cheese fed gentles* are a refinement in the way of chub baits.

The difficulties of approach in chub fishing are known the angling world over. A contradiction in terms, the chub is at once the boldest of fishes and the most fearful, and however attractive your cheese-bait you are not likely to tempt him if he has the least idea that you are after him. The late Mr. H. T. Sheringham wrote that "he (the chub) can see you sometimes through two haystacks and a barn." The inference is obvious.

Curiously enough, although cheese is a noted chub bait it is seldom associated with other fish, despite the fact that most fish, from trout to bream, exceptionally fall for it. Events of the last two or three seasons, however, suggest that cheese as a bait for roach is worth more than passing consideration. Using dice-sized pieces of red cheese on the hook anglers have reported extremely good catches of good-class roach.

FADDIST.

PHOTOGRAPHING A CURLEW WITH A BOX BROWNIE



BUILDING UP THE CAIRN



ARRANGING THE CAMERA



ARRIVING AND FULL OF HOPE

ALTHOUGH the curlew is a shy bird, it is fairly easy by means of a hide to get quite close at nesting time, provided precautions are taken. My wife and I found a nest on a hillside, and as there was no available cover, we had to construct a hide. This we did by means of empty sacks laced together over a framework of stout hazel sticks driven into the ground and bent inwards.

Owing to high winds on the exposed moors, where curlews nest, the structure had to be "stiff." There was about 4ft. headroom, and about 5ft. ground space. This was sufficient for a comfortable seat on the floor.

The hide was built about 20ft. from the nest, and the camera, a No. 2A Box Brownie Kodak with portrait attachment, set at 2ft. 6in., hidden among a cairn of large stones overlooking the nest. The pull-off was by means of a fishing line from the hide. It requires two people to work a hide—so I used to install my wife in the hide, see that all was in working order, and then take my departure in full view of the bird, the latter intently watching the proceedings from a distance.

Seeing me move away, the bird would return to the nest and be duly "snapped." When a photograph had been taken, my wife would raise a small flag, and I would return. Had the bird seen someone appear suddenly from the hide its suspicions would have been aroused; so each time my wife wanted to leave the hide, another person had to come on the scene. As a rule the bird was easy to photograph when on the nest, and did not seem to mind either the camera or the hide. C. M. D.



WATCHING THE BIRD IN THE DISTANCE



THE CURLEW ARRIVING AT THE NEST



SETTLING DOWN TO BROOD



SAND DUNES ON THE FLOOR OF DEATH VALLEY

THE VALLEY OF APPALLING BEAUTY

By A. HARVEY

DEATH VALLEY is one of the lesser-known American playgrounds. It ranks as a National Monument (a step below a National Park), but must have fewer visitors than practically any other of these reservations. There are two reasons for this, the first being its comparative inaccessibility, the second the prohibitive summer temperatures.

The valley lies approximately along the California—Nevada state line, and is some hundred miles in length. It varies in width from six to 20 miles, and parts of it are below sea-level: yet within five or six miles of these areas are mountain peaks ranging up to 11,000ft. in height. The roads of the area are poor in the extreme, and the whole country is but sparsely populated, so that when accidents do occur it can be quite a while before assistance is obtained.

In the summer months the valley is decidedly unpleasant, holding—as it does—the world's record for the highest observed shade temperature. In the winter, however, the climate is delightful. During the day the temperature may reach 100 deg. Fahr., whilst at night it may sink to freezing point—typical desert conditions. Water, naturally, is scarce, and the wise traveller carries an ample supply with him.

Scenically the valley is one of the most striking natural features it is possible to imagine, a panorama of desolation, having a weird fascination which is all its own. Ringed by tall peaks, it exhibits practically all the colours of the rainbow—the mountains themselves are of reddish hues, the foothills a fantastic mixture of pinks, yellows and greens; the floor of the valley is yellow-brown in colour, with here and there great white patches due to borax and similar salts. Add the blue of the sky, the purple distances, and every spectral colour is present.

The appalling beauty of the valley is best seen from Dante's View, a point on the eastern rim about one quarter of the way along the valley from the south end. Here one is some 6,000ft. above the floor of the valley. About eleven miles west is Telescope Peak, on the west rim, the height of this being 11,045ft. Between these two peaks the floor of the valley sinks in one place to 310ft. below sea level, this being the lowest area below sea level in the United States.

Such is the valley, and the question naturally rises: Why the name? Probably a visit to it in the height of summer would be sufficient answer for most people; but conversation with the few inhabitants of the area, and a reference to its history (see, for instance, *Death Valley*, W. A. Chalfant, Oxford University Press), render clear the significance of the name.

No one knows how many victims the valley has claimed—it certainly runs into many score—but one particular episode focused public attention on the spot. In the middle of this last century goods were often carried over to California by caravan. One such Pacific-bound caravan ran short of supplies, and in an effort to reduce the length of the journey tried to take a short cut through the valley. For many of the travellers it was a short cut, but not of the type they wanted. Those who survived owed their lives to the courage of two scouts, who pushed on west and got assistance.

For the holiday-maker Death Valley provides a magnificent centre. For the lover of comfort (who has the money to pay for it) a luxury hotel in the eastern foothills—Furnace Creek Inn—is available. For those with smaller purses there is the Stove Pipe Wells Hotel in the western foothills, but this hotel is not much more than a collection of wooden sleeping cabins, rather on the lines of an auto camp.

For those travellers with still less money, or more adventurously inclined, the obvious solution is to camp, practically the whole of the valley and the surrounding country being available. The writer spent two Christmas vacations camping in the valley and its environs, one of these trips providing a really hot Christmas Day—at 2 p.m. the shade temperature was 104 deg. Fahr.

Being rather an unusual Christmas Day, or an unusual way of spending it, pains were taken to see what links could be found with an English Christmas. It turned out to be a "White Christmas"; but this whiteness was due, not to a covering of snow, but to a layer of borax and other alkaline salts over the floor of the valley. Again there was holly to be seen, but it was desert holly, a fine looking shrub with silvery-grey foliage, but rather a disgusting smell. In view of the temperature quoted above it will be realised that the winter months are the ones in which to visit the valley, since in the summer temperatures of 120 to 140 deg. Fahr. make the area not only extremely unpleasant but also dangerous to the unwary.

As a matter of fact care must be taken at any time, and the visits made were done with two cars equipped with two ropes, extra tins containing petrol and water, a tent and cooking apparatus.

Apart from the two hotels the only other habitation is Death Valley Scotty's Ranch-house. This is a palatial mansion, which has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to build, lying in a side canyon at the north end of the valley. The house is a conglomeration of all known styles of architecture, from Norman to Spanish, but is amazingly comfortable and well furnished. Scotty is definitely a character, whether judged by his own account of himself or by the accounts one receives from others—considerable discrepancies are noticeable between the two.



DERELICTS IN THE DESERT

Some of the huge wagons which, pulled by teams of 20 mules, transported the refined borax to the nearest railhead

No one, save Scotty and his intimates, knows where the money has come from which has gone into the building of the house. Some people aver that Scotty has a secret gold mine; others maintain that a wealthy citizen of Chicago, whose life was saved by Scotty, put up the money to build a winter home for himself and placed Scotty in charge of the work. At any rate, whatever the explanation, the house is universally known as "Death Valley Scotty's."

At one time the valley had a small permanent population. Labourers (mainly Chinese) collected up the borax deposits from the floor of the valley and roughly refined the borax in a small adobe factory, the walls of which still stand. The refined borax was then transported to the nearest railhead by means of huge wagons, each of which was pulled by a team of 20 mules. As a result of this method of transport the packeted borax that one bought in American shops used to be called "20-mule team borax."

The discovery of more easily worked deposits in Texas, however, has resulted in the abandoning of this work, but the mountains around the valley are very rich in borax and actual mining still goes on.

No account of Death Valley would be complete without mention of the "ghost" towns that are to be found in the nearby mountains. The biggest and most striking of these is Rhyolite, a town immortalised by Mark Twain as "Bull Frog." Just before the 1906 San Francisco earthquake there were over 20,000 people in this town; when the writer visited it a year or two back there were precisely two inhabitants.

These two people were living as caretakers in the railway station, a curiosity of a station in that it had never seen a train. It had been built at the same time that the line was being laid, but the bubble burst, and the line was never completed. This railway station is the only building in the town that has been looked after and preserved.

For the rest concrete buildings three storeys high gape open to the sky; wooden shacks tumble to decay, and the deserted streets are littered with building débris. One house still standing is a monument to the type of town that Rhyolite was—its walls are made entirely from glass bottles cemented together.

Goldfield is another of these towns that at one time could claim over 20,000 inhabitants—now it has 600, yet boasts of a hotel of 200 rooms. This latter was built during the boom days, but it proved acceptable to my fellow traveller and I, because during the night we slept there the temperature fell to 5 deg. Fahr., and next afternoon it rose to over 100 deg. Fahr.

Contrasts and surprises such as these are typical of the Death Valley area, and are part of its charm for lovers of the deserts and open spaces. But they illustrate also the menace that lies behind the beauty, and which restricts its visitors to those few who will come and appreciate its beauty and its danger, and then come again and again, anticipating the one and prepared for the other.



A MONUMENT TO RHYOLITE
A house with walls made entirely from bottles cemented together



OF EVERY KIND OF ARCHITECTURE
Death Valley Scotty's ranch house, a mystery mansion and the third habitation of the valley



LOOKING NORTH ALONG DEATH VALLEY FROM DANTE'S VIEW
The point from which the photograph was taken is more than 5,000 ft. above sea-level, the floor of the valley immediately in front is more than 300 ft. below sea-level, whilst the mountain showing on the extreme left of the photograph on the far rim is the shoulder of Telescope Peak, 11,045 ft. high and 11 miles in a direct line from Dante's View. The mountains in the gap near the right edge are 80 miles from the camera. The photograph was taken with an infra-red plate. Actually there were no clouds visible when it was taken, and the "clouds" showing are thin films of water vapour invisible to the eye yet opaque to infra-red radiation

HERE AND THERE

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE been inspired to write about Devon because I have recently been there. Glorious Devon—to give the full title which no one can deny it. It is glorious. Now, if I had been asked to write an article about Plymouth——.

Towns, of course, are what you make them. I have met people who regard Accrington as angels must regard heaven. I have heard Wigan and Manchester, Leek and West Ham spoken of highly. And no doubt there are people who praise Plymouth. I have not met one yet.

But I have noticed one thing about people who have had to come to Plymouth during the last three weeks. They all talk about Christmas. "What are you going to do at Christmas?" "What is Christmas going to be like?" "Yes, I know: but just imagine Christmas."

Well, I can't. I do not know what you, severally, think about Christmas. Personally I enjoy it more than any other time of the year; but then I am very fond of nuts. And I like receiving presents, and I like buying presents—and, above all, I like pressing my nose against brightly lit shop windows and thinking of all the things I would buy if I had more money than I have (or should it be had?). I like the bright lights and the general air of good fellowship and happiness. I cannot imagine Christmas blacked-out. I cannot imagine Christmas in Plymouth. And I am not going to try.

But I have strayed from my subject which is Devon. And I find that it is not so much with its country as with its people and their speech that I am concerned. Of Devon's coast towns Paignton and Torquay are very much like any other English seaside resort, except that they have been planned decently and except that the climate and the soil gives them a vegetation altogether luxurious. Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth, all the others, are rather dull little places; but the cliffs are magnificently red and the sea magnificently blue. And always behind is Dartmoor. Dartmoor influences the whole of Devonshire, even Plymouth, and this influence is wholly beneficial.

And I like the soft, rather drawly Devonshire voices. No one here ever hurries. To-morrow is still a day. And that is very pleasant indeed after London, where everyone tries to save a second or two by running up moving staircases. And here you may still hear dialect.

Once upon a time almost every county had its own peculiar dialect. The motor car and week-end cottage, proximity to the great Metropolis, has killed individuality of speech pretty well everywhere within 150 miles of London—and farther. We know now the dialect of Lancashire, but we know it because of Gracie Fields and George Formby. We know something of the individuality that is in Yorkshire, but we know it more by the angle at which Maurice Leyland wears his cap than anything else. We all know that down Somerset way they pronounce their esses as zeds—only they don't. We know Scotsbecause of Will Fyffe, just as we knew Scots because of Harry Lauder. I am not sure that we know Irish any longer. It is unfashionable and was on the way to becoming unhealthy. These are the dialects we know, and it is perhaps sufficient comment upon them that we should know them mainly through the efforts of comedians.

Time was when you could distinguish a Hampshire man from a Wiltshire man, or a Dorset man, or a Sussex man. You cannot now. The old rich Hampshire speech is gone. The nearest to town that you can now hear dialect spoken naturally (and not with the effort of conscious remembrance) is on the Essex marshes. Elsewhere language has one fashion and has become standardised.

But not in Devon. The other night I leaned upon a railing overlooking some portion of the harbour and listened to two children talking. They were washing out a basin and a jug and playing with the water. I listened for some five minutes. I would not be exaggerating if I said I understood less than a quarter of the soft sing-song that flowed uninterruptedly from both of them. And I have heard good English words come out in the course of conversation, come out perfectly naturally; and English words that you will not find in any ordinary English dictionary, that have not been in modern use (except presumably in Devon) for several hundred years.

"Dimpsey." Do you know what "Dimpsey" means? I did not. But "It is growing dimpsey" means it is getting dark. And personally I prefer the old to the new.

And then "forswunk." Do you know what "forswunk" means? I did not. It means, I gather, tired out. And I know now that it is very, very old indeed. Chaucerian English: you will find it in the Tales. And it is still in use on Dartmoor.

I like these old words. And I like dialect. I would even go so far as to say that I prefer Billingsgate Cockney to B.B.C. English. Dialect has life and vigour, and it is characteristic of its people. B.B.C. English, which is, I bitterly regret to say, becoming more and more prevalent, is impersonal, emasculated, suitable—so suitable—only to be spoken into a machine.

It is said that one can recognise a gentleman—though I am not quite certain what is meant by that somewhat spacious term—by the way he speaks. I do not agree with that in the very least. But I do know that it is possible to tell an Etonian, or a Harrovian, or Wykehamist by the way he speaks; and I believe that the experts could tell you to which University, Oxford or Cambridge, a man went. It is this frequently rather distressing stress on accent—a clipping of a "g" or the stressing of the terminal "er" into "ah"—that has given rise to the popular catchword about the old school tie. The originators of that phrase—I am not sure, but I believe it was the Western Brothers—were much more than good comedians.

Yet, I think, I would prefer even the deliberately over-stressed and affected accent that is given to the English language by our most famous public schools to the distressing standardised product that is put out by the B.B.C. We are a little apt to criticise standardisation in other countries. We have always laughed, or shivered, or sneered at the passion of the German for dressing himself up in uniform—that, of course, is a form of standardisation. We have disliked many symptoms of the disease that are prevalent in Russia, and we have looked down on them when they have made themselves evident in Italy or America. But we are by no means free ourselves.

If other countries regiment their youth into uniforms we are not entirely free from this disease of regimentation. Our clothes are becoming more and more standardised; our houses are built more and more to pattern; our complexions, female at least, are becoming more and more alike; and now we have started on our speech. If we are not very, very careful the time is coming—and is not far distant—when we shall all be saying "Good-night, good-night," in a peculiar stilted manner; all of us from duke to cottage dweller. It is a pretty grim thought. How grim one only realises when one comes down to a part of the country which has so far held out in face of the B.B.C. siege guns.

In this at least is Devon glorious.

AN ADVISORY GARDEN PANEL

IN the trying times ahead, the gardens throughout the country are bound to suffer severely. Beyond question the kitchen garden will have to be given first consideration, but there are very practical reasons for continuing to obtain all the legitimate enjoyment possible from the ornamental parts of the garden. They represent the investment of so much capital and the expenditure of so much thought and care, that it would be senseless to admit the gradual destruction of valuable property that might be saved by timely precautions.

With this object, the Ministry of Agriculture has authorised the Institute of Landscape Architects to form a panel of qualified advisers to assist owners to adapt their gardens to war-time conditions. These experts will, where desired, draw up schemes to ensure the best practical results in gardens as a whole, and so prevent the needless sacrifice of features of artistic and horticultural importance.

By such means the uncertainties which hampered amateur effort in the last war would be avoided. Owners would also receive authoritative guidance (in conformity with current regulations), on difficulties concerning maintenance and labour. The recommendations made would not be compulsory, but their adoption would signify official approval of the use to which the garden was being put.

The composition of the panel is not to be restricted to members of the Institute, but may include other persons whose qualifications are suitable. A moderate fee on a scale approved by the Ministry will be payable to the Institute for the services rendered. To prevent the overlapping of activities, the Institute will work in close association with the Royal Horticultural Society and care will be taken not to intrude upon the functions of the local Food Production Committees. Applications for advice under this scheme should be made to the Secretary, Institute of Landscape Architects, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.

HUNT ECONOMY

The Present Position and a Lesson from the Past

By CHARLES DEANE

SOME few weeks ago I reviewed on broad lines the economic aspects of carrying on hunting in war-time. By now most Hunts are, after mature consideration, putting themselves on a basis compatible with the times in which we live, and as the weeks go by they will gradually arrive at a *modus operandi* which will enable them to continue hunting on a scale varying, of course, with the individual needs of each country.

That their efforts in this direction meet with success is the earnest hope of all hunting people, and I am full of admiration when I think how numerous Masters, themselves recalled to the colours, are footing the bill, an unselfishness which can only be rewarded by the countryside supporting them with every possible means in its power. By them no other recognition is wanted, their aim has one simple and definite conclusion—namely, that at the end of the war both country and hounds will have been administered in such a way that hunting can be readily resumed on lines, at any rate, approaching those obtaining prior to the war. Hardly less admirable to my mind, are other Masters, unable to serve themselves, who are carrying on at great personal sacrifice, and by necessity economising in their own mode of living in order to maintain their Hunt establishments, without bickering or flinching from the obligations which they assumed, perhaps long before war was a possibility.

This very one-sided state of affairs cannot be expected to continue indefinitely, and if the war should prove to be of long duration there is no doubt that many of these great sportsmen will find it financially impossible to carry on. I hope I shall not be accused of being unduly pessimistic, but I am afraid many countries will sooner or later be Masterless, and it is to this possibility that Hunt Committees should now be shaping their policy.

I am not going to presume so far as to try and show how this policy is to take shape, as there can be no universal method, but it does seem to me that Hunt Committees should bear the matter very much in mind and not be lulled into a sense of false security because their arrangements are satisfactory at the moment. We are yet in early days, and plans, however drastic they may seem now, are better conceived well ahead than left till such times as their very unreadiness might quite conceivably mean the abandonment of both hounds and country, which we must strive at all costs to avoid for the sake of the future.

It is surprising what can be done when the worst comes to the worst, and I vividly recall to mind one country which, finding itself without a Master in the second year of the last war, was faced with the alternative of closing down or carrying on somehow. They chose the latter. It was not a fashionable country, nor was it blessed with rich residents. However, what it was lacking in these respects was more than compensated by the grim determination of its farmers and the few gentry that the first alternative was unthinkable.

A small Executive Committee was formed, and the volume of help which was forthcoming was far beyond the most optimistic of expectations. It was mostly in kind, financial aid came from the very few who could give it.

Horses were loaned or given to the kennels—odd loads of hay, straw and oats arrived at frequent intervals, sent mostly by hunting farmers. Knackers were to be had in sufficient numbers at nominal or often no cost. Cartage, when required, was generously provided. Puppy walkers, too, were plentiful, and there were plenty of homes for inwhelp bitches.

Throughout the subsequent war seasons these hounds hunted two days a week on more or less cubhunting lines, killing as many foxes as possible and keeping the fox supply down to what might be termed breeding-stock levels. Poultry claims at that period were almost negligible, partly because of this and partly because of the generosity and interest displayed by the smaller farmer.

Such was the situation—almost hopeless did it seem at one period—but one could not at that moment visualise or estimate the extent of the help which was to be forthcoming. However, its example is something that Hunt Committees might remember with advantage, and it is certainly something with which to confront the avowed pessimist who tells us on every possible occasion that the death-knell of foxhunting has sounded.



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HUNTING IN WAR TIME

DURING the last few weeks particulars have been given of the changes which have taken place in many Hunts and their prospects of carrying on during the war. A further list is here given and we shall be pleased to publish any details received from Masters or Secretaries.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL.—An excellent cubhunting season has been enjoyed. Owing to the wet summer, and sporting co-operation of the farmers concerned, it was found possible to start on July 25th in the woods—the earliest date in living memory for this country. The number of foxes accounted for up till September 30th was 51 brace, so it may be assumed from this total that cubs have been plentiful in most districts. One or two good hunts in the open have been enjoyed. According to present arrangements fifteen couples of dog-hounds are kennelled at Edgecote to hunt the country between Aynho and Helidon, with C. Johnson, and a reduced bitch pack remains at Stratton-Audley under Mr. Field-Marsham, who, though he has been re-called on active service, had up to the time of writing been able to hunt hounds two or three days a week. In this way the country should be hunted fairly and regularly.

CRAVEN.—This autumn the country has proved to be well stocked. Cub-hunting started on August 14th, when conditions were not favourable. The harvest was late, and the wet summer was followed by a dry spell, with the wind set back in the north and east—a combination not helpful to scent. Up to October 7th, fourteen brace of cubs had been accounted for.

MORPETH.—It has been decided by the committee to try and keep the pack going. At the outbreak of war Mr. Cookson, who was hunting hounds, and the two whippers-in were immediately called up. However, Jack Scott, late professional huntsman of the Morpeth, who had hunted these hounds for over 24 years, and was living in retirement in the neighbourhood, has taken over. The number of hounds will be necessarily reduced, and the main object of the hunt will be to keep the number of foxes down. One of the local farmers, J. Robson, is acting as first whipper-in, and H. Wynn, stud groom at the Kennels, is to carry on the duties of second. At the time of writing the tally was fifteen brace.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—This Hunt will carry on for as long as possible during the coming season. Some 30 couples of hounds have been put down and six horses taken by the Government. Mr. T. A. Scaramanga (Joint Master), and Mr. R. G. Hoare (Joint Hon. Secretary), have both been called up, and are serving in the Forces. Otherwise there are no alterations in the staff to record.

SURREY UNION.—The hunt is carrying on, hunting two days a week for as long as possible. Ten couples of hounds have been put down and three horses taken for remounts. The Master, Mr. P. G. Evelyn, is on active service, so Major H. D. Roberts and Lt.-Col. E. S. Bridges are acting for him. J. Goddard will hunt hounds, with L. Amiss as whipper-in.

TEDWORTH.—Captain J. Vere Laurie and Harry Cope will not be acting as whippers-in, the only whipper-in (hon.) being Mr. T. Baker, junior, a young farmer. Hounds have been reduced to 25 couples and hunting days to two per week—Tuesday and Saturday. The Hunt will be carried on as long as circumstances permit. The kennel staff has been reduced to three men, and only four horses will be kept, but these are being foraged by the farmers at their own expense, which is a great help. Much of the country is closed to hounds, owing to military activities in the neighbourhood of Tidworth.

TICKHAM.—Although the Master has found it necessary to resign owing to military service, the Hunt hopes to carry on. Mrs. Finn has taken on the mastership. Fifteen couples of hounds have been put down and three horses have gone to the front, but the new Master hopes to be able to hunt two days a week.

WOODLAND.—The Joint Masters will, during the war period, do what is possible to kill foxes, but the enforced limitation of their activities compels them to announce their inability to be responsible for poultry damage. An appreciation to landowners and local farmers for their past co-operation and help is also tendered by the Joint Masters.

IRELAND

LIMERICK.—The Hunt will carry on on a reduced basis of two days per week—Mondays and Fridays. It is not proposed to destroy hounds, as the number has been reduced by fifteen couples of dog hounds. They have been lent to various packs of harriers in Kerry and non-hunted countries. No horses have been requisitioned. The M.F.H., Mr. Alexander, has sent his name to the War Office for employment on active service. In the meantime he will continue to hunt hounds until such time as he is called up.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

PIPEWELL FOOT.—The Master has decided to try to continue hunting one day a week as far as possible. Many reductions have necessarily had to be made and the hounds have been reduced by twelve couples. In order to reduce expenses no cards will be sent out, but as hounds will, it is hoped, be hunting on Saturdays, information as to the meets can be obtained by ringing up Desborough 254 after 5 p.m. on Thursday in any week. In view of the many difficulties and uncertainties with which the Master will have to contend, he has generously asked that the committee should, for the present, allow the guarantee to lapse. It is, however, hoped that members will continue to send their subscriptions and do all they can to help carry on the Hunt.

As Mr. C. R. C. Thursfield has had to give upt he duties of secretary during the war, subscriptions should be sent either to Mr. H. R. Overman, Chairman, Pipewell Foot Beagles Hunt Committee, Brampton Ash, Market Harborough, or direct to the Master.



THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS AT HINDLIP IN A SETTING WHICH IS FAR REMOVED FROM THOUGHTS OF WAR

MISS CLEGG-HILLS' BEAGLES

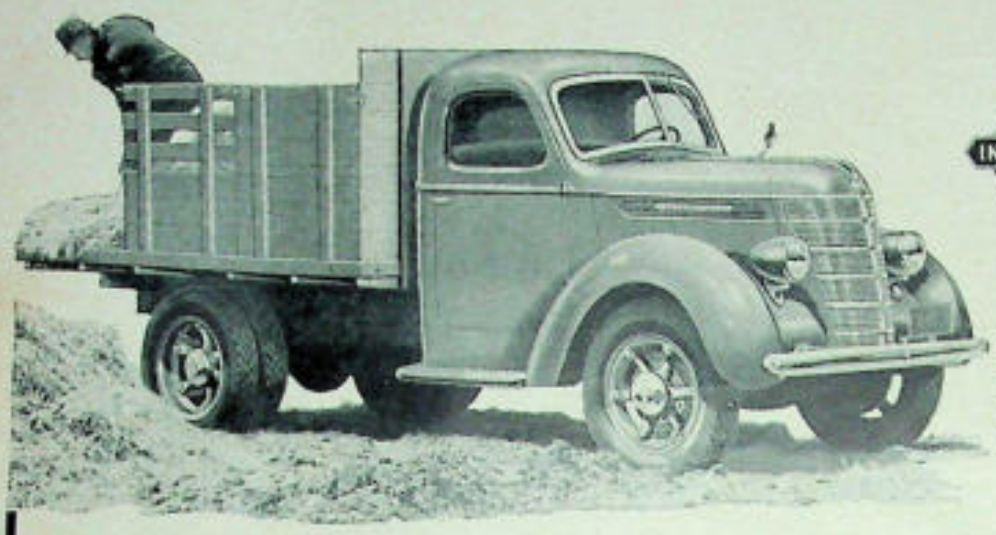
THE opening meet, or perhaps the first of the days before hounds go to the Officers' Convalescent Depot, took place a short time back at Fernhill. Hounds turned out looking well, if a trifle on the fat side, and a move was made through the Barnyard field to the Top Shay, Leasow, where they immediately found a strong jack hare, who promptly ran through a herd of cows and headed in the direction of Warton Grange. Hounds hit off the line on their own account on the far side of the foil and hunted nicely past Warton Slang to Mr. Lawton's farm, where he was halloaed into a kale field. Some time was spent here with fresh hares going away, but eventually our red jack was pushed out across Shay Lane to Gilbert's field. He turned left-handed across Gypsy Lane to the Drum's Head, and so on to the Lonco Brook, down which he ran. Scent never good on the dry plough here improved, but our hare was headed by a herd of cattle and turned up again to the high land below Lower Fernhill, where hounds were close behind.

The hare recrossed Gypsy Lane and went on for Weston Jones's Mill, where a diversion was caused by a fresh hare who took hounds away for Weston Spinney. On being brought back to Weston Jones and laid on the line, they could scarcely own it on the dry stubble, and a long cast forward failed to put him up again, so home was the order after a nice, if slow, hunt of two hours and five minutes.

BANSHEE.

(For Hunting Appointments see page 812)

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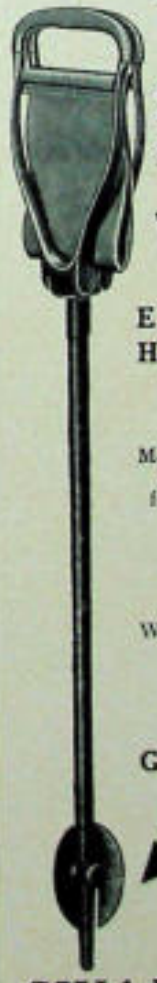
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CONCENTRATION, A GOLF ESSENTIAL

By E. R. TIPPLE

WHEN S. L. King had followed Compston's example and beaten Henry Cotton in the second of the exhibition games that have been arranged for the benefit of war charities, the last-named remarked that he was not playing at all well, because he could not concentrate on golf just now. This is a general complaint and club golfers appreciate the difficulties under which the experts perform, and make necessary allowances for any mistakes they commit. Cotton has since suffered defeat at the hands of Adams. But he is not likely to take these war-time experiences to heart, and is carrying on his excellent work by arranging further games, including "four-ballers."

We are passing through stirring times, and it is difficult to bring one's mind to bear on golf or any other normal activity when so much is happening to detract the attention. Still, all must do their best, and golfers throughout the country are anxious to see these exhibition games, just as they want to play themselves whenever they have the opportunity.

At one time or another all kinds of secrets for success on the links have been revealed, but the art of concentration must rank high on any list of essentials. Concentration does not mean that the individual should tighten up his eyebrows, take on a worried expression and allow his body to become tense. On the contrary it means applying one's mind to the task of hitting one shot—and one shot only. It is a mental process and no physical reaction such as tenseness should result.

There are occasions when the golfer feels that the situation is hopeless, and no amount of concentration will be of any help. He should not give up, but take comfort from the innumerable instances in the past where players have brought off unexpected recoveries. Anything can happen in golf, so it is worth while fighting on, mentally and physically, until the round is completed.

For instance, Compston was three down to Cotton with five to play. Some of the crowd turned towards the club-house, reckoning Cotton a certain winner. Compston had other ideas. He evaded a stymie and reduced his defeat; won the next hole and squared the match at the sixteenth. Cotton was off the line to the seventeenth, and Compston took full advantage of his opponent's mistake, played the hole perfectly and gained the lead. A safe half at the home hole gave him the match.

You can be certain that Compston achieved this unexpected success by concentrating on each shot as it came along, quite undeterred by the odds against him.

Simple straightforward strokes usually are more difficult to play properly than those from awkward positions. Everyone has seen the experts fluff an easy approach or a simple pitch, and I have done it myself more times than I care to remember. I do not have to search far to find the cause for these apparently stupid mistakes—lack of concentration. The shot was easy, looked easy, so I was easy, lackadaisical, and omitted to take any trouble over the playing of it.

But when the ball is lying in a nasty spot in the rough I take up the challenge, puzzle out carefully how best I can extricate it, and quite often astonish myself as well as my opponents with the result of my labours. Just as players should not anticipate trouble they should not take any shot for granted.

Most players are familiar with the historic story of Miss Joyce Wethered's victory over Miss Cecil Leitch at Sheringham in 1920. After being six down at one period of the game she fought back, wiped out that lead and became two up with two to play. Just as she was about to strike the long approach putt a train was heard. Miss Wethered carried on with her stroke and laid the ball close to the hole to win the championship, as the train passed by the green. When asked why she did not stop and wait for the train she replied "Was there a train?"

This historic instance shows to what heights of concentration some golfers can attain. She was completely oblivious to everything except that putt.

No golfer has time to think of the several incidentals that go to make up the golf swing, so eliminate the unnecessary details, the subconscious actions, and concentrate on just two or three important details—these vary with the individual. Remember that a good putt is just that and nothing more, even if you have to sink it to win the match. Treat it as such and never look for difficulties that are not there. That is applying the mind to the one golf stroke, keeping it free of all extraneous thoughts.

If this can be done better scores will be recorded and more pleasure from the round obtained. I hope we will only have to overcome the disturbances caused by church bells, birds singing, spectators and other golfers talking, and not the noise of bombs. They would destroy anyone's concentration!



COTTON IN AN EXHIBITION MATCH
He has just sunk a three-yard putt on the fifth green at Killermont. His opponent's ball is on the edge of the hole

But most of us have not that ability. We can be upset by all kinds of disturbances according to our individual idiosyncrasies. Motion-cameras have ruined the score of many famous golfers, even the birds singing annoy some players, whilst casual remarks from spectators or partners upset others.

During one championship a competitor went to the twentieth hole. Both he and his opponent looked grim and tired as they walked forward from the tee. Just as he was deciding how to play his second shot a friend, who knew practically nothing about the game, emerged from the keenly excited crowd and said to this poor unfortunate: "You are having a tough game aren't you?" Poor chap, he did not know what to say and, what is more important, completely foozled his shot and lost the match.

Some years ago I played a well-known international in one of the closing rounds of a championship. At the turn I was four up, but lost the next two holes. The situation was serious from my point of view. As we left the twelfth tee I felt a tap on my left shoulder and turning round saw a clergyman—a total stranger. He told me his name adding "So glad you are doing well. I had to speak to you for, you see, I married your father and mother!" My feelings can be imagined at this ill-timed but kindly meant interruption, which destroyed my concentration for that hole at least.

The professionals, who have to put up with scampering crowds and unnecessary noises, yet contrive to reel off par figures, deserve our admiration. Some like Hagen and Padgham are quite willing to chat with friends between their shots; others prefer to hold themselves aloof. The great Harry Vardon was never put off by the longest delay. He would wait contentedly smoking his old pipe, and then carry on when permitted. His rivals envied him that peace of mind which won so many of his victories for him.

Acquiring the art of concentration is an individual problem to be solved according to personal outlook on the game. No one can concentrate on one subject for a lengthy period, therefore it is wiser not to spend too long deciding how a certain shot should be played. And do not allow yourself to worry how you are going to tackle subsequent strokes. Concentrate on the immediate one and leave the others until you are faced with them.



A FEARSOME WEAPON
Cotton with the "Inverness Club," presented to him by A. D. King. The club was sold by auction in aid of the Red Cross Funds. The balls of exhibition matches realised 22 guineas each, and Cotton's matches had provided the Red Cross with about £800 up to last week

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STOP RECKLESS SPENDING

SIR,—The provisions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's emergency Budget, with its startling increase in taxation, particularly income tax, will soon be on the Statute Book.

Not least of the reasons for the almost complacent acceptance of the proposals by the House of Commons was, I believe, Sir John Simon's very definite promise that there would be the strictest economy in expenditure.

It is now up to every member of the Government and every Government Department to see that this promise is kept. Already instances of reckless spending are common; from all over the country there come disquieting reports of waste. It is the old story of the last war spendthrifts over again, except that the present culprits seem to have started where their predecessors left off.

It is idle to ask taxpayers to be cheerful under great burdens if they are not protected from this unnecessary, sometimes even stupid, spending. They should insist that their particular M.P.s keep ceaseless watch on their behalf. Such taxation as now imposed can be borne patiently only if the man who pays remains convinced that he is getting his money's worth.

Yours faithfully,
DECIES

Income Tax Payers' Society,
London, S.W.1.

LONDONDERRY GARRISON DRAG HUNT

SIR,—Unfortunately it is probable that the Londonderry Drag Hunt will be discontinued for the duration of the war. But in order to maintain touch with our farmers, and so facilitate the revival of the drag at some future date, it has been suggested that it be replaced temporarily by a pack of beagles. As most packs are at present being reduced, I should be most grateful if I could get in touch, through the *Field*, with any Masters who are wishing to dispose of some of their beagles.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. GILLESPIE.

Ebrington Barracks,
Londonderry, N. Ireland.

HOUNDS FOR AMERICA?

SIR,—I understand that certain Hunts are destroying some of their hounds, as they are unable to maintain them during the war. May I suggest that Masters should get in touch with American Hunts. I am certain that they would take over any surplus hounds, and would probably pay for the cost of transportation to America.

Yours faithfully,
L. V. HART.

Monkswood,
Great Hallingbury,
Essex.

SHOOTING IN KASHMIR

SIR,—Having read "Some Himalayan Shoots," on page 509 of the *Field* for August 26th, 1939, I am moved to comment on your correspondent's remarks. I visited Kashmir this year for the first time, thus being a complete "green-horn" to shooting there, so my remarks may be valueless, but of interest to others contemplating a visit.

I think your correspondent is inclined to paint a rather pessimistic picture of shooting in Kashmir. Firstly, to visit Changchenmo in two months one need not do thirty miles a day travelling. Leh, the capital of Ladakh, can be reached in sixteen days' easy going from Srinagar and Changchenmo could be reached within a week from Leh. Ten days to a fortnight should be ample for shooting in Changchenmo, even with an average shikari. The price he quotes, "Rs. 1800 from Rawalpindi if you are prepared to live hard," is rather expensive, to say the least. I rather wonder what he calls "living hard." Later in this letter I shall quote my own figures, which may be of interest.

Your correspondent says it is worth taking skis over the Zoji La. This comment reminds me that I met an officer who did this, this year. He said it was all very nice going, but he had an awful long wait at Matayan, shivering in the cold, till his shikari and coolies caught up with him and a fire was made!

"Red bear can be shot on the way to Leh." I expect he means at Duas. I agree with him, but you have to be *very* lucky, and have to go early in the year in order to do it. I was lucky this year, and my success shook the inhabitants of Duas considerably; which seems to show that red bears are not shot around there very often.

To quote my own figures. I left Srinagar at the beginning of May, and travelled on the Rés system (one anna per mile per pony), where possible, to Leh and thence over Khardung La to Panamik, living in a tent, at a messing rate, with my cook, of Rs.1-4-(about 2/-) per day throughout my journey. This messing rate meant I was living off the country and covered the cost of fire and bath, wood, chickens, sheep, eggs and milk. The only *necessary* stores taken were Quaker oats, tea, butter, jam and cheese, and also onions. So I didn't stint my meals!

From Panamik I went on a "special bandobast" of ten days up the Siachen Glacier. *This was not cheap.* Returning, I went on another "small bandobast" up the Yarkand Road to shoot burrhel—which I succeeded in doing. After a day's rest at Panamik I set off down the Shyok River valley—a rarely travelled route—to Khapalu. *This, also, was not cheap.* From Khapalu I returned to Srinagar via Skardu and the Deosai Plains, and arrived feeling very fit, with lots of stores unused, at the end of July. The trek involved almost exactly three months' leisurely travelling, always living in a tent, and I have estimated that the entire cost, all bills paid, was approximately Rs. 1,600.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. YOUNG
(Flight-Lieutenant).

Royal Air Force,
Karachi,
India.

PIKE TRAPS

SIR,—I think that Mr. G. O. Crawford's suggestion that it is the copper wire which attracts pike into traps can hardly be correct. During the last six months I have trapped pike, roach and dace in home-made traps made entirely of galvanised wire, containing no copper material at all. In Windermere it is possible to catch large numbers of perch in traps made of an iron framework covered with netting; and the minnow trap consisting of a tin funnel in a glass jar is well known.

I believe that fish often enter traps from mere "curiosity." In some cases, when much drifting weed has settled on the trap, the entrance may appear as a gap in an obstruction in the fish's path.

Yours faithfully,
P. H. T. HARTLEY.

Freshwater Biological Association,
Coarse Fish Investigation,
Bulbeck Mill House,
Barrington,
Cambs.

SHEEP ON GOLF COURSES

SIR,—The problem of keeping our fairways in order in the probable absence of petrol is exercising the brains of a great many of us.

I have read in your paper, and others, that sheep will solve the problem, and write to say that, after seven years' experience of sheep on these links, they do not keep the fairways in playable order, and, in addition, they ruin the greens as wherever they urinate the grass is at least temporarily scorched, and in some cases permanently destroyed.

Is there any chemical which one could apply to counteract the effects of the urine?

Yours faithfully,
G. N. HILL
(Lieutenant-Colonel, Hon. Sec.).

Bedale,
Yorks.

WOODCOCKS NESTING IN JULY

SIR,—On July 7th this year I found a woodcock's nest with the customary four eggs in it. The young birds had flown by the 15th. On the 18th I happened on all four young ones on a heap of dead sticks about 300yds. from the nesting site. The parent bird got up at my feet, feigning a broken wing. The camouflage of the young ones was so effective that I could not see them (they were all within 3yds. of me) until one overbalanced on a twig, when they all hustled away squealing.

Yours faithfully,
R. W. PEDDER.

The Vicarage,
Lancashire.

TALES OF TAME TOADS

SIR,—The tale of a tame toad which would take flies from the hands of a gardener may not be a "leg-pull," as the late Alex Fraser, for 50 years head keeper at Aros House, Tobermory, Mull, told me of a toad which taught itself to come daily to one of his beehives. The toad was at last seen by Mr. Fraser squatted near the entrance to the hive, and it took the entering and emerging bees by rapid tongue flicks.

A remarkably tame toad of my own lived in my strawberry bed at the time when the berries were ripe, and I discovered that it was feeding on the ripest strawberries. I had thought toads were above such conduct, but this particular one was a real strawberry addict. No matter where that toad hid my terrier quickly found him out, but the weather became exceptionally dry, and that wise toad finally dug himself a hole in the ground, and went down under for the duration of the dry weather.

Yours faithfully,
DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Woodview,
Comrie.

SIR,—Referring to the previous correspondence on this subject, a toad which inhabited a hole in a rough stone edging of a path in my garden was tame enough to take slugs from my fingers. Another which lived in a lettuce frame accepted worms from me: he would snatch at them, but sometimes he missed and got a mouthful of earth instead, which he carefully removed with his front toes and by licking his lips with his pink tongue.

Toads appear to be fond of music. A correspondent in *The Times* once described how he lured nine into the house by playing his guitar. Some years ago when on summer evenings a trio of violin, piano and 'cello was playing, I have known six toads assemble on the lawn and in the bird-bath just outside our open windows; their rapt expressions betokened enjoyment, but we did not invite them indoors.

Yours faithfully,
E. W. HENDY.

Holt Anstiss,
Porlock, Somerset.

TO OWNERS OF MOORS

SIR,—With reference to the article "An Excess of Grouse" in your issue of September 30th. It has occurred to me that the owners of the moors, who have been obliged to close down with 1,500 or 2,000 brace short, might be glad to know that I could probably get together a party of three or four members of this club to shoot these moors for ten days or so at the end of this month. The party would consist of people over sixty, whose offers of services have not yet been accepted by the Government.

While the members of the party are all fairly vigorous for their age, we would, I fear, hardly be able to undertake a long day's walking up. But I presume it would not be difficult to get a few boy beaters locally?

The party will of course pay their own expenses, including hire of conveyances, beaters and cartridges. But they would not be responsible for any payment of rent or keepers (tips naturally excepted).

Perhaps you would be kind enough to convey this offer to the owners of the moors in question.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK RATTIGAN.

The Bath Club,
34, Dover Street, London, W.1.

P.S.—The guns would expect a brace or two of grouse, after each shoot, for themselves.

LUMINOUS WOOD

SIR,—I was much interested in the recent letter on the above subject. On September 11th, 1931, I was on manœuvres. We were halted in a quarry where some logs had recently been stacked. When it grew dark the bark of one of these logs, which had been bruised by someone kicking it, became quite luminous, so much so that we peeled off the strips of the bark and fixed them on to the backs of our limbers so that we could see them on the line of march. The logs, as far as I remember, were a variety of willow or dogwood.

This summer I had my second experience of luminous wood when I kicked away a rotten stump by the side of the river, thinking that it might trip one up when returning from fishing in the dusk. When I next came across it after the light had gone, I found that the whole of the chippings were brightly illuminated. They retained their phosphorescence for about a fortnight. In this case it was quite impossible to tell what the tree had been, but I imagine willow or alder, probably the latter.

On various occasions when returning late from stalking I have seen points of light in the heather, and have attempted to gather them for subsequent inspection. These have turned out to be bits of moss, apparently similar to other mosses, and why one particular piece of moss should be luminous, I cannot conjecture.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD REED.

Ghyllheugh,
Longhorsley, Northumberland.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

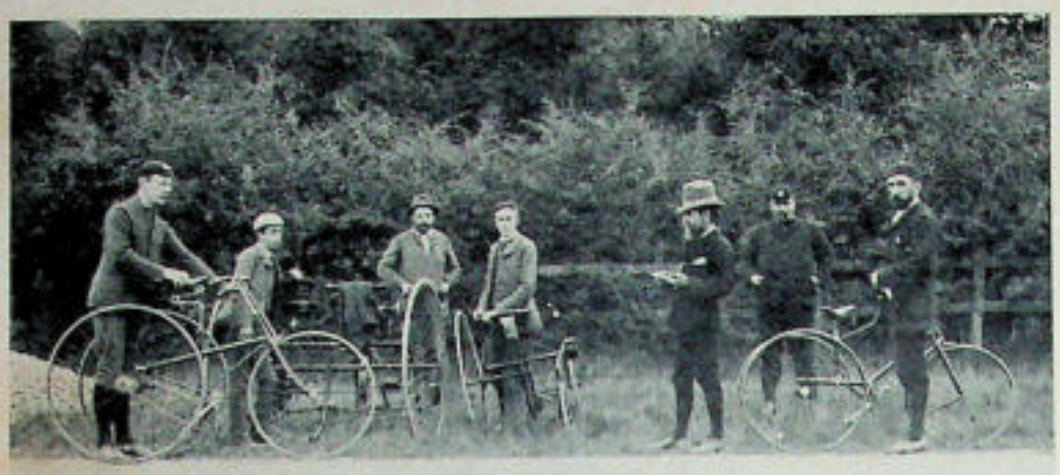
SIR,—I am sending you enclosed herewith the contents taken from the crop of a grouse killed by a trained falcon on Sept. 6th. These include, besides the usual ling, tips of bracken and flower heads of bell heather.

The grouse was a young cock, in fair condition, with no signs of disease. There is an abundance of excellent heather on the moor.

Yours faithfully,
G. BLAINE.

Cairnmore,
Port Ellen, Isle of Islay.

[The contents of the crop, as stated, included bracken tips and flower heads of bell heather.—ED.]





VARIOUS FORMS OF EARLY TRICYCLES AND TANDEM TRICYCLISTS READY FOR THE ROAD
(*See letter "Strange Vehicles"*)

STRANGE VEHICLES

SIR,—A perusal of the article entitled "Penny-Farthing Days," published in the *Field* last month, leads me to think that the enclosed photographs of early tricycles may be of interest to your readers.

The fate of the ordinary bicycle was sealed when it became apparent that the machine could never be adapted to women's use. Hardly-earned holidays lost half their attraction when the companion of one's choice had perforce to be left at home. Manufacturers did their utmost to find a way out of the difficulty, and tricycles, for the most part weird and wonderful to behold, appeared from time to time to the astonishment of the rustics in the country lanes. It is interesting to record the fact that one of the earliest tricycles on the road was seen when James Starley converted his unsuccessful lady's ordinary bicycle into an immediate success by the simple expedient of adding a third wheel.

The earliest tricycles were driven by one wheel only, and steered from the rear. This design was found, in practice, to be both unsatisfactory and dangerous, but when a machine was introduced with geared axle and double driving wheels, it became almost popular, and remained on the roads until the pneumatic safety bicycle replaced both it and the ordinary machine at one and the same time. Tandem and sociable tricycles were much in favour for a while, in spite of the fact that they were both heavy and cumbersome.

If the lady in the second illustration is really attired for the wheel one reason for the non-success of the ladies' ordinary machine becomes obvious. Now that the restrictions of war are here, with petrol scarce and cars few on the roads, one wonders whether a number of these veteran machines will emerge again from some rural sanctuary to astonish the evacuated youth of to-day.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. EX-AUTO.

SILVER FISH

SIR,—I have often seen references in the *Field* to silver fish, and as we are troubled with them in the bathroom, I would like to know how they can be got rid of.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. A. CADWELL.

[A pamphlet on this subject has now been issued by the Natural History Museum, and can be obtained from Cromwell Road, London, S.W. 7, price ½d., plus postage.—ED.]



WEIGHING 20lb.
(*See letter "Coypus on the Ribble"*)

COYPUS ON THE RIBBLE

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of a rat caught on the River Ribble. It weighed 20lb., and a female was caught a little later weighing 15lb. Can you tell me what species of rat it is? I believe there are several others in the neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,
(Lady) D. E. HORNBY.

Barraclough,
Clitheroe, Lancashire.

[The animal shown is not a rat but a coypu.—ED.]

SALT PANS OF THE SAHARA

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph which may be of interest in view of its unusual nature. The curious honeycomb pattern is made by the salt pans in the southern Sahara, and the photograph was taken in the Colonie du Niger, French West Africa.

Yours faithfully,
Forestry Department, JAMES DUNDAS.
Naragula,
Via Jos, Northern Nigeria.



LIKE MINIATURE CRATERS
(*See letter "Salt Pans of the Sahara"*)

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New Books

ROD AND LINE IN U.S.A.

Angling in America. Its Early History and Literature. By CHARLES ELIOT GOODSPEED. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; $15.00 net.)

It is certainly the hardest kind of luck for Mr. Goodspeed that this admirable volume should have appeared just at a time when a European war is emptying purses at an unexampled rate; for he has produced a book worthy of an honoured place, not only in the collector's library, but on many a more modest bookshelf of anglers to whom the history of their sport has an everabiding charm. He has here done for American angling very much what the late Mr. William Radcliffe did for the sport of angling as a whole in his *Fishing from the Earliest Times*. He has delved into old records, and has given us as complete an account of the origin and development of sport with rod and line in the United States as we are likely to get.

It is impossible in a short notice to go into details of the matters of many-sided interest with which he deals in recording the results of his research; suffice it to say here that he has produced a very readable volume which is likely to be adopted as the standard reference book on the history of American rod-and-line fishing in fresh waters for many years to come. To the English reader its interest lies primarily in the possibility of comparing the development of the sport overseas during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when so many improvements were taking place over here; the introduction of the split-cane rod, of dry-fly fishing, of silkworm gut, spinning reels and a dozen other matters which accompanied the revival or, more properly, perhaps the expansion, of rod-and-line fishing into the delicate art we know to-day.

There has been constant interplay in the matter of tackle. In most cases the original idea came from this country, was developed here along one line, in America along another. The American development has then been brought back as something new, redeveloped to suit English conditions and, often enough, probably imported once more to the United States as an improvement on American practice.

The case of the split-cane rod is typical: Mr. Goodspeed, adopting the opinion of the late Dr. Henshall, gives the credit for the first practical split-cane rod to Samuel Phillippe, who made a four-strip rod in 1845. But, as was pointed out by Mr. Rawdon B. Lee in the *Field* a good many years ago, there is a reference in Wright's *Fishes and Fishing* to a glued-up bamboo rod made for him in this country in 1805. That these three or four-strip rods were practical weapons is shown from their being offered by three English firms in the 1851 exhibition. One may concede, however, that Phillippe was the originator of the standard six-strip rod which is almost universal to-day. They were being imported by Cummins in the '70's, and soon after were being made by Allcocks in Redditch.

Reels had something of the same history. The multiplying reel, which has become the standard fishing reel of America, was first invented over here, though it never became popular, not so much because it was a "crude affair," as because the conditions of fishing in England required finer tackle and consequently more delicacy of touch than can usually be obtained with geared reels. Recently, improvements in construction have assisted their reimportation into England.

There is one feature, however, in which America stands a long way ahead of any record we can show—the antiquity of her earliest fishing club. The Schuylkill Fishing "Company" (as it was called) celebrated its 200th anniversary in 1932. To anyone who has not had an opportunity to read Milnor's account of the club, brought up to date in 1932, Mr. Goodspeed's account of its origin and activities will prove exceptionally entertaining. It is curiously like our own City companies, with a quaint ritual and binding rules, and with half-serious claims to a sort of governmental authority over its demesne.

But the book should, and will, be read with interest over here as well as in America. It is a fine antidote to war obsession. E. D. TURING.

* * * *

How Green Was My Valley. By RICHARD LLEWELLYN. (Michael Joseph; 8/6.)

There are some things in literature to-day which we have come to regard with horror and apprehension. One of them is the novel of simple life. It is all so easy, so lacking in plot, so bereft of any characterisation—in a word, so nice—that it is immediately hailed by self-constituted and week-end critics as a masterpiece. For does it not offer a retreat from a weary and troublous world? Are not the actions and thoughts of its characters at once a reproach to our own hurried lives and an inspiration towards the simple way of life which God intended us to lead? Shades of everyone from Chaucer to Jane Austen!

I will admit that the first few pages of Mr. Llewellyn's novel filled me with uneasiness. But before I had gone very far I knew the fault to lie in my fears and not in his work. For here is a great novel indeed.

It is great for one main reason—its characterisation. Ever since Geoffrey Chaucer wrote *Troilus and Criseyde* characterisation has been the mainspring of the novel—or at all events of the English novel. And we must admit that this tradition has continued even down to Mr. James Joyce, however much *Troilus and Criseyde* or *Ulysses* may privately bore us.

This feature of Mr. Llewellyn's novel is assisted by a graceful and Welsh style. It will be interesting to see whether his genius can equally flourish in other places than a Welsh mining valley. If it can, then we have discovered a new and really great novelist.

The book has little plot. From his old age Mr. Llewellyn looks back to the days of his youth—to his father and mother and sisters, to all the various events, happy and unfortunate, which preceded the final end of his home. The book teems with characters who do not live more than three miles from each other in the apparently limited confines of a Welsh mining village. Yet each is distinct, each is true, and each is drawn with masterly sympathy. ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

Adventures, Travels and Politics. By A. C. FORSTER BOULTON. (Heath Cranton; 7s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a Canadian by birth and education. It was while he was studying law in Toronto that he saw the chance of adventure and grabbed it. The chance has come to many of us—and probably comes at least once in the lifetime of every man—but very few of us recognise it (though we all want it) and still fewer of us, having recognised it, have sufficient courage to take it. We wonder "where will it lead?" and "What of the future?" and "Safety first," and we end up where we began or a little lower down the social scale. Not so Mr. Forster Boulton. He joined the Canadian Pacific Railway as an employee before the line was laid—and so he saw the Rockies, and shot big game, and met Indians, and became well infected with the travel bug. That bug took him all over the Eastern and Southern States of America and across the Atlantic twenty-one times. And I do not think that even now he has rid himself of the drive that is part and parcel of "go-fever."

As a lawyer he practised in Canada. But he married an Englishwoman and settled in England, where he also practised the law and soon acquired a reputation as an international lawyer, being for twenty-five years one of the Standing Counsel for the G.P.O.

It might be expected of such a man that he would enter politics. He spent some years at Westminster, and many more years connected with the great figures of politics at home and abroad. Politics distress me; they are never sincere. But Mr. Forster Boulton's comments and observations on the trend of events are refreshingly frank.

But, to my mind, the best part of this book is that concerned with his bicycling tours in France and Italy and Spain. They were undertaken in conditions differing by far from those which hold good to-day—and perhaps they will never return—and they are the more valuable because of that.

This is altogether a good book. There are no dull pages: there is plenty of humour, much close observation, many good stories. The author is concerned with Life as he found it and not at all with life as many think it should be. A good book—and cheap at 7s. 6d.

* * * *

The Bird Talisman. By HENRY ALLEN WEDGWOOD. (Faber & Faber; 6/-.)

This is a fairy tale for children. It was written nearly a hundred years ago, and has proved through all that time popular with one generation of Wedgwoods after another; and now, really beautifully illustrated, it is, for the first time, available for children of all ages everywhere. I loved it, read it at a sitting and am going to read it again. I only wish I had had a grandfather like old Mr. Wedgwood.

The Late Arthur N. Gilbey

IT is with profound regret we have to record the death of Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey, which took place, after a long illness, at his home, Folly Farm, Sulhamstead, on October 8th, at the age of 79. Mr. Gilbey will be remembered as the honorary secretary of the famous Houghton Club, at Stockbridge, for nearly forty years, and under his guidance the club attained the world-wide recognition as the foremost trout-fishing club of the empire which it enjoys to-day. The influence of his personality was such that he could count on the unanimous approval of his committee on practically any move that he considered beneficial to the club's interest. As a trout fisherman he probably occupied almost the same position as G. S. Marryat had achieved in a former generation. He was one of the few men who had acquired an habitual method of casting which effectually prevented drag, and though he appeared rather to be sauntering along the bank than fishing seriously, his basket at the end of the day was evidence of the effectiveness of his methods.

For many years he was a valued member of the council of the Salmon and Trout Association, where his quiet influence could always be felt. Among his other activities in connection with fishing was the acquisition, volume by volume, of one of the best libraries of old and modern angling books which this country contains. His loss will be mourned by a host of friends which the charm of his personality had gained for him.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

GOVERNMENT finance is a lively topic for conversation in bank parlours and Stock Exchange circles. This has led to a great thaw in the market for British Government securities. It will be recalled that immediately following the outbreak of hostilities it was virtually impossible to sell British Government stocks.

Minimum prices were established. No sale of any of the Government's securities could be arranged below the fixed minimum levels. There were no buyers for the stocks. In the absence of such support the market became completely frozen.

Early in September many cast their minds back to the early days of the last war. Government borrowing was then contemplated as is the case to-day. In 1914 and subsequent years the Government offered steadily rising rates of interest to those subscribers towards war finance.

It was thought in certain quarters that something of the kind would happen again. Gradually it dawned upon the country as a whole that the Government of to-day had no intention of paying fancy interest rates for War Loans. The Emergency Budget proved conclusively that the Treasury looked for big revenue from taxation.

There is no intention to indulge in inflation. Sir John Simon plainly stated that he intended to borrow for war purposes on the cheapest possible terms. A subsequent reduction in the Bank Rate showed that a cheap money policy was to be followed by the authorities. That caused investors to sit up and take notice.

Minimum prices for the funds were fixed on a level which showed a new buyer of the stocks a yield of roughly 4 per cent. on his money. An opinion was formed that future borrowing would be on less favourable terms to the lender. There was, therefore, a move to purchase existing Government stocks for the yield which they offered.

I am assured that much of the buying came from the average investor. It has been said that the big financial houses, such as insurance companies and investment trusts, who usually take a prominent part in the gilt-edged market, have been out of the picture this time.

One particular reason, I am told, is the fact that the finance departments of such undertakings have been evacuated to remote country places. Heads of departments became out of touch with City affairs. The public made hay while the sun shone. The buying thawed the market and, one after another, Government stocks became far easier to deal in, but at higher prices.

Banks and discount houses soon recognised that the Treasury has no intention of giving high interest rates, whether for long- or short-term borrowing. The Treasury bill rate, which was practically £3 14s. 6d. per cent. at the outbreak of war, tumbled in a few weeks to nearer £2 per cent.

That naturally assisted the gilt-edged market towards more normal conditions. British funds still give a high yield compared with money market rates. Further advances in Government stocks are freely predicted. Those who recently entered the market have bought cheaply. There is a very general opinion that the new War Loans, when they come along, will offer much less than 4 per cent. to the lender.

A revival in British Government stocks had a very good effect upon markets generally. Brokers tell me that their clients have been steadily buying leading industrials, including tobacco stocks and shares. Industry will be heavily penalised with taxation, but there should be a very reasonable margin left over for dividends.

Buying of industrials is undertaken with the intention of sweetening the yield likely to be obtained on British Funds. For instance, there has been buying of brewery debenture stocks to give yields of about £4 15s. per cent. The difficulty is that supplies of such stocks are very short.

Markets generally can be said to have made very satisfactory progress since the early days of September. Much naturally depends during the coming months on news from the war zone. There is, however, such confidence in the successful prosecution of the war that money is being turned over and invested in sound British securities.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR (temporary address: Lavershot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey) implore help for the pathetic case of an elderly widow, a gentlewoman to whom the tiny sum of 2/6 more a week would make all the difference as her income is only 15/- weekly. She is blind in one eye, over sixty, tired and frail. Her daughter who used to support her, is now mental and will never be fit to work again.

A Glance Astern

THE PEAK OF THE YACHTING YEAR

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

TAKING up the tale of the yachting season, the Clyde Fortnight loomed ahead (chronologically) but Plymouth Week may be mentioned first. Here for the first time almost the entire fleet of Twelves met in open contest, the last arrival being the Laurent Giles designed Flica II (H. Goodson); the entire fleet, that is, save for Evaine and Blue Marlin, the latter owned last season, with disappointing results (though she won some flags over in Sweden) by T. O. M. Sopwith. She had not appeared this year, but under the ownership of W. Westhead was to make a surprise appearance and secure several firsts, a little later in the season.

Vim continued her amazing record, winning every race at Plymouth, after a successful protest (under the overlap rule) against Jenetta on June 29th. Trivia's mast went by the board in the hard weather of July 1st.

It was now becoming plain that although some of the English Twelves were able, on occasion, to extend Vim to her utmost—Tomahawk gradually emerging as her most serious rival—there was no one yacht among the British fleet, new or old, that could constitute itself a serious menace to the ascendancy she had so quickly established, and which, until she broke off the season in the second week of August, she held until the end.

The handicap classes were supported strongly in the west country, several of the ocean racing fleet and large cruiser-racers helping to swell the numbers.

Attention must now shift to the Clyde, "The Fortnight" starting on June 30th. The season on the Clyde had begun a thought shakily, with some of the big Clyde ketches refraining from fitting out; but had quickly recovered itself, and—with the prospect of an international tussle for the Seawanhaka Cup later in the year to spur it on—produced a bumper season for the Metre and Clyde classes.

The Dragons, whose original home in this country is, of course, the Clyde, were particularly active, Pinta (W. Russell) having an astonishing record—one string of firsts from early July to late August.

The Clyde 6-Metres have always, deservedly, had the reputation of being the cream of the class; this year there were two new ones in the fleet. One was Maida, designed by her owner (J. G. Stephen), with a most unusual rig, the mainsail having a very short boom, and the head of the sail terminating in a very short, horizontal gaff; she had a disappointing career, however. More successful was Johan (Donaldson Bros.), designed by J. McGruer; she had a good record during the Clyde Fortnight, though she fell out of the picture again later.

The most consistently successful of the Clyde Sixes over the season were Circe (J. H. Thom) and Erica (R. Teacher), who struggled till the last minute with each other for the honour of being chosen to defend the Seawanhaka Cup.

Among the 8-Metres Pandora (Sir T. Glen Coats) put up the best record during the Fortnight; whilst a most outstanding performance in the 30 sq. Metre class was that of Austral (D. H. Taylor), which had eight firsts in nine starts.

The Fortnight also saw some fine racing among the handicap classes. The over 50 tons class was rather sparsely supported, however. Eilean (Messrs. Fulton) turned out on two occasions, but mostly this class was a duel between Colonel Wordie's Fiumara and the visiting yawl Thelma IV (E. Lynton Vicars), the latter on several occasions having to combine (rather severely handicapped) with the smaller class.

Returning to southern waters, an interesting event—an innovation in yachting history—was the inter-Varsity races held at Falmouth on July 3rd and 4th; these were raced in Solent Sunbeam boats (of which there has long been a class racing regularly in Falmouth Harbour) between teams from Oxford and Cambridge, the latter university winning the Yule-Oldham Cup by 36 points to 23½.

A special series of races for the Twelves in Torbay followed on after Plymouth, when Vim suffered her first defeat for a long while, in a fluky race, at the hands of Evaine. Blue Marlin made her appearance among the racing fleet here, but was dismasted on July 7th, and Torbay closed on the 8th with the abandonment of racing owing to a heavy gale.

Another international event, beginning on this date, and sailed abroad, claims the attention. This was the visit of a British Navy team (captained by Lieutenant S. Woodcock, R.N.) to Kiel to take part in the Navy Cup contests for the Hindenberg Trophy. Nine countries sent teams, the contests being held in the International Star class boats, in which the Germans, hitherto, had made themselves pre-eminent. Last year the English team had been third, out of eleven competing countries. This year, after an extremely close-fought series of races, they were the winners by 66 points to 58 by the runners-up (Germany). Once more England's international lucky star, strongly in the ascendant this season, held good.

One way and another, this has been a season of innovation. One of the most marked developments of recent years has of course been the increase in popularity of the International 14-foot Dinghies, which have grown into a practically nation-wide class. This year a "Dinghy Week," sponsored by the Island Sailing Club, was held at Cowes, where the stronghold of "big stuff" yachting gave itself over to a prolonged orgy of dinghy sailing, with entries from far and wide.

After the Itchenor Gallon event, sailed in Chichester Harbour on July 8th, and won by Devlin (Stewart Morris), the "Fourteens" assembled at Cowes for the Week's racing. This took place despite the boisterous weather, and culminated in the race for the premier dinghy trophy of the year—the Prince of Wales Cup. Over 50 boats entered for this, the largest gathering of such craft that the Solent has yet seen. The Cup was taken (on July 21st), after a fierce race in fresh westerly weather, by Hawk (Chris. Ratsey).

The old town of Cowes now began to show signs of the imminent peak of the yachting season—Cowes Week—preluded by the Royal Lymington Regatta on the 22nd—in which Tomahawk beat Vim, both yachts touching the patty momentarily in the course of the race, Trivia and Jenetta sticking fast for a couple of hours. In the eve-of-Cowes Regatta at Ryde, Vim once more asserted her supremacy, and Cowes Week began on July 29th, when, in a rattling race, Tomahawk again beat Vim, to win the Fleuret Challenge Trophy, by 30 seconds.

Cowes Week was scurvily treated by the weather. There was little of the sun, sparkle and white ducks traditionally associated with that function; nevertheless, although there was plenty of rain and heavy enough weather at times, it was never sufficiently bad to cancel racing, nor did thunderstorms kill the wind to any noticeable extent, as they so readily can.

The Week was marred by two unfortunate occurrences on the same day. The Sunbeam Judy broached-to and sank, with the loss of her paid hand; while an incident, the echoes of which still reverberate where sailing men gather together to discuss, occurred at the start of the 12-Metre race, and resulted in a protest by Tomahawk against Vim. The circumstances and manoeuvres which led up to this have already been expounded in detail in these columns and elsewhere; suffice it that the protest was eventually decided in favour of Tomahawk, but Mr. Vanderbilt having carried it to appeal the final verdict has yet to be given.

Tomahawk won the King's Cup on August 1st (Vim was not eligible to compete in this), after which the American boat won on the remaining four days off the reel. In the 8-Metres, Carron II. (Major D. Peel) took the Lady Williams-Bulkeley Cup and the Lady Gore Cup, and Christina took the Marchioness Camden Cup. The Lady Dilke Cup went to Severn II (Major Hall and F. A. Richards). A somewhat heavy collision took place in the latter race between Cedon and Iskareen, resulting in some damage to the latter.

In the 6-Metre class the best record for the Week was that of Catharine (J. Ewing and C. Ratsey), although the honours on the whole were fairly evenly divided among the top boats of the class.

Erin (A. O'Connor and W. Hancock) carried off the Frank Chaplin Cup, whilst the R.Y.S. Cup and the Hon. Henry Guest Cup were won by Mara (J. D. Head and G. G. Williams), a boat new to the Solent this year, and originally from the Clyde.

England's lucky star still held good in the Dragon class, as although the German boat Woge XII (Otto Ernst) had been winning consistently all the week, the Mrs. Kenneth Preston Cup for the Dragons was secured by a short nose from her by Mocassin (C. Taylor and M. Illingworth). The Queen Mary's Cup, competed for by boats of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was a prize for Marianna (Colonel Blewitt).

Vim's last race in English waters was sailed on August 9th, when Blue Marlin, sailed by Colin Newman, marked the occasion by the double event of vanquishing the American yacht and scoring her "first win ever" in British waters. Vim now



CIRCE, WINNER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP

retired from the racing field with the enviable record of nineteen firsts, four seconds and three thirds in 28 starts.

After Cowes Week two high spots of the season were left: Torbay Fortnight and the Seawanhaka Cup contests.

After behaving unkindly throughout the middle of the season, the weather went to the opposite extreme in the middle of August. After a good sailing day for the Weymouth Regatta on the 12th, winds became rarer and rarer, so that a good deal of the Torbay Regatta season consisted of drifting matches. Mark boats, too, seemed affected by the heat, one subsiding into cooler regions on the seabed soon after the big race started; another got under way itself, spreading confusion amongst the competing boats.

The end of the season found Tomahawk on top, so far as the British Twelves were concerned, with thirteen firsts, eleven seconds and six thirds out of 41 starts. Blue Marlin showed considerable promise towards the end of the season; she only took the field in July, and was dismasted after three races, not appearing again until shortly before Cowes Week. She managed, however, to find her form after a run of non-placings, and ended the season with six firsts, two seconds and two thirds out of 21 starts—a very marked improvement, considering the first eleven starts failed to gain a flag.

On the Clyde, the advent of Noreg, the Norwegian challenging 6-Metre, set the stage for the Seawanhaka Cup contest. She was sailed by Rolf Svindal, co-owner with the Crown Prince Olaf, and met the defender Circe (J. H. Thom). A series of persistent calms dogged the entire set of races, all the more galling since both boats were regarded as hard-weather craft. Noreg seemed to be consistently closer winded than the defender, but Mr. Thom's consummate helmsmanship tipped the scales on more than one occasion. Owing to the calms, and the fact that a time limit of four-and-a-half hours was set to each race, the contest was prolonged over ten days.

Interest was sustained until the end, as the penultimate race, being won by Noreg, brought the score to two-all; the fifth, deciding, race was carried off by Circe, who thus retained the Cup. This was the more gratifying for Mr. Thom, as it was claimed that in the fourth race (when Circe required but to win to keep the Cup) he would have won had the course to the finishing line been a straight run as the rules required. The race committee, however, had set this to make a turn round the buoy, so that as Circe had the outside berth Noreg just got ahead. No official protest was made, and Circe's eventual win was but poetic justice.

In normal times, the season ends with a flourish, in the shape of Burnham Week, when, reserving its glories until the last, the East Coast centre attracts a gathering of yachts such as (numerically speaking, at least) even Cowes does not see. Scheduled to begin on September 2nd a particularly full programme had been arranged; but developments abroad, in quarters where power politics are no doubt regarded as a more elevating occupation for *homo sapiens* than mere yachting, made it obvious that an immediate winding-up of the sailing season was imperative. So wound up it was, and all can but look back regretfully at a season which, on the whole, save in this one instance, lived fully up to its promise.



THE IDEALS WE AIMED AT. A CARCASS COMPETITION AT PETERBOROUGH
"Fat is more expensive on the whole to produce than lean meat"

PIG KEEPERS AND THE FEEDING QUESTION

By JOHNSON MUNRO

PIGS have had their ups and downs like every other side of agriculture. It is pretty certain, however, that it will be all "ups" for pigs in war. There will be no difficulty about selling, though there may be some difficulty about the purchase of food, pig-netting, galvanised pig troughs, etc.

The man who can carry out the biggest economies in war time is not only the man who is helping his country to the utmost, but is as well likely to be the producer of the largest profit per carcass grown.

Some strains of pigs are better doers than others, and it is undoubtedly advisable at such a time as this to concentrate on the types which do best under the particular conditions concerned. The South-Eastern Agricultural College Pig Research Station, for instance, recommend the crossing of the large white sow with the large black boar, or with the saddleback. The piglets from such a cross-breed are much easier to rear, and this is just as important, and, in fact, more so than the large litter. It is no good giving the sow the strain of producing the large litter and then having a high mortality during the nursing period. In war time try and ensure not only a large litter but a litter which will live through.

The type of cross-bred pig already suggested does seem also to be a good grazer, though perhaps not quite as good as the pure-bred saddleback. The possibility of grazing and of consuming as much home-grown foods as possible should not be overlooked, and farmers with grass orchards may give the pigs a turn in them, though it does the fruit trees no good if the pigs are left in too long, because of the extra nitrogen they produce.

It has been said that the more a pig is given the better it will do and there is some truth in it. The animal is less time on the farm and gives a quicker return, but the danger of over-feeding, or at any rate of feeding liberally, is that the animal goes all to fat, and the British public, as a whole, neither cares for fat pork or fat bacon. In a war one wonders whether they will not be glad to get anything, and perhaps the picking and choosing of peace-time will be forgotten; but fat is more expensive on the whole to produce than lean meat, especially if the carcass does not grade as well, with the resulting loss in price.

The danger of high feeding, especially with a batch of greedy pigs, is that they eat far more than they really need, just for the purpose of gorging! The result is that their digestive system is not able to cope with the extra quantity of food it has thrust upon it, and so a large quantity of the feeding value passes out in the manure unused.

Just as it is wasteful and uneconomical to over-feed, so is it false economy to underfeed. Pigs put on a poor ration grow but slowly and take up valuable space in taking a long time to mature. Animals that are discontented, and that squeal and jump about long before feeding time, use up a tremendous amount of energy, and the food which should be going to build up their bodies is dissipated in this way. Such a system usually develops one or two animal "bullies" who take their unfair share and leave the weaklings to grow weaker and weaker.

Pigs not only need enough to keep them alive and fit but, for the farmer's sake, they need that little extra which will soon be converted into firm flesh. At feeding time it does seem advisable to give them enough to keep them going for some twenty minutes and yet which ensures that they take a definite squealing interest at the next feeding time. It is naturally impossible to give definite weights and compositions of feeds to suit all ages and all purposes, but the County Council Agricultural Adviser can always be consulted should need arise.

In war-time every care should be taken to prevent loss of meal. The pigs should receive the same quantity by weight as that which is delivered on the farm, and yet in the majority of cases the losses are as high as 10 and 15 per cent. When emptying the meal out of the bag it should be turned inside out and thoroughly shaken. The emptying should be done on a smooth concrete floor in a dry, windproof shed. Once mixed the ration may be put back again into the sacks, each containing a definite weight. The food should be taken in the sacks direct to the pigs concerned.

With pigs out-of-doors it is almost impossible to feed dry meal without some of it being blown away. It is better, therefore, to see that it is moistened and in a crumbly condition before taking it out. Such a mash is much better than the watery slop so often given by the unthinking pig-keeper. There is much to be said for the feeding of the cubed or nutted foods, as they are called, especially for animals outside. The pigs like them, there is very little wastage and they are appreciated by the manual workers because they are quick to use and easy to handle.

Every care should be taken to prevent the robbery carried out by birds, rats and mice week by week. Rats, it need hardly be said, should be kept down at all costs, and the storage barns should be given the usual vermin protection. Birds never seem to do as much harm outside if flaked maize is omitted from the ration, for it is this sweet food that seems to attract them in the first place.

SAVING FARMERS' MONEY

Some farmers are undertaking unnecessary expense and others risk failure to qualify for the £2 per acre ploughing up subsidy on account of the condition of their soil.

Many grass fields are low in fertility and may be deficient in lime and/or phosphate. Unless these manures are applied, there is a danger that the subsequent crops may be disappointing. Moreover, one of the conditions of eligibility for the £2 per acre subsidy is that the land "Must be brought into a state of cleanliness and fertility."

On the other hand, there are fields where application of these fertilisers is quite superfluous and the farmer would be only wasting his money and wasting supplies that it is now important to conserve.

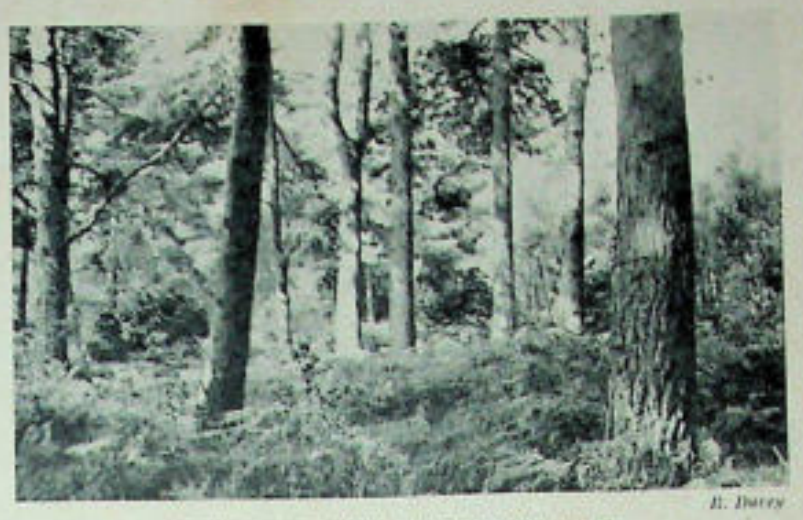
Any farmer can have this matter settled easily and free of cost by having samples of his soil analysed. All he need do is to send a post card asking for details to his County War Agricultural Executive Committee, or to his Agricultural Organiser or to the Advisory Chemist of the Provincial Advisory Centre. A simple interpretation of the analysis is supplied and practical recommendations given.



ONE WAY OF PENNING
An individual kennel at Lord Elgin's model farm at Broomhall

THE MARKETING OF TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY



E. Darey

MATURE SCOTS PINE AT CHELWOOD GATE

THE minimum of interference with existing channels is the keynote of the policy of the Timber Control. Consent of the local Divisional Officer, whose address will be supplied on application c/o Postmaster, Bristol, is required for sales, for fellings exceeding 1,000 cubic feet, thinnings and conversion. Apart from this needful measure of control, ensuring, for instance, that the best larch remains in the round against a need for telegraph poles, the ordinary process of marketing will proceed much as in normal times. Naturally it will be accelerated, for the demand for softwood, saw timber and pit props is insistent, and will grow more so.

The landowner with timber for sale, or which he considers may be required, will instruct his agent to measure the plantation, value it and offer it to the timber merchant with whom the estate usually deals. If he is wise the agent will first consult the Divisional Officer, who will inspect the wood and advise on methods of disposal.

The price of different species and sizes has been fixed, and the agent will be able to secure details from the Divisional Officer. The prices have been published as Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order 1939. The first Order was a kind of stand-still so far as timber is concerned.

These will not remove the need for skilful marketing, and the accustomed haggling will still be a feature of many sales. The volume of timber will have to be agreed, as between buyer and seller; the class of the timber, and the middle quarter girth of each tree. All these have a bearing on price.

The middle quarter girth is the measurement adopted to define price grades. For instance, a



E. Darey

THIRTY YEARS OLD LARCH SUITABLE FOR TELEGRAPH POLES

larch tree with a middle quarter girth of 7in. is classed at 1/0 per cubic foot. If it be only 6½in., the price drops to 7d.

It is thus clearly advantageous to adopt less length for border line trees, so as to ensure that the middle quarter girth falls above the 7in. mark. To seek for excessive length may reduce the price far below the sum that the greater volume will compensate, as it may reduce the centre quarter girth below 7in., and thereby the price from 1/0 to 7d. per cubic foot.

These small points with large repercussions need watching, and landowners are well advised to employ the expert to market their timber. To offer a parcel of timber, unmeasured and without the slightest idea of value to a merchant, is clearly contrary to the owner's interests.

To offer the trees to several merchants on the tender principle, but without the detailed schedule that a tender calls for, is not a satisfactory solution. It admits by implication that the owner has taken no pains to ascertain the volume or value, and if the merchants take advantage they cannot be blamed.

Selling privately to the local or usual firm of merchants is likely to continue to be the most common method of disposal on estates generally. The owner still has the choice of which merchant he chooses to deal with, but sales to far-distant saw mills will not be countenanced, on the ground of needless haulage.

The auction sale loses its attraction now that it may not attract buyers from afar, and with prices fixed it is almost impossible to organise. Another outlet presents itself, to make even more simple the owner's disposal problems. The Timber Control will buy timber or pit props, if merchants are not ready or willing to take immediately what an owner may offer.

Disposal of timber and pitprops is thus made easy, but there are limits. Easy and rapid transit of timber from wood to consumer is a national necessity. To place a spoke in the wheel by holding up supplies, owing perhaps to a difference of opinion with the merchant, is most earnestly to be avoided.

The Timber Control have a way, short of compulsion, of dealing with offenders, the majority of whom will probably be those who allow a love of trees to overrule their sense of proportion. They cannot bear to see a tree cut, and would sooner see it stand and decay: an understandable sentiment that can find no justification in time of war.

Equally undesirable is it to offer a parcel both to a merchant and to the Timber Control, to see which will give the better price. Everyone is overworked in times like these, and to add needlessly to the labours of those engaged in urgent national work is scarcely patriotic.

Marketing will normally proceed on usual and orderly lines, each transaction being recorded upon a form supplied by the Divisional Officer and signed by owner and merchant. The nation's needs coincide with the owner's interests. The prices have been fixed well in excess of those normally obtained, and are not likely to be revised.

It is to be hoped that the present opportunity for realising timber on such favourable terms will not be repeated, as only in time of war is the present state of affairs possible. Now is the time for owners to place on the market their mature conifer plantations.

EVERGREEN ROCK GARDENS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

UNLIKE herbaceous borders the rock garden is expected to look interesting at all seasons, and amongst the essentials if this object is to be attained successfully are evergreen plants well spaced, taking care to provide sufficient with silvery or variegated foliage to vary the effect.

Certain plants such as Aubrietias, the more popular Saxifrages, Phlox subulata in variety, various Lithospermums, Dianthus species, Sedums, Armerias, Asperulas, Iberis, Silenes and Arabis, figure in nearly every rock garden. Amongst the unduly neglected, especially in small rock gardens, are the Sempervivums. Yet the hardy species will grow literally anywhere, even on slate. All they need to start them is a trowel of soil laid on the rock face.

Birds attack newly planted Sempervivums mercilessly, and the simplest method of securing a fine display in a short time is to plant any slate or flat piece of stone, covered with loam, with young rosettes and leave it for a few months under netting in a cold frame. The rosettes soon spread into a solid block, and the whole can then be carefully transferred to where it is wanted.

The commonest of the Sempervivums, *S. tectorum* has been grown from time immemorial, and Charlemagne ordered it should be planted on every roof, probably owing to the superstition that it afforded protection from lightning. Formerly it was a popular plant with cottagers, and even in Victorian times they resented so much as a leaf being picked, believing this would bring death to one of the inmates of the house. It was commonly planted on thatched roofs, and it certainly tends to preserve thatching. The flowers are produced sparingly, and the heads die after flowering, but they are soon replaced by the new offsets. It is a very variable species, and there is one fine form with flowering stems well over a foot high.

Other varieties have leaves ranging from a dull red to purple, and all these varieties are well worth acquiring. *S. globiferum* is the charming Hen and Chicken houseleek, with tight small green rosettes. It is called the Hen and Chicken daisy because these rosettes continually fall off and root themselves. The most famous specimen of this houseleek is that at Linnaeus's home at Hammarby, near Upsala. Linnaeus originally planted this, and it has by now covered a large mass of rock.

The most beautiful of the species is perhaps the Cobweb Houseleek, *S. arachnoideum*, the leaves of which are covered with an exquisite network of cobweb-like threads. The flowers on 3in. stems are a vivid cherry red. This species needs protection in winter in the shape of a pane of glass raised about 4in. over it.

The most beautiful of the Lithospermums is undoubtedly that universal favourite *L. prostratum*, Heavenly Blue. It cannot tolerate lime, and if a site has to be prepared for it in limey soil it is essential to make it in such a position that no limey water can drain into it from surrounding soil.

Nor does it succeed in close stiff soil however lime free. It revels in leaf mould mixed with a little loam, but leaf mould should predominate if it is to make sheets of evergreen foliage and produce masses of its exquisite azure blue flowers. *L. intermedium* is one of the easiest of the Lithospermum tribe, being indifferent to lime. It needs a well-drained loam and a position in full sun. It makes round evergreen bushes about a foot high, and over 2ft. across, smothered in May with vivid blue flowers.

Amongst the most decorative evergreen shrubs for the rock garden are the Santolinas, Saturejas, Artemisias, most of the Heaths, Pernettyas and some of the Hypericums, Genistas and rock roses. *Santolina incana* (*syn chamaecyparissus*) is to be seen in almost every garden. This native of South Europe grows only about 2ft. high in most parts and not much more across. But it is only when it attains about 4ft. and perhaps 6ft. across that it is seen at its best.

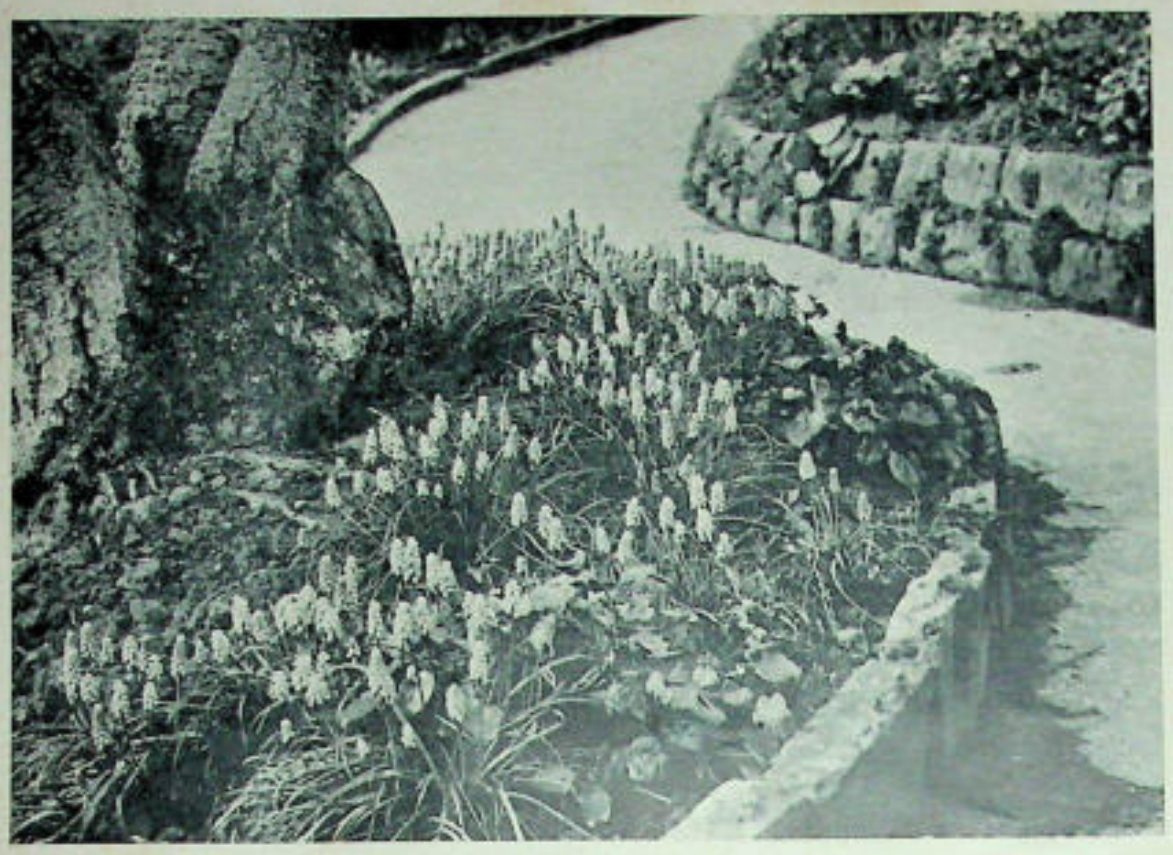
I have one quite this size, and in flower it is lovely with its abundant mass of silvery foliage and graceful sprays of button-like yellow flowers. It likes a very well-drained position in full sun, and is one of the shrubs that looks best when it can flop untidily over a dry wall. This Santolina was formerly commonly grown in cottage gardens, and was used as a vermifuge.

S. viridis, with its almost arsenic green foliage, never grows large in this country, and is rather on the tender side.

Satureia montana (Winter Savory) is valuable for flowering in August, a charmingly neat shrublet, whose flowers are continually haunted by bees. The Dalmatian dwarf form (*S. montana illyrica*) grows only 6in. high and has deep mauve flowers. It is very aromatic.

Various Artemisias are suitable. The old favourite *S. abrotanum* (Southernwood or Lads Love of cottage gardens) even when kept well within bounds is rather too large for the rock garden. *A. tridentata*, in many ways the most interesting of the tribe, also makes a largish bush, ultimately attaining about 4ft. The leaves of mature specimens are a soft velvety grey, attached in clusters to the branches, and their fragrance, unlike that of most aromatic shrubs, fills the air round after a shower of rain, an aromatic yet sweet fragrance if possible as pleasing as that of Sweet Briar though quite different.

The smaller Hypericums are fairly numerous, the most charming of all being *H. coris*, a native of the Maritime Alps. It looks like a minute cloud of gold in flower. It is, unfortunately, rather tender, and needs the protection of a pane of glass in winter, while it is essential to give it a very well-drained loamy soil or a scree.



MUSCARI MAKE A CLOUD OF BLUE IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN

THE GARDEN THAT IS TRUE BLUE

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S.

BLUE is my favourite colour—I make no bones about it. In the garden I have just as serious a passion for blues as I have in the house. I prefer the Meconopsis to its brilliant crimson namesake, the Oriental Poppy. I would rather have a Ceanothus any day than a Forsythia or a Pyracantha. For this reason I have always been fascinated by all-blue borders, and I have had the privilege of studying them all over the country.

The objection to the all-blue border is often that it is "lost" through lack of contrasts. This is not true, if all kinds and types of blues are grown with their varying foliage, and if some grey-foliaged plants are permitted to invade the otherwise one-colour border.

Another objection that has been put forward is that blues are delightful in the spring and autumn, but are scarce in the months of July and August. This article starts, therefore, to answer that objection by dealing with the plants that do make a show during these months.

There are several Aconitums that fill the bill, the best, perhaps, being *A. rostratum coeruleum*. It is by no means common, but the heavy display of flowers which it produces are a really delightful shade of blue. *A. paniculatum* is much branched, and grows to a height of 3ft. Its flowers are more of a violet-blue. *A. volubile* will produce a profusion of rich blue flowers, but is really a climbing species and grows to a height of 5ft. *A. napellus* can, of course, be used. This is the common Monks Hood. Some would have included A. Spark's variety, but its flowers are more of a violet blue and it is really at its best in September.

For a true cobalt blue there is little to compare with the baby *Ceratostigma plumbaginoides*. *C. Willmottianum* bears bright blue flowers with a rosy tube. They are often ¾in. across. It is, however, really a shrub.

Among the Campanulas there is *C. Balchiniana*. It does well in the front of the border, for it only grows 6in. high. The foliage is variegated and the flowers of a soft blue. It is only half-hardy though and needs taking in under cover for the winter. *C. carpatica* produces masses of upright, cup-shaped flowers. *C. calchearifolia* is another dwarf creeping type and one of the prettiest Campanulas there is. *C. glomerata dahurica* is one of the easiest to cultivate, and produces large heads of violet-blue flowers on stems 18in. long. *C. grandiflora*, often called the Balloon Flower, for obvious reasons, is another that is a mass of blue during the prescribed two months. C. Norman Grove has been introduced comparatively recently. It is very free flowering and showy, though only "a baby."

The Greeks used *Catananche coerulea* as one of the principal ingredients in their love potions. As a flowering plant for the herbaceous border, though, it is ideal, for it bears large blue flowers in great profusion and they last for a long time too.

Delphiniums are usually thought of as June flowers, but if seedlings are raised through sowing seeds in August the plants thus raised may be put out into a herbaceous border and will flower the following July and August. In addition, there is *Delphinium tatsiense*, a beautiful Chinese species whose well-branched stems are smothered in bright-blue flowers. *D. cashmirianum* only grows 15in. high, but bears a profusion of slaty-blue flowers in July. Though comparatively rare it is quite hardy.

The Eryngiums or Sea Hollies are not only a delight in the border, but they can be cut and dried for house decoration during the winter months. Jewel bears loose heads of a brilliant blue colour. Zabelli is not spiney and is of the most brilliant amethyst blue. Many people consider *E. Oliverianum superbum* as the most attractive member of the family. It grows 3ft. high and bears large spreading heads of a rich violet colour.

The Her Majesty Gelega is attractive not only because of the charming spikes of soft lavender-blue flowers of sweet-pea shape, but also by reason of the dainty foliage. One of the most beautiful of all the gentians, *Lagodeckiana*, is of comparatively simple colouring. It may be used at the front of the border, or as an edging plant, and will bear large flowers of a lovely shade of pale blue on stems 9in. long from July onwards. *G. hascombensis* flowers at the same time, but is not quite so easy of culture. The blue bells are freely spotted with white.

The Linums are in flower the whole of July and August, the most elegant being, perhaps, June Perfield. It produces a profusion of large bright blue flowers on thin stems 2ft. long. *Lewisii* is dwarfer, and *L. perenne*, which bears bright blue flowers on leafy stems, is about the same height.

Lithospermum graminifolium is now called *Moltkia suffruticosa*. It is a shrubby plant growing 18in. high and bearing purple-blue flowers ½in. long. *Mertensia sibirica* ought to be grown far more than it is. The foliage is bluish-green and the long, drooping racines of lavender-blue flowers are most fascinating. It grows here 3ft. high. The ordinary *Nepeta mussini* is well-known, but *Souvenir de André Chaudron* deserves more popularity. In July and August it is a mass of lavender blue flowers with lovely greyish-green foliage as a background. *N. nervosa* also flowers at this time of the year, has well-branched stems and bears long sprays of clear blue flowers. It only grows 18in. high.

Sufficient has surely been said of the plants which flower in July and August, and there are still many that might be mentioned, like the Veronica, the Tradescantia, *Thalictrum dipterocarpum*, and so on. For the other periods of the year the blues are almost legion. For the very early spring there are the Scillas, Grape Hyacinths, Chionodoxas, and, of course, the ordinary blue Hyacinths. For September and October there are the new blue types of perennial Asters (Michaelmas Daisies). For instance, Blue Plume; Victor, the dwarf lavender blue; King George, the Amellus violet-blue; Bah Ballard, the very dwarf lavender-blue; Blue Gem, perhaps the truest blue; Blue Eyes, the large single blue, which grows to a height of 3ft. There is Little Boy Blue, a miniature gem, and Mammoth, which bears the largest flowers of any aster and grows 6ft. high.

For the other months of the year there are the Anchusas, the Aquilegias, many more Campanulas, Delphiniums galore, Lupins, Blue Poppies, Myosotis, Centaurias, Violas and many annuals like Nigella, Phacelia and Cornflowers.

There are many shrubs that bear blue flowers also. For instance, the *Abutilon vandolle*. The *Caryopteris—mastacanthus* and *tangutica*. The latter is a somewhat smaller bush, whose flowers are very aromatic. There are nine or ten types of Ceanothus available, and at least four Ceratostigmas.

The three best blue shrubby Clematis are Alpina, which only grows 8in. high, Macropetala, a deciduous climber whose many large clear blue flowers contrast beautifully with the lemon anthers from May onward. The variety Ceorulea grows 3ft. high and bears large solitary fine blue flowers in summer.

One could continue with shrubs, mentioning the bluey-purple Hibiscus, at least three Hydrangeas, the interesting *Halleellia villosa*, the *Prostanthera rotundifolia*, the *Raphitamnus verbenaceae*, the *Rhazia apocynaceae*, and so on.

Enough has been said to show that an all-blue border or garden is possible, and if desired may be developed this winter.



PENTSTEMON PROCERUS AND *EREMURUS* HIGHDOWN GOLD

MORE ABOUT ALTERNATIVE FUELS

By W. G. McMINNIES

LAST week I gave some reasons why gas was not a suitable alternative fuel for use on a private motor car. For one thing the bulkiness of the storage apparatus, whether in bag or cylinder form, would be an inconvenience and for another the mileage obtainable even from a bulky or weighty means of storage would be inconsiderable.

The possibilities of using paraffin when mixed with petrol and after using the latter for starting up, idling and warming up the engine were also discussed.

Since then my attention has been drawn to a device called the Rotor Carburettor, made by Autovaporisers, Ltd., of Lymm. It has been and is widely used for stationary engines which run on paraffin and a by-product of paraffinic distillation, known in the trade as vaporising oil. This oil is a sort of half way house between petrolic and paraffinic distillates. It is too volatile to be used for domestic purposes as paraffin is and yet not volatile enough to be employed in the place of petrol. It is obtainable from the petrol marketing companies under a three letter trade name. This vaporising oil will be found more suitable for use on a car engine than paraffin; that is if the engine is first started and then warmed up on petrol.

Now the Rotor vaporiser is, as its name implies, a device to vaporise these heavier fuels, and does not depend on an excessive amount of heat being supplied in the first place at a hot spot in the induction system, or upon the fitting of a heated muff to the inlet pipe, or on a heated air intake, all of which reduce the density of the charge and the efficiency of the engine.

The design of the Rotor vaporiser combines the bodies of two carburettors with a common mixing chamber and air inlet, and also includes a change-over throttle. In operation one starts up the engine on petrol and continues to run on it until a high working temperature has been attained. While doing this the accelerator is lifted to open the throttle, but as soon as the correct running temperature is reached the accelerator is depressed, an action which shuts off the petrol side of the carburettor and lets in the vaporising oil supply. It is interesting to note, however, that whenever the accelerator is released, the throttle returns to a position in which the engine can draw on the petrol carburettor so that the vaporising fuel is never used for idling purposes.

This change-over arrangement works quite automatically, and so eliminates the need for a two-way tap drawing alternatively on the supply of the two fuels. The inventor of this vaporiser, Mr. H. Roger, of Lymm, near Warrington, Lancs, has not been content with this achievement only. Being a member of the Institute of Petroleum Technology he has made some very interesting investigations on the subject of alternative fuels, with the object of discovering and if possible developing a fuel which, by coming within the scope of the Light Hydrocarbon Oils Production Act of 1934, could claim the remission of the 8d. a gallon tax levied on imported fuels.

The result of his efforts, carried out earlier this year in a specially constructed laboratory and test plant, was to develop a distillate of coal which can be produced fairly easily and naturally is not subject to the tax. He christened this new fuel Carbohydrol. It costs about a shilling a gallon, is safely stored and non-inflammable. It actually possesses a greater heat content than petrol and when correctly vaporised gives off more power or more miles per gallon for a given bulk. Finally, it is claimed to be clean in use, for which reason it does not cause excessive engine wear which paraffin may do.

Long distance tests with a standard make of car proved this fuel suitable for this sort of work and excellent consumption prices were obtained. Naturally it was used in conjunction with the Rotor vaporiser. At the moment supplies of Carbohydrol are only obtainable locally, though I am given to understand that a scheme of distribution is being organised. Perhaps it is worth while also adding that the production of this new home produced fuel is not a war time emergency enterprise, but the result of Mr. Roger's work over a considerable period in connection with the vaporisation of heavy fuels.



A FARM USE FOR THE CAR. MR. R. W. PEARCE OF WINTERHEAD FARM, WINSCOMBE, BRINGING IN HAY BY MEANS OF A "HAY-CATCHER"

LAYING UP A CAR

The engineers of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1, have produced some very valuable hints on the best methods of laying up a car. These hints, in pamphlet form, can be obtained by writing to the Club. The main point to bear in mind is that a car is a valuable but perishable piece of machinery, and that it is not sufficient to empty out the water and lock the garage doors, and then expect it to function perfectly in several months' time.

So the conscientious and wise owner will be well advised to take this question of laying up a car seriously. The first thing to do is to wash and polish the body thoroughly and to clean and lubricate the vital points on the chassis. Bright parts should be painted with petroleum jelly or some rust preventative such as that made by Prices' Oil Company. Places from which the paint work has been chipped off or come away in service should be treated in a similar way, remembering that the rust should be cleaned off the surface before the preventative is added. To paint on the top of rust is no cure, for the rust will soon work through again.

The trimming of the interior should be thoroughly cleaned and brushed out and the seats and carpets removed and treated in a similar way. When replaced the whole of the interior should be sprinkled with some kind of anti-moth powder.

The axles should be chocked up on curved blocks of wood to take the weight off the tyres. The latter, it is advised, may be kept at a lower than standard pressure and should be covered in sacking or some suitable material in order to protect them from light, which is injurious to rubber.

It is most important to drain the water system completely. In some designs of engine it is not sufficient to turn on the drain tap or remove the plug at the base of the radiator. There may be other plugs to be undone to drain the water out of the cylinder jackets or taps to be turned on below the water pump. In cases of engines employing alloy heads some form of inhibition, to prevent the oxidisation of the metal, may have to be introduced. The radiator cap should be tied up with a label calling attention to the fact that the water system has been drained and the plugs and taps replaced in their normal position.

In order to prevent the oxidisation of the cylinder walls the sparking plugs should be removed and about a spoonful of engine oil introduced through their holes. When the engine has been turned a few times by hand to distribute this oil the plugs may be replaced.

The battery should be removed and sent to the nearest battery service station with instructions for it to be kept in proper order for the duration of the lay-up. This is a far better plan than to attempt to maintain the battery at home by charging it up, removing the electrolyte and letting it stand in this condition. Such a procedure may involve some risk to the future efficiency of the unit.

The place of storage should be dry and dark, and if possible possess an even temperature. Sudden changes of temperature or the proximity of the car to a heating apparatus are both injurious to its conditioning.

Both doors and windows should be closed, while in the case of an open touring car the hood and side curtains should be erected. The same remark applies to a leather hood, for if it were left folded for a long period creases would form which would be difficult or impossible to remove later on.

Small but important details are to label and tie the ignition, door and luggage compartments' keys to the steering wheel, to release the handbrake and thus take off the tension from the brake control springs, and to ensure the car against fire and theft.

Having done all this a large dust sheet should be spread over the vehicle almost down to the floor, but allowed to hang loose at the bottom in order to provide some means for the air to circulate.

If these precautions are taken, the car should remain in good condition for many months. Then when the time arrives to call it into service again it will only be necessary to inflate the tyres, fit the battery, and having tested the keenness of the engine by using the starting handle and refilled the water circulation with hot water to switch on and run it up.

The only routine work that an extra conscientious owner can do is to repaint occasionally the plated or bright metal parts of chassis and coachwork, to repeat the brushing out process for the upholstery, and keep the tyres inflated.

BRIDGE

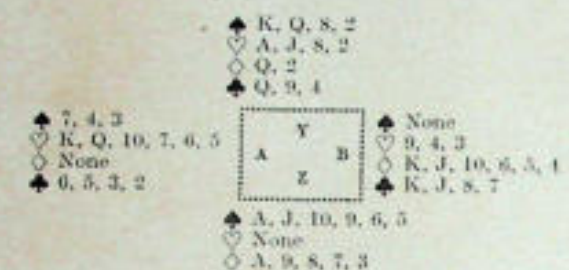
FREAK DISTRIBUTION

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

PLAYING for about two hours and a half the other evening, I had a most extraordinary series of unbalanced hands. Every single deal contained one or more hands with voids and singletons, and six and longer card suits were very commonplace. This occurred with both packs and, as a result, a series of penalties were returned, since each side was only too anxious to sacrifice. After a while the continued run of freakish cards made both pairs wary, especially since at least two normally justified doubles met with successful redoubles.

This brings us to a very interesting point; when the distribution is obviously freakish one should be very chary of making close doubles. Often there may appear to be no obvious reason for refraining from doubling. On many occasions the bidder will sense that there is something abnormal about the deal; as the Americans would say, "He has a hunch."

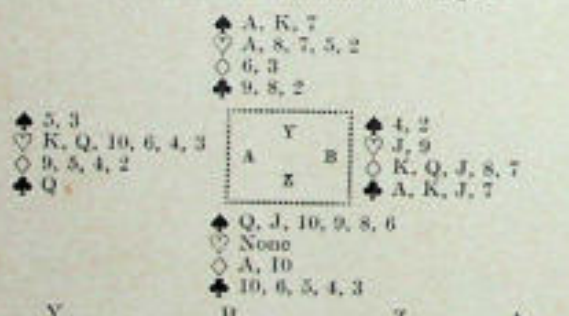
On such occasions the player should be careful not to jump the bidding unnecessarily, otherwise he will find himself in a high contract with all the balance of strength stacked unfavourably against him.



Y-Z, Game. A-B, love.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Hearts	Double	Three Diamonds
Double	No bid	Four Spades	No bid
Six Spades	No bid	No bid	No bid

Y, thinking that a vulnerable game was better than a penalty double of the non-vulnerable opponent's contract of Three Diamonds jumped the bidding to Four Spades. Z could hardly be blamed for chancing the small slam on his powerful hand. The opening lead of the King of Hearts was taken by the Ace of Hearts, and a Club discarded by Z. The only chance Z could see was to ruff three Diamonds, and he therefore led a Diamond to find, as feared, that his Ace was ruffed. Of course, with but one Diamond in A's hand, the contract can be made, but as the cards were distributed the attempt at a slam was unfortunate. Another hand with a more fortunate result was the following:—



Y	B	Z	A
One Heart	Two Diamonds	Two Spades	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades	No bid
No bid	Double	Redouble	No bid
No bid	No bid		

B's bad double met with a well-deserved redouble. The opening lead of the Queen of Clubs held and a Diamond was led, taken by Z's Ace. Dummy was entered with a Spade and Z's losing Diamond discarded on the Ace of Hearts. B took the next Club lead and returned a trump. Z had now only to concede a Club and ruff one Club to fulfil his contract.

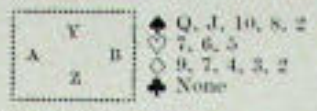
A very good point which was impressed on me by this series of freak hands was that the doubles did not pay when they did not contain strength in the trump suit. The Declarer, in spite of his lack of Honour strength, had an unpleasant habit of ruffing the defender's quick tricks and making his contract with a long trump suit.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z is playing the hand in Six Spades against an opening Club lead. Assuming the Spades break 3 – 2, how does Z play the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	A	Y	B
Four Hearts	Five Clubs	Five Hearts	All pass

A leads the Ace of Clubs. How does B defend the hand?

SOLUTION

To bid Five Clubs A must have at least seven Clubs and Y-Z should have the remainder of the tricks in Hearts and Diamonds. The only chance of defeating the contract is if A has the Ace of Spades. B therefore ruffs the Ace of Clubs and returns the Queen of Spades.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament at Stuttgart last May, shows a powerful attack by Richter.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. H. Grob.	WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. H. Grob.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	17. B to K 5 (z)	K to Kt 2
2. Kt to Q B 3 (a)	P to Q Kt 3(b)	18. R to Q sq	Q to K sq
3. P to K 4	B to Kt 2	19. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. P to K 5	Kt to K 5 (c)	20. R to Q 7, ch	K to B 3 (f)
5. Q to B 3	P to Q 4 (d)	21. B to Q 5, ch (g)	K to Kt 4
6. P to Kt 5, ch	P to B 3 (e)	22. P to R 4, ch	K to R 4
7. P to K 6	P takes P (f)	23. P to R 3	P to K 6
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt (g)	24. P to Kt 4, ch	K to R 5
9. Q to R 3, ch	K to Q 2 (h)	25. Kt to K 2	B to B sq
10. B to Q B 4	B to R 3	26. Q to R 3	Q to K 4 (n)
11. R to Kt 3	K to B sq (i)	27. Q to R 2, ch	K takes P
12. B takes P, ch	K to Kt 2	28. Castles	B takes R
13. B to K B 4	Kt to Q 2 (j)	29. R to Kt sq	P takes P, ch
14. P to Q 5	Kt to B 3	30. K to B sq	R to R 5 (o)
15. P takes P, ch	K takes P	31. Q to B sq, ch	K to R 7
16. Q to R 2	P to K Kt 4	32. P to B 5, ch	Resigns.

(a) Either P to Q B 4 or Kt to K B 3 is usually played. Richter, however, is partial to the text-move.

(b) A bad move which allows White to get an advantage in the centre. Black should, instead, play P to Q 4.

(c) There is nothing better than Kt to Kt sq.

(d) 5. . . . Kt to Q 2; 6. P to Q 5, Kt to B sq is very uninviting.

(e) If 6. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 7. P to K 6, P takes P; 8. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 9. Q to R 5, ch, P to Kt 3; 10. Q to K 5, R to K Kt sq; 11. Q takes P (K 6) with advantage to White.

(f) Black's only chance of putting up a fight is to play 7. . . . Kt to B 3. If instead, 7. . . . P to B 3, then 8. B to Q 3 (threatening Kt takes Kt followed by B takes P) and Black has no good move. He cannot play 8. . . . Kt takes Kt because of 9. Q to R 5, ch and mate in two more moves.

(g) If P takes R, then Kt to Kt 5 with a winning game for White. If (in reply to Kt to Kt 5) Q to Q 2, then Q to B 7, ch followed by Kt takes P, ch and Kt takes R.

(h) If 9. . . . P to Kt 3, then 10. Q to K 5, R to Kt sq; 11. Q takes P (K 6), R to Kt 2; 12. B to Q B 4 (threatening B to K R 6 followed, if 12. . . . P to K Kt 4, by 13. Kt to R 3. P to Kt 5; 14. Kt to Kt 5 with a fine game for White.

(i) White threatens to win the pawn at K 5 by playing Q to K 5. Black cannot well play 11. . . . Q to B 2 because of 12. Q to B 7 followed, if 12. . . . Q to Q 3, by 13. B to K B 4 or, if 12. . . . P to K 4, by 13. P takes P, Q takes P; 14. B to K B 4. He therefore abandons the pawn at once in the hope of getting his King into safety.

(j) Not 13. . . . Q takes P because of 14. R to Q sq, Q takes P; 15. B to B 8, ch, K takes B; 16. Q to K 8, ch, K to Kt 2; 17. R to Q 7, ch, Kt takes R; 18. Q takes Kt, mate.

(k) Better than B takes P.

(l) Not K to Kt sq because of Q to Kt 3, ch and mate in two more moves.

(m) Q to B 5 is stronger.

(n) If 26. . . B takes R, then 27. Q to B 2, ch, K takes P; 28. Q to B 3, ch, K to R 5; 29. Castles, and mate in a few moves is inevitable.

(o) If Q to K 6, then P to B 5 (threatening Q to R 2, mate) and wins.

LIVELY PLAY

A lively game in this year's Dutch Championship Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.	WHITE. Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	18. Q to R 4	B to Q sq (k)
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	19. Q R to K sq	P to K 3 (l)
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. P to B 6	B to B 4
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3	21. R to Q sq	B to B 2 (j)
5. Kt to Q B 3	P to K Kt 3	22. R takes B	P takes R
6. B to K 2	B to Kt 2	23. R to Q 4	R to K Kt sq
7. B to K 3	Kt to B 3	24. P to K R 3	Q R to K sq
8. Castles	Castles	25. Q to R 3 (k)	Kt to Kt 3
9. P to B 4 (a)	Q to Kt 3 (b)	26. Q takes P (l)	R to K 8, ch
10. Q to Q 3 (c)	Kt to K Kt 5(d)	27. K to R 2	P to Q 4, ch
11. Kt to Q 5	B takes Kt	28. P to Kt 3	B takes P, ch
12. Kt takes Q	B takes B, ch	29. K takes B	Kt to K 2, ch
13. K to R sq (e)	B takes Kt	30. Q to Kt 4	Kt to B 4, ch (m)
14. B takes Kt	B takes B (f)	31. K to B 2	R takes Q
15. P to B 5	P takes P (g)	32. R takes R	R to K 3
16. P takes P	Kt to K 4	Resigns.	
17. Q to K Kt 3	K to R sq		

(a) Kt to Kt 3 (to prevent P to Q 4) is considered to be White's best move. The text-move serves the same purpose—for, if 9. . . . P to Q 4, then 10. P to K 5 with the better position for White—but has the disadvantage that White's King's side is slightly weakened and his Queen's Bishop is left unguarded.

(b) Best. Black now threatens to play Kt takes P.

(c) Threatening Kt to K 6. If, instead, 10. Kt to B 4, then 10. . . . Q to R 4.

(d) Not 10. . . . Q takes P because of 11. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 12. Q R to Kt sq, Q to R 6; 13. Kt to Q 5, Q takes Q; 14. Kt takes P, ch, K to R sq; 15. P takes Q with the better game for White. The text-move leads to interesting complications.

(e) If 13. Q takes B, then 13. . . . Kt takes Q; 14. Kt takes R, Kt takes R; 15. B takes Kt (if R takes Kt, then B to K 3), P to B 4 with the better position for Black.

(f) An interesting position. Black has three minor pieces for the Queen.

(g) In a game Ahues v. Richter (Berlin, 1930) B to K R 4 was played. The text-move is much better, as the open Knight's file proves very useful to Black.

(h) If, instead, Q R to K sq, then Q R to K sq, threatening either P to K R 3 or R takes Kt.

(i) Black has now the advantage since his Queen's Bishop is no longer in any danger.

(j) Black has consolidated his position, and now threatens to double Rooks on the King's Knight's file. White, therefore, sacrifices the exchange in the hope of getting an attack.

(k) Threatening R to K R 4.

(l) White has in any case the inferior game, but the text-move is a mistake which loses at once.

(m) Better than R takes Q, ch, to which White would reply with P takes R.

PROBLEM No. 4036

By P. G. L. F.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4035

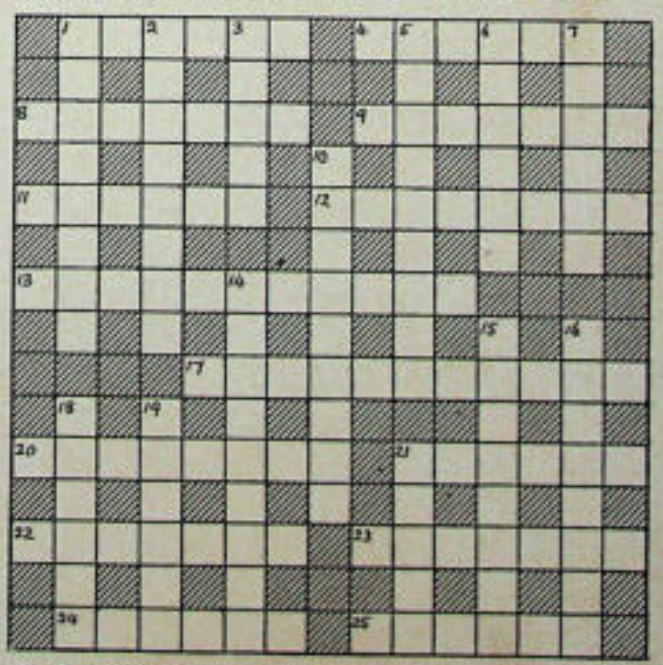
1. B to Kt 7, Any move; 2. Q or R mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 539

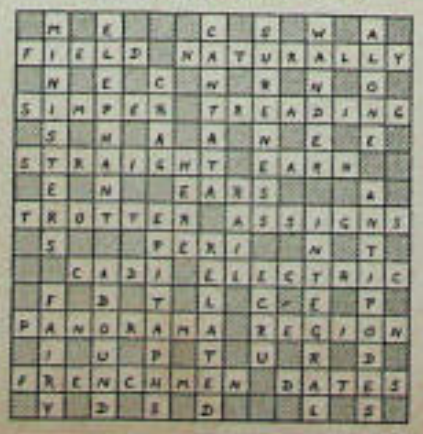
ACROSS.—1, The escort has been thrown into confusion (6). 4, Shrewd (6). 8, Glad (7). 9, Counter (anag.) (7). 11, Pompous supports (6). 12, Estrange (anag.) (8). 13, In a striking and talented way (11). 17, They live by their wits (11). 20, Far on in progress (8). 21, "such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun—The many still must —— for the one" (Byron) (6). 22, Tearing, maybe,—but not this surely (7). 23, Opulent (7). 24, Abhor (6). 25, "O judgment, thou art fled to brutish ——, And men have lost their reason!" (*Julius Cæsar*) (6).

DOWN.—1, The royalist has become lonely (8). 2, Oscar Wilde's Canon (8). 3, Their length has been increased by a third (5). 5, A tiny flow of water (9). 6, He takes great interest in his business (6). 7, Rouse up (6). 10, The drink for Ulster? (9). 14, I went wild (anag.) (9). 15, There are three on this page (8). 16 and 21, "And then he hitched his —— up, as is, I'm told, their use; It's very odd that sailor-men should wear these things so——" (*The Ingoldsby Legends*) (5, 5). 18, Regarded with the utmost respect and affection (6). 19, He'd "set his heart on a silver churn" (6).



SOLUTION TO No. 538

Published October 14th



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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

IN time of peace we farmed more and more on the lines of grassing down our fields, increasing our livestock and looking abroad for their rations. There were disadvantages in that, but let us not forget the advantages also. It meant that the farmer could, in most years, buy cheap feeding-stuffs and so compete better with the imported finished products of livestock. It meant also that the land was not being exhausted with intensive corn growing (we had no British "Dust Bowls"), but in a great many cases was storing up fertility in the pastures manured by livestock year after year.

But now circumstances have changed. We cannot in war-time count upon uninterrupted, unlimited supplies of feeding-stuffs from abroad. Even if every U-boat and armed raider were swept off the seas it is doubtful, in these days of hampered trade, if it would be desirable to send so much English money abroad to buy feeding-stuffs. We must produce for ourselves more of these things.

It is natural that some farmers should put their ploughs reluctantly into good pasture. Often it means inconvenience and change in the organisation of the farm and an immediate cash outlay when ready money is none too plentiful. But supposing there were no ploughing-up campaign, no cultivation orders, what would the man with 50 dairy cows on 50 acres of all-grass farm do when the feeding-stuffs lorry failed to call? Unless there was an organised plan he would have to reduce his herd very considerably so as to keep the remainder on the decreased quantity of feeding-stuffs he hoped to get. As an alternative he would have to reduce his herd, probably by not quite so many, and plough his land to supplement the available bought rations with food grown by himself.

But there is a plan. Its object is to get more land ploughed in a general way, with the State contributing £2 per acre towards the expense, but at the same time to depend upon local knowledge to see that the right land is ploughed. There can be no hard and fast rules, although there will almost certainly be hard cases. It is inevitable that these and many other difficulties must arise in introducing a drastic change-over in such an industry as agriculture. By working on a planned, national campaign, locally conducted, the least unfairness and dislocation is likely. It will be possible to estimate to some extent what feeding-stuffs and grain we shall produce at home, and therefore how much we shall have to try to obtain from abroad.

The alternative would be a muddle, costly to the farmer, in which he would discover only by experience, and often too late, that he could not buy the feeding-stuffs he needed. No one would be in a position even to guess at what the situation a few months ahead was likely to be.

Fortunately farmers up and down the country realise this, as indicated by the progress in the ploughing-up campaign. Fortunately, too, the war came when some years of practical experience had had time to prove that the plough in a system of ley-farming could play the leading part in increasing the productivity of the pasture that will follow it.

The plough is the father of fertility. There are thousands of grass acres to-day, rich with stored-up fertility from the stock that have fed on them, but that fertility cannot be released and turned into cash in the form of corn crops until plough and cultivator have thoroughly broken up the sod. Now is the time to make use of these reserves and undertake in the stress of war what many farmers were beginning to find not unprofitable in time of peace.

There are as yet no signs of any general labour shortage on the land. The closing down of road schemes and other war-time changes have released men for agriculture. But if the last war is any guide, this satisfactory state of affairs may easily not be a permanent one. War is bound to make heavy demands upon all our man power, and in the next few weeks the calling up of the "20 to 22's" may take something like 10,000 young men out of agriculture.

Farmers who are likely to suffer are advised to consider how they will fill the gaps when the men are called up. They will naturally prefer to obtain skilled men, but if these are unavailable the Women's Land Army, 25,000 strong, can obviously make a valuable contribution.

A month to six weeks' training may not seem a long time for such a skilled occupation, but it should not be forgotten that these women and girls are all volunteers, willing and eager to work on the land. The right spirit counts for much, and those who are expecting to have a young man called up might consider taking on a land girl before that happens, so that she can gain extra training in the ways of the farm and the particular duties she will have to undertake.

Applications should be made to the Women's Land Army Agricultural Committee in the county concerned; or to the County War Agricultural Committee.

Beet Tops

Sugar beet lifting has started. Within a few weeks a crop that should provide at least a quarter of our sugar supplies will be safely harvested. In the last war we grew practically no sugar beet, but this year 340,000 acres have been growing.

From this crop the nation gains the sugar, but it brings a further great benefit in the form of tops and crowns for fresh fodder, beet pulp from the roots after the sugar has been extracted from them, and molasses. The yield of tops and crowns is almost equal to the weight of beet.

In normal times the leaves are often ploughed in for green manure, but this is the least economical way of using them. They are a succulent feeding-stuff of a feeding value higher than is generally believed. One acre of tops supplemented by a grass run will keep from 90 to 100 ewes for a week, and theoretically 25lb. of fresh, clean tops have the same feeding value as 40lb. of mangolds. In practice, 25 acres of tops are considered equivalent in value to fifteen acres of turnips.

In the cool, moist weather of the back-end leaves remain fresh for a long time, and may be eaten off by sheep up to Christmas, or they may be carted and fed to cattle on the pastures. Many farmers feed as much as 70lb. of wilted tops to their cows, a cartload supplying about 20 cows daily. One pound of ground chalk sprinkled in the load will prevent any danger of souring. Feeding direct to animals is the most economical and satisfactory way of using the tops. But where sugar beet is grown in large areas it may not be possible to feed the whole supply before decomposition sets in. The alternative then is silage. "Eat what you can, ensile what you can't" is not a bad war-time maxim.

Many kinds of proprietary silos of a semi-permanent character are on the market, but good silage can also be made in pits or in clamps above ground, using no special apparatus.

In these cases it is necessary that the tops be as free from dirt as possible, and that they should be carted, say, not less than a fortnight after the beet has been lifted. On free draining soil, pits 3ft. deep and 14ft. wide sloping to 12ft. at bottom, with length according to quantity of material, are convenient. It is customary to fill up the pit and trample, then wait a day or so for the heat to develop. Subsequently the pit may be built up to about 6ft., allowed again to settle, and so on for about a week. The soil taken out from the pit is then thrown on top to the depth of a foot, shaping the earthen "roof" so that rain water runs off. The sides need not be earthed.

Beet tops may also be heaped on the level, like a mangold clamp. For example, 9 acres of a good crop would be contained in a clamp 4yds. wide, 12yds. long and, say, 1yd. high when settled. It would take about two days to make. The tops would be thrown together in rows before the beet was carted off, so that as little dirt as possible is mixed with them. Potato tops or straw may be used to cover the clamp before soil is heaped on it to a depth of 9in.

Stock will eat this kind of silage quite eagerly and do well on it. But wasteful, unpalatable silage may result if the tops are ensiled immediately after removal from the beets, or if they are very wet or in a state of decay. In wet weather, when wilting is impossible, improved results have been obtained by adding straw to absorb the surplus moisture, one-third straw to two-thirds tops.

There is some slight danger of taint to milk if silage is fed in excess to dairy cows, particularly indoors. Dutch authority gives the following figures as suitable in rations:

Milk cows	55lb.
Store cattle	35lb.
Store pigs	13lb.

Acorns are now falling. They are a valuable source of pig food that should certainly not be overlooked, especially in these days. Beech mast is another food which pigs were designed by Nature to eat.

For centuries pigs have in some parts been turned out to forage for themselves in the woods at certain times of the year; but in other places the oak and beech trees are too scattered, or other conditions are unsuitable, for this to be done and the acorns and beech mast are wasted.

Where this is happening it would be a useful form of national service to organise the collection of acorns and mast for pig-keepers to feed as part of the normal ration. School children would probably be glad to assist the national effort in this way. For some years the Forestry Commission have arranged for children to collect acorns and mast for *seed* purposes from the Commission's own woods and neighbouring districts, and they are doing so again this season. Farmers are likely to find many willing helpers in districts to which town children have been evacuated.

But a word of warning is necessary. On some common lands, such as parts of the New Forest, commoners enjoy the age-old right of turning out their pigs into the woods. Hence inquiries should first be made as to whether such rights exist. Similarly, it would be wise to have a word with the forester before sending children into the Forestry Commission's woods.

The Ministry of Agriculture suggests that farmers who could use acorns or beech mast for their pigs should get into touch with their local school authority to see if arrangements can be made for their collection by the children. The Board of Education recognise the help that the children could give, and they also recognise the help it would be to the children, particularly those who have been evacuated from the towns. For they would feel they were doing useful work by helping to increase food supplies, and they would be brought into touch with Nature in a practical way.

Farmers who have not been in the habit of feeding acorns or beech mast to their pigs should be cautious on one or two points. Acorns and mast can be eaten by feeding pigs up to 2lb. a day, but they should not be fed to pregnant sows. In excessive quantities they may cause poisoning, probably on account of the tannin they contain. Since they have a water content of 50 per cent. acorns should be stored in thin layers to prevent them from going mouldy. It is most important that pigs feeding on acorns, and particularly sty-fed pigs, should have access to green food, or failing this, a sloppy mash, to avoid constipation. On no account should acorns be fed to stock other than pigs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Post-Mortem Examinations

Enterohepatitis of Peafowl.—The contagious germ disease of the bowels and liver known as enterohepatitis, or blackhead, has been found in peafowl from two estates. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. Blackhead is found among all the gallinaceous birds. Among poults the disease commonly take a rapid and fatal course; mature birds progressively loose flesh, develop diarrhœa, become very weak, and towards the end their heads become congested and take on a darker colour. When the disease has been diagnosed a veterinary surgeon should be invited to inject each of the in-contact birds with the appropriate preparation of arsenic; of which there are several proprietary brands. Myosalvarsan is injected beneath the bird's skin, Neosalvarsan is injected into a vein of the wing. A second injection should be given about seven days after the first dose. The dosage is calculated according to the bird's weight. During treatment the birds should be housed on sawdust; each day the litter and droppings should be cleared from the house and burned; also feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water, the treated birds should be moved 48 hours after the second dose on to clean ground; the infected ground should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of birds for at least two years.—*G. P., Kent; J. H. C., King's Heath.*

Disease of Aviary Birds.—Coccidiosis, a contagious germ infection of the bowels, was found in a budgerigar. A budgerigar from another reader died of congestion of the lungs due to the contraction of a chill. A common cause of death among aviary birds, red mites, have been diagnosed in two canaries from an outdoor aviary. These minute insects live during the day in the crevices of the walls, perch sockets or nest-boxes, or on the floor among the litter. During darkness they come out to attack the sleeping birds and feed upon their blood. In order to eradicate this pest the litter should be swept up and burned, and the entire interior of the aviary including nest-boxes and other fittings should be thoroughly scrubbed with hot soda water and soft soap, to each gallon of which a cupful of paraffin has been added. The scrubbing should be repeated within seven days. One of the owners of the canary case asked if we advised her reducing her stock on account of bird-seed shortage, due to the war. Seed merchants have announced in the press that there is no shortage of bird seeds, and that the trade has organised the distribution of its stocks among the usual suppliers. Beyond eliminating unhealthy birds from the aviaries we do not advise any reduction of good stock merely on account of a suspected seed shortage. Bird owners can supplement their food stocks by gathering ripe plantains and storing the seeds in paper bags. During thrashing farmers collect the "screenings" from the wheat; these "screenings" consist of many varieties of seeds of the so-called weeds of the field and they make a useful addition to millet, grass-seed, dari, rye, etc., of the purchased foods. Fruit and green vegetables such as lettuce or sprouts are essential to the daily dietary.—*W. E. C., Surrey; G. H. M., Glos.; H. B., Herts.; J. R. L., Yorks.*

Shooting

Retriever Trainer.—One of the trainers of retrievers nearest to the counties you give is Mr. T. Gowing, Kent Ditch Gundog Kennels, Hawkhurst, Kent. Mr. J. Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts, is not so far away.—*E. N., London, W.*

Not French English Partridge Cross.—It is certainly a most interesting case, but it is not a cross between the English and French bird. The birds submitted are both young and at such an age there is often a strong resemblance between certain parts of the plumage, especially as regards the inner secondaries.—*R. V., Kent.*

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YOUTH AND WAR

"IT'S the men of my generation that have thrown away the hopes and promises of 1918, but we ourselves can't say how. As I told you last September, Sandy, it's the Nemesis of *Nations* that has brought us where we are. However pleasant it may be to hold someone else responsible, we've all contributed, we're all paying for our own faults of character." Thus, in Stephen McKenna's *A Life for a Life*, spoke Uncle George, the guardian to the boy, turned man, whose father was killed in the last war. Those of us who fought in the war to end war, having gained the victory may not entirely agree with Uncle George that we have seen it sacrificed, "we can't say how."

The natural impulse is to place the responsibility upon successive Governments and successive policies. It may indeed be argued that the war generation was very much depleted, sadly handicapped, and left with much leeway to make up. What, it may be asked, can the individual do which will affect the machine? He has the choice of electing a party whose ideas he considers futile or another with which he may be far from being in total agreement. There are no other alternatives, and in any case the confusion reigning in a parliament of a Babel of tongues has been exemplified in other countries. It paves the way for the dictator. So the elector pins his faith to tradition, puts his party in power, places his trust in its ministers, and the diplomats, and paid servants of the Crown, and goes about his every-day affairs. He is content that Democracy gives freedom of speech and debate and the right to grumble and to pay.

A country, we are told, gets the Government it deserves, and Germany has got—Hitler. What have we reaped? To look back is not pleasant. We have seen the wreck of that expensive and unstable edifice, the League of Nations; we have seen disarmament in the face of danger, and a Premier acknowledging that he was mistaken in the strength of the forces mustering against us when the man in the street was apprehensive. We have seen the palliative of the dole applied to the canker of unemployment, the decline of agriculture allowed to proceed despite warning, and the growth of bureaucracy on the wasteful principle that the bigger the department and the more it spends, the more important it must be. Last week we had Earl De La Warr making an apologia for twenty years' administration of our educational system, the deficiencies of which have been so vividly revealed by the war emergency measures. He took the opportunity of moralising on the work which has to be done to serve the youth of the nation. We might enquire what use has been made of the money paid for education and medical services. Much of the errors of the past have been due to indolence on the part of the governors and indifference on the part of the governed.

Crisis has changed all that, and if it has acted as a tonic on those charged with the responsibilities of government it has no less tightened up the moral fibre of a people resolved that the errors of the past shall serve as the lessons for the future. In 1914 the old men were blamed for having placed us in peril, they continued their work after 1918, and the youngsters who are fighting our battles to-day will still further be able to reproach the survivors of the last war if their full efforts are not put behind them. Those efforts are not only needed to support the Government in its task but also to lead it, for public opinion is a weapon of great power.

It should not be used to interfere with the man on the bridge, but it should at least be directed to seeing that the crew of the Ship of State is a good one. That crew has been strengthened by the addition of members who were considered embarrassing in times of peace, but can it be said there are no weaknesses in it to-day? Appointments to Ministries are made in strange ways; a man who has not had conspicuous success in one may be transferred to another presumably in the hope that he may do better. Sometimes we are lucky (we have our Kingsley Woods), sometimes we are unlucky, and sometimes very unlucky. "Character" is given as the essential for a Minister, but surely it should also be allied to knowledge of the war-time job he is to tackle. The individual elector is called upon to look for results as proof of ability and also to support such demands as those made by Lord Decies for a watch on needless extravagance at a time when millions are counted lightly.

The nation to-day is united as rarely before in grim determination to see the war brought to a successful conclusion, and it must even look beyond it to such an adjustment of economic issues that the young men who have been called upon to serve shall have a brighter outlook than that of their fathers. The older men after the war must be prepared to provide security for youth and during the war to turn to the Government and say:

"Your Courage
Your *Cheerfulness*
Your Resolution
Will Bring Us Victory."

GROW MORE FOOD

THE Ministry of Agriculture has announced that the grant of £2 per acre for ploughing up land is to be extended from December 31st until March 31st, 1940. That is good news. It is good news, too, that the payment of the grant is to be expedited, so that farmers will receive the money some weeks earlier. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith and the country may be thankful for at least one of Mr. Chamberlain's Ministerial appointments—when making the announcement pointed out that farmers had been called upon to intensify their production and change their farming systems from those adopted under the economic circumstances prevailing in time of peace. Crops must be grown on land where they would not have been remunerative at pre-war prices and we must now grow at home more animal feeding stuffs which in time of peace could be more cheaply bought abroad. A considerable expenditure per acre will be needed and the Government recognises that farmers will require assistance towards the initial outlay involved. It is pleasant to know that the Government does recognise the farmer's difficulty. That is, indeed, a change. But then it is a change to have as Minister of Agriculture a man with some knowledge of farming. It is idle now to speculate in what position British Agriculture would be had it not had to cope with bad ministers. But having learnt our lesson (we hope the Government has also learnt it) let us not in future make the mistake of appointing totally unsuitable men to what should be our most important Ministry—nor the even more grievous error of imagining that farming is of use only in war-time, and an expensive luxury in times of peace.

AGGRESSION AGAINST POLAND

THE written reply given by Mr. R. A. Butler in the House of Commons to a question by Mr. T. E. Harvey regarding the position of Britain in regard to aggression against Poland has come as a shock to every thinking Englishman. Apparently the agreement of August 25th between Great Britain and Poland only covered aggression by Germany, and not by any other Power, including Russia. The agreement as published gives no hint of any such reservation. No hint at all. Should not the British public have been told that there were reservations? And are we now to take it that the fact that Russia has grabbed a good slice of the territory of our ally in agreement with our enemy is no concern of ours? Mr. Butler's reply leaves a very nasty taste in the mouth. Some further explanation of the situation is sorely needed—and from Mr. Chamberlain himself.

And again Mr. Chamberlain himself said that in the event of aggression against Poland H.M. Government "would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Polish Government all support in their power." And in the agreement of August 25th the word assistance is added after support. Have we fulfilled that promise honourably, having regard to Mr. Chamberlain's spoken word and our country's signature? The War Office has acknowledged its debt to the heroic resistance put up by the Polish Army and the Polish people. Are "bombphlets" the full measure of our assistance and support?

EVACUATION

[We publish this poem "without prejudice." ED.]

Strident Cockney voices pierce the silence of the lane—
Foreign words—a strange new population
Sweeping through the land we knew, and we must not complain—
This is War, and War's evacuation.

Let them smash the fence and knock the apples off the trees—
See them start the hayrick's conflagration.
Chasing cats and killing fowls and harmless sports like these
Are vital as a healthy recreation.

Let them drive the pheasants from the covert and the copse
As they throng in gay emancipation—
They must have their substitute for picture-house and shops,
Though this proves such wretched compensation.

Let them have their beer and gin, their steak and chips and fish—
Give them plenty for their delectation.
Don't restrain the cheery boy who breaks your favourite dish—
Yours is not the right for condemnation.

You must smile at foreign ways, at creeping things and fleas—
Fastidiousness is merely affectation.
Smile and welcome to your house these dear evacuees
Whose livestock still defies annihilation.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

"SINCE there's no help, come and let us kiss and part": those were precisely my sentiments when, having but one leg to walk upon, and no longer any means of transport except to get to hospital and back, I had to say good-bye to all country scenes beyond the one visible from my own front door. Where should I go for the last ride in country England which officialdom no longer permitted me to see? I chose the place just where the Icknield Way, emerging from under the hanging woods of the Chiltern slopes by Swincombe Downs, rather like a sinuous weasel leaving the shelter of the hedge, takes out into the open arable plateau west towards the Thames. I was very familiar with this scene of the wide billowy tableland that melts into the shadowy blue line of the Berkshire Downs beyond the river. When our lives are beginning to turn like the foliage into the sere, the yellow leaf, the memoried scenes are what we most cherish.

And this particular one gathers up into its spacious compass many other scenes allied to it. I have travelled every inch of the three parallel trails, the Ridge Way on the crest of the Downs and the double Icknield Ways on and below the wheaten shelf as far as Avebury, the capital and nucleus of the civilisation of the Early Bronze Age. At my back, again, I could follow in memory the snaky little Way over the instep of the Chilterns, past those mysterious huge signatures of cabalistic meaning, Watlington White Mark, Bledlow Cross and Whiteleaf Cross, up to Dunstable, once a centre of the straw-plaiting craft. Thence it meanders through Royston and Baldock and over the heathland Brecks to the East Anglian heights and the sea.

In its exit from the woody scarp above Ewelme, the Icknield Way acts just as though it were a stream of water spouting out of a nozzle over which you put your thumb. It splits up into a number of tributaries, each of which makes for one of the fords of the Thames between Wallingford and Streatley. Safely over the river, the wriggling tracks disperse all over the Upper Greensand skirting of the Berkshire Downs, to reunite, some of them, as the authentic Icknield Way at Upton.

It proceeds over Hagbourne Hill towards Lockinge, and on the Hill was unearthed a late Bronze Age hoard, which provisionally dates the original age of the road.

It is almost incredible that such a road, following the easterly arm of the chalk from the North Sea to its junction with the great central boss of Wiltshire, and thence onward with the chalk massif to one of the Devon ports of the Channel, could possibly have been hooved and trodden out during a period of warfare. The same must be said of the much older Ridge Ways, which pursue their serene, leisurely, majestic courses aloft the chalk ridges wherever, starfish fashion, those ridges protrude their limbs from the matrix block in Wiltshire.

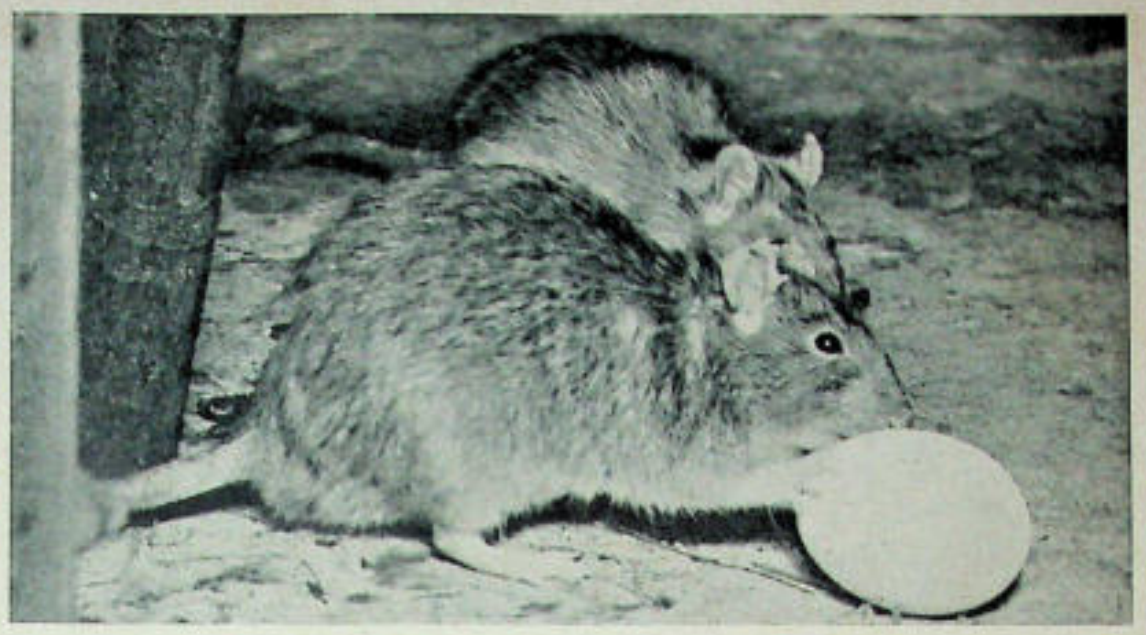
It is conservative to date the Ridge Ways as Early Bronze Age (*circa* 1800 B.C.), so that it is as certain as indirect evidence can be that the tales of the scientists about the predacity and the ferocity of pre-Roman Englishmen, and the emergence of the most furious fighters, are about as trustworthy as those of the Baron Munchausen. That was one reason why I chose that great view over the plateau between the Chilterns and the Berkshire Downs, grand in its simplicity, captivating in its diversity, generous in its expanse and profound in its implications. The spirit of that view is of a large and benedictive peace, and for hundreds of generations the busy users of those far-flung green roads through England's matchless land—the husbandmen, the herdsmen, the shepherds, the pilgrims, the chapmen, the travellers, the flint-miners—most of them from 1800 B.C. to A.D. 1800 were peaceable folk. I liked to think of that.

As I looked over those spreading miles I thought, too, of the future, a thousand years hence. And what I seemed to see was the very same thing as I had been seeing with my mind's-eye down the ages of the past, different costumes and different faces, but the same land, the same roads and the same kinds of passengers along them. For the doings of these old people going up and down along the great roads, whether pre-Roman or mediæval, were natural and universal doings and so, one must think, pleasing to God. But in our period there has been a kink or a hitch somewhere, and so Englishmen, a kindly peace-loving people by nature, find themselves imitating "the action of a tiger." It is not our fault—this time—but there is something very wrong somewhere.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A company of infantry returning from a long route march recently fell out for ten minutes rest in a public park. They found the rails hard to sit upon and so sat on the grass. The park keeper told them to get off!



DECLARATION OF WAR ON RATS

Land Owners' and Farmers' National Duty

By JOHN FALLOWFIELD

NEVER since the days of the Pied Piper of Hamelin was there a greater necessity for rat extermination. These rodents seem to serve no useful purpose and they consume each year vast quantities of food as well as fouling tons of produce and making it inedible.

The Government have decreed that Rat Week this year should start on November 7th and everyone should combine this year in an organised attempt to cope with the increasing rat menace. It is the haphazard, unorganised methods which merely drive the rats farther afield. They then only stay for a short time in refuse dumps, in gardens where fowls are kept, near potato clamps, and so on, and then, perhaps only a few weeks later, they return to their original haunts.

Householders are equally to blame with farmers, and there are public authorities that are just as lackadaisical. In the London Docks rats are taken seriously. Official cats are kept to keep these rodents down. Some towns and cities have official rat catchers who work consistently throughout the year. These experts may be called in at any time for help and advice. It has been estimated that a rat costs the country £1 a year to keep, and as a pair of rats will easily raise 800 more during a year, it does not need a financier to gauge some idea of the enormous loss in pounds sterling to Great Britain.

At least one county council has got out a scheme ensuring the appointment of seven whole-time rat catchers for the rural districts. These men work under the supervision of the cultivation officer for the county and each has a definite area allotted to him. They are able to make contracts with farmers to cover a yearly period. It may be necessary to visit the farms concerned once a fortnight for the first month or two and after that a monthly visit is all that is required. It is to be hoped that all county councils will adopt a similar scheme before long.

Under the Rats and Mice Destruction Act of 1919 all occupiers of premises are expected to control these rodents, but the law is seldom enforced. It is to be hoped that in war-time the authorities will be much stricter in this connection. What is needed is not only a National Rat Week, but a National Rat Year!

One of the most serious things is the fact that the Black rat is spreading fast and is exterminating the Common or Brown rat. It is comparatively easy to keep out the Common rat by means of the rat-proof barn, but the Black rats are able to climb almost anything and get in through the roof.

Farmers should encourage all the animals and birds that help to keep down rats and mice. The tawny owl, the little owl, the long-eared owl and the barn owl should never be shot. The kestrel, the carrion crows and the merlins also consume rats in large numbers. The fox is a great rat eater. One authority has stated that over 73 per cent. of the fox's natural food consists of rats, voles and mice. Stoats and weasels kill large numbers of young rats, too.

Rat-killing cats should certainly be encouraged. Some types of cats are useless, but it is possible to breed what might be called rat-killing strains of cats. These would need little looking after and except for a regular daily ration of milk they should fend for themselves. The breeding mother cats might, of course, need a little extra ration.

Rats are often encouraged because waste food is left about. Poultry keepers are said to be notoriously careless in this matter. Cowsheds, stables and stores should be examined regularly for any trace of rats. It is proved to be a good plan to move stores fairly regularly for these rodents hate the disturbance.

Doors to granaries, food stores and stables should be rat-proofed, and it is a good plan to nail a strip of strong tin 10in. wide on to the bottom of each door, both inside and outside. This does prevent the rodents from gnawing an entry. Another tip is to nail a square piece of tin in each corner of a granary a foot below the wall plate with a projection of 6in. This will stop the vermin from climbing up the corners and hiding on the gable walls. Any holes found in floors or walls should be cemented up early in the morning, as this allows the concrete to dry before night sets in.

Try to prevent the entry of rats into wooden, galvanised iron sheds by digging a trench all round the shed close up to the wall and filling it with cement. All concrete used for this purpose or on the floors of houses should contain as much broken glass and crockery as possible, for this is an added insurance.

Baiting may prove a satisfactory method of control, and the best results seem to be achieved when the bait is changed at least once a month. When placing baits into position, nor when preparing them, should they be handled with the naked hand. Gloves should always be worn. It is best to use a different bait from the food the rats normally find about. If they are consuming corn, then use cheese, bread or even red herrings. If they are feeding on potatoes a grain bait should be used, mixed with a little dripping.

One of the best and safest rat poisons known is Red Squill, though there are others like Liverpool Virus and Rodene which have proved very successful. An interesting method of poisoning rats is by the use of the bulbs of the Scilla Maritima. Small onions are placed near the rat holes first of all, and when the vermin have got to like them, the Scilla bulbs are placed instead. These are very poisonous.

The exhaust gases from a tractor, car or motor cycle may be used (when there is sufficient petrol available). All the holes except one should be blocked up and a rubber pipe from the exhaust should be run into this hole. The rats will all be killed as a result.

Cyanogas dust may also be applied with safety outside. A gas is released by the moisture in the atmosphere without the addition of any extra liquid. It is non-inflammable and penetrates equally into every run, killing all the rats it comes across on the way. It is quite easy to blow this dust into the burrow by means of a special pump provided. Few rats ever bolt and so the numbers killed are not known. The residue is entirely non-poisonous. Cyanogas should not be used for fumigating dwellings, but outside this method of destruction has proved excellent.

It is to be hoped that everyone will concentrate this year on rat control as a national duty.



THE PARADE FOR THE KING'S PRIZE AT BUDAPEST, IN MAY THIS YEAR
The race was won by Cabala, a grandson of Gay Crusader

HUNGARY AND THE HORSE

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

IT would be no exaggeration to state that the horse is the alpha and omega of everyday life in Hungary. In fact, the equine atmosphere appears to be all pervading from the moment the frontier of that delightful country is crossed.

There is the story told that provides one instantly with the important rôle which the horse has always fulfilled in Hungary. It concerns a celebrated Hungarian Premier, who is said to have risen in the midst of a parliamentary debate in order to attend the Budapest Races, not merely as a spectator, but because he had a mount in the first race. His unique announcement is recorded to have created the greatest enthusiasm, not only amongst his supporters but equally amongst the opposition, who instantly trooped off to drown all political feelings in their mutual admiration for this sporting venture.

With such traditions bound up so inseparably with horses, few countries could have furnished a more fitting background for holding a session of the International Congress for Blood Stock Breeding and Racing, the aims and objects of which are practically disclosed in its somewhat lengthy, but, at the same time, necessary nomenclature.

Crossing the frontier into Hungary one is instantly conscious of the fact that one is in another country, not only from the change of scenery to the wide expanses of terrain one associates with Hungary, but also by the contrast in the type of horse-flesh. The draught horse, seen in the plough or farm wagon in France and Germany, instantly gives way to the breedy-looking Hungarian type which is used universally for work and sport.

This standard type looks, as one would expect, to have the essentials for an ideal saddle horse, boasting good shoulders, length of rein, clean limbs and an intelligent head. The animals cannot be said, however, to look up to weight, but, for all that, they are wiry and possess great stamina, and answer the purpose in their own country, where imported and bigger framed types do not appear to thrive. The inhabitants take great care of their horses, and one noticed that in the fields the peasants invariably covered their horses' backs with sheets or rugs, to prevent the rays of the sun blistering them when they rested in the farm cart, plough or harrow.

All Hungary is on the land, toiling at the crops or guarding the herds of horses and cattle; vast stretches of wheat, oats and first-crop hay meet the gaze. There are no fences, as the herds are tended by their mounted herdsmen.

The colossal levers of the wells, a characteristic feature of the country, break the gaze as they stand out in sinister fashion like very gallows. Three times a day their creaking levers are set in motion, and the buckets sink and rise to fill the lengthy troughs for the horses which graze on the Puszta.

Out in the country the inhabitants might be said to live in a somewhat primitive state, similar to the people in Connemara, Co. Galway, but they are none the less happy for this fact, and have charming manners. They strike one as being decidedly independent and light-hearted. Agriculture being the principal interest, the Hungarians are wrapped up in animal life, which fact always reflects beneficially on the human element.

In view of this one deplores the fall in the horse census of Great Britain by close on 1,000,000 in the last decade, a loss which is showing its effect on the people, who are losing animal understanding for an automatic and mechanical "make-up." In these days of mechanisation it is indeed pleasing to find a country in which the horse is part and parcel of everyday life, as he is in Hungary. The very letters are delivered by horse-drawn vehicles in Budapest. Hungary is essentially a typical cavalry country for manœuvre.



ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY

Roads belted at equal intervals by acacia trees link up the villages, which are a cluster of white-washed houses surrounding a green, on which flocks of geese are being guarded by the children, who learn almost from the cradle how to tend the flocks and herds. Here and there the eye will catch a stork nestling in a chimney stack—which strikes an almost romantic note.

In order to give an idea of the preponderance of horse-drawn vehicles over motors in Hungary, it might be of interest to record that my wife and I stood on the Elizabeth Bridge, which connects Buda with Pest, and counted the traffic traversing this bridge; fifteen horsed vehicles and two motor cars were crossing it simultaneously. On the land oxen are used to a considerable extent; they are large beasts with an amazing spread of horns.

At the Budapest Session of the International Congress dealing with the horse, the following nations were represented: Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, Hungary, Italy, Mexico, Poland, Roumania, Switzerland and Yugo-Slavia. Many well-known personalities of the Turf in the various countries attended, including the Marchese Incisa Rocchetta, President of the Italian Jockey Club; Count Rudolph Erddy, President of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club; the Earl of Fingall, Senior Steward of the Irish National Hunt Committee; and Herr Christian Weber, President of the Congress and of the Munich Race Committee.

The dates of the Congress were selected so as to synchronise with the principal race meeting of the year, when the King's Prize is contested. The delegates were, therefore, afforded the opportunity of witnessing racing under the rules of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club.

It is of interest to note the different customs and methods at the various race courses on the Continent for comparison with those which we employ. In Hungary the jockeys adopt a more pronounced crouch and ride with their leathers some two holes shorter than is the case in England.

It was agreeable to note that the whip was conspicuous for its non-use; jockeys sat very still throughout the race and then rode their horses out at the finish with hands and legs, thus emulating the example set by such exponents as the great Danny Maher and Steve Donoghue. This proved to be a great contrast to the sights witnessed on other Continental courses, and also, on occasions, in England.

In order to ensure a good start and tranquillity at the gate a "schoolmaster" is employed to guide horses up into line or coax fractious youngsters up to the tapes. At Budapest this schoolmaster happened to be a yellow dun, which fact rendered

him most conspicuous at the furthest starts. One noticed that none of the runners was plated on the hind feet. Spectators witness the racing under tranquil conditions, as the "bookies" are not allowed to "shout the odds," and they remain segregated in a special enclosure to themselves.

Racegoers in Hungary are particularly well turned out, and on the day the King's Prize or "Milleneum" (so called because the race was founded in 1896 to commemorate 1,000 years existence of the Hungarian State) is contested, the Members' Enclosure resembles Ascot, with the additional colour of the Hungarian officers' uniforms. Top hats are *de rigueur*, and the womenfolk are smartly dressed.

Admiral Horthy and his elegant consort add further dignity to the meeting, and beneath the peak of his nautical cap the Regent takes stock of the runners as one of the shrewdest judges of horseflesh in Hungary. He is beloved for the great rôle he has played for his country and his people, and for his personal courage. It is not forgotten that when wounded in his flagship, the Novara, at the naval battle of Otranto in 1916, he insisted on being carried on a stretcher in order to direct operations. Thus the Regent has those characteristics which make him so admirably suited as a leader for such a people.

On official ceremonies and parades he appears invariably mounted on a grey charger, and makes a spectacular figure in admiral's uniform. On the Hungarian re-occupation of their former terrain at Kassa, in Slovakia, last November, his new charger took exception to the cheering of the inhabitants, and he had a decidedly "rough passage" on the *pavé* thoroughfare. When the Regent dismounted to receive an address of welcome by the burgomaster, it was noticed with pleasure how he paused to "make much of" his horse before attending to such an affair of State. It was an incident naturally affording much pleasure to a horse-loving community.

Prior to the races the delegates of the Congress were invited to a special reception at the Royal Palace, where they were introduced to the Regent, who showed a particular interest in this convention owing to his enthusiasm for everything to do with horses. Admiral Horthy addressed every representative, and had at the end of the reception spoken in seven different languages. He had a charm of manner reminiscent of the late Field Marshal Lord Ypres.

To the British representatives the Regent recalled the number of English jockeys who rode in Hungary prior to 1914, and to the fact that the well-known Newmarket trainer, Frank Butters, began his career as trainer on the Hungarian Turf. A scrutiny of the names of the winners and jockeys of these classic races, which are engraved on the walls of the Magyar Jockey Club premises at Budapest, bears out this fact; since 1919 they have, unfortunately, been few and far between, but Carslake's name is of a more recent vintage.

Budapest boasts two racecourses, one for Flat and Hurdle events at Magar Lovaregylet, and the other for Steeplechasing at Kaposrytasmegyer. The former is a beautifully laid-out course, with spacious stands, lawns and paddocks, well shaded by willows and acacia trees. The latter give warnings of impending storms (which break like veritable Indian monsoons), a feature of the Danubian basin at this time of year, by shedding fleecy flakes which cling to the morning coats and top hats of the racegoers. The original Budapest racecourse was destroyed and ploughed up by the Communists, and the tribunes burnt, during their occupation of the city in 1919.

An account of the Hungarian Turf would not be complete without a reference to the official handicapper, Istvan Szunyogh, who is the modern Ross on the Continental Turf to-day. He has compiled an absorbing account of racing from the handicapper's point of view, which one hopes will be published in an English edition.

Annually, the Hungarian *Racing Calendar* publishes three separate handicaps, containing all the juveniles, second-season animals, and four-year-olds and upwards who have taken part in races at Budapest in the year. It is of interest to mention that the offspring of imported English-bred stallions have been placed at the top of each of these handicaps.

A gentleman rider's association flourishes in Hungary under the presidency of General de Rapaich. There are some six international races, which are run over fences during the season, and it is of interest to note that Mr. H. M. Llewellyn, that versatile horseman who rode Ego into second place in the Grand National of 1936, and who competes in the jumping competitions at the International Horse Show, Olympia, is a frequent visitor to Budapest in order to ride under the Hungarian steeplechasing code.



AT THE BÁBOLNA STUD
Shagya XXV beside his extended pedigree

THE STATE STUDS

A VISIT to Hungary would not be complete without seeing the State studs, for which the country is so renowned. Horse breeding as one can imagine, is done on a large scale, and the delegates on the Congress had the advantage of being shown over the studs at Bábolna and Kisbér by the Commandant, Colonel Petiéko-Szandtner, who, together with his officers, proved interesting and entertaining hosts.

The Royal Hungarian State Stud of Bábolna stands on some 10,000 acres of land, and is entirely devoted to the breeding of Arabs. This stud was founded as far back as 1789, under King Joseph II, and at various periods in its history both stallions and mares have been imported from Syria, amongst others the stallion Shagya, of the Koheilan breed, one of the pillars of the stud which has even to this day the greatest number of descendants in Bábolna. Here the best stallions were led out for inspection, and the Commandant carefully described their breeding and history.

One noted the stallion, Kurhaylan-Zaid, imported in 1931 from the Bedouin strain of Ronallahs-Enryer, the thoroughbred Arab Ajeeb, acquired in 1930 from England, having been bred by the Hon. Mrs. R. E. Vaughan-Williams, and the following, reared at Bábolna, in Koheilan VIII, Mersuch II, Siglavy-Bagdady IV; also Shagya XXV, and Shagya XXVI. With the exception of Kuhaylan-Zaid, who is a bay horse, the others were grey coated.

Detailed stud registers are kept showing the pedigrees, which appear to be preserved as far back as the Doomsday Book. The illustration shows one of these equine aristocrats in Shagya XXV, standing beside his extended pedigree which was unrolled for the benefit of his admirers.

All the horses are branded with the stud mark, which is in every case surmounted by the Hungarian crown with its crooked top. At three years old the colts and fillies are broken in for saddle and harness, and at four they undergo endurance tests. Only those which pass are apportioned to the stud; if the colt is backward and does not furnish properly, or has faulty conformation, he is gelded and sold in auction. Surplus mares to the establishment suitable for breeding purposes are sold annually to Hungarian breeders only.

Bábolna also includes a Lipizza Stud, which breeds stallions destined for the poorer and more barren mountainous regions of Hungary. This breed is used extensively in Hungary for carriage purposes, as they possess good trotting action. They prove to be a hardy breed, and surplus stallions are sent out into the country studs.

It might be of passing interest to note that the seventeen-year-old, well-known jumper, Nasello



MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS AMONGST THE MARES OF THE BÁBOLNA STUD
On the right in uniform is the Commandant, Colonel Szandtner

Italico, belonging to the Italian team, which unfortunately came to grief at the "Liverpool" obstacle at Olympia with Major Filipponi this year, was by a Lipizza stallion standing at the Lipizza Stud in the Tyrol (now the property of the Italian Government, but for years the nursery of the Spanish School of Vienna).

No account of the Bábolna Stud would be complete without a description of the mounted boys' band, which was founded after the holocaust of 1914-18, for the sons of fallen soldiers of Hungary. To-day the band consists of sons of soldiers and no member is over sixteen years of age; they play and ride like veterans, and strike a spectacular note in their russet-coloured uniform mounted on their beautiful Arabs. This band would be an ideal feature for the International Horse Show, Olympia.

The State Studs of Hungary are military establishments and the officers and *personnel* are found from the Army.

In contrast to the Bábolna Stud, which concentrates on the Arab, the Kisbér Stud breeds the English thoroughbred for racing, as well as the English half-bred stallions for country stock. Here the celebrated Kisbér, the Hungarian-bred winner of the 1876 Derby and Grand Prix de Paris was reared. The stud was founded in 1853 by the importing of thoroughbred stallions and mares from England. The former included Buccaneer, sire of the renowned Kisbér, and Cambuscan, sire of the unbeaten Kincsem (winner of the Goodwood Cup, 1878).

The blood mares at Kisbér muster some 25 English thoroughbreds and 110 English half-breds. The blood mares are kept in paddocks, whilst the half-bred mares are turned out to graze in a large herd, being guarded by mounted sentinels wearing the picturesque uniform of the State Studs.

At Kisbér the following thoroughbred stallions were seen in Santorb: The 1925 winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, D'Orsay, Ganelon, and Fortis; amongst the half-bred stallions was one with the same name as the 1907 2,000 guineas winner, Slieve Gallion. In the paddocks one saw some recent purchases at the Newmarket December Sales by Prince Bela Odescalchi, who fulfils a most important rôle in his country as Director of the Department of Horse-Breeding. Sibylla, with a chestnut colt foal by Sandwich, and Fines Herbes, with a bay colt by Sansovino, came in for much admiration.

Throughout the visits to the State Studs one noticed that wherever horses were grazing a boy with a donkey and cart was in attendance, his duty being to pick up the "droppings" which are not allowed to lie in the paddocks or pastures where horses graze. Should English breeders follow this example perhaps that scourge from red worm would possibly not be so prevalent as it is to-day.

The uniform of the mounted sentinels of the State Studs is decorative, and is the traditional kit of the Magyar horsemen; each rider carries an ornate whip similar to a stock whip. With the civilian herdsmen their whips are heavily bejewelled with pieces of coloured stone; needless to say they are adepts in cracking their whips when rounding up the herds or getting stragglers back to the fold.

The thoroughbred yearlings at Kisbér are sent every August to the sales which are held at Alag, the Newmarket of Hungary, where sales are appropriately alluded to as "Tattersalls."

Kisbér is a beautifully laid out establishment with its loose-boxes, saddle rooms, and riding school set in picturesque surroundings, with centuries old trees shading its paddocks. In the Mess, Colonel Petietko-Szandtner and his officers hospitably entertained the members of the Congress to dinner. This is a palatial building and an art gallery as well of equestrian paintings by celebrated Hungarian artists, while on the occasion of our visit race cups and trophies presented by Emperors and Kings adorned the tables. One consisted of a beautiful silver statue of a race-horse surrounded by jockeys on bended knees in the attitude of worship. Only a Hungarian would have had the inspiration to depict such a model, and it is typical of their outlook on the equine world. The following translation shows the rôle which the horse has fulfilled from time immemorial:

> "More than a thousand years ago the Magyar conquerors entered historic Hungary over the passes of the Carpathian mountains on horseback. The horse has been our faithful companion ever since times previous to the migration of peoples, when it attached itself to us. It shared our fate, both good and bad, and assisted us both in peaceful work and in decisive fighting. The sacrificing of horses clearly proved that the horse had belonged to the most cherished gods of the ancient Magyars. The ancient Magyar sacrificed his most treasured white horse in order to ingratiate himself into favour with the War God."

It was of interest to note that a large canvas portraying Admiral Horthy on his favourite grey charger, and characteristically wearing naval uniform, was hanging in the most conspicuous position.

(*Next week: Some Breeding Establishments*)

THE CHANGE FROM PARTRIDGES TO PHEASANTS

WE are right in the middle of the shooting season now, and yet in a sense we are at the parting of the ways. For we are on the threshold of pheasant shooting proper.

This may appear an ambiguous statement, but on examination it will be found to be not far from the truth. Generally speaking, most shooting to date has been at grouse and partridges, and there is a degree of similarity between these two kinds.



WHEN DRIVEN PHEASANTS WHIRR OVER NOVEMBER COVERTS
Many a shooter, fresh from adventures with partridges, finds himself nonplussed

Both birds may be walked up, both birds may be shot over dogs, and both birds, when driven, give not dissimilar types of shots. Grouse, it is true, are bigger and stronger birds than partridges, and they fly at a faster rate. They are, too, more often seen approaching, and so are more often shot well in front. But their styles of flight have quite a bit in common, and the timing necessary for their successful execution is very similar. This means that if a man can shoot the one, he should be able to go straight on and shoot the other without difficulty, and without any alteration in his method.

All shooting at moving objects is based on the same principles. The actual methods that have to be adopted in order to put these principles into effect may, however, differ in various cases. And such cases will be those where the flight of birds differs. It is not at all easy to explain the difference in the flight of birds, but it exists to such an extent that a man may be put completely off his shooting until he has become accustomed to it, or shall we say re-accustomed to it! This difference is not so much in the pace at which a bird is flying as in the way in which it flies. If it were just a matter of pace, it would merely mean some adjustment in the forward allowance. But the fact that this is not so is amply borne out by the way in which a shooter can switch from grouse to partridges and back again without any noticeable difference in results. As has been said, a grouse flies faster than a partridge, but beyond that its flight is much the same. A shooter confronted with either bird will feel equally at home and will respond successfully to the situation. This means that he will experience a similar mental effect which will bring about the same kind of physical reflex.

But what often happens when a blackcock suddenly comes over in the middle of a grouse drive? He who has been putting up quite a creditable score at grouse will not infrequently make a clean miss! Why does he do this? Chiefly because it is a different kind of flight to which he fails to respond. The big body, comparatively small wings and their steady beats create a mental impression that is different; and before he has succeeded in accommodating himself to the changed conditions it is too late. A stilted poking movement of the gun followed by a couple of bangs, and the usual "d—n," as the bird sails on its uninterrupted course! Everyone knows that a blackcock flies faster than a grouse, and it is certain that those two charges of shot have passed harmlessly behind. But it is unlikely that it was the speed of the bird alone which defeated the shooter.

So it is when driven pheasants first begin to whirr over November coverts. Many a shooter fresh from adventures with partridges skimming over the hedge or larch belt finds himself at first nonplussed by the bigger target. Again it is a faster-moving target, but this is not the real reason. It is the different kind of flight which requires a different kind of timing or body movement. For it is no good trying to shoot pheasants in partridge time, which is what happens if it does not actually come to a case of poking or checking of gun swing. Nothing is a greater fallacy than to suppose that a big bird is any easier to kill than a small bird. If it is, it is only for ballistic reasons. When one's aim is at fault with a small bird, it will also be at fault with a big bird. The only difference is that a big bird may get pricked where a small one would escape altogether.

The mention of timing may call for some explanation. There is partridge time, and there is pheasant time, and while one might kill partridges in pheasant time one is not likely to kill pheasants in partridge time. A partridge by the manner of its wing beats and its flight creates in the mind of the shooter a pretty accurate impression of the speed at which it is flying. He reacts accordingly and makes the movements necessary for whatever swing and lead is required. A pheasant, on the other hand, does not, by its flight, convey such an accurate picture of its speed—at least, not when the mind is fresh from partridges. The result is that while the shooter readily sizes up the situation in regard to partridges, he fails to do the same in regard to pheasants. And so he just does what he has been doing with partridges. In other words, his footwork and body swing become the same in both cases, when in regard to pheasants they should be more pronounced.

As has already been said, it is not because a pheasant flies faster that it is missed so much as that the shooter fails to judge it. Of course, the charge of shot goes behind and had the bird been flying at a slower rate it might have connected. But the point is that, at least after dealing with partridges, a pheasant's flight is deceptive and the shorter, sharper gun movements that are sufficient for the former do not work out with the latter. A greater swing and allowance are needed for pheasant shooting, which means greater and more deliberate judgment. This is what is meant by timing. It is easier to judge and deal with a partridge in quick time than it is a pheasant. And if one tries to size up and deal with a pheasant as one would a partridge, one may be courting trouble.

A slow-flying bird may likewise upset calculations. One fails to adjust oneself to the situation and may actually miss by shooting in front or check the gun on firing and place the charge clean behind. In fact, any bird whose flight differs greatly from that to which one is accustomed may put one off. It is not so much a matter of the rate of flight as the fact that one fails to judge a different bird and tries to apply methods which do not suit.

"SCOLOPAX."



A GOOD DOG IS A GOOD FRIEND TO THE SCHOOLBOY SHORE SHOOTER

Below the High Tide Mark—II.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

SHOULD high tides coincide with the last week of the summer holidays, the schoolboy shore-shooter can rejoice greatly, because at that time the northern migrants, pintail and wigeon, will be arriving in the estuary.

In the preceding article we considered the shooting of August mallard and teal, duck bred within sight of the tideway; by mid-September most of these have departed southwards, their place being taken by the vanguard of the northern breeders.

The problem of shooting pintail and wigeon in September differs in many respects from the tide shooting of August. Then, the mallard and teal living in the fresh marshes crossed the saltings on well-defined flight lines on their journeys to and from the foreshore. The September pintail and wigeon are only migrants passing southward. They may sojourn in the estuary a few days, or a few hours, but during their brief stay they will remain on the mud flats without attempting to visit the fresh marshes.

Pintail rarely leave the tideway. Their food is in salt water, so the sea claims them. Where they dine, they sleep.

Although the September wildfowl do not flight inland during daylight, they move to and fro in the estuary with the ebb and flow of the tide, and the schoolboy gunner should clearly understand the principal reasons for these daily tideway migrations. They are as follows:—

All surface-feeding ducks need shallow water in which to feed. As the gutters are filled by the flood tide, the fowl move up the estuary in short flights searching for shallower feeding grounds.

The force of the incoming tide may sweep the swimming birds into some cul-de-sac, the mouth of a gutter, or any narrow inlet, from which they will flight back to regain open water.

On a rough day, all ducks tend to seek the shelter of an island or landlocked bay, flighting from the storm-tossed waters to such havens.

If a low-lying portion of the salting becomes inundated with the tide, ducks will visit it to feed on the marine life imprisoned in the hollows filled with salt water, a return flight taking place after full tide.

These are the four principal causes of ducks flighting during a September tide, but the schoolboy shore-shooter may well ask how he is to get within ranges of birds whose movements are mostly confined to overseas travel. The answer is by aid of the wind.

"Oh, wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being."

This same west wind is, indeed, a good friend to the wildfowler, its boisterous breath causing flight lines to bend landwards, often bringing duck within shot when, normally, their way lies far out over the water.

A strong inshore wind is what the schoolboy gunner must pray for at September tides.

Then, after preliminary watching, he can dig his hide in the certainty of obtaining many shots, successful or otherwise. The end of the summer holidays may, indeed, be the peak of a schoolboy's somewhat limited shooting season. At that time, the newly-arrived migrants are unsophisticated; they do not know the danger points of the saltings, and every flock contains a large proportion of young birds.

It may be that some particularly good spot past which the duck have been seen to flight is situated on ground which precludes deep digging. In such cases a shallow hole must be constructed for the legs and feet of the gunner and a wire netting screen 2in. mesh—supported on bamboo sticks erected round the excavation.

Sea purslane, grass, or sea weed, can be used as a covering and, although this form of hide looks prominent, it works well in practice, provided the gunner keeps his head still when birds are close at hand.

Sea blight, an annual plant growing on mudflats, has a great attraction for all ducks once its fronds are submerged by the tide, so the young fowler should make a careful note of any places covered by this weed—being an annual it may sow itself in different places each season—for where it is there the ducks will be.



DUCK OFTEN REMAIN ON THE SALTINGS AFTER A HIGH TIDE AND A CAREFUL STALK ALONG A GUTTER MAY ENABLE THE GUNNER TO PLACE HIMSELF WITHIN SHOT OF THEIR EVENTUAL DEPARTURE SEAWARDS



PINTAIL, WIGEON AND TEAL. A MIXED BAG OBTAINED ON THE FORESHORE

Zostera marina, a grass-like sea plant, is a certain lure for wigeon, but the wigeon-grass, as it is often called, has disappeared in recent years from many of its former haunts.

Half the charm of September shore shooting is the variety of the bag. I have shot four different species of ducks, besides golden plover and curlew, on a day spent on the saltings. With migration in full swing, a tide of interesting birds—not necessarily shootable ones—flows in a southward stream along our coast lines, and field glasses add quite as much as a gun to the enjoyment and interest of shore shooting.

The schoolboy is certain to experience difficulty in deciding whether birds are in range or not. On a flat expanse of sea and marshland they always appear to be nearer than they are in reality, so when in doubt, do not shoot.

The best method of judging distance is by the appearance of the birds, taking into account the strength and direction of the light. Against a bright sky, all birds appear black, but with the sun shining on them the colouring of their plumage shows very distinctly at 60yds. range. I remember shooting a mallard at approximately this distance, and I could see every feather.

In September, most ducks are in partial eclipse plumage, making them difficult to recognise except by their shape. A mallard is big, fat and heavy-looking, the absence of white underparts distinguishes him from pintail and wigeon. Pintail are streamlined, fast fliers, and wigeon are rather squat looking ducks, the white shoulder straps of adults showing plainly in a good light. The tiny teal can scarcely be confused with any other species.

(To be continued)



RHINO FISH OF 22LB.

JUST A MATTER OF DIET

By MURRAY BLAKE

PERHAPS it is the increasing popularity of trout fishing in Kenya that has induced its sportsmen to neglect the other branches of freshwater angling available. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that a well-known river, lying within easy reach of Nairobi by road and containing highly sporting fish weighing up to 50lbs. is almost completely ignored by anglers.

As very little information concerning these fish and their habits is available, one would imagine that they would thus hold out an added attraction for fishermen in search of new thrills. For some reason or other, however, very few have explored the possibilities of the sport to be had.

The river I have in mind is the Athi, which rises near Nairobi and flows for a considerable distance in a north-easterly direction before turning abruptly east towards the sea. Unlike Kenya's trout streams, which are set for the most part in highland scenery often reminiscent of that of certain Scottish districts, the Athi River is typically African. Meandering through harsh thorn bush country, it teems with crocodiles, its banks being the stamping-ground of many varieties of game. Hippos wallow in its deep, shady pools. It is alive with fish life, including strange species which have hardly been properly classified.

Among the latter is one known locally as the rhino fish, so called by reason of a queer, bony protuberance situated about halfway between its eyes and its mouth. For many years the rhino fish existed as a denizen of the Athi River without Europeans living in the vicinity being aware of its presence. This speaks volumes for its cunning and shyness.

Quite recently, this fish has been classified and labelled *barbus rhinoceros*, having attracted the attention of the British Museum authorities. It is of the catfish type, possessing whiskers, though it is not a lungfish. The body is covered with large, silvery scales, and the head occupies about a third of the total bulk. The rhino fish is toothless and has a soft mouth. While there is every reason to suppose that it attains a weight of 50lb., the largest authenticated specimen so far captured turned the scales at 42lb.

A few angler friends of mine, who had been after rhino fish with conspicuous lack of success, had varying theories with regard to the fishing. Some said that, like the Indian mahseer, the fish would take a spoon. Others declared that meat or dough was the correct bait. The point was, however, that their advice was all contradictory, for none of them really knew. I decided, therefore, to investigate for myself.

A bumpy car journey of some 50 miles from Nairobi took me to a part of the Athi River where report had it that rhino fish were plentiful. But, possessing something of that fisherman's instinct which tells you whether you are on suitable water or not, I did not like the look of the particular stretch of river confronting me.

Being in a Native Reserve, it was not long before my car was surrounded by Africans, all eager to act as guides and porters. Picking out several youngsters to carry my camping kit, I left my native servant to look after the car, and set forth in search of more promising water. An hour's steady walking brought me to a beautiful pool overhung by big wild fig trees. At the head of the pool, which I judged to be very deep, was a swift run. A couple of crocodiles slid off a rock in midstream, arousing a basking hippo, which grunted at me indignantly before beating a noisy retreat towards the further bank. Looking around, I quickly selected a spot for my camp, slung a tarpaulin over the branch of a tree, and was ready for my attack on the rhino fish.

Armed with a stout sea rod about 15ft. long, fitted with a good reel holding some 100yds. of strong line, I first of all attached a wire trace and a big spoon. Standing at the head of the run, I allowed the spoon to be carried down as far as the top of the pool. Then, using my reel, I drew the lure slowly upstream in a series of jerks. As an hour or so of this brought no results, I made several long casts into the still centre of the pool, working the spoon to the best of my ability. This, likewise, was unproductive.

Removing the spoon, I substituted a large hook baited with a piece of raw meat, and had hardly cast it in before I was rewarded by a strong tug at the line. I struck, full of excitement. In a moment, however, I knew by the powerful, convulsive jerking of the line that I had hooked a big eel. It fought wildly, providing me with several quite thrilling minutes before I landed it to find, subsequently, that it weighed nearly 20lb. Further casts gave me more eels, but no rhino fish. Lumps of dough as bait brought similar results.

It was getting late, and I began to despair. Looking idly at the water, I observed the dorsal fins of a number of small, carp-like fish which were cruising about taking flies. Suddenly there was a wild scurry among them, and I saw a large rhino fish chase and engulf one of the minnows. Here was the knowledge I was seeking. Jointing a trout rod, I affixed a Black Gnat from my fly-box. Half-an-hour's fishing provided me with several of the small fry. I was now equipped with some of the rhino fish's natural food.

The short dusk had set in when I baited my big hook with one of these minnows and cast out into the centre of the pool. I used no sinker, but attempted to make the bait seem lifelike by drawing it towards me through the water. For a little while nothing happened, then suddenly my line was snatched taut with a jerk and my rod tip began to bend over. I struck heavily, driving the hook well home. At least 50yds. of line sizzled out as the fish went off with a mad rush. It checked itself abruptly and sulked on the bottom for fully a minute motionless.

Without warning, it was off again, making for a fringe of papyrus reeds which grew in the water near the opposite bank. I checked it sharply now, for I guessed that if the line became entangled in the reeds the fish might succeed in breaking the tackle. It took toll of my strength to fight the fish away from that bank, but I brought it gradually out into the middle of the pool again, then let it run downstream for several yards. Twice the fish leapt out of the water and fell back with a huge splash. The fight was fast and furious, lasting at least a quarter of an hour. In the final stages I had practically to drag the fish over the bottom by main force towards me, for it showed an inclination to remain sunk like a stone when played out. There was a last wild flurry before I gaffed it.

I felt quite tired when I dragged it out on to the bank, but strangely elated. The fish, which is shown in the accompanying photograph, weighed 33lb. As it was then dark, I retired to my camp for the night.

On the following morning, before the sun was very high, I took another rhino fish weighing 21lb. After about nine o'clock, however, although I fished diligently for several hours, the fish had ceased to feed. But I was content, and went back to Nairobi fully satisfied with my excellent sport.



THE FISHING EXPEDITION SETS OUT



VIEW OF THE ATHI RIVER

SWITZERLAND CARRIES ON

By LOUIS KATIN





SIGHTS AND PLEASURES THAT WILL BE MEMORIES TO BRITISH WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS THIS YEAR

Left: A ski track under St. Moritz. Right: The little Chapel of Textal in the Ober Engadine

HOW do the holiday countries fare these days? The usual winter trek to the Alps will be interrupted by military and defence service, and many Swiss hoteliers, travel organisers, guides, professional sportsmen, caterers and others will "feel the draught." Not that the experience will be new. They suffered it in 1914-18, but were compensated thereafter by a tremendous spate of all-the-year-round tourism from Great Britain—a return to the good old days of the 'sixties, when English climbers and convalescents taught the Swiss people the money-making potentialities of their mountains.

Although the Swiss winter sports industry will now be once again pulling in its belt, it will save what it can from the wreckage. In Regent Street, the Swiss Railways Bureau continues quietly on its way, and its manager, Mr. V. Ceresole, says that the tourist industry and winter sports in Switzerland "will go on as much as possible." As to how much the caterers of the Alps will be likely to lose from the withdrawal of British patronage, one is discreetly silent. Deprived of foreign markets for their products, Swiss manufacturers are trying now to expand the home market, and no doubt the tourist concerns will try to follow suit, encouraging the native sportsmen and holiday-makers rather than the foreigner.

It is easy to exaggerate the importance to Switzerland of the tourist and winter sportsman. Much as they are welcomed the country can nevertheless at a pinch get on without them. In effect, not more than five per cent. of Swiss people work for the tourist industry, whose chief function is to help even up the adverse balance between the import of raw materials and the export of finished goods.

It is computed that, in normal years, Switzerland makes between six and seven million pounds profit out of her three and-half million tourists. But to achieve this excellent result, she spends nearly £400,000 on publicity, and the catering interests have had to be heavily subsidised to enable them to modernise their equipment. Swiss tourism statistics for 1937 indicate a hotel turnover of £15,600,000, plus another five million pounds for drinks and service charges, and the same amount for railway travelling. Surprisingly, too, as much as five millions were spent by holiday-makers on picture postcards, camera films, and souvenirs.

Certainly there will be many losers in the Alps as a result of this war. Out of winter sports there has arisen in Switzerland a highly-developed sports-goods industry, comprising over 100 factories which specialise in the manufacture of skis, ski-sticks, toe-bindings, bob-sleighs, picks and rucksacks, and another 30 factories which make ski-boots and sports clothes.

Ski-ing as a sport was introduced to Central Europe by Britons just on sixty years ago, and ever since then the Swiss have been specialising in and improving on the making of ski "fixations," keeping pace with the ever more daring technique of professional skiers. The biggest firm has been turning out 30,000 skis yearly, exporting them to the four quarters of the globe.



ICE FLOWERS ON THE SKI-ING GROUNDS AT ST. MORITZ

There is another firm making ski-bindings which also go everywhere, and whose factory is set amid the Alpine splendours at Sainte-Croix, close by the snow fields with their ski jumps and runs. At the work-bench, making the bindings, are famous native skiers, who can test their handiwork just beyond the factory gates.

For Switzerland the war of 1914-18 was a gestation period, from which she emerged the cleverest, most efficient and best-equipped holiday-making country in the world. It was after the last war that Swiss transport engineers bought up a lot of army chassis for a song. Out of them they founded that remarkable system of 100 h.p. Postal Motor Coaches which cover the heights and valleys of the Alpine ranges and carry 9,000,000 passengers yearly, some of them to ascents of 9,000 feet. It was after the last war, too, that the Berne Government spent millions of pounds perfecting the highway system, enabling a quarter-million foreign car-drivers to enter every year with a million passengers and spend some 100 million Swiss francs.

Perhaps it is a slight compensation to know that, while Great Powers are fighting it out, small neutral countries are perfecting machinery and organisation for the better enjoyment of peace when the last bullet has been fired. Just as in the last war, Switzerland is to-day busily mobilising to that end. A wise Federal Government, which speaks for the 22 cantonal governments that make up Switzerland has made timely preparations which have prevented panic, undue speculation, profiteering, and a general rise in prices. Cultivation of the soil is increased, and hitherto-surplus cattle and dairy produce are now absorbed at home. To ensure the necessary labour for agriculture, industry and the public services, compulsory civil work has been introduced, so that there is no unemployment, and the normal functioning of the country's economic life is maintained.

It takes a war to teach most people that Switzerland is much greater than merely a holiday-making country. Foreigners who visited the national "Exposition" at Zurich must have been surprised by the endless array of first-class home manufactures ranging from the 12,000 h.p. electric locomotive—the world's most powerful—to the world's tiniest jewelled watch. Precision instruments, dyes, chemical products, textiles, all of the highest grade and exported to every continent, are made in the factories of Europe's playground. The very snows of the Alps upon which sportsmen race are turned into an industrial asset, forming the "white oil" of hydro-electrification to drive the machines.

With its work in factory and farm; its military preparedness under which every conscript keeps his gun at home; and its social life provided by 2,000 amateur dramatic societies, a country-wide travelling library scheme and an all-embracing educational system, Switzerland's four million sons and daughters carry on in war-time.



THE STARTING GATE GOING UP FOR THE ISLEHAM PLATE ON NEWMARKET'S FIRST DAY

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND THE RACING PUBLIC

THE two days' meeting at Newmarket—the first racing since the war started—filled its purpose with great success. The owners of nearly 300 horses took the opportunity to give them a run, and, though the prize-money was small and competition keen, many of them have been enabled to judge whether their animals are worth keeping in training for what racing there may be next year.

It is impossible to foresee the conditions which will prevail then, but the meeting showed that the resumption was thoroughly justified, and there is good reason to hope that the liberal "ration" of racing, to be provided under National Hunt Rules, will be maintained when the Jockey Club make their advance plans for next season.

The policy of the Jockey Club since the war started, particularly in relation to the resumption of racing, has been most actively directed by Lord Harewood, one of the three Stewards. Of the other two, Lord Rochester has been indisposed for some weeks and Lord Sefton is on military service, though he was at Newmarket. Lord Harewood has undertaken energetically the necessary contacts with the Government departments, and the Stewards will continue, I know, to strive to obtain the largest possible measure of racing, subject to considerations of national importance.

I hope that they will see that due regard is given to the claims of owners and the public to the fullest and earliest information whenever there is a development of general interest in their plans for war-time racing.

The character and traditions of the Jockey Club being what they are, there has never been any consistent regard in its policy or administration for effective liaison with the public, particularly through the Press, though all other governing bodies of popular sports—even the M.C.C.—have in recent years given enlightened attention to the provision of information on matters of public interest within their province. Thus, with the complete cessation of racing, at a critical time, and when the racing forces were dispersed and quite out of contact with headquarters, there was a great desire and urgent need for all the guidance and information which the Stewards could impart, and rightly or wrongly the feeling was widespread that steps were not taken to obtain the widest publicity for developments of interest, as soon as they occurred. Fixtures, when granted, were not announced immediately from headquarters, and this and other important news was left to dribble to the public through various channels, in some cases after unnecessary delay.

I am assured on the highest authority that the Government have not put any obstacles in the way of continued racing and that responsible departmental officials are themselves most anxious that it should be continued, if only as a matter of public policy.

One item of particular interest at Newmarket was the performance of Sir Alfred Butt's four-year-old filly Cantatrice II. She ran an encouraging public trial for next week's Cesarewitch, when she won the Melbourne Plate, run over the same course and distance. She is out of Queen Iseult, one of the most successful of French brood mares. Her produce include William of Valence and Le Ksar. The former was beaten a short head for the Grand Prix, and in England won the City and Suburban, the Chesterfield Cup and the Rosebery Stakes for Mr. Arthur Sainsbury. Le Ksar came from France to win the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket for M. E. de St. Alary two years ago.

The Aga Khan, at present in France, has let it be known that all his horses are for sale. As he has about 40 in training at Newmarket, besides five stallions in England, and about 100 brood mares in Ireland and France, it is not to be thought that he will completely close his enormous interests in bloodstock. There is at present an appreciable demand for horses for export, and it will be interesting to see what interest foreign stud-masters show in this opportunity to secure the results of the Aga Khan's phenomenally successful efforts as a breeder. What, I wonder, is Bahram worth under present conditions? There is, too, another young Derby winner, Mahmoud, who has only just begun his stud career. In any event His Highness has arranged to send about fourteen of his horses in training to race in India.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club propose several alterations to the Rules of Racing. One is that no horse shall be qualified to run if he has been tubed on the day of the race. Tracheotomy is a comparatively simple operation and horses have occasionally run within a few hours of being tubed. Doubtless the Stewards have had veterinary advice on this matter.

This season an ambiguous and most unsatisfactory method of announcing objections for bumping and boring, or crossing was generally introduced by the instruction of the Stewards. The number-board notices, stating the exact grounds for an objection were discontinued, and the public was informed in all cases that the objection was lodged "under rule 168 (iv)," leaving them to guess which of the many widely different offences, embraced by this section of the rule, was alleged. The Stewards now propose to add two other grounds for objection to this very comprehensive section of rule 168; they wish it also to specify objections on the ground that the jockey did not present himself to weigh in or that he could not draw the weight at which he weighed out. Section iv of rule 168 is intended to stipulate the grounds for all those objections which must be lodged within five minutes after the winner has weighed in. The necessity for the proposed addition is not likely to be questioned, but I hope the members of the Jockey Club will see that it will tend to add to the confusion of the public if they are not informed, on the number boards, the precise grounds for an objection. "Objection under rule 168 (iv)" already refers to any one of a dozen different irregularities and it is now proposed to add two more to them. Means by which the precise grounds for an objection may be quickly and conspicuously announced claim the attention of the ruling body with greater insistence than any of the particular alterations to the rules to be brought before the next meeting of the Jockey Club on November 1st.

YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE MR. HARRY BEASLEY

Many racegoers of middle age will remember at least the name of H. H. Beasley, the father of Harry and Rufus Beasley, jockeys well known to the present generation. Mr. Beasley, senior, had attained to a ripe old age, for he was 88 at the time of his death in Ireland last week: and in 1891 rode Come Away to victory in the Grand National, leading a field of 21. For some thirteen years he was a regular rider at the Aintree meeting, and, besides winning it, was placed in the Grand National four times

RACING FIXTURES FOR THIS YEAR

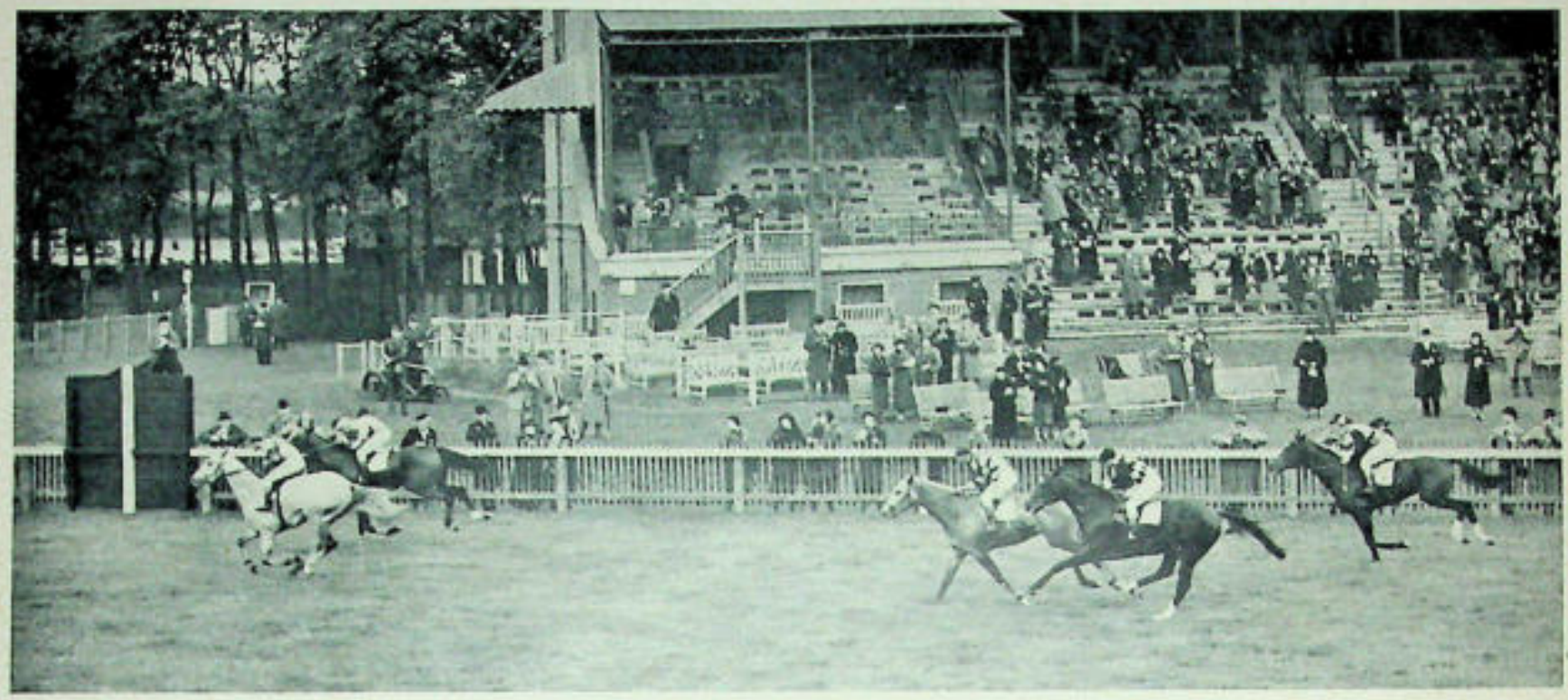
Flat Racing

Wednesday, November 1st, and Thursday, November 2nd.—Newmarket. (Cesarewitch on second day.)
Saturday, November 4th.—Stockton. One day meeting.
Friday, November 10th, and Saturday, November 11th.—Thirsk.
Wednesday, November 15th, and Thursday, November 16th.—Newbury.
Saturday, November 18th—Manchester.

Steeplechasing

Monday, November 20th, and Tuesday, November 21st.—Leicester.
Friday, November 24th, and Saturday, November 25th.—Windsor.
Wednesday, November 29th, and Thursday, November 30th.—Cheltenham.
Friday, December 1st, and Saturday, December 2nd.—Haydock.
Wednesday, December 6th, and Thursday, December 7th.—Newbury.
Friday, December 8th, and Saturday, December 9th, Wetherby.
Wednesday, December 13th, and Thursday, December 14th.—Gatwick.
Saturday, December 16th.—Plumpton.
Tuesday, December 26th (Boxing Day), and Wednesday, December 27th, Windsor.
Thursday, December 28th, Cheltenham.
Friday, December 29th, and Saturday, December 30th, Newbury.

THE FINISHES OF THE WAR "CAMBRIDGESHIRES"



MRS. B. LEADER'S GYROSCOPE (FAR SIDE) WINNING THE FIRST DIVISION RACE BY A NECK FROM MR. E. HARMSWORTH'S HIS HIGHNESS
Mr. H. G. Blagrave's Hot Bun II was third, four lengths behind His Highness. The winner is by Sir Walter Raleigh—Gizeuse and the second by Hyperion—Medi Roses



LORD DUFFERIN'S ORICHALQUE (BY PINCEAU—MINE D'OR, BEATING MRS. A. BENDIR'S QUARTIER-MAITRE (BY THE MONARCH—QUATRE SAISONS) IN THE SECOND DIVISION
Orichalque, who won by 2 lengths, was bred in France. The Newmarket Meeting saw the resumption of racing after a break of seven weeks





LEFT: GYROSCOPE, RIDDEN BY R. LACEY LEADING WELL BEFORE THE FINISH.
RIGHT: MR. MALCOLM HANCOCK LEAVING THE JUDGE'S BOX ON THE JULY COURSE IN APPROPRIATE SUNSHINE

DEER CONTROL *in the* HOME COUNTIES

By REGINALD ADCOCK

IT comes as a surprise to many people to be told that there are considerable numbers of wild deer roaming the countryside in various parts of Britain to-day. Not the red deer of Scotland these, but roe and fallow deer, which are descendants of herds of park-kept animals that have at some period in their history escaped and reverted to the wilds. Again, contrary to expectation possibly, these deer thrown on their own resources have managed to thrive and have bred freely; most does succeed in rearing one or two fawns every season.

And though in many instances in-breeding has been intensive, so that herds of 20 or 30 animals have evolved from single pairs, yet fertility does not seem to have been unduly affected. True, cases of albinism are not infrequent, and some of these are undoubtedly mules; but the bulk of the stock continues to breed and only shows signs of degeneracy in the size and formation of the antlers.



A YOUNG BUCK SHOT AMONG THE DEAD BRACKEN

Yet however pleasant it may be to have occasional glimpses of these graceful creatures stepping daintily through our woodlands or bounding lightly over hedges and streams, there is no gainsaying the fact that in farming districts they are responsible for a serious amount of damage. Feeding as they do by night, the difficulty of keeping them away from crops are well-nigh insuperable, unless very considerable expenditure is to be incurred in the shape of deer-proof fencing. Their appetite, as might be expected of ruminants scaling anything up to 10st. are large, and their tastes are supremely catholic; crops of all kinds are ravaged; beans, cabbages, roots and potatoes are devoured in great quantities; corn fields are plundered and the harvests laid; orchards and young plantations are invaded, the trees barked and the young shoots eagerly consumed. It does not take long to realise, therefore, that, however much pleasure may be derived from keeping these animals in suitably confined areas, their maintenance in a wild state in a farming district calls for a higher sacrifice from the agricultural community than the latter can possibly be expected to make. Tenants have in fact in several instances threatened to give up their farms, if steps were not taken to reduce the numbers of the vagrant deer.

This particular situation has arisen from time to time in a number of counties, among which may be cited at random Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, Hampshire and others further west, and the solution to the problem has been sought in various ways.

Too often, perhaps, the local farmers have banded together and sallied forth armed with sporting guns and buck shot; reinforced with dogs and beaters, they have rounded up the herds and cut down the deer in a manner so wholesale as only fitly to be described as slaughter. Provided that the end is deemed to justify the means, there is no denying that the system is effective in the sense that the maximum number are killed in the minimum time; one or two drives of the kind are sufficient to reduce the herds to tolerable numbers.

But do the deer receive adequate consideration? Even though farmers may be naturally incensed by the damage inflicted on their crops, there is no justification for the careless and indiscriminate use of buck shot, which is liable to occur in moments of excitement or in the hands of men unfamiliar with its effective range. In irresponsible hands, indeed, it may become the means of inflicting a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Yet the prospect of using rifles or lethal ammunition where large parties of guns and beaters are concerned is so fraught with real danger, as necessarily to be discountenanced.

The alternative is to choose a totally different approach. Dispense with the large party of guns and beaters altogether, and put the task into the hands of two or at most three guns of proved reliability and a couple of beaters; the latter should for preference be local keepers or farm hands with an intimate knowledge of the country to be covered, and the ways and habits of the deer. Let the guns carry 12 bores loaded with lethal ball or destructor ball ammunition, and have in addition a sling rifle of medium bore and high velocity. A .22 Hornet has been found adequate to the job, but a rifle of slightly bigger calibre will not come amiss. The effective range of a shot-gun loaded with destructor ball ammunition is up to 100yds., and it should be used in cover or whenever the deer present themselves within comfortable range. The rifle is for use on those occasions when the deer offer a longer shot against a background that is known to be perfectly safe. Treated in this manner the task of thinning out the deer assumes a more sporting character, and the quarry itself receives the benefit of more humane consideration.

Let me describe for purposes of illustration a day spent in this manner after fallow deer by two guns and two beaters. Operations started at dawn; for it is then that the deer return from their nightly forages in the fields to the shelter and seclusion of the woods. And though it may not always be practicable to get a shot at such an hour, the effort of early rising is well worth the while in order to determine if possible with glasses or by scouring the countryside by car into what woods the deer have retired for the day. Locating the quarry is half the battle.

On this occasion, however, we covered much ground without glimpsing a single deer; but having still a clear half-hour to put in before our breakfast would be ready, we decided to investigate two small spinneys in a last endeavour to find a deer before returning to our bacon and eggs. The first spinney, a small two-acre wood of mixed timber and brushwood, despite a profusion of fresh tracks along one side was drawn blank. But the second one of similar dimensions and about half-a-mile distant, in the direction of which two deer had been moved the previous evening, brought us change of fortune.

As one gun entered at the bottom end with the intention of working it up to the other gun posted at the top end, two deer suddenly broke out at one side and started to make off across the field behind him. A quick dash to the edge of the wood and a shot carefully taken brought down one of the deer at some 60yds., what time the other made



THE OLD STAG SHOT IN THE OPEN



TIMELY ASSISTANCE WITH A BARROW

good its escape over a hedge. First blood of the day proved to be a young doe of medium size in good condition, one in fact that would make fair venison. It may be mentioned that one of the snags in deer shooting is the labour of carrying the bag; in this instance we were faced with task of dragging our quarry over three fields to the nearest road; but a genial old farmer, observing our struggles and only too glad to assist, hastened to our rescue with a wheelbarrow. His thoughtfulness had its reward.

Breakfast over, we made straight for a largish wood of some 40 acres, the successful tackling of which with only two guns and two beaters demanded an exact knowledge of the habits and probable path of the deer in relation to the direction of the wind and the beaters' line of approach. The guns stood to begin with on a central ride; shortly after the beaters had started working their way through the wood there was a sudden crackling of twigs on the right, and two deer bounded high over the path within 40yds. of the nearest gun. But his shot went wide, and any other deer in the vicinity must have promptly left, for we found none in the subsequent drives.

Once deer have been put on the move, it frequently pays to follow them up, provided that they have not recently been excessively harried. But, on this occasion, a decision was taken against this course, for news had been received from a farm labourer of a large herd that had been seen to slip into a considerable area of woodlands about a mile away. It was only a matter of minutes to reach the spot by car which, it may be mentioned, is a *sine qua non* of the game, not only for getting from place to place, but for conveying the deer back to the farm.

Fortune and conditions favoured us equally in our next manœuvre. The broad wood tapered to a narrow end, which was known to be a favourite line of retreat of the deer; and the wind direction was such that the two guns could take cover in ditches commanding this exit, while the beaters carefully worked the wood to and fro from the farther end. We had not long been in position when a flash of white among the trees to our front revealed the moving deer; for the leader of the gang was a large beast, whose brilliant whiteness fatally betrayed the movements of the whole herd in an instant.

The next moment they were standing at the edge of the wood, pausing irresolutely before breaking cover; they offered a perfect rifle shot to the left-hand gun. Taking his chance coolly, he dropped a beast; at the shot the remainder—fifteen in all—half wheeled and cantered off across the field within nice range of the right-hand gun. Using his 12-bore and ball ammunition, he was fortunate enough to score a satisfying right and left, before the rest of the herd bunched for a moment in the corner of the field and then streamed away through a gap in the hedge.

The pleasure of having carried out our intended manœuvre to so successful a conclusion was shared by guns and beaters alike; and when the deer had been duly loaded on to the back of the car and deposited at the farm, an adjournment was called for a well-earned and much needed lunch.

After the interval two coverts of considerable extent and repatedly favourite haunts of the deer were drawn blank. It is little short of amazing on occasion how these large beasts seem to vanish into thin air. We began to wonder then where they could possibly be. A straggling wood of tall trees interspersed with banks of rhododendrons that bordered the road was entered. This time, as the two guns crouched for concealment behind their respective trees, three stags came forward, their majestic heads raised in suspicion as they scanned the bushes and cover around them. For a second they paused, having evidently caught our wind; but whether by accident or design trees masked them from our fire. Then one craned its neck past the bole of a large oak in an endeavour to descry the invisible enemy. Thus was presented our chance, and it was eagerly accepted; the great beast fell stone dead to a bullet in the neck. The other two stags bounded off to the left and crossed the road into a dense larch plantation; but the proximity of the road prevented the chance of a further shot, and they were quickly swallowed up among the thick mass of branches.

So ended our day. With five deer quietly and cleanly accounted for and no cripples left to linger in pain, we felt that farming interests had been well served, while we ourselves had spent a really interesting and enjoyable day into the bargain.



HAMSTRINGING A YOUNG DOE



TWO STAGS LOADED ON THE CAR

WAR *and* SCOTLAND'S GAME

By DUGALD MACINTYRE

IT is possible to make a forecast of what will happen in Scotland if game and life are allowed to multiply, by our experiences of what actually happened in the case of the last war.

To take the red grouse, as a first instance of what did happen, when grouse shooting suddenly ceased in August, 1914—the mishot hordes breeding freely in 1915–16 became diseased in 1917, and continued to suffer up to 1919.

Blackgame also became diseased, and almost died out during the period of the last war, and although it was stated in some journals that the cause of game scarcity at the end of the war was a result of the absence of keepers, those in the know, that is the older keepers who remained at home, and some others who had occasional opportunities of visiting the moors where they had served as keepers, were well aware that disease, and not the absence of the keepers, was the real reason for the post-war scarcity of game.

When the number of grouse is too great for the supply of green heather shoots and seed the birds are forced to the oat-fields. In the autumn of 1916 time was taken to make a rough count of the number of grouse on a 20-acre oat-stubble. That number was round about 1,000 birds, and while the grouse seemed to be pecking away vigorously during the daylight hours they were losing condition all the time, and loss of condition by grouse is a sure prelude of disease.

Blackgame also made a tremendous increase in 1915–16, and here again disease was brought about as in the case of the grouse. Capercaillie multiplied exceedingly in the first war years, and almost died out in some districts in the later ones.

Partridges died in hundreds in the mid-winter of 1917 on the shooting I knew best. Natives thought that the birds had been wounded, but the fact that the partridges had died from disease was clear to one who knew the symptoms.

Stags are commonly hand-fed from October onward, and individual ones are as well known to the stalker as a shepherd's sheep are known to the shepherd. What happened to the stags during the Great War was that no food could be had for them, and it wrung the stalker's heart to see the poor beasts waiting at their accustomed feeding places for food which was not forthcoming.

Stalkers ought really to shoot every stag possible at the present time, and soldiers who are training in this country at present would make short work of eating any venison sent to the various battalions. The fewer deer the more will survive the winter.

The effect of the war period on rabbit stocks was to reduce them; for rabbits, previously a drug in the market, commanded a high price. Their value as food was recognised, and front-line soldiers, once rabbit-trappers, were released temporarily for trapping. Only in the wild districts did rabbits first become immensely numerous and as suddenly scarce, for in easily accessible districts constant trapping obviated that danger of disease which is always a threat to a too numerous stock. Hares, too, became numerous, and as suddenly scarce in districts where they were not shot. The spring of 1918 showed the mountain sides littered with hare carcasses in wild districts known to me, and in such districts the hares remained tolerably scarce for the duration of the war.

The creatures called vermin by the keeper increased very much during the final war years. Scarce in 1914-15 the result of their unrestricted breeding was apparent in the final years, and I believe there were ten golden eagles in 1918 for one that existed in 1914. The eagles and buzzards kept the hares down once the stock had been reduced by disease, and might have continued to cope with the pest but for man's intervention.

So with the stoat, which, increasing enormously, kept down still further the stock of rabbits already reduced by the trappers. Wild-cats became common, from being rare, and so did foxes, but the latter contracted mange and died in numbers in the final war years, and subsequent ones. So also numerous stoats died out in some districts through dog-distemper.

None of us is really satisfied. We may be quite content with our lot most of us are—but we are not really satisfied. We all want something more. Many of us more money (though that, I feel, is the sure way to increased dissatisfaction), many of us different conditions of life, many of us more excitement, more action; but most of us more stability and more peace.

It is right that we should wait, that we should be dissatisfied. If we were not the world might well cease, for it would be stagnant. "They also serve who only stand and wait." A horrible trite saying when applied to you and me in war-time, and with the black-out to drive home the boredom.

But a true saying for the world at large and civilization (or what passes for it in these days) in particular.

THIS BUSINESS *of* WAITING

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE worst thing about war is that it is so horribly boring. We all get keyed up to a pitch of patriotism and martial ardour (in this war without any assistance from the Government) and then nothing happens. We wait and we wait, and we wait—for we do not know what. And it is all very dull and all very boring.

And yet we ought to be used to it. We spend all our lives waiting for something to happen.

Wait. That is a word like love. A word of four letters. Yet all the tragedy and all the hope in the world is contained in those two short words. It has been said that we are born and then spend our lives waiting for the one inevitable thing in life, which is death, to happen. And that is true, of course. But in between are many waitings—and some bring us fear and some bring us fun.

Waiting. We begin very early. I do not know just when I began, but I can remember when I was very small waiting for Father Christmas. I slept then in a long low room at the top of a large house. Being, even at that early age, of an optimistic nature I used to hang up a bolster case in place of a stocking—and then I would spend the night lying awake, and very, very still, waiting for Father Christmas to come and fill it. The fact that Father Christmas wore an old check dressing gown and had a square beard, and looked astonishingly like my father, did not matter in the least. He was Father Christmas and, though I would no doubt have preferred to watch him come down the chimney rather than enter prosaically by the door, the real thrill of Christmas was the lying awake and waiting, waiting and imagining all the nice things that would soon be in that bolster case. That was fun.

And then a little later, waiting once more. Waiting outside the headmaster's study; waiting while I summoned up the courage to knock, waiting while I adjusted the essential duster; waiting while I wondered if I had shaken all the dust out of it; waiting and wondering if he was going to be in form (he was left-handed, I remember, and had a strong wrist) and just how much it was going to hurt. Waiting and knocking. That was not quite so funny.

Waiting. Waiting for the referee's whistle, and the first thundering charge up the field. Waiting, and adjusting my scrum-cap, and fiddling with my shorts. Waiting, and feeling strung up and nervous. That was fun.

Waiting. Waiting for the first gong. Sitting on a little stool waiting for the first gong. Looking at the man across the ring and wondering how good he was; envying him his coolness. Waiting with a leaden stomach. Waiting, and wanting to be sick, very very sick. And then the gong. That was fun.

Waiting for her to turn up. Four steps that way, four steps this; looking at my watch, feeling wretched; four steps that way, looking at my watch, feeling more wretched; one minute late, two minutes late, ten minutes late. Shan't wait for more than another half-hour. Looking at my watch. And then she comes, and I assure her that I have only been there a minute and, oh no, she's not late at all.

Waiting. Waiting to see the boss. Making a quick review of the past, wondering if it means the sack or a rise. And then a little later waiting for a job. Not quite so funny.

And then another form of waiting. The wind cold and the marrams rustling in the frost, the cloud-wrack scurrying across the moon, and in the distance the faint lullaby of the sea. The cry of curlew and redshank, disturbed by imaginations. And then the rush of wings and dark forms across the moon's face, and perhaps, oh thrill of thrills, the music of geese across the map of heaven. Than that, and the night cold, there is no greater thrill in all the world.

Waiting. I could pile instance upon instance, example upon example, for my life has been compound of waiting. And still I wait, though I do not know quite what it is I am waiting for—just something to happen.

And if my life has been compound of waiting—it has, by and large, been pleasant waiting. The result has not always been that that I have looked for, but the waiting has not been unpleasant, and some of it, much of it, has been remarkably pleasant—and still is.

But what of others? I worked once in a depressed area. There was much waiting there, hopeless waiting. Waiting on street corners until it was time to go to bed; waiting in the dole queue; waiting for the job that would never turn up. Just waiting.

That is the sort of waiting that is boredom. That is the sort of waiting that is beyond the ken of our politicians and divines (two of whom have recently been talking about boredom in war). That is the sort of waiting that is dangerous, whether the times be peaceful or no.

My own waiting, all our waitings (and I would regard the man or woman who knows not waiting as singularly unblessed) is the waiting of dissatisfaction.

REVIVING FIELD TRIALS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

AS most of my readers no doubt are aware, before a gundog can become a champion of the show ring, besides winning the three necessary challenge certificates under as many different judges, it must also prove that it has some natural ability for its proper work, whatever that may be. The most satisfactory way of qualifying is for a dog to be placed at a field trial meeting, but an easier method is also provided. It may get a qualifying certificate at trials, coming up for the test at some convenient time in the proceedings. A certain number of dogs, that had already received one or more challenge certificates at shows, had been prepared for this test before war broke out, and to save their owners disappointment the Labrador Retriever Club has arranged to organise a meeting specially for the purpose. The Kennel Club being willing this may be expected before long.

The cessation of field trials has been one of the inevitable consequences of the war. I do not see any reason myself why some of the more local meetings should not take place, though it would not be desirable for dogs to have the opportunity of earning the title of field trial champion. The competition might not be up to the standard desirable for that honour. In the ordinary way we should now have been in the midst of the trial season for retrievers and spaniels, and we have no particular love for the men who have forced us into sterner pursuits. Field trials have made remarkable progress since the last war, no fewer than 80 meetings having been held in the season that closed last January with the Spaniel Championship.

The 21 years that have elapsed since peace was declared have witnessed the growing importance of field trial and show dogs, and they have also seen a disposition, much to be welcomed, of men and women to take part in both shows and trials. What may be called dual-purpose dogs have become far more common than they were, many shooting addicts also having a penchant for good looks in their dogs. We have had a few that have earned the title of dual champion, and still more field trial winners have also become show champions. At one time there was a broad line of demarcation between show dogs and field trialers, which was much to be regretted.

Some argue that working dogs, on account of their avocation, are handicapped in the show ring, but Lorna Lady Howe has shown time after time that it is possible to get them in a condition that enables them to compete without disability. Greyhounds, perhaps, are on a different footing, as it is difficult to have the legs of coursing dogs as perfect as the show ring demands. We have to reconcile ourselves regretfully to seeing them divided into two classes.

After all, the first dog show that was ever held, that at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1859, was for pointers and setters only, and for a good many years shooting men did not despise the attractions of shows. That fine old sportsman, Mr. R. LI. Purcell Llewellin, who did so much for English setters, took a pride in the looks of his dogs. In a letter to an American correspondent in 1916, he regretted the inferior type of field trial dogs and the low working ability of the show dogs. "I have always been handicapped all my life," he wrote, "by trying, as far as I can, to combine type and working points. It is no easy matter, for I need not say a specialist has an easier task than one who attempts two opposite things; and if I had simply ignored type, and gone, as my opponents do, for work alone, or ignored all working instincts and brains, and gone for show points alone, the task would have been easier; but I hate an ugly dog, and, as I keep dogs more for pleasure, not coin, I can please myself."

Considering his wonderful successes at trials, and the high prices he refused for his dogs, one concludes that he did not do so badly after all.

GAME PRESERVATION IN TRAVANCORE





LEFT: IBEX OR NILGIRI TAHR IN TRAVANCORE. RIGHT: ONCE LORDLY MONARCH OF THE FOREST-CLAD MOUNTAINS: A BISON FEEDING

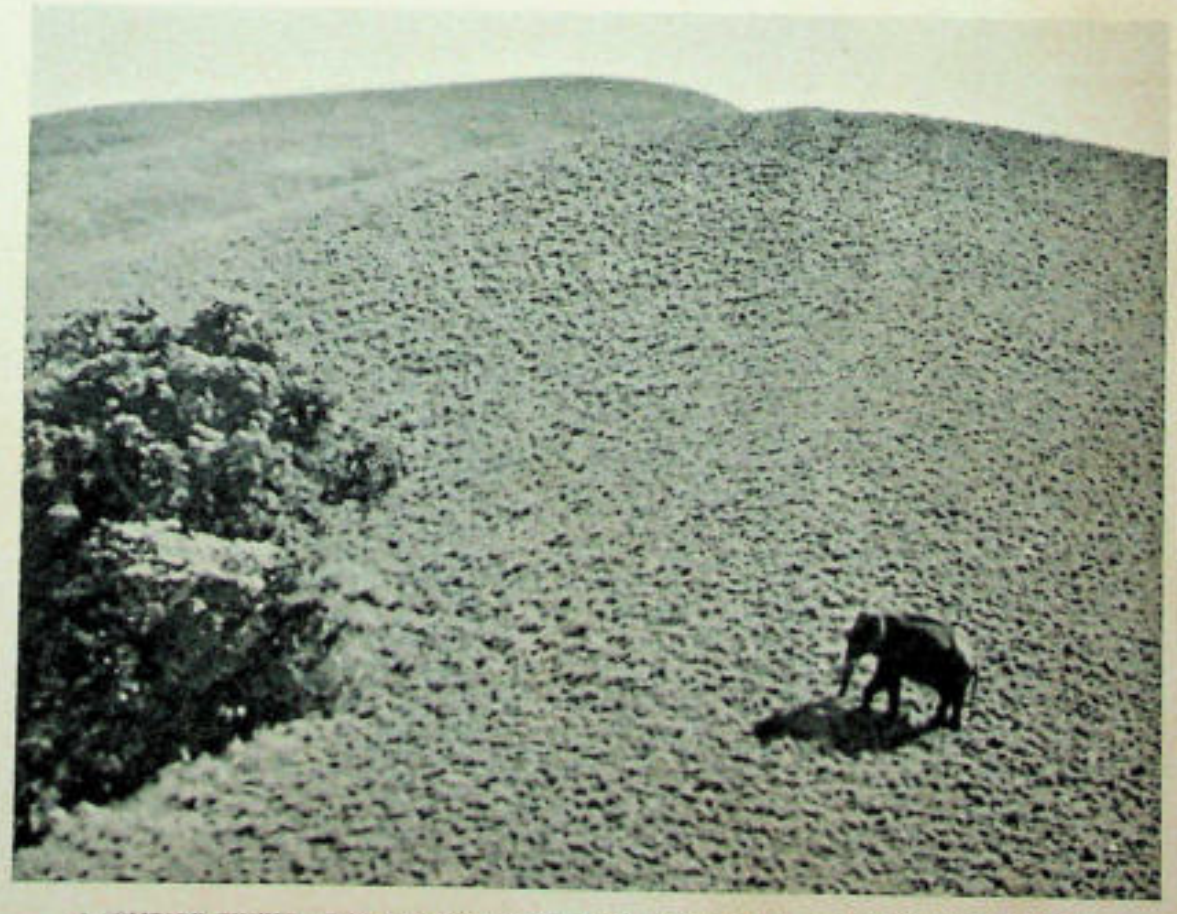
THE go-ahead State of Travancore has needed no promptings to look after its wild life, and institute proper control throughout its vast forests and rolling highlands. Famous for its beauty, fertility, and sporting amenities, this beautiful Indian State is to-day probably thriving under one of the most enlightened rulers of its history. In no period has its prosperity been so pronounced. Where reforms and improved conditions march, there, in the van, will be found Travancore.

With improved and much extended roads, giving easy access to the forest reserves and shooting areas, game preservation has become an important factor in the government of an Indian State, and were determined efforts not now being made to avoid the indiscriminate slaughter of wild life, many species of fauna throughout the length and breadth of the country would be in vital danger of complete extinction.

In Travancore the elephant now roams unmolested, and only occasionally rogues and solitary tuskers are shot. The bison, lordly monarch of the forest-clad mountains, was some years ago in danger of extinction, but is now happily on the increase, and only solitary bulls which have left the herd are allowed to be shot. I photographed one at about 9 a.m. in the morning as he was beginning to feed into cover. A second after the picture was taken he rushed out at me, and I had to scramble to safety. But it was merely a demonstration, as bison, the most peaceful animals in the Indian jungle, rarely charge unless wounded.

The ibex, whose proper appellation should be Tahr, now climbs his cliffs and rocky fortresses in less fear of molestation, and organised game preservation under State control ensures the lives of these and many other fauna over vast areas of forest uplands. The tea planters of the Kanan Devan Hills have for years advocated game preservation. They have backed up Government with a subsidiary association run from private subscription and much sterling work has been done.

W. S. S. MACKAY



A SOLITARY TUSKER: THE ELEPHANT NOW ROAMS UNMOLESTED, AND ONLY OCCASIONALLY ROGUES AND SOLITARY TUSKERS ARE SHOT

TRAPPING AND NETTING COARSE FISH

By A. H. HASTIE

These valuable statistics gained in the making of a trout stream are supplied in connection with the pike trap illustrated in the Field of September 30th.

I was much interested to read Major Crawford's article on page 721 of the *Field* of September 30th. I have had these traps in use here in Suffolk since July, 1937, and some of your readers may like to hear of the results achieved by them, and possibly even of the history of our attempt to make a trout stream.

In July, 1937, my cousin and I took about two miles of river. It is narrow, slow, muddy, shallow on the straight stretches, and as much as 5ft. and more deep in the pools where it turns back on itself at an acute angle. At the top of the water is a splendid deep pool with a gravel and chalk bottom, and all the way down the water are quantities of starwort and water celery. Unfortunately, there are no tributaries or likely breeding places for trout, but otherwise the water appeared to have possibilities.

Its denizens consisted of great shoals of dace and roach, a few chub, a few perch, here and there an eel, and far more pike than we liked.

So much for the raw material of what promised to be an interesting experiment, as we viewed it at the beginning of July, 1937. On the 8th of that month a friend in Wales wrote to me of his successes with a pike trap of the kind described by Major Crawford, and told me that his one trap had caught 67 pike between October, 1935 and October, 1936.

On July 10th, 1937, we turned in, as much in hope and faith as in belief in success, 155 6in. brown trout and 1,000 trout fry of four-five months feeding.

On July 17th, 1937, we bought from my friend, Mr. Oliver Wilson, of the Weston Fishery, Buckenham, Norwich, our first pike trap. The next day it contained a 4lb. pike of 23in., and on the 20th, another of 15in. "There is little doing," wrote my friend in Wales, "during the hot months when water is low." I have not found this so here. Certainly there are times when little is caught, but I am unable to connect these times with any particular set of circumstances.

Naturally we had no trout fishing in 1937 with so modest a stock, and we contented ourselves with the pursuit of coarse fish.

On November 6th, 1937, we turned in a further 300 3in.–4in. brown trout.

On November 17th, 1937, we bought another trap, somewhat different from the first and peculiarly well adapted for use in shallow water, the entrance fan being lower and more easily submersible. I believe this to be of Mr. Wilson's own design. Between July 17th and December 31st, 1937, the two traps caught 15 pike, 8 dace and roach, 1 chub and 1 perch—25 fish in all.

On March 20th, 1938, my cousin caught our first trout of 3oz., 8in.

On April 18th, 1938, we turned in 100 10in.–12in. brown trout, and a further 75 10in.–12in. fish on May 28th.

During 1938 we netted the river four times, between April 17th and October 17th, thereby accounting for 450 dace and roach, 33 pike, 22 perch, 5 eels and 5 tench.

In the season of 1938 we caught 63 trout on rod and line, nearly all on fly, and during the year the traps caught 47 dace and roach, 24 pike, 4 chub and 4 tench.

At the end of January, 1939, there was a great flood, the worst in this part of Suffolk since 1912. It reached its climax on the 26th.

On February 12th my fishing diary reads: "I visited the stream for the first time since the great flood. . . . I cannot find either of the pike traps."

On April 10th, 1939, we stocked with 200 10in.–12in. brown trout.

We have netted five times this year, between April 6th and May 30th, and accounted thus for 327 dace and roach, 32 pike, 5 perch, 5 tench, 4 eels and 1 chub.

In this season of 1939 we have caught 60 trout on rod and line, nearly all on fly, and during the year the traps have so far accounted for 5 tench, 4 pike and 1 perch.

As I have said, the traps were lost in the great flood last winter. The smaller one "was recovered 150yds. below . . . where it was put in some months ago. It was covered in silt and contained no fish"; thus my diary under April 7th, the first day on which we netted this year. The larger one has never been recovered, and lies, I think, in the top pool in 8ft. of water. It was replaced on May 24th, 1939, by a trap similar to that bought in November, 1937.

And now for a summary of our captures of coarse fish:

1937—July 10th–December 31st

	Rods	Traps	Nets	Other Means	Total
Chub	1	1	—	—	2
Dace and roach	17	8	—	1	25
Eels	—	—	—	—	—
Perch	2	1	—	—	3
Pike	—	15	—	—	15
	20	25	—	1	46

1938—January 1st–December 31st

Chub	4	4	1	—	9
Dace and roach	26	47	450	1	524
Eels	1	—	5	—	6
Perch	5	—	22	—	27
Pike	3	24	53	—	80
Tench	—	4	5	—	9
	39	79	536	1	655

1939—January 1st–October 28th

Chub	2	—	1	—	3
Dace and roach	8	—	327	—	335
Eels	—	—	4	—	4
Perch	2	1	5	—	8
Pike	1	4	32	—	37
Tench	—	5	5	—	10
	13	10	374		397

Between October 2nd and December 31st, 1938, we netted once (on October 16th). This yielded 27 dace and roach, 9 pike, 2 tench and 1 perch, and between these dates the traps yielded 5 pike and 3 dace. It is unlikely that we shall net again this year, so that the total of pike will probably not be above 40.

The absence of dace and roach in the traps in 1939 is noteworthy. I can only say that the size of those taken in the nets is smaller generally than in 1938, due no doubt to netting and that the traps only attracted the larger dace and roach.

"Traps are visited once every 24 hours," writes Major Crawford in the article you lately published.

"I have always found that the best catches have resulted from two to three nights between visits. If you leave it longer a big fish will damage the internal structure. Moreover, less time does not allow the water to settle and the fish to get used to the trap," thus remarked my friend in Wales.

At first I used to visit them twice a week, but soon left them for a whole week, which I find works quite well. There are apparently no pike of more than 4lb. in the stream and no damage to the traps has resulted.

My general view of these engines is that they are useful because they give so little trouble, but they cannot be regarded as a substitute for netting, as my figures clearly show. The traps have been in continuous use since July, 1937, and have accounted, since then, for 43 pike; nine days' netting, since April, 1938, have accounted for 65 pike. As a means of catching other fish the traps are virtually useless; since July, 1937, the total number of dace and roach taken in them has been 55; the nine days' netting accounted for 777.

"Large trout are occasionally caught in the traps," says Major Crawford. We have no large trout yet. The best fish I have seen are apparently about 1½lb. But I have found trout in the traps, though nearly always shortly after we have stocked. From this I draw no conclusions. Experienced persons may be able to do so. We catch a fair number of trout when netting.

I have yet to collect any evidence from France which appears to be the country of origin of these traps. Their success is in no doubt, but it might be greater if their reason were established. Here, at any rate, bait seems to make no difference. I have tried varieties including the rind of ripe Stilton cheese; these things affect their efficacy (so it seems) neither more nor less.

* * * * *

Even if to journey hopefully be no better than to arrive, yet we ask for nothing better than the journey. What fun it has been, and, Hitler *volente*, may yet be. These fumbling amateur attempts to grow trout where they do not breed started in my family nearly 50 years ago. A pond in Cardiganshire, a pond in Surrey, a broad deep moat (again in Surrey), the damming of a Cardiganshire stream, another stream—this time in Essex. All these have produced trout worthy of careful treatment on a fly at the end of 3–4x gut.

It has fallen to my lot to fish for 30 years in waters which, for the most part, could never be described as good trout streams, and only occasionally to have had a day on first-class water. Yet I can honestly say that I would as soon have all the fun of our small successes and failures than pay for ready-made perfection, too much of which may spoil one for humbler sport.

It would be impossible to thank too much those on whom we are dependent for the fishing: the two sportsmen from whom we hold the rights on payment of 1/- a year to each, and whose young birds we sometimes disturb; the farmers to whose land we have free access; the bailiff in whose shed we keep our tackle; and the miller who allows us to march through his garden to reach our top pool. But for their kindness and goodwill the whole enterprise would be impossible. Yet nowhere have I found it otherwise, and to all such as these many a fisherman up and down the country has cause to be very grateful.

MORE ABOUT SYNTHETIC GUT

I WAS very interested in the article by Captain Courtney Williams in the *Field* of October 14th because, thanks to Captain Williams himself, who sent me some casts of the material early this spring, I have had a whole season's experience of it, and practically all my salmon fishing during 1939 was done with Nylon.

I agree with all he says about its durability. I have before me as I write part of a trace of 6/5 strength which has had goodness knows how many hours use this year, and it still looks exactly the same as it did when taken out of the envelope last April.

I do not think there is much doubt that Nylon will supersede silkworm gut for salmon fishing, and I feel that it has come at a most opportune time. Money is for many of us in the future going to be like the famous "Shell" advertisement. "That was money—That was," and when we can buy as good—or better, because more reliable, an article for one half or one quarter the price it is obvious that we shall do so.

While on this point I wonder if other *Field* readers have had the same experience as many of my friends this year in finding silkworm gut very unreliable? Casts sent out by firms of world wide repute have, even before use, broken like rotten tinsler when tested, and one wonders if the long drawn-out Spanish civil war is responsible for deterioration in methods of manufacture or storing?

As Captain Williams says, one of the advantages of synthetic gut is that it does not need soaking. Just how great a convenience this is one only fully realises by experience, for salmon gut takes a deuce of a time—as measured by the water-side—to get into condition for knotting. I was interested to learn that the ultimate purpose of Nylon is ladderless silk stockings because, presumably, this means it will eventually be made in very long lengths? If this is so we shall be able to get our casts without any knots, which will make the material even more acceptable.

I have had two rather inexplicable breakages. The first was when my devon got snagged in a rock, and, on pulling quite gently, the trace broke in the centre of one of the links. The other was in a salmon. It was hooked near the head of the Ridge Pool in the Moy at Ballina, and ran up into the very fast, shallow, broken water below the Falls. I had only the lightest strain on the fish as it was doing exactly what I wanted—tiring itself by fighting against the racing current. When the line went slack I assumed that the hook had come out; but on reeling-in discovered that the gut had parted, again in the middle of one of the strands.

This trace had had many hours use; it had killed six salmon, and played six others for varying periods, the day before, and so may have become weakened somewhere without my noticing it. Nylon does not fray, or show any signs of age or wear and tear, and so one is perhaps apt to neglect to test it periodically as one does silkworm gut which is showing symptoms of deterioration.

There is one peculiarity about Nylon which Captain Williams does not mention, but which I and other people to whom I have introduced this synthetic gut, have experienced. It is apt to take a curl, usually near the end of the cast or trace, just like wire, which defies all one's efforts to remove. For spinning this does not matter particularly as the drag of the bait against the water straightens it out. But when fly fishing, particularly with small hooks in fairly slack streams, it is a drawback as the fly fishes anyhow, and the cast is more visible in the water, in the same way that a curly wire trace shows up more than a straight one. The only remedy is to cut off the curly part, usually not more than two or three inches in length.

Personally I regard Nylon as the most important angling discovery for many years, and I should like to end this by appealing—probably quite uselessly—to the fishing tackle trade to retail it under one name.

WEST COUNTRY.

THE PREMIER AS A NATURE-LOVER

By ERIC HARDY

IN 1939, as in 1914, we see a British statesman making history of his early morning walks in St. James's Park as a short recreation from the arduous work with the War Cabinet; only this time it is Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, instead of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, who is making those daily interludes with Nature. In contradistinction to the guarded movements of "leaders" of dictator countries, the British Premier and his wife leave No. 10, Downing Street between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, armed with nothing more than their famous umbrellas, and unattended they take a brisk walk round the park, amongst the ordinary people, by the lake with its waterfowl, and back again to work, entering No. 10 by the back-garden door. The Premier himself unlocks the door without any orgy of presenting arms and saluting.

The Premier's morning walk will become as much a part of the history of England as the famous bird walk of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon with President Theodore Roosevelt, for the Premier's recreation is that of the sportsman and nature-lover. His bird-watchings in St. James's Park are famous, and I am the proud possessor of a number of bird notes which Mr. Chamberlain—in his typical generosity—sent to me in correspondence upon this subject. His walks and interest in the birds of the Park have been his hobby ever since he came, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to No. 11, Downing Street. There he induced the blue-tit to nest in his garden bird-boxes and the black bird to drink at his bird-bath; there he wrote about the lime trees and the hawthorns, the ilex and the pretty leopard moth, white with black spots, whose caterpillar burrowed into the bough of his hawthorn.

It was in 1934 that I first became acquainted with Mr. Chamberlain's studies of the wild birds in London, when he informed me, through the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, to which I had contributed a long article on the birds of London, of his observations on a very dark form of the pied wagtail which I had mentioned. Mr. Chamberlain was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he described how soon after reading my article he was walking across the Horse Guards' Parade, when a wagtail alighted near him. It seemed at first unlike any wagtail he had seen before, but he was able to recognise it as a very dark form of the pied wagtail, with only a few dingy spots of white upon it. When he had watched it for a short time it flew off towards Downing Street.

He suggested it was possibly the same wagtail to which I had referred, but subsequent observations made this unlikely, for writing to me in the spring of 1937 Mr. Chamberlain said that on more than one occasion since 1934 he had seen a melanistic specimen of the pied wagtail in St. James's Park or its neighbourhood, the latest occasion having been in January. At that time the lake was dry, and it transpired that it is always when the water has been drained away, to allow of the cement bed of the lake being cleaned and repaired, that Mr. Chamberlain sees the wagtails there. No doubt the exposed mud affords these active little insect-eaters ample scope for their appetites.

I said he might be able to supply me with an interesting list of birds he had noted, on his walks in St. James's Park, but he replied that he could only provide "a very meagre list" of birds which he had noted. However, the list he gave me was by no means to be considered "meagre" especially when it included the grey wagtail, pied wagtail, lesser black-backed gull, redwing, wheatear, kestrel, and swift.

Such a list of birds set for a field-test with an average batch of "bird-lovers," judging from my own experience of rambling field-clubs and nature-lovers' societies up and down the country, or sportsmen-naturalists and those who keep attractive garden sanctuaries with their bird tables and bird boxes, would surely provide many stumbling blocks. How many would confuse a lesser black-backed gull with a greater black-backed gull at the Thames estuary or elsewhere, trying to gauge the difference in size, and forgetting the yellow legs of the former and flesh-pink legs of the latter? Many would confuse the grey and yellow wagtails, for both have much yellow in their plumage, and if the average bird lover were asked to tell the difference between a pied wagtail and a white wagtail, there would be some hesitation, so much are these two alike in their black and white plumage if one cannot see the grey back of the cock white wagtail in spring. Even the differences between crow and rook, swift and swallow, redwing and song thrush, kestrel and sparrowhawk are confused by many of the bird-lovers I have seen in the London parks and those of our provincial cities. I know a president of a provincial city Field Club who could not identify one of the birds on that list! I begged to differ with the Premier when he called his a meagre list.

Mr. Chamberlain has also contributed to the reports of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks, and in the 1936 report he records pied wagtails in St. James's Park in January and February, while he saw large flocks of redwings taking refuge in the park in the severe frost.

St. James's Park is perhaps the most popular of all London's parks, so far as nature-lovers are concerned. When I made a census of London's birds the other year I found that between forty-five and fifty different birds had been recorded in this Park. The lake is very rich in waterfowl, the semi-domestic birds attracting many wild visitors, and wild cormorants have no doubt visited those which nested on the rocks in 1931 and 1932, while there are wild pochard, wigeon, teal and shoveler. The great crested grebe and the kingfisher are occasional visitors, the little grebe and coot a more regular sight. The moorhens are so numerous that sometimes the surplus has to be caught up, and once a corncrake was found amongst these captives, which flew straight away over London roofs when released. Corncrakes have been there on a number of occasions. An odd jackdaw or two sometimes gets amongst the large flocks of wood-pigeons and starlings which occupy the park in winter, and, in 1932, there was a green woodpecker.

The jay has been seen in the park at least once, and in October, 1933, there was a white song thrush there. Magpies, too, are occasional winter visitors. There was the case of a starling that learned to mimic the scream of a kestrel which visited the park. The tufted duck were once known only as winter visitors from the east coast, and their remaining behind to nest in spring is one of the romances of London bird life. The Canada Geese, originally introduced by the Duke of Bedford, also nested with success.

Mr. Hinton has spent many years as keeper of the St. James's Park bird sanctuary (a change from the old duck decoy of King James' time!), but most of his duties have been with keeping some thirty-five different species of ornamental waterfowl on the lake at once! Mandarins ringed here flew as far as Hungary before they were next reported.



THE PREMIER FISHING IN SCOTLAND

This photograph shows Mr. Chamberlain on the upper waters of the Brora River

RARE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

(Illustrated by E. A. R. Ennion)

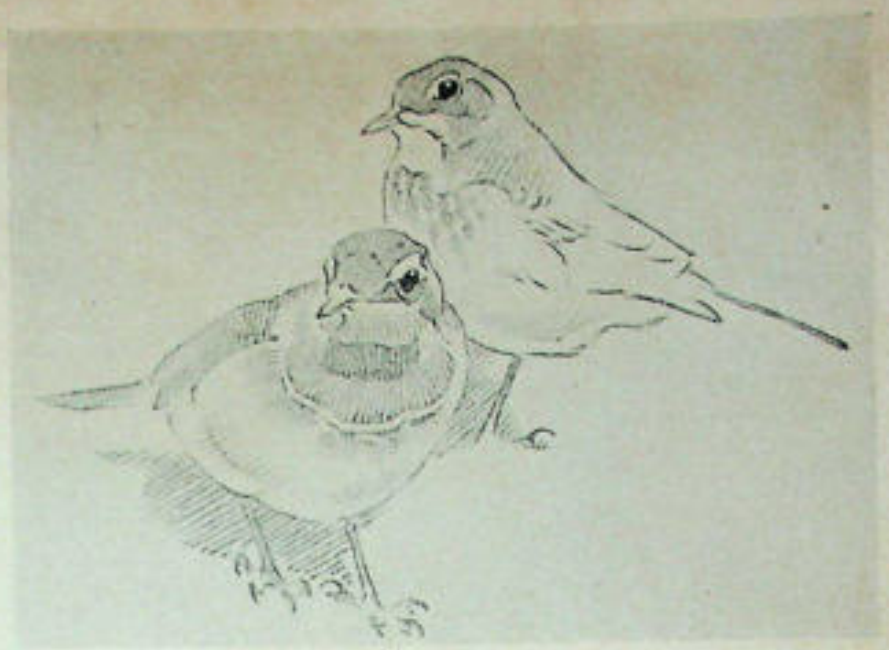
I MAKE no fetish of rare birds; I infinitely prefer watching some strange or beautiful habit of a bird I know, to meeting with some passing migrant I have not met before. However, I cannot be so blasé as to suggest that I do not get any pleasure out of seeing a rare bird; such an event is always stimulating, though I doubt whether I get more pleasure out of it than I do out of the perennial seeing of, say, the first redstart. *Rare* birds is, in any case in my opinion, a misnomer; they are *rare* only in so far as human beings are not in the right place at the right hour to see them, or that *abnormal* weather conditions, such as sea-fog, are conducive to their alighting on our coasts.

I have not the least doubt that such *rare* birds are passing over the British Isles every year on spring and autumn migration, for I have many scores of instances in my notebooks affording almost cast-iron proof that migrants follow approximately the same, and often wonderfully narrow, migratory routes year after year. I cannot doubt that this is true also of the average *rare* migrant, so faithfully is each such straggler associated with some particular stretch of the East Coast. Lack of space prohibits my writing further, here, on this exceedingly interesting subject.

Of a white-spotted bluethroat on the Solway I have written in a previous issue of the *Field*; all the undermentioned are birds of passage in spring and autumn that I have seen in Norfolk and Northumberland. The red-spotted, the Norwegian, bluethroat is a regular passage migrant over Norfolk (climatic conditions being appropriate that is to say), but never in my experience over Northumberland. The robin-like jerky elusiveness of a blue throat diving into the marram must be familiar to many ornithologists: the female, clearly belonging to the nightingale family, with large black eye and burnished tail, constantly flirting up and down, plumper-seeming than a robin; a pale fawn, with striping irradiating on breast and flanks, she slinks through the sieda and elder very secretively; the male, with long pale yellow superciliary stripe and copper-based outside tail-feathers, is a little darker mantled than a robin, and has that wonderful deep ultramarine throat and breast of the white-spotted, inset with an ellipse of copper which also borders the breast.

Bluethroats, redstarts, pied flycatchers and various kinds of wheatear are regular East Coast travelling companions. The black redstart as a winter resident must be fairly well known—inky black of breast and lores, varying in intensity from bird to bird, and the generic fiery-amber tail; the female hard to distinguish from the common redstart, but duskier all over, especially on the flanks. And as a resident in some districts of England there is not space here to enlarge upon the satin beauty of the glossy *black-and-white* pied flycatcher and his mole-fawn female.

But, while I cannot enter here into the distinctions between Continental and British wheatear (also present between British and Continental redstarts), a note may be made of that woefully mistaken bird, the Greenland wheatear. I am told that in the museum it is hardly possible to distinguish between Greenland and common wheatears, but let no one write to inform me that there are no plumage distinctions in the field. Seeming almost a third bigger than the British wheatear, the Greenland male, whose passage over the East Coast is usually restricted to May, like most other Arctic nesting species, is very dark grey on the back, and almost black of lores and wing-margins; his brilliantly shining belly is often exquisitely tinted with rosy-pink; at other times, it is a flaming dark salmon or a varnished chestnut, according to the play of the light; his great eye stripe is silver; when spreading his square tail in flight, the revelation of white is astounding, and the black margining to it broader than in other wheatears. The contrasting buffs and fawns of the tawny-pink female are more sharply demarcated than those of the British female, and, gigantic, they stand up in new corn like song thrushes. Neither bear any resemblance to their British congeners.



"THE RED-SPOTTED, THE NORWEGIAN, BLUETHROAT IS A REGULAR PASSAGE MIGRANT OVER NORFOLK . . ."

Northern warblers are, of course, regular birds of passage, whatever the weather, and, contrary to general rule, these northern warblers appear to be much paler and fawner than British warblers, chiffchaffs and willow warblers showing hardly a tinge of yellow. With them in the autumn may come a barred warbler; a fine big warbler appearing as large as a yellow hammer in the field, which is correct to one-tenth of an inch in the hand. Typically warbler-like in its high-crowned head and secretiveness; a very pale, uniformly coloured bird, grey-white of breast, pale fawn of back, with tawny barrings on wing coverts.



". . . THAT WOEFULLY MISTAKEN BIRD, THE GREENLAND WHEATEAR"

Fairly regular migrants in the spring are ortolan and little buntings. The female ortolan is a bird the size of a reed bunting, but fatter than a corn bunting, with that same bright brown, white-edged tail of the former. Her back is striated ruddily, her head is greenish-grey, and her eyes are boldly circled with yellowish-white rims, with mustachios of the same colour, and dull russet-rose on her belly. The male, with his red-orange beak, pastel-green breast, canary throat and rose-russet belly, is as bright as Heaven. There is no other British bird like him.



"FAIRLY REGULAR MIGRANTS IN THE SPRING ARE ORTOLAN"

I have never seen a little bunting on migration, but the female is the image of a female reed bunting, but with very bright chocolate and cream striations on head and back, dark chocolate lower cheeks and distinct yellow mustachios; her breast is lightly striated and her tail white-edged. Perhaps smaller than a reed bunting, she has two habits foreign to that bird—one of perching head downwards in trees and bushes, and another of hopping about the ground. At a distance, with the sun behind her, the dark cheeks show up her head in relief as almost white.

A more interesting bird, whom I associate with both migrations in Northumberland, weather permitting, is the red-breasted flycatcher, of whom I have seen only females, and perhaps immature males on passage in this country—the *Handbook* being a little vague on the plumage of the latter—but certainly I have seen no mature males. No bigger than a chiffchaff, this delightful little flycatcher seems a tiny, perfectly proportioned robin, with staccato *tchick-tchick*. With wings sharply drooping, she jerks her longish tail up and down between them, after the manner of a blackbird. Her head and back are a uniform olive-fawn, and her round black eye is ringed in pale yellow. Her breast and belly are most distinctively white. Her legs are an oiled greenish-black, and her longish, slightly curved thin bill is a typical flycatcher's. Her wings and tail are much darker than her fawn upper parts, and—an unusual distinction—her under-tail coverts and the undersides of her tail-feathers are snowy white. But the most striking feature of her plumage is revealed only when she spreads her tail in quick, darting flight from bush to bush; then a wheatear-like patterning in dark brown and white accosts my eye; white slottings running down either side of a dark brown central shaft to the dark brown base of her tail. Some that I have seen in October have been tinted on breast and belly with a wheatear yellow-buff; the throat paler, with a suspicion of a dun line encircling it. Limitations of space again prohibit me from mentioning what are, perhaps, tolerably familiar species: dotterels, black-tailed godwit, Temminck's stint, little gull, wood sandpiper, water pipit.

RICHARD PERRY.

BIRDS IN LONDON

The Report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks (England) for 1938 was recently published, and is obtainable from His Majesty's Stationery Office for the remarkably reasonable sum of 9d. As usual, it makes interesting and sometimes surprising reading. The heavy snowfall and remarkably cold weather just before Christmas produced a crop of unusual visitors, which included three smews in Hyde Park and a large number of skylarks. Other notable visitors were long-tailed tits in autumn in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park; jays in St. James's Park in July and August; tree-creepers in St. James's Park; a short-eared owl in Richmond Park in October; a great grey shrike in Bushey Park in September; a wryneck in Kew Gardens; a woodcock in St. James's Park in December.

Reed buntings nested in Hampton Court Park for the first time, and 53 nests were occupied in the Richmond Park Heronry. In all 108 species were recorded from Richmond Park, of which 58 bred during the year. That is an astonishing list, and includes the great grey shrike and the Dartford warbler, the greenshank and the curlew sandpiper, which are birds one would definitely not expect to find so close to the metropolis, though the great grey shrike is making a habit of visiting Richmond Park. Eighty-six species were recorded from Bushey and Hampton Court Parks, also a record.

BREEDING RED SQUIRRELS

By PHYLLIS KELWAY



THE MOTHER



YOUNG RED SQUIRREL AT FOUR WEEKS AND ONE DAY

JOHN and Jennifer, my tame red squirrels, are three years old. I had never seriously hoped for offspring, as some authorities have stated that red squirrels are sterile in captivity, but during the past two years I have provided the pair with plenty of thick branches in which they might build. In spite of this they have always preferred to sleep in boxes hung on the walls.

On the evening of May 12th I was feeding two badger cubs on the bottle when Jennifer jumped on to my back and started tearing at my tweed coat. She is a very gentle squirrel, and she bit so frantically at the material that I thought something must be wrong. I put my hand on her and wondered. Then I went into the house, cut up an old coat and returned with strips of coat and cottonwool to put before Jennifer in her summer-house. I noticed that she had constructed a huge nest of straw on top of some branches of broom which I had placed in the summer-house a few weeks previously.

The next morning (May 13th) all the wool had disappeared. Jennifer came out of her nest at 9 a.m., cleaned herself on a branch, and then immediately came down to fetch her bread and milk. While she sat on my arm I could hear the young squeaking in the nest, but she paid no attention until she had finished her breakfast. That day I put a barrow-load of straw, beech and ash twigs and moss into the summer-house, and Jennifer carried the lot to her nest, carting huge wisps by bundling them beneath her chin.

On May 21st I looked at the young for the first time. They were about 2½in. long, and were entirely naked except for the suggestion of whiskers just showing through above the lips.

On May 23rd Jennifer was busy building a new nest a yard from the other. I suspected fleas as the reason for this, but thought it wiser not to dust with Keatings at that stage. With her teeth she broke off numerous twigs from the surrounding branches and laid them in the centre of a thick bush. To this platform she added masses of dry grass and straw. The following fortnight was extremely hot, and I was afraid the mother would desert and we would lose the entire litter. On June 7th I believed that Jennifer would not be disturbed if I removed one of the young for long enough to take measurements.

The youngster was a male. He was a reddish-brown in colouring, with hairs about 2 mm. long on most parts of the body. The hairs of the tail were 3 mm. long. His eyes were still closed; his head was greyish-brown on cheeks and forehead, but the crown of the head was more brown than grey. From base of tail to tip of snout he measured 105 mm., and the tail (exclusive of hairs) was 70 mm. He was a strong little fellow, able to squeak with vehemence, but, of course, quite helpless.

At a later date I discovered that the litter consisted of three males and one female. By the 25th the young squirrels could jump from the nest, but were not strong enough to climb far. From this date until the 29th they did not leave the nest unless disturbed, but on the morning of the 29th they sat on the branches for about half an hour. At eight weeks old the litter was not weaned, and I then estimated that another fortnight had to elapse before they were independent of their mother.

During the whole period of gestation and rearing the family was kept as quiet as possible, but at all times the mother jumped on to my shoulder for food without any sign of fear for the young. I would be interested to know of others who have bred red squirrels in captivity.



THE FATHER



YOUNG RED SQUIRRELS AT SIX WEEKS AND ONE DAY

GOLF'S APPEAL TO THE INVENTOR

By E. R. TIPPLE

EVER since the game of golf was established inventors have been busy providing improvements to existing implements, or producing new types of clubs designed to solve players' problems. Some of these so-called brilliant ideas have died a quick death; others, even if they seemed to be extreme at the time, have revolutionised the club-making industry. Modifications of the game itself have been tried to capture the public imagination. Did not America send us, only a few years ago, "Midget" golf or "Tom Thumb" golf?

We did not need many acres for these games; they could be played inside a large hall or on the lawn of a hotel. We were supposed to hit our ball through an astonishing variety of obstacles, through drain-pipes, over sharp mounds, round acute corners before we could hole out. This craze did not last long over here, and, so far as I know, it has passed into oblivion in the land of its birth also. To the uninitiated it was amusing for a while, but to the golfer it was just not golf. It was a travesty of the game, and was doomed from the start.

All kinds of practice gadgets have been placed on the market, some fantastically elaborate, others absurdly simple. We have seen huge electric machines which recorded on detailed diagrams the result of our efforts at hitting a ball tied to a length of cord. By this means we could play a round of eighteen holes without walking more than a few yards. We could use different clubs according to the distances registered on the chart. But the invention did not prove successful. Perhaps it was too costly, but the chief reason was again—it was not golf.

Various types of captive balls, some merely attached to elastic, others with devices that gauged the flight, distance and height of a ball and whether it had been sliced or pulled, have been produced with differing results. These have enabled many golfers to practise in the seclusion of their own gardens, with the added advantage of preserving the lawns! Generally speaking, the simple, straightforward practice gadgets have proved the most popular. Perhaps the game is so complicated itself that few enthusiasts can be bothered with arranging elaborate apparatus before being able to hit the ball.

Many of us to-day cannot imagine the game without the rubber-cored ball, yet when the first Haskell ball was seen in this country such was our proverbial conservatism that few would play with it. Alex Herd was one of the first to use it, and in 1902 won the Open Championship at Hoylake, playing a rubber-cored ball throughout the meeting. "Sandy's" success sent the prices of these balls soaring and spelt the doom of the old guttie. No doubt when the gutta-percha ball was invented the supporters of the leather ball must have scoffed—for a time. The inventors then did not realise that markings on the surface of the balls were helpful. The guttie used to be quite smooth until players discovered that they flew better, after they had been cut about, through topped or sliced shots. For once golfers themselves provided a solution to their own problems.

How different are the modern clubs from those used in the '80's and at the beginning of this century. When we look back, what an astonishing amount of progress has been made in their design and construction! What queer, unsympathetic implements those old, long-faced woods look to-day, with their clumsy grips and thick sockets!

Gradually the length of the faces of the woods was shortened, and golfers experimented with concave and bulging types of faces in contrast to the normal straight, even-faced clubs. Those concave-faced clubs must have been very difficult for the average golfer to use, as obviously they exaggerated any fault. Different lengths of shaft were tried from time to time, and all kinds of substitutes for hickory—lancewood, greenheart, malacca canes—were used in an attempt to discover the perfect shaft. Those old golfers never dreamt that steel would supersede wood.

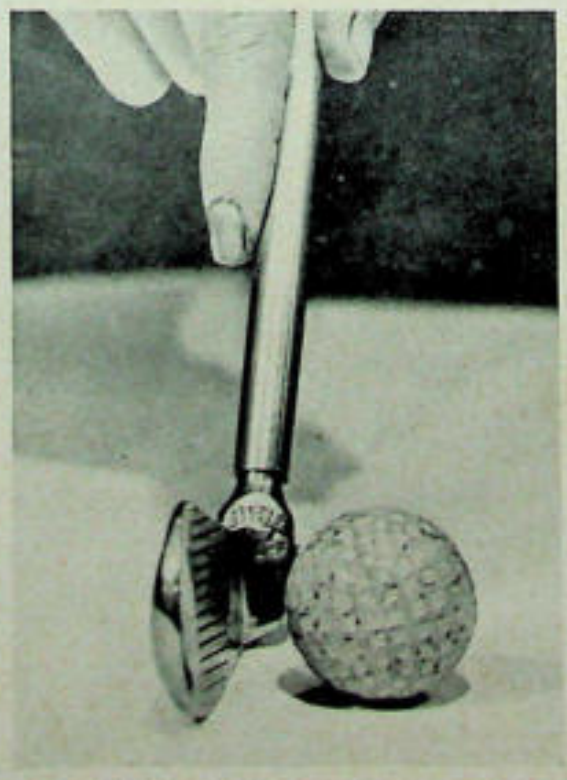


A GOLF CLUB WITH AN ADJUSTABLE HEAD

This device can be adjusted to various degrees of loft, and the club used as putter, niblick, or any of five irons

Aluminium heads have been used for other clubs than putters, but they did not prove as popular as the ordinary woods, despite the fact that they used to drive the ball nearly as far. However, nearly is not quite enough for golfers, and those few extra yards matter to us particularly in a keen struggle. Wooden putters gave place to irons, and these were improved as time went on with the improvements in construction. But the days of individual club-making are over, and now sets are turned out by the score after the most minute mathematical and scientific calculations have been made.

Swan-necked clubs, ribbed-faced irons, putters with the shaft fitted in the middle of the head instead of in the heel—as used by W. J. Travis when he won the Amateur Championship in 1904—are other interesting curiosities in the history of the game. But any substantial departure from the traditional and accepted form and make of golf clubs is not likely to be permitted. No mechanical contrivances such as springs, concave or ribbed faces, mallet-headed types of club can be used to-day. And the total number of clubs a golfer can carry in his bag is restricted to fourteen. Do we really want as many as that? Opinion is sharply divided on the question. For some time Miss Gloria Minoprio has participated in tournament golf using only one club—an iron. She has not been particularly successful, and obviously suffers from that great handicap.



THE CLUB HEAD IN POSITION, SHOWING THE MARKINGS FOR ITS ADJUSTMENT

If a golfer wishes to discard a heavy bag and to use only one club there is one to be had which is adaptable. It is steel shafted and the head can be adjusted to various degrees of loft. The club can be used as a putter, niblick or any of five irons. All that has to be done is to disengage then re-engage the ratchet merely by a couple of turns of the shaft where it joins the head. Stamped markings help the golfer to choose the correct positions.

The socket of the club is not as clumsy or as heavy as might be supposed, and so far as I am aware the club complies with all the regulations. Many players use this implement and say it is entirely satisfactory, but nevertheless it is a distinct departure from traditional ideas.

In times like the present such a club may well prove to be a boon, particularly for those who cannot travel about with too much luggage. It would also solve the caddie problem. No doubt it would take some getting used to, and many would not think of discarding old favourites. Nevertheless, it is one example of the inventor's desire to improve the game and help the players. Looking back over the past 50 years one is tempted to wonder what alterations will take place before the end of this century. We are familiar with our present equipment and would probably scorn future "improvements," just as our ancestors did before. It is as well that we are free to please ourselves what we use and how we play the game.

WAR EMERGENCIES *and the* LANDOWNER

A *Summary of the more important Emergency Acts and Orders affecting Owners of Agricultural Land* has been issued by the Central Landowners' Association, with the object of drawing attention to the considerable output of emergency legislation since the outbreak of war, so far as it affects owners of agricultural land. This digest of nine Acts, twenty-four Orders, and six Official Circulars, sets out their principal provisions in non-technical language. Any amendments by subsequent Orders will be referred to in the periodical issues of the *C.L.A. Journal*.

That most important is the Cultivation of Lands Order, by which the Minister of Agriculture has delegated to County War Agricultural Executive Committees his power to control cultivation. In the majority of cases this will involve the breaking up of grassland, and this matter is therefore dealt with in detail. The suggestion in paragraph 4 that compensation in respect of diminution of the value of land, due to the operation of ploughing-up Orders, would be dealt with under section 3 of the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939, should be read as subject to amendment, as subsequent to this summary going to press an announcement appeared in the *Farmers' Weekly* of October 6th, to the effect that the Ministry of Agriculture had not yet come to a decision on the question. The control of prices of farmstock and produce, feeding-stuffs, home-grown timber, supplies of oil and petrol, are also noted, and the position of landlord and tenant, in the event of war damage to buildings by enemy action, is dealt with.

The pamphlet is issued free to members of the Association in the form of a supplement to the *C.L.A. Journal*. A limited number of copies can be supplied to non-members, price 2/6 post free, on application to the General Secretary, at the C.L.A. temporary offices, Coppid Hall, Henley-on-Thames.

RUSTON & HORNSBY, LTD.—The directors of Ruston & Hornsby, Ltd., engineers, of Lincoln, at their board meeting held on September 27th, elected Mr. William J. Ruston to a seat on their board. Mr. Ruston is a nephew of the late chairman of the company, Colonel J. S. Ruston, and is also a director of Messrs. J. Stone & Co., Ltd., engineers, of Deptford.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE HORSE IN WAR

SIR,—Some months ago I read with much interest several letters from readers who deplored mechanisation in the Army, and I recall that one of your correspondents pointed out that in future the Army might not be represented at Olympia and the New York Horse Show.

Having served throughout the Palestine campaign I felt inclined to enter the controversy in favour of mechanisation, for although the Palestine campaign was perhaps the most successful military campaign of all time, I felt sure it was the last occasion when large forces of cavalry would be engaged.

Some remnants of cavalry will no doubt linger in all armies. To-day's motor-cars still look a bit like the old cabs—masts and funnels will continue as ornaments on our ocean liners, and the diplomats will continue to carry swords and spurs—but in view of what happened to Poland it is to be hoped that the Army Council will proceed with mechanisation, for surely it must now be obvious that horses cannot be used in action in war in Europe, and acres of horse lines could not exist behind the front lines as they did in the Great War.

Lovers of horses should feel thankful that the tank and tractor have replaced the horse, at least in cavalry and field artillery.

The old sea captains deplored the passing of the full rigged ship, and it is sad to think of the passing of the horse batteries and the thrill of seeing them gallop into action; but war is a serious business and not the place for the preservation of beauty and romance.

Now that the brass hat has been abolished, the sword surely should go too—the medical officer or cook can cut the wedding cakes of the future and the brides and grooms can leave the churches under an arch of monkey wrenches if need be.

Yours faithfully,

Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. C. A. JONES.

[In spite of the advantages of mechanisation the policy of sacrificing the cavalry has been premature, as pointed out by Mr. Ansell Wells in last week's issue.—ED.].

FOOD FOR THE TAKING

SIR,—There have been suggestions in the press for utilising the somewhat exceptional crop of acorns this season for pig-feeding, and for enlisting the services of school children in the collection. The idea is an excellent one. Acorns, beechmasts, and other such products of the woods and the hedgerows were at one time important factors in rural economy. All sorts of considerations have led to these things being largely neglected. First of all the decline in utilisation started with enclosures, when many cottagers could no longer keep pigs. The cheapness of foreign supplies of feeding stuffs has been an important factor in recent years. There is also the psychological side—people's minds have not run in the old groove of economy in an age that was comparatively prosperous, and the use of the incidentals in all directions has seriously declined.

One of the earliest examples of agricultural legislation in this country is a law of King Ine the Saxon of 690 A.D., dealing with penalties for burning mast-producing trees. The basis of assessment of damage was the number of swine the tree would shelter. The Forest Laws of Henry III in 1225 regulated the use of acorns and nuts, and throughout the whole history of rights of common the subject is of importance. The word "acorn" originally meant the fruit of trees of common lands, and not merely the product of an oak tree.

In the days when deer hunting was important to royalty the inhabitants of lands adjoining the forests were allowed certain rights of pasture and so on in return for the annoyance caused by the deer. But these rights were for cattle and horses only. Sheep, swine and goats were regarded as objectionable to the deer, and the old documents put it "tended to cause their exile from the forest." There was one month called Fence-month—a fortnight before Midsummer Day, and a fortnight after when the deer were breeding, when the forest was closed to all cattle. Perhaps as compensation certain privileges were given for the feeding of animals on the acorns. The king's agistors were forest officers charged with making a profit out of the forests, and they could allow the feeding of swine from Holy Rood Day—fifteen days before the feast of St. Michael, to St. Martin's Day, fifteen days after. The feeding on acorns was called "pawnage," which afterwards became "pannage," and those who had not been granted free pannage for the foregoing reason, had to pay a fee. The king's own herds were also maintained, and this was a big business and brought considerable revenue to the Crown. Old documents are full of reference to the swine in the royal forests. In 1225 the Crown Agents issued instructions to the Bailiff of Ludgershall in late September to say he was to pay at once the dues owing to the King, as the money was to be expended at Weyhill Fair, for the purchase of swine for the New Forest and the Woods of Chute to the king belonging.

Rights of pannage had to be proved by prescription or by direct grant. The assumption in mediæval times was "there is no man that can claim to have the mast which is a fruit, save the lord, except his free tenants have it by special words in a deed." Marshall and other agricultural writers of over a century ago make frequent reference to the matter.

For instance at that time, in the Vale of Berkeley in Gloucestershire, acorns were held in high esteem, and regarded by the farmer as more important than his apple crop. They were a food which made good bacon, and were collected from roadside trees and fetched from 1/6 to 2/- a bushel. Reports from Herefordshire about the same time show equal interest, though the farmers there used wash, vegetables, and some barley, with the acorns.

Acorns, however, must be fed with caution. Very good acorn years like 1893 and 1906 record unusual mortality with young stock due to acorn poisoning. Pigs are apt among other things to develop garget. In free run in the woods the risk is not great, as a mixed diet preserves health. Where pigs have free run in fields, a moderate amount of acorns can be fed as again the fields supply a corrective. But even there it is well to supply laxative material like mangels or other roots. In yards acorns must be fed with care, and introduced gradually. They must not become the main item of diet for pigs without free range. Each year there are instances of smallholders and cottagers losing their pigs because they have not understood the feeding when supplies of acorns were available. A surfeit of any food is bad, but of acorns disastrous.

Round about 1850 a great deal of woodland was cleared and brought into cultivation—for example the area of some 4,000 acres described as "Whichwood Forest within a morning's ride of Oxford," and agricultural returns show the importance of pannage there and elsewhere in former times, and the falling off in the pig population where forests were cleared.

Where acorns are available advice as to their use can be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture or from the County Agricultural Department.

Yours faithfully,

Tyrells Croft House, Andover, Hants. W. L. JULYAN.

A TAME TIK-TIKKI

SIR,—Mr. Willson, who wrote about a pet toad in your issue of September 30th, may be interested in my efforts to train a Tik-Tikki—Indian house lizard. One morning on the inside of the wire gauze-covered window in the bathroom of my bungalow in Assam, I saw a half-grown tik-tikki, who looked to be in a very poor way, the reason for which was possibly that he had lost his tail, which was broken off close to the root. The accident had been very recent, for the wound was still fresh.

I thought nothing more of him till I saw him again in the same place on the following morning looking more miserable and thinner than ever. It suddenly struck me that he might be feeling hungry, as there were no flies or insects on the inside of the wire mesh, though there were lots on the outside, where he could see his pals feeding. After some time I managed to catch a house fly, which I impaled on a thin splinter of bamboo about 2in. long, and this I presented to him very gradually and gently. At first he backed away, but in a little while he gained confidence, and after eyeing it from every angle suddenly seized it with a snap and swallowed it whole. After this he took flies with avidity and would take up to seven or eight at a sitting. Either the "boy" or myself fed him every morning, and he spent most of his time on that wire mesh, though occasionally he would disappear for short periods. He got so tame that he would allow me to stroke his head with the point of my finger, and he would even permit me to take him in my hand, though he did not really like it.

It was interesting to watch the re-growth of his tail and when this was completed I decided to transfer him to the mosquito proof room at the far end of the bungalow, where we could be more together, but he did not appreciate this, and disappeared after a few days, as I thought for good. About a week later, and to my great surprise, I found him back again in his old haunt in the bathroom, where he was very pleased to accept the flies offered to him; how he found his way back again, for the distance was comparatively great and decidedly intricate, still leaves me wondering.

On the coming of the cold weather he, like all the others of his tribe, disappeared, presumably to go into hibernation, but so soon as the warm weather came round again I found him back in his old place in the bathroom, and he eagerly snapped up without the slightest hesitation the flies which were offered to him. This continued for a few weeks till another tragedy happened, for he again lost his tail, about which he seemed to be very dejected, and a few days later he disappeared once more and I did not see him again. Shortly afterwards I started on home leave, and am wondering whether he will be there to welcome me on my return to Assam?

Yours faithfully,

The White Cottage, Gresford. R. REES.

WHAT OF THE GAS MASK

SIR,—While acknowledging that to-day the Government has its hands fairly full, it really does seem as if it will have to stress once again the necessity for the public to take proper care of gas masks. Probably because no one has been called upon to make use of this unlovely safeguard, the gas mask is being treated with not a little contempt.

Lost property offices are full of gas masks and it is reported that 85 were left in a London theatre, many without names or addresses on them.

Some of the "cases" do not appear to be above suspicion as regards durability and weatherliness, while the official cardboard case is not likely to survive prolonged rain.

Yours faithfully,

London. TOS.

SCOTERS ON FRESH WATER

SIR,—I have recently read in your columns two accounts of scaup being observed on fresh water.

I remember some fifteen years ago seeing a party of about a dozen scoters on the river Tyne at Corbridge, about twenty-five miles inland. This was in early April, following heavy gales, and the birds were so dead beat that, although I was quite close and threw sticks amongst them, they would not rise.

I told the late Mr. Abel Chapman, who was well known to me, and he would scarcely credit the occurrence which he regarded as most exceptional.

Yours faithfully,

Ghyllheugh, Longhorsley, Northumberland. EDWARD REED.

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES



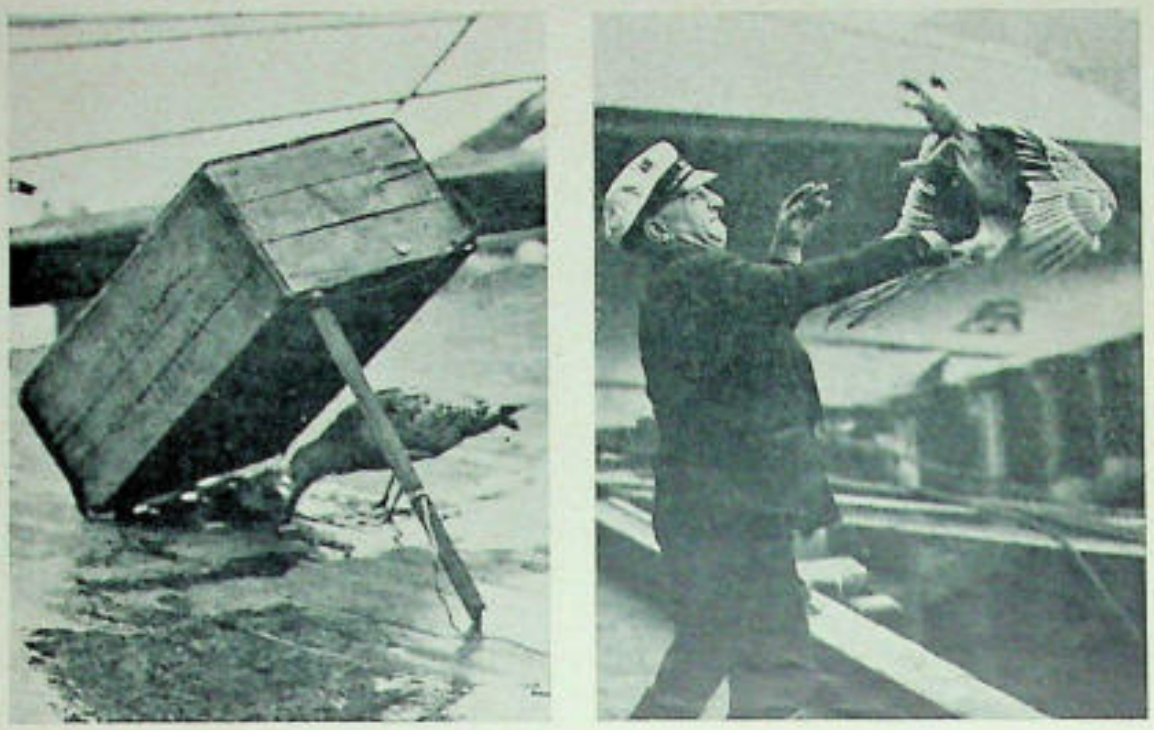
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"



10 for 9d. 20 for 1/6 50 for 3/8
100 for 7/2

This advertisement is set up in TIEMANN BOLD and KENNERLEY ITALIC Tiemann Bold: designed by Walter Tiemann in 1927. Kennerley Italic: designed by Frederic Goudy in 1911. T.T.207E



TRAPPED AND RELEASED AFTER A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION
(See letter "An Ungrateful Bird")

POISONOUS PLANTS

SIR,—Many evacuees from the towns have endangered themselves and others in the country by meddling with various objects like poisonous plants, dangerous animals, and one has become amazed at the average schoolteacher's lack of knowledge of poisonous plants, many of which are quite numerous this year. The enclosed photograph of henbane, one of the most deadly poisonous plants we have, was unrecognised by many people, because the flower is not unlike that of its potato and tomato allies, but, of course, deeply-veined purple on a dirty greyish-yellow background. Henbane grows commonly on waste ground.

The monkshood, or garden *Aconitum*, poisonous in all its parts, is perhaps the most dangerous plant we have, and is common in Dovedale, and the shady streamsides of Wales (especially Denbighshire), Herefordshire, Somerset and Dorset. Then there is hemlock, the only umbelliferous plant with a smooth, spotted stem, cowbane or water-hemlock, hemlock water-dropwort, the rich orange-red fruits of the wild arums or cuckoo pints, now so abundant in Welsh hedgerows, the seeds of garden laburnum, as well as the celebrated deadly nightshade.

Country boys have the habit of chewing the roots of sweet flag for their flavour, and town boys, copying this habit, are liable to be poisoned by other plants, as in a case where boys ate hemlock water-dropwort by mistake. The lack of nature-study lessons in many town schools is now having its effect upon children in the countryside for the first time beyond an occasional holiday. It is in autumn when plant poisoning is most numerous, and we cannot blame the visitors for their ignorance.

Yours faithfully,
ERIC HARDY.

Wavertree,
Liverpool.



HENBANE, A DANGEROUS WEED
(See letter "Poisonous Plants")

AN UNGRATEFUL BIRD

SIR,—Here are two photographs which show how Mr. Frank Holborn helped to succour a seagull at Scarborough Pier. The bird was seen to be in difficulties through a mackerel hook and spinner having caught in its beak. The bird was enticed under a fish box trap by pieces of fish, as seen in the first picture. The trap was sprung, the hook quickly and skilfully removed, and the seagull released. It was not very grateful for the treatment, however, and gave its rescuer vigorous pecks. Mr. Holborn often helps birds in distress.

Yours faithfully,
VICTOR HEY.

1, York Place,
Scarborough.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL

SIR,—Last spring, in a low box bush about 2ft. from the ground, a hedge sparrow built a nest, laid four eggs, and then suddenly deserted. We wondered why, until one day we saw the reason crouching happily in the nest.

This summer the occupant lived a most regular life. As far as we could tell he left the nest twice in 24 hours for food, carefully lowering himself down the box twigs, like a wheezy old gentleman called upon to perform acrobatics at a most undignified time of life. If he was in the nest he took not the slightest notice of anybody parting the bush to look at him, except for a baleful look from his beady eyes.



HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE
(See letter "Toad of Toad Hall")

I think your readers will agree that this is the perfect example of "Toad of Toad Hall."

Yours faithfully,
JOHN R. G. CLOVER.

Kenowla House, Wood End,
Kempston, Bedford.



A WAYSIDE SHRINE AND ITS GUARDIAN
(See letter "A Chapel in the Rock")

A CHAPEL IN THE ROCK

SIR,—One of the most interesting features of the quaint Yorkshire town of Knaresborough is Crag Chapel, a wayside shrine hewn out of the rock above the River Nidd. Decorating the exterior is a representation of an armed figure which is popularly supposed to represent St. Robert of Knaresborough, a local hermit of great fame, but which is really representative of the fact that the shrine enjoyed the protection of the lord of the nearby castle.

Crag Chapel was constructed in the early part of the fifteenth century by John the Mason, under licence from Henry IV, and the altar, columns and groined roof have all been carved out of the limestone. Occasional services are still held there, but the chapel is always open for inspection and is worth visiting.

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs.

C. B. FRY'S REMINISCENCES

A Panorama of Sport and Travel

Life Worth Living. By C. B. Fry. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 12/6.)

To be able to sit down in our sane and sober moments, and literally follow and inhale the chronicles of a man—who has lived in every sense of the word as most Englishmen would wish, and who has done those things worth living for—is indeed a mental recreation.

It is not generally known that this great "Sussex" man saw the light of day in "Surrey." C. B. Fry's Sussex qualifications, however, are unchallenged, with one, though important, exception. His early life was spent oddly, as many great men before him—without displaying any brilliance in the class rooms, and not altogether relishing early discipline. Later at Repton he seems to have shared in the usual "scraps" and general rough and tumble of the Public School life, which, in those days, set a disturbedly "tough" standard.

It was here at Repton that his ability as an all-round athlete was given full encouragement—Repton has always had and fully deserves a reputation for turning out fine athletes—as well as scholars.

In these delightful and breezy memoirs, Mr. Fry takes the reader through his four years at Oxford, and it was here that he first showed outstanding qualifications as an all-round cricketer, and during this period came into close and intimate contact with many personalities whose names are famous—to mention but a few—Ranjitsinhji, "Plum" Warner, "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower, and I mention last, but certainly not least, the ever famous Dr. W. G. Grace. Apart from "bogging" numerous "blues" it was at Oxford that the serious side of life gave Fry also a fine grounding befitting a man so versatile.

His first cricket tour with Lord Hawke's team in 1895—this, be it noted, during the time of the Jamieson Raid, which gave added spice—is full of interest. An interesting side line is his meeting with that notorious personality—Dom Paul Kruger—thus described by the author: "He was not disappointing. He was exactly as one had seen him portrayed in newspapers and periodicals—with his broadcloth frock coat, big head sunk in his shoulders, on a short neck, long biblical face, quick cunning eyes in a frame of patriarchal beard . . . smoking Boer tobacco in a large crooked calabash."

Sammy Woods—a member of the team—said: "The blighter was not very hearty."

Mr. Fry describes their visit to Cecil Rhodes at Groot Schur, and adds a hundred and one other personal touches and experiences which made this tour such a memorable one.

The author relates with interest his initiation into journalism—how, under the able guidance of Sir George Newnes, *C. B. Fry's Magazine* came into being. What a joy this monthly was to the youngsters of that period—a great pity it ever ceased publication, but for the advent of the Great War, it might still be on sale to-day. During its short but successful tenure of life naturally many pitfalls were encountered.

I consider one of the most interesting and important phases of this great man's career—which phase in itself covers a period of 30 years, hence the heading "A Life's Work"—relates to the activities he and his wife devoted to the Training Ship "Mercury." These two souls, by their foresight, hard work and endeavours, have been responsible for turning out from raw material hundreds—nay, thousands—of useful citizens, supplying the Royal Navy and Merchant Service with fine material.

In this work of such national importance he shares the honours with his wife (so often affectionately referred to as "Madame." He writes: "The 'Mercury' is the only example I know of two captains of a ship with a successful result . . . my wife and I have always acted as two persons in one—like the Consuls at Rome. . . . The number of 'Mercury' boys who have risen to commissioned rank in the Royal Navy, entering by the lower deck, is remarkable; so also is the number who have risen to be Masters and first and second officers in the Merchant Service."

The pages of this book are very naturally interspersed with a wealth of cricket, be it "County" or "Test," with opinions and criticisms and theories on all the finer points of this national game of ours. You will find yourself rubbing shoulders with W. G. Grace, Ranji, Archie MacLaren, Hobbs, Hammond and a hundred others, including the best known of those famous Australian giants of, at least, two generations, enough, in fact, to delight even the heart of the humblest enthusiast.

There is one surprising chapter in this author's life, the occasion when he almost became the ruler of a foreign state—Albania. It happened at a time when he was acting as a substitute delegate for India at the League of Nations. The Albanians, having applied for membership to the League, wanted "An English country gentleman with a modest income of £10,000 a year." C. B. Fry was nominated and duly interviewed, and his friend Ranji was prepared to find the money. "Beyond telling me that the Bishop was quite favourably impressed with me, and that the matter was under full consideration, Ranji never revealed to me what had occurred. . . . In a way, so many projects fade out in Geneva and in India."

Mr. Fry was in Germany in 1934 and met Hitler, though it was a brief interview—"I saw Herr Hitler for only a few minutes, and then he hurried away in his car," may be to discuss with his Nazi henchmen which country he should violate next?

The concluding chapter takes the reader to Hollywood, during which time he was the guest of that other prominent sportsman and film star, so well known to us all—C. Aubrey Smith.

A bright ending to a most inspiring book. A book which should appeal to every class of reader. To have lived a life so full must surely be "worth living."

A. Nelson Allen.



DURING THE GREAT WAR THE R.S.P.C.A. WAS THE ONLY SOCIETY AUTHORISED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL TO ASSIST THE VETERINARY SERVICES IN LOOKING AFTER OUR SICK AND WOUNDED WAR HORSES. THE R.S.P.C.A. ORGANISED A SPECIAL FUND FOR THIS PURPOSE

The Society has now been recognised by the Army Council as the sole channel through which any offers of assistance for the veterinary services may be tendered in the present war. The R.S.P.C.A., using the balance of the Fund 1914-18, has already given a motor-driven ambulance for two horses. The body of the ambulance is on a turn-table, so that, at the end of the journey, there is no need to back a horse out of the ambulance. The body is turned round and the horse is led down the ramp

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

RESUMPTION of free dealings in British Government securities had an electrifying effect on stock markets in general. Once the Funds could be sold in any quantity liquidation in other sections abruptly ceased.

It was just what was needed. Confidence in the Funds is always a tonic to markets. There has been a spread of investment business. Industrial equities came into strong demand. Prices appreciated rapidly. That industrial section is now more or less on a supply and demand basis.

I find many looking round for securities in which money may be invested with reasonable safety over the war period. Selection of such securities needs care. It is by no means an easy task. Opinions regarding future values vary a great deal according, I imagine, to the temperament of the investor. I have noticed a movement towards the securities of land companies. The general impression is that such concerns will have their assets intact at the end of the war. The companies mainly selected are those with property overseas.

It has to be admitted that during the last war some such concerns came through the struggle without losing many feathers. Some of them have experienced unprofitable conditions in recent years. That, however, need not penalise them under the exceptional conditions now prevailing.

The question of direct and immediate income from such investments does not enter very prominently into calculations. The main object is to render capital as secure as possible during the period of hostilities.

I have noticed buying of Hudson's Bay £1 ordinary shares. The ruling price is around 20s. 3d. This company with its extensive interests in Canada has experienced lean times for some years past. It is contended, however, that land in Canada can become more valuable. The trade of the company in overseas markets may benefit from war conditions. Dividend for the year to January 31st last, on Hudson's Bay ordinary capital was only 2½ per cent. less income tax at 3s. 6d. in the £, including Dominion Income Tax relief. There was, however, an additional 1 per cent. distribution from surplus of land account, which was not subject to Income tax.

Sudan Plantations Syndicate £1 shares appear to be popular with many who are searching for security of capital. This is, of course, the important cotton cultivating concern in the Sudan. It can point to a reasonable dividend record in recent years. Cotton should command a good price during the war and the estates owned in the Sudan are unlikely to show any serious deterioration in value. These shares are changing hands around 30s. 6d. The dividend for the year to June, 1938, was 10 per cent. A report for the year to last June is about due.

Others favour Forestal Land Timber & Railways £1 ordinary stock units. This undertaking is largely interested in quebracho tanning extracts from the Argentine. It also has assets in South Africa which, as the chairman stated at the annual meeting last May, are of substantial value, giving a fair return on the capital cost and a greater promise in the future.

The dividend policy of the concern is to maintain a 6 per cent. regular annual ordinary distribution. Any extra profit reaches shareholders in the shape of a cash bonus. The cash bonus for 1938 was 1 per cent. in addition to the customary 6 per cent. distribution. The £1 shares standing around 17s. 9d. look quite attractive.

Some of the Australian estate properties find favour. There is buying of Australian Agricultural shares which have a nominal value of £3. Their market price is about 49s. 6d. This company has a good dividend record having paid 5 per cent. for the last three years. It owns sheep and cattle farms in New South Wales and Queensland. It also has a considerable interest in a colliery business. These may be regarded as assets of considerable value. I consider that those looking for security of capital and moderate income during the war period might do worse than examine investments of the description I have just mentioned.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.—The Friends of the Poor plead help for two old maiden ladies, aged 84 and 83. For many years they lived in London on their Old Age Pensions and a little help from kindly relations. At the age of 81, the elder and more active sister met with an accident and since her recovery has not been able to do housework. They are now in the house of an ex-nurse where they are looked after for £1 a week each. This tiny sum is all they have and the Friends of the Poor have given them for some time 5s. weekly for little extra comforts. Will you please help us to continue this small allowance?—it makes so much difference to the lives of these two old ladies.



LEFT: FORCING RHUBARB UNDER POTS TO BRING ON EARLY, AS PRACTISED IN THE NORTH. RIGHT: GATHERING RHUBARB. NOTE THE STRAW BETWEEN THE ROWS AND THE SPECIAL BARROW

RHUBARB AS A FIELD CROP

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

THERE is always a demand for rhubarb during the early part of the year, not only when forced, but when grown outside, and either covered with pots or encouraged to earliness by means of a mulching of strawy manure. Once soft fruit comes into picking, the demand for rhubarb gradually disappears. In war time there is always an increased demand for this fruit, not only for stewing and in tarts, but for jam-making, bottling, and even for making into wine.

Whatever its use may be, rhubarb ranks as a vegetable, and is grown, of course, for its leaf stalks. The crop is heavy and bulky, and marketing expenses in consequence tend to be on the high side. The greatest profits can, therefore, be made when a large local trade is developed. It does, however, pay well as a forced crop, providing a good length of stem can be produced.

Rhubarb is a hardy perennial and came to this country from Southern Siberia. It was used in the first place for its medicinal virtues. When once established it continues to yield a crop for a number of years. It is said that rhubarb thrives best on acid soils, especially if they have good water-holding properties. It certainly likes cool conditions. A tremendous rhubarb-growing industry is centred round the Leeds district, largely for this reason, and because here the plants die down early in the year with the result that the growers are in a position to get the three-year-old crowns into the forcing houses earlier.

As a field of rhubarb may be down for eight to ten years, and can be made to bear profitably over this period of time, it is obvious that the land should be properly prepared before planting. The ground will need ploughing and subsoiling in the autumn, and well-rotted farmyard manure should be incorporated at the rate of 40 tons to the acre. In addition, 5cwts. of superphosphate should be applied as a top dressing and should be lightly harrowed in. During the first year of growth 2 cwts. of sulphate of ammonia should be applied in two equal dressings —one in April and the other in May.

The initial preparation should be done in the autumn, and the land left rough so that it can be acted on by the frost and winds. It should then be possible to plough the land again thoroughly late in February or early in March, and after a harrowing, and the addition of the superphosphate, the land should be ready for planting.

The distance allowed between the rows varies according to the type of cultivation that is to be carried out. In war time, with a minimum of labour, it may be advisable to space the rows out as far apart as 4ft., and to place the plants only 30in. apart in the rows. Normally, with varieties like Linnaeus and Champagne, the rows may be 3ft apart and the "sets" planted 2ft. 6in. apart in the rows. With varieties like Victoria and Prince Albert, a 4ft. square plant is sometimes followed. This gives 2,722 plants to the acre. Furrows may be ploughed out with a double-sided plough to such a depth that the bud at the head of the crown after planting is level with the surface of the soil. It is most important to see that the buds are not buried.

It is possible to raise rhubarb from seed, but unfortunately it seldom comes true to type. Victoria is said to come truer than any other variety. It is better, therefore, to propagate by the division of roots and to ensure that each "set" has at least one good bud or eye. Good clumps of vigorous plants in full bearing condition should be selected, say three or four-year-olds. These should be dug up in March, and may be cut up with a spade into suitable portions. The rough spade cuts may need trimming up afterwards in order that damaged and broken portions shall be removed. Neat trimming does help rapid healing. When purchasing sets a guarantee should be obtained that the plants are free from crown rot. This is a soft rot which eventually ruins the plant, and as a result only short, spindly spikes develop.

It is necessary to maintain clean cultivation at all times for if perennial weeds are allowed to develop they will soon ruin the crop and make it unprofitable. Directly after planting, the surface of the soil should be cultivated to prevent caking. It is possible in the first year to take off a catch crop between the rows. French beans, lettuces and spinach are three suitable crops for the purpose.

In subsequent years, mechanical cultivation, together with a certain amount of hand-hoeing, will have to be done till the leaves start to make this impossible. Any flowering stalks which appear should be cut off immediately, and it may be necessary to continue this operation throughout the summer. In the winter, the ground between the rows must be cultivated and the old stalks and leaves removed. When digging or ploughing in the winter, the earth may be drawn up slightly to the crowns in such a way that the crop is not seen. No pulling should be done the first year following planting, and only a light pulling the second year.

In order to ensure early pulling, strawy farmyard manure or even straw alone should be used along the rows in January at the rate of 2 tons per acre. Some growers prefer to use 4 tons per acre, and say that this ensures a pull of 6in. rhubarb sticks early in February. The price of early rhubarb stick per stick is four to six times as high as late rhubarb. The manure or straw used as a mulch is dug or ploughed in in the winter.

A complete fertiliser should be given every year, and one high in nitrogen content. A good mixture would seem to consist of 2 cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 4 cwt. of superphosphate, 1 cwt. steamed bone flour, and 1 cwt. of sulphate of potash. Midway through the pulling season nitrate of soda may be applied at 1½ cwt. per acre as an extra stimulant.

The rhubarb should be pulled by giving the stalks a half turn and a sudden jerk—outwards and downwards—at the same moment. Too many stems should not be pulled from one plant at one time. The earliest pullings are bundled with the small leaves intact, but in the case of the later harvesting, the leaves are trimmed down by three-quarters. The actual sizes of the bundles differ not only from market to market but from month to month. For instance, in the London markets, the bundles usually weigh 2lb. at the start and 7lb. towards the end of the marketing season. It is necessary to consult the commission salesman in the matter before sending.

Good varieties are—Hawkes Champagne, an early well-coloured variety; Linnaeus, which follows it; Early Albert, which comes in at the same time and is useful for forcing, and Victoria, which is the best highly-coloured late. On the whole, Champagne is the most popular among market growers.

BULL LICENSING

On the outbreak of war it was found necessary for administrative reasons to announce the suspension of bull licensing. It has, however, now been found possible to overcome the initial difficulties and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Secretary of State for Scotland have accordingly decided that it would be desirable to arrange for the resumption of bull licensing in order that the progress which has so far been achieved should be maintained, and to prevent any deterioration in the standard of cattle. This decision has the approval of the National Farmers' Unions for England and Wales and for Scotland.

At the same time, in order to effect economy in expenditure on staff and to save the time of farmers in complying with their obligations under the Licensing of Bulls Act, certain simplifications in procedure will be introduced. The essential features of the Act, which are the inspection and licensing or rejection of every bull attaining the specified age and the farmers' right of appeal in the event o rejection, will be maintained unchanged, but it is now proposed that owners of licensed bulls and purchasers of such bulls shall be absolved from the obligation to notify the Ministry or the Department of Agriculture for Scotland in connection with the transfer of licences.

Farmers should, therefore, now make application in the usual way for licences to keep a bull. Application forms may be obtained by farmers in England from the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Department X.A., 23-25, Soho Square, London, W.1; by farmers in Wales from the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 17, Eastgate, Aberystwyth; and by farmers in Scotland from the Secretary, Department of Agriculture for Scotland, St. Andrew House, Edinburgh, 1. A fee of five shillings is payable in respect of each application.

SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Council of the Shire Horse Society held on Tuesday, October 17th, it was decided to abandon the 1940 London Show, which was due to be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall in February next. In view of the present day conditions and to afford breeders further time in which to lodge their registrations for the new Stud Book, it was agreed that the closing date be extended to November 15th next. To the membership roll 102 new names were added and 45 prefixes were approved for registration.

CARRYING ON

By JOAN ROBESON

WHEN war broke out at the beginning of September Masters and Hunt Committees alike found themselves in a peculiar position. Four months of their "agreement year" had already run, during which a normal basis of expenditure had proceeded, leaving the remaining eight months—including the hunting season—as a problem demanding a speedy solution. Meetings in the various countries were hurriedly convened and as the outcome it was agreed, practically without exception, to keep the flag flying for as long as possible. It will be no exaggeration to say that during the first few weeks of hostilities the future of foxhunting in England hung in the balance.

Economy, combined with the absolute necessity of preserving the nucleus of any future pack, was the foundation upon which plans were laid. The problem, in the majority of cases, was twofold—the kennels and the country.

As far as the kennels were concerned this was usually a domestic arrangement with the Master and obviously dependent upon how far the financial obligations under the old agreement might be met. In many instances the Master had already rejoined one or other of the fighting Services, the more happily placed Hunts with joint-Masters sometimes found one remaining if they were lucky. So, in the kennels, everything had perforce to be "cut to the bone."

Hounds were destroyed, horses sold to the Government or left at grass, and men dismissed. It has been a heartbreaking duty for Masters of Hounds. Some of the more fortunately placed establishments found themselves left with old and tried hands—perhaps a kennel huntsman, stud groom and an old servant; all over military age; all men who knew their job from A to Z and could be trusted to carry on upon economical lines with a minimum of supervision.

The country, however, presented the more complicated problem, and not without its difficulties and dangers. Here it had to be borne in mind that the ultimate object of all war measures boiled down to the preservation of the basis of a pack of hounds and a country wherein to hunt them. At the same time a pack reduced to half strength could only be out on half its original number of days. And even then the days hunted must be short; no second horses, let alone second horsemen, would be available, and some of the country might not be adequately covered. It was obvious that each Hunt Management had to rely upon the good-will of all classes, including the acceptance of a reduction, or even a cancellation, of compensation and payments of all kinds pending the return to happier times. Those left at home had to sink their natural desire for the enjoyment of "sport" as such, and in its place put the sole consideration of its preservation for the future.

Even with the enormous economies already effected and contemplated the financial strain, like the poor, is always with us. Many subscribers are already absent on Service; most are badly hit financially, and practically all are busy. A big proportion of their horses have been taken for the Army and stable staffs are reduced. Those subscribers still at home cannot and will not expect regular hunting in the ordinary sense of the word, nor indeed can it be offered them. Under these circumstances it is impossible to demand a regular subscription as against sport provided, whilst the customary "caps" and wire fund collections must mostly go by default. Most Hunts will be forced to rely upon what one might call "charitable donations"; for as much as he or she feels it right to afford, from past and present members, and others; indeed, from all those who desire the continuance of the sport for the sake of those serving, the rising generation, and the countryside in general. In no less way the farmers may be relied upon to play their part.

In return, the farmer should be assured of every possible consideration, since on his good-will hunting depends. Above all, farmers should be given the continued opportunity of seeing hounds and there must always be a special welcome for those who snatch an occasional day, together with the fighting man on leave, the young people home from school, and all subscribers who have made sacrifices for the future preservation of foxhunting.

The situation may have to be thought out afresh before the commencement of another season, but one thing is certain, it will be the earnest endeavour of every Hunt to carry on until "the first flight rides on the grass again!"

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

BADSWORTH.—Captain George Barker was called up at the end of August, so the committee held a meeting with representatives of the farmers and other members. The joint-Masters, Lord Allendale and Mr. Eric Fowler, promised continued support for the present season, but with pressure of their various duties and work they would not be able to get out a great deal. Jack Pipes, the first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, will hunt hounds instead of Captain Barker and Lord Allendale. The two packs are to be reduced to one, and to hunt two days per week, when possible. Hounds have been reduced from forty-eight couples to twenty-five. Some of the horses have been turned out and some sent to the Army. Jim Deakin, second whipper-in, now acting first, remains, but may be called up later. The staffs in kennels and stables have had to be reduced. Mrs. George Barker is left in charge at the Kennels.

CHIDDINGFOLD.—This Hunt hopes to carry on, though on a considerably reduced scale, for this season anyway. Upwards of twenty-five couples of hounds will be kept in kennel, the rest will be destroyed. Two horses, and possibly two others placed on a reserve list, have been taken. At present there have been no changes in the staff.

HEREFORDSHIRE, NORTH.—This Hunt will carry on, turning out two days instead of three. Ten couples of hounds have been put down and one horse has been requisitioned. The second whipper-in has gone and the staff has been cut down.

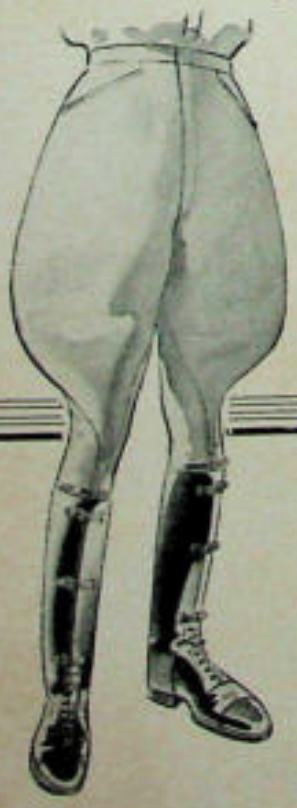
WEXFORD.—This pack has been reduced to twenty-two-and-a-half couples owing to the war. The hunting days are Tuesday and Friday and the Master is Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Skrine, the hon. secretary being Mr. I. A. Colfer, Rosheroon Castle, New Ross. The Master carries the horn and has J. Bruce and Moorefields to turn to him.

NORTH BUCKS BEAGLES.—The joint-Masters are Messrs. P. F. How (huntsman), Greybarn, Newport Pagnell, and L. A. Parratt, 24, Souldern Way, Watford; the hon. secretaries being Mr. S. C. Waldock (treasurer), Bank House, Newport Pagnell; Mrs. A. E. West, Aspley Guise, and Miss P. M. Taylor, Newport Pagnell. The kennel-hand and first whipper-in is H. Vines, and the hon. whippers-in are Messrs. D. C. Musters, J. I. Lloyd and A. West. The kennels are at Newport Pagnell and the pack consists of twenty couples 15in. S.B. beagles. The hunting days are Saturdays and alternate Wednesdays, the country covered being around Newport Pagnell.

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MEASURING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY



SCOTS PINE OF TIMBER SIZE AND SITKA SPRUCE SUITABLE FOR PITPROPS IN THE FOREST COMMISSIONS' WOODS IN THE NEW FOREST AREA

IT is but human nature to glorify one's own calling, to cover with mystery the tasks which one performs with such apparent ease and skill. To speak to a charcoal burner or a thatcher is to enter the presence of a high priest. The answers to one's puerile questions serve but to exaggerate the depths of one's abysmal ignorance, for they certainly will not enlighten.

Something of this attitude is visible in the older generation of timber merchant's buyers. For centuries timber has been bought and sold upon a purely conventional system of measurement that bears no relation to the true volume of a tree. As may be expected, it favours the buyer, giving a result 23 per cent. below the true volume. This is not really so unreasonable as may appear, as it is arguable that it represents the greater part of the loss on sawing.

The conventional measurement is so strongly established that to attempt to adopt a mathematical, or any other, system, giving more accurate results, would merely depress the price per cubic foot. Well established as the method of calculation is the ways of arriving at the basic figures are even more as the Laws of the Medes and the Persians.

For felled timber the length is measured with a 2ft. fold rule, turned continuously end over end from butt to tip. In the hands of a dishonest merchant, and such do exist, the rule can be manipulated to give a reading which is less than the true figure.

The circumference at the centre of the log is measured with a piece of string. This is then folded into four and laid against the rule, giving a quarter-girth reading. This is squared and multiplied by the length, giving the conventional figure of cubic contents. By holding the string tightly round the log, and folding it loosely against the rule, a figure less than the true quarter-girth will result.

The modern timber measurer uses a 66-ft. tape for measuring the length, and a special tape 9ft. long and marked in lengths of 4in., sub-divided into ⅛in., ¼in. and ⅛in. This gives the quarter girth by direct reading and is absolutely accurate, within the convention of the method.

For standing timber measurement becomes a matter of judgment. The height is universally obtained by holding a 20ft. jointed pole, made like a heavy fishing rod, against the trunk, and judging the height of the tree from the point a few inches above the ground, where the saw cut will be made, to the junction of the first large side branch. For hardwoods this is fairly simple, as the height is usually not great.

If a tree consists of a short, clean butt, about 15ft. long, then a rosette of large branches, topped by a sizable stem, perhaps 15ft. long, carried well up, it should be measured in two lengths. The butt will be priced at a comparatively high figure, while the portion of the stem above the lowest branches will be knotty, useful only for posts and rough work, and valued at a low price per cubic foot.

Conifers often have a timber height, measured well up into the green crown, of 60ft. or more, and a nice judgment is called for to be able to stand back and estimate the height. If possible, it is preferable in all cases of conifers to have a typical tree felled, so that the estimate of height can be checked.

The sample felled tree has another use. It enables an exact determination of the taper in a typical stem, and thus the deduction needed from the quarter-girth at breast height to give the quarter-girth at the centre of the stem.

The estimate of quarter-girth is the more important of the two operations, as it influences volume more than does a small variation in the height. It also may have a bearing on the price grade, which reduces rapidly for the smaller stems. The old-fashioned timber merchant will use a leather strap, ended with a heavy brass ring, and marked in 4in. units and quarters. The modern generation prefers the timber tape previously described, though its life is admittedly shorter.

For accurate work, the volume of the tree should be calculated always over bark, and the percentage allowed by the Timber Control deducted from the gross figure. The method of a previous generation, which often used straps graduated to allow 1 in 12 for bark, is not now generally adopted. The innocent sounding 1 in 12 is equivalent to a deduction of 16 per cent. from the gross measure over bark, and it is easy to see why it gained favour with merchants, now that the Timber Control have fixed bark allowances, 10 per cent. for oak, 7½ per cent. for larch, and so forth.

Taper, which should always be calculated separately from bark allowance, varies. In hardwoods it does not usually present much difficulty. A good method is to estimate quarter-girth 5ft. from the top and take the mean between that and the measured figure at breast height. For conifers this method is not accurate, and is useful only as a check. A tree 60ft. high, with a quarter-girth at breast height of 9in., will have the centre 25ft. above the point at which this measurement was taken. If the tree, a larch, tapers 1in. in 12ft., as it well may, the central quarter-girth over bark will be 7in. Taper can be checked only by felling a typical tree.

SOWING PEAS AND BEANS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BEANS and peas are amongst the most nutritious of all vegetables and it will soon be time to plant both Broad Beans and the round seeded varieties of peas. The most prolific variety of Broad Bean in my experience is the Giant or Four seeded Windsor, which is a decided improvement on the old Green Harlington.

In mild parts Broad Beans can be planted successfully towards the end of November and even December, but in most parts early November is best. Where wood pigeons abound they attack these beans mercilessly. Five acres of them were destroyed locally by these birds last season, and in a really severe winter such as last they attacked even those grown in gardens. In fields it is impossible to protect them, but in gardens where they are grown on a smaller scale it is possible to scare them off with rags tied to strings run over the rows. Paper is useless at this season, but rags last.

Beans should be sown on a dry day and when the soil is in friable condition. Any very undersized or conspicuously wrinkled seeds should be thrown out. Sowing in single rows ensures the finest beans, but it is customary to sow in double rows, allowing 6in. between the small and 9in. between the larger kinds. The seeds are put in 4in. apart and about an inch deep.

In very cold parts it is advisable to sow in frames and plant out in March. This bean is, however, very hardy, and is only likely to be caught by frost when it first appears above the soil. In the event of a really severe winter such as last it is a good plan to draw earth up to the stems, for it is the stems that suffer extreme frost and not the leaves. Amateurs frequently omit the important attention of picking off the side growths as soon as they appear. These growths take nourishment from the prolific main stem, delay the beans swelling and rarely produce any pods themselves. The Mazagans are the earliest and hardiest of all the Broad Beans, but they are so small that they never seem to me worth the space they occupy.

We are now eating fully mature Broad Beans sown in mid-July. This is the first time we have sown so late and the crop, though not so large as from those sown at the usual times, is quite good and makes a welcome change. Broad Beans are regarded as a delicacy by many people, but this is a waste of good food in war-time.

In common with all fruits and vegetables Broad Beans are most nourishing when they are fully mature. Broad Beans at this stage are mealy and the skins slip off easily when the beans are cooked. Some cooks skin the beans before cooking them by putting them in boiling water for a few minutes, but this involves the loss of valuable salts. Broad Beans that are too old to serve plainly boiled can be rubbed through a sieve, mixed with butter and seasoning, and served with some finely-chopped ham or grated cheese on sippets of thin hot buttered toast.

Round-seeded peas are the only kind that are worth sowing at this season. On a sheltered border and on light warm soils they usually come through the winter all right and mature quite a fortnight earlier than those sown in spring. Another possibility is to sow them in turves turned upside down, for this saves trouble in transplanting and the turves can be watered in a cold frame. The trouble with turves, however, is the risk of wireworm. The usual method is to sow in boxes, but the boxes must be 5 in. deep to give room for the long roots. The seeds should be put in an inch deep and as much apart. If kept in a cold greenhouse or cold frame the boxes must be kept near the glass, otherwise the plants will grow lanky. All through the winter no water should be given unless the surface soil is dry, and then enough should be given to reach the furthest roots. Giving any plants continual dribblets of water is a fatal policy. In cold weather the water should not be taken straight from the main but left to stand in the same temperature as the seedlings for several hours.

In the case of plants sown in the open, brushwood is helpful for protection and cottoning essential unless there are pea-guards. Brushwood laid along the most exposed side is also helpful. It is more important to keep the soil along the rows aerated in winter than in summer, for in stagnant soil in bleak weather the plants are bound to suffer badly. Earthing up when the plants are 3in. high is a sound policy, for as with beans it is the stems and not the leaves that suffer in severe frost.

Many market growers sow in autumn the dwarf kinds that need no staking, and when the peas are mature the rows are picked all along one side and then turned over and picked along the other side. In view of the fact that pea sticks will be expensive this next season, it is as well to grow the very dwarf varieties. We save all our Michaelmas Daisy sticks and use them for staking all peas up to 3ft. high. In my experience these sticks are exceptionally durable, for when the peas are finished the sticks are piled in the open and are perfectly usable the following winter for affording extra protection to the beehives. We pile them up on the north and east sides. Finally, they are burnt and make useful ash, so they may be said to earn their keep.

Amongst the best Dwarf Peas for autumn sowing are Clucas Early Dwarf (1¼ft.), Greenmantle (2ft.) and Knights Early Bird (2ft.). Amongst the rather taller kinds that old favourite the Pilot (3ft.) can hold its own with any. The ideal site for autumn sown peas is a sunny slope facing south, and we also see to it that the site gets more than its fair share of wood ash when it is being prepared.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA SUPPLIES

Farmers should make application as soon as possible for their spring requirements of Sulphate of Ammonia as the usual full facilities for transport during the spring sowing season may not be available.

Hitherto it has only been possible to release supplies required for immediate consumption, but arrangements have now been made for a limited period to enable farmers to obtain supplies at a favourable price, provided they take immediate delivery. Any farmer who has suitable storage accommodation will be well advised to make early application through his usual merchant.

Those who take advantage of this arrangement, the Ministry of Agriculture states, will have the satisfaction of knowing that their requirements are assured to them whatever transport difficulties may later arise, and at a price 7s. 6d. per ton lower than that ruling during last spring.



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SIGHTS OF THE YEAR
Tulips and wallflowers in a formal setting at Abbey Chase, Chertsey

WALLFLOWERS *and* BEDDING PLANTS

BEDDING-OUT plants, if raised from seed, are the cheapest method of making a colourful display in spring. Certain biennials have for generations dominated in this display, notably Wallflowers, Forget-me-nots, Double Daisies, and Honesty, associated with the spring-flowering bulbs—Daffodils, Narcissi and Tulips.

Formerly it was the custom to grow bulbs all of one kind and colour together, and Wallflowers of one colour with a surround of Forget-me-nots. The effect was monotonous, though impressive if done on a sufficiently large scale. We now, however, have adopted the cottagers more picturesque method of mixing all sorts of flowers together. This method dates back to at least the sixteenth century and may be much older than that. For in Elizabethan and Stuart times the ideal was to make spring beds such a mixture of colours that, to quote one of the greatest gardeners of that period, "the place shall look like a piece of tapestry to encrease everyone's delight."

Modern Wallflowers are far less hardy than those of even 20 years ago. Colour and size have been improved at the expense of hardiness and scent. Consequently modern kinds need more care during the winter. In extreme cold or exceptionally cutting winds, these nominally hardy plants suffer badly, and present a depressing appearance with their leaves all hanging limp. They rarely fail to recover to a certain extent, but the flowering is naturally not so good as in the case of those with which a little trouble has been taken. Very light leafless boughs laid over the beds keep out many degrees of frost. Also, if possible, Wallflowers should be given a place near a house wall. They are indeed ideal plants to mass in the beds immediately under the windows.

The showiest modern hybrid is undoubtedly the almost too popular Fire King. I like the curious magenta pink of Eastern Queen, for it is a most unusual and cheery colour in spring. Wallflowers are commonly raised from seed every year, but in the case of any plant showing exceptionally good colouring it is well worth striking cuttings from it. Also cuttings afford a cheap and easy method of covering rough banks, &c., with Wallflowers for the following season, without all the trouble of sowing seed, pricking out, &c. The cuttings strike in any light soil, and the plants need no further attention.

The charming old double Wallflower Harpur Crewe has always to be raised from cuttings. A very light soil and a well-drained position in full sun are essential if this fine old plant is to do itself justice. Bushes of it nearly 4ft. across, aglow with their little double yellow flower, are not only lovely, but this perennial Wallflower has an exceptionally long flowering period, often from March till well into early summer.

Forget-me-nots vary greatly in beauty. The washy pale blue kinds should be avoided, the best being the rich variety Royal Blue. This is particularly effective grouped with a cherry red Tulip such as Pride of Haarlem. Lavender, pink and white Forget-me-nots are quite pretty in mixture, but it is the blue of the Forget-me-not that is so desirable in spring.

Double daisies are becoming distressingly large and, to my thinking, modern varieties with flowers almost as large as Asters have lost all their daisy charm. Double daisies have the merit of flowering well into summer and they are among the most pleasing of all edging plants. The old "hen and chicken" daisy has almost disappeared from cultivation. Each flower is surrounded with minute blooms which radiate from the parent and suggests diminutive planets encircling the sun. It is useless to grow this old favourite in poor soil, for in such soil it quickly reverts, and whereas the "hen" remains there are no "chickens."

Honesty is a biennial that has regrettably lost its old popularity, and yet it is one of the few early flowering biennials that will flourish in shade and even under trees. The mauve kind is not a good colour, but the white kind is charming, and is most useful for associating with tulips. The seed pods have always been valued for winter decoration.

Canterbury Bells make a lovely display, and these, too, should be planted in mixed colours. The double kinds should be avoided for they always look heavy. Canterbury Bells should be planted as early as possible in their permanent quarters, because they need to get established to develop their flowering crowns. These flowers, in common with most members of the Campanula tribe, are lime-lovers, and if lime is lacking in the soil it must be added. This year I have lined the path leading to my bee hives with Canterbury Bells, for it is the bees that make the music of these bells.

E. S. R.

THE CLIMBING AND RAMBLER ROSES

By CARTHEW ALLARDYCE

I WONDER whether the problem of climbing and rambler roses will ever be solved! Again and again they are confused. From being confused they are wrongly treated, and being improperly pruned they give poor results. It is not easy, actually, to give a simple definition. One can say that the climber is never so rampant as the rambler, and that it bears on the whole larger blooms, more like the bush rose. But is this enough?

It could be said that the period of blooming with ramblers is short—about five or six weeks—whereas the blooming period of the climber may be for several months. Mermaid, for instance, often flowers continuously from July right into the autumn.

Technically, I suppose, it ought to be said that the ramblers are Wichurianas and their hybrids and the climbing polyanthus and their hybrids, the most common example being Dorothy Perkins. Most of them are capable of producing canes 8ft. to 10ft. long each season. They are suitable not only for growing up pergolas, trellis or wire netting, but they look well when planted at the top of a bank and allowed to cascade down, and they are ideal as weeping standards.

Climbers are, many of them, sports from ordinary H.T. and T. bush roses. They may be called the climbing H.T.'s, the climbing T.'s, and, of course, the Noisettes, and their hybrids. On the whole they are at their best when grown against walls or fences. Different varieties suit different aspects. For the north wall there is Bouquet D'or, and Madame Alfred Carrière. For the east wall, Lady Waterlow, Zephirin Drouhin, W. 8. Richardson and Lemon Pillar. For a wall facing south I can recommend Etoile de Hollande, Ophelia, Mermaid and Emma Wright; while for a position facing west there is little to beat General McArthur, Madame Butterfly, Mrs. Aaron Ward and Rêve d'Or.

When ordering varieties like Madame Butterfly, of which there are climbing and bush types, care should be taken to stipulate that the climber is required. And it might be remarked here that there is no finer sight than a climbing Madame Butterfly in June. It is one of the most vigorous of roses, will spread rapidly under favourable conditions, and does not require a great deal of care, beyond manuring round the roots in spring either with dung or hop manure. It flowers early on and the first blooms may suffer from frost, but the later ones will be perfectly formed and there will be hundreds of them for the vases.

Ramblers are certainly not suited for the wall, for the old wood has to be cut away each year. They are pruned in the autumn or soon after flowering. The old and dead wood is cut right out from the base and the new growth tied in its place. Any wood that happens to have flowered on the laterals may be cut back to within two good buds of the base. Once pruned properly in the autumn there should be no need to do any other cutting until the following year at the same time.

The pruning of the climbers should be done about the end of March or the beginning of April. In this case pruning should never be hard, for if this is overdone a climber may easily revert to its bush form. Two or three of the strongest shoots may be cut back by about a third, and, of course, the weakly growths may be cut out altogether. It is always advisable with climbers to encourage the lateral growths to be thrown out. They, therefore, do best when trained in a horizontal position. If used to grow up pillars they should always be wound round the pillar and never tied up vertically as in the case of the rambler. The laterals that form as a result of this training may be cut back to within two eyes of the point from which they emanate.

As a boy I was taken to the park to see Dorothy Perkins, a rambler which then was comparatively new. I almost wish that this variety had never been introduced, for wherever you go you see it now. There are so many ramblers that are even more beautiful. For instance, Dr. Van Fleet, Princess of Orange, Bonfire, Emily Grey, The New Dawn, Blaze, and Paul's Scarlet Climber. (A pity it is called a climber, for it is a rambler!) Among the climbers I think my favourites are Lady Waterlow, Climbing Ophelia, Madame Gregoire Staechelin, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, Allan Chandler, Mermaid, Rosemary, because of its perfume, and Gloire de Dijon, because it is the best of "the Old Brigade."

Among the number of firms which specialise in rose growing are: Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, Herts; Messrs. Rosacre Nurseries, Hemel Hempstead, Herts; Messrs. Bunyards, Allington Nurseries, Maidstone; Messrs. Laxton's, of Bedford; Messrs. Dicksons, of Hawlmark, Belfast; Messrs. Archer and Daughter, of Sellindge, Ashford, Kent; Messrs. Hopwoods, of Cheltenham; and Messrs. Wheateroft, of Gedling, Notts.



SAFETY AT THE CORNERS

A shaded corner lamp designed by Mr. I. Carey Walker, and used in Worcester. The lamps are put in position at night and collected in the morning

A PETROL CONSUMPTION PROBLEM

By W. G. McMINNIES

A NORTH-COUNTRY reader has been faced with a curious problem. In common with many other motorists when rationing came in, he instructed his chauffeur to cut down the jets on his cars. The results proved most disappointing, for he now reports that the consumption has increased by 50 per cent.! Although he does not say anything about performance, he seems to attribute the results to the use of Pool spirit.

On the face of it this problem suggests that there must be a mistake somewhere. To start with, I wonder if the chauffeur really did fit smaller, and not larger jets, and whether all the cars' consumption figures increased. And then I should like to know exactly how the consumption figures were obtained. For it is all too easy to obtain an erroneous result, especially if the tests are made over a short distance. Furthermore to be strictly fair comparative tests should be made under exactly the same conditions of road, load, speed, weather, car and fuel.

When an expert is testing for petrol consumption, he fits a specially calibrated auxiliary container to some part of the car, fills it up with a carefully measured amount of fuel and goes off to the start of his particular stretch of road. Arrived there, he turns off his main supply and switches on the fuel from the special tank, noting the mileage reading at the same time. He then proceeds at a set speed until the special supply is exhausted, and again reads the mileage. If he is making a very accurate test he will probably return to the starting point again before trying out a new setting of the carburetter. Otherwise his results might be unfairly influenced by local conditions of wind, road or weather. And in any case, his testing ground will have been chosen with care, and will not include steep hills or congested areas liable to create special circumstances.

That sort of test is a very different affair from the casual way in which many owners estimate the consumption of their cars. "Went up to London and back the other day on a tankful," is the sort of remark one often hears. And if one takes the trouble to investigate, one finds that it is something like 100 miles to London, and that the tank holds six gallons comfortably, or seven at a pinch. And that as the fuel gauge registers exactly nothing when there is still ten or fifteen miles' worth of petrol in the tank, the haphazardness of this way of estimating can well be imagined.

But let us return to the original problem. If our friend's cars had all been run on No. 1 spirit before the introduction of rationing, he must expect some falling off in mileage when using Pool petrol. Pool is claimed to be a better fuel than ordinary Commercial No. 3 grade was, but it is not so good as the Ethyl or petrol benzol mixtures. Basing an estimate on tests made last summer with a Ford Eight using various kinds of fuels, I should expect a falling off with Pool of four or five miles per gallon, taking 40–44 m.p.g. as an optimum figure.

Generally speaking more satisfactory all round results will be obtained by reducing speed than by attempting to re-set the carburetter adjustment. And in any case if the jets are reduced the size of the choke tube should be reduced too, for the simple reason that the smaller amount of fuel passed through the jets requires a smaller amount of air to vaporise it properly. And, lastly, if the fuel is cut down, one must realise that the performance will be reduced.

From a practical point of view my advice to this North Country reader is to write to the makers of the carburetters fitted to his various cars and ask them what they advise. In certain cases one can now obtain inexpensively reconditioned carburetters specially tuned for economy. Thus, as an example, I quote the case of the Zenith carburetter people of Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex. They have produced a range of economy carburettors which can be exchanged for their standard instruments and quickly fitted in their place. When the old carburetter is returned to them, an equal to new one, complete with inlet manifold restrictor, an essential part of the modification, can be obtained for 42/6 in the case of a Ford Eight or Ten, 45/– in the case of a Hillman Minx or Austin Seven, and 50/– for an Austin Ten. If the original carburetter is retained for use in an unrationed period, a further charge of 15/– is made.

All this seems a thoroughly useful and practical idea. The carburetter experts are the people who know most about the adjustment of their instruments, and if one seeks their advice and assistance, one will obtain the best all-round results combined with the utmost economy. Otherwise by tinkering at home it is all too easy to run into all kinds of unnecessary snags, such as bad starting, lumpy running and general debility.

These economy carburetters are adjusted in such a way that the engine is always operating on the leanest cruising mixture, and because maximum power cannot be obtained the danger of damaging valves, &c., by overheating is eliminated. To produce this effect the modified carburetter has a restriction placed in the inlet manifold immediately in front of the instrument. With this arrangement the maximum speed will not exceed 40–45 miles per hour on the level, although normal hills can be climbed quite satisfactorily, but at a slower speed. This compulsory limiting of the speed and power of the engine, combined with the constant use of a safe and lean mixture, results in a worthwhile saving of fuel. On the other hand, if an owner wishes to retain the maximum speed of his car, carries full load, or operates in a very hilly district, the Zenith experts' advice is to stick to the standard carburetter.

And now a word about gadgets of which there seems to be a number. Some of them take the form of devices which are inserted in the inlet pipe between the throttle and engine. They aim at improving the vaporisation of the mixture, and the conversion of its whirling movement set up when passing the throttle into a straighter course, resulting in improved distribution to the cylinders. This question of the distribution of the mixture is an important one, as regards economy, power and engine condition. Its effect can be seen by removing the plugs of some cars, when a great difference will be noted in their condition. One pair may be found to be heavily coated with carbon, while another pair may be relatively clean. The carbon shows an over-rich mixture, the cleanness a correct one. Perfect distribution is indicated by the whole set of plugs being clean.

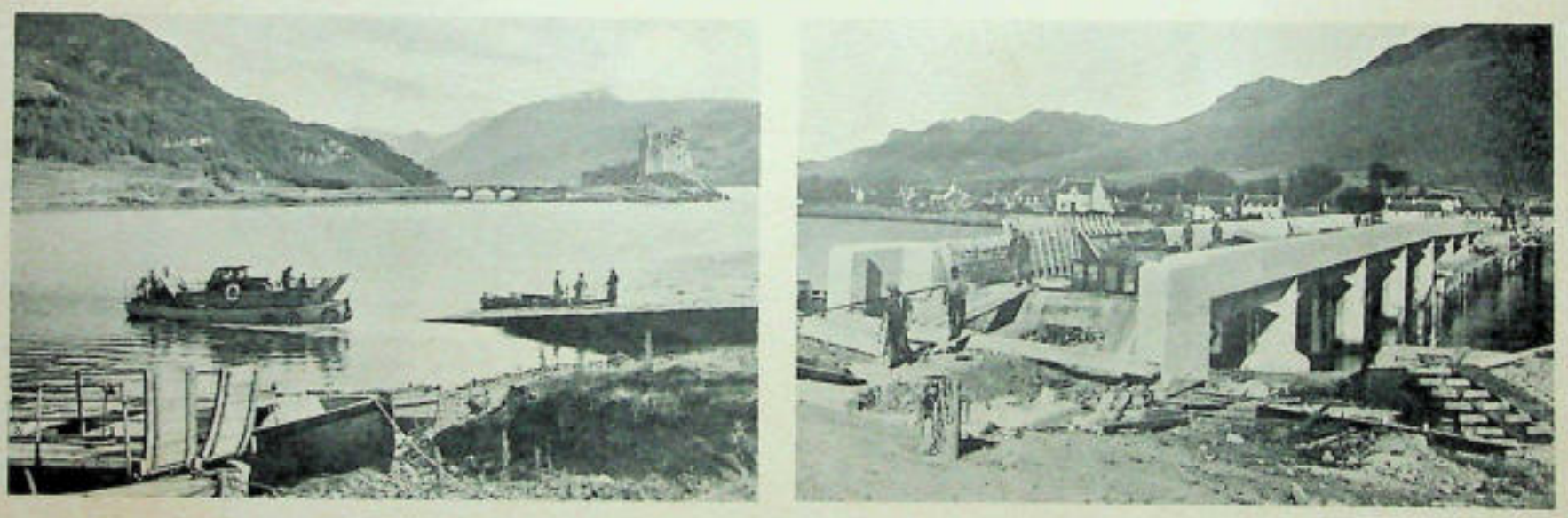
Now, as these gadgets fit in the induction pipe, they must to some extent reduce the amount of mixture fed to the engine, and will therefore have to make up by improved vaporising effects what they lose on this score. Of the several devices on the market one of the best known is the Cox Atmos. Arthur Cox, who invented this fitting, has been an investigator of carburetter problems all his life. He is essentially a practical motorist, and in the olden days was a successful competitor in motoring events.

Years ago he manufactured the Cox Atmos Carburettor, which produced a soft, steam engine kind of running that I have never met on any other instrument. So that, if I were to buy a vaporiser or economiser, I should certainly give the Cox Atmos a trial. It is made in Birmingham.

Another device, called the Vokes Distribution Rectifier, is made by Vokes, Ltd., of 95–105, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, S.W. 15. It is fitted above the throttle, and is claimed to straighten out the swirling mixture and ensure better distribution thereby. Its makers state that it not only provides a 20 per cent. reduction in fuel consumption, but also easier starting and better acceleration. Prices range from 5/– to 17/6, according to the type of car for which the device is required.

Owners whose cars may be inclined to pink on Pool spirit may also care to try some tablets known as Petroloid, two of which should be inserted in the tank with every gallon of Pool. A friend of mine made an accurate test of these tablets, and reported that they certainly succeeded in reducing the pinking proclivities of his engine. The stuff is sold by Standard Products, 144, High Holborn, London, with a guarantee to the effect that if an owner finds the consumption of his car is not reduced by at least 10 per cent. by the use of Petroloid, his money will be returned. A box of tablets, sufficient for nine gallons of Pool, costs half-a-crown.

Good results have also been obtained by the addition of Redex, an oil activator, anti-oxidant, and carbon repellent, which can be used in the engine, gearbox, axle and petrol. This liquid was used by the winner of a recent petrol consumption test in which over 3,000 competitors took part. It is sold by Redex, 57–58, Dolben Street, S.E. 1, and stocked at garages all over the country.



THE MOTOR FERRY AT LOCH LONG IN SCOTLAND AND THE NEW BRIDGE TO REPLACE IT

Dornie Ferry in operation and the bridge which it is expected will, after three years' work, be completed in 1940

BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

THE defender has usually to exercise considerably more imagination in playing his cards than the declarer. The latter's play has been fairly exhaustively analysed, many of the plays, elimination, suit establishment, &c., are fairly automatic and usually the most difficult plays for the declarer are squeeze, throw-in plays and plays necessitating careful timing. The declarer can see 26 cards, but each defender has to rely upon a few conventional discards and leads to obtain a picture of his partner's hand. He must try to visualise from the play and bidding the declarer's weakness and his own partner's concealed strength. Probably the most difficult defence is against an impending squeeze play. This is usually because it is not always easy for the defender to realise that a squeeze play will be attempted. In the pseudo-squeeze it is essential that each defender watches his partner's discards like a lynx, and each should endeavour to discard so as to give the maximum information.

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

Z	A	Y	B
Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades	All pass

Y, having three trumps, a doubleton, one Ace and a rather cautious partner, took a chance on Four Spades. A led the Three of Diamonds and after B had made the Ace and King, took the lead again with the Queen of Diamonds. He now returned the King of Hearts, taken by Z's Ace.

Since Z had to take the remainder of the tricks his only hope was a pseudo squeeze, and he therefore proceeded to lead his six trumps. Now it is obvious that after the first two trump leads A only wanted to know how many Hearts and Clubs Z had, and it was B's job to tell him. On the first five trump leads B played the 3 of Spades, the 3, 4 and 8 of Clubs and the 4 of Hearts, and the following situation was reached:

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

On the lead of the 6 of Spades, A threw the 7 of Clubs since his partner's discards had marked Z with the bare King of Clubs. If his partner had discarded two Clubs and two Hearts A would have been squeezed, and he should throw his Queen of Hearts, playing for some such distribution as:

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

Now if A throws the Queen of Hearts he will be able to guard the Clubs while his partner guards the Hearts. As a general rule, wherever possible, without giving too much information to the declarer, the defender against a squeeze play should discard all the cards in his short suit to give his partner a count of the suit. Of course, even in the above hand B had to choose between two evils. It was possible that Z had K, J and another Club, in which case B's defence would allow Z to discover the Club situation. However, having decided to chance this, B correctly showed the Club situation by discarding all his Clubs.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

One of my readers from Winchester sends me the following problem:

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

Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and Y–Z to make eight tricks against any defence by A–B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z is playing the hand in Six Spades against an opening Club lead. Assuming the Spades break 3–2 how does Z play the hand?

SOLUTION

This is a straightforward elimination play. Z leads the Ace, King and Queen of Spades, Ace, King and Queen of Clubs and throws the lead with Ace, King and another Heart, and whichever of A or B is compelled to take the lead must give Y–Z three tricks in Diamonds or a ruff and a discard and two Diamond tricks.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the fifth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. F. E. A. Kibbo	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. F. E. A. Kibbo.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. P to K B 4	B to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. B to Kt 5	B to K 2
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q K 3	21. B to B 6	B to B sq
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	22. B to Kt 5	Kt to K 2 (d)
5. Castles	Kt takes P	23. P to K Kt 4	R to K sq
6. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 4	24. P to K R 3	P to Q 5 (e)
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 4	25. P takes P	P to B 5 (f)
8. P takes P	B to K 3	26. Q to K 4	P to K R 4 (g)
9. P to B 3	B to K 2	27. P takes P	P takes P
10. B to K 3 (a)	Castles	28. B takes Kt (h)	Q takes B
11. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt takes Kt	29. P to B 5	R to Kt 2 (ch) (i)
12. Q takes Kt	Kt to B 4	30. K to B 2 (j)	P takes P
13. Kt to Q 4 (b)	Q to Q 2 (c)	31. Q to Q 5, ch (k)	K to B sq
14. B to B 2	P to Q B 4	32. Q to B 5	Q takes P, ch
15. Q to Q 3	P to Kt 3	33. K to K 2	Q takes P
16. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	34. R to K Kt sq (l)	R takes P, ch
17. B to R 6	R to B 2		Resigns (m)
18. Q R to K sq	Kt to B 3		

(a) There are several alternatives here, among them being Q Kt to Q 2 and Q to K 2.

(b) This is probably better than B to B 2.

(c) 13. . . . Kt takes B is better, e.g. (1) 14. P takes Kt, P to Q B 4 15. Kt to B 6, Q to K sq, or (2) 14. Kt takes Kt, P to Q B 4; 15. B to R 5, P to R 5; 16. B takes B, Q takes B with an even game.

(d) Black plays to avoid a draw by repetition of moves, but, in so doing, he gets into great difficulties. He should, instead, play R to K 2.

(e) A good move.

(f) Another good move. Black now gets some counter-chances in the centre and on the Queen's side. If, instead, (1) 25. . . . Q takes P, ch, then 26. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 27. R to Kt 3, or, if (2) 25. . . . P takes P, then 26. B to Kt 3, and in each case White has a winning game.

(g) Black is playing to bring about complications. If now 27. B takes Kt. B takes B; 28. Q takes P, ch, R to Kt 2; 29. Q takes P, then 29. . . . Q takes P, ch with a counter-attack.

(h) White should first remove his King from the open file by playing K to R 2.

(i) If 29. . . . P takes P, then 30 R takes P, R to Kt 2, ch; 31. K to R 2 with a very good game for White. (If 31. . . . R to Kt 5, then 32. R to Kt 5, ch).

(j) Up to now White has played excellently but here, under time pressure, he misses his way. 30. K to R 2, which no doubt he rejected because of the reply 30. . . . R to Kt 5, is the correct move for after 31. P to B 6, R takes Q he does not play 32. P takes Q (because of 32. . . . R takes P, ch; 33. K to Kt 3, R takes P) but, as pointed out by Dr. Euwe in *Chess*, 32. R takes R with a winning game, e.g. (1) 32. . . . Q to K R 2; 33. R to Kt sq, ch, K to R sq; 34. R to Kt 6, Q to Q 2; 35. R to Kt 5, or (2) 32. . . . Q to Q 2; 33. R to Kt sq, ch (if P to R 7, ch, then Q takes P); K to R sq; 34. Q R to K B sq, R to Q sq (if 34. . . . Q takes P, then 35. R to Kt 8, ch, K takes R; 36. P to B 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 37. P takes R, = Q, Q takes K P, ch; 38. K to R 3 and wins); 35. R to Kt 5 with a winning game for, if 35. . . . Q takes P, then 36. R takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 37. P to B 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 38. R to R 7, mate. Black would, therefore, in reply to 30. K to R 2, have nothing better than to transpose into the line given in note *c* by playing 30. . . . P takes P.

(k) If Q to B 4, then R to Kt 5.

(l) If 34. Q takes P, ch, then 34. . . . K to Kt sq; 35. Q takes R, R to Kt 7, ch; 36. K to R 3, Q to Kt 5, ch; 37. K to K 3, Q to Kt 6, ch and wins.

(m) A lucky escape for Dr. Euwe.

The following game was played in the eighth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17. K takes Q	P to K R 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	18. Kt to Q 5	Kt to K B 3
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	19. Kt tks Kt, ch	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 3	B to Kt 2	20. R to Q Kt sq (f)	R to Kt sq
5. B to K 3	P to Q 3	21. B to B 4 (g)	P to R 5 (h)
6. Q to Q 2	P to Q Kt 4 (a)	22. P takes P (i)	Kt takes P
7. B to Kt 2	P to Kt 5	23. R to B 3 (j)	R to Q Kt 4
8. Kt to Q sq	B to Q B 3	24. R to B sq	Kt to K 4
9. Kt to K 2	R to Kt sq	25. R to B 2	B to B 5
10. P to K B 4	Q to B 2	26. P to B 4 (k)	P tks P, e.p.
11. P to B 5 (b)	Kt to K 4	27. R to B 2 (l)	R takes P, ch
12. P to K R 3 (c)	P takes P	28. K to B sq	Kt to B 5
13. P takes P	B to Kt 2	29. R takes P	R takes P, ch
14. Kt to B 4	B tks B (d)	30. K to K 2	R to K 4, ch
15. Q takes B	Q to Kt 2		Resigns.
16. Castles	Q tks Q, ch, (e)		

(a) This pawn is to support the Bishop at K Kt 2 in exerting pressure on White's Queen's side.

(b) An interesting position. White has chances on the King's side, Black on the Queen's.

(c) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5. However, Castles appears to be better.

(d) In the variation 14. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 15. B takes Kt, B takes B; 16. Castles, B takes Kt; 17. Q R takes B. B takes P Black wins a pawn, but is then behind in development and his opponent has good attacking chances.

(e) P to K R 4 at once, leaving White to make the exchange of Queens which he cannot well avoid for long, appears to be stronger.

(f) Kt to B 2 is better. As it is, the unfortunate Knight remains at Q sq for the rest of the game.

(g) If 21. Kt to B 2, then 21. . . . B to R 5; 22. Kt to K 4, B takes P; 23. Kt takes B, P to R 5.

(h) If B to R 5, then B takes Kt followed by R to B 3.

(i) A bad move. He should, instead, play Kt to B 2.

(j) R to K sq is slightly better.

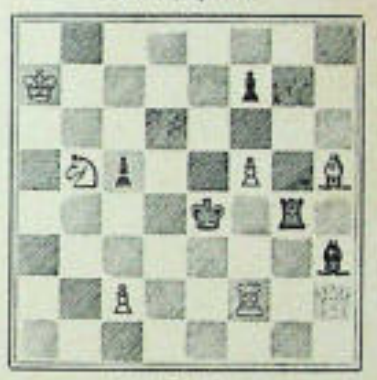
(k) White has no good move. If 26. B to B 4, then 26. . . . B takes P; 27. R takes B, P to R 5.

(l) Not Kt takes P because of R takes P, ch followed by R takes Kt.

PROBLEM No. 4037

By W. LANGSTAFF.*

BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

*Observer, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4036

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 540

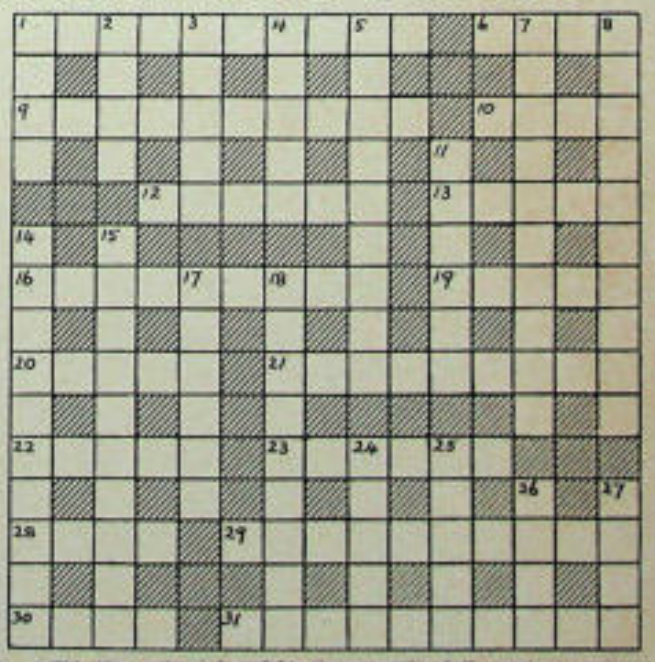
ACROSS.—1. Description inapplicable to either Henry VIII or Charles II (10). 6. Ahmed Madrali was the terrible one (4). 9. This sort of question is asked not for information, but to produce effect (10). 10. Shall I endeavour to gather information about the result of the raid? (hidden) (4). 12. Hinder (6). 13. This is frequently associated with nonsense (5). 16. Decent pie can be made out of this (9). 19. This has been represented as inducing a distaste for active life (5). 20. The men were getting fewer so the retreat was ordered (hidden) (5). 21. This comes between the arts (9). 22. Cast out of the community (5). 23. "Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little —— of his fields withstood" (Gray) (6). 28. This connects Berlin and Rome (4). 29. This precedes a sentence (10). 30. Found in 1670 (4). 31. Vera teases (anag.) (10).

DOWN.—1. "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of ——" (*Richard II*) (4). 2. "I hate the troops an extra ram ration," said the major (hidden) (4). 3. An outdoor feature in the evenings nowadays (5). 4. This, if excessive, is harmful to the nerves (5). 5. Tentmates (anag.) (10). 7. What our artillery are? (10). 8. Lord of the fishing fleet? (10). 11. Should he have horse sense? (6). 14. Make quicker (10). 15. "In —— of martial kind, When there was any fighting" (*The Gondoliers*) (10). 17. "Another ——, and I fancy, a light one" said Prob Bab (6). 18. These were numerous in Ireland in the last century (9). 24. A form of entertainment (5). 25. The mother of a precious daughter (5). 26. One size of type (4). 27. Canted but not seedy (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 539

Published October 21st

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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

THE permission for the County War Agricultural Committees to use their discretion in recommending roots, kale and other green crops as suitable to be grown in certain instances on newly ploughed up grassland is important. Many cases have been brought to the notice of the Ministry where it would obviously be more sensible for the newly ploughed land to be put into roots and corn grown on existing arable than to risk a corn crop where wireworms are rampant.

County Committees are providing scope for a combined effort in agricultural administration. Landowner, farmer and farm worker are working together for the national welfare and the common good of the industry. There is nothing surprising in this. They have always found agriculture and its problems common ground, as anyone will realise who has been to an agricultural show and seen these three partners in the land meeting without self-assertion or self-consciousness on either side.

But a particular tribute is due to the representatives of the farm workers on these committees. They have been taking a broad view of their responsibilities. They have not sat at the end of the table and only intervened when questions of labour arise, but have brought a full measure of wisdom and shrewd knowledge to the technicalities of farming to the discussions. It is evident that to them, no less than to others who live by the land, farming is still not only a trade but a way of life.

Defeating the Wireworm.

Wireworms are the pest most likely to be troublesome on ploughed up land. As many as 500,000 per acre may be present. They continue to feed for a time on turf that has been ploughed, but as it decays they move to a new crop.

If the land has been ploughed in summer and sown in autumn, the time of greatest risk is during the following spring—normally, therefore, to the first crop. But if the land has been ploughed in late winter or early spring the first crop may escape and the second crop be the sufferer. With autumn ploughing the result will depend on the rate of decay of the turf, which varies according to its nature and soil conditions.

The best way to defeat the wireworms at this season is to harrow the ground as much as possible, so as to break up the turf and to give the birds the best chance to deal with the pest, at the same time consolidating the ground.

Consolidation is of the utmost importance in order that the seed may lie in a compact, solid bed, with no "pockets" caused by loose lumps of turf. The object of this is to give the seed the opportunity to germinate and grow in a strong healthy condition, fitted to resist such attacks. With wheat, consolidation may easily spell the difference between success and failure.

Wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes are all susceptible to wireworm attack. Winter wheat, because of its tillering power, can overcome a considerable attack provided the soil is solid and fertile. Potatoes holed by wireworms are spoiled for the market, but they can be used for animal feeding and not wasted.

Rye is somewhat resistant, and on very light land difficult to get firm it offers less risk than wheat. Peas will usually succeed on wireworm infested land, also such crops as kale, rape, turnips, mangolds and sugar beet.

Wireworms are most active from late winter or early spring until the beginning of summer, with a shorter period of activity from early to mid autumn. Winter wheat sown at the right time should almost escape the autumn activity and be well established before the spring. But late sown winter wheat is liable to checks by cold weather, and the plant will then be so small in spring that it falls an easy prey to wireworms. Plenty of seed should be used when cereals are sown late.

Spring oats are bound to be at the state of greatest susceptibility when the pest is at its maximum. Therefore, if oats are to follow grass, they should be sown in fields ploughed after Christmas, so that the wireworm can feed on the turf and leave the oats alone while the plant is becoming established. The same applies to spring wheat. Barley, which can be sown later than spring wheat or oats, may escape an attack that would have ruined these other crops, because it has not to cope with the pest for so long.

Frit flies are abundant in leys containing much rye grass. But spring oats alone suffer from them appreciably and they may be ruined if sown late. In the south of England, where frit attack is most to be feared, it is folly to sow oats late if there is any danger of this pest. Barley should be chosen if the land cannot be got ready in good time and a cereal is required.

Farm Men for the Forces.

Farmers are reminded that, although all men within the age group 20 to 22 will have to register, the only men to be called up from agriculture will be those who are now 20 years old, and younger men as they attain that age. The Schedule reserves farmers and most classes of farm workers at the age of 21 years.

Men registered this year under the Military Training Act who have since attained the age of 21 years will not be called up; and none of this year's class will be called up until November.

So far as can be foreseen, the annual loss to agriculture in future years will be not more than about 15,000 men, or some 3 per cent. of the wage-earning men and boys regularly employed in farming.

The Man with the Spade.

Reports continue to come in relating how local authorities, great and small, are making their arrangements to provide the extra 500,000 allotments that Britain needs now. The London Passenger Transport Board are offering 20,000 acres of land bordering their railway lines; Middleton Park Golf Course are digging up 1,600 square yards; Sunderland contemplates 2,000 plots; Ramsgate 300 acres; a proposal has been made to plough up part of Newcastle's Town Moor. Scores more might be mentioned. Ilford schoolchildren evacuated to Ipswich are reported to have set themselves the task of trebling the number of allotments in that town. The Mayor (Mr. L. L. Hunt) is offering prizes to the best gardeners, and Ipswich Council has given them a free hand in the matter of land.

Feeding the Land.

Manure is certain to be a problem for allotment holders. Less horse manure will be available from city streets than in the last war. But the difficulty can be overcome by using compost, made by rotting down waste vegetable matter in heaps. Any vegetable matter that is not diseased will do. Stinging nettles, for example, or other fresh green herbage, are particularly good because they generate heat. Since the process of decomposition will take some time, the sooner the heaps can be started the better.

There are various methods of composting. Some of them include the use of chemicals to hasten the decomposition, and proprietary materials are available for this purpose. They add to the expense, but very greatly speed up the process. Fairly good results can be obtained by adding an occasional spadeful of nitrogenous fertiliser, for example, sulphate of ammonia, when the materials are brown and fibrous, such as dead leaves, cabbage stalks and hard stemmy plants, and by adding an occasional spadeful of lime when the material is green and succulent—lawn mowings, potato tops, cut grass, green weeds or other plants. Again, if any farmyard manure can be obtained much good will be done by incorporating it in the heap.

Collection of garden waste is easy enough, but kitchen waste needs more care. Potato peelings, cabbage leaves, egg shells, orange peel and such things are all right. Broken glass, tins and china are not. It will be easier to separate them at once, throwing the unusable stuff in the dust-bin and the usable in a separate heap.

A useful size for a compost heap would be 3yds. by 1yd.; if you make it larger or smaller keep roughly to these proportions. Arrange the refuse available along the edges of this oblong and so make a kind of "frame" enclosing a rectangular piece of ground. Make the height of the frame about 18ins., building up to it as the material comes to hand. Then, when the "frame" is complete, dump any more material inside it.

When the "frame" is full sprinkle with some unslaked lime, after which cover lightly with soil. Continue in the same way with a third, fourth and fifth layer, but slope the sides gradually inwards, like those of a pyramid, except that a pyramid goes to a point and the heap will go to a line.

All that remains now is to cover the heap lightly with soil, both top and sides. Pat it gently into shape with a spade and leave it. A trough stamped out along the top will collect rainwater and help decomposition. At the end of three or four months turn the heap over and build it again into a similar heap, but without making layers or adding more lime.

At the end of eight or nine months you will have a black mass of life-giving compost, an organic fertiliser that would cost £2 a ton to buy, or considerably more in smaller quantities.

Fuel for Grass Drying.

Owners of grass-drying plants are likely to be able to obtain their fuel supplies to operate to normal capacity next year. They have naturally been anxious about the position, which, of course, affects their ploughing up plans this autumn in many cases.

The Ministry of Agriculture has been in touch with the Mines Department, and although no definite guarantee can be given that all the supplies required will be immediately available, no real difficulties are anticipated.

Local Fuel Overseers have been instructed to give special treatment to premises used for growing or processing food, and they have power to grant complete exemption from rationing in certain cases. Owners of grass-drying plants should therefore communicate with their Local Fuel Overseer and explain their position.

War-time Kitchen Gardens.—It is obviously too early to quote any figures, for fresh land cannot be acquired and put to use in a day. But the number of enquiries the Ministry of Agriculture has received and the spirit in which they are being made suggest that the local authorities as a whole are not only willing but anxious to do all they can to provide war-time allotments for those who require them. Some councils, such as Manchester and Leeds, had anticipated the Ministry's action and were establishing more holders on plots before special powers were granted.

Five hundred thousand new allotment holders are the immediate aim. This will bring our total up to over 1,300,000 allotments. In the last war, it may be remembered, we created 250,000 new allotments. This was good business from the national point of view. But this time we hope to do better. Unoccupied land may now be taken over by local authorities for allotments, also common land with the Minister's consent. Other land will, as a general rule, be taken only at rents which will enable the authority to recoup itself by a reasonable charge for rent to the allotment holders.

In exceptional cases councils may undertake necessary work, such as fencing, to adapt the land for cultivation. The Ministry of Agriculture may reimburse them up to £2 per acre for such work. But as a general rule a notice under the heading "Defence Regulations" warning off trespassers should dispense with the need for fencing. By these methods it is hoped to provide at least 500,000 additional war-time kitchen gardens.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 4th

FIXTURE CARDS for USE in the CURRENT ISSUE of The "FIELD" MUST REACH the OFFICE NOT LATER THAN the FIRST POST on the PRECEDING TUESDAY MORNING

STAGHOUNDS—IRELAND

WARD UNION.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Ward Police Barracks; M., Fairytouse Bridge; S., Palmerstown—1.30.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), The Shawburys—10.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Burbage Wood—9.30.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Watchfield—10.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Eydon—9.30.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Holbrook—10.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Rising Wood Gate; Tu., Warninglid Village; Th., Hickden—10; S., Knepp Castle (opening meet)—10.45.

ESSEX.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Axe and Compass—9.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Tilsworth—9.30.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Micklecroft—10.45.

STEVENSTONE.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Parkham; W., Belle Vue; F., Old Kennels, Buckland Filleigh; S., Clinton, Kedonagh—10.30.

FOXHOUNDS—IRELAND

ISLAND.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Kilbuckridge; W., Clough; F., Oulart—9.30.

LOUTH.—Friday (Nov. 3rd), Hillstown—11.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Friday (Nov. 3rd), Stradbally Hall—12.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND AND WALES

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Sheldon—12.

HOLCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Bell's Head (opening meet); S., Nab Gate—12.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

ANTRIM, EAST.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Snowy Glen; S., Holestone—12.30. Followers are particularly requested not to ride over new grass, wheat, or potato-ground, to avoid sheep, and not to leave gates open or cause any annoyance to farmers.

NEWRY.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Stevenson's Bridge—12.30.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

ARKENDALE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Windsover Middleton—12.45.

ALDERSHOT COMMAND.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Forresters—1.30.

BRIDGTON FOOT.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), North House, Potsdale; Tu., Royal Oak, Wiseham—11.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), The Lamb Inn, Chinley—1.30 for 1.45.

ENTERSFIELD.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Barnes Hall, Gorcside—1.30.

FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Broughton-in-Furness; Tu., Greenhurst—10.30.

NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Sillerner Farm, near Woodlands; W., Mariput Oaks Sway; S., Bartley Cricket Ground—11.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Park Farm Lodge, Great Barr; W., Parham Post; S., The Crown, Coolham, near Storrington—11.30.

STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Findon Old Kennels—11.30. No further Fixture Cards will be sent out this season, but all future fixtures will be published in the following: *Field, Horse and Hound, West Sussex Gazette, Sussex Daily News, Southern Weekly, West Sussex County Times, Worthing Herald* and *Worthing Gazette*.

DRAGHOUNDS—IRELAND

LONDONDERRY GARRISON.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Car House; S., Newbuildings—2.30.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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A JOCKEY CLUB STEWARD IN UNIFORM

The Earl of Sefton at Newbury last week. Steward of the Jockey Club and President of the National Coursing Club, Lord Sefton maintains his family traditions in connection with Sport and the Services. He took part in the Great War, held the rank of Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and is Hon. Colonel of the 87th (1st W. Lancashire) Field Brigade, R.A.

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PLOUGHING-UP AND DAIRYING

FOR the past two years and more the *Field* has advocated as strongly as possible an increase in the arable acreage of this country. We have deplored the complete indifference of the Government to the essentials of agricultural practice, the complete subservience of the Ministry of Agriculture to the Board of Trade, the annual increase in the acreage gone out of production, the annual and accelerated increase in the number of agricultural workers leaving the land. And we hailed with delight as did every farmer in the country, the replacement of Mr. W. S. Morrison by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith as Minister of Agriculture.

Sir Reginald has not had an easy row to hoe. He has had an enormous amount of leeway to make up; and his task has been complicated by the outbreak of war, and the necessity for putting this country's agriculture, sadly neglected in time of peace, immediately upon a war footing. He set about this task, with altogether admirable foresight, before war was declared. The £2 an acre ploughing-up scheme was an excellent idea, and the extension of time recently given to that scheme is no less excellent. This country has got to grow more food. We realise that fact now, though it was plain to many of us two or more years ago.

But there is a danger inherent in this ploughing-up scheme. The danger is to the dairying industry. If the country needs more home-grown food (and in time of war no one would deny that it does) it still needs milk. And this fact is in danger of being overlooked in the enthusiasm of the War Agricultural Committees for the ploughing-up scheme.

As it is, many farmers in many districts have found it hard enough to carry on even in peace-time. There was the continual drain of men from the land. Large numbers, attracted by the high wages obtainable from contractors on Government work, left the farms, and such men are very difficult to replace—it is apparently impossible to convince the urban dweller, and that includes 99 per cent. of civil servants, that the work of the agricultural labourer is highly skilled and takes many years to learn. And, furthermore, Government control, at least in its early stages, has created difficulties and delays in the supply of cattle feeding-stuffs.

Much now depends upon whether or not the powers that be continue to encourage the production of milk. We have no doubt that they do desire most sincerely to encourage such production, and we have no doubt that Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith is well aware of the many pitfalls. We are not so sure about some of the men who have a large measure of control at the moment. The ploughing-up scheme, unless wisely administered, may easily convert land which is now economically producing milk to arable which will provide crops that may not be economic. It seems to be true, unfortunately, that in some districts the War Agricultural Committees appear to be more concerned with obtaining acreage than with the economic results of the ploughing-up. That way lies danger—very grave danger.

In a speech delivered in London recently, Mr. J. H. Maggs, chairman of United Dairies, drew attention to this danger. It may be said by some—we live in a horribly suspicious age—that he was, naturally, biassed. We would beg our readers to dismiss any such thought from their minds. The danger is there, and who should know it better than Mr. Maggs?

There is no doubt that this country can provide within its boundaries a very high proportion of the dairy produce required, assuming, of course, that the dairying industry is not interfered with drastically. Government control of dairy products appears inevitable, and no one can foretell what the financial results of such control will be. But before any such control is adopted it is essential to ensure that the ploughing-up scheme, in itself a magnificent project, is not allowed to interfere too greatly with the essential production of milk.

FOOD RATIONING

MR. MORRISON'S statement on the position as regards rationing was, in many ways, most encouraging. Naturally there have been many rumours circulating (particularly one with regard to butter), and no doubt there will be many more. But it becomes apparent that those essentials of the English breakfast—eggs, bacon, butter and tea—will yet remain the essentials of the English breakfast and Englishmen will therefore still be able to look the world in the face. That there will be some hardship is inevitable, but it is evident that this hardship will be reduced to a minimum. It is right, in any case, that the Home Front should have to bear in more ways than one a portion of the burden that must fall so heavily upon the nation as a whole and the fighting forces in particular.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the "Field" with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 912.)

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

EVACUEES AND HUNTING

This war is certainly causing a great deal of confusion and chaos, and before it is over is likely to produce a good deal of suffering and sorrow. But it has at least been the means of enabling large numbers of our slum dwelling children to see the countryside and to gain some idea of the England we are fighting to preserve—a point on which they may previously have been in some doubt. What the effect of this knowledge of a happier world will have on them on their return to their own districts is uncertain, and it is admittedly possible that it may be disastrous. We have heard a good deal of chatter about discontent among evacuees, but from our recent and personal observation of evacuated children in more than one part of the country it is obvious to us that the first puzzled attitude is giving way to one of interest and delight. Their presence in the country is, we think, of especial value for the future of hunting. For whereas before the war, in so far as they were aware of the existence of hunting at all, they knew it largely from the attacks made on it. But now, those who are fortunate enough to be billeted with hunting people are frequently taken to the meets and, in the case of beagling, have the opportunity of being with hounds for the day. Their questions are frequent and intelligent. Every opportunity to foster this interest and to explain the true meaning of hunting should be seized to the full. There is no propaganda so powerful as the knowledge gained from experience.

THE LATE MR. ZANE GREY

With the death of Mr. Zane Grey, the American novelist, at the early age of 64, big-game angling has lost one of its earliest and best-known exponents, but the great body of saltwater anglers has lost something more, for Mr. Zane Grey had the rare gift, in his writing, of conveying to his readers the thrills and excitement, the nerve-racking strain and tense anxiety of playing those monsters of the sea, whose capture on rod and line, some twenty-odd years ago, came as such a revelation to the present generation of anglers. He had, too, what is perhaps even more valuable, the ability to recall the atmosphere of the open sea, of those long hours divorced from sound or sight of man apart from the crew of his own yacht, searching the path of the wheeling gulls for the sight of a back fin cutting the water, or dreamily watching the "teaser" as it splashed through the waves to leeward on some unknown fishing ground.

Mr. Zane Grey had many records to his credit. Among the most notable was the capture of a tunny of 758lb. off the coast of Nova Scotia in 1924, which held the world's record for the species until Mr. Mitchell Henry capped it with an 851lb. fish off Yorkshire in 1933. Another, and perhaps even more important capture, was that of a sword-fish, exact species unknown, in the Pacific, which weighed 1,040lb. Possessing a yacht of his own he was able to discover or exploit many haunts of big fish. New Zealand has to thank him for bringing into prominence the wonderful fishing off its north coast; but he will be remembered even more for his championship of the sport for its own sake, irrespective of the ephemeral fame which the capture of a record fish might bring.

THE WAY TO THE SEA

You seek the sea? The road runs blind,
Close set with hedge and tree.
Follow the sunk road would you find
The downland and the sea behind,
The sea-verge and the sea.

The sunk road ends, a gate stands wide
That marks the downland way.
Follow the tracks to the cliff-side,
The lighthouse stark above the tide,
The ramparts of the bay.

The salt tide moves on weed and sand,
Salt wind in wind-bent tree.
Follow the cliff path to the strand,
The rock-pools and the last of land,
The sea-verge and the sea.

ERIC CHILMAN.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF September is dry and warmish the works of Nature but draw out the weariness and suspension of life which is August. It might be expected that bush and tree would moult like the birds, and shuffle like a tramp all rags and tatters into the winter solstice. Then come the first frosts and misty rains of October. A transformation scene of such polychrome pomp takes place that it seems as though winter-death were a bride which the workaday green earth goes to meet like a groom in silks and fine array. But the sunset glories of this year have been of a peculiar splendour and fantasy owing to the regalia worn by the season in its pride and in its fall.

Never, in contrast with the misery and desolation of that poor forked radish, man, have I seen such earthly riches heaped up by the common wayside as millionaire October has displayed. Oaks have been spangled with myriads of yellow-green acorns hanging from their embossed cups of darker green. The wind playfully stirs the laden branches, and down they patter among the ebony clusters of the wild privet, the grey-bloomed beads of the sloe, the buttony-black fruit of the wayfaring tree, the dark purple grapes of the dogwood, the orange-scarlet pendants of the rowan (a "daintie dish" for all the birds), scarlet hips, crimson and royal-red haws and the rosy-red berries of the spindle. What a miracle is the hawthorn, loaded with its wealth of whiteness in the spring, in late summer a constellation of rubies, and in autumn like Abraham's vision! The plebeian bramble is stiff as Queen Elizabeth with its multitudes of black jewels, and the little crab sags under the weight of its bright yellow-green apples cheek by cheek. Autumn is like a tawdry gipsy-maid dancing in all her finery, shining with ear-rings and necklaces, rather than an old man with one foot in the grave. The table groans for the birds: even the appetite of the mistle-thrush, who makes himself vomit like the Roman sybarites in order to return to his gluttony, must leave the sprays and branches hardly thinned though his feathers stick out with the loading of his belly.

But when this treasure-hoard is lavished on bushes whose every leaf is on fire or dipped in the vats of Phœbus' lodging, or dyed as though in the burning colours of passion, exultance, transport or ostentation, it is impossible to think of death. The two glories meet, of ripeness in the fruit, of radiance in the flesh, and the adventure of life is crowned with gold on the limbs and gems in the hair. But death is expectant and towards his cave of darkness the gaudy procession moves, since this is the paradox of the declining year. The poplars, the chestnuts, the ashes and the wych-elms lead the van; the rout of the hedgerow accompanies them or follows close after, and the rest of the trees are the panoply of the rear. Just as the birds migrate in autumn, and the bat, and the snake, and the hedgehog, and the harvest mouse, and many a tinted butterfly retire to holes and crevices and shelters to winter, so do the bushes and the trees; that is to say, the sap and the green chlorophyll withdraw and hibernate along paths like stream-beds into the roots, the hidden reservoirs of strength, and into the pillars that support the structure.

What is left in the deserted leaves science calls "waste," which is as much as to say that the banners hung from the roof of an old church represent so many yards of coloured bunting. Is this prudent husbanding, this wise and economic retirement to be called waste? Is this festal enlivenment and princely valediction of the year in the reds and purples of the walnuts, the kexes and the wild service, in the yellows and maroons of the beeches, in the flames, the candle-light and the oranges of the maples, birches, hornbeams and aspens, in the scarlets of the thorns, the rowans and the barberries, in the luminous lemons of the willows, in the tawny and yellow of the bindweed and bryony wound in wreaths and festoons up the stems of the hedgerow, or sewn like embroidery upon its crest, to be called waste? Science knows everything about the shell of the nut, but nothing about the kernel. In this magnificent gesture of surrender the Shakesperian "ripeness is all" is consummately expressed. From process to process of unfolding the work is done and a "glory be" is the last word. Waste indeed! Nature is never wasteful except in the paramount needs of reproduction and that wastefulness is insurance. It behoves man, that champion waster, whose progress through the ages only increases his capacity for wastage, to be more circumspect in his use of the word when he applies it to other life than his own.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a famous Canadian paper:

"Grouse are very tame birds, and generally very fat. They are so fat that they prefer walking to flying, and they hate the effort of taking-off. So the beaters have to walk behind them, herding them toward the 'shooters.' They shoo the birds as close as they can and then shout and bang sticks on the trees to make the birds fly. The grouse then fly in hundreds into the mouths of the waiting guns."



C. H. Stockley

BULL ELEPHANTS IN ACACIA THORNBUSH, NORTHERN FRONTIER PROVINCE, KENYA

GAME PRESERVATION IN WARTIME

Facing a Difficult Situation

A FEW days after the war started I had a letter from the Game Warden of Kenya. "Poor old National Parks," he wrote. "I suppose this has put them back at least ten years." Look at it as you will, I am afraid that this is true. We have had too much "wishful thinking" already. Incidentally, "wishful thinking" seems to be the first flotsam the war has thrown up on the beach of our vocabulary. Look which way one will, the prospect is a bleak one.

First there comes the question of the creation of National parks. Every Government in Africa is pledged to this policy, but one can hardly see how overseas Governments can be expected to carry it out. They have little or no reserves among the white civilian population to fall back on, and their officials are working at high pressure. They have no time for any save the essentials of government. And the extra expenditure caused by the war must have swollen budgets to an extent which makes increased grants very difficult. The Conference which was to have been held this autumn has, of course, been cancelled.

The Game Wardens' Staffs, too, will be to some extent reduced as the small European nucleus is busily engaged, in a number of cases, on war duties. Moreover, the police services and the administrations generally will not be able to give even their present attention to such matters as native hunting and the enforcement of the Arms Act. Poaching, I am afraid, will be even more widespread than it is at present. Game will diminish progressively, though certain species like the elephant will perhaps increase, and the comparatively rare animals should be able to hold their own. It is the common animals which usually fall a victim to native poaching.

There is another serious aspect to the problem. At the moment the price of ivory has slumped, though it may pull up as the war progresses. The Game Departments of Uganda and Tanganyika depend very largely for their revenue on the sale of ivory. Moreover, the sale of licenses will fall very steeply. Without revenue staff may have to be reduced and that is one more incentive to the native evil-doer. Governments have far too long regarded game departments as a source of revenue, and a non-productive game department is likely to have its activities seriously curtailed.

Ichabod! Ichabod! The cry is heard from one civilised activity to another at the present time, and there is nothing to be done about it. Can I offer any concrete and practical suggestion? Frankly, I can think of none. One can only hope that the Governments concerned will do what they can to keep their game departments going, and preserve as much game as possible, so that when we have won the war, and the National park policy is functioning beneficently, there may be a few animals left to fill those parks. Every year my conviction grows more firm that the whole problem of game in Africa centres round the checking of native hunting. The handing out almost wholesale to natives of weapons of precision has entirely changed the whole principle of native hunting. In about twenty years' time, when game has almost disappeared, administrations will be faced with a really serious problem in nutrition. For the rest one hopes that the game departments will plan well ahead and be able to put their plans into operation when the war is over. There will be many and tempting ways for Financial Secretaries to spend their revenues in the coming times. First and foremost the war must be won. But I can only say this. Almost any civilised activity can lie dormant and be revived. Whatever else science can do for us it can never re-create an extinct animal.

There are other questions of Game Control which come up for consideration just now. One wonders, for instance, what has happened to the last remaining herds of European bison in the Polish forests? What, incidentally, will be the fate of animals in the zoos of belligerent countries? Fellows of the Zoological Society should do all in their power to keep it in being, while members of the Fauna Society will surely also do all they can to keep the society's beneficent activities in being by continuing their modest minimum subscriptions of 10/-.

Next year an American Fauna Conference may be held under the auspices of the United States, so many of whose citizens have performed such yeoman service in the past for wild life. One readily recalls such names as President Teddy Roosevelt, John Philips, Madison Grant and Prentice Gray. It is presumed that Canada will be represented at the Conference, and perhaps it could be arranged for Great Britain to send a representative to hold a watching brief. America to-day has solved its game problems to a very large extent—but at what a cost!—and on the whole the situation is on the up-grade in that country. It is highly important that British and American conservationists should work hand in glove. If and when the final African Fauna Conference takes place American opinion should undoubtedly be represented on the board. It is conceivably possible, as it is certainly desirable, that the conclusions of such a conference might form a minor part of the final peace settlement.

While the considerations that I have rehearsed here refer chiefly to Africa, they apply with equal strength to India, Burma and Malaya. One of the most potent factors in preservation in those countries has always been the visiting sportsman. There will be no visiting sportsman now till the fighting is over. The native poacher will be left to do what he likes, for the Government of India will be working its officials at full stretch. Therefore, it behoves every official, whose duties take him into country where there is game, to manifest a redoubled anxiety on its behalf. A timely word from Delhi that game preservation must continue as far as possible would do a great deal of good. In the late war, for instance, game increased, on the whole, in India, notably in Kashmir, but in the 25 years that have passed increase in the number of native guns has been enormous, and much harm may be done.

It is a bleak outlook: but after all most outlooks are bleak, except the ultimate end of Hitler. The tragedy is that what may go must go for good. We must save what we can while we can.

MARTIN STEPHENS.



THE NURSERY GROUNDS AT LINDÖ FRUIT FARM

Baron de la Chappelle among the young apple trees on his fruit farm, the biggest in Finland. Apple growing is only possible along a narrow belt in South Finland

FINLAND—LAND OF PROGRESS

By MOIRA A. SAVONIUS

IT is only quite recently that Finland has really become familiar to people in this country, and to stand for something more than just a very vague unknown land sandwiched between Sweden and Russia. But in spite of this relative obscurity, it is a fact that few countries can look back with such pride and satisfaction on their achievements during the last twenty years, as this most northern Republic in Europe.

Finland has been an independent country now for just over twenty-one years, and during this period she has developed her assets in a truly remarkable way. She has a small population—only three-and-a-half million—in a country the size of England, Scotland and Wales. Consequently there is room for immense development and living space enough for many generations to come. The Finns have no territorial claims of any kind and have directed all their energies to putting their own house in order. How well they have succeeded is proved by the Minister of the Interior, who recently said that everything worked so smoothly that he had nothing to do!

The foundation of Finland's prosperity lies in the immense stretches of pine and fir forests which cover most of the country. The cold winters, when thick snow smooths out the rough forest tracks, assist materially in the work of felling and transport, and so do the numerous lakes and rivers, which in the spring are filled with floating logs on their way to the coast. Saw mills, plywood factories, cellulose, and paper mills have sprung up in large numbers, particularly by the fast-flowing rivers that yield a continuous supply of power. Finland has no coal and has therefore been forced to utilise her streams and waterfalls more than most countries. And still only half of the potential power has been tapped.

All forestry work is carried on under strict



ABOVE: THE MODERN DISTRICT OF HELSINKI



Government supervision, and there is no possibility for private forest owners to make a quick profit at the expense of their growing timber. A large part of Helsinki (Helsingfors) University is devoted to forestry and agriculture, and the young Finnish students get a thorough scientific training in these the two main industries.

The northern and eastern districts of Finland are not suited to agriculture as the soil is very poor and stony, but all along the coastline and round the numerous lakes in the south there is an ever-increasing area of cultivated fields. During the last war Finland was very near starvation as her home supplies of grain were not nearly sufficient for the population. I can just remember how at my home in southern Finland we attempted to eke out our small supply of rye flour with dried and powdered moss, and in the spring and autumn we scoured the forest for edible fungi and even tried to use fern roots for sweetening our chicory "coffee." Now Finland is practically self-supporting in grain, and the acreage devoted to sugar beet increases yearly. Market gardens are being established to cater for the growing demand for fresh vegetables, and soft

(*Continued on page 888*)

LEFT: THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, HELSINKI



OLORSBORG, A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE ON AN ISLAND IN LAKE SAIMEN
Built about 1480, the castle is a fine example of mediæval architecture



HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER
A Finnish lad netting fish through a hole in the ice



FINLAND'S WOMEN WORKERS
One of the women workers on buildings carrying a load of plaster



BUSY STEAMERS OF THE LAKE DISTRICTS
They are not run as pleasure craft, as visitors often imagine, but are part of the transport service of the country



GRADING APPLES AT LINDÖ FRUIT FARM
The work is done by hand. Picking baskets, seen in the background, are made from thin strips of wood laced together



BAKING DAY IN A PEASANT HOME
When kneaded, the loaves have a hole punched through the centre so that they can be strung up on the ceiling to dry

fruits, apples and plums are grown extensively in the narrow belt along the south coast, where the climate is mild enough for fruit trees.

Dairy farming has become the most important branch of Finnish agriculture, in spite of the fact that there is not much pasture, and the cattle have to be kept indoors for at least six months of the year. Quantities of butter and cheese are exported, chiefly to England. Here again the Government keeps a strict eye on producers, and all farms that sell milk to the public have their cows tested regularly for tuberculosis. No person suffering from the disease is allowed to tend the cattle because of the risk of infection. Practically all milk is sold unpasteurized. It is of good quality and remarkably cheap; 2d. per quart is as much as you ever pay, and very often you get it for less. Consequently people drink a great deal of milk, and it is generally served with every meal. There are no public-houses, so the Finnish working man cannot get a glass of beer after his dinner, but he is perfectly satisfied with milk instead.

The bulk of the population are freehold farmers. They are strongly represented in Parliament, and with all the latest scientific equipment. Finnish hospitals are never run on the voluntary contribution system—they are either supported by the Government or managed as private nursing homes on a profit-taking basis.

Slums are unknown in Finland and the workers' quarters in the capital are just the same blocks of flats as those in any other part of the town, but as they are further away from the centre rents are lower in proportion. Electricity is cheap and extensively used in all the more populated districts, and almost everyone has a telephone.

But of course there is the other side of the picture. In the remote backwood districts the peasants are still living very much as they have done for centuries, in one-roomed cottages built of logs with a primitive stone stove that serves all domestic purposes. Old customs and old handicrafts have survived and farmers' wives still take great pride in their weaving. They grow their own flax and use the wool from their own sheep. But the isolation and solitude of the olden days is gone. A fleet of 3,000 buses keeps up regular communications where the railroad system has not penetrated,



LOGS STACKED BY A LAKE IN FINLAND FOR EXPORTING TO ENGLAND AS RAILWAY SLEEPERS

everything possible is done to further their industry. Co-operation in farming enterprise is the rule, and farmers all over the country agree that they gain great benefit from this system, particularly in the marketing and distribution of their produce. Every country district has its co-operative store, and there are large co-operative dairies, mills and factories that turn out first-class goods.

It is only quite recently that Finnish mining engineers have discovered that there are vast deposits of high-grade metal ores in the country. The most important find of all is that of an enormous iron ore field at Kittila in Lapland. This ore is of the same high quality as that of Sweden and can easily be worked. Deposits of molybdenum and vanadium, two metals which, like manganese, are used in the process of hardening high-grade steel, have also recently been discovered. Copper mines have been working in southern Finland for some years and an English company is now tapping a nickel field in Petsamo, which is said to be the largest in Europe.

While Finland has gained in commercial and industrial wealth her people have not forgotten that a nation must develop also in other ways if her unity and strength are to be maintained. The Finns take pride not only in the material prosperity of their country, but also in their civic enterprise and their eagerness to appreciate intellectual and spiritual values. They are practical and full of common-sense, but at the same time there is a strongly idealistic trait in the in-character. They are fiercely patriotic and have great tenacity of purpose, and they are determined to show the world what a small nation can achieve unaided.

The towns in Finland are carefully planned and many of the new buildings are striking examples of the best type of modern architecture. The railway station and the Diet House in Helsinki are built of local red granite, while the new sports stadium, the post house, and most of the hospitals are built of ferro-concrete.

Helsinki has some of the most modern hospitals in Europe. They are built well outside the town, away from noise and the fumes of traffic and factories, and stand in spacious grounds. In none of these hospitals are there any wards with more than six beds, and the operating theatres are fitted



THE AERODROME AT HELSINKI

Before its construction only seaplanes were used on the air routes. Note the pre-war Polish planes and the German planes on the ground. Finnish planes are fitted with skis in winter

and the people can get their newspaper every week at the local market.

The Finnish epic poem Kalevala, a collection of folk tales, songs and runos, which had passed from one generation to another by word of mouth, was published as a complete work in 1835. Since then it has proved a constant source of inspiration to the nation's artists and musicians, and has had a very great influence on the whole people. Jean Sibelius, the now world-famous Finnish composer, has interpreted many incidents from the Kalevala in his symphonies, and Finnish painters and sculptors have again and again depicted the heroes and heroines of this great epic.

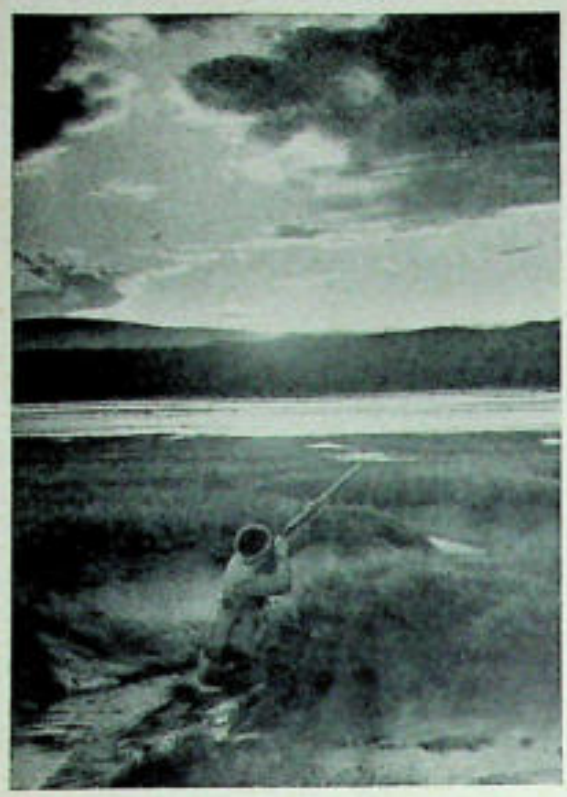
The Finnish people are musical and love singing, and English audiences had a taste of the high standard of their singing when the University Male Choir gave a concert in London on their way to America. Choir singing plays an astonishing part in the nation's life, the young people "indulging" in it on every possible occasion. For example, when the Finnish President flew to Stockholm recently to confer with the three Scandinavian Kings, a male choir accompanied him to the flying field to give him a "vocal send-off"! And again when the Finnish Delegation left for Moscow they steamed out of Helsinki station with patriotic songs still ringing in their ears. The Finns believe that "song encourages noble sentiments."

Finns are great readers and have a flourishing literature of their own. The Academical Book Shop, housed in "Stockmanns," the Harrods of Helsinki is the largest in Europe with twelve miles of shelves. Finland makes its own talking films, and it was recently stated that they produce as many new films every year as the British studios. I think it is a great pity some of the most characteristic have not been shown in London. For instance, the film of Sillanpaa's book *Fallen Asleep While Young* was one of the most beautifully photographed films I have ever seen, and it was a perfectly true picture of peasant life in Finland.

Women in Finland have been on an equal footing with men since 1906 when they were granted the vote. You find women in every profession—doctors, dentists, lawyers—while at the other end of the scale they sweep the streets, are bricklayers' mates, and act as tram conductors. The standard of education is higher in Finland than probably anywhere else in Europe. University training is free to all who have passed a very stiff matriculation examination, and consequently a very large number of people possess a university degree. Many young people who could not normally afford the money even for their board and lodging while studying at the university borrow from friends or relatives and then work as labourers, stevedores, waiters and guides during their summer vacation to help pay off their debts.

As a result of the long connection Finland has had with Sweden, roughly 10 per cent. of the population now speak Swedish. These people are not, however, exiled Swedes longing for a re-union with their Mother Country, but merely Swedish-speaking Finns who once upon a time adopted the language of culture and education. Though Finnish is now on an absolutely equal footing with the Swedish language these Swedish-speaking Finns prefer to keep to the one they are used to. There is now a nationalistic movement—their motto is "Finland for the Finns"—and many Swedish business men have found it to their advantage to at least adopt Finnish names.

The Finns are intensely proud of their beautiful country, with its deep dark forests and luminous lakes. In the winter the waters are frozen and silent, but in spring and summer they teem with life. Most visitors think that the picturesque lake steamers are mere pleasure craft, but this idea is entirely wrong. They are a means of transport, just as trains and buses, and very important in this land of 60,000 lakes. Unless you have actually experienced a Finnish summer, with its life, growth and ripening, all in three short and glorious months of almost continuous light, you cannot imagine what the beauty of the country means to the Finnish people. And it is a consolation to know that whatever may be the fate of the Finnish nation during these months of changing Europe, this beauty will still remain.



EVENING FLIGHT ON THE SALT MARSHES

Below the High Tide Mark—III.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

IN the Christmas holidays, the schoolboy shore-shooter will find a great change in the habits of the wildfowl frequenting the estuary. The past three months have taught them the need for extreme caution when approaching the edge of the saltings; tide shooting is now only likely to be successful in very rough weather.

A hard frost brings large numbers of freshwater duck, mallard, teal, pochard, tufted, and shoveler, to the coast, but, unfortunately, intense cold usually means calm weather. Should the beginning of a thaw be accompanied by high tides and a gale, the schoolboy may hurry to the saltings with great expectations.

Although tide shooting is past its best by the turn of the year, the schoolboy gunner can concentrate his attention on evening flighting, perhaps the most exciting form of all shore shooting.

Imagine the saltings on a winter afternoon, every hollow full of salt water from the mid-day tide. It is quarter to five and the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon in a blaze of fiery scarlet, now but a mass of smouldering embers. Soon all colour disappears from the sunset, only an area of grey cold light suffusing the western half of the sky.

From a distant sandbank come the shrill voices of gulls and waders and the noise of a passing train sounds unnaturally loud in the quiet evening air.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching wings heralds a passing lapwing, a forerunner of the ducks, his rather aimless erratic flight continuing low over the marsh turf. A dunlin alights on the rim of the flood water, where his diminutive form can be seen reflected on its placid surface.

Familiar features of the surrounding salting merge into vague obscurity as dusk comes stealing over the marshes. More lapwings pass. A snipe calls from the gathering darkness overhead. The hour of flight is at hand.

It is difficult to analyse one's emotions in that short nerve-trying period before the coming of the first ducks. Have we chosen the best place? Will the light hold until the main body arrives? Is our foothold firm enough to allow sufficient freedom of movement? These and a dozen other anxious questions pass through our minds. Perhaps the duck will not come to-night. Perhaps they will decide to . . . Here they are!

On singing pinions four black silhouettes circle upwind before alighting, offering a clear-cut view against the pale western sky.

The leader drops to our first shot, the remainder speeding away high into the darkness unscathed. A series of ripples on the surface of the flood water show where the dead bird lies floating on the surface, a lovely cock wigeon, his yellow flash, chestnut head, and black buff-bordered wing coverts giving him a particularly handsome appearance.

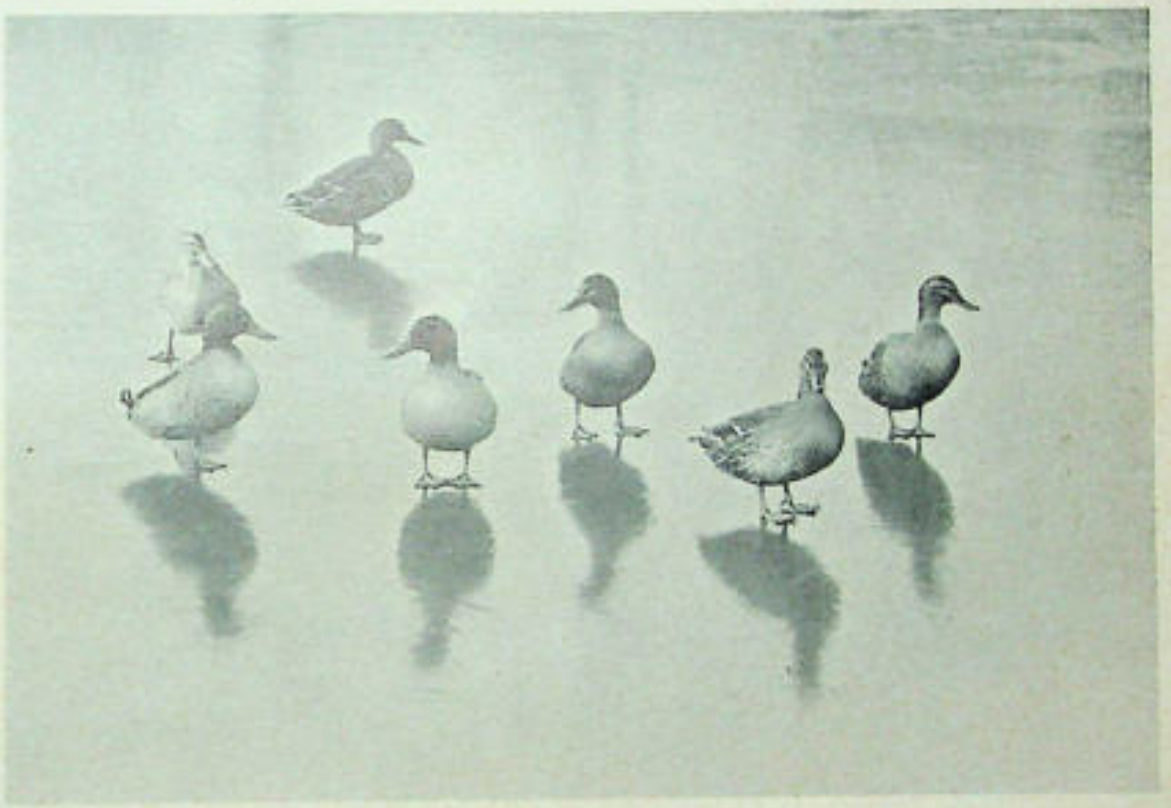
Now the flight is in full swing. The saltings seem alive with the whispering of wings, and the oft-repeated whee-ous, that most un-duck-like call of the male wigeon, echoed by low purrs from the ladies of the party.

What a change the coming of dusk has wrought! Quarter of an hour ago the marshes were deserted of bird life; now every shallow pool is the objective of a party of wigeon bent on spending the hours of darkness amid the half-submerged grass, their tracks being plainly visible on the morrow.

The schoolboy desirous of flighting on the saltings after a high tide should carefully examine the margin of the pool near which he has decided to take his stand. If he finds droppings, feathers, and tracks in the grass, he is probably in for a good flight unless some other fowler has been there the night before; empty cartridge cases are not encouraging signs.

In my experience—I think this is a very important point—it is of little use flighting wigeon at any pool at which the water has receded from the surrounding grass verge. Rather seek out some other spot where the marsh grass is still half-submerged, and you will be well repaid for your trouble.

Text books tell us to stand back to wind when flighting, but I would advise the schoolboy always to face the western sky, against which the birds will show in bold relief.



WHEN INLAND WATERS ARE FROZEN MALLARD AND TEAL AUGMENT THE DUCK POPULATION OF THE FORESHORE



PUTTING OUT DECOYS FOR THE EVENING FLIGHT

What the eye cannot see, the gun cannot shoot, and it is particularly irritating to have ducks alighting in the water at your feet if they come cloaked in the invisibility afforded by a dark background.

Unless the flight is early, and it very seldom is, more's the pity, only fleeting chances are offered. If the schoolboy can determine from the sound of wings the direction from which the birds are approaching, he can then position himself to engage them the moment they appear. Footwork is most important, and footwork is impossible if thigh boots are deeply embedded in the bottom of a muddy gutter. In places where I flight regularly I use a wooden platform, the top of a packing case, to stand on, burying it after each flight so that it is there when wanted again.

A good retriever, or spaniel, is a godsend when flighting; the difficulty of retrieving birds by the aid of an electric torch after the flight is over, always means serious losses to the night's bag.

Flighting on the saltings is always an uncertain business, but, if the wigeon decide to feed on the sea-washed turf, it can become a most exciting and breathless half-hour's shooting. I have taken quite a number of schoolboys for their first evening's flighting and, like Oliver Twist, they have all asked for more.

Morning flight at ducks is apt to be disappointing, in my experience. Morning flight is the time for shooting geese not ducks, but that is another and still more exciting story.



THE FINISH OF THE NEWBURY AUTUMN HANDICAP, SHOWING LORD ROSEBERY'S TUTOR (RIGHT) LOSING BY A SHORT HEAD TO RODEO II.

SOME MARES AND MEMORIES

FRED DARLING is convinced that the best was not seen of Fox Cub when he finished third to Atout Maitre and Fairchance in the White Horse Plate at Newbury. This tall, short-backed chesnut had not run since he was second to Blue Peter in the Derby. He has not had much racing experience, and his trainer reasonably contends that he was placed at a disadvantage, when the leaders weakened, to such an extent a furlong and a half from the end, that Gordon Richards on Fox Cub had no alternative but to go on. He would have preferred to have delayed his effort and to have come from behind later as did Atout Maitre.

The winner is a compact colt by Vatout out of Royal Mistress, by Teddy. Mr. H. G. Blagrave bought him nearly a year ago from M. Leon Volterra, the French breeder who sold Bois Roussel to Mr. Peter Beatty. The lop-eared Quick Ray, brother to the two-year-old Golden Penny, a stylish winner on the previous day, was a good fourth and Eran Bird, fifth. Thus five three-year-olds finished in front of the older Scottish Union and Challenge, representing last year's classic form.

For a farewell appearance Scottish Union gave a very disappointing display, running as badly as he did behind Blue Peter in the Eclipse Stakes. No doubt the classic colts of this season are far superior to those of last year.

Two two-year old daughters of Oaks winners were successful at Newbury. Lord Astor's Golden Penny being by Hyperion out of Pennycomequick, by Hurry On, and Mr. Esmond's Silverlace II, winner on the second day, by Hotweed out of Straitlace, by Son-in-Law.

Whilst it cannot be said that Pennycomequick has been more than moderately successful as a brood mare, she has done much better in that capacity than several Oaks winners of recent years.

Light Brocade, who won the Oaks in 1934, has not yet produced anything of account, but of course it is too early yet to judge her merit as a matron. Chatelaine (1933) is dead, Udaipur (1932), by Blandford out of the dam of Ut Majeur and Umidwar, might have done much better to date than to produce one very moderate winner in Dharampur.

Brulette, winner of the Oaks in 1931, has been very disappointing, but Rose of England, who won the race in 1930, is the dam of a St. Leger winner in Chamleigh (by Singapore). Her two-year-old colt by Colombo is one of the best of his age. He may win the Two Thousand Guineas next season, and she has had three other winners. Tobogan, one of the best to win the Oaks in my time, has produced a good colt in Bobsleigh. Beam (1927) must be accounted a failure at the stud and Short Story (1926) has not done much better. Saucy Sue (1925) is the dam of Truculent.

Straitlace (1924) has produced several winners, and her daughters are doing well at the stud. Brownhylda's claim to fame as a brood mare rests entirely on her son Firdaussi, a St. Leger winner, while Love-in-Idleness has had several colts who won but whose ability was far below her own.

During the weeks that there was not any racing I took the opportunity to read or re-read several books about the thoroughbred and the Turf. I had just finished Francis Lawley's *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck, M.P.*, when I received from Messrs. Putnam, the publishers, *Admiral Rous and the English Turf* (10/6), a new book by Captain T. H. Bird, one time "Hotspur" of the *Daily Telegraph*. They should be read, as I read them, one after the other, taking Rous second. Together they provide, in a manner wholly delightful to assimilate, a vivid and most comprehensive picture of racing and its most colourful personalities during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. And if Lawley's classic is not available—it has long been out of print—the reader may be well content with *Admiral Rous and the English Turf*, as Lord George Bentinck and his times come within its scope.

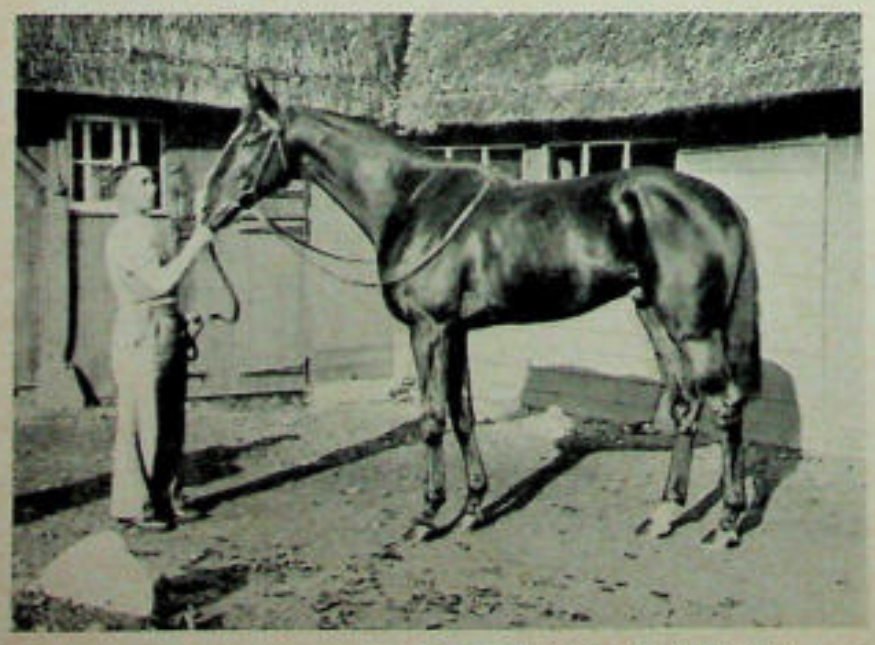
Lord George Bentinck and Admiral Rous were in succession the most dominant Stewards of the Jockey Club, not only of their own time but in its whole history of nearly 200 years. Rous was a member of the Jockey Club for 55 years, but the other's connection with racing was very much shorter.

Lord George is remembered principally for three things: he was the first man to send a horse to a distant race-meeting in a conveyance, which he had specially constructed to take Elis from Goodwood to win the St. Leger of 1836, and he was responsible for the exposure of the Running Rein fraud in 1844. By patient and very thorough detective work he discovered that the horse who in that name won the Derby was in fact a four-year-old, and not Running Rein at all. The money subscribed as a public testimonial to him for his efforts in this matter was used by him to found the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, which continues to assist needy trainers and jockeys.

The Running Rein scandal was a fair example of the state of racing when Admiral Rous began to assume authority and to exert it in many directions. One cannot help thinking that the power he gradually acquired reflects the supine attitude of most members of the Jockey Club towards the state of racing in the middle of the last century, and the scope the general conditions afforded for a strong and purposeful reformer. Not only had he the remarkable distinction of being a Steward of the Jockey Club continuously from 1865 until he died, at the age of 82, in 1877—the usual period is three years—but he was for long the club's official handicapper, and he also tried his hand at starting. It was not, however, until twelve years after his death that the Jockey Club so altered and enlarged its rules so as to gain complete authority over all flat racing. Rous had laid the foundation and built the four walls of the structure on which others then placed the roof.

Most of us know that the third Earl of Egremont won the Derby five times—a record which still stands—and that the retiring John Bowes had four Derby winners, but of these and many others who have been merely names often encountered in racing history, Captain Bird relates a wealth of new and very carefully collected detail. Of all the books I have read of this period, when so many of the great landed proprietors and other aristocrats rashly and disastrously dissipated their wealth on the Turf, this is by far the most informative and satisfying. That it shows the "good old days" to have been in large part, "bad old days" is perhaps a recommendation to most potential readers.

YEOMAN.



MR. H. G. BLAGRAVE'S ATOUT MAITRE, WINNER OF THE WHITE HORSE PLATE AT NEWBURY



W. A. Rouch

MR. REX COHEN'S RODEO II, WINNER OF THE NEWBURY AUTUMN HANDICAP



THE GRAFTON HOUNDS AT THEIR MEET AT ASTCOTE THORNS, NEAR TOWCESTER

BACK TO THE SIMPLEST FORM OF THE CHASE?

I WAS speaking to a well-known master of hounds a few days ago and he expressed the view that foxhunting would not survive the war or, as he put it, "foxhunting as we know it."

I asked why he felt so despondent and he replied that, for one excellent reason, there would be little or no money left and at the present rate very few hounds or horses. I then asked him if he remembered how foxhunting weathered the last storm, and his answer was that he was only a boy at school and not old enough to appreciate the details. A fact I felt I should have realised.

There must, however, be many who are pondering to-day on the future of our greatest country sport, and wondering, should this war take the same course as the last one, whether hunting will survive and if so with what modifications or adjustments.



TWO YOUNG FOXHUNTERS, MISS GRANT IVES AND MISS WYNDHAM LEWIS

Already hunters are being requisitioned in increasing numbers for the Army, which at least provides a convincing answer to those kill-joys who have argued that one excuse for hunting had gone since 1918 in that it was no longer necessary as a horse reserve. To-day there is no other reserve.

Hounds have also been put down and it can require little imagination to picture the state of mind of the Master who has to give the fatal order and the huntsman who has to carry it out.

And what of foxes? Is it not common knowledge that drastic steps are being taken to thin them out, for hunting days must be reduced and hounds can only deal with a smaller number?

And so every man's hand is against Reynard and soon trap, gun, gas and I fear occasionally poison will have taken their toll, and yet there are men and women, admittedly mostly from the towns, who would do away with foxhunting "for the sake of the foxes"!

Nor is that the sum total which foxhunting must contribute to the common cause, for men must be dismissed and establishments reduced to meet changed conditions, and although in time the services or war industries will probably absorb the majority there must be serious dislocation before all the necessary adjustments have been made. That is the debit side—the black side—of the balance sheet. What of the other side?

We at least have our experience of 1914–1918 to draw upon and we know that foxhunting was kept going in spite of all difficulties. But, in fact, I would go further and claim that from many points of view foxhunting reaped untold benefits as the result of the Great War. Whether those benefits survived the peace years, or whether we were wise enough to take advantage of them, is a matter we will look into shortly, but first let us see what those benefits were.

Prior to the war foxhunting was already tending to become a business requiring much money and organisation and often imported talent. By 1914 the townsman had already discovered and was beginning to enjoy the good things which the sport could provide. Fields were increasing by leaps and bounds, recruited not alone from the natives of the locality, but from visitors from further afield, who, needless to say, were welcome, for they brought money not only to the coffers of the hunt but, taking hunting boxes, for the season, they spent much money in the neighbourhood. Farmers and local tradesmen reaped a large portion of the harvest and employment benefited accordingly. The day of the horse-box or trailer, which eliminate even the need of housing oneself or one's horses in the country of one's choice, had happily not yet dawned, but the popularity, and with it the cost of foxhunting, was beginning to show a marked increase. The vicious circle had set in.

Poultry funds were becoming larger with claims growing in proportion and damage funds were coming into being. Well may it be said that foxhunting has only one real enemy: that is its own popularity. The point is, there is a limit to the number of followers which each hunt can—so to speak—economically carry and which farmers and land owners can be expected to welcome over their land. No such scheme can, of course, be visualised, and I pray that I may never be the man whose duty it might be to allot the numbers to each country. In any event they would have to differ widely according to local conditions as between arable and grass countries, light land and heavy land.



LORD HILLINGDON AT THE ASTCOTE THORNS MEET OF THE GRAFTON

If it was this growing popularity which was beginning to raise difficulties in the pre-war years it was war which brought them abruptly to an end. Hunts were compelled to carry on with limited funds and for the most part fell back on local resources in money and talent. For four seasons we reverted to the custom of our forefathers and the fields were confined to those few people, for the most part elderly, whose homes were in the country in which they hunted, together with their sons home on leave from the front, with a sprinkling of daughters and some children during the holidays. Gone were the high-priced hunting boxes and gone, alas for ever, many of the high-priced hunters.

But what a joy for those who had an occasional opportunity to enjoy it. One day I had with a famous pack whilst on leave was a red-letter-day in my hunting calendar, not alone for a wonderful hunt, but from the welcome I got from every single member of the field in a country where I was a complete stranger. True we were not more than twenty-five at a meet which is attended to-day by hundreds, but the informality and friendliness are never to be forgotten to say nothing of the long hack home at the end of the day, with the hounds and an old professional huntsman who had come from retirement to help carry on. The horrors of war were for a short space forgotten and many a time have I lived that day over again.

And so history is repeating itself to-day, and we who are now a quarter of a century older will carry on, if only for the sake of the younger generation whose turn it is to carry on for us in a different field. But when this war is happily over and done, shall we remember the lessons of the last? For I believe there are lessons to be learnt. How many will remember the so called "boom" in hunting which succeeded the simple days which had gone?

A boom measured by the soaring prices of hounds and horses. The sales at Rugby became a battle ground between the dollar and the pound, for our American friends were also in the market. Fabulous sums were fetched and one master at least was reputed to be breeding hounds especially for Rugby.

The same conditions prevailed in the hunting field. Hunting-boxes were letting at ridiculous rents and in many countries stabling was unobtainable. Visitors poured in to the more popular countries and prices soared and soared. It is my belief that more harm came to hunting in those brief boom years than all the years of war. I would go further and say that all the good which came to foxhunting as the result of war-time conditions was frittered away before we realised whither we were going.

Take the question of fox supply. The war had reduced foxes to reasonable numbers, within a few years, however, there were more foxes than there had ever been before. The younger generation came to think that unless there was a fox or a brace of foxes in every small covert there must be shortage. If a fox was not roused the moment hounds began to draw there were sinister looks and murmurings. If a covert was drawn blank! Well, what did they subscribe for? That sort of thing never happened with the Blankshire.

Oh! for the happy bygone days, when often one drew for an hour or more and then, having found a fox, ran for two without a fresh one jumping up in every rough field, as is often the case to-day. The day's sport is spoilt except for those—and here is the sad moral—who do not know or care how often hounds change so long as they are galloping. And there came also the craze for records. I often wonder how many brace of foxes, recorded at the end of the season as killed by the Slapdash, were accounted for by fair hunting and how many were butchered or dug out cub hunting. In many countries I believe better sport would be had with a half or even a quarter the stock of foxes at present carried, and poultry claims would be reduced in proportion.

Admittedly the boom period came to its inevitable end, but the legacy it left behind is felt to this day in many parts of hunting England.

Now we are back, perforce, to the simplest and most natural form of the chase. For a season, maybe many seasons, we shall have to carry on with fewer horses, fewer hounds, fewer foxes and smaller fields. When the war is at last over are we going to profit by the lessons we have learnt? If we do foxhunting will survive for generations. If we can keep foxhunting as a sport run on goodwill as a friendly affair between those responsible for the hunt, the farmers and the landowners, with a reasonable supply of foxes and a maximum output of the sporting spirit, its future is ensured.

In many countries this spirit has pervaded in spite of the changes going on around us; may they keep the horn blowing through the strenuous days ahead, to serve as a splendid example of what foxhunting should be.

G. J. C.



A HORSE HERDSMAN OF THE HORTOBÁGY

THE NEWMARKET OF HUNGARY

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

(The first part of this article dealing with Horse Breeding in Hungary and the State Studs appeared in last week's issue)

ALAG is the Newmarket of Hungary and the headquarters of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club. According to their Racing Calendar over 440 horses are in training at Alag. Here His Excellency Eugene de Horthy, brother of the Regent, showed me over his stables. A well known big game hunter, the verandah of his house, which overlooks the stable yard, is festooned with heads that have fallen to his rifle. His stables are equivalent to any first class Newmarket establishment, and the horses are trained by Vitez Pinter, who has fifty-two under his care. One noted the pedigrees of the horses which were tabulated on the doors of their boxes; some half dozen were by Caissot (by Gay Crusader), others by D'Orsay (by Son-in-Law), Santorb, and the German sire Weissdorn.

Other big strings in the vicinity are trained by Count Johann Pejacsevich, who has some thirty-eight horses in his charge, and by Mons. Csernovits, who is a son-in-law of the Newmarket trainer R. J. Adams. Over 180 of the horses in training at Alag are by English-bred sires.

Difficulties in training are experienced by prolonged droughts and in winter by snow and frost. To overcome the former handicap the gallops are watered in a systematic manner by sprays, as the usual hose methods which are employed in England have the disadvantage of placing excessive water in localised patches: thus the cases of sore shins and jarred tendons have diminished considerably at Alag. During winter frosts, which may last from two to three weeks, exercise is carried out on straw beds, as is the case in any English racing centre.

The Jockey Club Stud was next visited and, owing to a monsoon which broke, some of the delegates of the Congress were afforded the advantage of seeing more of the inmates than they had expected.

Here stands Mannamead, by Manna-Pinprick, who carried the colours of Lord Astor so successfully. This fine medium-sized brown stallion was acquired by Prince Odescalchi in 1937, and gives promise of being a leading sire in Hungary. Following up the acquisition of Mannamead, the Hungarians acquired other well-known English sires in the Aga Khan's 1930 Cesarewitch winner, Ut Majeur, and Artist's Proof, the latter, who now stands at the Doboz Stud belonging to Count Wenckheim.

The tour of Major Isekutz's establishment at Gödi was particularly interesting. This owner breeds on an extensive scale and also trains his horses. Here the three stallions are Honpolgar, by Duncan Gray—Short Holiday; Torero, by Fevor—Tonga, and Bohun. Amongst the twenty-four matrons were Finum Rozsi, by Grand Parade—St. Ina, with a foal by Mannamead; Oszirozsa, by Captain Cuttle—Grand Polly; Contretemps, by Press Gang—Love in Idleness, also mares by Lemonora, Inkermann, Silvern, Tamar, d'Orsay, the German-bred Weissdorn, and by Caissot. The last-named, a grandson of Gay Crusader, is getting a number of winners on the Hungarian turf, including the winner of the King's Prize in Cabala (a race which the members of the Congress saw contested).

A charming ceremony was performed while the Congress members were visiting Gödi, in the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the "wonder mare" of Hungary—Kingesem. This was performed by His Excellency Sandor de Kiss, who, speaking in English, recorded the history, turf career and the peculiarities of this celebrated mare, who was never beaten and had to her credit fifty-four races (including the Goodwood Cup), won in five different countries. The memorial plaque was appropriately enough erected on the wall of the loose-box which was actually occupied by this heroine of the Hungarian Turf when in training, and it was bedraped with the flags of the twelve countries represented at the Congress.

No horse lover could leave Hungary without regret, and the unsurpassable sight of the droves of horses on the Puszta wandering to their water troughs, under the watchful eyes of their mounted sentinels, or Csikos, will always remain with one—truly Hungary is a veritable Mecca for horsemen.

The success of this Congress was due to the indefatigable work of the Hungarian vice-president of the Congress, Mons. Ladislaus de Liptay, a member of the Jockey Club, Budapest, who, in collaboration with President Weber, planned a delightful programme for the delegates. The hospitality and entertainment received in this beautiful city on the Danube, and its delightful residents, will never be forgotten by those who were present.

The International Congress, it should be stated, does not confine its activities alone to bloodstock, and is always ready to use its influence in all matters for the benefit of the horse. At my request, at the previous Session of the Congress held in Munich, that the committee should use their influence to obtain international co-operation in order to prohibit "docking," unanimous approval from the delegates of twelve countries was given to support the motion. A resolution was passed that the representatives of the different countries should work indefatigably to induce their various governments to forbid this barbaric custom. Germany, with the speed with which laws, good or otherwise, can be brought into force in a totalitarian state, passed a law prohibiting "docking," and it is of interest to note that when Major Sir Ralph Glyn, Bart., M.C., introduced the bill in the House of Commons recently that he referred to the commendable action of the Congress in taking up this question on an international basis.

It might be of interest to note that as far back as 1764 an Army order was issued, which is referred to by Colonel H. A. Cape, D.S.O., in his history of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, forbidding this grotesque practice, and directing that the number of "long tails" in each troop should be periodically reported in order to eradicate the evil. To condemn a horse to a life of abject misery by depriving him of his only means of protection from flies in order to conform to fashion is indeed iniquitous.

FISHING ON THE ZAMBEZI

By G. BARRY



THE CATCH DISPLAYED

IF one chooses the right spots, the Zambezi, between the months of August and November, provides entertainment in plenty for the fisherman. There is, to me, a very great attraction in fishing this magnificent tropical river when one can pitch one's camp within a few yards of the water under some big shady tree at a time of year when the weather can be relied upon to be hot and dry. During this period, the river will be in perfect order and there will be no nonsense about it being found unfishable owing to floods or other causes. He must indeed be a poor fisherman who, under these conditions, is unable to make a heavy daily catch of fish.

In September, the river is very low but at its very best for fishing. The great rapids, which are hidden during the seasonal floods of the earlier part of the year, have now emerged in all their glory, and it is in these rapids that the tiger fish congregate and where the sport is excellent. A boat is an absolute necessity and a sturdy one at that, for not only is the current extremely swift, but there are many rocks both above and below the surface of the water.

The type of boat in use is a big barge, such as that shown in the photograph. About 35ft. long, it requires twelve natives to propel it. This may sound a large and cumbrous thing to fish from but when out in the middle of the river, perhaps several hundred yards from either bank, it seems quite a small affair.

The actual boat in the photograph is the Barotse Mail, His Majesty's postal mail which plies a boat once a week both ways along a length of river equivalent to the distance between London and Edinburgh. The crews of these boats are dressed in scarlet uniforms and look most picturesque. They are commanded by an Induna who, like the captain on the bridge, stands on one of the seats giving his orders. His responsibility is great, and the handling of his boat, especially when shooting rapids, is very skilful.

For fishing under ideal conditions, two rods are necessary; one, a very light spinning rod such as I believe is used for thread line fishing for salmon, but with an ordinary spinning reel holding 100 yds. of fairly thin line, and the other a more powerful rod with a reel holding not less than 200yds. of line of a breaking strain of about 25lbs. The former would be used on the smaller side streams and among the islands, in water shown in the photograph of two members of our crew helping to rope our boat up a fast shallow. Here many a medium-sized fish may be caught which, in this kind of water, and on light tackle, will give splendid sport.

But in the main reaches of the river where the force of the current is heavier and the water deeper, a stronger outfit altogether is required, as this is where the bigger fish lie. For these the usual salmon spinning rod is no good: something a little shorter and stiffer is needed. The rod I use is a split cane about 8ft. long, quite light, but sufficiently powerful to hold any ordinary big fish. You can never feel really safe with less than 200yds. of line on the reel (on several occasions I have been compelled to follow a fish in the boat), and the rest of the tackle consists of a wire trace and a spoon with a single hook instead of a triangle. Excellent spoons of the right type are now manufactured in England, specially for tiger fishing, and are known as the "Kafue" and the "Zambezi."

About sixty miles above the Victoria Falls is a series of rapids known as Mambove. To this place a friend of mine and I went last October for a week's fishing. During this period we caught over 320 tiger fish between us, also some fish, known locally as bream, which run up to about 6 lbs. and are extremely good to eat. A photograph of a day's catch is shown with the Induna of our boat holding up the best two fish. The biggest weighed 9lbs. He was hooked on a racing "flat" some 300yds. broad, and took out 130yds. of line in his first rush. Such was the speed and strength of this fish that when I attempted to stop him by clapping my hand over the reel, the knobs banged against my thumb so hard that a nail was split clean across the top. Big tiger fish are very hard to stop, and they also have a distressing habit of flinging themselves into the air and "throwing the hook."

The method of fishing is exactly the same as one would employ in using a bait on a big Scotch salmon river in flood. Some of the rapids of the Zambezi are so swift that it is only necessary to cast out the spoon and allow it to come round like a fly. On such a big river as this, in order to fish the water systematically, it is sometimes necessary to take three or four beats across a pool, fishing new water each time on both sides of the boat, and even then a certain amount is usually missed.

Tiger fish frequently go for the spoon just as it is about to be lifted from the water. You look down into the clear water and see nothing: the next moment a fish has appeared from nowhere, and, before you realise what has happened, has seized your spoon, run fifteen or twenty yards, jumped, and flung the spoon back sometimes into the boat itself, almost before you have had time to raise the rod point. The wonderful condition of the fish is no doubt due to the enormous quantities of minnows and other small fry which inhabit these waters, and I think that among all those we landed on this trip only one was a kelt.

When these fish are caught not one is ever wasted. We give them to our boat crew and our servants who split them open and dry them in the sun. They are very highly prized as food and it is quite a common sight to see native dug-outs coming down the river piled high with dried fish (caught in nets and traps) which eventually find their way to the big native compounds in Livingstone and the copper mines on the Congo border.

A more cheerful crowd than the average crew on these expeditions would be hard to find. They will go anywhere and do anything. They think nothing of diving into several feet of water to rescue a spoon which may have been caught up on the bottom. They are men usually of magnificent physique, having been born and bred on the river, and taught to manage their own perilous craft from earliest infancy. A boat and crew can be hired from Mr. R. F. Sutherland, of Katombora, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, from £1 per day upwards, according to the size of the boat. This fee also includes the crew's food. Two fishermen, hiring a boat, can therefore obtain a week's fishing for £3 10s. each, plus of course the expense of getting there and their own food.

The beauty of the blue and silver river, its clear water, its game and silvery fish, and the varied bird life along its banks make an irresistible appeal to me. Duck, geese, guinea-fowl, francolin, Namaqua partridges (a species of sand grouse), and green pigeon can be shot for the pot, and there is nothing superior to a fried fillet of bream for breakfast or dinner. In short, it is one's own fault if one does not live like a king.

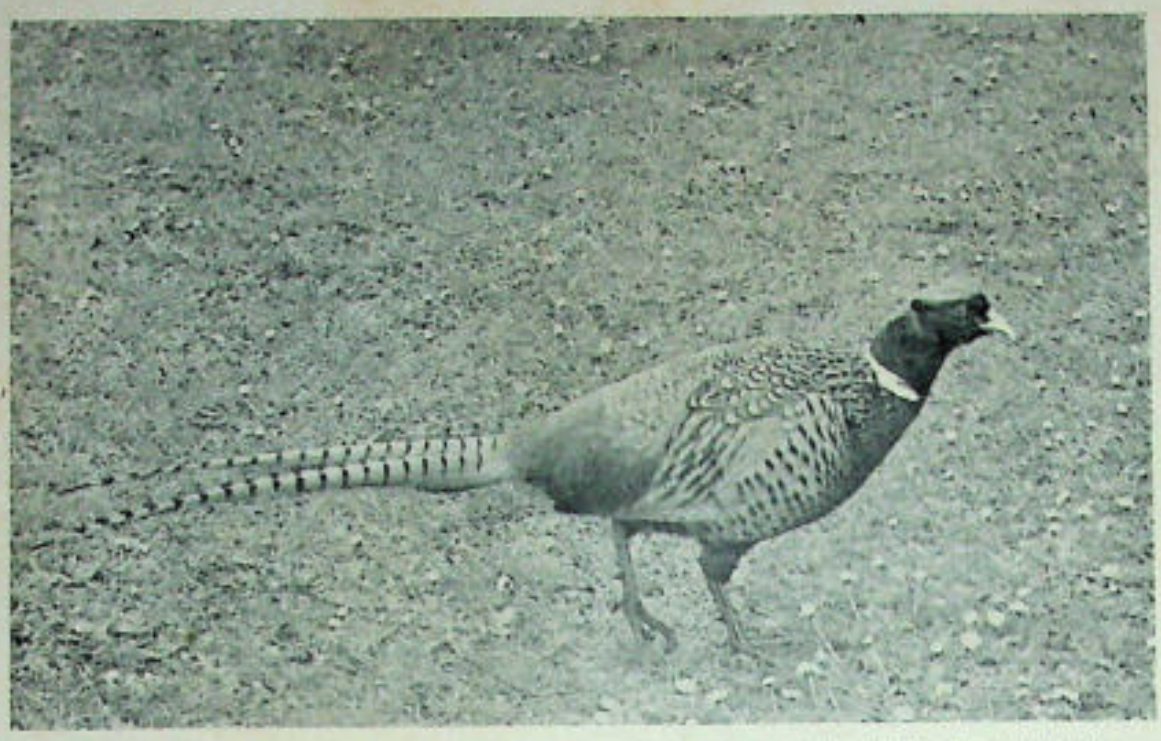
Our crew were very partial to cormorants, and shooting these birds in the evening on their way home to roost was somewhat reminiscent of pheasants out of a high cover. With the boat occupying a central position in a comparatively still reach of water between two islands, some really nice shots were obtained, the ensuing scramble to retrieve the dead birds before they were carried down to a rapid never failing to cause great hilarity among the crew.

The best times of the day for fishing we found to be from 8 a.m. to 12 noon and from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Fish were, of course, also caught between these hours, but after the sun had gone down and darkness was fast coming on (there is very little twilight in the tropics), at a certain moment the whole river would go "dead" in exactly the same way as a south country trout stream goes "dead" on a summer evening in England. Then, the guinea-fowl would be calling in the big trees where they roost, a troop of monkeys scatter at our approach, and, in the dusk, the flight of sand grouse, which is so similar to that of a woodcock, coming down to the river for their last drink, all told us that it was time for us to return to camp. The cormorants then perch in their hundreds on branches overhanging the river, the huge black and white fish eagles take up their positions for the night on the tops of the tallest trees and, in the still water ahead, the nose of a crocodile can just be made out before it sinks silently at the approach of the boat. Camp, a change into pyjamas, dinner, and another glorious day to look forward to.

Such is the fishing on the Zambezi, and I do not know of anyone who, having once tasted it, does not long to go back there again.



THE TYPE OF BOAT IN USE IS A BIG BARGE ABOUT 35FT. LONG
The craft shown is the Barotse Mail Boat



"PHEASANTS OF EXPERIENCE DIVIDE WITH WILD GEESE PREMIER HONOURS IN THE ART OF KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE"

The Gun Month by Month

SOMETHING ABOUT PHEASANTS

By J. B. DROUGHT

COULD pheasants open their hearts to us they would assuredly ascribe the constant conflict between inherent instinct and acquired habit, which is their outstanding characteristic, to human interference. Equally assuredly they would be right. For we grudge neither time nor money in perfecting a technique, which, in turning mass products out to pattern so to speak, tends to stifle individual initiative. No game bird leads so carefree and luxurious a life as a hand-reared pheasant: from the cradle often to the very grave man, in the person of the keeper, is his best friend. Which makes the rude awakening even ruder.

Sometimes, watching a young cock restlessly shifting about the covert's edge, when the stage is set on a November morning, I have wondered what is passing in his mind. Does the whistle which sets the beaters moving carry a more sinister note than the friendly pipe to the feed basket he has come to know so well? I think it is even as "he stops and looks and listens," and then dives for a convenient hide, that the latent instinct that his very first flight may prove to be his last, is born.

And with it, too, the Oriental cunning of his race. For let him sail through the barrage once or twice, and he will be up to all the artful dodges for self-preservation of which his wild-bred brethren are past masters.

You may recollect how the old cock pheasant in Fortescue's *Story of a Red Deer* answered the stag's enquiry why he was so far from home. "The fact is," said the pheasant, "I didn't like the look of things this morning. Some men came round very early while we were feeding to drive us back into the wood. Those stupid Chinese birds flew back all right, but I have not lived all these years for nothing, and I flew up the valley and have been running ever since." As he spoke there was an echo of two faint reports, a sound strange to the stag. "Those are the guns," went on the old bird, "beating my wood. To-morrow they will be there again, but the next day I shall return." And he ran under a bramble bush on to a heap of foliage so that you could hardly tell his neck from the live leaves or his body from the dead.

I would even suggest that pheasants of experience divide with wild geese premier honours in the art of keeping out of trouble. Our grandsires spent the best part of their lives debating which was the more profitable enterprise—to shoot a pheasant in the head or in the tail. Probably, with the weapons of the 1850's, there was a good deal in the contention that birds, flushed from miniature jungles, were more calculable targets for sportsmen almost treading on their spaniels' tails, than those which, beaters notwithstanding, were as likely to fly away from as towards the heading guns.

This controversy, however, when the twentieth century dawned was left behind. No one nowadays, is interested in shooting pheasants in the tail. We do it now and then when tempted to a saunter with a favourite dog for company and the hope of some etceteras for the pot. But, highly enjoyable as it may be, this is not pheasant shooting.

We moderns, for the most part prefer our sport, like whisky, fully proofed. Covert shoots which lack continuous and steady rises, perpetual banging, and spoils commensurate with the expense involved, are scarcely worthy of the name. And pheasants are barely interesting unless they can be shown at such a height as to severely test the star, and utterly confound the indifferently average performer.

Par ardua ad astra is a noble theme, but as one of the great army of "indifferents" I have found myself wondering occasionally whether this altitude complex may not be overdone.

A year or two ago I was bidden to a shoot in Wales, where the day's "brightest" beats comprised two complementary coverts clinging to the slopes of a young mountain. The guns were posted in the valley a good 300yds. from the covert's boundaries, and had the pheasants been allowed to run the entire length of either wood, we should still have had our work cut out to down them. But this was too easy for a conscientious keeper. By a masterly network of stops and sewelling and what not, he forced those birds to kick off, mostly in mid-coverts.

They rose from levels, I suppose, of 120ft. above the guns, and passed them even higher, looking rather like small stands of golden plover and just above rivalling the golden plover's pace. Of the company were one or two professors whose vanity was anything but flattered; for my part I was only thankful that my host was not one of those statisticians who are interested in ratios of cartridge, to kills.

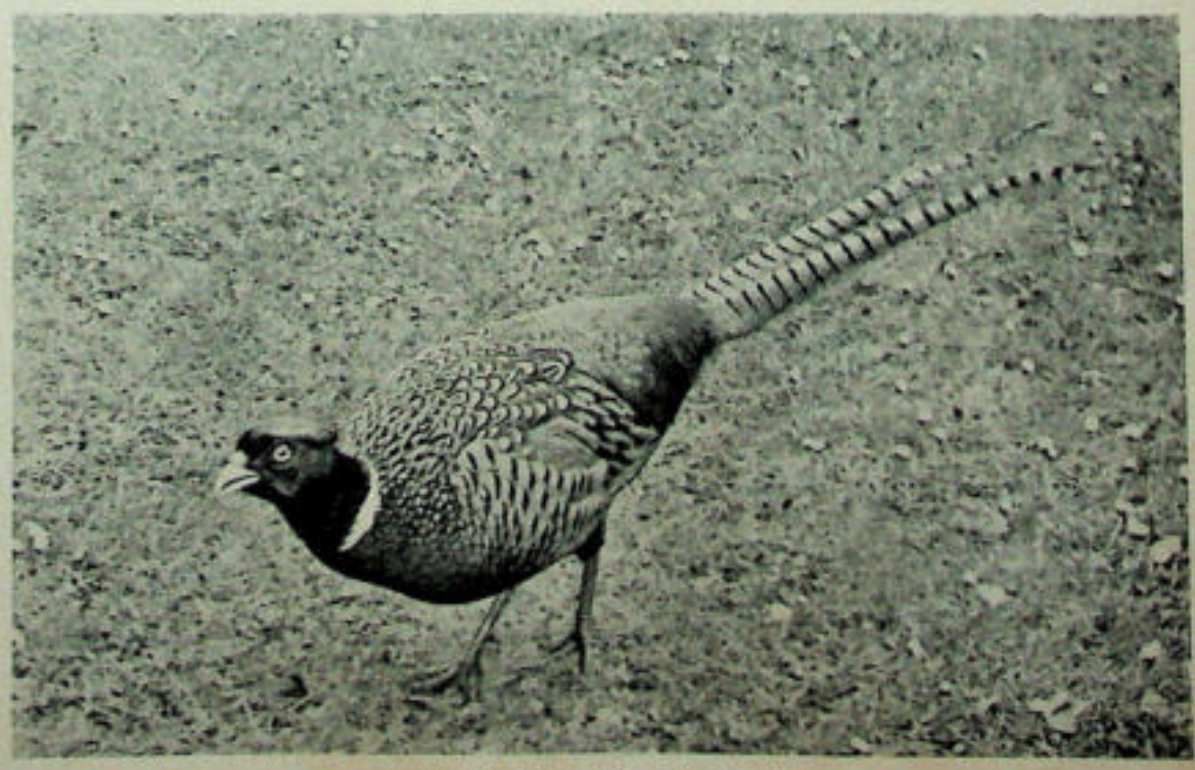
I am afraid my ideal covert shoot is not the meticulously planned set piece. The days I think of with a greater pleasure are those when we have had less than 50 pheasants, and "various" in the form of snipe and duck and woodcock have made up the 100 head.

It is sometimes said that "cock and pheasants do not co-habit cheerfully. It is true that in tastes they are as poles apart. The woodcock hates the incessant drip from the tall trees wherein the pheasant loves to roost. The pheasant likes scratching plots in clearings: the 'cock abominates those same bare patches and dense bramble undergrowth from which he finds egress difficult, just as much as he enjoys soft, mossy glades overhung with evergreen shrubs. The pheasant is a rover who likes to do a bit of sight-seeing within his own demesne; the woodcock only asks to be left in peace to sleep off the orgy of the night before.

But where hand-rearing is unknown and keepers with feed-baskets are not constantly intruding, 'cock and the wary long-legged pheasants of the marshes seem to hit it off all right. In imagination I discard two guns and their attendant luxury and steal away to where a long low wood faces out to one of the loveliest of Connemara loughs. It is a place of a hundred contradictions. For side by side with grey stone walls crumbling to decay are great black dykes, fringed with rhododendrons and Osmunda fern and moss-strewn limestone rocks, while here and there great trees, victims of Atlantic gales, are lying where they fell. And then by way of contrast there are little groves of silver birch and hazel with sunny glades; in summer a carpet of wild flowers, at all times soft and springy underfoot.

Here we have sometimes killed that 100 head aforesaid. For this wilderness and its surrounding bogs hold not only 'cock and pheasants, snipe and duck, but you will often, and usually when you least expect it, get a cut at a November grouse. To me the whole charm of this shooting lies in never knowing what is coming next, and that you cannot even suit your loading to your quarry adds a zest to the proceedings. For one clear cold day, I remember, when the 'cock were really "in," and snipe were lying lazy like, a wedge of wild geese racing for the sea ran the gauntlet of four poor mutts loaded up with eights and sevens.

But what you lose on the swings you get back on the roundabouts. The charm of a place like this lies quite as much in what you see as what you shoot, when bog-bred pheasants are keeping company with snipe, when teal and golden plover are racing neck and neck down wind, and when, as the evening mists come down and blot the mountains out, little ghostlike shadows drop into covert on the woodcock's moon.



"HE STOPS AND LOOKS AND LISTENS"

THE KESTREL AT HOME AND ABROAD

By J. B. BOWERS

DISCUSSIONS in conversation or in print about the habits of birds and their virtues and vices frequently become fruitless through a blatant disregard of the widely different individualities of birds of the same species. After watching two families of kestrels at the nest I should have said that of all birds of prey these meek little hawks were the least deserving of a place in the gamekeeper's mortuary, and yet during an October partridge shoot I witnessed an exhibition which left me less sure of their innocence. I was looking over a dividing hedge where I had marked a covey down and was astonished to see a kestrel make a most determined swoop into the stubble and a full-grown partridge whirr up from under his very claws.

But whatever its virtues or vices, the kestrel is a charming bird to photograph at the nest. The hide from which I worked was slung precariously between the boughs of a tall oak tree, and I must admit that I disliked stepping across the dizzy space to reach it; but once inside I had a perfect view, a sea of green oak leaves shimmering in the sun, a battered old crow's nest in the foreground, with its five mottled kestrel's eggs, and away beyond the rich meadows of Oxfordshire.

Photography was dull while there were eggs, but two days after the young had hatched, I settled into the hide with half a gale blowing. The tree was swaying and creaking, and playful ripples of wind scuttered across the hay field below. Twigs were snapped off and blown to the ground, and all the while the chicks lay huddled down in the bottom of the nest. It was not long before the male hawk appeared. He made a good upwind landing on a dead branch, but found it hard to keep his balance with his long tail blown sideways at ridiculous angles by every sudden gust of wind.

After a cursory glance at the hide he launched himself into the air, with a sharp "kek kek kek" to the female, who dropped to the back of the nest and shuffled down to brood the young. She remained only a short time before the cock came back with food, and as he called again to her, she slipped away to join him on the other side of the tree, where they used to pluck their game. In five minutes more she was back again with the blue and naked corpse of a thrush or a blackbird gripped in her right-hand claw. The wind was whistling over the back of the nest, and as she landed with her burden she stumbled drunkenly and only saved herself from falling over the side by frantic flapping of her wings and clutching with her one free foot.

She then regained her balance and, tearing up the prey, gave each chick the choicer parts and finally swallowed the whole carcass herself. The carcass occasioned prolonged struggles and she was still straining and gulping as she settled down to brood the young. Twenty minutes later the male arrived again, and she slipped away to meet him, but this time it was a mouse he had brought and they landed together one on each side of the nest. I cursed the violent swinging of the hide which spoilt a perfect photograph as they sidled up to one another and gently passed the mouse from beak to beak. The handsome little cock stood watching as his mate,



THE CHICKS LAY HUDDLED DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF THE NEST



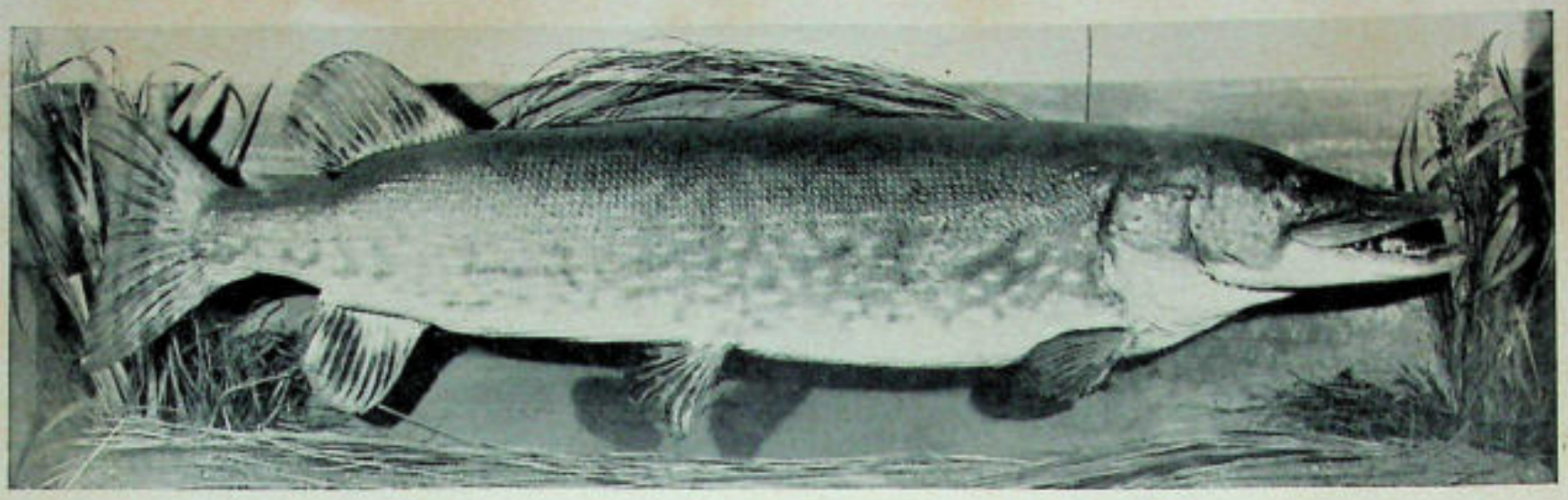
WITH THE CORPSE OF A THRUSH OR BLACKBIRD IN HER CLAW

the frenzied fugitives were several swarms of locusts, hustled from the trees where they had stopped to rest, and there, hovering above the advancing tide of flames, like terns fishing along the sea edge, were 20 or 30 kestrels, rejoicing in the heaven sent exodus of fat and juicy insects which could be pounced upon and taken in one claw as they flew clumsily from tree to tree.

A month later I was sleeping under the stars below a northern outcrop of the Nuba mountains, and waking at dawn was surprised to notice a steady procession of kestrels—I think they were the European species—flying low overhead in the teeth of a powerful north wind. They were not in flocks, but scattered widely as far as the eye could see, perhaps four or five in sight at once, over an area of flat scrub country. For 20 minutes or more the procession continued, and I estimated that over 100 birds must have passed within my range of view. I cannot say how wide a front the movement may have covered. Were they just local birds moving from some favoured roosting place for the day's hunting, or were they, as early as February, starting out on their long journey to the north? This unfortunately is a riddle which may never be solved, for I could spend only a day in the district; but there was a steady purposefulness about their flight which suggested to my imagination that they were home-bound Europeans.



THE MOTHER GRIPPED THE FALLEN BABY BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK



PIKE OF 23LB. 3OZ. TAKEN IN THE KENNET IN 1901 BY THE LATE H. T. SHERINGHAM

PIKE—A QUESTION OF DEPTH

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

THERE are many considerations in pike fishing, but not least important is the question of depth—the depth at which the bait should be set or worked.

In summer, pike mostly lurk amid their weedy, reedy lairs, whence, with a minimum of effort, and plenty of food ready to hand—or rather ready to mouth—they can dart out upon passing prey and snatch their toll. In winter, it is not so easy for them to satisfy their "inner man." Their lairs, too, have mostly disappeared. Spurred by hunger, they have now more to go out a-roving for food, under which conditions anglers may happen upon them almost anywhere.

Perhaps an extreme example, I would instance a day last season on the Norfolk Broads, when I was more than peeved—for I was out after bream and unfortunately had no pike tackle aboard—by a real monster pike—a feeding pike—which kept on swirling and crashing about nearby, scooping up small surface-feeding rudd *ad lib.*

All the same, we do know that the more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, which is where, nosing a boat quietly upstream, our eyes piercing the depths, we see them, lying stiff, motionless, maybe just edging the main stream, alongside or just under a patch of trailing weed growth, head upstreamwards, or else across stream at an angle, head slightly lower than the tail. At a lake I often fish, strolling quietly along the bank, especially on a mild day, I come across many pike basking in the warmer shallows, their grey-green-goldy mottled bodies poised just off the bottom. Again, in the clear side-streams of, say, the Hampshire Avon, one sometimes spots a goodly pike or two, just shouldering under weed growths.

We know, too, that the more likely—the more usual—places for sport now are in all deep, quiet water, and we search every hole, eddy, reedy bay, every big pool and all deep corners in "still" waters.

Always, then, the more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, so that our lure—natural (live or dead) or artificial—must be set or worked correspondingly deep, to ensure being within tempting range of vision of our quarry; and a pike's eyes—those wicked, ferocious, mesmeric eyes—are so set in its head, be it also remembered, as to give as much an upward as a forward view.

We hear a lot about "mirror angle" of vision of trout, but there is also a "mirror angle" with pike. Tether a live bait outside this area, and a non-roving fish will not see it, thus emphasising one of the advantages of spinning: methodically searching every yard of water, so much more ground—or rather water—can be covered in a given time. Similarly, a spun lure worked deeply, visible only when it comes within the lowest and smallest section of vision in the pike's "mirror angle," gives him but a fleeing glimpse of the fast escaping bait. There is but a minimum of time for suspicion to be aroused: a case of "Is this—that—a fish?" By which time his natural greed may have swept caution to the winds.

As to the right depth at which to set a live bait, the float, I think, should be so adjusted that the bait will swim no higher in the water than one-third depth from the bottom. And if anyone ask how this is possible, in very deep water, using a ready-made paternostering snap-tackle giving a fixed constant depth for the bait, I would only say that there is no need for any elasticity of adjustment, "near the bottom" always being the rule.

In fact, in heavy, coloured, flooded water, legering tactics, using the brightest bait possible, such as the silvery-flanked sprat, have merits of their own, while in all cases a live bait tethered on leger tackle is a method by no means to be ignored when deep waters with an irregular bottom are to be searched.

Some anglers, live baiting, are apt to be rather careless about this question of depth, or rather float adjustment, their bait being slung out with but little knowledge of the actual depth. Maybe it is all right. Maybe it is too shallow. Maybe it is too deep; in fact, the bait may actually be lying on the bottom, right out of any pike's sight. If the angler is conscious that adjustment is necessary he just hauls in, thoughtlessly dragging his bait against maybe a strong current, instead of conserving its strength by first ascertaining, before affixing the bait, the correct adjustment by trial and error methods, a point which, apart from facilitating casting, brings out an advantage of the "slider" type of float when operating in very deep waters.

As regards spinning and depth, having cast, and before beginning to retrieve, the angler should pause, to allow the bait to sink to the appropriate depth; then spin steadily, right up to the bank, especially when drawing up out of deep, shelving water, for a following pike often delays a final (?) decision. Depth, in spinning, can in part be controlled by the angle at which the rod is held, the rod-tip being kept well down for depth.

Again, for deep or very streamy water, weight can be added to the trace, even when using plugs. *En passant*, the "Hardy-Jock Scott" Wigglers have a small detachable plummet, clipped to the belly of the bait, enabling it, with two alternative rings for attaching the trace, to be worked at different depths.

On the other hand, when operating in shallow water, a light floating "plug," with no lead, may be found ideal, such as in a long, old castle moat in which I sometimes fish, where the maximum depth is not much more than about 2ft. 6in., with plenty of weed growth to be cleared, an alternative bait being a flyspoon.

Speaking of weed growth, I would conclude with a question: is the oft-repeated statement—that a pike will not take a spinner to which any weed is adhering—a proven fact? Personally, although I am usually meticulously careful to remove any weed, I recently connected with two pike, but they soon parted company with me, due, I believe, to clogging weed growth picked up on my hook after casting out, notwithstanding which, I have every reason to think those pike had taken my bait. Pike undoubtedly have keen sight, but some authorities hold that fish are colour-blind, and I cannot therefore reconcile the green weed veto with the fact that many artificials have coloured wool or tabs—always red. Or is it that pike are not so "green" as to be deceived by an imitation fish towing along a mass of trailing weed growth, or that red to a pike is like red to a bull?

BLOODHOUND-BASSET CROSSES

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

ANIMAL breeding being an art rather than a science, breeders naturally exercise much ingenuity in the mating of individuals and strains for the purpose of achieving a particular object, that being the production of the best and the foundation of a family that may reasonably be expected to reproduce its kind. The same principles apply whether we are breeding dogs for the field or the show bench, though in the one we seek to improve innate qualities and in the other outward characters. Dogs, in a way, are an easy medium in which to work, owing to the early age at which they reach maturity and their fecundity. We are able to observe five or six generations in a few years.

Cross-breeding has a fascination for some people, either for the purpose of creating new breeds altogether, as Captain John Edwardes did when making sealyhams, or in order to introduce stamina in such as have suffered from too close inbreeding. Other breeds that have been made in the course of a century by amalgams are Airedales, bull terriers, Lakeland terriers, bull mastiffs and the various retrievers, all of which now come true. One could mention several more that now have an individuality. Even towards the end of last century several varieties of spaniels were often interbred. In my own time, and shortly before it, various experiments have been made in the way of introducing a dash of alien blood to strengthen the constitution of a breed.

Bloodhounds have had other hounds grafted on them, including foxhounds, otterhounds and one or two French hounds, traces of which soon disappeared, but I am not aware that susceptibility to distemper in a severe form has in any way been lessened, and deaths from abdominal distension do not seem to be any fewer. I wonder why it is that bloodhounds suffer more than any from this lethal complaint.

The classic example of cross-breeding is that made by the late Sir Everett Millais about 1894. Millais, who had an inquiring mind and delighted in making experiments, considered that basset hounds were deteriorating through inbreeding, everyone having run after Ch. Forester and his blood. Consequently, he decided to mate a basset dog to a bloodhound bitch, arguing that there was a certain affinity between the two in spite of the difference in size and colour. Being a very exact man, he left behind him a record of his work in *Two Problems of Reproduction*, from which we can follow the metamorphoses exhibited in each generation, the crossbreds being bred back to pure bassets.

The first generation produced hounds of the basset form, though somewhat bigger, but of the bloodhound's black and tan colour. In the second generation the light basset colour predominated, and by the fifth generation we could not distinguish between them and pure bassets, except that they had the little extra size that Millais desired to get. Earlier this year Mrs. Elms, who has a kennel of both breeds, made a similar experiment, and again we have the bloodhound colour in the progeny, but there is a difference between them and Sir Everett's. His outcross puppies were awkward-looking and indifferent in shape; Mrs. Elms's are delightful little hounds, and a French gentleman, M. Page Louis, who visited her with the idea of buying a bloodhound, was so pleased with them that he had to take one instead. It will be interesting to follow the results of successive generations.

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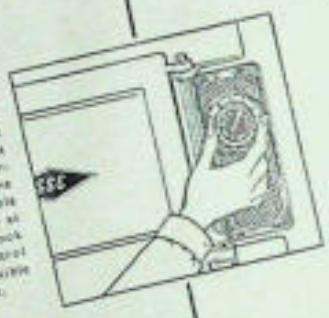
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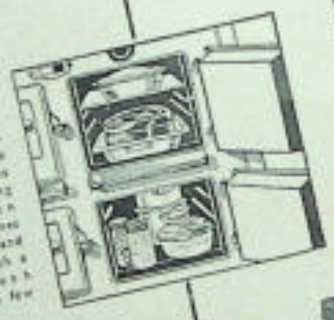
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A STUDY IN ROPE. ONION BOATS AT ROSCOFF

A FEW THINGS CONCERNING ROPE

By CHRISTOPHER WALKER

FROM the time when I became the owner of a 16ft. sailing-boat, my first craft, I discovered that there was within me a tremendous liking for rope. Whether it is one of those things that lie latent in some of us I do not know, but from the moment I began to look upon other boat owners with a feeling of being one of them—sharing their anxieties if it was blowing hard; agreeing with them about the shortcomings of the harbour, and listening with a sympathetic ear to suggestions as to what the harbour authorities should, or should not, do, and meantime keeping a watchful eye on my own craft—from that time I was fascinated by rope.

Forced to study economy in upkeep, I would first satisfy myself that old halliards were really in a condemnable condition before visiting the ship-chandler, and there I developed a roving eye. How smart the old Viking would look with new sheet blocks!—and what a musical sound is the slight click, click, of patent sheaves! And I felt that the result of my hours of labour, scraping those in the Viking, was a poor thing compared to the beauty of these.

But always my eyes would come back to coils of new rope. Best white yacht manila and beautifully soft Italian hemp. And everywhere in the store I could smell Archangel tar—or is it Stockholm? It came from tarred hemp and manila; and many and varied balls of marline. A grand, wholesome aroma, I think it, for all that it may be rather pungent. Coal tar may be a little overpowering, especially when heated, but to write of the "thick resinous substance which is obtained from pine and fir trees, either by distillation or a close smothering heat," as being similar, is a libel!

Perhaps M. Duhamel, who lived long before my time, would not have agreed with me. I feel sure he did not relish the odour of tar! Anyhow, he went to an awful lot of trouble to prove that the practice of tarring fibre to preserve it was a stupid thing to do. He said it merely destroyed the rope—well, it shortened its life a great deal; and I suppose to say that the rope was weakened amounts to nearly the same thing.

M. Duhamel further maintained that tarred rope did not keep so well in store as untreated fibre; and ordinary manila, he said, would come through the wear and tear of average usage and weather much more creditably than that which had been passed through kettles of hot tar.

However, there is one bright spot for those who enjoy a whiff of Stockholm; nothing, no substitute, has yet been discovered which will give the same protection to rope constantly immersed.

I remember one of my rare visits to the ship-chandler. I had intended to buy new jib-sheets, and in a reckless moment I ordered fathoms of best yacht manila, thinking, with pride, how smart the old boat would be if all her gear were renewed! And I quietened an uneasy conscience at this extravagance by arguing with myself that the old rope would come in for something or other; maybe its remaining usefulness could be eked out as a "killick" line when ground fishing. And I also remember how quickly the glory of glistening whiteness vanished. It turned to a drab grey; and there seemed to be little difference, in appearance, between the new and the old.

On one memorable occasion I travelled to Bridport to buy a length of rope, and I thought it would be a grand opportunity to look over one of the rope works. I booked a seat in the old horse-drawn coach which for years had catered for people who wished to journey from my village to the town of Bridport. But this was the last day of its service. Enterprising folk had put a motor bus on the road; with the exception of a parcels contract made with the G.W.R., the owner of the old coach was not taking sufficient to pay for his horse's feed.



A "TOP"

A piece of hard wood of conical shape with concentric grooves in it in which the strands turn

As we jogged along at hardly a hair-raising speed I idly wondered what it was that rope-works might have in common with gas-works. Neither, to my knowledge, had ever been called a factory.

While selecting my length of manila I heard of a falling off in the demand for fishing nets. It was probably due to the fact that herring drifting in the locality was not as it used to be; and there did not appear to be the same amount of "seineing" done as in former days. At the present day, however, the net-making industry, as far as it concerns this same firm, is in a very healthy condition: large consignments of salmon nets, beautifully made from linen thread the colour of blue water, are being sent to Canada.

But I was chiefly interested in the art of spin, twist and lay. I asked if I might see one of the old rope-walks; and the guide, who was a little sad concerning nets, and, I am sure, would have liked to sell me a few, became enthusiastic about old times. I learnt quite a lot about rope spinning and also something of the material used.

Of the many vegetable fibres spun none could better the common hemp. It was soft and flexible, had great strength, and was exceedingly durable. This hemp, with the quality of softness in it, was very suitable for the manufacture of fine lines. Manila was too stubborn—sort of woody—for fine work, although it had splendid qualities for heavy gear and stood up well to average wear and tear. Further, it was tenacious; and I interpret this as meaning it possessed much surface friction; would not slip when a turn had been taken around a cleat or bollard, as softer material might.

Sisal hemp had points to recommend it. I had not before heard it called hemp, and did not know that it came from Central America. I know that once I bought sisal from a local ironmonger. I thought it looked smart, and it was cheap. Returning to the beach, where I was fitting out, I showed my bargain to a longshoreman. I have never forgotten the scorn in his voice as he said: "G'out wi' 'ee; thic's nort but sizal!"

Jute from India may not have the strength there is in sisal, but of the two jute is a material more generally spun. It is used a great deal as cordage by merchants who have to parcel and handle their wares.

Then there is coir rope. It looks as if it might have been peeled direct from the coconut; but

where I first experimented with sails it was always spoken of as "grass rope."

The ropewalks I had expected to be of a great length, but even so I gave a gasp of surprise when I gazed down what appeared to be a dim, interminable tunnel. It was roofed over, being a "covered walk"; and lights were put in here and there which merely served to make the place more shadowy.

Down the middle, and at equal distances apart, were fixed posts. These supported racks where yarn, as it lengthened in the spinning, could be thrown to keep it clear of the ground or floor. The posts divided the walk into two sections and a tramway track was laid from end to end of each section.

A machine, called a "jack," moved along the track. This machine, I thought, looked somewhat primitive: it had no doubt been in use over a large number of years. It had a row of hooks—"whirlers"—which revolved at a high speed when driven by a band from a large pulley beneath them.

In spinning yarn from "heckled" fibre an end of fibre would be made fast to one of these hooks. As it turned the spinner moved down the walk paying out fibre as he did so, and at the same time compressing it slightly between his forefinger and thumb to give the yarn a cylindrical shape. His pace in moving down the walk had to be consistent all through that the twist might be regulated evenly.

While at the works I was fortunate in having an opportunity of watching three stranded lines being made. The method employed in laying the strands was exactly the same as that used in producing rope. Incidentally, I might state here that lines or cordage, when 1in. or more in circumference, became rope.

The three strands which were to become a line were made fast to the hooks of two jacks—one at either end of the walk. From one jack, a fixed machine, the strands were given a twist in the direction they received when made; the other machine, free to move along the track, rotated the strands around—they were fixed to the laying hook—in the opposite direction.

The worker used a "top" in forming the lay. This was a piece of hard wood shaped like a cone. Three concentric grooves were cut in it, and in these the strands turned when the top was inserted between them. As the line formed the top, because of its conical shape, was forced outwards, leaving a beautifully even lay in, I might logically say, its wake.

Perhaps the function of a "top" might be more clear if I mention that it served, inversely, as a mould.

All this twisting and laying resulted in shortening the line—that is why one machine was allowed to travel along the track. The usual amount of twist given to a rope generally made it one-third shorter than the strands in it; the same thing applied to the yarns in the strand. It is possible to break fibres by twisting them; and according to the softness or otherwise of the material care must be taken. Yet individual fibres should add their strength to the whole, and compressing them increases surface friction—a factor to be considered. Torsion is another thing to have in mind. While inner fibres of a rope are taking a strain the outer ones, because of greater length, are slack.

The laying of a rope often depends on the purpose it is to serve. Rope that has to stand up to constant immersion is laid up hard: fibres compressed together will offer more resistance to water.

The method of twisting employed in spinning rope, if understood by the beginner in splicing (in fact, general boatswain's work), would prove exceedingly helpful. To remember that yarn is spun with a twist to the right, strands formed by turning to the left, and laid to the right when making hawser-laid rope—to fully realise the importance of this alternate twist and lay might tend to prevent yarns blowing in the wind as tassels when a job of splicing is under way.

There can be no doubt that "there is something in everything"; and I have come to the conclusion that there is a very great deal in rope spinning.

I left my coil of rope in the coach which had been garaged (?) in the yard of the Bull Inn, and walked towards West Bay, the harbour of Bridport. Years back ships came here with cargoes of flax from Russia. The spinners and weavers of sailcloth would share a freight between them. Haywards, of Crewkerne, still use fibre imported from Russia, but it is not brought to West Bay.

It would be a queer life without rope; often so much "hangs by a thread—no more." Even as I write, not half a mile from where I am sitting, there has been proof of the usefulness of rope. A ketch, a Frenchman, had been blown across the Channel during the gale of overnight. She found good holding ground hardly a mile from the shore, and had been riding out the remains of the gale, probably hoping for a shift of wind later. The shift of wind did not come; more wind followed, and began to reach gale force. Then the cable parted. . . .

The life-saving apparatus was fixed on the cliffs above them, and all the crew were rescued by the breeches buoy; the rope-spinners' art had served a useful purpose.

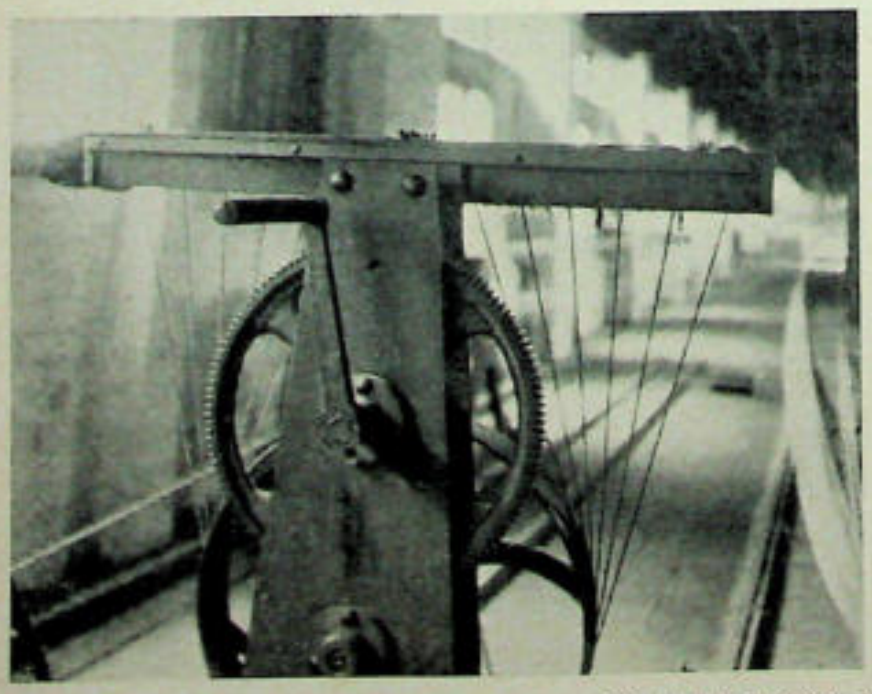


"I gazed with surprise along a dim tunnel"

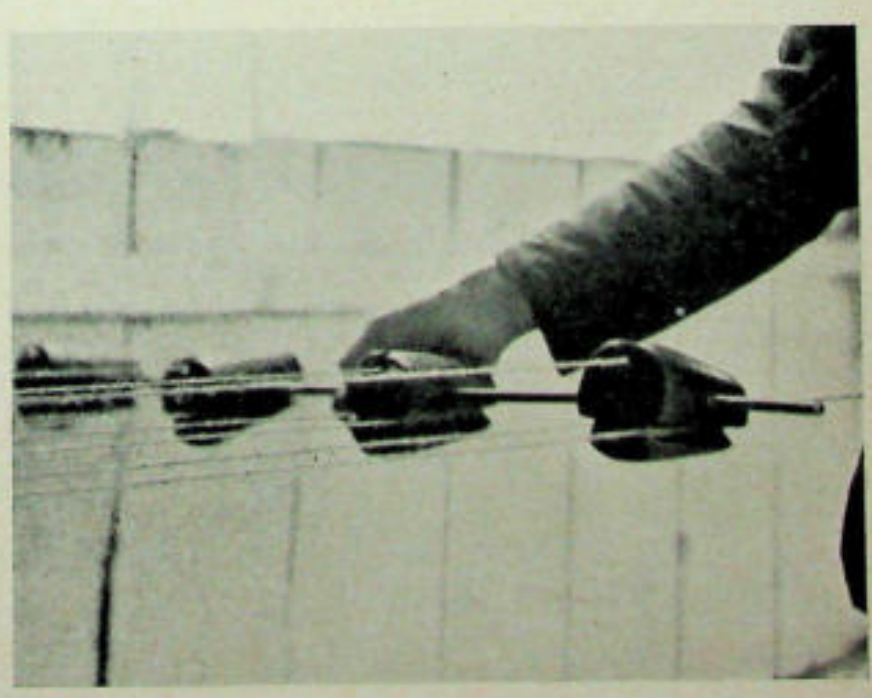


Looking towards the other end of the walk

TWO VIEWS OF THE ROPE WALK



Cords seen leading from a large pulley drive the hooks or "whirlers." These are not shown in the picture, but revolve in the beam along the top of the machine



The "tops" shown from the lay in three-stranded lines. A formed line can just be seen as it leaves the "top" on the right of the picture

ONE OF THE "JACKS," AND THE "TOPS" IN USE

WINTER GOLF AND ITS RECRUITS

By E. R. TIPPLE

WITH the hours of daylight becoming fewer week by week, golfers have little time to waste if they wish to complete their afternoon rounds. Once again we are faced with the special problems of winter play which are increased this year by the loss of most of the green-keeping staffs. Still, we can still enjoy occasional rounds, however bad may be the conditions, for the majority of courses are not likely to be used for agricultural purposes yet awhile, if indeed they are suitable.

If clubs have not introduced the rule permitting a ball to be placed on the fairways, most players will decide among themselves to do so. As I have already mentioned on more than one occasion this concession may be criticised by the rigorous die-hards, and may not be in strict accordance with the rules of the game, but it does help to preserve the courses and cut down the expenses of upkeep. Moreover, it helps the handicap golfer at a time when he needs all the assistance he can get. No one enjoys, least of all the humble player, hacking a ball out of a muddy lie. Besides, that is not golf.

It is not necessary to carry round one's full complement of clubs. Those who are at present out of practice—I think the majority can be included in this category—would be well advised to leave behind their No. 1 irons and their brassies for a start. Seven or eight clubs are ample for winter golf—driver, spoon or wooden cleek, two irons (possibly a No. 2 and a No. 4), a mashie, niblick and putter. A mashie-niblick could be added if necessary. From personal experience I have found that I obtain much unexpected fun out of attempting unusual strokes. A controlled shot with a No. 4 iron is better than forcing a powerful mashie and, what is more important, it is more likely to produce the required result. As a general rule overclubbing during the winter months is the best policy.

There must be many who are engaged in civilian defence duties who visit golf courses whenever they are able. They appreciate the relaxation a game provides. Whether they are members of a club or not, they are assured of a welcome unrestricted by former regulations. That is as it should be for, at the present time, such matters as an introduction by a member, or being permitted to play only if partnered by a member, are forgotten. For the benefit of those who were not able to bring away their own playing equipment, implements and certain clothing can be borrowed at most clubs. No doubt there will be a few who will be taking up the game for the first time and they must not expect too much at the beginning.

One air raid warden recently told me that he used to regard golf as idiotic and simple. He just could not understand why anyone bothered to play it. "Now football," he said, "that requires skill, but golf . . . !" Then a golfing friend persuaded him to go along to his course and lent him a set of clubs. The friend drove off and hit a reasonably good shot down the fairway. The warden teed his ball up, took the driver in his hands, swiped at the ball and looked up to see where it had gone. He was astonished to discover it still perched up on its wooden peg unharmed after that terrible onslaught! He tried again and after no less than twenty-six unsuccessful attempts managed to contact the ball at last and send it a few yards on its way to the green—a record in air shots!

As can be imagined their rate of progress was very slow and they had time for only a few holes, but time enough to make the warden realise something of the intricacies of the game. Now, when I see him, he is more respectful towards golfers and is desperately keen to acquire a reasonable handicap, although he knows that ambition will take time to attain. He is no longer like the lady who took a friend to have a golf lesson. When asked if she wanted one as well she replied "Oh, dear no. I learned last week!"

So, whether we are just beginners or golfers of some years' experience, we must never expect too much. Particularly in winter. The ball does not fly so far as in good, warm weather and we ourselves are not so relaxed as we should be. Be up to the flag is a fine old adage too frequently forgotten. For the next few months there will be little run on the ball, so aim at the back of the green, not at the front edge. You will rarely go too far. With slower greens a heavier putter than usual may prove useful. Then the player will be able to concentrate on a rhythmic stroke rather than having to snatch back a light club and then give the ball a rap which produces erratic results.

When there is only an hour or so available for play, or when a crowd of players are together, there is an amusing team game which can be played. Each golfer is allowed to use one club and must play his shot in strict rotation irrespective of whether the club he has is suitable for the required stroke. For example, the man with the driver may find that he has a chip shot to play or the one with the niblick a drive, and so on. This game calls for a good deal of ingenuity and careful planning, despite friendly arguments from the opposing side. And it enables all the members of one's leave party to keep together and enjoy the fun—at someone else's expense!

To those unacquainted with the game golfers may be called bores. No doubt some are, yet they cannot be accused of being uncharitable. In normal times many competitions are held at each club in aid of deserving organisations. The efforts that are being made to raise funds for the Red Cross by Henry Cotton and the other professionals' exhibition matches have been rewarded by over £1,500. Every club affiliated to the English Golf Union has now been asked to stage a meeting some time this month—an eighteen holes bogey event open to all—the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Red Cross. Women will play from the L.G.U. tees and receive an additional handicap allowance of six strokes, whilst the men will use their ordinary tees and play all their club handicaps. This is an excellent idea and should be well supported. Further competitions of this kind need to be held throughout the winter and no doubt they will be. Despite obvious difficulties clubs and golfers intend to keep going and these charitable events help towards that object as well as providing funds for an essential service.

THE DECLINE OF "BUG-HUNTING"

By SIDNEY ROGERSON

A WEEK or so ago I walked into the stores and asked for the naturalists' department.

I had long looked forward to this day when my son should be old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of bug-hunting: less vulgarly, the collection of butterflies, moths and beetles; more technically, the field study of our *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*. I was encouraged by vivid memories of the thrills I had got out of the pastime during my schooldays—that breathless pursuit of a dark clouded yellow across a parched football field in late September, for example; the finding of a puss-moth caterpillar, that samurai of the insect world with his absurdly "fierce face," and of an abnormally marked large emerald, yellow instead of a delicate turquoise green; the swappings and comparings; and finally, the saving-up of pocket money so as to be able to write up to just such a naturalists' department as this for a setting-board, a relaxing box, or possibly for a mounted specimen of some gaudy, exotic butterfly, the description of which we had stumbled across in our reading.

And what healthier or more exciting hobby is there for a boy? It combines the "hearty" with the intellectual, the low-brow with the high. It satisfies at once the boy's zest for the chase, both the stalk and the pursuit, net in hand, and his æsthetic as well as scientific leanings. It persuades him to take violent exercise, to study zoology and to appreciate beauty, and to do so easily and unconsciously. There is no need, for example, for him to haunt museums or study the burnished brilliance of tropical species, when right under his eyes, if he has the eyes to see, is the glowing splendour of homely peacock and red-admiral, palpitating with transient but vivid life in the early autumn sunshine on wall or blossom.

If he is not to be moved by such colour, he is almost certain to react to the revelation under his microscope of the wonders of the "plumage" of even our commonest species. If he is strictly humanitarian, or a non-collector, by nature, he can dispense with the killing-bottle, the setting-board and the pins, and yet find absorbing recreation in catching, observing and then freeing his specimens. There is a special joy in watching the emergence of some hawk-moth from its earth-bound chrysalis, and noting with what speed its wings develop as they dry, from wrinkled appendages, resembling badly-reefed sails, to the full glory of the mature insect's pinions.

Yes, bug-hunting has it all ways, I thought as I made my way to the department: "Second floor, turn right, through the sports." It was, I found, a small department. Over a counter, the one attendant, a dried-up little man, peered at me eagerly through thick glasses, with a confidential, trusted-servant manner.

"I want," I said, "a butterfly net. A reasonably cheap one. Something for a beginner. My son, you know. Just about old enough to begin collecting. No use giving him anything expensive yet. Jolly lucky, boys these days" I added, very much the heavy parent. "My father never bought nets or setting-boards for me. Had to make them myself, out of any old muslin and boards I could find."

"Yes, sir" he agreed, fetching down a net, "but boys are different these days. A collecting-box? Ah, now, I'm sorry but there you've got me. We are right out of stock and I can't tell you when we shall get more. The same with relaxing-boxes. We haven't any and we can't get them."

"Well, then, killing-bottles" I suggested.

"If you want the proper cyanide bottle you must order one from the drugs department and sign the poison form. But I have got one or two of the old-fashioned zinc killing tins . . ."

"Those you fill with crushed laurel leaves" I volunteered, just to show off my knowledge.

". . . That's it, sir. And then I've only the one size" he added regretfully.

"I suppose it's due to the war and armaments and so on. Makes zinc difficult to obtain, I mean."

Apparently this was the cue he was waiting for. He opened out. "It's nothing to do with the war or armaments, I'm afraid," he asserted. "In one sense I wish it were. It's to do with the boys. They aren't interested in natural history like they used to be. Just take this department. I used to have an assistant solely to deal with enquiries from schoolboys. How many? About fifteen a day I should say. Now there are none, practically speaking. Six only that I can trace in May, June, and July, and that's the school summer term, mind you. A single one in September. I have no longer an assistant. Worse still, the men who used to make the gear have died or retired, and there's not enough business now to make it worth anyone else's while to learn the trade. You see," he continued, "the men who made the zinc relaxing-boxes, and killing-tins, and setting-boards and so forth, were small craftsmen who did their work in their own homes. I could, of course, get these goods made to specification by a larger firm, but not at a price which anyone would pay. No, sir, the boy of to-day has changed. He's not interested in butterflies and moths any more. At least not so far as my experience goes."

He told me more, of firms whose names were household words to us as schoolboys, which are now struggling to keep going, and how some are in fact only continuing out of a sense of duty to the dwindling band of enthusiastic naturalists.

But he told me enough to make me conjecture, as I bore away my butterfly net and zinc killing tin, what amusements have taken the place of bug-hunting in the small boy's scheme of things—and also to reflect how a change in the hobbies of schoolboys can affect the livelihood of numbers of skilled craftsmen.

THE SCAPA SOCIETY

In order to ensure the carrying on of the Society's work under quiet and safe conditions during the war, and to avoid the risk of damage or loss of its files and documents, its headquarters have been transferred from 71, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1, to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, Somerset, to which all subscriptions and other communications should be sent until further notice. Accommodation has also been kindly provided by Mr. Humphrey Baker at The Hall for the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and the National Playing Fields Association (of which Sir Lawrence Chubb is also secretary), as well as for Scapa, and the work of the latter will be carried on there by Sir Lawrence and Mr. Baker, with such clerical assistance as may prove to be necessary.

With regard to the work in general, it seems probable that all advertising will be considerably reduced during the war, and it is felt that this may give an opportunity for securing the removal of some of the most unsightly outdoor advertisements. Everything possible will be done in this direction. After the war, when trade revives, the Society's work will be as important as ever, and it may then be possible to obtain the passing of a new Advertisements Regulation Act, which will prevent outdoor advertising from again reaching its former dimensions.

For the above reasons it is felt to be most important that the Society should continue in active operation during the war, and it is hoped that all its members will continue to support it, both with their subscriptions and in other ways.

THE HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

Owing to the international situation, it has been decided not to hold the Thoroughbred and Hunter Show in 1940.

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Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

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A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

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2/6

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(National Portrait Gallery)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

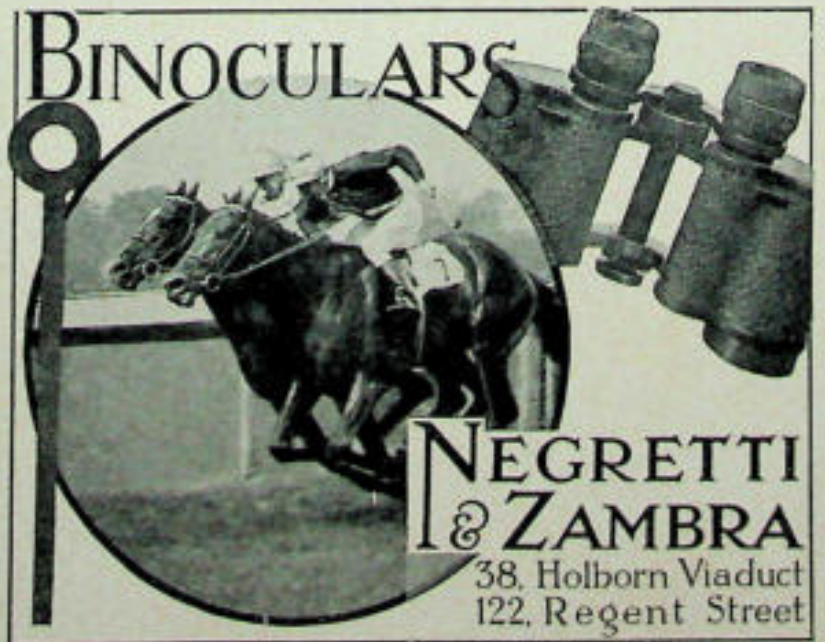
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"BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED . . . WE DREW THE FIRST COVERT BLANK, A COVERT WHICH HAD NEVER FAILED BEFORE, AND WHICH I BELIEVE HAS NEVER FAILED SINCE"

A HUNTING MEMORY

A Tale of the Unexpected

WHAT is your happiest hunting field memory? Is it of a great horse, or a great fall or a great hound? Of a cock crowing as you drank your cocoa in the darkness of an early August morning? Of a dim yellow pin-prick of light to welcome you and your lame horse home in the December darkness? Of finding yourself, by your skill, nerve and judgment, alone with the hounds. Or of what?

Mine is of a fox, quite an ordinary little red fox I do not even know if it was a vixen or a dog fox, a first season fox or an old stager, for I never made a very close acquaintance with it.

It all happened one day in early January, when a large keen field had met the hounds at the most popular meet in the country; many were youngsters who seldom got a Codrington Cross meet. The expectation of this one day had buoyed them up through the long preceding months of school and college drudgery, just as the memory of it should buoy them up through many dreary months to come. Everything seemed propitious; it was mild and the ground was wet, and the fences stood out black and sharp; hounds were on their toes, and seemed to whisper to me as we hacked along the road: "A great scent to-day, Master."

But the unexpected, that one thing which raises foxhunting above all other forms of hunting, the unexpected happened. We drew the first covert blank, a covert which had never failed before, and which I believe has never failed since. But we were in a part of the country which was full of foxes, and nobody, I least of all, worried.

But the unexpected again happened. We drew the next equally sure-find blank, and the next, and the next, and the next—all blank. The field had not lost its keenness: rather that was whetted by disappointed anticipation. But faces which had been carefree were beginning to look worried and serious, as youthful minds realised with a gulp that this one day of days, to get which they had, perhaps, spent the last shilling of their Christmas tips, looked like being a blank.

With a heavy and despairing heart I threw hounds into the last covert of the day's draw. A blank day to me, then, meant little, for I had plenty of hunting throughout the year. But I knew, from my own not so distant experience, what it meant to many of those behind me.

I knew before ever the last hound was through the gap into the covert that it would be blank. It was.

I had now reached the extreme limit of my stop. Ahead of me lay a wild country which was seldom hunted; where the existence of a fox was doubtful; where stopping was a minus quantity; where there was so much covert that to look for the probable sole fox was like looking for a needle's point in a hay stack; from which there was no local representative to guide me.

But I drew through it; covert after covert was blank—3.15 came and passed and that most depressing time, the late winter's afternoon was upon us, with its feeling of physical and mental weariness. I looked over my shoulder and groaned. The field seemed to be as intact as it had been at noon, though, perhaps, it was more spread out.

I was now in completely unknown country, and could only put hounds into whatever covert I saw ahead of me.

At 3.25 I reached a hill top; below me lay a small, bare, hanging covert, which it seemed futile to draw. But draw it I must, for beyond stretched a fine grass vale, our neighbours' vale. This, then, was our last hope, and it seemed fore-doomed to perish.

Looking down I could see through the leafless tree-tops on to the leaf-strewn ground. There was not a stick, not a thorn, under which a fox might conceivably shelter. I said as much to those near me, and they, mournfully, agreed. Sportingly, but vainly, they tried to comfort me, and to assure me that it was not my fault. But I knew better; it was my fault. I must have antagonised the farmers or the keepers or the stoppers. To arrange a Codrington Cross fixture was madness. I had drawn over a fox, or drawn the country the wrong way. Whatever the cause, I, and I alone, was to blame.

I took hounds through a hill-top gate at the head of a narrow twisting path which ran through the hangings. I put them in, and cheered them to draw. Slowly I walked my horse down the path so as to go through the pretence of drawing the covert properly, from below. The gate at the bottom was off its hinges and to get into the grass field beyond I had to dismount. I lifted the gate, pulled my horse through after me, and closed the gate again as well as its battered condition allowed. I was tired, with that super-weariness that comes with acute disappointment. There was a sawn-off tree-stump close to the gate, and I meant to use that as a mounting block. I walked towards it and stepped on to it. I pulled my horse, a little brown mare with an Irish name, alongside me, and put one foot in the stirrup, my two hands on the saddle. Then, for some reason, perhaps because I knew that for once I could mount leisurely, I looked about me for a second before swinging my leg over the saddle.

And, not 50yds. away, a good red fox was loping gently and easily away across the grass into the vale.

The sight of that fox is my happiest hunting field memory.

D. W. E. B.



"AND, NOT 50 YDS. AWAY, A GOOD RED FOX WAS LOPING GENTLY AND EASILY AWAY ACROSS THE GRASS INTO THE VALE"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TIGER RIFLES

SIR,—I have read with much interest Captain Paul Curtis's three articles as also one by Mr. Darling. I have been taking some interest in Shikar, and have shot about 70 tigers in India. I do not profess to be an authority on the subject of Shikar, nor have I any experience of American or African conditions. I have done most of my shooting in India and my bag comprises tigers, bison and other big and small game.

My experience suggests that for dangerous game one must have a heavy rifle. Nothing smaller than a .375 magnum should ever be used. I entirely agree with the opinion of Major Gerald Burrard (whom I regard as a great authority on sporting rifles) that the bullet should be powerful enough to knock the beast down. Anyone reading his wonderful book *Notes on Sporting Rifles* will be convinced of the truth of his statement.

I have used a .577 Express, a .470 and a .375, but I find the first a topping rifle for tigers. For bison, however, I find a .470 cordite with hard-nose bullet more useful and effective. I would rather hesitate, while on foot, to use a .375 magnum.

I think another very fine weapon for tiger shooting is the super magnum Explora, by Westley Richards, specially for quick shooting as the 12-bore is easily a better weapon to wield than a big rifle.

The Maharaja referred to must indeed be a marvellous shot, but it is rare to find such wonderful marksmen. Not many can aspire to shoot a tiger precisely at vital spots, *i.e.*, at the head or the heart, or at any other given particular place. I think a .280 is too small a weapon for tigers. There are more chances of its going away wounded which is likely to infuriate him into attacking the beaters or the innocent people who go in the jungle unarmed to cut wood for their living.

One could kill a tiger even with a .22 long Rook rifle, but I would leave it to my readers to judge whether such chances should be taken. In my view, any rifle with a muzzle velocity below 2,700 f.s. and energy 4,370 f.lb. and a bullet of less than 250 grains is a dangerous thing to use.

No doubt a double barrel is much better for ferocious game than a single barrel, but the price of a double barrel is generally prohibitive for middle-class people.

I find that a big bore rifle is cleaned much more easily than one with a small bore. Therefore, even for shooting in the hills and of game, like deer and antelope, I would not recommend anything smaller than a .30 Springfield which has approximately 47 grains powder, 180 grs. bullet and 2,700 muzzle velocity f.s. and energy 2,915 f.lb.

The price of cartridges is another consideration. As a big game rifle is seldom used, so even cartridges do not tell much on your pocket.

For small game shooting such cartridges as are inexpensive, yet effective, should be used.

I might repeat that I do not consider myself an authority on the subject by any means. I have simply recorded my views, based on my personal experience. MAKHMOOR.

EXPERIENCES WITH SYNTHETIC GUT

SIR,—I tried the "Milflex" this season, but not because I was dissatisfied with what I normally use. I liked the look of it, and it was easily handled and not visible in the water. What I was wanting was a form of "substitute" which could make a reliable knot with the eye of a fly. A heavy sea-trout made a quick lunge at the bob-fly and snapped it off quite easily. The "Turle" knot which I normally use had been freshly tied.

I am not condemning "Milflex" on this one experience, because it was the sort of rise which would have tested any tackle. Also the knot may have been unsuitable, or the fly in question had a "rough" eye. And the stuff was graded in a manner unfamiliar to me, so that I was actually using one size finer than was warranted by the conditions.

I do not see why gut points should be necessary, once one has more experience of it. But it may be of interest to note that I have been using gut points on the "Olympic" substitute with the utmost success. This material is in no way suitable for spinning lines, being much too soft and slimy. Also it is weak in comparison with other brands, but, thereby, is much less visible than most. It is unfortunate that one should have to interfere with its invisibility by the addition of (real) gut points, but I have not succeeded in discovering any knot which was sufficiently reliable for the purpose of tying a fly direct on to the substitute. Still the method has worked, with absolute success, for over fifteen years, for heavy sea-trout or salmon on lochs, and I have no intention of departing from it; and still less the angler who showed me the method, and the many others who now follow us.

The simple "water" or "Double thumb" knot is beyond all others for "marrying" the two materials together (both for tail and dropper point), and I should be indeed interested if any anglers who believe in the absolute infallibility of the "blood" knot under all conditions would try it, and let me know the result. I refuse to do so!

For those who are interested in the cost of such a cast, I used to reckon that a sea-trout cast, 7½ft. long, carrying a 10in. point of half *drawn* gut, with half a point used up for one dropper only, worked out at 2½d., when made up by myself. It may be more now, but the idea is to use the best possible cast, regardless of expense. Such a cast will last two days, unless one has had a heavy killing on it. The substitute is matched, by slot-gauge, to the same thickness as the gut or, if preferred, the gut may be one size finer.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. C. TROUT.

SIR,—Having read with much interest the two articles in the *Field* of October 14th and 28th, by Captain Courtney Williams and "West Country," describing their experiences with the new synthetic "Monofil" gut, I can thoroughly endorse their statements with regard to this material, at any rate as far as wet-fly fishing for trout is concerned. Being a fixed spool reel enthusiast, I have always used a gut substitute line, and when first this "Monofil" gut was brought to my notice I at once wrote off to one of the well-known tackle wholesalers to ask if the material could be supplied in 100yds. or 120yds. lengths? In their reply they said they were not in a position to supply it in 100yd. lengths at present, but they hoped to be able to do so next year.

The chief trouble with Japanese gut substitute is its springy nature which gives it a tendency to fly off the reel drum in several coils at a time, the result being a fearsome mess. This tendency can, of course, be controlled by a rubber band round the spool, or a wet tape and band before you leave home for a day's fishing. Then again, Japanese gut must be soaked before knotting. For light spinning, a gut substitute line is much superior to an undressed silk one, as it casts further and does not lose its strength like silk. It also possesses considerable elasticity, and is much cheaper. From what I have seen of "Monofil" it is rounder and smoother than Japanese gut, and as it can be tied dry and has little or no spring, it should prove ideal for use with a fixed spool reel.

If and when this material is produced in 100yds. or 120yds. lengths, let us hope that there will be a standard of sizes and breaking strains. At present, with ordinary gut substitute, one firm's No. 4 may have an advertised breaking strain of 7lb., while the No. 4 of another maker is listed at over 9lb. breaking strain.

For wet-fly fishing on rocky streams, the new synthetic gut—as far as my limited experience goes—seems to be very good indeed. Under such conditions the finer sizes of natural gut soon show signs of wear, but "Monofil" appears to stand up to it with ease.

Expense is a matter that many of us are bound to consider when buying tackle. Apart from its suitability for use with a fixed spool reel, Japanese gut substitute is cheap. You can buy 120yds. of substitute with an approximate breaking strain of 7lb. for 4/-, whereas an undressed silk line of the same length and strength will set you back more than double that amount, and will not last half as long.

It remains to be seen what the prices will be for "Monofil" lines suitable for spinning—if, as the wholesalers tell us, such lines are to be on the market next year. Sold at a reasonable price, they ought to prove extremely popular for light spinning.

Yours faithfully,

Lane House, Troutbeck, Windermere. RICHARD CLAPHAM.

THE VALLEY OF APPALLING BEAUTY

SIR,—The interesting article "The Valley of Appalling Beauty," by Mr. A. Harvey, in your issue of October 21st, with accompanying excellent illustrations, has attracted our attention, but for the sake of exactitude two statements call for slight correction.

"The discovery of more easily worked deposits in Texas" should read, "more easily worked deposits at the Baker Mine in Kern County, California, the activities of which have replaced those formerly carried on in Death Valley." (There are no borax mines, to our knowledge, in Texas.)

Also, "the packeted borax that one bought in American shops 'used' to be called '20 Mule Team Borax.'" This trade mark is maintained by our company and its subsidiary, the Pacific Coast Borax Co., and is still current all over the world.

Yours faithfully,

Regis House, King William Street, London, E.C. 4. BORAX CONSOLIDATED, LTD. J. GERSOLLE, Joint Managing Director.

HOME FRONT SAFETY FIRST

SIR,—The announcement made by the Minister of Transport that in the first month of the war road fatalities were more than doubled gives striking point to the appeals for road courtesy issued by the National "Safety First" Association. If this death roll is maintained and the war is protracted "Home Front" casualties will reach a lamentably high total. The new road conditions essentially make night movement much more dangerous and difficult. It may be that experience will make modifications possible, but that time is not yet. Inconvenient as the "black out" might be it is the duty of all good citizens to realise that it is an important contribution to reducing the menace from the air, and endeavour to minimise its consequences by being as careful as possible, whether walking, driving or cycling.

Every piece of carelessness or selfishness on the roads is an indirect assistance to the enemy, because it means a wastage of national resources and a strain on public services. Caution and courtesy can reduce these accidents. The Minister of Transport has asked for the help of road users. The National "Safety First" Association urges obedience to this appeal as an urgent national duty. It is itself endeavouring to conduct a special propaganda campaign, which can best be successful if all members of the public realise the importance of adherence to those precepts of reason and goodwill which the war has made more than ever vital to national well being.

Yours faithfully,

ALLAN HUME NICHOLL.

National "Safety First" Association, 52, Grosvenor House, S.W.1.

STRANGE FITS

SIR,—This is a strange story which may be baffling for lack of sufficient data:

1. Last May a keeper employed by a friend who lives half a mile from my house was out with his retriever bitch Jill. She suddenly vomited, became rigid and fell into the bottom of a ditch, where she remained—apparently in agony and without recognising the keeper, for about an hour and a half. When she came to she was weak in the hindquarters She recovered next day.

2. On October 13th I was out shooting with the keeper. We had with us the bitch Jill (aged) and my spaniel dog Rex (a clumber and springer cross, three years old). Our first beat was across a field of cattle-beet. As we were finishing it I noticed Rex stop and apparently pick up something. I called him on. A minute—or less—later he tried to vomit, fell over on his side, apparently in agony, did not recognise any of us, and remained doubled up and twitching for about five minutes. He then recovered and rose unsteadily to his feet. He accompanied us for the rest of the morning—unsteadily at first and working little, but in two-and-a-half hours he was nearly right and able to jump gates. This attack was succeeded by 24 hours of violent diarrhœa, which I allayed with bismuth. He was quite all right on the 15th.

3. On the 18th the bitch Jill had a similar attack, which lasted ten minutes.

Nos. 2 and 3 were at places close to each other. No. 1 was some two miles away.

The keeper saw all three attacks, and he tells me that the symptoms were so similar that he thinks the cause must have been the same.

The vet., who saw the dog Rex on the 14th, pronounced the trouble as gastric, but was at a loss to understand how any poison which acted so quickly should not have been fatal.

Both this keeper and I have seen dogs in fits, but the symptoms were unlike any fit I have seen, and neither dog has previously shown any tendency to them.

We had both the dogs out shooting yesterday and they were apparently in perfect health.

May it be that the experiences of any of your readers may disgorge the key of the riddle?

Yours faithfully,

West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Bury St. Edmund's. ARCHIBALD H. HASTIE.

STAG AND HINDS

SIR,—While stalking on Balmacaan on the 14th October, I had what must be an exceedingly rare experience. During the closing stages of a stalk we saw the stag serve three hinds in about ten minutes. I am not sure whether it was the same hind in each case, but am inclined to think so. The stalker was John MacDonald.

Yours faithfully,

Inverness-shire. E. A. J. OLDHAM.

A 65 POUNDER FROM NORWAY

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of a 65lb. salmon which was killed on the Sand river, Norway, on July 26th. The fish was lightly hooked on a spoon in the side of its mouth, and although slightly red underneath was in very fine condition. This must be one of the heaviest fish killed in Norway in recent years. A cast of it is being made in the Rowland Ward studios. The fish was killed by Mr. John Lampson.

Yours faithfully,

Wilts. G. A. B.

AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT WITH PIED FLYCATCHERS

SIR,—Recently I went to one of the loveliest gardens in North Wales to photograph pied flycatchers, a floral paradise set in a wooded combe high up in the foothills of Moel Siabod. In this garden are various nesting boxes and one, fixed to a honeysuckle-covered ash tree, contained the six young of a pair of pied flycatchers that have inhabited this delightful spot for many successive summers.

When I began to watch the domestic arrangements of the flycatchers the light was far too bad for photography, so I contented myself by observing the coming and going of the parent birds.

The cock was a little gem: a pied bird in the distance, but showing sundry brown feathers amongst the black when seen from a range of a few feet. His black legs and beak, and bold black eye, gave him a most aristocratic and well-groomed appearance. He worked hard to supply his growing family with food, bringing to the nesting box green caterpillars, many insects, and, on three occasions, what appeared to be earth worms, a rather unusual item in the diet of baby flycatchers. Meal times were anything but regular, a period of feverish activity being followed by a prolonged fast, often lasting over a quarter of an hour.

Twice I saw the cock searching for food on the ground, and his favourite look-out posts were a dead branch, about 20yds. from the nesting box, and the top rail of a nearby rustic gate.

The hen flycatcher seemed either lazy or timid, her visits to the nest being much less frequent than those of her consort. Both birds carried away the droppings, but I was unable to observe if they consumed them.

When one has been watching a bird for some time it is occasionally possible to distinguish it from birds of similar plumage by the manner in which it approaches the nest, and its carriage and general behaviour, and I began to have a feeling in the back of my mind that the hen that came to the nest was not always the same female.

I told myself that I was imagining things and dismissed the idea as nonsense, when, to my complete astonishment, two hens arrived at the nest at the same time, each bringing a supply of wriggling caterpillars in her beak.

The one whom I took to be the rightful owner of the nest perched on the roof of the box, while the interloper sat on the branch of the tree patiently waiting her turn to feed the young. I would have given much to have obtained a photograph of them in this position, but the depth of focus required made it impossible.



THE AVERAGE SALMON AND THE REALLY BIG ONE
(See letter "A 65 Pounder from Norway")

The first hen eventually flew to the opening in the front of the box, fed the young, and then departed, her place on the roof being taken by the mysterious "mother's help." This second female was just about to feed when the barking of a dog drove her away into the branches of a tall tree, where I lost sight of her amongst the dense foliage.

During the remainder of my watching only one hen came to the nest at a time, but I saw both on the bare branch of a tree, a vantage point from which they approached the box.

I naturally kept a very careful note of the movements and behaviour of this oddly assorted trio, living, as far as could be seen, in perfect amity in this Welsh Eden. Once the cock approached one of the hens and she shivered her wings as though asking to be fed, a gesture her lord and master entirely disregarded.

The alarm call of these flycatchers sounded to me like wheet-tut, not wheet-tic, as it is sometimes written, the second syllable having something of the long-tailed tit's alarm note. The young chirruped shrilly if they felt they were being neglected.

When my photographic activities were ended I made careful inquiries from the owner of the garden about the past history of these flycatchers, and learnt that years ago two pairs had nested there, but for the past seven summers only a single pair had been seen.

The owner was quite unaware of the very unusual domestic arrangement being carried out at his nesting box and he assured me that no second male had been seen that spring.

For a moment I suspected polygamy and wondered whether the second hen might have a nest in the tree itself, but an inspection proved this to be impossible.

However extraordinary this incident may sound, the undoubted fact remains that two female pied flycatchers were feeding at the same nesting-box which contained a normal brood of six youngsters, obviously not the product of two hens.

The only feasible explanation I can suggest is that the second female had lost her mate, and possibly her eggs, and the sight of this other more fortunate pair feeding their young so aroused her maternal instincts that she felt impelled to take part in the upbringing of an adopted family.

What surprised me was the rightful parents accepting this most unusual situation. Any outside interference with their young is usually violently resented in bird life.

The pied flycatchers of North Wales seek most romantic surroundings in which to rear their young, and the hours I spent in watching them were full of both interest and delight. One can well imagine the attraction the beautiful little pied male must have for the opposite sex, but, in this case, harlequin had actually won the hearts of two columbines.

Yours faithfully,

Hoylake. GUY B FARRAR.



SHORT IN THE LEG
(See letter "A Queer Stag")

A QUEER STAG

SIR,—In the beautiful little church at Trent, Dorset, are some very fine bench ends bearing carvings of interesting subjects, and the one shown in the photograph gives the carver's idea of a stag. It is a quaint animal, with a very strange head and antlers; its face is more like a pig's and the legs look as though they should be on a human body. The work was executed in the sixteenth century and is in a very good state of preservation.

Yours faithfully,

The Den, Merrybent, Low Coniscliffe, Co. Durham. A. M. DURHAM.



BUILDER AND RESTORER OF CHURCHES
(See letter "Carving of St. Wilfrid")

CARVING OF ST. WILFRID

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a beautiful carving, in Screveton Church, Notts, which represents St. Wilfrid the Patron Saint (Bishop of York about 700) giving the Benediction. The cross has unhappily been broken off. Note just behind his right hand that there is a church; his usual emblem, as he was a great builder and restorer of churches. The little figure on his left is believed to be one of the serfs of whom he was a champion and benefactor, but some have suggested it represents departing paganism.

Another great treasure in this lovely church is the remarkably fine Norman font with its well preserved carving.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington. J. D. ROBINSON.

New Books

A SURVEY OF BRITISH HOUNDS

Hounds. By C. R. Acton. (Heath Cranton ; 10/6 net.)

The effect of this war on hunting is yet to be experienced, but it would certainly be reasonable, at first sight, to feel a certain amount of sympathy for an author who has just produced a book on hound breeding. But I think that Mr. Acton has little cause for despair, because even if his remarks have little application to the present state of affairs, his book will recall to his readers many a pleasant experience of the past, and will also—we hope—be of great value after the war is over.

Mr. Acton takes a great many kennels one by one, describes the method of breeding since the foundation days and gives his own impression of the present hounds when he last saw them.

His remarks on the Old Berks are excellent. I have not been out with them since the days when Mr. Paget Stevenson was Master, but I well remember the ribs which the Master and Fred Holland (who was to lose his sight shortly afterwards) hired so successfully and which, even now that the present Master is breeding on different lines, are still a feature of the kennel.

The Braes of Derwent Kennels must be one of the most convenient in the country, and the veteran Master, Mr. Lewis Priestman, has bred a lovely pack in them. I remember admiring Comrade, who did so well at Peterborough, and I must endorse the author's high opinion of the k.h. Alfred Littleworth. Altogether, the Braes have a grand country with its recollections of Surtees.

The Pytchley Hounds owe a great deal to the skill of Colonel M. Borwick and Captain Macdonald-Buchanan, and they and Colonel Lowther were all at the kennels when I saw the hounds. I remember hearing how much Middleton Visor had been used, and I also admired Safeguard—the King of the Kennel. He has also been used with great success in several other packs.

It is difficult to visit many kennels without coming across the name of South and West Wilts Godfrey ('28), and Mr. Acton has a good deal to say about him.

So one might go on with memories of other kennels. Some omissions may cause some regret—for example, an extremely interesting chapter might have been included on the breeding of the Carmarthenshire and the Croome. There are over 60 pictures at the end of the book, and although, as every one knows and Mr. Acton admits, photographing hounds is a test of character and skill, I cannot help feeling that a certain number of these pictures are scarcely up to the standard of the text.

A great many of the hounds discussed must by now have been put down, but when the war is over, and breeding gets into its stride again, Mr. Acton's book should be a very useful work of reference. In the meantime, it is a book which all hound lovers will enjoy.

* * *

Country Contentments. By Margaret Westerling. (Constable ; 8/6 net.)

This book is really a tract for the times. Agriculture has been becoming a scientific business for years. The war is likely to increase this aspect, and afterwards the older type of farmer will have become a memory of the distant past.

This should never be forgotten when reading Mrs. Westerling's book. Her home is in the Cotswolds, and her pages are a commentary on her experiences when acquiring a wonderfully accurate knowledge of the country during one year. Her information was gathered from her own observation, from conversation with farmers, and no hint of any possible interest was neglected. The result is a picture of a transitional period. We see the change in the farmers' outlook, the new methods of farming being gradually introduced, and all this against a complete background of country life, customs and habits.

The whole book bears the stamp of real knowledge, and is illustrated with many photographs of unusual merit and interest.

* * *

Random Casts. By Eugene V. Connett. 3rd. (The Derrydale Press ; $7.50 net.)

Like all the fishing books which come from the Derrydale Press, this is a beautifully produced volume, and its author, Mr. Connett, has made the contents worthy of their setting. *Field* readers already know Mr. Connett by his pen, for he has in the past been an occasional and valued contributor to these columns. His knowledge of English as well as American waters also makes his books of more interest to fishermen over here, since he understands the different conditions under which the art is practised.

This new volume is sure of an appreciative audience. He deals very largely with problems dear to the trout fisherman : what and how a fish sees, its nerves, its instincts ; and taking them as his text he has good advice to offer on how a study of the trout and its habits may indirectly improve an angler's basket, especially on those days when, for the average angler, the fish "will not look at anything."

His contention is that the next and greatest development of the art will come from the wet-fly fisherman, not from the adherents of the dry-fly system. He points out that many men can catch their quota of trout by the use of one pattern of dry-fly only—or at least a choice of two of those patterns—whereas to take fish successfully when feeding under water one must study carefully the materials of which the fly is made ; briefly it is that taste, or feel if you like, is what causes attachment or detachment of a fish to or from the angler's fly. There is, of course, a good deal to be said on the other side, but this is not the place to say it.

Anyhow, here is a book which can be guaranteed to provide plenty of enjoyment in the reading, and of intriguing thought in its digestion.

* * *

Second Thoughts. By Nicholas Bentley. (Michael Joseph ; 3/6.)

"Nicholas Bentley drew the pictures." That on the dust cover has been sufficient to ensure a good sale for a book, no matter the reading matter, for some years now. Well, Nicholas Bentley drew the pictures of this book—and Nicholas Bentley wrote the verses. Enough said. Every verse is worth quoting, but here is one that I like better than the others. It is about Mr. Duff Cooper (and Mr. Duff Cooper is to be admired) :

"Two things we shall always remember
About little Alf when he's dead—
One is the shape of his face ;
And the other's the size of his head."

The book will cost you 3/6. And it will take your mind off more than the Budget.

* * *

Calling for a Spade. By Richard Church. (Dent ; 7/6.)

Particularly welcome at the present moment is Richard Church's new book. To call these sketches beautiful is still being prosaic, and perhaps their attraction really lies in the fact that they can sooth ruffled nerves, strained minds and uneasy spirits.

It will not surprise Richard Church's readers to find that he sought a cottage in the country, and that he found one which came near to being ideal ; the putting in order of the cottage and small estate is vividly described and spells a home-making which is comfortingly staple. The garden, the well, the thatching of the roof, and the kindly village folk are so truly portrayed, that it is possible to turn these pages and re-live days—country days—which are now ebbing further and further into one's dreams and isolated from reality.

But even that haven could not escape the rumours of wars to come. An aerodrome arrived near the cottage, the air echoed to the building of the great hangars, and eventually humanned with the aeroplanes themselves flying to and fro their swarm, growing ever larger in number. "Birds fled, or, if one were seen, it seemed to be a wraith, voiceless in the din. Gardens were no longer rich with their tiny and intimate articulations ; leaf-rustle, the miniature crash of a rose-petal falling, the thrust of the worm coming to the surface, the plop of the carp in the pond ; all those signs of joy were levelled and obliterated by the roar of engines in the air."

Yes, even here, we cannot entirely escape the din of 1939, but we have been given glimpses which can bide in our minds. Not easily shall we forget the "Thatcher," for he has lived in many a village—or the sparrows and starlings squabbling again, for their priority to destroy the straw of the roof, and beating in fury against the arrival of wire netting to thwart their whims ; and once again the ageless philosophy of a village blacksmith gives one hope for the future of mankind.

This is the type of book we are needing in these days, and if any further enticement is required one need only add that the illustrations by Joan Hassall give the perfect adornment to a very charming book.

* * *

Always a Little Further. By Alastair Borthwick. (Faber & Faber ; 7/6.)

Here is the real stuff of Scotland. Here is an enthusiast who imparts his enthusiasm naturally and without effort. This is a book you can enjoy, a book written simply and easily, without any straining after effect, without any attempt at style. And it's honest-to-goodness stuff. There is no need to tell us that no character is fictitious. No one could invent them. They are real and living and vital. Here are rock climbs and ice-climbs ; here are tinkers and hitch-hikers. This is a book about people we do not meet and things we do not do. It is also, unless one is much mistaken, a book about a form of life that is going to become very much more common in the England of to-morrow. One thing is certain : If you pick this book up you will certainly not put it down until the last word is read.

* * *

One of the best sellers of the war is undoubtedly the 120-page 6d. book *Grow your Own Food Supply*, written by W. E. Shewell-Cooper, the Principal of the Horticultural Bureau. Over 25,000 copies have been sold.

The National Association of the Blind have asked and received permission to print it in Braille.

No wonder the book is popular, for it is written in readable style and contains all the information required for the fruit and vegetable grower in war time. It deals also with food values and contains many useful and interesting charts.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

MOST of the business passing in stock markets just now is of a purely investment character. This is not entirely due to cash dealings. It is, of course, acknowledged that cash dealings tend to curb speculation. Just now, however, the average person is busy buying income.

It has been made perfectly clear that the authorities will take every possible step during the war to prevent high money rates. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has stated in Parliament that he intends to borrow for war purposes as cheaply as possible.

The trend of money values has been steadily downwards. This has been reflected in weekly borrowing by the Treasury on three months' bills. There has also been marked improvement in prices for British Government stocks. That market is now completely free. Large quantities of the stocks change hands every day.

Most investors, however, have to search outside the Funds for securities giving as good a return as possible with reasonable safety. Many naturally require the best possible return in view of extremely heavy taxation. That has brought along a buying movement for home railway prior charges.

There is also a big demand for industrial companies' debenture stocks and preference shares. Such securities are, however, in very short supply. Those holding stocks of that character are indisposed to sell. They see good prices in the market for their securities, but if they accept the values offered the question of reinvestment immediately crops up.

Supplies of railway prior charges are, however, fairly plentiful. It is possible to buy railway debenture stocks to yield 5 per cent. Guaranteed stocks return between 5 per cent. and £6 10s. per cent. according to the company. On railway preference stocks the return is about 6 per cent. These are higher yields than can be obtained on industrial debentures.

It is sometimes asked why railway prior charges give such high returns. One reason is that the railways have been rather badly hit in recent years. They have had to meet road transport competition as well as bad trade. There are other factors in the situation at present. The railways are now under Government control ; the weekly traffic returns are not published ; railway wages are being raised. There are no statistics available during the war period on which the investor can base railway conditions and prospects.

When the Government announces the terms on which the railways will be taken over for the war period the outlook will be largely clarified. It must be recognised, however, that any deal will be for the war period only and it is impossible to state the duration of the control period.

Many are naturally enquiring what will be the position of the railways at the end of hostilities. These are factors which enter into calculations on the part of those investing in railway stocks.

It is considered probable that the Treasury will guarantee interest on all the railway stocks which received their full dividend just prior to the war. That accounts for some of the buying of railway prior charges at present. For instance, London & North Eastern 4 per cent. Debenture stock has been bought around 80 to give a clear five per cent. return. The London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. Debenture stock commands a price of 80½. The yield here is £4 12s. 6d. per cent. less tax. The Midland stock is regarded as the better purchase because, prior to the war, the revenue cover for the stock was better than that for the North Eastern.

In the same way the North Eastern 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock has a market price of 69, which means a return of practically £5 16s. per cent. The London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock is worth as much as 77½ in the market to make the yield £5 3s. 3d. per cent. Under Government control all the stocks may be regarded as equal, but the question arises which will be the better holding when the war is over.

Southern Railway 5 per cent. Preference stock at a price around 83 yields as much as 6 per cent. This security has always received its full dividend. In fact, the stock may be regarded as undervalued at the present price compared with some other railway securities.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. An ex-Ranyard Mission worker, aged 75, appealed to us for help. Her husband was a doctor who deserted her forty years ago, leaving her a son to bring up and educate. This she has done and she is now in her old age living with a sister. They each have the Old Age Pension, and the ex-missioner a promise of £20 per annum from a Society if we will give her 5s. weekly. The sisters hope to secure an almshouse in the near future, when life will be a little easier. Please help us in the meantime to give them some comfort.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

MOST of the favourite early summer flowers involve considerable labour, especially if grown in masses, but Lilies of the Valley, though amongst the best, require the minimum of attention once planted. Further, they are amongst the most delightful flowers for indoor decoration, and come at a time when "picking" flowers are usually scarce. Their rich beautiful foliage and the flowers themselves last well in water. Their fragrance too appeals, even to those who do not care for the cloying quality of most sweet-scented flowers.

This fact was noted 200 years ago by John Lawrence, a parson himself, and the author of the first gardening book written by parsons. Of the "conval-lilly" he said: "It is esteemed to have of all others the sweetest and most agreeable perfume; not offensive or overbearing, even to those who are made uneasy with the perfumes of other sweet-scented flowers." And the Lily of the Valley, though there are a few variations of the type, has so far mercifully escaped being "improved" by hybridists. The so-called pink form, now sometimes exhibited as a novelty, was well known three centuries ago. Grown in the open, they are as Gerard accurately describes them, and not an attractive red, for it is a dull brownish red, but forced as they are now under glass the flowers are a washy pink.

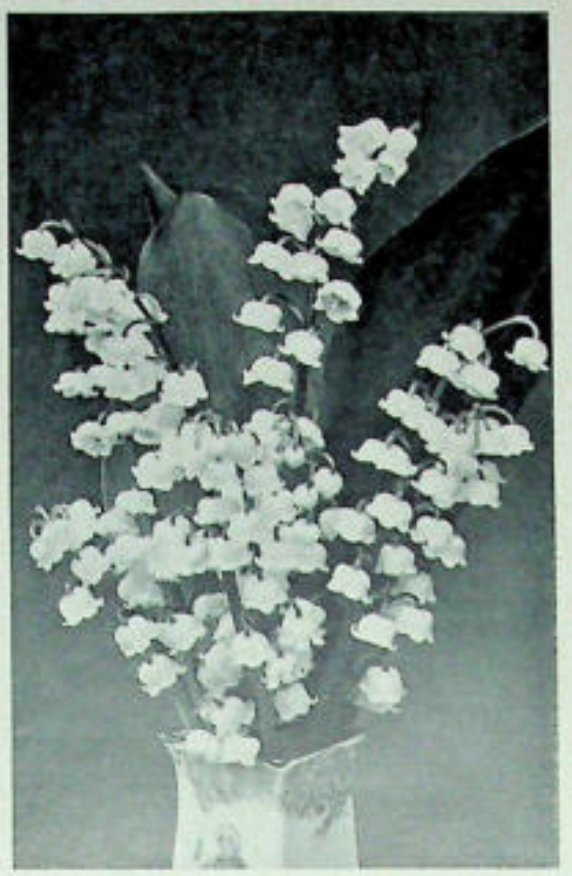
The cheapest way of buying Lilies of the Valley is in clumps, but these clumps cannot be relied upon to flower their first season. Lilies of the Valley do not take kindly to heavy clay soils. They are woodland plants, and this fact has to be borne in mind when choosing a site for them. They need plenty of light, but only a moderate amount of sun, for in their native habitats they are not found in deep shade, and they do best in a fairly light soil liberally enriched with leaf mould or any form of decayed green manure. "Selected crowns," to use the trade term, cost about twopence each, and as Lilies of the Valley increase rapidly this is not expensive. Crowns should be planted singly 4in. apart, putting them in so that the tops are an inch below the surface soil. When filling in make the soil very firm and spread hop manure or leaf mould over them.

In many gardens these flowers are given a part in the kitchen garden, where they can be picked easily. Once planted they should never be disturbed unnecessarily, but every autumn given a surface dressing of leaf mould. If the flowers deteriorate this usually indicates overcrowding, and in this case the plantation should be lifted and divided, and replanted in another part. Lilies of the Valley can be very contrary. Where site and soil are to their liking they can grow rampantly and spread even on a gravel path, but in other gardens they do poorly for no apparent reason. Theoretically they can be given well decayed manure, but they seem to have a decided preference for leaf mould.

In pots Lilies of the Valley never make the same rich lovely foliage as in the open. They look rather anæmic, but their delicious scent is welcome in spring. For pot culture the tops of the crowns should be put in almost level with the soil and they can be packed in barely 1in. apart in 6in. pots. The compost should be two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf mould, and firm planting is essential. The pots are best sunk in ashes until January, when they can be brought into a temperature of just over 65 to 70 degrees. The atmosphere should be thoroughly moist, and in such warmth the plants need a considerable amount of water. The commonest causes of failure to flower are a dry warm atmosphere and lack of sufficient water. When water is given it must be enough to reach the centres of the clumps and the lowest roots. The water should never be ice-cold, but have stood in the same temperature as the plants for 24 hours.

Retarded crowns bloom during winter within a month of being potted. These specially prepared crowns must be planted as soon as they arrive, and should be packed in the pot very closely with their crowns just above the surface soil. If put on bottom heat the flowers develop well before the leaves and look most unattractive. If pots of Lilies of the Valley are wanted in bloom at Christmas time retarded roots should be planted in mid-November, put in a cold frame for a week, and then transferred to warmth.

Lilies of the Valley first became garden flowers in Mary Tudor's reign. For this we have the authority of Thomas Hyll, the author of the first gardening book printed in the English language. In those days it was known as the wood lily, and was one of our common wild plants. In those days too it grew abundantly on Hampstead Heath. Hyll describes the "wood lily" as a flower "nervallouse sweete, flourishing especially in the spring time and growing properly in woods . . . but now for the great commoditie and use known the same of late yeares is brought and planted in gardens."



A FLOWER "MERVALLOUSE SWEET"

The Lily of the Valley is one of our truest heralds of summer, for the leaves guarding the jewel-like flowers never unfurl till there have been several days of real summer warmth. When that first spell of real summer comes (and the warmth is quite different from that of the few deceptive warm days we so commonly get in spring) the leaves unfurl very swiftly. Lilies of the Valley were formerly used for church decoration at Whitsun, and I recall a line, "And for lights, lilies of Pentecost set in sockets," but cannot remember the author.

E. S. R.

ADVISORY LEAFLETS

AMONG the advisory leaflets issued by the Ministry of Agriculture which have been revised this year, are the following of value to horticulturalists, fruit growers and gardeners. No. 199, dealing with wireworms, gives a life history of the worm, the nature of damage done by it and the methods of control both for agriculture and horticulture. This leaflet is of particular importance at the moment, as the wireworm infests grass land and when such land is broken the crops following are specially liable to damage. The codling moth, the most notorious of apple pests, is fully described in leaflet No. 42. Where spraying can be practised in orchards, a winter tar-distillate wash is recommended to reduce the number of cracks and crevices in which the larvæ can spin their cocoons. Other treatments are described and illustrations given of the moth in its various stages. Advice on farmyard manure (Leaflet No. 60) enters into the variations in quality of dung; stresses the importance of proper storage, and with bad management a great loss of nitrogen and potash as well may be incurred; describes the value of liquid manure as a fertiliser; and also the treatment of dung in the field and the correct way of applying it.

Two of the revised leaflets are directly concerned with farm stock. No. 76 treats of various mites affecting poultry, the red mite, the northern fowl mite, the parasitic mite of "Depluming Scabies," the mite responsible for "Scaly Leg," and the air-sac mite. Dirt, it is added, is the breeding place for some and the hiding place for all, of the external parasites of poultry so that houses should be so constructed that no part of them can act as a permanent harbour for dirt. The production of fat lambs is the subject of leaflet No. 131 and this treats of market requirements; the breed of ewe, the rams, management of ewes and feeding and management of lambs. All these leaflets contain summarised advice from the highest authority on the subjects with which they deal and are issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office, price 1d. per copy or 9d. net per dozen copies. They can be obtained from York House, Kingsway, London; 120, George Street, Edinburgh; 26, York Street, Manchester; 1, St. Andrews Crescent, Cardiff; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast; or ordered through any bookseller.

SHRUBS FOR SPOTS RESTRICTED

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

I AM often consulted on planting problems. There is a proverb which says: "It is always better to be certain than sorry," and this is very true of gardening. If quite a large sum of money is to be spent on planting a herbaceous border, on establishing an orchard or on developing a shrubbery—it is as well to be certain as to the probable results beforehand. So often I am called in after a job has been done, perhaps a few years later, and then it is most expensive to undo a wrong, and often very difficult too.

One of the problems I had put to me this week was one concerning a comparatively narrow border which the gardener wished to plant with shrubs. It was not only narrow, but it was necessary to ensure that the shrubs did not grow too high so as to obstruct a particularly fine view from a sitting-room window.

The whole point of planting the border down to shrubs was to save labour, and so it was important to choose kinds that would not need a lot of pruning. Fortunately, there was no difficulty about drainage nor was the soil calcareous.

It is wonderful the way that you can find what you want when you start seriously to look for it. There are far more dwarf "non-trespassing" shrubs than I should have thought if I had been asked a week or so ago. How true it is that a gardener is a man who learns something more every day.

My mind flew immediately to the Cistus, many of which I found, however, were too tall. The following fitted the bill well: Algarvensis, an erect type, which bears yellow flowers with a basal chocolate spot, in June. Lusitanicus, much more spreading and bearing bright crimson blossoms very freely. Silver Pink, a beautiful hybrid with silver-grey leaves and large pink flowers, and, of course, Sunset, with its purplish-red flowers in June and July.

By the way, any of the shrubs that I mention may be obtained from Colonel Grey, the Hocker Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent; Messrs. George Jackman & Sons, Woking Nurseries, Surrey; Messrs. J. Cheal & Sons, of Crawley, Surrey; Messrs. R. Tucker & Sons, of Faringdon, Berks; Messrs. Dartington Hall, Ltd., Totnes, Devon; Messrs. Walter Slocock, Ltd., Woking, Surrey; or Messrs. Waterer, Son & Crisp, of Twyford, Berks.

In the Berberis family, there is the *B. Duleis Nana Compacta*, which does not grow more than 18in. high, and is covered with little yellow flowers in the spring. I recommended it as an edging shrub. *B. Verruculosa* grows 3ft. high. The June golden yellow flowers are followed by beautiful black berries. *Candidula* is another berberis, which usually keeps to about 3ft. and bears beautiful shiny green leaves, silver beneath.

The shrubby *Calceolaria Integrifolia* bears yellow pouched flowers in August and September. It is a splendid plant, and is not well enough known. The *Callicarpa Japonica* is another which likes full sun and bears its pink flowers in August. *Ceratostigma Willmottianum* bears bright blue tubular flowers from July to October. Its cousin *Polhillii* is even dwarfer and has bright blue flowers with a crimson calyx, from August onwards. Most people consider *Cotoneaster Pyrenesia* a rock-garden shrub, but its umbrella-like growth is quite suitable for a shrub border, and it is certainly compact.

A shrub that only grows 2ft. high is *Ephedra Andina*. I always think it looks something like Mare's Tail, but it has little yellow flowers to make a show in July and August. It does not mind dry weather either.

There are numbers of heathers I could have advised. In fact, I should have felt inclined to have made it into a heather garden, but the gardener demurred, and so they had to be ruled out. *Genista Hispanica* is extremely easy to grow, and is covered with golden yellow flowers in May and early June. Its relation, *G. Radiata*, is useful, too, because of its rounded head. It flowers a bit later. *Sulphurea*, another Genista, grows erect, and produces its mass of blossoms in April and May.

A real dwarf shrub, which comes from Patagonia, is *Brizelia speciosa*. It is an evergreen which bears, in the summer, long stalked light yellow flowers. It is, perhaps, the most straggling that I have mentioned, but included because it is scarce in cultivation. Other shrubs that were included were Daphnes, Potentillas, Ononises, two Viber-nums, several Veronicas, a Skimmia, three Salvias, &c.

CLEANER LAND AND BETTER YIELDS

By H. C. LONG

IN recent times, and especially during the past two or three years, a great deal has been written about the need to increase the fertility of the land; the "undesirable" prohibition, in tenancy agreements, of ploughing up permanent grass without special sanction of the landlord; and the immense value of alternate husbandry in increasing land fertility.

That there is a crying need for increasing fertility must be evident to anyone who has even a moderate knowledge of farming and travels about the country at all widely. During the last four or five years I have seen extensive areas of both upland and lowland grass that is in a very bad state—though some of it may now be improving—and one may be certain that many good farmers and county agricultural organisers could say the same thing.

If the best permanent grass on a farm is poor and neglected it is likely—though it does not necessarily follow—that the arable is also not in the best state—there may be exceptions where the arable is cared for at the expense of the grass, especially if it be to grow wheat. The lime and basic slag subsidies may go far to remedy this state of affairs, but farmers will need to remember that nitrogen must be used where it is required. Supplies of potash of any kind should be carefully husbanded, and used for crops and soils for which they will be most valuable; heavy soils are not likely to be very deficient.

Regarding tenancy agreements, there are people who fear that, once permanent grass is broken up, the tenant will get all he can out of it and leave the condition of the land much worse than it was. Against this one may express the view that any farmer who has kept his permanent grass in first-class condition is likely to do the same for his arable, and ensure that his temporary leys shall be such as to maintain and improve fertility, while the farmer who would steal the fertility from grass that he broke up, and not replace it, would in all probability not have very high-grade grass to plough up at the outset! Under existing conditions the restrictions of tenancy agreements must be regarded as annulled by national need, and the Government ask for the urgent ploughing of 1,500,000 acres of grass that has been down at least seven years.

Much has already been ploughed, and it is certain that almost the whole of the area will carry arable crops next year—cereals, potatoes and sugar beet in particular. The fertility inherent in this grass will next year yield far larger crops of valuable human food than if the land had remained unploughed. Possible claims by landlords or farmers may safely be left until the war has been won, but meanwhile the Government will pay the grant of £2 per acre for all approved acreages ploughed by a specific date.

As to alternate husbandry, the work of the past few years has shown conclusively that the laying down of temporary grass for two to six years is not nearly so expensive as is commonly believed—and the benefit as regards fertility is as obvious as that of clover in a four-course rotation. It may be agreed that the ploughing-up of permanent grass should be carried out with forethought, the claims of the farm as a whole with reference to stock receiving due attention, especially at the outset, when the change to temporary ley may otherwise tend to "upset the apple cart." Nevertheless, although a few landlords may feel that with "not too good" tenants they will need some protection in so far as the best grass is concerned, the value of a wide extension of temporary leys in the rotation, at the expense of the poorer permanent grass, seems obvious to many authorities.

Alternate husbandry ought to result in cleaner land, increase the yield of grass—whether of hay or grazing, or both—regularly improve soil "condition," and add fertility that may in part be cashed in the succeeding arable crop. It is this accumulated fertility in grassland that will surely greatly increase our national yield of corn, potatoes and sugar in 1940.

Meanwhile, it is essential in the national interest that every endeavour should be made to improve all classes of grassland, as well as arable. Difficulties will arise, and the work will be heavy, but drains must be kept freely running, lime and fertilisers must be used, tillages must be good, and the land must be cleaned, if heavy crops are to be grown. It must be remembered, also, that it may be desirable further to increase the arable area next year. On grassland generally lime, basic slag and nitrogen, with good management and stocking, will make for improvement; on arable land lime and fertilisers—with dung as available—must be employed in accordance with the cropping.



LAND THAT HAS PROBABLY BEEN GRASS SINCE NAPOLEON'S DAY

Ploughing up in Bushy Park, which records show has not been ploughed for at least a hundred years, although the marks of very old furrows can still be traced. Probably the last time it grew corn was in Napoleon's day, when Britain at another period in her history had to use her resources to the full. The newly-turned furrows promise a rich, dark tilth, with a gravelly sub-soil that will make for good drainage

PIG PRODUCTION

THERE are three kinds of pigs for slaughter:
(*a*) Pork—scalded pigs, generally between 60-80lbs. deadweight.
(*b*) Cutters—pig meat, between 100-200lbs. deadweight.
(*c*) Baconers—between 140-200lbs. deadweight.

It will be appreciated that the porker trade is uneconomic under war-time conditions, and this for several reasons. Under ideal conditions the porker will be ready for market at about 4½ months of age at approximately 70 lbs. deadweight. The baconer or cutter will be ready at about 8½ months and will weigh approximately nine score. It will be seen, therefore, that the progeny from one sow carried to these heavier weights will double the output of bacon or pig meat and produce more foodstuffs, the offals—especially the lard—having a far higher value.

Nor does this complete the advantage to the credit of the heavy pig, for it will readily be seen that the type of food required for porker production must contain that correct amount of protein essential for the growing animal—which is dear and may become scarce.

The cutter is used for many purposes for fresh pig meat, for sausages, pork pies, &c. The trade for cutters in the Midlands, especially in the Birmingham district, is large. No objection is raised to such pigs being used for human consumption, but it is suggested that there should be prohibition of slaughter below 140lbs. deadweight under war-time conditions.

Baconers. It will be in the interests of producers and consumers alike to increase deadweights of baconers to approximately 180lbs. deadweight. This will have many advantages (and these, of course, apply to the cutter, too), *e.g.*, it will increase the supply of edible fats, including lard. It will double the increase of meat expressed per pig as against pork, and will enable the producer during the last two months of feeding to utilise feeding stuffs which can, and must, be home-produced.

The six-month baconer or cutter will be able to use to great advantage home-grown foods of a coarse nature, such as barley meal and potatoes. With a greatly increased area under potatoes it will be necessary to find a profitable outlet for the chat potato. The large type of baconer will deal with these, subject to boiling, up to 60 per cent of the total ration.

It is hoped that allotment holders and the like will be encouraged to keep a pig or two to use up waste vegetable matter, chat potatoes, and other scrap. In small towns and villages this should present little difficulty. Pig clubs might well be formed, talks given by people with the necessary experience, and the Ministry could be of assistance in drawing up suitable rations to cover every stage of growth.

It will be seen that this policy is reactionary to our pre-war production. Will the race-horse type prove the best for our immediate requirements? It is suggested that we shall have seriously to consider what breed or breeds will best fulfil the purpose in view. This breed must be able to produce progeny which will give the largest live weight gain, irrespective of finer points, for the lowest consumption of food. In this and other fat stock production we shall be compelled to adjust our methods, not only in our own interests, but in those of the community which is rapidly becoming conscious of its dependence on the countryside.

W. G. & R. G.

CAR DESIGN IN AMERICA

By W. G. McMINNIES

WHILE the democracies and dictatorland are staging on the Western front the greatest exhibition of land and air transport that has ever been seen, our friends in the United States have just held their annual exhibition of motor cars at New York.

What the result of their new season's trading will be remains to be seen, but with many of their best customers engaged in the war and with the general impoverishment that will inevitably follow its conclusion the outlook is not rosy.

Last season, i.e., 1938, was prosperous enough for no fewer than 2,490,000 units were made in the States, whereas Great Britain produced 445,000, Germany 342,000, France 223,000, Russia 215,000, Canada 166,000 and Italy 69,000. More recent figures show that last July the total output of cars produced in America was 150,740. The drop to 61,380 in August was partly due to the closing of the season and the eminence of new models and partly to the international situation. But as the September figures, exclusive of the Ford contribution, rose to over 200,000 there was evidence of some recovery.

Another interesting figure disclosed the fact that for the first eight months of the 1938-39 season America's most popular car was the Chevrolet with sales amounting to 435,879, which is equivalent to a monthly output of over 50,000 cars. The Ford Company came next with a total of just over 319,000, while other big sellers were Plymouth, which is a product of the Chrysler Corporation, with nearly 266,000, Buick with 146,000, Dodge with 136,000, Pontiac with 108,000 and Oldsmobile with just under 100,000.

Immense as these figures are they do not as yet represent the maximum output of cars to which the leaders of the American motor trade look forward. They point out quite rightly that within the next fifty or a hundred years thousands and thousands of miles of new highway will be designed and built specially to accommodate motor car and truck traffic. And this development will take place not only in the great open spaces of North and South America and Canada, but all over the British Empire. This mighty new road plan is bound to encourage further expansion in motor traffic of all kinds. As far as the States are concerned already one person in six owns a car. In the not so distant future this figure may increase to one in every two or three. As a contrast to this compare for a moment the present position in Russia, where the proportion is one car to every 322 people. With the imminent appearance of a new cheap, quantity-produced and simplified vehicle in the U.S.S.R. this figure will soon be improved.

From our own standpoint, it will be both interesting and instructive to watch the trend of American car design. For one thing, with our own motor car plants concentrating on war material of various kinds, the American products will furnish us with the only up-to-date data on automobile engineering.

So now let us go over to the New York show and inspect the 1940 models there. In view of the international situation it is interesting to find that prices have been reduced. This is all the more notable as the cars themselves are generally roomier, larger and actually heavier, the last characteristic in many cases having been offset by obtaining greater power from an engine of fixed capacity. Probably the present prices were fixed some months ago, when the outlook was not so gloomy, but how long they will prevail is quite another matter.

The second feature of note is the new styling of the cars. Two years ago the Lincoln-Zephyr pioneered an imposing and sleek line in coachwork. Its frontal aspect was no less impressive than the gracious slope of its tail. It was in fact one of the very few cars that looked its part. The influence of this imposing design is now generally reflected in other American cars. Most of them favour a prow shaped front, the lower part of which accommodates some form of chromium plated grill often continued outwards so as to blend with the wings. The wings themselves are merged gracefully into the bonnet and swept back a considerable distance so as to form a kind of helmet which tapers sternwards. The impression, at any rate judged from a side view, is not particularly attractive but the design has probably been adopted in order to prevent mud and water from splashing the door panels. This would be likely to occur on many cars which have dispensed with running boards altogether or only fitted ones of attenuated design.

Roomier bodies have been achieved sometimes by lengthening the wheelbase and sometimes by mounting the engine still further forward in the frame. These alterations have enabled more leg room to be provided and the rear seat to be brought forward in front of the back axle with some gain in riding comfort.

Stress is laid on the fact that the new bodies provide better visibility than their predecessors. While exact details as to how this very necessary virtue has been obtained are not given, it may have been achieved by widening the front seats so that they now occupy almost the whole track of the car. This would be a natural result of the elimination of the running boards and the attempt to use as much as possible of the overall width of the car for the accommodation of passengers. Otherwise the present vogue of the long, high and admittedly imposing bonnet line would appear to limit visibility. In this connection one cannot help remarking on the absence of any attempt to slope the front part of the bonnet downwards so as to bring into view a close up view of the road as is done so effectively on several French and Italian cars.

An obvious and necessary detail improvement concerns the under the steering wheel gear change which was introduced on many American cars last year. When I was in the States this summer I noticed how clumsy and uncertain was this gear change on several cars I used. Their drivers generally made a noise in changing gear, an occurrence I attributed to play in the movement of the various links that connected the lever under the wheel with the selector mechanism in the box. Now all this has been tidied up and the new gear changes are claimed to be not only much lighter and easier to operate, but also much more precise and slick.

One maker has developed what he terms a hydramatic transmission system consisting of a fluid flywheel and a semi-automatic gear. This layout eliminates the mechanical clutch and with it the clutch pedal so that only one foot, the right, is required to work the brake and accelerate pedals. There are four positions in the change speed quadrant under the wheel, indicating neutral, high, low and reverse. In order to start, the driver moves the lever from neutral into first position and depresses the accelerator. The fluid flywheel takes up the drive and the car moves off, changing its own gears from first to second and second to third until at a speed of some 23 miles an hour a high fourth gear with a ratio of 3.6 to 1 comes into action and is used for practically all normal requirements.

The Oldsmobile is the car on which this interesting development is shown as standard on its most expensive model and as an extra on its two six-cylinder types. It certainly represents a notable advance towards the simplifying of control, an advance, it may be said, that we might have seen in this country had it not been for the outbreak of the war.

Turning to details, the widespread use of the new sealed beam headlight, which is often streamlined or fitted flush in the wings, calls for comment. In this device the bulb, lens and reflector are permanently sealed in their housing where they rest as a single assembly. The system is claimed not only to provide a better lighted road but to reduce glare provided, of course, that the beams are properly controlled by the driver. Being sealed up, the lamp is thoroughly protected and so maintains its condition throughout the life of the vehicle.

In conclusion, the show does not disclose any exciting innovations. The much-discussed rear-engined car has not arrived, owing some say to the fact that the placing of the engine astern would destroy the balance of the car on the road. Nor is there any general sign of America appreciating the economy, handiness and suitability at any rate for town work or solo driving of a lighter, more compact sort of car. If anything, as already noted, the tendency seems to be in the other direction. It is also noted that the development of plastics, except as applied to the ornamentation of interior fittings of the body, has not made apparent progress. It was thought at one time that this material would have been used for non-stressed parts of the bodywork, such as panels and container lids. At the same time its absence from cars this year does not mean that experiments are not being conducted in its wider application to motor-car bodies and that next year or the year after momentous developments may not be perfected. It has already been applied to the fuselage of an aeroplane with excellent results where its cheapness, ease and rapidity of manufacture, natural smoothness of finish and light weight are its outstanding claims to attention. That it has a great future for use in connection with motor-car bodies seems obvious.





NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW—THE DREAM OF BEAUTY AND THE WARTIME NIGHTMARE

On the left is the latest 4½-litre Bentley, with two-door Saloon Coupé by Messrs. James Young and upholstered in pigskin. On the right is a car seen at Worcester adapted to run on anthracite. The engine is first started with petrol, and then switched over to the anthracite produced fuel

LIGHTS ON MOTOR VEHICLES

Following the issue of the White Paper, "War Time Lighting Restrictions—Lights carried by road vehicles," the R.A.C. has drawn the attention of the Ministry of Home Security to the paragraph which states that in cases of cars with a head-lamp to which the proposed new mask cannot readily be fitted, the headlamp should be modified, or if this is impracticable, replaced by another of a design to which the mask can be affixed.

In the opinion of the R.A.C. such an alteration or replacement would involve the owners of the cars concerned in very considerable expense, even if such alterations were possible.

ROLLS-ROYCE

Rolls-Royce Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

The Company are in a position to supply Rolls-Royce cars from stocks of cars completed and in process of completion at coachbuilders.

All enquiries should be addressed to:

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

129a Preston Hill, Kingsbury, near Harrow, Middlesex. Telephone: Arnold 2131

or 14-15 Conduit Street, London W1. Telephone: Mayfair 6201-6

PETROL RATIONING

The R.A.C. has renewed its approaches to the Ministry of Mines on the subject of the basic petrol ration now granted to motor cyclists and also to owners of cars over 20 h.p.

It is pointed out by the club that the owners of vehicles in both of these categories are at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the ordinary car owner. It has been generally accepted that the unsupplemented petrol ration will give to the owner of any private motor vehicle a mileage of approximately 200 a month. In the case of motor cycles over 250 c.c., and in the case of practically all cars over 20 h.p., the distance that can be covered on the amount of petrol allowed, even by the exercise of the utmost restraint in driving, falls very far short of this distance.

It is suggested, therefore, by the R.A.C. that motor cycles should in future be rationed on the following scale:

Solos up to 250 c.c.	2 units per month
Solos over 250 c.c.	3 units per month
Passenger machines under 250 c.c.	3 units per month
Passenger machines over 250 c.c.	4 units per month

Also that the monthly ration for cars over 20 h.p. and up to 25 h.p. should be 12 units, and for cars over 25 h.p., 15 units.

In addition, the club has raised with the Ministry the confusion that exists as a consequence of the commencing date of each month for petrol rationing purposes falling on the 22nd. It is fully appreciated that this date was originally fixed to meet immediate emergency, but now that the scheme is settling down it is suggested by the R.A.C. that the commencing date of each rationing period should be the first of the month.

This could readily be achieved if the ration books to be issued with effect from November 23rd were to cover the period up to midnight on December 31st—an addition of nine days—and that the quantity value of the unit in that period should be increased accordingly.

In view of the fact that Christmas shopping will fall within this period, and also that there is the much desired possibility of a number of persons serving in H.M. Forces being on leave at this time—the R.A.C. represented to the Ministry that in order to cover the additional nine days and the two special cases given above, the value of the unit for this extended period should be doubled.

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Colonel Peter Layard is carrying on the duties of hon. secretary.

DULVERTON (LORD POLTIMORE'S).—Jack Loosemore, first whipper-in, will carry the horn in the place of the Master, who is engaged in war work; and J. Harris (stud groom) is turning hounds to him, Tom Allison, second whipper-in, having joined up. Mrs. F. Smyth, Oswell, Stoke Rivers, Barnstaple, is the hon. secretary. Hounds will hunt on Mondays and Fridays. The pack has been reduced by ten couples, and three horses have gone to the Army.

HAMBLEDON.—The committee met on October 23rd to consider a request from the Master that he might be relieved from obligations assumed under totally different conditions. As obligations had been entered into on both sides which to-day are impossible of fulfilment, the committee felt that they could not do otherwise than accede, with regret, to the Master's request. Arrangements to carry on hunting for the rest of the season were then considered, and it was decided that the only course possible was for the committee to carry on as best they could. The Master has generously offered to loan the committee such horses as are required, as well as all the necessary kennel and stable equipment. The committee have appointed Mr. Jack Blake to act as Master on their behalf; Haynes will hunt hounds, assisted by amateur whippers-in. It is proposed to hunt two days a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Meets will be advertised in the local press, and cards will be issued to those desiring them on payment of 5/-, in advance, to Messrs. A. W. Childs, Ltd., Printers, Petersfield. The latter arrangement is contingent on the number of applications reaching a minimum of 20. The committee count on the support of all in the country to keep the sport going, and desire to impress on every follower the vital necessity of avoiding all damage. Unmounted followers, by closing a gate inadvertently left open, or replacing a slip rail, can do much to help. Finance is going to be difficult, and the hon. secretary desires those who have not sent in their subscriptions to do so at their earliest convenience.

SUFFOLK.—For the coming season the Master will be Major Herbert Musker, O.B.E., Rushford Hall, Norfolk. The hon. secretaries: Lieutenant-Colonel Royce Tomkin, Little Haugh, Norton, Bury St. Edmunds, and Major T. Wilson, M.C., Guildhall Street, Bury St. Edmunds. Peter Farrelly will be huntsman. J. Benson, first whipper-in, and Mr. W. Bridge, the second. The days of hunting will be Tuesday and Saturday, and there are 25 couples of hounds.

BEAGLES

BRIGHTON FOOT BEAGLES.—At a special general meeting held recently, it was decided to hand hounds over to a committee consisting of Mr. L. C. Ashby, Captain F. H. B. Samuelson and Mrs. Joan Taylor. Captain Samuelson will become Master and S. Knight will remain as kennel-huntsman. Through the courtesy of Sir Reginald Blaker hounds will still be kept at the Kennels, Fulking. They will hunt on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and will be accessible from Haywards Heath, Brighton and Lewes. The hon. secretary is Mrs. Joan Taylor, The Glen, Withdean Road, Brighton, 5; and the whippers-in are Messrs. L. Colbatch-Clark, R. Wood and A. McCormick. The subscription is: Gentlemen £3 3s., ladies £2 2s., cap 2 6.

SCOTTISH HORSE BEAGLES.—When these hounds met at Kinlairney Cross Roads, by the kind invitation of Major Richmond, a hare went away from a thick beech hedge just as hounds reached it. Gaining a good start, they ran their hare fast on a left-handed circle, and although coursed by a collie dog for a field hounds stuck to the line, driving her through a big turnip field up the hill. Going away again on the low side, they ran straight for nearly a mile to the Lunan burn, where hounds were in difficulties owing to the hare having twice crossed the stream. The huntsman, however, met her coming back up the side of a hedge, and going well away again hounds ran fast for 20 minutes, until there was a slight check on the road. From here the pack worked slowly over a 50-acre stubble, when the hare jumped up suddenly, and running in view the whole length of the field managed to hold her own to the road. A cunning jink gave her a little grace, and going up the hill again she crossed the second road, making for new ground. This was unexpected as she had now been running for over 50 minutes. Going on fast through the belt of trees, the pack ran into view a field later, and pulled their hare down in the open after a capital hunt of 1 hour 5 minutes.

(For Hunting Fixtures see page 876)

WORK *in the* VEGETABLE GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

CLEARING and cleaning up are the chief jobs now, also digging all vacant ground. Where natural manures are difficult to get, every effort should be made to increase the humus content of the soil, for without humus no soil is fertile.

The easiest method at this season is to trench all vacant ground in the kitchen garden two spits deep, and put in a thick layer of vegetable refuse, such as cabbage leaves, grass cuttings, &c. Apart from making excellent humus, this breaks up heavy soil and adds to the retentive properties of light soil. The ground should be left as rough as possible to benefit by frost.

The earthing up of celery has to be done in fine weather. The first earthing up should make merely a loose collar of soil round each plant. The second is done with a spade, and though the soil should be pressed rather more firmly, on no account should this be done heavily or much earth allowed to fall in the hearts. The second earthing should not reach higher than the lowest leaves, and in the final should only allow the tips of the highest leaves to show above the soil. The sides must be made perfectly smooth and firmed with a spade, but again no ramming. The ideal is complete darkness for the roots, but no compressing. It usually takes six to eight weeks after the final earthing for Celery to blanch.

Horse-radish roots should now be lifted and stored in sand. This is one of the "vegetables" that formerly was used solely for medicinal purposes and now is only employed as a seasoning. It was in Stuart times when it was first used in this way, and it was served with fish, and not meat. In the nineteenth century it was far more commonly used than now, and Loudon describes Horse-radish as "one of the most profitable crops raised by the market gardener."

Possibly its lack of popularity nowadays is due to the fact that in most households Horse-radish sauce is made too thriftily. The roots should be shredded or grated and stewed in a little good stock and when hot, but not boiling, the yolks of two eggs added. If the yolks are added when the sauce is actually boiling they will curdle. Or the roots can be grated and mixed raw with thick cream, preferably sour cream.

Parsnips are now just coming into season, though in common with many folk I think they are not at their best till they have been frosted. We store ours piled criss-cross fashion in the open, and even in the last severe winter they were in perfect condition in late February. This year rust has been very prevalent owing to the very wet summer. The only method of combating this is to remove all the outer leaves as soon as they turn yellow and this is usually in August. Also sand mulches about an inch deep have to be given about once a fortnight until early November. Rust is not a disease, but is caused solely by excessive damp, and therefore has to be combated by regular hoeing—to keep down all weeds, as these add to excessive moisture—and by mulching with sand.

Cooked Parsnips are either much liked or cordially disliked and children usually dislike them. Considering the way they are commonly cooked, this is not surprising. The vast majority of English cooks pin their faith to vast quantities of water, rapid cooking, and the minimum of butter. Good French cooks prefer slow cooking in the minimum of water, and are reasonably lavish with butter. And if any vegetable needs butter it is the Parsnip, as the proverb "That butters no parsnips" testifies.

In common with all root vegetables and fruits, the most valuable constituents in Parsnips lie both in and under the skin. If Parsnips in their skins are steamed in a bowl, the little liquor that collects at the bottom will be found to have a honey-like taste.

In these days of fuel economy, steaming is ruled out of court in many kitchens where there are gas or electric cookers, and the alternatives are either to use the invaluable hay-box or else to slice the unpeeled roots fairly thinly and to boil them with a walnut of butter in as little water as possible in a covered pan. Sliced roots boil much more quickly than whole or quartered roots, and the little liquor that is left can be used in vegetable soups. The cores of Parsnips are tough, and the ideal is to punch out each one, using an apple corer for the purpose. This speeds up the cooking and removes a useless part of the vegetable.

Creamed Parsnip pie is delicious and incidentally the only prize I ever won in my life was for this dish in a cookery competition. Cook the roots whole in their skins, then slip off the skins, slit the roots open and remove the cores. If properly cooked the cores can be removed, spines and all intact, almost whole. Put the rest of the roots in a hot basin with butter, allowing an ounce of butter to each fairly large root. Beat up to a froth (this is impossible unless the cores are removed), mix in a tablespoonful of finely chopped Parsley and seasoning to taste, put in a buttered pie dish, strew breadcrumbs on top with a few little pats of butter, and heat in a really hot oven till the top is browned.

This dish can be varied indefinitely by adding grated Parmesan cheese, eggs which have been left over, mushrooms, &c., and the top garnished with powdered hard-boiled egg and paprika.

Parsnip balls are made with Parsnips cooked as above and beaten up with egg yolk instead of butter, allowing one yolk to every breakfast-cupful of cooked Parsnip. Form into balls, roll in flour and fry in fat. Serve these balls garnished with sprays of Parsley.



DIGGING UP VACANT GROUND

Breaking up land at Templenewsam Golf Course, Leeds. W. Shankland, the club professional, is digging. Horticultural experts might be inclined to criticise his "stance"

THE COUNTRY NEEDS TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is a pertinent and rather satisfying comment on the ways of democracy that, with much of our usual timber import shut up in the Baltic, and a more or less acute shortage of pit props, the Government rely not upon compulsion, but upon the goodwill of landowners to fill the gap. Accustomed as we are to freedom, and to gibing at the alleged shortcomings of Government departments, it would have been a not unexpected turn of events for the landowner to have to do what he is told. Many of us expected a general invasion of private woodlands, a scheduling and a widespread slaughter. The invasion has started, but in a more gentle way, and from nuclei in the more heavily timbered counties.

Landowners are being approached with a request that they will part with their young conifer plantations, except those the felling of which would have a serious effect upon the amenities of the mansion or park. The ages being cleared, both in the State forests and in private woods, are between 20 and 35 years, from which can be secured a maximum quantity of pitwood.

The response is most encouraging, though the initial reaction is an understandable desire to dispose of those areas which are not a success and to retain promising young plantations. Provided about 75 per cent of the pitwood on an estate is offered there can be no question of lack of patriotism in an owner who desires to retain a favourite plantation. In most cases it is possible that this can be arranged, and from the national standpoint the areas left will form an excellent further reserve against a serious emergency.

It is obviously unfair to strip an estate of all its plantations if other landowners are not treated in the same manner. Organisation of the task necessitates that some estates and areas shall be visited before others, and in the event of an unexpected cessation of hostilities those estates not visited would retain their woodlands intact.

For the impecunious, and who is not in these days, the national need represents a very useful source of quite unexpected revenue. On one estate of about 6,000 acres the pitwood was valued by the acquiring officer at £2,300, and the landowner offered, in a most public spirited manner, to accept £2,000. Even then he found himself with a large windfall, and 25 per cent. of his young plantations were excluded.

The other side of the picture is the owner or agent who seeks to exact the maximum possible price. The schedule of top prices for growing trees, published in the *Field* of October 14th, and obtainable as Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order, 1939, from the Stationery Office, price 1d., gives the highest figures that can be secured for clean, straight material of good quality, within easy reach of a hard road. It is obvious that inferior timber, or trees far distant from a hard road, will command a reduced price, though some people fail to realise this, and when it is explained seek to argue that the maximum figures are in reality standard prices.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, and it is a matter of regret that the pleasant relations existing between the majority of landowners and the Timber Control should be jeopardised by a minority, whose attitude, expressed in the mildest terms, is scarcely patriotic. Everyone realises that if the methods of negotiation fail to secure an adequate supply, which definitely cannot be obtained by thinnings, then the evils of compulsion must follow, if the country is to carry on.

It may be asked, "How is the work to be carried out?" The Timber Control buy the trees standing and will send in gangs of about 20 men, who will aim at clearing an estate in from three to twelve months. The trees will be cut, stacked and carted to rail by the Control, and in the work the landowner will be under no obligation. He may be willing to augment the supply by thinning other plantations.

The labour question is proving vital, and it is of immense importance that estates should offer the services of woodmen to the Control before they think of discharging them. Finances have made economy needful on most estates, and in a few cases it has taken the form of reducing the woodland staff, the men finding employment in agriculture or other pursuits and being lost to the timber industry.

The selling of areas of pitwood to timber merchants, under licence, is not affected, and in fact the Control will not negotiate for areas already on offer to merchants. The reason for State purchase is to augment the supplies, as the trade cannot be expected to handle the volume that is required. The important point is that the material should find its way on to the market, the particular channel being of no consequence. Whoever buys, the price, of course, will be the same.

Pitwood used to enter this country as return load in ships which exported our coal. Now this has all stopped, so that it will be seen that the need is very real. It is of national importance that all landowners and their agents should co-operate to the full with the Timber Control, in fostering the efficiency of the very pleasant system that has started. The country needs pitwood and woodmen, and the principal supply of both is on the private estates.

SEED POTATO DEALERS.—In order to facilitate the purchase and distribution of seed potatoes, all persons dealing wholesale in seed potatoes in Great Britain are requested to make application for registration. A form of application for registration will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Director of Potato Supplies, Ministry of Food, Potato Section, St. John's College, Oxford.

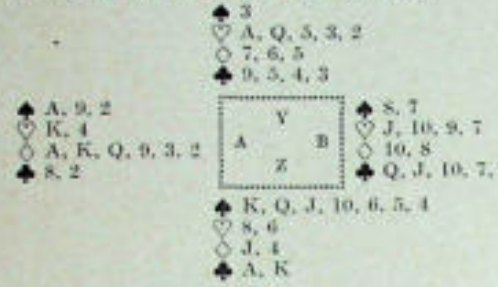
BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY (*Continued*)

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

LAST week I discussed the defence of a certain hand against a squeeze play by the declarer. In that particular hand one defender had to discard so as to give his partner a count of the declarer's hand, and thus the burden of the defensive play was fairly evenly shared between the two defenders.

In some hands, however, one defender may have to nurse his partner and render his play easier.



A—B love and 20.
Y—Z game and 20.

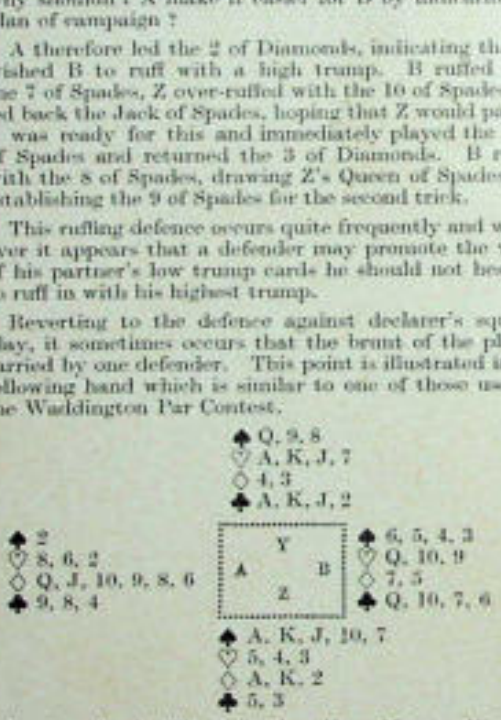
Z	A	Y	B
Three Spades	Four Diamonds	*No* bid	No bid
Four Spades			All pass

A led the King and Queen of Diamonds on which B echoed by playing the 10 and 8 of Diamonds. Now A stopped to think; on Z's vulnerable three call (although with a score of 20) and the tenace in dummy over A's King of Hearts, it was fairly certain that the defence could not hope for any tricks in Hearts or Clubs. The only chance appeared to be in establishing the 9 of Hearts and this depended on forcing Z's high trumps with plain suit leads. Now although a good defender *might* ruff the Ace of Diamonds with the 7 of Spades, why shouldn't A make it easier for B by indicating his plan of campaign?

A therefore led the 2 of Diamonds, indicating that he wished B to ruff with a high trump. B ruffed with the 7 of Spades, Z over-ruffed with the 10 of Spades and led back the Jack of Spades, hoping that Z would pass it. Z was ready for this and immediately played the King of Spades and returned the 3 of Diamonds. B ruffed with the 8 of Spades, drawing Z's Queen of Spades and establishing the 9 of Spades for the second trick.

This ruffing defence occurs quite frequently and whenever it appears that a defender may promote the value of his partner's low trump cards he should not hesitate to ruff in with his highest trump.

Reverting to the defence against declarer's squeeze play, it sometimes occurs that the brunt of the play is carried by one defender. This point is illustrated in the following hand which is similar to one of those used in the Waddington Par Contest.



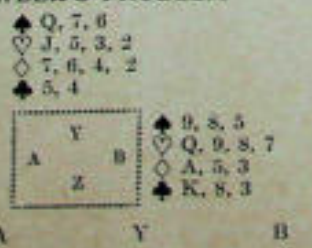
Z—One Spade, Three Spades, Four Hearts, Five No Trumps, Seven Spades.

Y—Three Hearts, Four Clubs, Four No Trumps, Six Spades.

A—B pass throughout.

Hoping to develop the extra tricks in Hearts or Clubs Z bid the Grand Slam. The opening lead of the Queen of Diamonds was taken by Z's Ace. Z took one round of trumps and then led the King of Diamonds and another Diamond which he ruffed in dummy. If had now to put up rather an unusual defence. If he discarded a Heart, Y's Hearts were established, if he discarded a Club, Z could establish a Club trick by leading the Ace and King of Clubs and ruffing B's Queen of Clubs. B therefore under-ruffed by discarding a trump. Z now took two rounds of trumps, led the Ace of Hearts, the Ace and King of Clubs, ruffed the third Club and led the last Trump. B must now make the Queen of Clubs or the Queen of Hearts according to Y's discard.

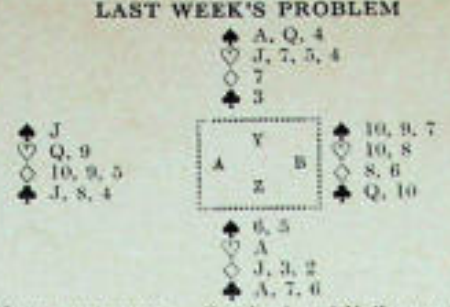
THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z	A	Y	B
One no trump.	All pass.		

A leads the Jack of Diamonds. Holding B's hand, what do you play and why?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and Y-Z to make eight tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

I have to thank a Winchester reader for the above problem and its solution. The Ace of Spades and Ace of Hearts are taken and a Spade led towards the Queen. If A ruffs the remaining six tricks are easy to make. If A discards a Diamond Y takes the trick with the Queen of Spades, leads Jack and another Diamond which he ruffs and throws A in the lead with a Heart. If A discards a Club Z establishes a Club trick in the same way.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Denmark and France.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) The usual move is P to Q B 3.
(b) White plays to prevent B to B 4, but he could do that by means of a better move, 9. P to K 4.
(c) Beginning a peculiar manœuvre with the Queen (see moves 10, 12 and 14). Black now threatens to win a pawn by playing Q to Kt 5.
(d) Best. If, instead, 11. P to Kt 3, then 11. . . . Q to K 5; 12. Q takes Q, Kt takes Q.
(e) Preparatory to P to Q Kt 4.
(f) Not good, since the Bishop can do nothing along the blocked diagonal. White should, instead, play R to R 3 in the hope of a subsequent exchange of Bishops.
(g) Starting an offensive on the Queen's side.
(h) This is not a good move. White should, instead, play 20. P takes P, *e.p.*, 20. . . . B takes P; 21. K R to Q sq, to be followed by 22. R to R sq.
(i) An unsuccessful attempt to prevent P to R 5.
(j) Very good. If now 23. P takes P, then 23. . . . B takes P; 24. Q to Kt 2 (not Q to B sq because of Kt to Q 6), Kt to Q 6; 25. Q to R sq, Q to R 2 with advantage to Black.
(k) This allows Black to get a strong post at his K 4 for a Knight. White, however, has no really satisfactory move.
(l) Threatening to win the Queen by playing Kt to Q 5.
(m) Now Black threatens either Kt to Q 5 or Q to R 5, ch. White is helpless.
(n) Threatening either Kt (R 4) to Q 6 or Kt takes P, ch.
(o) If Q to K 2, then R to K 8.
(p) After 38. K to Kt sq there follows 38. . . . R to R 8, ch; 39. Q to B sq, R takes Q, ch; 40. R takes R, R takes P.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament at Vienna last June, shows a strong attack by Eliskases, who won the first prize.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Muller.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Muller.	BLACK. Eliskases.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	16. P to Kt 5 (i)	B to R 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	17. Q to R sq (j)	Kt to K 5 (k)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	18. B to B 5	B to Kt 5 (l)
4. Q to B 2	Kt to B 3 (a)	19. B to K 2 (m)	Q to R 5 (n)
5. Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	20. P to Kt 3	Q to R 4
6. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt, ch	21. B takes B	Q takes B
7. Q takes B	Castles	22. Castles	Q to B 6 (o)
8. P to Q Kt 4(b)	R to K sq (c)	23. Q to B 2	P to R 4 (p)
9. B to Kt 2 (d)	P to K 4	24. P to R 4 (q)	P to Kt 4
10. P takes P	Kt takes K P	25. P takes P	P to R 5
11. Q to B 2 (e)	P to Q B 4 (*f*)	26. P takes P	Q to Kt 5, ch
12. P to K 3 (g)	P takes P	27. K to R 2	Q takes P, ch
13. P takes P	R takes R, ch	28. K to Kt 2	Q tks Kt P, ch
14. B takes R	P to B 4	Resigns (r)	
15. Kt tks Kt (h)	P takes Kt		

(a) The Zurich variation. Black's aim is to free his Queen's Bishop by playing P to Q 3 and P to K 4.
(b) The sequel to his sixth move. Some authorities, among them Eliskases, do not think highly of the text-move and recommend P to K Kt 3 or P to K 5.
(c) An alternative that has frequently been tried is the pawn sacrifice 8. . . . P to K 4. The latest analysis seems, however, to be against it.
(d) In reply to 9. P to Kt 5 Eliskases intended to play 9. . . . Kt to K 2 followed if 10. P to K 3, by 10. . . . P to Q R 3; 11. P takes P, P takes P; 12. R to Q Kt sq. P to B 4 as in a game Reinhardt v. Eliskases in last year's German Championship Tournament.
(e) Played to prevent Kt to K 5.
(*f*) Black now seizes the initiative.
(g) P to Kt 5 would give Black a strong post at his Q B 4 for a Knight.
(h) Eliskases points out in the *Deutsche Schachblätter* that 15. B to K 2 is better. If, in reply, 15. . . . P takes P, then 16. Castles, Q to B 2; 17. R to Kt sq and White will recover the pawn, although Black will have the slightly better game.
(i) He should, instead, play R to K 2. After the inferior text-move Black gets a strong attack.
(j) Not 17. Q takes B because of 17. . . . Q to R 4, ch. If, instead, (1) 17. Q to Q 2, then 17. . . . Q takes Q, ch; 18. K takes Q, Kt to K 5, ch; 19. K to K sq, R to R sq; or, if (2) 17. Q to R 2, then 17. . . . Q to R sq; 18. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 19. B takes P, Kt to Kt 5; 20. B to B 3, R to R 6; 21. B to Q 2 (if B to Kt 2, then R to R 7, R to R 8, ch; 22. K to K 2, Kt to K 4, in each case with a winning game for Black.
(k) Threatening Q to R 4, ch.
(*l*) Now Black threatens Kt takes B.
(m) If 19. P to B 3, then 19. . . . Q to R 5, ch; 20. P to Kt 3, Kt takes P; 21. P takes Kt, Q takes P, ch; 22. K to Q 2, Q to B 7, ch; 23. B to K 2, R to Q sq, ch. If, instead, 19. P to R 3, then 19. . . . Kt takes B; 20. P takes B, Q to R 4.
(n) Fearing a weakening of White's King's side.
(o) Threatening 23. . . . Kt to Kt 4; 24. Q to R 4, Kt to R 6, ch; 25. K to R 2, Kt takes P; 26. Q to K sq, Kt to Kt 5, ch; 27. K to R 3, Q to K 5, winning a pawn.
(p) Premature. He should, instead, play 23. . . . R to Q sq, *e.g.*, 24. B to R 5 (not B takes P because of R to Q 7), R to Q 3; 25. R to K sq, P to Q Kt 3; 26. B to R 3, P to R 4.
(q) After this move White's King's side is soon broken up. 24. B to R 5 (threatening Q to Q sq) is better. In reply Eliskases had planned the following winning line of play: 24. . . . R to K 3 (threatening R to Q 3); 25. Q to Q sq, Q takes Q; 26. R takes Q, P to Q Kt 3; 27. R to K sq, Kt to Q 3; 28. R to Q B sq, R to K sq, to be followed by R to K sq and R to R 5, winning the Queen's Bishop's pawn.
(r) If 29. K to B 3, then 29. . . . Q to R 4, ch followed, if 30. K takes Kt, by 30. . . . Q to Kt 3, ch, winning the Queen, or, if 30. K to Kt 2, by 30. . . . Q to Kt 5, ch; 31. K to R 2, R to K 3 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4038

By F. B. ALLEN.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K 3, Rook at Q B 4, Bishops at K Kt sq and Q 5, Knights at K B 7 and Q B 7, Pawns at Q Kt 2, K 4 and Q Kt 5.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at Q B 4, Bishops at Q Kt 5 and K B 6, Knight at K R 4, Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q Kt 3, Q B 5, K Kt 5 and Q 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Sunday Times*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4037

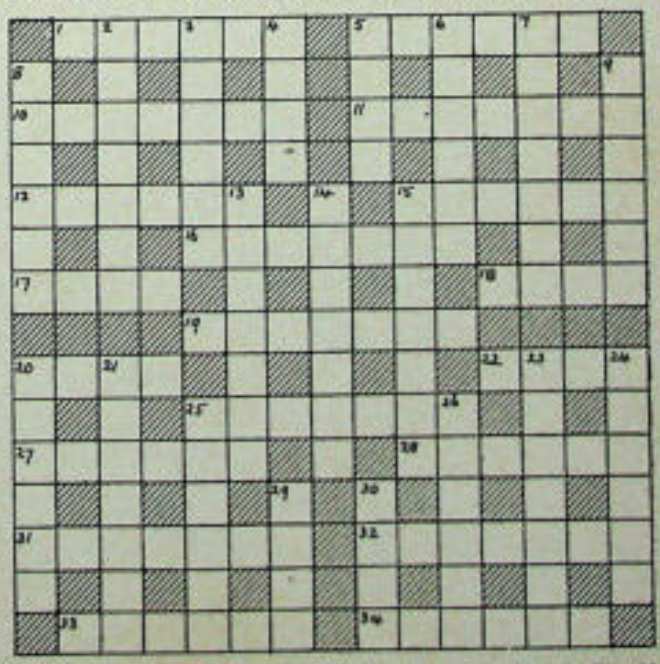
1. Q to Kt 8 (threatening 2. Q to K 8, ch). If 1. . . . K to K 6 then 2. Q to B 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . K to Q 4, then 2. B takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to B 5, then 2. R to K 2, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to Kt sq, Kt 2 or Kt 3, then 2. Q to B 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to B 5, then 2. Q takes R, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 541

ACROSS.—1. Pain suffered by the sempstress (6). 5. Female graduate (6). 10. Doting (anag.) (7). 11. Innate (7). 12. MgO and CaO (6). 15. A metal (6). 16. Science in short and nearly all (7). 17. Pat is by mischievous persons (4). 18. Electrical resistance is measured in these (4). 19. "The one against fifty-three" (7). 20. Intimidating animals (4). 22. Excellent until you have to pay it (4). 25. In addition (7). 27. The carpenter's companion (6). 28. A beach on which to sink to a lower position (6). 31. This has four sides equal in length, but is not a square (7). 32. Rhythm (7). 33. "The —— flag of England shall yet terrific burn" (Campbell) (6). 34. Princes (anag.) (6).

DOWN.—2. A source of granite in Africa (7). 3. "Small —— and orders for masters and recorders I get and they're highly delighted" (*The Gondoliers*) (6). 4. Ralph I defeat, yet Charles thinks a great deal of him (hidden) (4). 5. He played a big part in a restoration (4). 6. Designed to cause death (6). 7. He may be a dancer (7). 8. A Kipling character. Certainly not (6). 9. A protuberance in a steamer (6). 13. Systematic arrangements (7). 14. Temporary (7). 15. Adornments for arms or legs (7). 20. A well-known playwright (6). 21. "The flowers that bloom in the spring" are this (7). 23. "On fire that glows with heat —— I turn the lens of common sense" (*Tolstoy*) (7). 24. With this number of trumps you are bound to take nine tricks at least (6). 25. "Seeking the —— reputation Even in the cannon's mouth" (*As You Like It*) (6). 26. Models are rarely this (6). 29. Such a race rarely results in success (hidden) (4). 30. Potential regicides (4).



SOLUTION TO No. 540

Published October 28th

M	I	S	E	Q	Y	N	I	O	T		T	U	R	K
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

AN average fixed price over the year of 1/– per lb. for sheep, compared with the present price of 10d., will be welcome news to flockmasters. It gives a substantial backing to the Minister of Agriculture's appeal to farmers to retain their old ewes and ewe lambs for breeding.

Having regard to the fact that a beast takes on an average two years to reach maturity, it is obvious there can be no immediate increase in the numbers of fat cattle. Therefore an increase in the sheep population is the best insurance against a reduction in imported meat.

Sheep have many things in their favour. In labour they cost less per head than any other livestock and depend little upon imported food. There are many farms where they might advantageously be added to graze in the same field as cattle, without appreciably lessening the grazing for the cattle. After all, sheep like the short grasses that cattle cannot get their tongues round. Intensive sheep farming on grassland sometimes causes disease through the worms they leave in the ground, but there is little danger of this when the sheep are distributed fairly thinly with other stock which the worms do not affect.

Sheep are also improvers of arable land. The light-medium soils of Hampshire, Wiltshire and the Yorkshire Wold, for example, respond to "the golden hooves" as to nothing else. It has become a common remark in many parts of England that have gone out of arable cultivation, "if we could get the sheep back we could grow the corn again."

An average figure throughout the year of 1/– per lb. for sheep should provide the necessary encouragement, especially since the price is fixed and there is, consequently, no danger of any price break by over-production. This is yet another instance where the nation's food requirements have been successfully married to the dictates of good husbandry.

* * *

On the marketing side, too, there is good news for sheep producers. Official panels of selected sheep graders are now at work in 900 markets. Each panel is composed of three men, a certifying officer, a producer, and either a butcher or a dealer. According to reports received by the Ministry, the plan is working admirably. The setting up of these panels has involved the selection and enrolment of at least 2,700 expert judges of sheep, and the whole plan has been done in about three weeks.

At Chester recently the panel dealt with over 2,000 sheep between 9 a.m. and 1.45 p.m., and the following example shows how accurate good judges of sheep can be in estimating dead weight. Forty-six sheep were examined by the two farming brothers who had produced them, and they estimated the dead weight. The sheep were then sent to a market for sale, three counties away, where the panel of graders also estimated their dead weight. The total discrepancy between the two estimates on the 46 sheep was only 4lb.

Ploughing Grassland

There seems to be a misconception about the Minister's remark in his broadcast, when he appealed to farmers to plough at least 10 per cent. of the grassland. This, of course, was an average figure, based on one-tenth of our permanent grass acreage of 15,000,000 to give the 1,500,000 we aim at ploughing up. Obviously it cannot apply to every individual farm. There are some where the figure could be exceeded, others where it would be undesirable to plough any extra acreage at all. The proportions to be ploughed are left to the common sense and practical knowledge of the local committees.

Bull Licensing

Few agricultural measures have done more good in a short time than the Licensing of Bulls Act, introduced in England and Wales just over five years ago. It was temporarily suspended on September 7th, but Lord Denham was able to announce in the House of Lords on Tuesday, October 17th, that it is now in operation again.

The agricultural community have heard this with satisfaction, for they have been quick to appreciate the advantage of a measure that maintains the standard of the herds of the whole country. Some of the strongest opponents to the introduction of this scheme have become its keenest supporters since they have seen it at work. About 45,000 applications a year have been coming in recently for licences, and in 1938 less than 14 per cent. of these bulls were rejected. Naturally the farmer does a little selection on his own account before he asks for a licence.

Normally application should be made when the bull is nine months old, ten months being the licensing age. But the Ministry invites owners whose bulls have reached ten months in the period since September 7th, when licensing was temporarily suspended, to send their applications in now.

Rabbit Control

Since 40 rabbits will eat as much as a dairy cow, and corn cannot be grown in many fields where these pests are active, so it is important that the County War Agricultural Committees shall have some control over them. There is no sense in telling a man to plough his land if rabbits are to be the chief beneficiaries.

Letters sent recently to the County Committees and to County and Borough Councils make the position clear. The Committees will see that the Councils are notified of cases where rabbits are causing or threatening substantial damage. The Councils will then take action under the new Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, passed just before the war. But cases may arise in which County or Borough Councils may decide to take no action, or their powers may be inadequate for dealing with the situation. If this happens, it is for the County War Agricultural Committees to consider the desirability of using the special emergency powers created by the Rabbits Order of October 12th, 1939, under the Defence Regulations.

These powers permit the Committees to authorise any person named by them to enter upon land to kill and take rabbits. But they do not permit the use of spring traps except in rabbit holes, nor the use of firearms between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (*Newsagent's name*).....

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

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(Address).....

.....

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Garden

Composting Humus.—There should be no difficulty at all in carrying out a modified form of the indoor system of composting humus in your garden of four acres. The system we would recommend consists of collecting all the vegetable waste matter possible, such as potato tops, carrot tops, cabbage leaves, pea and bean haulm, tops of herbaceous plants that have done flowering, all the leaves that fall from the trees, all the grass mowings, etc., in addition to potato peelings, tea leaves and any other similar waste material from the house, including occasional fish bones, meat waste, etc. All this material is placed on the heap to rot down. When there is a 6in. layer of refuse it is sprinkled with 2ozs. of sulphate of ammonia per sq. yd. The next 3in. layer is sprinkled with hydrated lime at 3ozs. to the sq. yd. Then another layer of refuse, more sulphate of ammonia, 3ins. of humus and more lime, and so on, till the heap is the desired height which is usually about 6ft. Once a fortnight the heap should be given a good watering and occasionally it is advisable to get on to the top of it and open it up by forking over and stirring it about. In addition to the other artificials used, the droppings from poultry may also be utilised when the dropping boards are scraped. At the end of six months a second heap is made and so the process proceeds year after year. In order to keep the heaps in position, large bins—8ft. by 8ft.—with railway sleepers should be made. These never rot and are very strong indeed. We would refer you to *The Vegetable Garden*, price 6/–, published by the English Universities Press, and *The Profitable Culture of Vegetables*, published by Longmans at 7/6.—*C. S., Salcombe.*

Shooting

Price of Rifle Cartridges.—You could probably obtain this type of rifle cartridge from Messrs. Parker-Hale, Ltd., Bisley Works, Whittall Street, Birmingham, 4. You would have to produce a firearms certificate, of course. Prices are changing, but we should say that the current price would be about 35/– per hundred.—*F. W. J. C., Chatham.*

Shortening of Barrels.—Before shortening the barrels of your gun, it would be wise to make sure that shorter barrels will help your shooting. Perhaps you could borrow a short-barrelled weapon and try matters out. If you find that you then shoot better, send your gun to a good firm and ask if, after cutting off several inches, they can adjust the balance. They will most probably be able to do this and all will be well. The weapon would shoot slightly higher. Of course the choke will be lost but it might be possible to recess the barrels so that at least improved cylinder patterning is obtained. If, after trial, you find that short barrels do not seem to help you, it might pay to have at least some of the heavy choking bored out. This often proves a handicap in game shooting.—*E. P. W., Builth Wells.*

Kennel

West Highland White Terriers.—We cannot find many breeders in your district, the nearest being Miss P. Vivian, Cudham Hall, Cudham, near Sevenoaks. If she has not got one for sale you could probably arrange for Mrs. Innes, Brean Kennels, West Monkton, Taunton, to send one on approval.—*C. W., Sevenoaks.*

Veterinary

Acorn Poisoning.—Acorns in any quantity are poisonous to cattle, so it is very advisable either to prevent cattle gaining access to them, or to collect the acorns which by the way, are a valuable food for pigs.—*D. P. H. J., Wexford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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BACON AND BUTTER

THE Government's announcement on rationing has come as a considerable shock to a great many people. 4oz. of bacon and 4oz. of butter per person per week certainly does not sound encouraging. Bacon and butter are regular features of the Englishman's diet, and to all intents and purposes permanent features of the Englishman's breakfast, which is as everyone knows essential to the Englishman's well-being. That the announcement came as a shock was not therefore altogether surprising.

Naturally the shock has caused some grumbling, and there have been many complaints that so stringent a rationing is quite unnecessary at this stage of the war. Of that the Minister of Food is, obviously, the best judge and we are content to leave it at that.

The quantities are small. One daily newspaper has worked it out at two rashers of bacon a week and thirteen pats of butter, similar to those provided in cafés. And no one could possibly call that generous. But both bacon and butter are perishable foods that cannot easily be stored for long periods, and the Danish supplies, though now partially resumed, were very seriously impeded during the first few weeks of the war. If we are surprised at the smallness of the ration allowed in these two commodities, there is nothing to the surprise we should express at the fact that all other commodities, including sugar and meat, can be freely bought. It is quite evident from this that both the Royal Navy and Mr. W. S. Morrison are functioning admirably.

There should be no grumbling. There should be no grumbling even if, and the possibility is remote, the rationing scheme is greatly increased in scope and in severity. We are at war. Wars are no longer fought only by soldiers and sailors and airmen, but by every member of the civil population. That is a fact we are all of us proud to admit, but if we do so admit it we must be prepared to take our share of the burdens war entails.

Rationing is but one of these. There are others—the strain on nerves, the uncertainty of employment, the rising cost of living, the black-out, restricted train services and so forth. But each of these imposes a duty on each one of us—the duty of cheerfulness, the duty of encouraging others to be cheerful.

It is very easy to be pessimistic in war-time. It is very easy to give way to scares, to become scared oneself. It is very easy to worry, and very easy to make others worry. Pessimism, worrying, scaremongering—these are the enemies we must fight on the Home Front.

We can fight them, and conquer them, by being cheerful and by encouraging others to be cheerful. By being cheerful—even if our breakfasts are not going to be quite what they were.

SOMEWHERE . . .

DURING the last ten years a cliché-weary public has been assured, day by day, column by column, and speech by speech, that the door was still open, that every avenue was being constantly explored, that the situation was frequently grave and invariably worse than it was in 1914. Many people hoped that the outbreak of war would coincide with the disappearance of these—and, indeed, all—clichés, for the door was now definitely shut, the avenues remained untenanted and the situation—as far as we are concerned—was at last appreciably better than in 1914. But we are apparently not to be spared, for another horrible cliché has reared its ugly head—this dreadful Somewhere. We are told that the troops are somewhere in England, somewhere in France, somewhere in Suffolk. A concert party has been entertaining the troops somewhere, and a Notable Person has inspected a factory somewhere else. Of course, it gives an authentic ring to a story which would otherwise be unnoticed—much as the word "Official" at the bottom of a placard persuades people to buy the paper. But surely it is sufficient to say "In England," "In France" or in anywhere. It would be a sad day, and one more example of the declining glory of the English language, if we all spoke in the language of bureaucracy.

COARSE FISH AS FOOD

A letter which appeared in the Press recently urging that the close season for coarse fish should be eliminated in order to increase the amount of food available during war-time is surely a suggestion for killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. If freshwater fish are to be exploited as food it would seem to be a foolish policy to kill them just at the time when they are providing for the continuance of the supply in future years; and as they are practically uneatable for several weeks after spawning, the present three "fence months" are none too much. A far better policy would be for owners of lakes or ponds to be asked to allow them to be used for stocking with young fish and growing them on a commercial basis, which would largely eliminate the "muddy" flavour and leave present fishing waters to be exploited by anglers for their health and profit.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 950.)

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

IN BLACK-OUT HOURS

The London Theatre can rarely have enjoyed such a boom as that at present in being. Houses are crowded and audiences without exception enthusiastic—and prices are down. Of the new productions *Can you hear me, Mother?* at the Coliseum and *Runaway Love* at the Saville deserve mention. The former is on the lines of George Black's Palladium show, half revue half vaudeville, but without the snap. Sandy Powell is very funny, and there are some good acrobatics. *Runaway Love* is a triumph for George Gee who has never been funnier and has surely never worked so hard. He is ably supported by Eric Fawcett and Barry Lupino, and some good tunes, but the show is his from start to finish. And it is really good and really funny. Just the thing to make one forget the black-out and the butter, and a show that is surely going to repay its producer's courage a hundredfold. Neither show, by the way, contains more than a passing reference to the war. At the Piccadilly the revived *George and Margaret*, as good a comedy as London has seen for many years, shows every sign of continuing an already great success.

SALMON—THE REAL BACK END

Less than three weeks has now to run before salmon fishing will be over for 1939. Only the Tweed, Stinchar and one or two smaller streams are now available for rods, but with the recent change in the weather there may still be the "chance of a lifetime" for the few rods who can now find time and opportunity for that eleventh-hour which on occasion has produced its fish. The excitement of this final fling at the salmon is increased by the chance of one of those monsters. Unfortunately we have no accurate record of the date when the then Lord Home caught the record British salmon from the Tweed but the fish of 64lb. which Miss Ballantyne caught in the Tay was a back-ender and so was the 61¾-pounder caught by Mr. T. Stewart in 1907; so there is still time for the Tweed to produce one of those rare surprises which make angling history.

HARVEST 1939

This bright October day I heard the huntsman's
distant horn—
An engine throbbed across the hill, thrashing the
golden corn.
The sunlight threw strong shadows close beneath a
garden wall—
And, from the silent trees, the autumn leaves began
to fall . . .

Somewhere beyond this peaceful scene, men also
thrash their corn
Where a bugler, not a huntsman, sounds a more
compelling horn.
The sunlight gleams on hidden guns beside another
wall—
And tanks sleep underneath the trees whose leaves
begin to fall.

An engine's throb roars from the skies, and not
upon a hill—
The grain is of another kind to feed a different
mill.
And men, as well as leaves, will fall—black smoke
will hide the sun
Where, out beyond this quiet scene, a war has just
begun . . .

Someday again October's month will bring a silent
thought—
Someday the land will smile again, its safety dearly
bought
That men may hunt and sow their corn, may reap
and build and toil—
For this alone, our graves will lie once more on
foreign soil.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

AS I was going through the village, the first man I met was one of my farmer-friends who, of recent years, had put all his arable down to grass. What, I asked him, was he going to do about ploughing up a tithe of his land and where was he going to get his plough from, and could I lend him my wooden wheel-less swing plough, that Fitzherbert described in the middle of the sixteenth century, or, failing that, my breast-plough? That set him off. "When," he said, "I sit down and think of the plough and the harrows, the scuffle, the roll and the cultivator—I used to stop up the gaps in my hedges because it cost me more to grow corn than I could sell it for—I could cry like a child."

I told him about the ten tractors I had heard of in another part of the country to one plough, and that nobody knew how to drive the plough. That reminded him of a farmer calling on him a few days before to ask him who thatched his ricks. "I do," he said, and then the farmer well-nigh went down on his knees and begged him to come and thatch his for him. "Do you know," he said impressively, "that in all this village of 900 souls there is only one man who has an all-round general knowledge of husbandry." I surmised that the one man was himself, because in the old days he ran a small mixed farm of his own, with a flock of sheep to feed and be fed off the spring corn and the stubble. He believed that sheep on arable were worth more than all the artificials and concentrates on the market, and he looked back to those days as the ghost of Achilles in Hades had looked back to the bright realities of earth. We parted on the story another farmer had told him about one of the new helpers on the land. There was a pile of mangolds in his cow-house and the helper, coming in, remarked: "Oh, what a lovely lot of onions!"

I passed on, and, rounding a corner, came upon a party of what, in the tongue that Shakespeare once spoke, are called "evacuees." They wanted to get into the field by the road, and, having already broken the hinges of the field-gate, so that it would not open, were merrily engaged in taking a short cut to their desires by a mass-advance through the hedge. Further on, loud screams, halloos, and what sounded like battle-cries, announced yet another spectacle of interest, and, making for the spot, I discovered what I had suspected, a hand-to-hand combat in progress, the weapons being the rungs of a rick-ladder which had been carried off from a neighbouring stackyard. The familiar line came into my memory, "When wild in woods the naked savage ran," but some thousands of years later the social historian is made aware that savages no longer run in woods. They run in the streets of the cultured progressive towns of the 20th century that look down upon country people as morons, or barbarians, or picturesque survivals, except when they happen to need them. I was witnessing the consequences of that need.

Will any of the living who survive the ferocious wars of the 20th century see a true civilisation, and by that I mean a civilisation based upon our native land, not in a figurative but a literal sense? All the civilisations of the past which counted were so based, whatever the towns may think. Civilisation has been the product of rural communities and small townships, and, though nobody recognises this truth to-day, there are no exceptions to it. Was it possible for me, in the course of my journey, to find some evidence for the birth of a new country feeling which had nothing to do with joy-rides in motor cars or week-end bungalows, or week-end beauty spots, or road-houses, or guide-books, or nightingales singing, or rustics talking on the wireless?

Tractors are certainly not going to foster it: when the towns no longer have need of the country they will drop it like a potato paring. No: where I see it, as a faint hope of far-off things, is where nobody would dream of looking for it—namely, in those small homesteads with a bit of land attached, which are forced by the necessities of these bleak times, of these lean years, to look to their larders, to their plots, and the fields and hedgerows about them. From these (so I argued to myself) will arise a new respect for and understanding of the earth, a new independence and self-sufficiency; a new interpretation of what is called a "hand-to-mouth" existence, namely, the hand to the spade, fork, hoe or basket before it reaches the mouth. Not very romantic, but the poetry will come afterwards, and things began to go wrong when use was separated from beauty by downing the craftsman. So I ended my little journey by calling on a friend to taste his crab-apple jelly. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a naturalist magazine: "LIONS FOR NEUTRALS.—Edinburgh Zoo remained open from the outbreak of war and there is no proposal to close it unless food becomes scarce. Then it may be necessary to send some surplus man-eaters such as wolves and lions to zoos in neutral countries."



The return home, 1939

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER

ARMISTICE Day, November 11th, 1939—and War! Twenty-one years ago we had heaved a sigh of relief that the days of mud and blood were over. We hoped over for many a lifetime to come; over for all time if the futility of such sacrifice for a man's ambition could be realised. There were those at home who said the fight should have gone on, that the war should have been carried into the enemy's country.

Those sentiments were not echoed by the men who for years had been on the job. They were unfeignedly glad the Armistice had come. There had been ample evidence in the parks of abandoned artillery round such places as Cambrai that the German war machine had broken down. German machine gunners died beside their guns in their endeavour to stem the tide of the advance, but the roads were crowded with men and guns pressing forward on the heels of retreating armies. Our battalion came to rest at Bavai and we walked to the cross-roads to watch the columns marching on to Mons.

There were old people in Bavai and whatever sufferings they had experienced were forgotten on that day. As a battery of howitzers halted in the main street the old men patted the barrels of the guns that had helped to bring them deliverance. The blacksmith, a bearded giant, crossed the road to shake hands with me. After doing so he examined my hand carefully, and nothing I could say about trenches would persuade him it was a hand that had done *real* work. He suggested we might have tobacco or cigarettes for men who had lived in famine. We had.

It was on the following morning the telegram arrived announcing the cessation of hostilities. The colonel commandeered it for an historic souvenir. The sun was shining and the troops were strolling about the town. I entered a small shop where a few pitiful objects were offered for sale. There was, I remember, some ink and some string. I think I went in to buy ink, but more to talk to the lady in black behind the counter. Soon I had left to return with all the tinned goods upon which I could lay my hands.

Hardly had they been delivered when the first band entered the town. It struck up as it passed the shop and Madame burst into tears, "*Excusez-moi, Monsieur. Mais après quatre ans, vous comprenez!*" My feelings were almost as bad as hers until an irrepressible onlooker remarked, "Here come the Shirkwork Festerers." These much libelled musicians later played in the Place to the troops and inhabitants, while aeroplanes circled overhead. A small squad arriving to join the battalion were greeted with "Three Cheers for the Cease-Fire draft."

We were short of bread in Bavai and I was sent to a nearby village to see if some could be raised from a friend who had taken over the job of Town Major. He was found in the midst of an excited gathering with an interpreter beside him. "Ask Monsieur le Capitaine if I can go to the next village to see my sister. I have not seen her for years." "Yes and ask Monsieur le Capitaine if I, too, can go." "Tell them," said the distracted T.M., "to go anywhere they like as long as they leave me in peace." The novelty of the decision silenced them for a moment; they were not used to that sort of thing. Their gratitude was overwhelming. "Bread, yes, of course." The baker would have given me the whole of his supply.

These people had led an almost hopeless life. They had been herded to work for their German taskmasters. Sons and daughters as they grew up had been separated from their parents to join labour gangs elsewhere. The Germans are good hands at transporting a populace and seem to have lost none of their skill.

There was plenty to think about on that day which saw the end of the war. One was why almost the last enemy shell to be fired had landed on the road in front of the boy, he was not much more, who had served in the ranks, and then had led his platoon through the thick of the Fifth Army retirement. It seemed a cruel business. And yet there were those who considered more lives would have been well spent in "teaching the Germans a lesson."

For twenty years we have rendered homage on November 11th to the memory of those who fell in the Great War. Every man in town or field has stopped his work for two minutes' silence, services have taken place in churches and round the war memorials. In that space of two minutes the thoughts of those who served have gone out to the companions who did not come back. Now they see their sons called upon to undertake the task of defending their freedom all over again.

Under such circumstances some would have it that to celebrate the Armistice is now a hollow mockery. It is too difficult to analyse the reason for this attitude, if there is one. Sirens cannot sound for the silence, but why should the dead remain unhonoured. They did not fail in their task. It was not their fault that others did so, or that a new would-be Attila has been let loose on the world. Twenty-one years ago they had saved Europe and their country from the fate we have since seen dealt out to those who cannot resist aggression. The examples of what they spared us are all too vivid, and the call is yet sterner to battle for the same cause for which they were prepared to lay down their lives. Unhappily we now have new names to add to the Roll of Honour, mainly those of gallant sailors and airmen, and indeed the Eleventh of November is more than ever a day of national reverence for the fallen.

R. N. R.

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Next week's issue will be our Christmas Number. The coloured cover is a striking old-time equestrian portrait with hounds, and there is also an article by E. A. R. Eunson, illustrated in colour by the author. Mr. H. J. Massingham writes on Yule, Lord Dunsany on Flight-Shooting, Captain F. H. Mellor on a Journey through Berberland, Mr. J. B. Bowers on Bird Migration in the Sudan, and an account of the Zoo in Wartime by L. R. Brightwell; there are short stories by Patrick Chalmers, Major C. S. Jarvis and Mr. W. S. S. Mackay; a Christmas Bridge Competition; and, in addition, all the usual features covering hunting, fishing, shooting, farming, gardening, forestry and the countryside generally. In view of the necessary restrictions on paper it is advisable, in order to avoid disappointment, to place an order now with your newsagent.



MAJOR PORTER, MASTER OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND HUNT, WITH HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO A MEET ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN

THE FUTURE *of* HUNT HORSES

In this article Mr. Ansell Wells writes upon the horse side of hunting problems. In further articles he will deal with the Upkeep of Kennels and the Future of Hound Breeding. Without due precautions some of the finest strains will be endangered and the work of centuries undone.

By R. ANSELL WELLS

THOSE of us who remember a certain news item, which appeared in the daily Press at the beginning of the war, must still be wondering what motives underlay the slaughtering of a number of light horses. So far as this particular instance is concerned there was no information other than the bare statement of the fact that so many horses belonging to a certain owner had been destroyed. Although the action was foolish and regrettable, it is not for us to judge the merits or otherwise of any particular case; there may have been personal reasons, or a hundred and one other good and sufficient causes, why resort was had to such drastic measures; but they are no concern of ours, we must confine our attention to the study of broad principles.

The first fact to be recognised is that horses, no matter for what purposes they are kept, are valuable assets. A set of golf clubs is a very nice thing to possess, and is essential for those who play the game of golf, but beyond that such a set has no very great value. If all the golf clubs now in existence were to be destroyed the future of the game would not be in jeopardy, and those whose business it is could very soon make good the deficiency.

Horses, on the other hand, are in a very different category; it is true that the immediate purpose for which hunt horses are kept is to enable people to go hunting, but they are more than the necessary adjuncts to a sport and have a definite part to play in the defence of the nation; should they be destroyed it would not be possible to replace them. Those who own horses should, therefore, realise that, as horse-owners, they are the custodians of a very important national asset. The responsible authorities have not made very clear the way in which they propose to make use of this asset, but we should see to it that we preserve our horses and deal with them in such a way that, when the call does come, we shall be best fitted to answer it.

The majority of hunts own a considerable number of horses; one famous pack has 78, and packs of hounds throughout the country, to a total number of 222, have each, if not quite as many as this, at least a good number of horses which, when considered in the aggregate, must amount to a useful total. To these horses which are the property of Masters of Hounds must be added those which are privately owned and kept exclusively for hunting purposes. These hunters represent the fittest and most generally useful section of the horse population of the country. There are, of course, in addition to them, many other classes of light horse, such as racehorses, riding-school horses, &c.; but, so far as the conduct of a war is concerned, the hunters are by far the most useful.

We have the horses, what should we do with them for the present? The answer to this question should not be very difficult to find if we give ourselves sufficient time in which to think the matter over calmly and without excitement. During the course of this hunting season it will not be possible for packs of hounds to hunt as often as usual; reductions have been made in the number of hounds kept by each pack, and there will also be an inevitable reduction in the amount of money available for the conduct of hunting operations. Now that those responsible have decided upon the amount of hunting which their packs will be able to do, we can make our arrangements accordingly.

Individual circumstances vary so greatly that it will scarcely be of any use to quote an example, actual or fictitious, of a pack of hounds and the reduction in the number of hunting days per week, hounds, horses, &c. It will be better if we confine ourselves to generalities and lay down lines which, if followed, will prove to be suitable to the majority of cases.

We may take it that for everyone there will be a reduction in the number of days in the week upon which it will be possible to hunt; there can, therefore, be a corresponding reduction in the number of horses which are brought up and kept fit and ready for use. The keeping of hunters in hard condition is an expensive business, and any reduction in the numbers in the hunt stables will effect an important economy; besides effecting a reduction in the weekly outgoings for food it will also mean that fewer men can be employed. It will be everybody's endeavour to keep their servants in employment for as long as possible, but many Masters will be able to do without or with fewer of those men whom they take on for the season only, and this will be of assistance in another way besides that of economising on wages. In the face of an insistent demand for men for the fighting forces it is problematical whether the usual number of grooms will be available for engagement, and so it will be no bad plan to reduce the size of the establishment to a minimum number, and so place it upon a footing which has a reasonable chance of permanency.

Having decided upon the number of horses which hounds will need for the carrying out of their reduced programme, the question arises as to which horses should be used and what should be done with the others. In considering these two points we will start with the last one. Should horses be required for military purposes demands will be made upon the stable, possibly at very short notice, and it will be as well if there is a reserve upon which to draw in that event. Horses which are not required for use should not be sold, for this reason, and for the added one that it is not likely that prices will be exactly encouraging under the present circumstances.

Instead of selling horses at knock-out prices, and thereby wasting capital, and doing away with reserves which may have to be drawn upon if sport is to be continued in the face of Government requisitioning, owners should leave them out at grass. Horses at grass cannot be left without attention, but all that they will require can be given by one man in the course of a couple of visits to the paddocks each day, one in the morning and one in the evening, together with periodic treatment by the blacksmith.

Steps should be taken to see that horses do not suffer from the cold and the poorness of the grass. If they are left out through the winter months they should be provided with an open shed or "hovel" as a protection against the weather, and may be given New Zealand rugs if necessary. Horses should also receive a certain amount of food extra to that which they can get for themselves, which food should be of a warming nature such as beans or maize. If the time is available it is a good plan for a man to spend half an hour in the morning cracking a whip in the middle of the field, this will keep the horses galloping around and will provide them with valuable exercise and also keep them warm. The effect which this small amount of exercise, coupled with "hardening" food, can have has to be seen to be believed; after a few weeks of this treatment the horses will be half fit.

Now for the horses which it is decided to bring up for immediate use. Since there is more than a chance that the Army will require more horses, if not for the Western Front for use in some other part of the world, the owner with the interests of

his country at heart will see to it that the horses which he brings in and conditions are the horses which will be of most use to the authorities, should they be required. His care should be to see that those of his horses which he thinks will be suitable for military purposes, and which are unlikely to be of any value as breeding stock, are brought in and put to work so that, when they are needed, it will be possible to hand them over at once fit and ready for the rigours of a campaign. It would be a very good thing if the War Office would issue immediately a description of the type of animal which they require, so that now, when owners are making their selection, they can have the benefit of official guidance.

From information which has already been received it is the rather small, "cobby" type of horse which the Government want, and if this is correct it is a type of horse which will fit in well with the general requirements of foxhunting; Masters of Hounds in making their choice along these lines will be suiting not only the Government, but also themselves, by bringing in for immediate use such horses of this type as they may own. It is unlikely that many packs will have allowed themselves the luxury of cub-hunters this year; to do so would have been to incur the expense of getting two lots of horses fit, and the cost will hardly be off-set by the prices which the cubhunters are likely to command at the time when they would ordinarily be sold. The smaller hunters which have been brought up for cubhunting can now go on for work during the regular season. This may involve some strain, especially if the "going" is bad, but there will always be the other horses which are being left out at grass. If the procedure which has been recommended is carried through, and these horses should be required about Christmas time to fill the gaps made by unsoundness, they will be half fit, and it will not require very much time or work to bring them up to hunting trim.

The above is an outline of a procedure upon which hunt horses can be managed in such a way that the maximum of usefulness may be obtained with a minimum of expense, but it will be noticed that through it runs a strain of "if" and "but." The fact of the matter is that many points which are of vital importance to horse-owners have not been clarified by the Government. Dealers do not know where they stand, breeders do not know what to do, and horse-owners, generally, can only make a series of guesses. The light horse is a very important asset to this country, not only in time of war but also in time of peace, when the amount of money which he is directly responsible for turning over is very large; surely those whose business and interest it is to serve this trade are worthy of some sort of recognition and consideration.



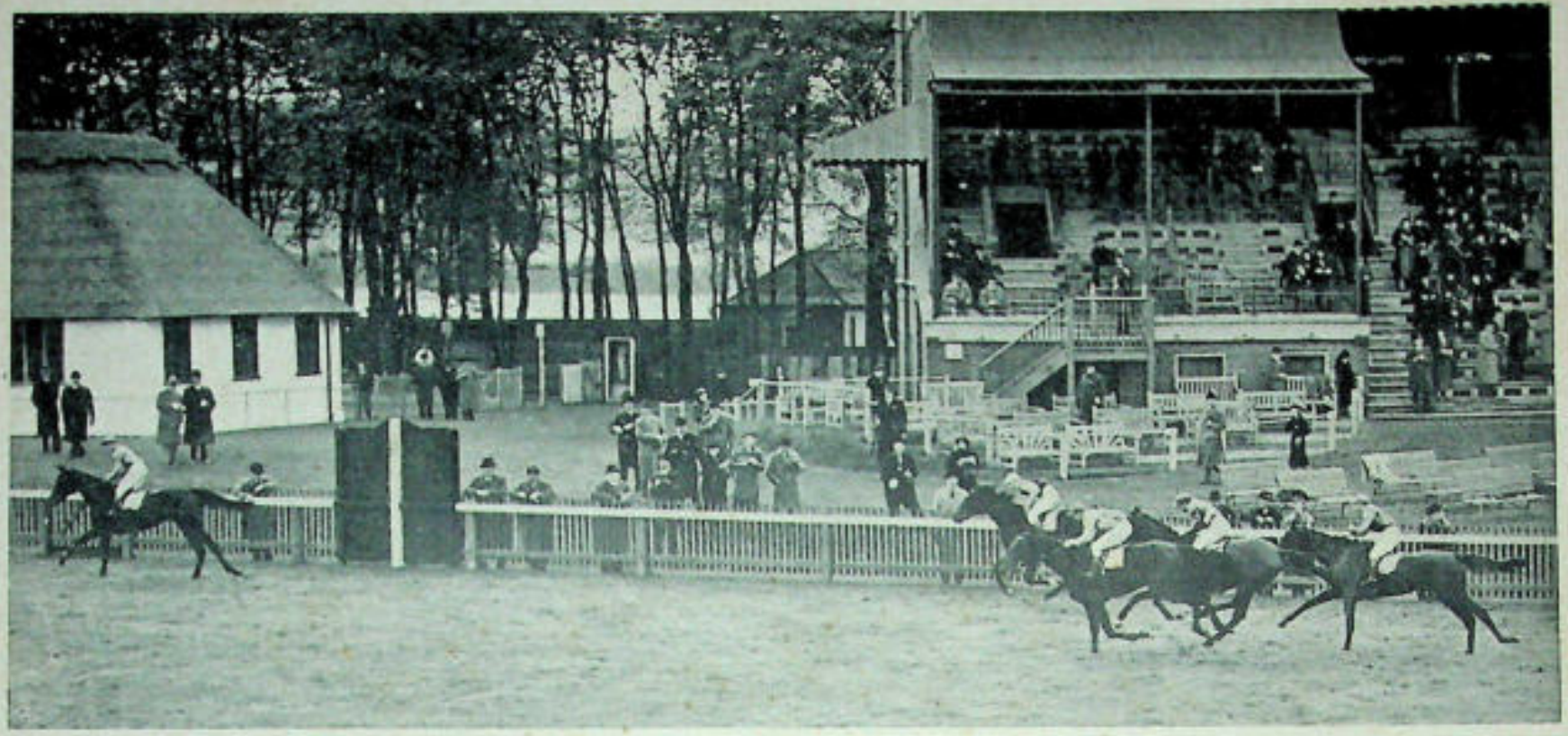
CHANGING TO ANOTHER COVERT. THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS NEAR CROWLE

Since the Army no longer takes an active part in the horse-breeding activities of the country, it would be for the general good if some sort of council were to be appointed. This council need not be very large, and need incur no expense other than that for correspondence and postage, and possibly the wages of a full-time secretary. It could be constituted of a few well-chosen people with a wide and accurate knowledge of the horse, and particularly of the horse trade; its business would be to act in the closest co-operation with the military authorities and the horse-owning and horse-using public. It would bring to its task not only the abilities of its members, but could also enlist the support of existing societies, and could thereby exercise a control which would ensure that there should be no wastage either of effort or of material.

Horses cannot be manufactured like golf clubs, they must be bred, and carefully bred at that; it takes time to produce them, and even after the lapse of that time the horses will only be good if care has been taken to preserve in the country a sufficient number of first-class animals to provide a foundation for future breeding activities. The selection of those animals is a highly technical business, and one which can only be carried out by people with experience. The services of such people should be enlisted now, before the damage has been done, and while they can still approach their very important task with sufficient time in which to become thoroughly acquainted with the whole position, and to decide upon a proper and logical course of action. Now is the time, before the majority of people have had serious inroads made upon their horses, and before any very large demands have been made for horses for military purposes.



THE FIELD MOVING OFF AFTER THE MEET OF THE ALDERSHOT DRAGHOUNDS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON NOVEMBER 1ST



SIR ALFRED BUTT'S CANTATRICE II WINS THE CESAREWITCH IN EASY STYLE FROM MR. F. HASLAM'S CHEERFUL STAR AND MR. J. BANK'S BLACK SPECK



LEADING IN THE CESAREWITCH WINNER, D. SMITH UP

A GLANCE AT THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

THE general opinion is that the two-year-olds of this season have been a poor lot. There are not as a rule any tests for horses of this age more instructive than the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket. This year the Champagne Stakes was abandoned and the original entries for the Middle Park were also cancelled owing to the war. A substitute Middle Park Stakes was opened and duly decided last week. All things considered it fulfilled its purpose as well as possible, but it was not the real thing. If there had not been any war, and the original entries had stood, the field would have included several good or very promising two-year-olds who were not re-entered.

Drastic decisions were taken by many owners as soon as the war started and before anything definite was known about the resumption of racing. The Rose of England colt, for one, was immediately taken out of training. To obtain a satisfactory test of the best two-year-olds it was necessary to see him and Stardust and some others run again, and that has not been possible.

Whereas Stardust took part in the Gimcrack of six furlongs—and was then a length inferior to Tant Mieux at even weights—the Rose of England colt has not run over that distance, though he won the July Stakes at Newmarket over the New T.Y.C. (5fur. 140yds.) with its easy downhill finish. There are many who think that he would not have been as brilliant at six furlongs as he was at five, but as it is improbable that Mr. Arthur Fawcett, the Jockey Club handicapper, will attempt to give the Middle Park winner, Djebel, a place in his Free Handicap he is likely to allot top weight to the Rose of England colt.

The Free Handicap is framed for a race to be run the following spring, when the horses concerned are three years old. The distance of it is seven furlongs. I am certainly not one who doubts the ability of the Rose of England colt to stay that course when the time comes, and if I had to back one for the Two Thousand Guineas now he would be my choice. He has been a wilful, unruly colt this year, and I believe that it was his habit of bolting for home after parting company with his rider at exercise that induced Mr. Marriott, the keeper of Newmarket Heath, to order the construction of the new wooden rails, placed in maze-like fashion near the Bury Road, opposite the Severals.

This is the spot where the Rose of England colt dashed riderless on several occasions across the busy and slippery main road at the risk of his own life and the safety of pedestrians and motorists. Whether or not the fence, with its indirect openings, was erected for his special benefit or not, the locals have named it "Basil's Gap," in allusion to his trainer, Basil Jarvis. For a considerable part of the season the colt was afflicted by a skin complaint, and it is easy to understand the anxiety he has caused. Seemingly, his brilliant form has been displayed in spite of unfavourable factors. He is not my idea of a Derby horse, because of his temperament and free style of galloping, but it is not easy to find among any of his contemporaries one that could be hopefully backed for next year's Derby, be it run at Epsom or Newmarket.

I have thought ever since Ascot that Frank Butters will probably train another Derby winner next season, though which of his colts, notably Turkhan, Stardust, Moradabad and Jindani, is the most likely to bring him this triumph, I cannot even guess.

Stardust has not kept a straight course at the finish of most of his races. His prospects may reasonably be discounted by this fact, but his staying potentialities as a classic colt cannot be doubted from his breeding. He is by Hyperion out of Sister Stella, the dam of Ankaret, a good filly who should have won the Oaks, though Quashed caught her on the post and beat her by a short head.

Turkhan and Maradabad both ran wretchedly in the Middle Park Stakes, and the former's record shows clearly that he was far below his best on this occasion. He is by Bahram out of Theresina (the dam of Shahali, who was a good two-year-old). Turkhan, beautifully made and a size smaller than Moradabad, is certainly much to be preferred to the unnamed Bahram colt, out of Trustful, who also gave a very moderate display in the Middle Park Stakes.

Djebel, the winner, came from France, where he was bred. Presumably he will remain in England until more is known about racing in both countries, though he is not engaged in the classics. He is by Tourbillon out of Loika. As his sire is by Ksar out of Durbar, by the 1913 Derby winner, Durbar II, he is not eligible for entry in the General Stud Book. The pedigree of Durbar II traces back, comparatively close up, to an unknown mare. For all that, he is undoubtedly a colt of high merit, and as to his make and shape such a famous judge as the Hon. George Lambton backed him, as he said, "simply on looks." Tant Mieux, second in the Middle Park Stakes, was sold recently by Mr. Peter Beatty and Prince Aly Khan—who owned him jointly—to H.H. Maharajah of Kolhapur. This colt was also bred in France, being by Asterus out of Tantine, by Solario. He is compact and "set," and does not look as if he will improve much as a three-year-old if he remains in this country.

Another small one of great quality, in the Hyperion filly, Godiva, was third, after losing a few lengths at the start. She whirls her tail so frequently that in the summer there were very few hairs left on it, but she had more to show last week, which may mean that she has not been using her appendage quite as violently recently and that she is less irritable. She was certainly less troublesome at the gate, though inclined to be upset by the sustained unruliness of one or two neighbours, notably Snow Way. I doubt if any filly will be placed higher than this one in the Free Handicap, but the top three places seem assured to the Rose of England colt, Tant Mieux and Stardust. This official assessment of the relative merits of the two-year-olds will be published early next month.

Many thought before last season's Cesarewitch that the French colt, Contrevent, had been handicapped with dangerous leniency, and he duly proved it. This year it was made manifest to everyone when Cantatrice II won the Melbourn Plate, after the weights for the Cesarewitch were published, that she was the most striking "handicap certainty" presented to the public in connection with this race since Sanctum, the "good thing" of 1916. Her easy four lengths victory showed that she could have won with another stone on her back.

Cantatrice II has won five of her seven races this season, and will not run again. Sir Alfred Butt, who bought her in France last autumn, has not yet selected a mate for her, but he intends to put her next season to some good stallion whose best distance was a mile or a mile-and-a-quarter. He wants to combine a strong element for speed with the mare's stamina. Her two distinguished half-brothers, however, were mid-distance horses, William of Valence winning the Chesterfield Cup, Rosebery Stakes and City and Suburban—all of a mile-and-a-quarter—and Le Ksar the Two Thousand Guineas. Cantatrice II starts her stud career with credentials which in ordinary times would give her an exceptionally high value.

YEOMAN.

RUNNERS AT NEWMARKET'S SECOND WAR MEETING



THE FINISH OF THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS
M. Boussac's Djebel, C. Elliott up, winning from Yant Mieux and Godiva. The winner comes from France, where he was bred



CANTABRUS II BEGINNING HIS RACE FOR HOME
The Coronation winner is on the left, with Fulano on the right and Morar second from the right



RACING FOR THE DURHAM PLATE
From left to right : Ortiz, Bold Devil (the winner, in the background), River Prince, and Fioretti



LOOKING OVER THE COURSE DURING THE RACE FOR THE EXNING HANDICAP, WON BY MR. T. F. BLACKWELL'S ANTECEDENT



ON THE COWICHAN RIVER, NEAR DUNCAN

FISHING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

By F. W. GALLOWAY

TROUT fishing on Vancouver Island is not what it used to be. It is with regret that I say so as I am by nature an optimist. On the North American continent such admissions are rarely made, forming as they do bad publicity. The result of the tactics is in the form of a boomerang.

A main cause is that streams from continued advertisement of an interested kind have been over-fished. Much of the fishing has not been on orthodox methods, but has entailed salmon eggs, or spoon and worm. The former method is prohibited, but so long as salmon eggs are displayed for sale by tackle makers, and it is no offence to have such in possession, the task of the wardens is almost impossible. To the purist the use of spoon and worm is just as bad, if somewhat less deadly.

Everyone owns a motor car and remote places on the rivers have become readily accessible. As a last factor add denudation of the forests by incessant logging, and then remember there is practically no such thing as private rights on rivers. It is a free country, and the result is no preservation.

To meet this there is a limit to the daily catch, but in recent years I have never been near it, and that is not due to the fact that I really have not tried. As the years go past I find that it is not the taking of fish which intrigues me, but being out after the odd fish with the chance of making it three or four. Government efforts at restocking depleted streams and lakes have not secured the supply of takeable fish hoped for, as much expense has been misdirected. In my home river, the famed Cowichan and the most renowned throughout the island, some brown trout have survived from the large numbers of fry released at various times, but only in a few restricted localities. If you know exactly where these pools are you may catch a brown trout of good size; on the other hand, you may fish all the season and never see even a small one.

With the exception of this variety, the other species, cutthroat, rainbow and the rare kamloops, spend most of the year in the sea, leaving only minnows and young fry behind. By reason of this habit, due to lack of feed in the rivers, which are mostly swift and rock or boulder strewn, there are times of the year when it is idle to expect a rise from a decent fish. You will find the missing trout a short way off-shore near the mouth of the numerous creeks, but there they have a sufficiency of dainties to render them heedless of a fly.

In the lower reaches of the rivers the winter rains bring down turbid waters which continually sweep away good pools. The number of log jams is decreasing, and with their disappearance go the areas where fish can lie at ease and pick up insects as they fall. I know of one fine stream that has been utterly ruined by a misguided fish-warden having blown up log-jams some years ago, because he thought spawning salmon could not pass up. They have been going up from time immemorial, without any assistance, when the forests were thicker than to-day. Now the feed has gone every pool is filled up with stones and gravel, and there is not a yard where a trout can rest. It is a sombre picture, but not overdrawn.

The inducements that bring in trout from the sea are to feed on the myriad fry in spring, and to gobble up eggs of spawning salmon in autumn. After the last event trout stay on to spawn as the fishing season closes. Many cutthroat do not spawn till late in spring.

I have noticed that the proportion of cutthroat to rainbow in the Cowichan has decreased rapidly in the last two years. Steelhead—the sea-run rainbow—have definitely increased in the same period. But the local open season for them is in winter, and though these grand, fighting fish, averaging about nine pounds, are a joy to the angler, I have reached a stage in life when fishing in icy conditions does not appeal. I fish for pleasure, not for fish.

"SNAGGED" SPINNING TACKLE

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

AS little Tommie blandly remarked, having just dropped a pair of borrowed binoculars overboard to the bottom of the deep blue sea, "Nothing's lost if you know where it is!" Such anachronistic comfort, however, is all the more vexing when, via our line, we yet remain in touch with our "snagged" tackle. And to-day, too, more than ever, with war-time economies necessarily imposed upon all of us, anglers will be particularly loth to lose tackle.

But lose tackle we almost certainly will. The more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, so that we have to spin what I might term "dangerously." Similarly with salmon, where the river-bottom is so often a mass of invisible rocks, boulders, &c. In this connection I remember a piece of advice—good though somewhat specious—once given me by a certain Hereford tackle-dealer, who said that if one was not losing baits on the bottom one was not spinning properly!

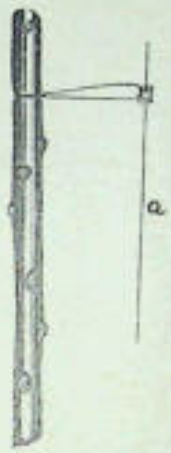
There are, however, one or two dodges to minimise losses. Sometimes we are winners. Often, however, we are losers, to the "bang" of several "saxpences" upon each such woeful occasion.

Naturally, when operating from a boat, the chances of getting "unsnagged" are far greater. By shifting the boat's position we can easily attack from an angle different from or opposite to that in which the bait became caught. Then, again, it might be possible to effect recovery by the direct use of an oar or the punt-pole.

When spinning from the bank, however, release is much more chancy. Operating from below, that is, downstream, gentle persuasion can be tried; a smart rap on the butt, or a direct handpull on the line itself. Where the river is not too wide we might even throw our line across to the other bank by means of some attached weight, and so get an opposite angled pull from there.

The main hope, as I say, is to attack from a different angle from that in which the bait became caught. In still waters it might be possible, by means of attaching a piece of wood to the line and throwing it out beyond the bait, to get a reverse pull. In fast, streamy waters there is more scope. We can, for instance, pay out yards and yards of line, with or without a piece of floating wood attached to it, or with a floating bottle attached, and then, working from upstream of our bait, try a smart pull with the rod. Or, as *Where to Fish* suggested, try slipping a hoop made out of a withy shoot down over the line, to serve a similar purpose.

Another dodge, favoured more particularly by some salmon fishers, is that shown in the attached sketch. Into a chunk of wood, about 15in. to 18in. long, is cut a notch a few inches distant from one end. To this, a loop of cord or string is tied, and to this loop is affixed a spiral of wire, using, say, a home-made spiral, a large split-ring, or, as A. Courtney Williams suggested in his *Fireside Fishing*, a hard pigeon ring.



A BAIT RETRIEVER

In use, this retriever is attached to the line (*a*) by means of the ring. Then, operating upstream, and tautening the line, the retriever is worked down to where the bait is caught. It is here buffeted about by the current in all directions, and, *Hey presto!* the bait is released—perhaps!

Tackle manufacturers, too, have supplied one or two possible—though not too positive!—releasers. There are, for instance, rings to slide down the line. Hardy Bros. list a circular concave wooden releaser with a lead keel for affixing to the line, and this is thrown out to get an opposite pull.

Nevertheless, at best, all these methods are "chancy," and I have sometimes wondered whether someone, hiding his light under the proverbial bushel, may not happen to have hit upon some better and more certain method?

BLAGDON'S FISHING SEASON

The following are the comparisons between the seasons of this year and last:

FISH KILLED.

	Brown		Rainbow		Total Fish	
	1939	1938	1939	1938	1939	1938
May	187	227	72	61	259	288
June	112	188	45	152	157	340
July	94	78	64	112	158	190
August	62	118	21	50	83	168
September	54	147	26	47	80	194
Oct. 1st to 15th	60	41	34	20	94	61
	569	799	262	442	831	1,241

	1939	1938
Total weight	1,909lb. 3oz.	2,534lb. 6oz.
Average weight	2lb. 4oz.	2lb. 4oz.

Trout Killed Weighing 4lb. and Over.

Brown

	1939	1938
May	1 average 4lb. 0oz.	1 average 4lb. 0oz.
June	.....	1 average 4lb. 7oz.
July	2 average 4lb. 5oz.	.....
August	1 average 5lb. 5oz.	1 average 5lb. 0oz.
September	1 average 4lb. 4oz.	2 average 4lb. 9oz.
Oct. 1-15	6 average 4lb. 6oz.	3 average 4lb. 8oz.
	11	8

Rainbow

	1939	1938
May	.....	.....
June	.....	.....
July	2 average 4lb. 15oz.	1 average 4lb. 2oz.
August	.....	.....
September	1 average 4lb. 4oz.	1 average 4lb. 0oz.
Oct. 1-15	3 average 4lb. 6oz.	.....
	6	2

	1939	1938
Total trout killed weighing 4lb. and over	17	10
Heaviest brown trout killed	5lb. 6oz.	5lb. 3oz.
Heaviest rainbow trout killed	5lb. 7oz.	4lb. 2oz.

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

OUTSIDE the mess after dinner in Northern India, somewhere near the frontier hills, the late September air is positively cool, the thermometer being down in the lower 70's; for the heavy thunderstorms of the last week have brought down the temperature by 20 degrees, and the feeling that the hot weather is over brings content to the figures dimly visible in long chairs behind the glow of various forms of tobacco.

A swelling chorus of loud clanging cries comes from the north, dark forms drift across the moon, and as the clamour dies away southward the last-joined asks what birds these may be.

"Kunj, Boots. Grey cranes. And you may thank Heaven to-night that the cold weather is near," contentedly replies the adjutant.

Another voice speaks from the darkness.

"What about sending for that squint-eyed shikari and telling him to look round for sand-grouse in the Zindai Khwar. Some of the pools should be full now, and they may be watering there again?"

"Good idea, there may be some teal there too." Boots, the generic term for the last-joined, listens with his ears cocked well forward, being the proud possessor of a gun whose barrels have never been dirtied, and is suddenly aware that the second-in-command is addressing him.

"Boots, would you like to come out after quail with me next Thursday?"

A kindly thought, for quail are straight fliers, so not too difficult, while Boots will be taught how and how not to hold a gun, and quietly reproved with the unquestioned authority of an experienced shot for any misdemeanour—such as endangering the life of a fellow sportsman through excitement.

He accepts with delight, they rendezvous at the mess at 6 a.m. with 50 No. 8's apiece, and by the time they have got back with some 30 quail, of which Boots has shot five, he is well on the way to becoming a sound performer with a scatter-gun; which infers that he is not a danger to his neighbours when walking up birds in line.

September and the grey cranes together usher in hopes of big bags, and the quail serve to get one's eye in in the north; while already farther south the flocks of green parrots which stream, screaming in chorus, over the roadside trees every evening, have given good practice and some excellent pies.

A culinary hint about the quail. After cleaning them, push a green chilli into the vacancy; then hang several at a time by short pieces of string from a stick, drop them into a saucepan of boiling water for three-and-a-half minutes, lift them out and serve with plenty of bread sauce.

Teal may be found anywhere in September, but are chancy, being ever on the move. One September day I was lunching near the top of the Burzil Pass, on the Gilgit Road and 14,000ft. above sea-level, when I saw four black specks flying rapidly up the valley from the north—teal on their way to India. The gun lay handy, and I scored a double; rather a rough welcome to India for the teal, but a very nice change of diet for me.

In October the weather gets much colder, and, if possible, the gun should be taken to the hills; for the migrant game has not yet arrived in any numbers in the plains, and the crisp mornings at 6,000ft. to 8,000ft. are just made for the pursuit of Himalayan pheasants or chikor. Then, here and there, a woodcock will flap and swerve away amongst the ilex trees from out of some damp hollow, bringing memories of misty days at home and the beaters' cry of "'cock!"

One summer we had a bungalow in Kumaon, and my last October morning with the gun was such as rejoiced my heart, though the bag was small.

There was a frosty nip in the air as we left the house, and the rising sun was tipping with gold the great peak of Nanda Devi across the valley of the Sarju, as we dropped downhill through a derelict tea estate, the tea bushes almost buried in bracken, where Bruce flung away into the tangle to push out a couple of hill partridge, one of which I shot. Then down another 300ft. to where the path margined a little patch of cultivation in which some kalij pheasants were having a scratch meal; as they flustered back into the forest an old cock staggered to my first barrel, then, at the second, pitched dead into a deep ravine, with Bruce galloping hard for the spot. A hundred yards further down Bruce rejoined me with the bird, and I cached it and the partridge in a handy split in a deodar trunk.

Another furlong and we came on to the main pack road to Tibet, and using it for another 500ft. of descent met two large caravans of goats and sheep carrying little nobbly sacks of potatoes; the bells of the leading animals tinkling musically and their duffle-robed, bonneted owners uttering piercing whistles as they drove them along, tapping eaters of wayside snacks back on to the way with long sticks.

Down again, then off the road and a steep scramble down through bushes into a little valley, a trickle of water glinting through the trunks of the sycamores which filled the bottom. A sure find for pheasant and a likely haunt of woodcock; but the first bird was neither.

Too quick for a shot, a Himalayan solitary snipe rose out of the brooklet 40yds. ahead, and on being followed up rose again out of range, then swung up and came back swerving through the treetops to be missed with both barrels—one in front and one behind.

Bruce looked a bit disgusted, then suddenly dashed off into a thicket of brambles and out came four pheasants, a cock, hard hit, planing down into a still bigger thicket 100yds. up the opposite side. A runner, and the Labrador was after it immediately; but the undergrowth was so dense that the bird had too big a start, and knowing



CHIKOR

Allied to the French and Barbary partridges, and the principal Himalayan gamebird

that a panther lived in just that part of the valley, I reluctantly called him back. A sad beginning for the best bit of ground, which was bound to be thoroughly disturbed by now, and the birds well up the hillsides instead of feeding in the damp hollows.

As I expected, the next quarter of a mile was blank, and I reached the head, where the valley split up into little gullies, without getting another chance. But there was a patch of sodden dead leaves there on which we advanced with caution, Bruce pushing his nose into the back of my knee every few paces. Caution was justified, for 20yds. away a woodcock rose from the little bog, swung to the right to attempt to escape down the valley, and Bruce was bringing him to hand ten seconds later.

Enough, we had triumphed; and we climbed back to the park road and started for home. Within 100yds. we came to a little re-entrant, and Bruce stopped at the gully at the inside of the bend, sniffing and peering upward, until I told him to "Push it out."

Up he scrambled, a woodcock rose from a bed of dry leaves at the top of the bank and was dead before it had gone 5yds.

Then the climb to the house, the pheasant and partridge being collected on the way, and by 10 o'clock I was attacking the porridge which led to the buttered eggs, and Bruce was wolfing a piled plateful of biscuits and bones on the verandah.

Four birds only, but two of them woodcock, so that was a good morning.

Chikor, so like French partridge, are grand shooting, and driven across a valley give shots which test the best performers in the land. One morning with them in the Liddar Valley I look back on with mixed feelings. I stood in a narrow and very steep ravine, while a couple of villagers walked down either crest throwing stones. They had said there were many chikor there, and, for once, a Kashmiri was truthful. The coveys came down like bullets, swinging round corners and dropping in a series of curves which made the shooting more difficult than any I have ever had. I bagged five and lost two more, which fell far below me; but I had expended 40 cartridges in ten minutes, and the last bird I killed hit me right amidships and nearly put me out of action for good.

More than 150 birds must have gone over me, and I ought to have bagged a lot more; but my expectations had not risen to more than 50, and the continuous rush of birds appearing round an angle 30yds. above me, the yells of the beaters, and my frantic efforts to reload quickly, did not conduce to that cool, calm and collected frame of mind, which is essential to good shooting from the insecure stance of an undersized rock. Still, I can never hope to have another hot corner like that, and while I have my excuses I also have my regrets.

Himalayan pheasants driven by half-a-dozen beaters from 300ft. above one present the same sort of problem, though not in the same numbers, as they come hurtling down the mountain-side; a monal piping shrilly as its iridescent blue coat glistens in the sun to every turn of its descent, or a chir, dropping and swerving through the pines like a grey meteor, is a target about as easy to hit as a whizzbang grazing the top of the knoll behind which one is sheltering.

November cannot be better spent than in Kashmir, setting forth down the Jhelum from Srinagar in a small houseboat about the last week of October, with the storm clouds piling up above the western hills beyond the Sind Valley.

A wild night with rain lashing the windows, chenars being stripped of the last of their red-gold leaves by a furious gale, and wavelets smacking against the side of the boat as the boatmen hammer the mooring stakes still deeper. Then the morning with snow lying on the hill-tops and ragged strips of cloud fleeing before the wind, while bunches and strings of duck fly in every direction against the rain-washed sky. A great V of geese drops honking into the Maharajah's preserve at Hokra, and another slants down in the direction of the distant flats by the Wular Lake; all the duck in the world seem to have come down from Central Asia and be uncertain where to alight.

This is the time for the little flooded patches and reedy ponds, which should be prospected in daylight for feathers and other evidence of nightly visitors. Satisfactory evidence having been obtained, a central position, seated on a folded ground-sheet, is occupied before sunset; white clouds in the west and a three-quarter moon being the most favourable conditions.

At sunset there will be strings of duck flying high and seemingly without plan, which are watched with too great interest until there is a whoosh as half-a-dozen teal come dropping in at 100 miles an hour, see the seated figures and zoom frantically at a speed and angle apt to defeat the best of shots. To the hurried firing of both barrels they leave one of their number behind, which bird has had the worst of luck.

The combination of mud, water and wild duck has driven Bruce frantic with ecstacy, and having retrieved the unlucky teal he careers around until a mallard slides in and comes down with a noble splosh; he gathers it, then stands trembling with suppressed energy and excitement until the birds follow more rapidly and he is kept busy.

The duck are mostly mallard and gadwall, with as many teal, at these flooded patches; but just as it is getting too dark to carry on a pintail is brought down. Then the trudge back to the houseboat, with the "whew, whew" of wings passing overhead, and now and then the flutter and quacking of a bunch of mallard, a hot bath, and a dinner such as would please the most greedy or the most fastidious, for the Kashmiri owner of a houseboat is usually an excellent cook and supreme with duck.

Some days a rise in the black of the frosty morn, and a trudge in the dark to a bit of high ground on the line of the morning flight to a jheel, will give a hot half-hour's shooting; at half-seen pochard to begin with, then, as the light improves, the bigger duck come over much higher and one longs for 32-inch barrels and 3-inch cartridges.

A fortnight can be well spent moving to a different centre every three or four days, with sometimes good snipe ground handy and occasionally the low hills which hold chikor within an easy walk.

Then, as the sportsman travels down to the plains again, and the car passes along the 40-mile avenue of naked poplars which stretches from Srinagar to Baramulla, there will be string after string of duck flighting southward high overhead, making for the marshes and rivers of the Punjab, giving assurance of more good sport at the far end of his journey.



HOUNDS BREASTING A HILL AFTER THE FIRST KILL

BEAGLING IN THE WEAR VALLEY

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THERE are some rivers which have an amazing habit of presenting themselves to the uninitiated traveller when he least expects to see them, and when, in point of fact, he thinks he is miles away from their waters. I imagine the River Cherwell, in Oxfordshire, must hold the palm for this peculiarity, but certainly the Wear runs it a close second. Anyone can understand it on the map—as when it is clearly seen to encircle the Cathedral in Durham, but let the stranger walk through the Banks near that "Half Church, half castle 'gainst the Scot," and the Wear will completely bewilder him.

However that may be, the country through which it chooses to flow is wholly beautiful and often varied. This is especially so in the country hunted by the Wear Valley Beagles. It seemed to me to be very similar to the territory hunted by the Braes of Derwent, which lies to the north. There is a good deal of moorland and pasture, a certain amount of plough and some tracts of woodland.

I know the Braes of Derwent country only around Barley Hill, and my impression of that part was that there was really too much woodland. Further south the woods thin out a little, and the landscape is one of undulating hills with farmhouses here and there, and some scattered woodlands relieving the bleak and rolling moors. It has an air of remoteness which is very engaging at the present time.

The pack was formed in 1919, in which year Mr. J. J. Dewey was Master. After several changes the present Master, the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare, took office in 1930. The huntsman, Norman Sisson, has carried the horn for nineteen seasons.

Hounds are kennelled at Stanhope. There are ten couples of S.B. beagles, and even the brief glance I could give them was sufficient to show me that they were an extremely level pack of 14in. to 15in. One bitch I especially liked was Gypsy, a hound with really good shoulders and legs, a strong back and the real beagle look in her eye.

I am indebted to Norman Sisson for some notes on the breeding of the pack. A start was made with four hounds—Cardinal, Challenger, Climber and Cromer—by Clinker (who was by Tatler) out of a Newcastle and District bitch. Then Milady ('10), who was later responsible for some really fine puppies, came from the Trinity Foot, and Mavis ('15) from the North Tyne. These hounds were bred from, and in 1924 eighteen hounds were entered in the Stud Book. Music, a third season hound, was by Cromer out of Milady, and Warboy, Woodman, Workman, and Wagtail, all second season, were by Warrior out of Music.

The puppies came from three matings. Trumpeter and Milady produced five puppies, among whom was Royal, one of the best hounds ever in the Wear Valley Kennels. He ran for thirteen seasons and sired many excellent puppies. Fowler ('23) and Wagtail produced five puppies, and Fowler and Music three. In 1925 Wolverston Garnet ('19) and their Milady produced Vandyke, Victor and Vanity, of whom Vandyke proved an excellent hound who hunted well for twelve seasons.

From 1925 until now these hounds have been bred from, and there have also been crosses from other packs, among which are the West Cumberland, the Wolverston, the Ampleforth College, the Stoke Hill and the Ecclesfield. The best dog to-day is Victory, by Vandyke ('25) out of Beauty ('31), and the best bitch is Gypsy out of W.V.B. Barmaid. Another bitch out of Gypsy who caught my eye was Welcome.

A general and reassuring reflection was inspired by a visit to these kennels. Everyone is agreed that hunting will go on, but there is an equal absence of doubt that there must be very great economies both now and after the war. Some people have thought that hound breeding and performance must suffer. While this is probably so to a certain extent, a kennel like the Wear Valley's proves that there is no need for despair. For here is a well-bred, level, good working pack, a pleasure to look at and a delight to follow, and yet the total cost of running the Hunt is very slight. The situation is, of course, much more difficult in a foxhunting establishment, but I could not help feeling that this kind of pack is one of the mainstays of hunting hopes for the future.

Hounds met near Eastgate, at Horsley Hall, by invitation of the President of the Hunt, Mr. Hilyard. There was quite a large field out, which included some evacuated children, but petrol rationing kept a good many people away. It is also likely to keep hounds away from some of the more distant meets.

It was a dry, sunny day, and prospects of scent did not appear to me to be very good. Actually it was quite good to begin with, but deteriorated during the afternoon. I had an opportunity, however, of admiring the way in which hounds were not only encouraged to hunt on their own, but also proved themselves well able to do it. I do not think the huntsman lifted them once.

In spite of a scarcity of hares, hounds put one up almost at once, and an enjoyable hunt of some half-an-hour followed. The hare was killed just before she arrived at some woods, which was a matter for congratulation. The evacuees were duly blooded. The *Field* has already pointed out the advantages which may follow this opportunity for town-bred children to see for themselves a sport of which they have heard so much.

Hounds then drew along some moorland, and a second hare was, unfortunately, chopped in about 50yds. She would not take the wall, and presumably did not know where the nearest moot was. Although it was a pity, I do not suppose that she would have given us a very good run. After that, scent seemed non-existent, and hounds were taken home about 4.30.

They had worked exceedingly well and, with the exception of one hound who seemed to me to be too fast, they worked as a pack. The Master and huntsman are certainly to be congratulated on having bred and hunted a pack so excellent in the hunting field, and made up of hounds which are level, well suited to the country in which they hunt, and often of very considerable merit from the show angle.



THE END OF THE HUNT



NOVEMBER, FALLING LEAVES AND PHEASANTS—A HAMPSHIRE SHOOT AT OAKLEY HALL NEAR BASINGSTOKE. THE GUN IS MR. C. R. FAIREY, WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF FLIGHT AND SPEED

A WAR-TIME SHOOT

Mixed Sport on an East Anglian Preserve

THOUGH the war has now been on for a couple of months or so, it is still hard to think of it in terms of the 1914–18 crisis. Yet there are in reality so many points of resemblance, so many events that prove the repetition of history. But if the dynamic happenings, the spectacular operations and the heartrending losses that marked the early months of the 1914 business are yet absent from the stage, we all of us wake each morning to the thought that there is something exceptionally wrong in the world.

Especially is this the case in the heart of a big city where the pulse beats are quickened and the hub of existence throbs to an unnatural tempo. There it is impossible to escape from the atmosphere of tension and uncertainty which infects every section of humanity in one way or another. Not that there is any real doubt or lack of confidence in the future, but nothing is normal, nothing is quite as one would like it to be. And one cannot find refuge.

I never thought I should have to link shooting and war again! Nor, I suppose, did many others. Yet here it is, once more. We are back over twenty years. But there is still comfort to be found in field sport, as there was during the most critical days of the old Western Front. Still, who could spend three days in a Norfolk retreat and fail to respond to its atmosphere of peace and seclusion? A place in which almost an army corps could lie undetected by the most hawklike eyes of any aerial observer. A place where the hand of time stays still, as if it had reached a state of stable fecundity. Everywhere is there that sense of continuity which broad acres of fertile land bring. A land which is both snug and yet spacious, stretching away to the wild winds of the North Sea. Remote, unspoilt, utterly rural and yet perhaps unappealing to many an urban dweller.

For here there is none of that "pretty pretty" country which lures week-end picnickers to the home counties, country which is ever dominated by the all-powerful and ever-growing influence of the Metropolis. There is reality in these Norfolk acres of stubble and plough, sugar beets and mangels, swedes and pasture, marshes and dykes, great dense woodlands, scattered spinneys and plantations, half mile belts of oak, ash, beech and elms, jungles of reeds and willows, bare fields and snug fields, ponds, rivers and lakes.

Here and there are mellowed farm houses, half-merged in the landscape and friendly rick yards, piles of beets by the winding roadside, turnings that seem to lead nowhere, the leisurely progress of a cart and horse, a tiny hamlet or a forgotten village. And always in the distance a lofty church tower and stately nave, keeping sentinel over this peaceful land.

One cannot omit passing mention of such magnificent churches. Outstanding relics of an era when buildings were made to do justice to a region of fruitful achievement, these miniature cathedrals have seen the days when the woollen industry flourished in a district which is now entirely agricultural. Constructed of flints which the craft of the knappers ensured would fit each in its own place, they have stood four-square to all the winds of heaven down the years.

Towards the end of last month we turned in through a broad belt of high timber, past the park gates and along a drive bordered by ancient oaks whose acorns must provide ready-served meals for the scores of pheasants that wandered happily over the sward. Below the eight acres of lake glistened in the October sunshine. Dense shrubberies of rhododendrons and undergrowth surmounted by towering spruce and silver firs helped one to conjure up visions of high birds, when properly manipulated later on.

We reach a garden, high walled, of mellowed brick, with wrought iron gates and a clock-towered stable, and passing the gardener's house with its green wooden shutters and a roomy outhouse thatched with Norfolk reeds, which may last as long as sixty years, we turn into a narrow drive bordered by dense woodland, and twisting and turning all the time reach the keeper's home and kennels. Surrounded by covert on every side, this is indeed a sheltered retreat, whether from the winter's wind or the summer's sun. Can there be such a thing as war when a place like this exists? Born and bred on the place, a real professional at his job, the head-keeper seems part of it.

The plan is to do outside coverts so as to kill a few pheasants without disturbing the central woods or park and work in an odd partridge drive, as circumstances permit. A party of five guns and about twenty beaters, we first tackle a low-lying, marshy wood which is driven towards home. We pick up a dozen birds here, mostly easy shots, though one or two come over in November style. Fine heavy birds they are, the result of good living. Another thick, marshy piece is then driven, unshot birds going forward to the next beat. The latter is very thick and an impossible place at the time of year to show one-quarter of what is there. Birds run through or just fly at head level for the most part but some give shots and are bagged or missed, as the case may be. I miss a pigeon, drop a hen which falls in part of the gardens and get a hare which canters towards me up the narrow drive.

After this we do a narrow and comparatively open belt which bordered last summer's rearing field. There is quite a bit of shooting here, as, thanks to efficient stopping, birds have to get up and face the music. But our marksmanship is not always so good as the keeper's tactics. We then walk some open fields and have a couple of short partridge drives before lunch, the beaters bringing a piece of beet across a road and then bringing another piece in the reverse direction. What a boon rubbers must be to these fellows! Nearly everyone is wearing them, guns included.

Lunch in a barn, another little partridge drive and then a long belt which is full of pheasants. They, however, come out largely at the end and are too numerous for the two guns concerned who do their best but have to let a number go.

And so the day goes on until it is time to walk back across the park and discuss the events of the day over tea at the keeper's. Figures are not particularly interesting and in any case they may convey little idea of the enjoyment of a day spent in perfect surroundings and in pleasant company. But our actual bag, if it is worth mention, amounts to ninety-two pheasants, of which forty-three are cocks, eighteen partridges, four hares and three various. The totals on the other days are much the same, though the variety is greater. For there are pigeons and rabbits as well, a woodcock and ten mallard. The woodcock was shot from a low-lying marshy covert that forms two sides of a square. Two were seen, but the other escaped without a shot.

Partridges are certainly strong on the wing this year and reference must be made to a down-wind drive—and there was a wind—when the guns had to stand flush with a low hedge. Never have I seen birds come faster—they were like bullets—and never have I known them harder to hit. Sweeping over and nearly knocking one's cap off, they sped like brown balls at express train rate over the plough behind. What with the tremendous speed, the poor light and drab background, and the fact that they only presented going-away chance, can it be wondered that percentages and reputations were well-nigh wrecked in the twinkling of an eye?

Not the least fascinating episode was the duck shooting. Posted behind shrubberies and other vantage points near the lake half-an-hour before dusk, we had some tall shooting as bunch after bunch of mallard wheeled and turned over the trees. As the light faded, their long necks seemed to become more prominent, their forms a jet black silhouette. Powder was burnt and the bag was small, but there was satisfaction in pulling down a heavy bird right over high spruce and to hear the smack as it crashed on to the placid waters of the lake. It is wonderful what No. 6 and a full choke can do, if held right.

Two cock pheasants, rudely disturbed from their cosy quarters in the shrubbery by this unaccustomed barrage, clattered out past my head uttering vociferous protests. A few late pigeon circled round uncertain where to go. Yet in spite of our unwelcome efforts, I spot a covey of partridges walking sedately towards the upper pond, not a hundred yards away. For they, too, must have their night-cap. A homely touch of domestic bliss.

But *nox ruit* and we wend our way back across the park to the house in the wood. Stillness reigns, except for the owl, and war seems very, very far away.

"SCOLOPAX."

THE LAST STALK: A Memory of Northern Rhodesia

THE news of the Soviet-German pact reached us in Khartoum. Two days later we were in M'Pika and the situation appeared to be at least no worse than it had been a year earlier; so we decided to continue our safari until something happened. I cannot say, however, that the next week or so was exactly carefree. Behind us we organised a runner service to the nearest wireless and on the whole our intelligence worked well.

Northern Rhodesia is still a great game country. It will remain so in inverse ratio to the cheek that is kept on native hunting. Frankly what I saw appalled me. What is wrong? In two words, "native guns." And this in a district that is extremely well administered and whose D.C. is a great game-lover.

The only game which I should say is probably on the increase is the buffalo. All over the country there are great herds of them pointing their mild questioning noses at you. The Black Lechwe, an extremely local species, just as deserving of protection as Mrs. Gray's Sudan Lechwe, are being exterminated wholesale.

But after five days trekking towards the Bangweolo swamps we got into a game country, and on the fifth evening I shot a 17in. sarsabe, the last I shall ever shoot, for one first class specimen is all a reasonable man could demand of *Damaliscus lunatus*.

The next morning we made a new camp and that evening stalked a herd of roan which seemed to hold one or two good heads. Roan are, I always think, the most disappointing of the "Big Five" of African antelope (eland, sable, kudu, bongo and roan). The trophy is out of all proportion to the size of the body. I often think the book of records would do well to classify the length of those enormous ears, before the curve of those often footling little horns.

Their stalking, however, has a certain fascination, for they are found all over Africa in localised outcrops. They are in general very wary, having remarkably good eyesight. Moreover, they have an annoying habit of running with other antelope. My experience has always been that this means trouble. One species stampedes the other. Samaki Salmon probably recalls with relish the bull roan broadside on in a herd of Kongoni that I missed at 60yds. one day in Uganda.

These particular roan were out in the open, with half a dozen puku. There was no doubt whatever who was the master bull, for he was as black as the pit and carried himself with a superb swagger. That solved the everlasting question of cubits, which so overwhelms the big game hunter on occasion, but how to get up to him was quite a different question.



"THE ONLY GAME PROBABLY ON THE INCREASE ARE THE BUFFALO—ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THERE ARE GREAT HERDS OF THEM."

He was, as it were, in a square of about 500 by 500, and the square was on the move after the manner of a Roman Legion. Dotted about this square were some twenty roan and about ten puku, and the master bull kept well in the middle. In the meantime the whole concern was making for a big patch of bush about a mile away, at a slow but steady pace. We were up wind and the sun was behind us, and there was about an hour and a half of shooting light. The time factor is usually the most important in the evening stalk.

Well, the only thing to do was to wait till the sun had sunk sufficiently low behind our backs to make observation in our direction difficult, and then to move on. We sat on an ant hill for half an hour. The tracker was thinking about meat; I am afraid I was thinking about Hitler. With an hour of shooting light it was impossible to wait longer, and we began to advance in echelon towards the herd. They were then about 500yds. away, and I was pleased to see that the puku had got themselves all over to the left. Clearly my policy was to try and drive a wedge into this particular axis.

Accordingly we advanced after the herd and by a piece of extraordinary good luck the puku began to dissociate themselves from their allies. This is, I believe, the habit of axis partners before a determined advance. The puku turned and faced us. What with the sun behind us and the wind in front of us they could not make us out; except that we were excessively evil. They moved towards us, moved back, moved sideways, with the mincing precision of a minuet, and then they could stand it no longer. They lumbered off, with the ungainly motion of their tribe, to join some brethren on the horizon.

The roan turned round and watched them go, while I subsided about 400yds. away from them on to an ant hill. The roan had no doubt about it at all. There was something wrong, and they proceeded to make away at a steady pace. It looked as if any chance I had was gone, and then, Providence delivered the big buck into my hand.

He turned round and looked at the retreating puku, making off to my left. What was taking them off? What mad delight? What wild ecstasy? Or was it just that those puku, which he had fallen in with like Canterbury Pilgrims, were Gadarene puku? Whatever it was, he was not the sort of roan to allow that sort of thing from lesser breeds. He slowly retraced his way towards them, step after deliberate step, his body instinct with enquiry and menace. Every 20yds. he would stop and gaze at the puku, who were now to the rear of my ant hill, and were watching me with a fixed intent.

I covered the roan, and focussed my glass over his horns. A roan is not easy to judge, but I put him at 29in. In a flush of enthusiasm I put him at 30in. He was 300yds. away now and my rifle was rested.

The good light would last about five minutes. I resisted the temptation. Two hundred and fifty yards: two hundred: a hundred and eighty. He slewed round so that I could take him through the shoulder. I am glad to say that he gave one bound and fell dead. I had put his horns a shade high, for he was 28in. Five minutes later the light for shooting was gone. It was a lucky, but thoroughly successful stalk, and it was my last.

Two hours later we were back in camp and there was a messenger waiting. It was the Saturday night and he brought the first news of the Polish bombing. The moon was due to rise at 10 o'clock, so there was time for dinner and a bath. It was very quiet, and the boys were strangely silent, though they can hardly have realised even the broadest implications of the tragedy.

At half-past nine we started and marched right through that weary night till dawn broke, when we found a road and a friendly lorry.

My mind went back over the stalks of the last twenty years. I remembered that first urial at Fatehjang and old Mohomed Khan, and what a triumph it seemed then. I do not think anything that happened since had quite the savour of that urial. I remembered another day some years later, when I crawled about, belly to earth, for four hours after a Tibetan gazelle, and finally brought off a long but rather satisfactory shot. I remember the day that Muzzia and I, after a multitude of tribulations, brought to bay the father and mother of all lions down by the Aingi. I remembered how Frank Phillipps and I scaled a Canadian Everest for my bighorn, and having slept a night on the open hill bore him back in triumph to our camp the next day. I thought of that great Dorset woodland where I had spent so many happy summer days stalking the roe: I thought of Tanganyika and Czecho-Slovakia; of Sweden and the C.P. I even thought of the day I spent at Goering's State shoot at Schorfeide and its elements of *opera bouffe*. And now it was all over. Would I ever stalk again? The moon gave no answer, and certainly nobody else could.

Well they had been good fun those years since the war. There was never a year hardly that the rifle was not out of the cupboard, and I am glad the last stalk was a good one.

M. T. S.

A PAIR OF YOUNG BADGERS · *Photographed by Mrs. Patrick Scott*





LEFT: ONE OF A PAIR OF YOUNG BADGERS, HIS HAIR FLUFFED OUT WITH EXCITEMENT, ENJOYING A WILD ROMP IN THE EVENING. RIGHT: A BADGER DRINKING. HE PADDLED UNCONCERNEDLY STRAIGHT OUT INTO THE STREAM BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO DRINK





LEFT: HAVING RIPPED A PIECE OF DEAD BARK OFF A FALLEN TREE THIS YOUNG BADGER IS EATING THE WOOD-LICE AND GRUBS FOUND ON IT. RIGHT: STRETCHING AGAINST A TREE. HE HAD BEEN ROMPING WITH HIS BROTHER AND SUDDENLY LEFT HIS PLAY TO DO THIS





LEFT: SEARCHING FOR FOOD ALONG THE BANKS OF A STREAM, A MUCH FAVOURED HUNTING GROUND. EVERY INCH OF GROUND IS CAREFULLY INVESTIGATED AND EVERY STONE OR LOG ROLLED OVER BEFORE HE PROCEEDS. RIGHT: EATING A FIND—VERY LIKELY A FROG—ON THE RIVER BANK

SOUTH AFRICA'S FAMOUS POLICE DOGS

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN



TOO YOUNG TO DETECT CRIMINALS YET
Puppies at the De Beer's dog training station, Kimberley

POLICE dogs trained in South Africa are now being used in Palestine to track the Arab terrorists. These dogs are used, on an average, 2,000 times a year in South Africa; they are probably the most efficient "hounds of justice" in the British Empire. There are more than 100 dogs at the South African Police training depot near Pretoria, while scores are at work in country areas throughout the Union. In the cities, motor traffic destroys the scent.

Bloodhounds were tried years ago, but proved failures. South Africa relies on the swift Dobermann, the Rottweiler, the Rhodesian ridgeback (used for lion hunting), the Airedale and the Alsatian. Probably the greatest number of successes have been scored by the Dobermann.

Training starts with "obedience exercises." I have watched the dogs climbing ladders, jumping and swimming to the tune of the trainer's whistle. There is nothing playful in the routine. Most of the dogs appear to realise that they are learning the grim business of following the trail of murderers and thieves. The exercises teach them to tackle a man without hurting him, to guard him when he is down. Never a bark is heard until the dog has found the man.

It takes three years to produce an efficient police dog, and his life in the service after that is usually seven years. Puppies showing no particular aptitude are destroyed. Police dogs are never sold, though many must be worth £100 or more.

Leda, a famous police dog, has tracked dozens of wanted men. One dog traced a man for 136 miles. Another picked up the scent from the footprint of a native suspected of murder. The trail led to a hut filled with black people miles away. But the dog ignored everyone and sniffed at a blanket. After a consultation, the police decided to start all over again. A second time the dog stopped at the blanket. This time the police accepted the clue, and asked where the man was who had slept in the blanket the night before. The suspect was found in a neighbouring town, and in the end he was hanged for the murder.



TRAINING A DOG TO "MAKE AN "ARREST"
The man wears a padded coat so that the dog can grip the leather sleeve

Dogmasters, as the detectives in charge of dogs are called, are volunteers from the force. They go to the depot, train a pair of dogs, and then take them out into the country on regular duty. It is essential that there should be close understanding between the dogs and the men who handle them.

It is often stated that the female is cleverer on the scent than the male, but this belief has not been confirmed by experience in South Africa. Females have remarkable achievements to their credit, but so have the males.

Males are named after famous South African politicians—Botha, Smuts, Hertzog, Havenga, and so on. Females have the names of actresses, such as Olga, Rita, Colette and Sybil.

Police dogs are used on the diamond fields of Kimberley to guard the open areas of "blue ground," where diamonds are found in the open. Barbed wire is not enough when a fortune lies under the sky. At one time the fences were patrolled at night by a corps of 50 men. Now four men and a pack of dogs do the work more effectively. Diamond raiders, it seems, fear dogs more than armed men. The mere presence of the dogs is a deterrent, and months pass nowadays without a genuine alarm.

The dogs are posted as sentries at all the most important places. There are dogs on sentry-go at the pulsator house, where the diamonds are finally recovered; at the sorting office; and on the "floors" where the diamondiferous ground lies exposed. Some of the dogs are chained to picket lines, with a range of about 100yds. Others, known as "fighting dogs," roam freely and dash to the spot when the picket dog barks. Raiders with revolvers have broken through the fences; but the dogs have been taught to make a man drop any weapon he is carrying. They never bite unless the raider struggles. And the dogs are so cunning that the records show not a single case of a dog injured on duty.

These dogs can leap over burning fences, climb high walls, walk the plank, and obey whistles and other signals. The system saves many salaries, and makes it possible to leave coveted diamonds in the open until the "blue ground" can be passed through the recovery plant.

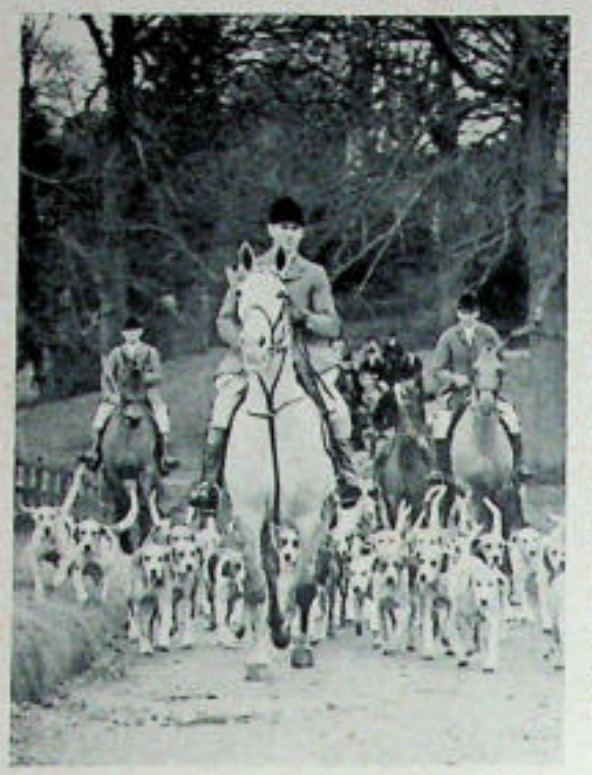
Police dogs were first tried in South Africa as a result of a queer chain of events. First was a memorable crime known as the "Cab Murder." A man named MacIntyre murdered a man named Herbst in Pretoria in 1908. He was brought to justice through the evidence of a fourteen-year-old girl named Kuyper, who was sitting on her swing in the garden on a moonlight night and saw the two men drive past in a cab. When MacIntyre came to trial the defence urged that she could never have recognised him, so the court adjourned on a moonlight night to the Kuyper garden. The judge sat in the swing, the jury looked on, and the same cab was driven past. The judge held that the girl could have recognised the murderer.

During the detective work the girl's father came into contact with the police for the first time. He was a great dog-lover, and he suggested to the police that dogs should be used to track wanted men in South Africa as they did in Germany. He was introduced to the Police Commissioner, and produced accounts of the work of the dogs on the Continent.

Promptly the Transvaal decided to start a dog depot with three hounds imported from Holland, and Kuyper was installed as its head. He held the post for 25 years until he died last year.



"CALLING ALL DOGS"



Advice to Young Foxhunters

QUALITIES THAT MAKE A GOOD M.F.H.

The following is the first of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of Kennelman

VERY many years ago Masters of Foxhounds were generally country squires, or else men with local influence.

A considerable proportion of the foxhound kennels had been owned by certain families for long periods, and even where the hounds belonged to the country over which they hunted they were bred under the influence of long continuity of the same management.

In those days rents were good, rates were low, taxes were a fraction of what they are to-day, and death duties had not been dreamt of.

The M.F.H.s of the distant past had been brought up to their duties as such, and were thoroughly conversant with hunting matters.

Latterly, not only have hunting matters become less easy, but it is most difficult to find anybody who is willing to undertake the financial and other responsibilities connected with the post of M.F.H.

It is well known that a Master of Foxhounds seldom receives any thanks at any rate until he retires, and is continually criticised, frequently adversely, especially by those of his field who know least about foxhunting. It is therefore hardly surprising that it is a difficult matter to induce what may be termed thoroughly suitable men to undertake so arduous, expensive, and thankless a task.

His duties are manifold, and the following is meant to describe only some of those when he is actually in the field.

The rôle of a Master of Foxhounds in the field is a difficult and thankless one. To be successful, a Master must be popular, and punctuality is conducive to popularity. He should be a keen hound man. He should have a good temper, and seldom, if ever, be rude. If he knows his business thoroughly, is well enough mounted, and a good man to hounds, he has only to hold up his hand for people to stop when hounds are on the line of a fox. He must, however, anticipate all checks, and hold up his hand long before hounds actually do come to a check. Any cavalry soldier knows how long it takes to halt the best-trained mounted troops from a gallop.

At times some people are simply maddening, and a Master's temper is sorely tried. However, a smile will always help matters. Never be sarcastic: People don't like it. If an individual treats your efforts to keep order with contumely you must go for him. He is certain to have a thick skin. Having spoken, stop at once, and never refer to it again. Try to say something nice to the offender as soon as possible. All hunting discipline is voluntary. It is fatal to be provocative, and a sharp retort which is very rare, is most unpleasant. Although one may be tempted to do so, it is futile to ask questions, *e.g.*, "Where are you going?" "Are you going to catch the fox?" "Why can't you watch hounds?" All questions invite answers. A Master must establish at any rate respect, whereby it is well known that offenders will be justly reprimanded.

But however great the provocation never lecture or bully out hunting.

If you never cart your field, your field will never cart you.

Insist on your huntsman always blowing the correct calls on his horn, otherwise the field becomes restless. For this *vide Hints to Huntsmen*, by Colonel Anstruther Thompson.

Your field should practically always be kept down wind of a covert in which hounds are drawing for a fox. Every opportunity possible should be given to such as enjoy seeing hounds drawing and working to see the hounds at work. If a field is not allowed to see hounds draw or work, a Master cannot expect them to take interest in such things. It is sometimes difficult to allow the field to see hounds properly.

You must assume that people are trying their best to help you, and you must protect the farmers' interests. Anything wilful to the detriment of the farmers, such as ruthlessly smashing fences, &c., must at once be pointed out, sometimes with severity, but always with brevity. It is a mistake to pander to farmers, for any damage to crops or grass or stock is infinitesimal, and if this is accentuated farmers may think that some damage has been done. Farmers generally benefit much by being in a hunting country, which enhances the price of oats and hay and other farm products. Hunting employs large numbers directly and indirectly: all local prosperity helps farmers.

A bad fault which should be forcibly exposed is that of evening riders continually pulling up their horses in front of those who first stopped at a check. A Master cannot afford to tolerate this.

A Master should discuss each day's sport with his huntsman, after the day is over, and can quietly suggest that mistakes have been made, only when these have been obvious. A good huntsman will always admit mistakes: for all make them sometimes, and the best man is he who makes fewest mistakes. A successful Master should be cheerful, and try to say something nice whenever possible.

In these days it is rare to find the ideal M.F.H. who is not a very busy man apart from his duties as M.F.H. Such a man as the late Duke of Northumberland is rare, but if it is possible to induce such a man to take hounds, he is a godsend, and such a man is certain to find those who are only too anxious to assist him in any manner, when his duties outside foxhunting require so much of his attention that he is unable to give as much time as he would like to the actual management of his hounds and hunting country.

Hunting the Fox (by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke) is an excellent and practical book told in simple language. The duties of a Master of Foxhounds, so far as cubhunting is concerned, are so fully dealt with in it that further remarks here are superfluous, and the following quotations are from Chapter II, "Masters of Foxhounds."

"Hounds should never be invited to draw with their mouths open."

"In the open, if a huntsman rides well up to his hounds and has sufficient wisdom and self-control to stand stock-still, well away from them, when they come to a check, then the field will also be obliged to stand still. . . ."

"About seven times out of ten the hounds will hit off the line for themselves, and all goes well again. When ultimately obliged to try his hand at a cast, if he will only make the smallest possible circle first up wind and then down wind with his hounds in front of him, the field may be induced to stand still, because they can see what is going on, and there will be no excuse for following him about when he is casting."

"It would seem . . . that the Master's duty of controlling the field will depend to a great degree upon the technique of his huntsman. He can also make things immeasurably easier for himself if he can prevail upon his field to give him precedence, if he is there in time to claim it, whenever hounds are *not* running."

"It is a mistake to hold up a field at a gate or in a road for a moment longer than it is absolutely necessary."

"In approaching a covert to find a fox . . . the last half-mile at least should be covered at a walk, so as to put the hounds into covert with their mouths shut and to allow the rear of the column to close up."

"An isolated covert in what people call 'the good country' had as a general rule better not be drawn more than once every six weeks. It is better not to go cubhunting at all in a covert of this kind."

A Master should encourage the young to be thrusters and to take their own line; from such come the leaders of men, and these alone can watch hounds when they really run hard, for the majority who complacently acquiesce in the humiliations of a queue can seldom watch hounds properly, although more docile from a Master's point of view.

It is a fine thing to see a young man showing bold initiative and dash, but if a sensitive young man is unduly snubbed he may be choked off for ever, which is a calamity, for only a small proportion are capable of leading.

Peter Beckford wrote: "Eagerness and impetuosity are such essential parts of this diversion (foxhunting) that I am never more surprised than when I see a foxhunter without them. One 'hold hard,' or reproof, unnecessarily given, would chill me more than a north-east wind; it would damp my spirits and send me home.

"The enthusiasm of a foxhunter should not be checked in his career, for it is the very life and soul of foxhunting."

Referring to this, that fine sportsman, Otho Paget, wrote: ". . . Strong language rarely does good, for to the sensitive, and those who are accidentally wrong, it is too severe, whilst to hardened offenders, and those who only hunt for a ride, it makes no impression whatever."

Of course, in these days of wire a young man has more difficulties than in the blessed pre-wire days.

Generally those who ride over the line at a check are not the first flight men, who, unless jealous, will stop and stand still, but those of the ruck who forge on when they should stand still certainly not in front of the leaders.

The above only refers to the rôle of M.F.H. in the hunting field. His other duties are many. He must initiate almost everything connected with his hunt, he must carefully breed his hounds, which is a serious science, and he must also make himself acquainted with the feelings of all landed proprietors in the country, and he must inspire his servants with a feeling of respect and dependence on him. It is a mistake to ask too much for advice. Most advice one receives out hunting is wrong.

It is not only wrong but unkind to try to sponge on any M.F.H. for a mount with his hounds.

Few M.F.H.'s have more than a bare minimum of horses on which to mount themselves properly.

If, however, there is one with sufficient hunters to warrant the risks of mounting guests, he will be well advised not on any account to lend his best horses. It is his duty towards his field to be mounted as well as is possible.

I personally never mounted anybody unless I was laid up, and even then I only mounted a good horseman.

A bad horseman can ruin a good horse in ten minutes.

If guests wish to hunt, let them hire or bring their own horses.

When fixing the meeting places, consideration should be given to those who like to have meets at their homes, but special care should be taken to ensure that every part of the country is hunted regularly, irrespective of those who consider that special attention should be given to what they consider the most conveniently situated and best country.

Some cases have been known where a landed proprietor forbids foxhounds to enter or draw his coverts until after he has shot them.

The following is a fairly safe rule:—

Whenever you come across such a man he is in the hands of his keeper with a narrow mentality. It can do no harm to pheasants if hounds cubhunt a covert. It may drive out some of the hares for a short period. If, however, the coverts are kept quiet for a week or ten days, that is quite sufficient for the shooting. If ever you see hounds drawing a wood or plantation against which pheasants are in a field, you will nearly always see the pheasants fly from the field into the wood that hounds are at the time drawing.

Probably the real reason why some proprietors at the instigation of their keepers prohibit hounds cubhunting their coverts is that in the autumn they will probably draw them blank; nobody likes his coverts to be drawn blank.

If the same coverts are drawn later in the season possibly foxes may have come in from elsewhere. If hounds cubhunt a place, say, September or early

in October, no harm can be done to the shooting, and possibly the pheasants may fly better: and if the proprietor is not a hunting man his coverts can after this be undisturbed until after his first shoot.

On the other hand, hunting people are frequently exceedingly selfish, and some who have no stake in the country in which they hunt are inclined to disparage a proprietor who may not be a hunting man, and knowing nothing about hunting thinks a deal about his shooting. After all, the land is his, and it is by his courtesy that others are permitted to ride over it.

Some shooting folk detest hunting folk, and vice versa. In both cases this aversion generally comes from ignorance and a misunderstanding of human nature.

A good plan in the case of a difficult non-hunting proprietor who is a shooting man is to ask for leave to draw his coverts as early as is possible; then keep hounds out of them until after his first shoot.

Proprietors who prohibit as above are rare and those who prohibit until after their second shoot are even rarer.

If a certain district is short of foxes it is sometimes the case that the huntsman or even the Master says: "What is the good of going to such-and-such: there are no foxes there."

The result of this is that the owners assume that as their coverts are hardly ever drawn there is no necessity for them to preserve foxes.

If such are in a good country, where you particularly require foxes, hunt it as often as possible. Nothing shames people more than when their coverts are drawn blank; and they take care in future to keep foxes.

You cannot expect anybody to preserve foxes if their coverts, especially large woods, are not regularly drawn during the season. A Master of Foxhounds should be most careful about this. It is often a mistake for him to consult his huntsman about this. The Master must see that his wishes and orders are carried out.

If big woods are regularly hunted they generally provide good foxes, but unless regularly hunted foxes gather into them, and smaller and perhaps popular coverts fail to hold foxes.

KENNELMAN

(To be continued)

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

LEDBURY.—This Hunt is carrying on for the present, at any rate for this season, although it is impossible to hunt the whole of the country properly. The pack is reduced to thirty-two couples—most of the others have been drafted. Four of the Hunt horses have been sold to the Army. Colonel Kettle has been able to hunt hounds for a short time in the morning. When he leaves Fred Hoare, kennel huntsman, carries the horn. Up to October 20th hounds had killed ten and a half brace of cubs. A good morning was spent on October 20th when the meet was at the Cottage. Forkhampton Hounds accounted for two brace of foxes and ran with a lovely cry and great drive. On Friday (November 3rd) they had a good hunt with a five mile point. The pack found at the Massey Covert and ran over the Rampings to the Gloucester-Upton road. Crossing this, they pointed for Blacklands, then bore right-handed over Marsh Farm by Harry Green's Gorse to the Stanks. Going through here they held the line over a nasty bit of country and ran out of scent by the Hook road.—L.

MEYNELL.—Cub-hunting started on August 10th and a good supply of cubs have been found throughout the county, over thirty-odd brace being killed up to the time of writing. Unfortunately Captain Maurice Kingscote, joint-master and huntsman, was taken seriously ill towards the end of August with internal hemorrhage and it is feared will not be hunting hounds this year. Sir Ian Waller (joint-master) is serving with the Army, whilst five of the Hunt staff have also been called up, and a dozen hunt horses taken over by the Government. Jack Pickford is whipper-in. L. K. H. has been hunting and show good sport. The joint-masters will do all in their power to keep down the number of foxes during the war and it is hoped hounds will be able to hunt three days a week. The number of hounds in kennel has, it is regretted to be said, been greatly reduced.

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE).—This pack will carry on for the present, reduced to twenty-five couples, and hunting on Wednesdays and Saturdays only. Mr. D. E. C. Price has been joined by Major A. B. Mitchell and will continue to hunt hounds whenever his military duties permit. Captain E. Richards, South Hill, Fairford, is acting hon. secretary in the absence of Colonel Wilson-Fitzgerald on service.

HISTORIC TREES OF EMPIRE

Where Captain Cook Tied the "Endeavour"

By E. R. YARHAM

WE are taking greater care of our historic trees than we did in the past, and considerable sums are often spent in lengthening the life of veterans. Yet time takes its toll eventually, and many a famous tree is now nothing but a gaunt skeleton.

The Earl of Jersey, who owns Osterley, Middlesex, one of the great houses of England, has conceived an unique idea regarding this subject, for just before the war broke out he started to form a collection of trees and plants with historical associations, and it is hoped to welcome to the garden cuttings from historical trees from abroad, especially from the Dominions and the United States, as well as from the British Islands—when life is normal again.

An auspicious start has been made, for the Benchers of Gray's Inn, London, are giving a slip from the famous catalpa tree which Francis Bacon is reputed to have planted in their garden. At Hampstead stands Keats' Memorial House, and a cutting has been given from the mulberry tree which was known when the poet lived there, and beside which, tradition says, he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale."

Another friend has given some shoots of the famous yew which stood in the courtyard of Whittinghame Tower in the days of the Black Douglas, and under whose shade Darnley's murder was plotted, according to tradition. It is also hoped to obtain an offspring of an apple tree which once grew in Sir Isaac Newton's garden at Woolthorpe.

Then Lord Bradford is giving a seedling of the celebrated Boscobel Oak, which sheltered Charles II when he was fleeing from his enemies, after his defeat at Worcester. Indeed, it would be possible to plant a whole wood with seedlings from oaks renowned in English history, such as the one beneath which Wilberforce decided to make his stand against slavery, and Kett's Oak, under whose branches the Norfolk rebel dispensed rough justice. Some of these oaks already have descendants in various parts of the world.

At Osterley there is already a descendant of the "Napoleon" willows on St. Helena. Two willows hang over the Emperor's original grave, and he asked to be buried beneath them. "In case," he wrote two years before his death, "orders have been given for my body to remain on this island, which I do not think, have me buried in the shade of the willows where I used to rest."

Contemporary letters from the island speak of Napoleon as having frequently breakfasted beneath these weeping willows, and describe how at his funeral their branches were twisted with black cloth, and the ropes, which were to lower his coffin into the grave, hung from them.

The Osterley willow promises to be worthily matched by a cypress, descended from a bough which fell into the street from the Duke of Wellington's funeral car.

There are many other notable trees in the British Isles which might claim a place in the collection of historic trees. A Judas tree, a white magnolia, and a gingko tree flourish to-day in a Hampshire garden, which were brought over 300 years ago from Tuscany by the first Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

It was in the great days of that horticultural curiosity which was to develop so tremendously in the following century to the glory and fame of the English garden. All men's eyes were turned towards Italy, out of which the Renaissance had come. These trees are in the garden of Wick House, at Christchurch, which also boasts the largest maidenhair fern tree in Britain.

At Dulwich, near London, is an Indian beech tree, beneath which, tradition says, Shakespeare used to sit. In 1938 Queen Mary went from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to the hamlet of Little France, just inside the city boundary of Edinburgh, where she planted a sycamore tree by the roadside. The tree is intended to succeed a withered oak standing a few yards away which, according to the local lore, was planted by Mary Queen of Scots nearly 400 years ago, when houses in the vicinity gave shelter to her French servants.

In Norbury Park, Surrey, are yews said to be 2,000 years old, beneath which the Druids performed their rites and where last century the great novelist Meredith walked. It is interesting to learn that Hardy's famous "Greenwood Tree" still flourishes. This is an ancient beech which is to be found adjacent to the keeper's cottage in Yellowham (Yalbury) Wood.

Unhappily, Milton's famous elm at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, beneath which he used to sit, is no more. Age led to decay and so it had to be felled, but about 12ft. of the trunk has been left as a memorial to him.

Another gaunt elm has gone, too. If you want to find its site you must go to Old Sarum, the original Salisbury, and about a mile from that city. Partly owing to political unrest and also due to shortage of water, it was decided to move the city into the plain, and nothing but a heap of mounds remained.

Yet this site continued to send a member to Westminster from 1295 to 1831. The member was elected beneath the Parliamentary Tree, as it came to be called. A stone marks where it stood.

It is impossible to obtain a descendant of that notable tree, but it should be possible to obtain cuttings from two trees associated with Livingstone. Three years back a fierce gale uprooted the almond tree near Kuruman, beneath which Livingstone proposed to Mary Moffat, but "Livingstone's Tree" still stands on an island on the brink from which he first saw the Victoria Falls. He cut his initials on it.

In South Australia stands the remains of the gum tree beneath which the colony was proclaimed in 1836, and at Cooktown can be seen the stump of the tree to which Captain Cook tied the "Endeavour."

NEW LIFE AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE Zoo has now got quite a formidable list of war babies. Shortly after the outbreak of war one of the African crested porcupines in the Small Mammal House, a great favourite with television audiences, gave birth to twins, the usual litter in porcupines. Unlike many burrowing rodents, porcupines are born after a period of gestation which is certainly over two months. Incidentally, the guinea pig is one of the few other rodents which takes so long to produce its young. In keeping with this long period the young in porcupines and guinea pigs are born at an advanced stage with their eyes open, and in the former case, with their quills perfect in proportion though soft and pliable. It takes about a fortnight for these quills to harden, and the survivor of the Zoo's twins is now a miniature replica of its parents.

Shortly after the arrival of the baby porcupines a Brazilian tapir was born. Unfortunately for the public, mother and offspring are housed in the quarantine station, to which access is not permitted. This is due to the fact that the Tapir House is being used to house the great Indian rhinoceros, Felix, who has been forced to move by the demolition of the old Elephant House. The baby tapir is a very interesting sight, since it shows an adaptation also found in other large forest-living vegetable-feeders like pigs. When born it is striped with a very bright pattern of contrasting light and dark. Clearly this enables the young one to hide in undergrowth where, by means of the disruptive pattern of stripes, its outline is broken up. It can thus escape from its enemies (such as jaguars) by concealment until it reaches the stage when it can run or swim as actively as its parents. When this stage is reached the stripes disappear, though in a few aberrant examples which occasionally turn up in Zoos, faint stripes have been found to persist into the adult stage. This is paralleled by occasional full-grown lions, which exhibit the faint leopard-like markings of their early childhood. It can be imagined that if Mr. K. C. Gandar-Dower's spotted lions exist they are a race in which this exceptional condition is the rule.

One of the latest war babies is a Reeves' muntjac, one of the small "barking" deer. These animals have always done well at Regent's Park, and are usually to be found in what is known as the Goose Paddock, an enclosure on the south side of the Regent's Canal, which few members of the public visit.

The war policy of the London Zoo has been made much of in the Press of late. The Gardens at London are, of course, open to the public, but the other Zoo at Whipsnade has been forced by petrol restrictions and many other causes to close for the four winter months. In the London Zoo it is very difficult for the visitor to notice any changes in the stock of animals, except that the Aquarium has been closed and the contents of the Reptile House reduced to a few hardy animals.

Though few animals have been accepted for obvious economic reasons, mention must be made of the recent access of a beautiful monkey-eating eagle from a private Zoo in Devon. This bird (one of the rarest of all eagles) comes from the Philippines and has only once been in captivity in this country before, when a specimen lived for a few months in the London Zoo in 1910. It is housed in the Birds of Prey Aviaries, next door to a harpy eagle from Brazil—a bird which also eats monkeys—and the two make a very interesting contrast.

BRIGHT NOVEMBER DAYS IN THE COUNTRY AND BY THE SEA



WITH THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM, AS HOUNDS MOVE OUT FROM THEIR MEET AT KNEPP CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE HON. MRS. WALTER BURRELL.



LUNCH TIME AT ST. NICHOLAS, NEAR MARGATE, KENT, DURING THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND COURSING CLUB'S MEETING



PHYSICAL JERKS ON THE BEACH AT ST. BEES, CUMBERLAND, WHERE THE BOYS OF MILL HILL SCHOOL HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR



UR OF THE CHALDEES WITH UR JUNCTION IN THE DISTANCE

BY TRAIN, CAR AND PLANE TO UR OF THE CHALDEES

By HUMPHREY WINN

SOON after I had finished reading those enthralling books about travel, history and excavation in the lands of the Old Testament by H. V. Morton and Sir Leonard Woolley, I was lucky enough to be invited to visit an old friend of mine, who had a flying job in Iraq. I had less than one month's holiday. Could I manage it? I decided to try.

Accordingly, I left England not so very long ago, but, of course, before the world was upset, and in intense cold, to catch the Simplon-Orient Express from Paris.

It was here that I received a setback which altered all my plans as it turned out, increasing both the interest and expense of the trip. We reached the Gare de Lyon five hours late, to find that our train had gone. Our coach, we were told, would have to wait in a siding for nearly 24 hours.

While the other disgruntled passengers descended into the keen night air, and the Wagon-Lit man struggled to raise the temperature of our stranded covered Wagon by lighting a fire, which would not draw, and made us choke with the smoke, my mind was busy forming a new programme. I realised that I should lose my connection with the bi-weekly Taurus Express, and that my friend, who was to meet me at Telkotchek on the Iraqi border with a Puss Moth, would be unable to wait. Thus I was bound to be at least a week late at Baghdad. I was determined to enjoy the delay.

On arrival at Stamboul I was met by an Armenian guide who thought he spoke English and refused to leave me. I called him George, and if he was a fair specimen of his race the old Turkish custom is understandable. We had seen The Treasury, St. Sophie, and the Blue Mosque, which must surely be one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, before I was able to give him the slip by jumping on to a pleasure steamer bound for I knew not where.

Picture my surprise when a little later I was landed on Princeps, the island which I had heard was reserved for mad dogs. It is now a health resort and was very pleasant in the warm sunshine.

George was waiting on the quay and whisked me off to the bazaar. I was drinking cups of tea and trying desperately not to buy anything in a shop belonging to a friend of his, when a fine young sample of modern Turkey, who had been serving another customer, greeted me in perfect English with the astonishing but apparently true statement that he used to be reserve goalkeeper for the Arsenal.

Passing as it does through the magnificent ranges of the Taurus mountains, the Asia Minor railway is a pre-war German engineering feat. I could see enough of Ankara, that model capital, to be impressed by the clever town planning, the wide streets, and the imposing white buildings.

As I alighted at Aleppo, the sudden change from West to East was quite a shock. I explored the bazaars, the Citadel, and the lovely old mosque with the hotel "boots," an amusing fellow, who carried an umbrella out of respect for our Prime Minister, before hiring an ancient Vauxhall car to visit the St. Simon Stylite's Pillar. It is interesting in these days of everlasting bustle to think of a man who once sat still for thirty years.

Whilst we sped along the road towards Antisch a thunderstorm raged, turning the last two miles of our route into a sea of mud. The sporting driver put rope on his wheels and slithered on, only to get stuck hopelessly. After vain attempts to extract ourselves we had to enlist the aid of some local Arabs to push us back to the main road. On my return to the hotel I learned that but a few days before an Englishman had been stopped on this very road and robbed of all his possessions, including his clothes, and had had to re-enter the town clad only in the floor mat of his car.

One more night in a train brought me to Telkotchek, at that time the terminus, although now British enterprise has carried the line as far as Mosul. The convoy was ready to take us, myself and a party of Americans bound for the oil fields, across the 60 miles of desert. At this time of year the rainfall is heavy and the mud almost beyond belief.

If up-to-date methods could be introduced here what splendid crops could be grown. With chains on the wheels to reduce the skidding, our six Chevrolets moved off at speed in line abreast, converging from time to time upon narrow natural bridges over the deeper ditches, each Arab driver testing the nerves of his passengers to the utmost in his wild endeavours to get across in front of the others.

It was wonderful what those cars stood, we had to keep the windows shut to avoid the flying stream of slush, and hold on for dear life as we lurched in and out between ancient "Tells," through Bedouin camps, scattering scowling herdsmen, flocks and camels. Every moment our bucking, sliding steed seemed about to reduce itself to a small untidy heap of scrap metal, but actually we got through with only one burst tyre, one broken spring, the collapse of the back seat, and the loss of our silencer on an unobserved boulder. This last mishap brought a happy smile to our driver's face, for had not his silent saloon been converted in the twinkling of an eye to a super sports model.

Mosul, rest house at last, and a very welcome dinner awaiting us. We just had time before dark to look at the vast site of Nineveh and the tiny stuffed fish alleged to be the whale that swallowed Jonah. After supper I was helping a companion to try on a Kurdish costume, when suddenly all the lights went out, and I found as they came on again that I had been whispering into the ear of the villainous-looking tailor, who was fingering ominously the dagger at his waist, in mistake for my friend in fancy dress.

At 6 a.m., two mornings later, I was greeted by my flying friend at Baghdad station. He explained that we had to make a slight detour to his home, because the street he wished to follow was blocked by a fallen house, so great had been the weight of the crowd anxious to see some unfortunate criminal hanged.

A short tour of the City of the Caliphs over, we took off that afternoon to try some photography from the air, and passing low over the holy city of Katemain, with its beautiful golden domed mosque, which no Christian may enter, winged our way forty miles southward to the giant ruins of Ctesiphon by the palm girt Tigris.

Satisfied, we decided to visit Babylon next day, and I was surprised to find, after all I had heard to the contrary, that with the aid of a little imagination some idea of its *size* and splendour in the time of Nebuchadnezzar can still be formed.

It being reported that the tribes round Ur were having their annual battle, we put a couple of pistols in the plane before setting out on the last lap of the outward journey, although I think the risk

to Europeans of physical injury is even slighter than to the contestants themselves.

After a few bad moments over Kut when the engine misfired a few times, we were lucky to spy afar off the black tents and camels of some of the warriors encamped in the sandy waste.

I felt very guilty when I saw that in coming down low to take a photograph we had startled a big black horse, and it would have been hard to blame them if they had tried to shoot us down. Our arrival at Ur Junction, a ghastly collection of corroding corrugated iron shacks, sheds, stores and water towers, set in the featureless flat parched plain created quite a stir, and the local police, thinking that I must be someone of importance, connected with the Railway, seemed extremely keen to be inspected and refused to stop saluting until I lost prestige by taking out the tool kit to change the plugs.

Having lunched at the rest house, we set off on foot for the home of Abraham two miles distant, and I was amazed to find the ground strewn with what appeared to be sea shells.

At first sight there seems no possible reason for there having been a flourishing city here for thousands of years, but no doubt the sluggish river, now just visible on the horizon, with no one to repair the banks for many a long century, has changed its course.

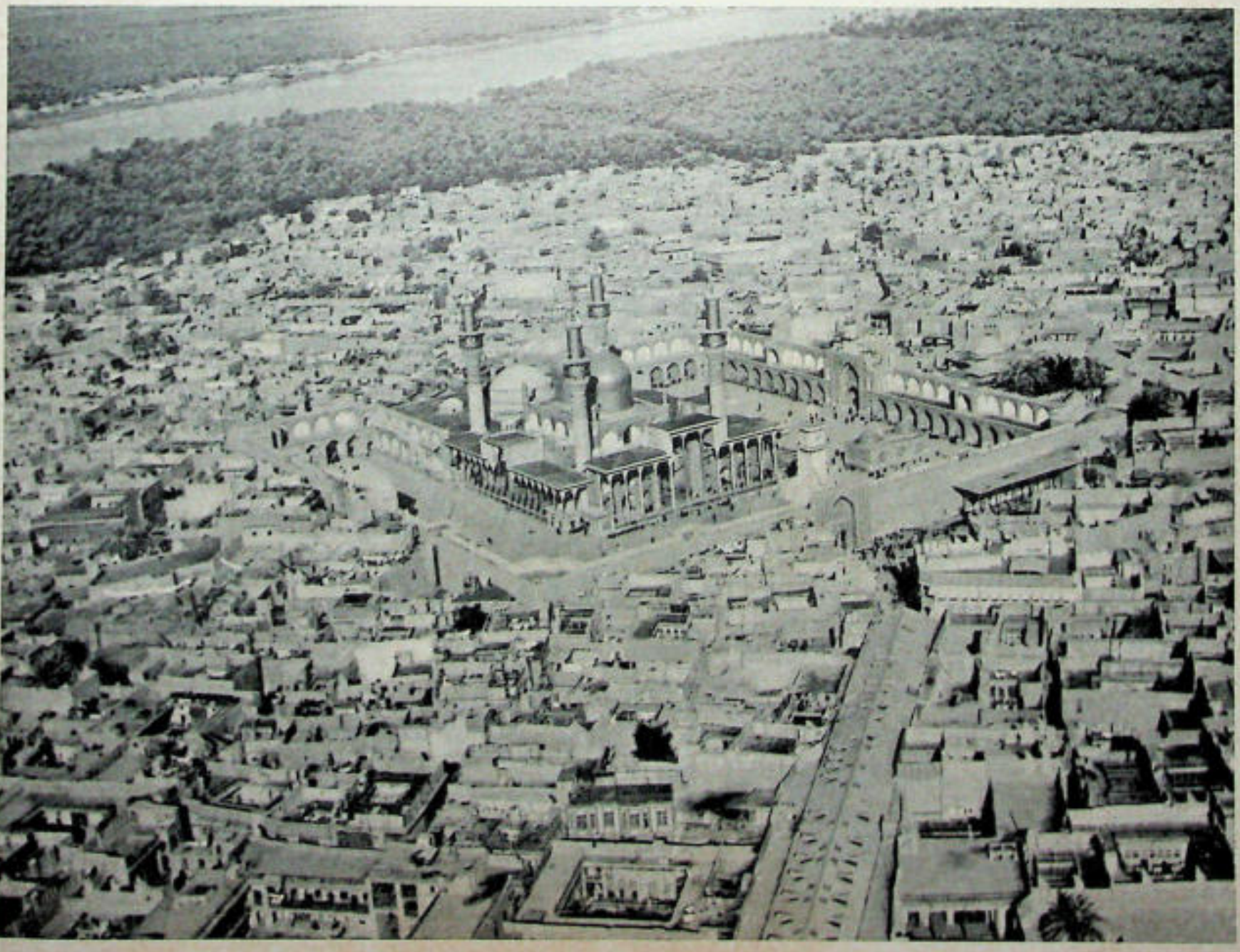
We climbed to the top of the Ziggurat, that brick mountain still in good repair, we wandered amongst the ruins, we descended into the tombs, we peered into the great pit, dug to prove the story of the flood, and we looked at the rounded or shall we say stream-lined street corners, so constructed to facilitate the passage of donkeys into the narrow side streets.

The history of this place ceased before our's began, and yet excavation has shown that the people who lived there enjoyed a civilisation both material and artistic comparable with our own to-day. As I stood there I could not help wondering whether the human race makes any permanent progress at all.

With a sigh we turned away, and one hour later were eating an excellent dinner at Basra Airport, which, conceived by an Englishman, puts to shame anything that we have in this country. In front of us an air liner was preparing to leave the tarmac, and behind an Empire flying boat was coming in to land.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CAPITAL, BABYLON



THE HOLY CITY OF KATERMAIN WITH THE TIGRIS BEYOND



HIGH SPIRITS IN AN UNACCUSTOMED VENUE

VILLAGE HOSTS AND TOWN GUESTS

By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

THE sharpness of the contrast between the mind and persons of town and country has never in our history been so abrupt, and, it may be said, so quaint as in this period of evacuation. Every village that has given hospitality to either mothers or children from the town has its store of stories. The contrast already begins to lessen for the strong quietude of country places—the fields, the gardens, the trees, the birds, the farms with their ploughs and their stock, the coloured progress of the seasons—are already winning the duel; the town children, if not their mothers, are being subdued to the scene they live in, though too many have evaded such subjugation by returning to their urban homes.

It is as well for the sake of naked truth to acknowledge the real horror of the hosts towards both the ideals of their guests and their habits of body as well as of mind. Out of about 200 children received in one village exactly 40 had to be "chemically cleaned," an ex-cottage hospital being converted for that purpose. One little girl, whose abundant but much neglected hair was altogether too populous, so enjoyed the hospital treatment that she begged to be allowed to go back there after the cleansing was complete. On the other hand, a small boy, who was ordered by his host to take a bath, refused with oaths. He never did have a bath and did not see why he should.

At the harvest festival London children followed the service with obvious gusto, and added their voices to the volume of "We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land." On the other hand, again, a small boy, asked whether he would like to go to church, responded, in a more forcible idiom: "No blooming fear."

A very large proportion of the boys, not to put a fine point on it, have proved to be thieves; but the reason is not altogether a contempt for the prohibition to steal, but a feeling that apples and plums are *jure naturæ*, fair game for anyone who can catch them. What they knew beforehand of apples I do not know, but I do know that some of them had no idea that plums grew on trees. The village policeman complains humorously that he has had to neglect all other duties, as saving the orchards from the little marauders is a whole-time job.

The village nurse, who is perhaps the most useful of all the inhabitants, has an even fuller job in combating such-like infections. In one regard she and the policeman are co-operators, for there are a large number of youthful sufferers from an excessive diet of apples and blackberries.

Farmers as well as orchard-keepers appeal to the police, for the wood or "kindling" of rails and even gates sometimes proves as irresistible as the apple tree. Some hosts are not a little apprehensive of what may happen when winter comes, and the energy of these very energetic town children finds no natural scope. What will they be up to, when days are dark and "ways are foul"?

Possibly the nostalgia for the streets and shops will accelerate the return migration. This is already of considerable dimensions, but is most evident among the "expectant mothers."

The son of one country-house owner was seen the other day touring the countryside in a car in search of two such vanished guests, and he was not a little embarrassed when in answer to his inquiries he was asked to give some description of the women. They slipped away home again undetected and luggageless, and wrote to complain against those A.R.P. authorities who had been cruel enough to send them to a place where there were no streets.

All such examples of the difficulties and absurdities and failures of evacuation affecting both the village hosts and the urban guests may suggest that the scheme is a failure and that the village is a patient sufferer. Such an impression would not be accurate. The many salient and often facetious examples of the failure of town and country to consent to a mutual relation are naturally given excessive prominence. When a child watches a white pig or refuses to be gulled by the assertion that flour comes out of an ear of wheat, or looks for chestnuts in a thorn hedge, or thinks he is poisoned by a sloe that looked like a plum, or mistakes the harvest moon rising through the mist for a bonfire, or wonders what the ground can be doing by going upwards instead of along, or is not less frightened by a wood than astonished at a hill, all such incidents—whether true or invented—are so widely bruited as to assume an altogether excessive importance.

There is a reverse, and this other picture is of such promise that some hopeful persons expect that the long-desired return to the land may be set in motion. If a large number of expectant mothers have hobbled back to that urban home and to familiar streets, a number of mothers "with foal at foot," as they say at Olympia, feel that they are enjoying a better holiday than they ever expected to enjoy. Some such country visitors, at first, found it difficult to sleep because of the quiet.

The slightest sound, the trickle of a stream, or the wind in the trees, or the mooing of a cow, was louder and more disturbing in their ears than the continuous roar of traffic. But such a thing soon passes, and when it has passed the deep, deep country then begins to win all along the line; and the nostalgia for the town fades quite away.

Few events made so much difference to the social life of the English village as the coming of the Women's Institutes, which more or less coincided (at least in general distribution) with the return of soldiers from the Great War and the formation of the ex-Servicemen's organisation. It is at least possible that the inclusion of Londoners, both the women and the children, may in the sequel add not a little to the variety of village life. A number of the mothers are going to Women's Institutes; and special lectures concerning the simpler charms of the country and its natural history are to be included among the coming lectures.

These Institutes are engaged in a special food production and food preservation campaign, which in itself is a liberal education as well as a wise and necessary provision in times of stress. In all this the women from town will take a new form of interest and they will also impart new ideas. They begin to ask themselves why they are paying at the rate of £14 a ton for potatoes in Southwark when 50 miles away very fair potatoes are being thrown to the pigs. The more personally such questions are put the better. Perhaps one of the greatest needs of our British civilisation is that the urban consumer and the country producer should be in closer touch and better understand each other's needs and necessities.

Although the slipping back of children as well as women to their town homes so troubles the authorities, the village begins to win a victory over a number of its guests. Some fantastic stories are told of the increase of weight in some of the children, and they grow obviously more robust. This superior health has its counterpart in the mind. For myself, I shall never forget accompanying two small boys from London who had been given a country holiday which happened to coincide with the local ploughing competition; not only did these little critics perceive with unerring instinct which ploughman would win: they were possessed with a great desire to make ploughing their profession. There is something about these elemental pursuits which obtains a peculiar influence over youth. If only the evacuated boys could be housed on farms there would be small doubt about the beneficent results of the experiment in the social sphere.

It has happened most happily that this exodus has come when the English countryside is even more than usually beautiful and busy. The merry excited voices of the London children on some country commons north of London sound as natural as the musical note of the tawny owls and, it must be added, the screech of the barn-door owls, which are usually most vocal at this season. The small girls can scarcely believe that flowers so delicate as the hare-bells (which have enjoyed a rarely long season) can be growing "just wild."

When he gave Chequers to the nation the thoughtful donor said that his hope was that some future Prime Ministers, who had a solely urban career, would find a new sort of recreation for mind and body, in the deep, deep country in which the house is set. His dream has been confessedly realised. It is a fair prophesy that in the sequel a fair proportion of these children "whom towns have immured" will look back on the period of the war with gratitude.

In general the village hosts have been extraordinarily kind and forbearing, though there has been, and is, a small proportion of children whom no one will keep for more than a day or two; they are the despair of the organisers; but it has to be remembered that much more is heard of the few misfits and of the dirty and the thievish, than of the great majority who become more countrified and more healthy every day that passes. The English country scene is irresistible in the long run.

The Scottish croft is winning a more salient victory than the English village. It is credibly reported that quite a considerable number of the boys evacuated in the Highlands have determined to adopt a country life. If this should prove a reality the war will have helped to remedy the danger that has begun most seriously to disturb national patriots. Rural depopulation is even more serious in some districts of the Highlands than in the English Midlands, where many villages have almost reached its vanishing point.



ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS OF A COUNTRY GARDEN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HUNTING AS A GREAT INDUSTRY

SIR,—Ever since September 3rd it has been a topic of ardent discussion in hunting and agricultural circles whether the sport should be kept going or whether it ought to be abandoned or suspended for the duration of the war.

There is an unmistakable feeling afoot, voiced by some and tacitly implied by many, that hunting is but an extravagant form of amusement, responsible for much damage to fields and crops, which it is selfish and unwarranted to pursue in war-time. So far, Masters and Committees have done little to allay these feelings, and the only excuse that appears to have been put forward in a general way, is the necessity to go on killing foxes. Unfortunately, that argument has not a very convincing ring, since it can hardly be denied that hunting is not precisely the most economical or, for that matter, the most efficient way of killing foxes, and that in fact such killing is but an incidental of the chase.

I shall be glad, therefore, if you will allow me to place before your readers a very much sounder reason why hunting ought to be continued, and why the strenuous and often sacrificial efforts made by



TURTLE TAKEN ON A LINE
(See letter "A Good Catch")

many Masters and Committees to maintain their sport deserve the appreciation and support of every countryman.

Hunting is, as the following facts and figures will show, a great industry of the English countryside:

There are in Britain some 260 mounted hunts, employing in the field, in stables and in kennels at least 3,000 men; according to the Census of 1934 there were in England not less than 55,000 hunters of 15 hands and over, and a further 92,000 cobs and ponies of from 14 to 15 hands. It is reasonable to assume that of those 150,000 odd horses, at least one hundred thousand were kept and used to follow hounds, causing employment for a further 25,000 or so grooms and stablemen.

And to realise what the upkeep of this vast army of horses means to the countryside, the following figures are illuminating:—

One hundred thousand horses consume no less than 2,000 tons of forage a day, in corn, straw, hay and bran; that means an annual consumption of 730,000 tons of forage, thus putting no less a sum than five million pounds of sterling into the pockets of the British farmers each year!

And let it be emphasised in this connection, that this huge consumption of the horse finds an outlet for much produce for which there would not otherwise be a sale! For, according to the statistics published by the Agricultural Department in Washington, the severe crisis whereof farming throughout the world has now suffered for so many years, owing to over-production and under-consumption, is attributed directly and unmistakably to the gradual disappearance of the horse! It is reckoned that in the U.S.A. alone the diminution in the number of horses accounts for an over-production of eighteen million acres.

But to return to our figures, the following must be a conservative estimate of the economical importance of hunting to the countryside of Britain:—

	£
Annual value of forage	5,000,000
Annual wages paid in the industry	3,000,000
Annual payments to tailors, bootmakers, saddlers, farriers ..	2,500,000
Annual expenditure to horse-breeders and dealers	2,000,000
Incidentals to hotels, country houses, rates, taxes, travelling, cars, horse boxes, etc.	2,500,000
Total turnover of the industry, not less than	..£15,000,000

It is obvious, therefore, that so vast a turnover, which benefits directly and indirectly a very considerable number of people, places hunting on a par with other industries, which it is important to maintain in the interest of the economic life of the country.

And I hope that these purely materialistic considerations may go some way in helping to preserve what is, after all is said and done, one of the finest and most typical traditions of English country life, without which England would not quite be England any longer!

Yours truly,
H. WYNMALEN, M.F.H.

Kingswood House,
Hare Hatch,
Twyford, Berks.

A GOOD CATCH

SIR,—I enclose a snap of myself showing a fresh-water turtle, 16lb. in weight, taken from the reservoir at Singapore with a 4½oz. trout rod. (Hardy's) sixteen years old.

The tackle used was No. 5 gut line on a small reel. Total weight of rod and tackle, 7½oz.; a landing net was used to complete the capture.

Yours faithfully,
Captain G. A. CLEMENTS (Secretary).

Royal Singapore Golf Club,
Sime Road, Singapore.

ADJUSTABLE CLUBS

SIR,—I have just read your interesting article in the *Field* of October 28th.

With regard to the adjustable club, I remember H. H. Hilton showing me one which had been sent to him for trial. This was at the West Lancashire Golf Club in 1892 or 1893. I cannot be certain that the method of attachment of head to shaft was identical, but the principle was the same. With the club which Hilton was trying the head could be turned, so that it could be used as a left-handed club when playing out from under a fence or with the ball against a steep bank. Writing from memory I think the club had four positions as a right-handed and either two or three as a left-handed club. I cannot remember the name of the inventor.



A FOUR MONTHS OLD PUPPY FROM BLOODHOUND DAM AND BASSET SIRE
(See letter "Crossbred Dogs")

Sandy Herd was at the West Lancashire Club at that time. He might know.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. HOLDSWORTH HUNT (Lieutenant-Colonel).

Clifton Club,
Clifton, Bristol.

CROSSBRED DOGS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see a photograph of one of the bloodhound-basset progeny mentioned in a recent article. Supposing Mrs. Elms goes on breeding back to the basset, in four or five generations she may expect pure bassets. That is according to the teachings of experience. When the late Sir Everett Millais died he left me a dog hound five generations removed that was like other bassets except that it was a little bigger. He became the ancestor of a number of good bassets.

In "Stonehenge's" book on "The Dog" we have an account of an experiment made by a Mr. Hanley on the lines first tried by the famous Lord Orford. Mr. Hanley crossed a bulldog with a greyhound bitch. A picture of a bitch of the resulting litter shows that she had more resemblance to the greyhound than the bulldog, though she was clumsily built. Hecate of the second generation was principally greyhound, and by the fourth generation we had a real greyhound as far as looks went.

Yours faithfully,
A. CROXTON SMITH.

STRANGE COMPANIONS

SIR,—The enclosed photo of a thoroughbred colt, a pedigree Wessex sow, and a hen possibly may interest some of your readers.

Although there is plenty of room they invariably sleep in the same shed and peacefully share a tub of "balanced rations" twice a day. So much for the theory that horses hate pigs!

Yours faithfully,
MAY S. SCOTT.

Hinton Grange,
Faringdon,
Berks.



DISPROVING THE THEORY THAT HORSES HATE PIGS
(See letter "Strange Companions")





BLACKSMITH'S FORGE NOW AN INN
(See letter "Smallest Inn in Great Britain")

SMALLEST INN IN GREAT BRITAIN

SIR,—I am enclosing photographs of a remarkable thatched building known as the Smiths' Arms. The walls are made of flint and mud, and are very thick and strong, as the building was made in the sixteenth century for the purpose of a blacksmith's forge. And it has a lovely thatched roof as well as a very fine sign, which shows a blacksmith at work at his anvil.

Surely it is one of the strangest inns in existence, and it is reputed to be the smallest in Great Britain. As its bar is 15ft. by 11ft. this is no doubt true. It is at Godmanstone, in Dorset.

Yours faithfully,
J. DENTON ROBINSON.

The Cottage,
Langholm Crescent,
Darlington.

SHALL WE COME TO THIS?

SIR,—You recently published pictures of some old velocipedes, and so I send you a photograph of another. This boneshaker was built by a Yorkshireman in a village near Pickering about 70 years ago. He frequently rode his steed to Scarborough and back, a distance of nearly 20 miles. It is presumed he had a saddle.

The modern car behind needs petrol, the modern bicycle rubber, so shall we come back to the old boneshaker, needing neither? Who knows?

Yours faithfully,
D. A. CLEVERLY.

6, The Avenue,
Sleights, Yorkshire.



A GENUINE BONESHAKER
(See letter "Shall we come to this?")

SUPERSTITION

SIR,—I read with interest the letter of Mr. W. G. Wood, "Saved for the Nation" (*Field*, May 13th), and his remarks about the old superstitions of Flamborough fishermen—believing it to be unlucky should anyone mention a hare, rabbit, pig, or fox while the lines were being baited.

Out here, in Sarawak, the Malay fishermen have the same superstition and any person mentioning a four-footed animal while fishing from one of their fish traps is fined. The fine consists of a pound of sugar, salt, biscuits and a little tobacco, and is divided amongst the owners of the fish traps.

The origin of the superstition is not clear, though the Malays say that the fish are frightened away by a spirit when a four-footed animal is mentioned. However, in these days the matter is treated lightly and strangers are encouraged to talk the result is invariably a fine.

It seems strange that fishermen dwelling so far apart have the same superstitions. Perhaps some of your readers can give a reason?

Yours faithfully,
A. F. R. GRIFFIN.

Simanggang,
Sarawak.

ANOTHER CAVE-CHAPEL

SIR,—I was very interested to read in the *Field* for October 28th Mr. S. Moorhouse's letter about the cave-chapel at Knaresborough. It reminded me of a somewhat similar, though more elaborate, chapel cut out of solid rock at Warkworth, Northumberland. I enclose two photographs showing the exterior and interior of this very remarkable hermitage. An added appeal is given to the place because the only approach is by boat.

Overlooking the beautiful River Coquet, the hermitage comprises several chambers, including a chapel and an inner sacristy. The window-sill of the chapel carries the reclining figure of a woman, which is supposed to have been carved by Bertram of Bothal as a representation of his sweetheart whom he had killed by mistake. This sad error, continues a popular legend, led to Bertram's renunciation of the world, and his assumption of the hermit's life at this romantic spot.

In truth, however, the chapel seems to have been fashioned with all its strange details by hermits during the fourteenth century. And in return for various religious services rendered to the neighbourhood these men received the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland and enjoyed the following privileges: pasture for twelve cows, one bull, and two horses, the annual gift of 20 marks, and the right to obtain two loads of wood from the adjoining estate, and a "trinity draught of fishes" from the River Coquet every Sunday.

Their orchard and pastureland were reached by an exterior flight of steps, whose crazy angle thoroughly justifies the name by which they are still known, "Breakneck Stairs."

10, Grange Park Ter.,
Roundhay, Leeds, 8.

Yours faithfully,
G. B. WOOD.





THE ENTRANCE TO WARKWORTH HERMITAGE AND THE CHAPEL
(See letter "Another Cave Chapel")



Contraband

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New Books

THE SCENT OF THE SOIL

Teamsman. By CRICHTON PORTEOUS. (Harrap: 10/6.)

Mr. Crichton Porteous's work has been praised before in these pages. His book *Farmer's Creed* received a welcome which heralded a success outstanding in farming literature. Few writers have achieved the representation of farming in its truest sense—i.e., the portrayals of its meaning, its joys and its hardships; but Mr. Porteous can do this, and his readers may be thankful.

And now we have been given a sequel to *Farmer's Creed*. To attempt such a work needed courage, but it also needed far more, and it is that fount of knowledge, combined with a flowing pen, which this author possesses. His book is a worthy companion to the first and no higher praise can be given.

To start with we again meet that true farmer, Mr. Boone: a type which is so sorely needed to-day, and which is rapidly being discouraged off the land—to the loss of the country. But the author was learning his farming seriously, and the break was inevitable: he left in search of farther experience, and that move established him as a teamsman.

It is this part of the story which holds the most fascination. The description of a teamsman's days and life is beautifully done. The team themselves become intimate characters of romance and importance, rivalling the human beings of whom Mr. Porteous has written so vividly. This side of farm life has missed the hand of the "country" writers, perhaps, because they have never experienced the work and discovered the absorbing interests which make up a teamsman's job. These are beyond the powers of invention and therein lies the charm.

Mr. Porteous ploughed with his team: he does not despise tractors, but to him the horse-driven plough is a craft worthy of man's best and producing the best results. The old ploughing cries, differing with the counties and understood between the driver and his horses, are seldom heard to-day, but they are echoes of a past when work was a pride, when each member of the team took his—or her—part, and when the completed furrow could be looked back upon with satisfaction and well-being.

"I have written of the fascination of following the plough, of listening to the sizzling rip of grass roots, and breathing in the scent of the newly-opened earth. But for me that fascination is outweighed by the pleasures of handling the drill-plough. The soil is no longer tough, but worked fine, like meal. The silver-worn rose of the plough slips through with a smooth silkiness. The skimming—or digging—plough throws a wave to one side only, the drill-plough, with its double breast, throws two, and is more than ever like the prow of a ship cleaving a placid sea. . . . All joys owe a lot to their associations, so perhaps some of the happiness I find in travelling with the drill-plough should be attributed to the fact that it is a job always done during the best time of the year, in the very first of spring, when the earth has begun to warm, the air to soften, and nature is flickering into new life."

Few tasks leave time for thought whilst they are being perfectly performed, but the ploughman can reach a pitch of sensitiveness through the feel of his shafts which does not deter him from contemplation; to-day we marvel at this, for modern transport is an ever-increasing strain and for that we suffer. Here, we read of labour, hard and grinding, of backaching tasks and used muscles, which sent the writer to bed tired and weary, but never jaded. His work was important, but he did not have to endure the fatigue and unwholesome exhaustions of the city man.

If these pages can help to place farming in its correct place in the value of labour to-day, it will not have been written in vain. Never before has agriculture needed such interpretations so vitally, and the wider this book is read the better will it be for the future of our nation. Our oldest industry—the one for which man was primarily created, and best fitted—is in dire straits. Neglect is driving men from the fields and the rest of the country—in its widest meaning—suffers.

* * *

My Best Games of Chess, 1924–1937. By DR. A. ALEKHINE. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.; 12/6.)

When in 1927 Dr. Alekhine's selection of 100 of his best games of chess in the years 1908 to 1923 was published by Messrs. Bell, it was hailed by chess-players as a very instructive work and a valuable addition to the literature. And now Messrs. Bell, unwearied in well-doing to chess-players, have published a sequel containing a selection of 120 of the World's Champion's games from 1924 to 1937. To readers of Dr. Alekhine's first book (which, incidentally, has recently been published in a cheaper edition at 5/-, marvellous value for money) this new one will need no recommendation. They will hasten to get it. But to those dwellers in outer darkness who have not yet experienced the pleasure of playing over Dr. Alekhine's games with his own notes we would say this. The games are all very fine indeed, magnificent products of his genius; the notes are full, lucid and highly instructive; and no player can study this book without obtaining great profit from it.

Although Dr. Alekhine's play is of such a high standard he does not hesitate to criticise it; in fact he is a severe self-critic. Here is an example. Of the move 1 . . . P to Q B4 as a reply to 1 P to Q 4 he writes thus: "I consider the choice of this move . . . as one of my chess sins." Nor does he hesitate to condemn occasionally moves of his which the critics had extolled!

To sum up, this is a very fine book which will be a source of great enjoyment to its readers. A book to buy, beg, borrow or even steal—but not a book to lend!



CRICHTON PORTEOUS

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

GREAT BRITAIN must be regarded as fortunate in having within the Empire ample supplies of metals and commodities needed during a period of war. Empire producers of copper, tin and rubber are making every effort to supply all the metals and commodities now urgently needed.

Markets for metals are under the control of the Ministry of Supply. A maximum price has been fixed for tin. Virtually no market has existed for copper, lead and spelter since the outbreak of hostilities. Consumers are supplied through the Ministry of Supply.

As regards rubber there is a free and undisturbed market. Production of rubber is under very effective control. This is by the International Rubber Regulation Committee. It is largely left to this committee to control the market so as not unduly to affect the price of rubber to consumers.

Despite this, rubber has been steadily rising in price. It has moved up to over 11d. a lb. This price leaves the producer a reasonable margin of profit with production at 75 per cent. of standard.

Recovery in the price of rubber started with the news of an Anglo-Russian agreement to exchange British rubber and tin for Russian timber. The quantity required for this purpose has been kept a secret. It is doubtful, however, whether the requirements will be as much as the 80,000 tons which are wanted to exchange for American wheat and cotton under the barter agreement with the United States.

Prospects for the rubber industry are definitely brighter than for quite a time. Strangely enough the market for rubber shares on the Stock Exchange has been slow in following the rise in the commodity. This is due to the present character of the business transacted on the Stock Exchange.

Most investors are now buying income. They buy British Government stocks and other high class securities. Rubber companies have been through a bad time, and the dividends coming along just now are rather poor.

Later on when the better conditions in the industry have had time to affect profits and consequently dividends, a buying movement is likely to develop. The time to buy rubber shares is before the market gets into its swing. Rubber shares must always be regarded in the light of a speculation.

The industry is subject to periods of great prosperity alternating with times of acute distress. Much money has been made and lost on rubber shares. Those consolidating profits when the going is good, make money, but, unfortunately, a large number retain the securities even when the inevitable reaction comes along.

There is always a reasonably free market for the so-called leaders in the rubber share market. Anglo-Dutch £1 ordinary with a present price of 27/3 and Rubber Plantations Investment Trust £1 ordinary with a price around 31/- can always be bought or sold quite freely. These two securities, in my opinion, are worth picking up around present prices.

In the last two or three years prices for both Anglo-Dutch and Rubber Trust units have fluctuated enormously. At one time in 1937, when the Anglo-Dutch company paid a 9 per cent. dividend, the units went as high as 53/3. In 1938 the price at one time dropped as low as 18/-. The dividend that year was 5 per cent.

Rubber Trust £1 units in 1937 touched a price of 48/9. In the following year the price was back to 17/6. Dividend in 1937 and again in 1938 was 10 per cent. There is an opinion in market circles that the value of the securities, and particularly that of the Anglo-Dutch company, is once again in an upward direction.

Badenoch Rubber £1 units at the current price of 17/6 are regarded by many as a promising proposition. This company paid a 3 per cent. dividend for 1938 against 6 per cent. for a previous accounting period of thirteen months. In 1937 the price of the units went up to 35/7½ and back again the next year to 12/6.

It may take some little time before any real movement takes place in rubber shares. Those prepared to exercise patience and ignore temporary market irregularity should make money by picking up rubbers around present market values.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR (temporary address: Laversbot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey). A very respectable man and wife, 72 and 71, are in real need of help this winter. In the days before motor cars the man had a fleet of carrier vans, and did very well. He remained faithful to his horses for too long, and failed in the end to compete with firms who had moved with the times. His wife worked hard with him to keep things going, but they are now too old to do anything. They have their old age pensions, and because of their long residence in the district receive 5/- weekly from the local rate-payers' association, but 25/- is very little for two old people, and life is a great struggle. They are most deserving of our help. Will you enable us to give it to them?

METHUEN

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36, Essex Street, W.C. 2

RESTOCKING PRIVATE WOODLANDS

By REGINALD DAVEY

The nation's forest and timber reserves are of vital importance in war time and, as trees cannot be grown to order, the work put into forest conservation in the past is now being reaped. With a view to assisting owners of woodlands the following articles have been published in the "Field" during the last two months: "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd.

THE inevitable widespread felling of immature plantations in order to meet the demand for pitwood, coupled with the clearing of stands of mature conifers, creates a problem, the solution of which is neither easy nor likely to be generally satisfactory. It may well be that an owner will have on his hands, as a result of a single season's felling, 40 or 50 acres of bare land—ripe and ready for planting. He will also have a comparatively large sum of money, though in some cases the state may take back some in the form of death duties. In most cases, where woodlands are assessed at a sum per acre under Schedule B of income tax, the amount received for timber will not bear either income tax or surtax.

Even after allowing for death duties a substantial balance will remain, and other things being equal it might normally be expected that some portion of the land would be replanted at a cost of £10 or £12 per acre, less income tax and surtax, if the new plantations are put under Schedule D when planted. The matter is, however, not so simple, for increased cost of living, reduced incomes, and the inevitable



Reginald Davey

NATURAL SEEDING OF SCOTS PINE AT WASING
Parent trees in background

seeking after economy is not conducive to the undertaking of an avoidable liability. It may be that the woodland staff has been reduced, though it is to be hoped that the men so dismissed were offered to the Timber Control (Elmdale Road, Bristol 8), who are collecting gangs to fell and convert the sawn timber and pitwood that they are now buying.

It may also be that unexpected difficulties may arise in connection with the purchase and transport of the necessary trees. Finally the owner may regard the money received for the timber as a welcome windfall in hard times, and a fund for the payment of the increased taxation.

Placing even the most optimistic complexion upon the probabilities, it is highly unlikely that the majority of woodland owners will be able to deal with more than their usual five acres or so each year. It would thus take ten years to repair a war felling of 50 acres, and each year the soil would deteriorate. A crop of trees, in addition to producing timber, will remove the water in an extraordinary way from a wet site, so that when the trees are in middle life to revisit the area will give a striking impression.

The decaying leaves, and the suppression of all weed growth, or most of it, will add to the fertility of the soil, so that a poor and derelict site is converted by a crop of timber into one bearing a surface humus from 2in. to 4in. thick. This layer will be dark in colour, and may be compared to the fertility that grass stores in land, and which the farmer realises by ploughing up and growing three or more bumper crops of corn.

In the same way it is generally regarded as requiring a crop of trees on land previously bare, in order to produce the soil conditions required for growth at the maximum rate. For this reason a poor and derelict site will often be planted with a crop of conifers, amidst the outcry of the critics, and these conifers will create the improved soil conditions, and store the fertility needed for the satisfactory growth of a subsequent crop of more exacting hardwoods.

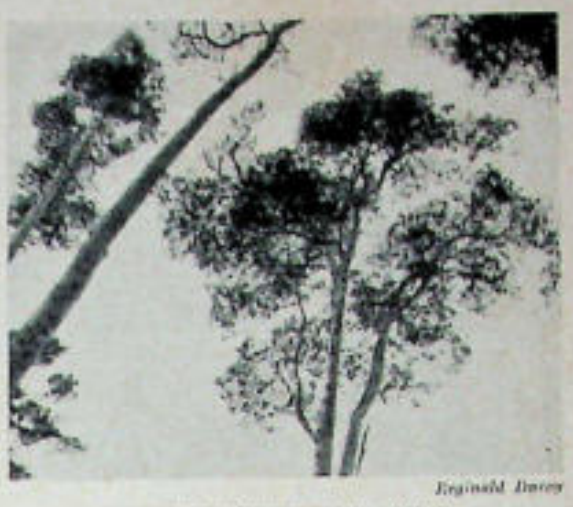
If the crop of timber is reaped and the land allowed to stand derelict, the sun and the weed growth will oxidise the humus and in a short space of time waste the stored fertility of years. On some sites it is common experience that the initial crop of trees do not make very rapid growth and are not as profitable as subsequent crops on the improved site.

The national loss which must result from the inevitable widespread felling, the reduction of large woodland areas to C.3 grade of fertility, can be prevented with certainty only in one way. It has been suggested that the specific is to withhold part of the money for the timber until replanting has taken place, but this form of compulsion is not likely to meet with widespread approval, and there is a simpler and more certain remedy.

On the Continent the cost of planting is rarely incurred, the woods being stocked by methods of natural seeding, which for various reasons, partly climatic, are not generally adopted in this country. That a wider use is practicable is the excellent results obtained at Weasenham in Norfolk, a county of rainfall so low as to be thought to be entirely unsuited. Good seed years recur fairly frequently, and the signs are excellent in this respect for next year. The real deterrent is the rabbit, a recent Act showing official recognition of the damage that this pest does.

If rabbits are banished from an estate, far cheaper than wire netting round all seeding areas, the woods will restock themselves without costing the owner a penny, or requiring the employment of labour beyond that needed to prevent a fresh invasion.

This task is not impossible, and it is not unduly expensive. This is how it was done on an estate in Sussex two years ago. The owner secured the



Reginald Davey

WHERE THE SEED COMES FROM
Looking aloft among the Scots pines at Wasing

services of an underkeeper, a good man, as rabbit catcher at a wage of 40s. a week, with a free cottage. As soon as the last rabbit was killed his wages were increased to 50s., and he was made head keeper. The result was electrical. In twelve months not a rabbit remained, and this in spite of the fact that the 1,000 acre estate had 350 acres of woods mostly in one huge and rabbit infested block.

Since then £150 had been spent on erecting wire netting against the danger spots where reinfestation is likely from neighbouring woods. Trees planted without any protection last winter have not been touched by a rabbit, nor has one been seen during the six occasions on which I have taken part in a shoot over the estate. Spasmodic inroads of rabbits do not get far and are easily dealt with.

The method of attacking the rabbits was to leave the vermin severely alone, so that they could assist by preying on the pest. Subsequently 13½ brace of foxes were discovered, and these must have contributed handsomely. Each warren was visited in turn and ferreted relentlessly, the ejected rabbits being caught in nets or shot. After each was dealt with all holes were filled in so that they could not easily be reopened. The filled warrens were visited daily so as to prevent reopening of the earths.

No originality is claimed for the method, which was used with success at Huntley in Gloucestershire, but it is extraordinarily effective and quite reasonably cheap. For an owner who is wondering how best to employ his keeper or woodman during the war, the reply is in exterminating rabbits, which will provide food; and keeping them down. Why it is not done more widely is a mystery.

FROM FLOWERS TO VEGETABLES

What to Do, What to Avoid, When Digging Up the Garden

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

EVERY gardener in the land will be anxious to make his or her contribution to the national need. Where plenty of land is available an extra piece cultivated as a vegetable garden may be all that is required. All pasture land is the most suitable for this purpose and can be relied upon to give excellent crops the first year without the use of manure.

A point which should be taken into consideration when preparing your vegetable scheme is the question of suitable soils, and a few words on the different characteristics may be found helpful, for only those who have had to garden in different parts of Britain know how considerably soil can influence the growth of plants.

The light gravel over chalk suffers from drought very quickly and it is very difficult to grow good vegetable crops in soils of this character.

Soils, such as light loam with a good proportion of humus and depth, usually give good drainage and will produce crops comparatively easily.

Let us take one or two typical soils, for example, and see how they should be worked to the best advantage.

Marly Soil.—This is really a type of chalky clay, and where there is a predominance of clay it is called a "clay-marl," and where chalk it is known as "chalky-marl." Both of these may contain anything from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. calcium carbonate.

Sandy Soil.—Most people prefer to work in this because of its ease in digging in cultivation. It is usually fairly well drained, and due to this plants are not likely to perish during the winter months owing to water-logging. On the other hand, soils of this character suffer considerably from drought during the summer and require constant watering during the months of June and September. It very often produces earlier crops than other soils due to its capacity for warming quickly in the Spring. Due to the absence of organic substance, it requires considerable quantities of farmyard manure in order to help retain the moisture and give nourishment to the plants. If possible, peat should be obtained for working into the top layers. It is not necessary to apply large quantities of lime, as is the case with a heavy soil, but due to the sometimes rapid drainage there is very often a steady loss of potash, nitrates, etc.

Clay Soil.—This is a type of soil predominating very much in London areas, and to obtain the best results the question of drainage should be carefully studied, for, as explained before, water-logging will ruin the strongest plants. A very heavy clay should be dug and left rough in the autumn to expose the greatest surface of soil possible for the frosts and winds to break down. It is advisable, however, that any digging should not be carried out when the soil is in a wet condition, as there is the possibility that it may form a hard pan-like cement. To improve the working of soils burnt rubbish, wood ashes, farmyard manure, &c., may be dug in.

Loamy Soil.—This is usually produced when clay, sand and well-rotted vegetable matter are mixed in certain proportions. It is ideal because it does not dry out quickly. This is due to the clay content. It will not form a pan because of the sand contained, and it is easily worked and will support nearly all crops quite satisfactorily. Constant cultivation with any soil can eventually turn this into a suitable

loam, but it is unfortunately likely to be a long job in some cases.

It is worth while, before embarking on a new vegetable garden, to work out a scheme on paper. If there is an existing vegetable garden, the new plot will have to be linked to this by means of paths to facilitate cultivation. Each garden will present its own problems. I was called into a garden the other day where a kitchen garden already exists and it was decided to add a new plot in an adjacent field belonging to the same property, luckily this could be approached from the present vegetable garden by simply cutting a hole in the fence.

Try and avoid, if possible, digging up fruit bushes and valuable beds of perennial flowers and roses. In the case mentioned above, it is proposed to use the new vegetable plot as a tennis lawn after the war, and the cultivation in the meanwhile will be in part preparation for the lawn which is to follow.

The amount of vegetables grown depends on two factors: the available land and the number of persons to be supplied with vegetables. For a small family of five persons twenty rods of land, *i.e.*, a plot 20yds. by 20yds., is considered sufficient to grow vegetables for the whole year. Much can be done by a system of intensive cultivation. A more difficult problem arises where an existing garden is laid out chiefly as a pleasure garden, consisting of formal beds of roses and perennial flowers with possible shrubberies and ornamental trees. In such a case some replanning and adjustment may be necessary to convert the garden into war-time use, but do not be in too great a hurry to destroy valuable plants, trees, shrubs and ornamental features which have cost considerable money in design and construction.

The writer will be glad to advise any reader with any problems on conversion of gardens to war-time use. As a brief guide, the following suggestions are made:—

1. That rock gardens, rose beds and shrubberies be left alone.
2. Herbaceous borders are easily lifted and very often room can be found for these subjects amongst shrubs and side borders.
3. Lawn areas are very easily re-made and can quickly be re-converted into vegetable gardens.



BORDERS OF ANNUALS MAY HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED AND LAWN AREAS CAN READILY BE CONVERTED INTO VEGETABLE GARDENS

They are treated as if they were a new plot of land, such as an old pasture converted into allotments. The double digging method is the best form of initial cultivation.

After the war such a vegetable garden can be easily re-sown with grass seed at a very small expense, but do retain a portion of lawn near the house for recreation and utilise borders and beds near the house for perennial flowers that are to be retained.

At this time of the year such alterations as are necessary can be made in time for spring planting. Where it is necessary to remove roses and shrubs these should not be transplanted until they are dormant about mid-November. It is surprising how plants can be accommodated in a small place if care and thought is given to the planning before any alterations are made. After all, vegetables, whilst being essential, are not the only factor that makes for national efficiency: the cheerful effect of flowers, especially near the home, should not be ruled out, as they are of important psychological value.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following announcements of importance to farmers have been made by the Ministry of Agriculture

UNDER the Wheat (Maximum Price) Order just issued, the price to be paid to a wheat grower for home-grown millable wheat is fixed at 31/6 per quarter of 504lbs. (7/- per cwt.), all transport and customary sack charges being for account of the buyer. Intermediate charges may be added if the wheat is bought by a merchant for re-sale.

The new market price is an advance of 7/6 per quarter on the price that flour millers had been authorised by the Cereals Control Board to pay during the past six weeks. This market price will be maintained at the new level for a considerable time, and is not likely to be altered before next spring.

The increase of 7/6 per quarter in the price of home-grown wheat will necessarily have the effect of raising substantially the average price of wheat for the cereal year. Therefore those farmers who sold their wheat at the lower prices of the month of August and of the past six weeks would, under existing conditions, receive a deficiency payment from the Wheat Commission which, with their market price, would be substantially less than the standard price under the Wheat Act.

To avoid hardship as the result of these conditions it has been decided to seek authority to amend the Wheat Acts so that the deficiency payment will be based, not as at present on the average price of wheat over the whole cereal year, but upon the average price realised during shorter periods in the cereal year. These shorter periods would coincide as nearly as possible with the periods during which there is no substantial change in the market price of home-grown wheat, and deficiency payments will be calculated at a separate rate for the growers who dispose of wheat in each period.

For example, the price payable by flour millers was fixed at 24/- per quarter on September 8th. The first short period would run from August 1st to September 7th; the second period from September 8th to October 19th, *i.e.*, the date upon which the new price of 31/6 per quarter was announced.

The third period would start on October 20th. A separate deficiency payment would be determined for each of those periods so that the total which the seller in each period would receive in market price, plus deficiency payment, would be approximately the same for each period.

No seller in one period would be at an advantage or a disadvantage as compared with a seller in another period. The Agricultural Ministers might, of course, find it desirable to close a period at any time and start another one, even though there might not be a substantial change in wheat prices.

The circumstances under which in the first week of the war farmers were asked to hold their wheat in stack no longer apply, and farmers should now regard themselves as at liberty to market their wheat. They will do so in the knowledge that they will not be placed in a less favourable financial position than they would be if they sold their wheat later in the cereal year. In the changed circumstances it would be in the public interest for farmers to thresh and market their wheat freely during the present autumn.

General provisions of the wheat Acts are in no way affected by the modifications now announced, and it will still be necessary, for example, for farmers to get their wheat certified by authorised merchants, who include most flour millers, in order to secure deficiency payments.

Growing of Fruit Trees

At the outbreak of war the Minister of Agriculture suggested to County War Committees that it was not desirable for growers to plant considerable acreages of young fruit trees in view of the need for quicker maturing food crops. Having realised, however, that there is a reduced volume of fresh fruit available (as a result of restricted imports) and the great importance of fresh fruit in the diet of the people, the Government has by a recent order modified its suggestion, and growers may plant up fresh land provided they undertake to interplant with some quicker food crop, such as potatoes or other annual vegetables.

It is important to observe that such crops as would not be damaged by spraying are planted, hence potatoes are exceptionally suitable, the spraying with lime sulphur, for instance, being of great benefit in helping to control blight.

It is not so important from the trees' welfare point of view what is done between the rows as their roots will be several years getting across and even then will tend to go below any plant roots.

As this inter-cropping must be done, it will not be, in some cases, possible to cross-cultivate, although even this can be done if the potatoes or other plants are accurately spaced so that a horse-shoe or row-crop tractor can be driven crossways. But if this cannot be done, it is then more important than ever to interplant the tree rows with some bush fruit crop such as black or red currants, leaving the wider spaces between the tree rows for the "quick crop." These two fruits are likely to be the most profitable, especially blackcurrants.

Of late years blackcurrants have maintained the most stable price of any soft fruit and they will be badly needed for jam and for medicinal pastilles. These are quite the best fruits to interplant between top trees as their manurial needs are mostly nitrogenous (the same as are needed for the top trees) and the spraying programme is identical. Moreover, they are the cheapest bush fruits to buy for planting.

If any considerable area of fruit trees is proposed to be planted, application must be made to the County War Agricultural Committee, stating what intercrop the planter agrees to grow and the committee is authorised by the Ministry of Agriculture to grant such permission.

* * *

In private gardens fruit trees and bushes are usually planted in the kitchen garden, and it is hoped that the normal planting will still continue. The nursery trade has ample stocks of trees and bushes. The majority of gardeners can grow much of their own fruit without any appreciable loss of ground for vegetables and flowers; and no fruit is quite like that picked fresh from one's own fruit tree. It is hoped that private gardeners will still plant their normal supplies of fruit trees and bushes during the war period, bearing in mind that crops should be planted between the trees.

Demand for Venison

Venison is in demand in present circumstances as a supplementary meat dish. Owners, tenants and stalkers on deer forests are accordingly advised by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland to see that carcases offered for sale are marketed in the best condition possible.

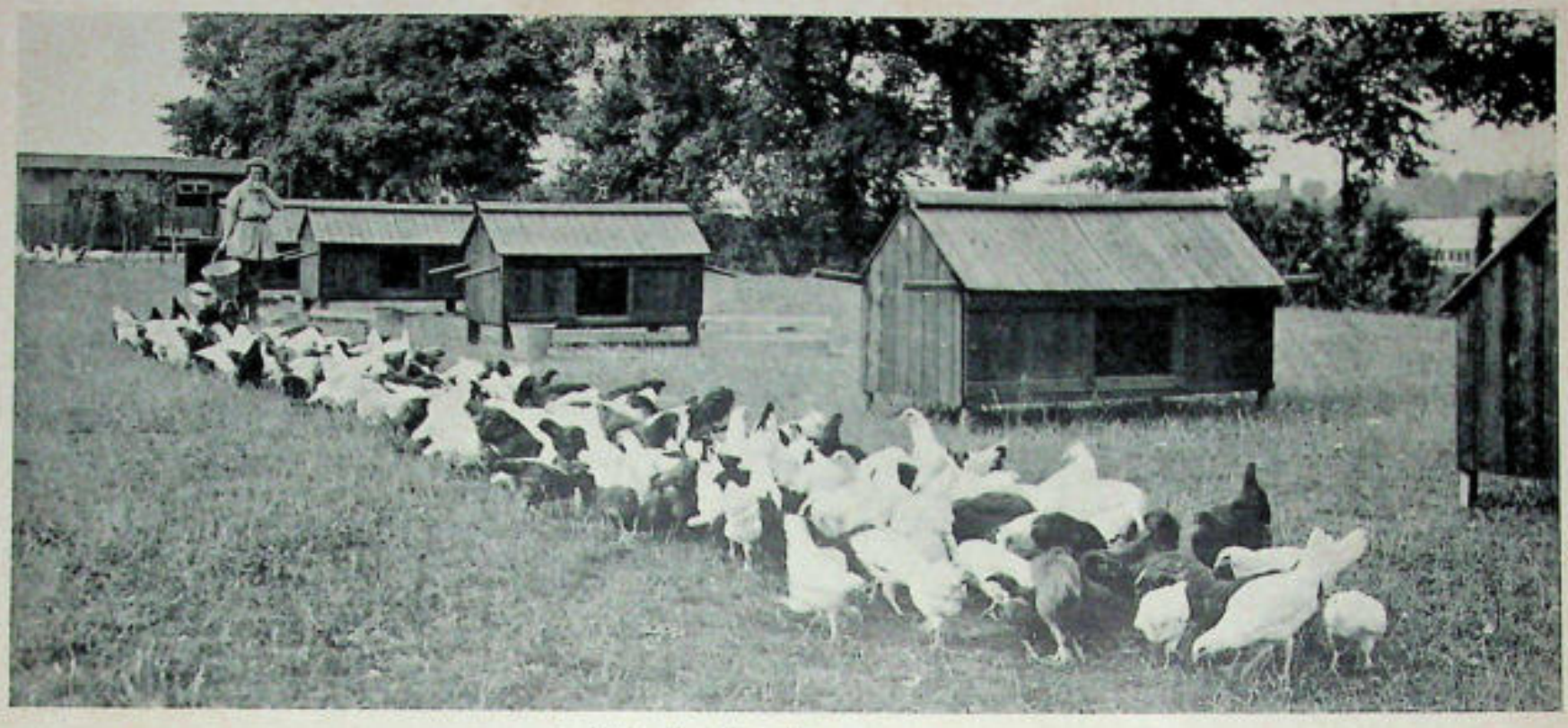
Necessity for the proper cleaning of deer carcases before despatch to market cannot be too strongly emphasised. Proper cleaning prevents wastage and loss of food value.

All in charge of deer larders should make it their business to see that every carcase, whether skinned or unskinned, is properly cleaned out, and preferably washed out with a solution of salt and water.

Skinned carcases are liable to damage in transit, and dealers accordingly generally prefer carcases to be left unskinned.

Grass Drying to the Fore

This has been one of the most successful seasons for grass drying as the abundant rain provided ample material, and there was no need to shut down the plant as there was last year. War conditions have also brought a revived interest in drying. During the past few weeks every available drying plant in the country has been eagerly bought, and the principal manufacturers are working hard to meet an expected demand. Dried grass is wanted increasingly to replace imported lucerne meal.



A NICE YOUNG FLOCK IN "ARKS" ON GRASS

KEEPING UP THE EGG SUPPLY

By JOHNSON MUNRO

IT is never a question of how large the flock of birds is in poultry farming, but what is the output in eggs. If this is important in peace time, it is of far greater importance in times of war. Birds have got to be fed and housed, labour costs must needs be paid, the overhead charges remain the same whether the birds lay 100 eggs each per annum or 250. Like the business magnate, the poultry keeper must aim at increased production.

It is at this time of the year that next year's breeders should be selected. This without a doubt is the most important operation of the season. On it depends the entire success of the egg producing poultry farm. The most careful choice must be made and the methods adopted to ensure this should not be either haphazard or experimental. It is of the utmost importance to start by segregating the high quality birds first of all and to reject arbitrarily any borderline cases.

The hens selected for the breeding pens should not only be egg producers of high "calibre," but should be capable of producing eggs yielding vigorous chickens which will live to maturity. The death rate in the incubator and hover should be no higher than 20 per cent., and the death rate from that stage to maturity no higher than 5 per cent. Unfortunately, it is necessary too to allow another 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. mortality during the first laying season.

These figures must be borne in mind, for the mysterious diseases of all kinds which are affecting flocks of poultry to-day tend to make the percentage losses considerably higher, and when they are higher the profits go down, often to a danger point. Extra care must be taken this year to choose only the best even if this means rejecting 80 per cent. of the birds. It is better to concentrate on 20 per cent. and to be reasonably sure of success than to allow the percentage to be higher and spell failure.

Each hen should be examined as an individual. On the first really fine day the flock should be visited, and with a catching net on the end of a long handle it is possible to trap each bird separately for her physical examination. The breeders will be placed into their basket ready for transference to their pen, and the rejected shut up temporarily until the examination is completed.

Many will not need close examination. It is possible to eliminate at sight those that are knock-kneed, those that have dropping wings, those that are wrongly shaped, those that are miscoloured, those that are obviously below normal weight. The lone-birds, the lazy birds, the greedy birds with large bulging crops, should all be discarded. It is just as necessary to throw out those with peculiar head movements, any that look unhealthy or that have badly coloured combs and wattles.

The preliminary examination, "on the run," now being over, each bird left will have to be "gone over" for the finer points. The beak must be opened so as to see whether the tongue has a hard tip, or whether any yellow cheesy areas can be found. A watch should be kept for excess mucus, too, in the nostril. See that the eyes are not swollen, that the iris is not streaked with red, and that the pupil has no peculiar shape and that it is not affected by either light or darkness. If the beak is "matted" with mash, breathing troubles may be suspected; the bird has had to keep her beak open.

See that there are no pox warts on the comb or wattles. Travel down the neck and be certain that the crop is not full of water or over hard. Feel if the breast bone is straight and nicely covered. Watch for swellings on the legs either high up or low down. Turn the bird round and examine the vent and see that it is clean. One defect only should be sufficient to cause it to be rejected.

A good breeder should have a nice wide back and a deep body. It should have a decently wide skull and a prominent eye. It should be of medium





FOWLS FOR MARKET. PLUCKING BY HAND AND PLUCKING BY THE ELECTRIC MACHINE. A CONSIDERABLE SAVING OF TIME

bone and straight in the leg, and of the right body size. It should look vigorous and healthy.

Though the smaller birds may be considered the best layers, the one that usually turns out to be the best breeder is neither large and coarse or small. Selections should be made in between these two extremes. It is quite a good plan, therefore, to weigh individual specimens. The best weights for breeding are: Rhode Island Reds 5½lb., Light Sussex 6½lb., Plymouth Rocks 6lb., White Wyandottes 5½lb., Leghorns 5lb., Anconas 5lb., Barnevelders 5½lb., Welsummers 5½lb., and Indian Game 6½lb.

It will be noticed that these examinations have taken place before any attempt has been made to look into the egg records. This is done purposely. The health and normality of the birds must come first. There may be abnormal birds with high egg yields, but this does not make them suitable breeders. It is only when the final selection has taken place that the numbers on the rings are noted, and the egg yield and performance cards are taken out. (It is presumed here that the poultry farmer trap nests his birds and keeps the records on a card index system.)

When examining the egg yields look for a high performance during the winter. Out of the 90 or so winter days, when the value of eggs is high, a good breeder should lay at least 50 (during that period), likewise the selected bird should have a record of between, say, 220 and 240 eggs during the year. The card should show whether these eggs have been of normal size and have been properly shelled. The card should also show (at any rate roughly) the eggs size and weight. Birds should be rejected which have laid a high percentage of soft shell eggs or whose eggs have been regularly on the small side. Breeding should not be done from hens that have moulted for a long time during the winter or which have been continually broody during the season.

To the outsider and the beginner, all these precautions seem a great deal of trouble for the "just a few eggs," but it is those few eggs extra per bird that will keep this country richly supplied with food, much of which in peace time came from abroad. It is not so much a question, just now, of increasing the number of poultry farms, as increasing the production on each holding whether large or small.

The County Poultry Instructor will only be too glad to visit the poultry farm and to help the owner make the selection. He makes no charge for his visit, for he is only too anxious to increase the output of eggs in his county. Two heads are said to be better than one, and here is an opportunity of putting this adage into practice for the country's sake.

GRASSLAND AND THE BRACKEN MENACE

By H. C. LONG

ALTHOUGH it is mainly in the uplands, where sheep are the chief grazing stock, that bracken is so great a pest, there are many pastures and rough grazings, at a much lower elevation and used for cattle, that are slowly being overrun by this pernicious weed. Indeed, one of the reasons commonly put forward as largely contributing to the spread of bracken is the fact that the boom in sheep farming last century led to a serious depletion of the cattle stock in the lower uplands, cattle being much less selective than sheep in their grazing, while they also readily trample down and lie on the young fronds, thus leading to the exhaustion of the weed.

It may be said that as bracken is poisonous to cattle (and can be so to sheep) it is not desirable to keep them in bracken-infested pastures. The poisonous property, however, is only slowly cumulative, and takes a long time to manifest its action; and, further, there would seem to be no evidence that cattle often suffer in this country. Judging by the immense bracken-covered areas that are occupied by sheep, and very often also by cattle, the number of animals that are poisoned fatally, or even to the extent of causing illness, must be somewhat small, or the evidence would ere now be on record. It is not desired to imply that the risks do not exist, but one fancies that they cannot be really serious—unless bracken-poisoning is more common than veterinarians are aware.

One very troublesome factor associated with upland sheep farming, however, is the fact that sheep "struck" by the maggot fly often seek shelter and shade in the tall bracken, and may be lost until they succumb to the attack. In any event the shepherd is given a great deal of trouble in searching for them.

Bracken is often so plentiful that grazings are overrun, grass is almost suppressed, and stock find very little to consume—this fact probably constituting the principal risk of poisoning, hungry animals being driven to eat far too much of the bracken for want of sufficient other green food. In any event, the grass is severely reduced and the value of the land may become almost negligible. There exist huge areas of upland and rough grazings worth only a few shillings per acre rent, which would undoubtedly be much increased in value if the bracken were eradicated. Stapledon has suggested that there are 4.5 million acres of bracken in the uplands of Great Britain, and it is well known that some of this land was in the past under the plough—so that if it were taken in hand it might be so again.



BRACKEN ERADICATION IS ONE OF THE GREATEST PROBLEMS TO OVERCOME IN GRASSLAND CULTIVATION

A strong policy for the improvement of agriculture in this country should include steps to effect real control of bracken and bring the worst-infested areas into full use once again. If, as has been stated, bracken is "the heir of the crofters," owing to the fact that the crofters emigrated or were evicted because of the growth of large sheep farms, or the formation of deer forests, last century, then some reversal of this process might restore to more productive farming a considerable measure of the land that became bracken-infested.

Bracken has the natural function of spreading by the growth of myriads of spores, produced on the underside of the mature foliage, but just how far this takes place is uncertain, though in some districts it is by no means uncommon. In general it would seem that the distribution is by steady spread of the rhizomes or creeping rootstocks below the surface, and it is believed that in some instances very large areas have been so covered by the spread of a single plant. This suggests that in order to effect control of the weed it is necessary to tackle a considerable area at a time, and not with merely small patches, for a small portion cut over may continue to be fed by the adjoining uncut area.

It is so far satisfactory that, though bracken-infestation on the scale on which it now exists is doubtless in part due to past neglect by farmers and landlords, and in part to natural conditions and unforeseen circumstances, a certain amount of official action has been taken, first in Scotland and secondly in England and Wales. In the former the Scottish Department of Agriculture gives grants to farmers towards the cost of purchasing bracken-cutting machinery; and in 1937 the Ministry of Agriculture introduced a system of grants to local authorities in certain counties in which bracken is a very serious trouble, for the purchase of bracken-destroying machinery for demonstration purposes, to attract farmers and landlords to deal with the pest.

Many methods of destroying bracken have been investigated, but so far spraying with poisons has proved unsatisfactory, being either unsuccessful or too costly. The chief means of reduction lie in cutting or crushing the young fronds with various machines, of which there are several available types—for hand use, or drawn by horses, or power-driven; but cutting or crushing should be associated with the use of lime and fertilisers, often with scarifying and re-sowing, and with grazing by cattle as well as sheep.

THE HOUSE SPARROW PEST

FORTUNATELY there are very few British birds whose activities can be said to be mainly harmful. The majority of species are good friends of the farmer and the gardener. Many of them are, in fact, essential to the land, and are rightly protected by law and by all reasonable people. But there are a few species which do great damage to crops of various kinds in season and whose numbers must be kept in check, especially in times like these when cereals, vegetables and fruit are especially valuable.

The food grower's feathered enemy No. 1 is undoubtedly the wood-pigeon, but at certain seasons the house-sparrow is a close second. It is true that during the breeding season it feeds its young mainly on insects, but it is idle to pretend that the good it does in this way compensates for the harm done during the rest of the year.

The house-sparrow attacks all kinds of agricultural and horticultural crops. Every arable farmer knows what inroads it makes on cereals. Just before harvest time, thousands of sparrows desert towns, villages and farm homesteads for the fields, and live almost entirely upon the ripening grain. It is no uncommon sight to see large areas of wheat, ripe for cutting, visited by hordes of house-sparrows, and when the wheat has been cut, they turn their attention to the stacks.

In gardens and on allotments, the house-sparrow does great damage to young peas, lettuces and other garden crops, especially when these are just showing through the soil. It strips gooseberry and currant bushes of their buds, tears to pieces brightly-coloured flowers, and makes itself a nuisance in many other ways.

Nobody likes to kill wild birds of any kind, and most people try preventive measures before resorting to more drastic remedies. But there can be no disputing the necessity for keeping house-sparrows in check. It may be argued that during the winter months their opportunities for harm are comparatively few and that they may not become a real menace until the spring, but farmers and gardeners will be well advised to begin to tackle the problem now. In the spring, systematic destruction of nests and eggs will probably give the best results, but meanwhile the numbers of the sparrows can be substantially reduced. At this time of the year they can more easily be located and identified. The birds can be shot with a small-bore gun, or netted and painlessly killed.

PRODUCER GAS *and* HOW IT IS MADE

By W. G. McMINNIES

MANY motorists are discussing the possibilities of using "gas" on their cars. If you asked them what sort of "gas" they meant, they would probably answer the stuff you carry in bags or cylinders, in other words coal gas. But remembering the pictures of gas-bagged cars that figured as one of the comic turns of the last war they forget or are ignorant of the difficulties in the way of carrying enough gas, either "loose" in a bag or highly compressed in specially made cylinders and containers, to provide anything more than a very restricted touring range for a private car.

There is, however, another medium known as producer gas which offers greater possibilities. It differs from coal gas which has to be replenished from the supplies at gasworks or specially made filling stations, situated at frequent intervals to make the scheme effective, in that this gas is generated in a plant carried by the car. Thus one makes one's gas and uses it *en route* as required. By this means far greater distances can be covered without stopping for replenishment than is the case with ordinary coal gas. In fact enough solid fuel for 200 miles can be carried, while extra supplies contained in bags can be taken along, too, to replenish the doppers when necessary. As the plant burns a solid fuel such as coke, anthracite, charcoal or charred peat, simple means are provided for removing clinker or ash every 100–150 miles, an operation that only takes a few minutes.

Producer gas does not provide anything like the power obtained from petrol. In fact the loss is stated to vary from 30 to 50 per cent. when compared with motor spirit. But that figure presupposes that the gas is used on an engine designed to run on petrol. Were the engine modified by increasing the compression considerably or by some application of the supercharging principle, the loss would be less.

On the other hand, to counterbalance the fall in performance, there is an astonishing gain in economy owing to the cheapness of the fuel relative to the results it gives. Figures quoted by makers of producer gas plants show that whereas a five-ton commercial vehicle when run on petrol costs 1.167d. per mile, the fuel cost when using producer gas is as low as 0.39d. per mile. Figures given by another manufacturer also in reference to a five-ton vehicle show a fuel charge of 1.70d. per mile on petrol as against 0.40d. per mile on producer gas. The names and addresses of these two makers of producer gas plants are Gilford (H. S. G.), Ltd., 74, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Co., Ltd., Loughborough.

Before going on to describe the principle on which a producer gas plant works, it is worth stating that both in this country and abroad many experiments are and have been taking place to further its use in connection with road vehicles, whether they be motor buses, commercial vehicles or private motor cars. In this development work it is a curious fact that although the solid fuel used in a producer gas plant is a home-produced one, i.e. coke, anthracite, etc., we have not advanced so far in its use as countries like Germany, Italy or France, where producer gas-driven vehicles, encouraged by their respective governments, are quite frequently encountered.

Let us now consider the plant itself. In general, it is rather like an ordinary domestic boiler with this important difference; that instead of being intended to burn up all the fuel the producer plant is designed to arrest combustion at a stage when inflammable gas is given off and drawn away automatically for use in the engine. With the domestic boiler this valuable gas would be burnt along with all the other products of combustion.

In order to enrich the quality of the gas, water is led into the fire zone when it contacts with the red-hot carbon, so that the steam is split up into free hydrogen and oxygen. Accessories include filters against dust and other impurities and coolers, as the efficiency of an internal combustion engine depends on the weight of the fuel inspired and not on its volume, whether the fuel be petrol or gas. As in the case of a petrol carburetted engine air is mixed with the producer gas in order to provide the correct mixture and for this purpose an automatic valve is used, the control of power relying on the accelerator pedal alone.

Starting up, i.e. lighting the fire in order to generate a supply of gas to run the engine, is effected in the following way and may take a few minutes. A paraffin torch is applied to the fuel and the warming-up process is assisted by a hand- or electrically-operated fan built into the plant as a standard accessory. Then, after a few minutes, a light is applied to a test cock to determine if the gas is coming off in a combustible form. As soon as this occurs, the engine may be started up in the usual manner and the car driven away.

An alternative plan which needs some modification being made to the inlet manifold of the standard carburetter can be arranged so as to draw the engine's normal air supply through the producer and thus create the draught necessary to stimulate the fire. When enough gas has been generated, the supply can be changed over from the petrol to the producer gas.

A third method is to retain the standard carburetter and use ordinary petrol for starting up and driving the car or commercial vehicle for short distances, or when manœuvring. This plan obviously has special advantages for use by a private motorist who would not relish the idea of spending five or ten minutes lighting the fire for a journey of only a few miles.

The fire, once lighted, will burn slowly and automatically for many hours, so that it is unnecessary to rekindle it even after a long stop. In fact, to return to the example of the domestic boiler, if the fire is correctly maintained, replenished and riddled occasionally it can be kept in continually in the case of a vehicle used for every-day service.

Another point to bear in mind is that the suck of the engine automatically controls the draught necessary for combustion. Thus the more the suck or aspiration the greater the draught and the more the amount of gas generated. In this manner the throttle opening automatically controls the supply of gas and the power developed.

The actual plant takes the form of a cylindrical or rectangular container two, three or more feet high. In some cases it is fitted on the running board and in others in the body of the vehicle. As regards price a plant suitable for use on a van or car of medium horse power can be obtained for under £100 to which a further sum of £20–£30 would have to be added for conversion purposes.



NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the water-speed record and the first to travel at over 300 miles per hour on land, has been for many years Motoring Editor of the Field. Our readers will miss his contributions, but we hope the time will not be long before they are resumed. For the duration of the war, the Travel by Land, Sea and Air Section, which has for so long been a feature of the Field, must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week a motoring article dealing with some aspect of Motoring in Wartime; and also an article dealing with some country overseas.



A DAIMLER 1940 MODEL

This photograph is of particular interest, as it shows a current Daimler Twenty-four Saloon representative of the range of Daimler cars included in the 1940 programme, and which, except for the war, would have been exhibited at the International Motor Show at Earls Court

WAR-TIME MOTORING LESSONS

A FEW weeks ago nearly two million people in this country would have proclaimed the motor car as one of the most essential, and certainly one of the most enviable accessories to a civilised existence. Many of them had probably scraped and saved in order to avail themselves of this means of personal transport, and while some may have thought it an amenity to be enjoyed at intervals by friends or family, the majority came to regard it as an intimate and essential part of their everyday comings and goings.

In fact so handy, easily operated and economically inclined had the modern small car become that its use was largely replacing the function of the feet. And so we moderns when shopping day drew near or a nearby call had to be made instinctively switched on the engine and did the job by car instead of on foot. Nor was that all, for instead of enjoying a sunny week-end in walking the country in our immediate vicinity, the practice sprang up of exploring more distant districts by car. And so prevalent did this become that there are probably thousands of motorists who have never tramped the countryside around them and yet have an intimate knowledge of villages, hills, dales and rivers 40 miles or 50 miles away.

The thunderbolt of war crashed into the routine of these pastoral expeditions. Some people, appalled by the announcement of stern fuel rationing, indulged in the folly of hoarding supplies, the maddest effort in this line being attributed to a man who secreted hundreds of gallons of this highly inflammable stuff about his private residence. Others sought means for making one gallon do the work of two, and so came to realise the gain in economy achieved by sacrificing speed and free

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wheeling wherever possible with the engine switched off. Should this practice become a habit one wonders whether in after war days the free wheel may not become a popular feature in motor car design and in cases where the strictest economy is called for this fitting may not be designed to switch the engine off and on as we now do manually.

But when all was said and done these dodges only added a few miles to the distance covered on the gallon. So that the next stage in this shaking down to war time levels sought for other means of transport. In this way people found their legs and limbs flabby with years of declutching, braking and accelerating were called on to pedal, pedestrianate or ride. That reduced their radius of action at least ten times, and a visit to a place five miles off became as much of a pilgrimage as a 50 miles away call had been two months earlier.

And so at one blow we were all whisked back to travel and living conditions of the early nineteen hundreds. Those days when we got the dogcart or pony trap out to make a lunch date, went to the hunt balls in a cab, bus or landau, and thought nothing of walking two or three miles to church on Sunday. Those were the days when in order to repair a road one side of it was carpeted with loose stones which the traffic itself had to roll in as the other side of the track was barricaded off. The days of dust unlimited, police traps, goggles, fur coats, motor veils and a universal outcry against the stink, danger and noise of motor cars.

To-day, curiously enough, the roads seem almost as deserted as they were in that bygone period. So that those who have sufficient petrol enjoy the peace of the nineteen hundreds with the improvements in motor cars and highway construction of to-day. It is a strange thought, this putting the clock back.

But to return to to-day. People quickly found out that owing to the imposition of what amounts to a five miles radius of action plus the dangers and difficulties of the blackout they could get on quite well without going out to the pictures several times a week, calling on friends here, there and everywhere for a drink or odd meal, and making a run in the car an excuse for all kinds of unnecessary journeys. To-day these journeys may be made on foot, bicycle, motor bike or trap. Which reminds me of the possibilities of the tandem as a pleasant and companionable way of moving about. The high spot in this direction was attained by a car owner who laid up his car but retained his chauffeur to pedal him about while he occupied the back saddle.

As for the motor bicycle, I should not be surprised to see it return to popularity. Some of the lower-powered lightweights are almost as easy to handle as a pedal bicycle. They rely on small two-stroke engines of about 100 cubic centimetres capacity, equivalent to a single horse power. In the simplest and lightest form they cost £20 to £25 and cover 120 miles to the gallon of petrol. Their running costs are infinitesimal, their speed 25 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. Larger and heavier machines cost more to buy and run, but even they are extremely easy to handle. Many women are now taking up motor cycling, and owing to the demand from air wardens, nurses and teachers, some of the motor cycle factories are hundreds of machines behind delivery.

A point to be stressed in this connection is that motor cycling is a much safer pastime than it used to be. In the old days when the roads were often a sea of slime several inches deep, the machines top heavy, and badly balanced, and a treacherous camber was always in evidence, it was a common thing to be thrown off a machine owing to a skid. Tram lines had a similar effect. But to-day the surface of many roads is skidproof even when wet; there is no camber to speak of, and the machines themselves are practically automatically stable. Also they are lower built, a quality which instantly inspires the novice with confidence.

The worst feature of motor cycling is the dressing-up problem. True, some machines are well mud guarded and shielded so that cumbersome waders are unnecessary, but even then after years of softening behind a windscreen and on a well-padded seat, direct contact with the elements, reinforced by the speed of the machine calls for a hardier kind of clothing.

It was a consideration of some of these things that prompted a well-known and enterprising man in the motor trade to ask me the other day whether this doing without the car habit for the duration might not make people realise that a car was not the vital necessity that they had thought it was. He suggested that people having done without a car for so long and having formed the habit of legging or pedalling themselves about might continue these simpler forms of transport after the war. He pointed out also that the post-war need for economy would be another reason for a non-motoring complex.

My reply came instantly and with conviction. One simply cannot imagine a modern civilisation without a motor car as part and parcel of its domestic equipment. And because a car has a pleasure as well as a utility value people will continue to make all kinds of sacrifices in order to own it. They will, as they have done in the past, reduce the size of their families, put up with a less extensive or expensive form of education for what offsprings they do rear, live in smaller houses than they would be accustomed to otherwise, put up with fewer servants, cut down household expenses and save and scrape in all manner of means to enable them to run a car.

So that I am not pessimistic about the future of the motor car when the present trouble is over. There may not be as much motoring from a distance covered point of view as there was, because people will have learned not to be so prodigal in the nature of their comings and goings. But once the immediate shock of war is over, I expect the roads to fill up again with traffic and quickly regain their August, '39, appearance. W. G. M.

PETROL COUPONS FOR AUTOCYCLES

Owing to the low petrol consumption and light construction of the new motorized bicycles, which are generally known as "autocycles," the petrol tanks of these machines are of but small capacity, and in consequence riders frequently find that they will not take the whole of the gallon of petrol to which one is entitled in exchange for a motor cycle petrol ration coupon.

The attention of the Ministry of Mines has been drawn to this difficulty by the R.A.C., representing the user and the British Cycle & Motor Cycle Manufacturers' & Traders' Union Ltd., representing the manufacturers and agents.

As a result of these representations, and in order to overcome the difficulty, the Petroleum Department of the Ministry of Mines has now announced that ration books made up in half-units will be available for owners of autocycles for the next rationing period commencing November 23rd next.



FREQUENT WINDMILLS LEND A STRANGE CHARM TO RUNÖ'S LONELINESS

THE ISLAND OF RUNÖ IN THE BALTIC

By WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB

BETWEEN 1914 and 1918 the island of Runö was bombarded by German aeroplanes because of a Russian flying station there. In the present war it may be one of the most important air bases in the Baltic, because of its proximity to the Soviet-controlled islands of Oesel and Dagö. But for the present peace reigns on the island—a peace which leads the chance visitor centuries back into a dreamlike world.

The area of the island is about two-and-a-half by five miles, and its inhabitants number barely 280. It lies in the middle of the bay of Riga on the route from the west to the east and north. But none of the many ships which take this course call at the island, and it seems half a miracle when one stands on its soil.

For there is no regular connection between Runö and the mainland. Only occasionally does a cargo boat set out for the island from some Estonian or Latvian harbour. It is less than 40 miles from Riga to Runö. I left before evening, but it was only as the east began to grow red that the island rose up from the waters.

Its coast is shallow and rocky. The steamer stopped. The hooter summoned the Runians to fetch us. A man appeared, climbed into his boat and rowed slowly towards us, kneeling. The other fishermen too seemed wrapped in the same heavy calm as, a little later, they took the strangers to the shore. But the rocks in the water will not allow even their rude craft to come right to the shore. So the fishermen clamber out and carry their visitors to land on their backs.

Wild strawberries grew among the moss. Huge trees lay on the ground, torn up by the Baltic storms. The whole stretch of woodland is parcelled out. Half belongs to the government, a section to the church, and of the rest every fisherman owns a piece and is at the same time a peasant possessing his own farm. There is almost complete equality on Runö. It is an instinctive commune, whose members, embracing some 50 families, all enjoy the same moderate standard of comfort, and carry on the same work. Everyone on Runö lends a hand, paid help is rare. Property passes intact from father to the eldest son; a daughter has only her dowry.

There are no social problems on the island. If a man suffers misfortune, the others help him, and so there are no unemployed or destitutes on Runö. If a quarrel arises, the two parties go to the elder of the village, who settles the dispute. This elder, elected by the community, is the one and only authority. Everyone submits to his word. The law court is in Estonia, to which the island now belongs. But not only has Runö no judge, it has not even a doctor. Old people are skilled in healing. It is only when someone is seriously ill that a doctor is summoned from Estonia. In winter, when the sea is covered with ice, he can only reach the island by aeroplane. But the people of Runö are extraordinarily strong, and live to a great age. Suicide is unknown to the Runians. Only once, 80 years ago, a young man stole something from his neighbour, and afterwards shot himself. In the World War the people of Runö lost no one. Four or five men fought in the Russian army, but all came back.

The Runians must not serve in the Estonian army. But every year a few boys apply for work in the lighthouse. Their service lasts seventeen months, and that is the only civic duty which the Runians have to fulfil. They pay no taxes to the government. The only representative of the Estonian State is a policeman, who is also postmaster.

The young republic to which they now belong respects their isolation. These people are incorporated for the second time in a foreign State without taking on anything of its character. Only few speak Estonian. As it was 500 and 1,000 years ago, so to-day the island is Swedish to the very kernel of its being. The Runians share Sweden's culture and speak an old dialect of her language. Their forefathers came to Runö in Viking times. Later on they became subjects of the Vasas and remained so in their hearts, even under Russian rule. To Queen Christina they owe their old church. Swedish was their first Bible. Swedish are their books and prayers, the schoolmistress and the minister. Their relationship to the people of the north is apparent in their blue eyes and bright hair, and their whole way of living.

The homesteads are small, but they have barns, stables, a bathhouse, a garden with stunted fruit trees and, above all, the long straw-thatched dwelling house.

The homesteads are side by side. There is only one little shop on the island, run by one of the men, but belonging to the community. Behind the village a green plain stretches out to the sea. Frequent windmills lend a strange charm to its loneliness. These mills belong to the Runians in common, and several families grind their rye together.



THE OLD CHURCH OF RUNÖ GIVEN BY QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN IN 1644

The church of purplish stone, its shining white tower. Against it beams the ancient chapel of Runö. The date 1644 stands over the door. The roof is low, the seats are worm-eaten. The carved pulpit is crooked, the stained-glass windows are dim. On the altar lies Runö's first Bible. Models of ships stand strangely out from the slumber of the place. Prayer is no longer heard here. But the dead in the little enclosure round the chapel sleeping under their wooden crosses must surely feel that the door of God's house is open above them.

A little bell rings. Solemnly the procession of the islanders draws near, gay and colourful like a picture book. The inside of the church is light. The people sing, the pastor speaks slowly, the heads are bowed. The bell rings again. The troop of people files out. Outside groups form and then dissolve in the midday peace.



CHILDREN OF RUNÖ IN TRADITIONAL DRESS

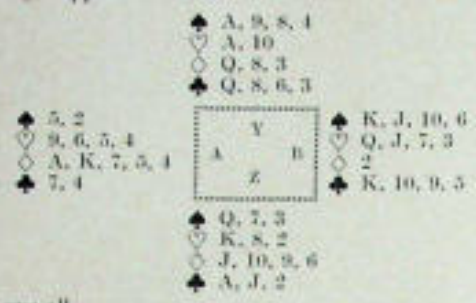
BRIDGE

THREE NO TRUMP CONTRACTS

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

TO the good card player the game contract in no trumps has a special attraction. Perfect defence is usually difficult and a skilful declarer can often squeeze the extra trick, turning a hand good for eight tricks into a game contract of three no trumps. Since only nine tricks are required the declarer has usually more opportunities of throwing the lead and getting the defenders to help him establish extra tricks.

Although this policy of relying upon the opponent's poor defence is not to be recommended as a general rule, there is no doubt that, as in the following two hands, these smash and grab tactics can be very successful when employed by a fairly good player against average opponents.



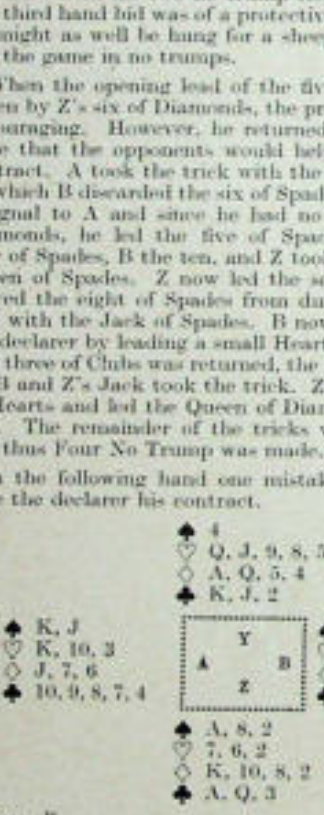
Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
No bid	No bid	One Club	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three No Trumps	All pass

Z, having nearly an opening bid, gave the full value of his hand with his two no trump response and although Y's third hand bid was of a protective nature, Y thought he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and so bid the game in no trumps.

When the opening lead of the five of Diamonds was taken by Z's six of Diamonds, the prospect was not very encouraging. However, he returned a Diamond in the hope that the opponents would help him to make the contract. A took the trick with the King of Diamonds, on which B discarded the six of Spades. This looked like a signal to A and since he had no entry to make his Diamonds, he led the five of Spades. Y played the four of Spades, B the ten, and Z took the trick with the Queen of Spades. Z now led the seven of Spades and played the eight of Spades from dummy, giving B the lead with the Jack of Spades. B now proceeded to help the declarer by leading a small Heart, taken by Y's ten. The three of Clubs was returned, the five of Clubs played by B and Z's Jack took the trick. Z now made the Ace of Hearts and led the Queen of Diamonds, taken by A's Ace. The remainder of the tricks were taken by Y-Z and thus Four No Trump was made.

In the following hand one mistake by an opponent gave the declarer his contract.



Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
One Club	No bid	One Heart	One Spade
No bid	No bid	Three Diamonds	No bid
Three No Trumps		All pass	

Z's opening bid of One Club prepared him for any response of Y, but over Y's second bid he took a chance on Three No Trumps. It will be noted that Y-Z can make five Hearts without any difficulty.

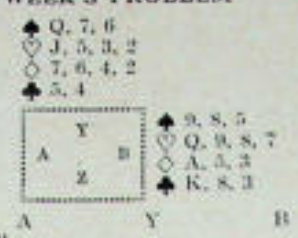
A led the King and Jack of Spades and here B made the fatal mistake of not overtaking with the Queen of Spades. Z held up the Ace of Spades, and A, for lack of a better lead led a Diamond, taken by Z's ten. Z led a Heart, A played low and Y's Jack of Hearts was taken by B's Ace. Z had now only to lead up to the Queen of Hearts to make his contract with four Diamonds, three Clubs, a Spade and a Heart.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The five of Spades is led against a contract of Three No Trumps. B plays the ten of Spades. How should Z play the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z A Y B

One No Trump. All pass.

A leads the Jack of Diamonds. Holding B's hand what do you play and why?

SOLUTION

A's lead of the Jack of Diamonds must be from some such combination as Jack, ten, nine (or King, Jack, ten) and one or more small cards. In the latter case, if B overtakes the Jack of Diamonds with the Ace and returns the four of Diamonds, Z's Queen of Diamonds will be caught. Even if Z has got the King of Diamonds, this play will not lose anything.

CHESS

FLOHR'S PLAY

The following game, from the second of the two tournaments at Amsterdam this year, is a good example of the play of the Czecho-Slovakian master, S. Flohr.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

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

(a) The Lasker variation. B leads to some simplification by exchanges. But 6. . . . P to K B 3 is a very useful preparatory move since it prevents White from gaining a tempo in some variations by an attack with Queen and Bishop on the pawn at K R 2 (see note g).

(b) An alternative line here is 8. P takes P, Kt takes Kt; 9. P takes Kt, P takes P; 10. Q to Kt 3.

(c) 8. . . . Kt takes Kt is better, *e.g.* 9. Q takes Kt, P to Q B 3; 10. R to B sq, Kt to Q 2; 11. B to Q 3, P takes P; 12. B takes P, P to Q Kt 3, to be followed by B to Kt 2 and, when possible, P to Q B 4.

(d) Better than Kt to Q 2, in reply to which Black would play P to K B 4, to be followed as soon as possible by P to K 4.

(e) R to Q Kt sq, abandoning the Queen's Rook's pawn, is an interesting alternative.

(f) Q takes Q, eh, to be followed by Kt to Q 2 as a preparatory to either P to Q B 4 or P to K 4, is preferable.

(g) Gaining a valuable tempo.

(h) After this move White succeeds in preventing Black from freeing his game. Black should, instead, play P to K 4.

(i) Now Black cannot play 15. . . . P to K 4 because of 16. Kt to B 4 followed by 17. Kt takes P.

(j) Again preventing P to K 4 and, in consequence, the development of Black's Bishop.

(k) The continuation 21. . . . Kt takes P, eh; 22. P takes Kt, Q takes B P; 23. Kt to K 5, Q takes Q P (if K R to Q sq, then Kt to B 5); 24. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt would not be good for Black. With the text-move Black threatens Kt takes P, eh since in the above variation he can play instead of Q takes B) R takes B, leaving his Queen in a good position.

(l) Preparatory to P to K 6. If Black prevents that move by playing P to K 3, he creates a nasty "hole" at his Q Kt 3.

(m) Black prepares to counter-attack on the King's side by playing P to K Kt 4, but White gives him no time to do so.

(n) Threatening to win a pawn by 27. R takes P, R takes R; 28. P takes R, Q takes Kt P; 29. Q takes P.

(o) Played to prevent Kt to Q 6, but it allows White to break through in the centre.

(p) Not P takes P because of P to B 6, ch.

(q) This wins the Queen's Bishop's pawn. If now 35. . . . P takes P, then 36. P to B 6 since 36. . . . R to Kt 3 is refuted by 37. P takes R.

(r) R to Q 2, retaining the two united passed pawns, is stronger.

(s) Not Q takes B because of Q to K Kt 7, ch. The text-move threatens mate in two moves and leads to the gain of a piece.

(t) If K to K 2, then Q to R 3, ch and wins.

(o) The remaining moves were 41. . . . P to Kt 3; 45. Q to Q 6, ch, K to Kt 2; 46. Kt to Q 7 (threatening Q to B 8, ch and mate next move), Q to Q R 8; 47. P to B 5, Q to Kt 7, ch; 48. K to K sq, Q to R 6, ch; 49. K to K 2, P takes P; 50. K to B sq, B to K 3; 51. Q to B 8, ch, K to Kt 3; 52. Q to Kt 8, ch, Q to Kt 2; 53. Kt to K 5, ch, K to B 3; 54. Q to Kt 8, Q to Kt 4; 55. Q to Kt 2 (threatening Kt to B 3, ch), Q to R 4; 56. Kt to B 3, ch, K to K 2; 57. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to B 3; 58. Q to Q 4, ch, K to Kt 3; 59. P to Kt 4 (a powerful move), Q to R 6, ch; 60. K to B 2, P to K R 4; 61. B to B sq. Resigns.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Sweden and Lithuania.

(Ladies' Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg (Sweden).	BLACK. Mikenas (Lithuania).	WHITE. Stahlberg (Sweden).	BLACK. Mikenas, (Lithuania).
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	13. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
2. P to B 4	P to K Kt 3	14. R to Kt sq	Kt to B 3
3. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	15. Q to Q 7	P to K 5 (g)
4. B to Kt 2	Castles	16. B to B 4 (h)	Q takes R P
5. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4	17. R takes P	Q to K 3
6. P takes P	Kt takes P	18. R takes P	Kt to Q sq
7. Castles	P to Q B 4	19. B to Q 5	Q takes Q (i)
8. P to Q 4 (a)	P takes P (b)	20. R takes Q	B takes P (j)
9. Kt takes P	Kt takes kt	21. R to B sq	B to Kt 7
10. P takes Kt (c)	P to K 4 (d)	22. R to Kt sq	B to B 3
11. Kt to Kt 5	Q to R 4	23. B takes R	R takes B
12. Kt to Q 6 (e)	Q to R 3 (f)	White won (k)	

(a) A position in the Gründfeld variation of the Indian Defence has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) This assists White to get his pieces into good play. Black should, instead, play either Kt to Q B 3 or else Kt takes Kt with Kt to B 3 to follow.

(c) White has a good game with chances of attack on the Queen's side.

(d) Not good. He should play Kt to Q 2.

(e) Threatening 13. Kt takes B, R takes Kt; 14. B takes P.

(f) 12. . . . R to Q sq is better, although after 13. Kt takes Kt P, B takes Kt; 14. B takes R, R takes Q; 15. R takes R to be followed by B takes R White has the better game.

(g) Q R to Kt sq is slightly better. The text-move is played with the object of replying to 16. B takes P with 16. . . . Kt to K 4.

(h) Better than 16. R takes P. Black has now no satisfactory move.

(i) If 19. . . . Q takes P, then 20. B takes P, eh, K to R sq; 21. R to B 4, Q takes R, eh; 22. B takes Q, Kt takes B; 23. Q takes Kt with a winning game for White.

(j) If Kt to B 3, then R to Q 6.

(k) The remaining moves were 24. R to Kt 8, R takes R; 25. B takes R, P to Q R 4; 26. B to Kt 7, Kt to K 3; 27. B takes P, P to R 4; 28. P to R 4, K to Kt 2; 29. K to Kt 2, P to Kt 4; 30. P takes P, B takes P; 31. B to B 3, eh, K to Kt 3; 32. P to B 4, Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 4039

By G. H. DRESE.*

WHITE (12 pieces): King at Q Kt sq, Queen at Q B 2, Rooks at K R 5 and K B 6, Bishops at K Kt 4 and K B 8, Knights at Q B 4 and Q 8, Pawns at K B 3, Q R 4, Q Kt 5 and K B 7.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at Q 4, Queen at K B 4, Rook at Q 3 Bishop at K Kt 3, Pawns at Q B 2 and Q Kt 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *British Chess Magazine*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4038

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

TOURNAMENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—After the conclusion of the congress at Buenos Aires two small tournaments were held at Montevideo and Rosario. The first was won by Dr. Alekhine with a score of 7 points out of 7. H. Golombek was second and Mrs. Stevenson third. At Rosario V. Petrow (Latvia) was first, E. Eliskases (Germany) second and V. Mikenas (Lithuania) third.

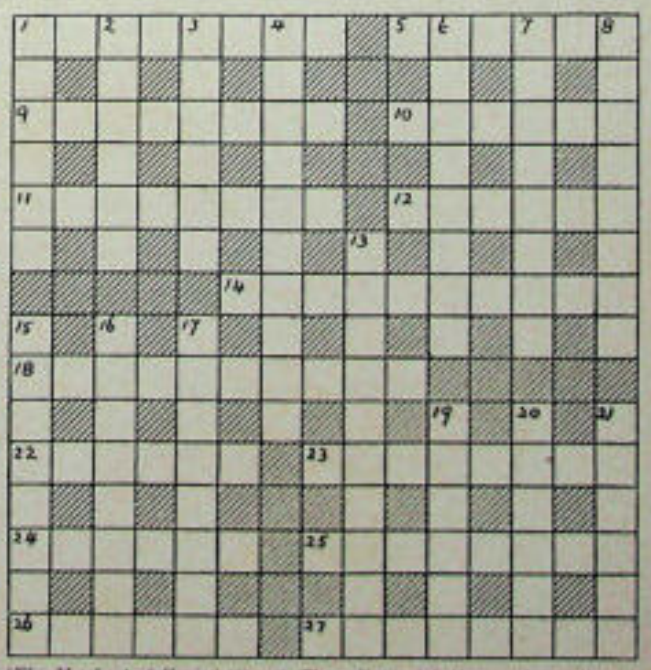
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 542

ACROSS.—1, A blazing vowel (8). 5, Brief bags (6). 9, The alternative to reading is not stated (8). 10, Nether garments for the penitent (6). 11, He rarely hears good of himself (8). 12, The conveyance for the last ride (6). 14, Showing active kindness (10). 18, I represent (anag.) (10). 22, "I am Sir ——, And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (6). 23, "M.P.'s bayonetted, sham colonels gazetted, And second-rate aldermen ——" (*The Goaddiers*) (8). 24, They are made of cast metal (6). 25, One divot (anag.) (8). 26, "He sings each song twice over," (6). 27, Calumniates (8).

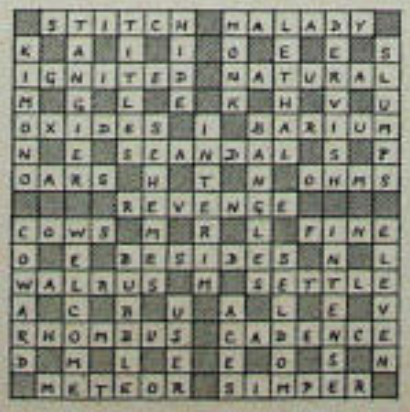
DOWN.—1, Here a clue is useless (6). 2, See 8 down (6). 3, I'm a long time (6). 4, One may play this fruit (10). 6, Relating to Greece (8). 7, "Twill be —— for a precedent" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (8). 8, The police watch them and sometimes 2 them (8). 13, Carriers of communications (10). 15, The don is changed; he now lives entirely for pleasure (8). 16, A little one is a newborn child (8). 17, Real pest (anag.) (8). 19, A disturbed region (6). 20, They are furthest from basements (6). 21, He was loved by Venus (6).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 541

Published November 4th



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI. Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

River Pollution.—The Trent Fishery Board long ago drew attention to the danger of pollution and the depredation of water-courses in the last war. A letter appeared on this subject in the *Field* of October 7th.—*J. B., Winchester.*

Country House

Moss on Paths and Drives Treated with Arsenical Weed Killer.—In most districts weed killer is sufficient to destroy moss. Caustic soda would probably not prevent a recurrence. You might try sodium chlorate at the rate of ½lb. to 1 gallon of water, although a lesser strength, 3lb. to 25 gallons, forms an excellent weed killer. But all these applications fade out in time. Perhaps yours is an especially moist district.—"*Saltcraz*," *Ulster.*

Oil Stove for small Greenhouse and A.R.P. Regulations.—The amount of light emitted depends very much on the kind of oil stove you use. We will suppose that the light from it is considerable. In the first place all side light can be cut out by a small sheet of galvanised iron bent round in the shape of a cylinder and riveted. Secondly, the heat from the oil stove will need to be much less if the roof of the house is covered by a heavy canvas blind such as those supplied by sundriesmen for covering frames. This could be let down at night and would effectually prevent all light coming from the roof.—*E. J., Essex.*

Forestry

Pine Weevils.—You have an infested area in which you want to plant a few specimen conifers. It will be a difficult matter to prevent them being attacked in turn. There is only one method likely to meet with success and that is to provide traps around the young trees in which the weevils will lay their eggs in preference to invading the trees you have or are about to plant. Lay fresh pieces of Scots pine bark, 1ft. to 2ft. long and a few inches wide around the trees, rough side of the bark uppermost. Examine regularly. The beetles will collect to feed on the under-side and can be brushed or shaken off into a bucket containing paraffin. The fresher the bark the better. It is usually easy to obtain in forest districts. Stakes of pine or spruce as large as one's wrist and a few feet can also be used as traps, and, when infested, burnt.—*R. B., Dumfries.*

Gardening

Rose Growing.—It is not intended that war time legislation should cause such injury to rose stocks as to render all the scientific work that nurserymen have put into their propagation useless. The idea is to maintain the varieties of roses and other plants by authorising certain stocks for budding purposes. As has been pointed out in the *Field*, to cease growing flowers or to ruin the nursery businesses would not serve any useful purposes. Land has to be given over to vegetables, but discretion must be observed.—*M. B., Edinburgh.*

Library

Books on Birds.—You can not do better than buy the *Handbook of British Birds* published by Witherby and costing 25/- a volume. Three volumes have so far been published and a fourth is due, we understand, in the spring. The *Handbook* is the successor to the *Practical Handbook* which was published in two volumes, and is without doubt the last word on British Birds. You should also get the magazine *British Birds* which is published each month by Witherby. Of simpler and less technical books we would recommend *Birds of the British Isles* by the late T. A. Coward. These are three volumes costing 10/6 each; and they form an admirable introduction to British Ornithology. They have the advantage, too, of being more or less of pocket size. For second-hand bird books, we would recommend Weldon & Wesley, Ltd. of Arthur Street, W.C.2.—*A. L. M., Darlington.*

Motoring

Running Out of Petrol. This difficulty has been dealt with by the R.A.C. If a member runs short of petrol they will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, and if he has no coupons left for a fresh supply the club will pay the cost of towing the car home or to a garage. If a car owner has run out of coupons it is not possible for him to buy any to get him home, and in the ordinary way the motorist should have exercised enough forethought to have ensured a supply to at least get him near his destination. A case is cited where a member of the R.A.C. returning from a visit to his children in a reception area, ran out of petrol in the New Forest. Luckily he was still in possession of petrol coupons. A "Get You Home" voucher containing particulars of his requirements was conveyed to an R.A.C. garage in the nearest town by a passing motorist, and within half-an-hour a supply of petrol had been brought out to him, and he was on his way home—the R.A.C., of course, paying for the conveyance of the petrol to him.—*R. W., Wallington.*

Naturalist

Bird Sent for Identification.—This was a water rail. The bird is by no means so uncommon, as you suggest; but is, on account of its shyness, not so frequently seen.—*A. J. B., Hertford.*

Greater Horntail Wasp.—The insect sent for identification was the greater horntail wasp (*Sirex gigas*). This insect is, of course, not a wasp at all, and is quite harmless, the long projection at the end being an ovipositor and not a sting. Early November is certainly late for this insect still to be found on the wing.—*J. D., Dumfries.*

Rings for Birds.—You should apply to Miss E. Leach, who is the Secretary of the British Bird-Ringing Scheme, and whose address is British Museum Natural History, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. The scheme, originally commenced by Mr. H. F. Witherby and run under the ægis of *British Birds*, the monthly ornithological magazine, has been well established for many years now and is doing most excellent work in tracing bird movements to and from (and within) this country. Recoveries are published regularly in *British Birds*. No, we do not publish recoveries except those (and they are necessarily infrequent) made by our readers in far distant colonies. These are invariably of birds ringed in Russia, Germany, Poland (that was) Roumania and so forth. Recoveries of birds ringed in Britain are, presumably, reported direct to the British Museum Natural History. If they are reported to us—and that does happen—we send them on to that address.—*L. C., Gloucester.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on through necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

HORSE SALES

Leicester.

THERE was a large attendance at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade, Ltd.'s Leicester Repository on Saturday last. The catalogue was a full one and a good many horses changed hands at prices ranging from 20gs. to 85gs. Some of the principal sales effected were as follows:—Property of Mr. George Dickinson: Silver Prince, br g, 15gs. Worcestershire Cubhunters, the property of Hugh Sumner, Esq., M.F.H.: Cheerful, br colt, 30gs.; Melody, ch m, 36gs.; Guilsborough, br m, 40gs.; Robin, ch g, 30gs. Property of the Earl Fitzwilliam: Cubhunters: Tankerville, b m, 52gs.; Spaldwick, b m, 45gs.; Malton, ch m, 40gs.; Novelty, b g, 40gs.; Blithero, br g, 30gs. Property of Mr. L. Sydney Marler: President Wilson, ch g, 85gs.; The Emperor, b g, 56gs. Property of Miss J. Eaden: Mouse, br m, 30gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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GOODWILL TOWARD MEN

THIS is our Christmas Number. It will reach many of our readers, scattered in far-distant corners of the earth, on or about Christmas Day. No one can say what sort of a Christmas this is going to be, but of one thing we can all be certain—the Christmas message still holds good as it always will hold good.

"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." The keyword of that most glorious promise, that most pious hope, is goodwill. It is the keyword that we forget. We concentrate on the word peace, forgetting that there can be no peace without goodwill.

Goodwill. Goodwill has been notably lacking in the world ever since 1914—and not only international goodwill (which is, too frequently, a matter of expediency), but also domestic goodwill. We are not concerned here with the former, but it might not be out of place to point out that it is based upon the latter—and the latter is surely everybody's concern.

There has been little evidence even of domestic goodwill during the past 20 years. These 20 years have seen life accelerated beyond all measure. We have lived hectically, rushing from one thing to another. We have lived selfishly. Almost without exception we have thought only of ourselves. We have fought, often ruthlessly and unscrupulously, to further our own ends, to make a little more money, to climb a little higher up the social ladder. The 20 years that followed the Great War of 1914–1918 will surely be known to historians as the Age of Gain. It has been an age in which civilisation, as exemplified by indoor sanitation and mechanical marvels, has advanced mightily; an age in which civilisation, as exemplified by honesty, humility, kindness, generosity, chivalry has slipped back many centuries. Yet throughout this period we have, almost all of us, radiated goodwill once a year. At Christmas time we give presents, we send cards, we give Christmas boxes. We think kindly—even of our more impossible relatives. And we are not acting; we are sincere.

We are not acting. We want to be kind, we want to do kind things and to say kind things and to think kind thoughts. Probably 99 per cent. of the world's population would prefer to live throughout the year in the manner of Christmastide, but cannot because this world we have made, or assisted to make, will not allow us to do so.

We live in an atmosphere of distrust. Nowadays we trust no one; and distrust does not breed friendship. It is, of course, easy to say that the ills of the world would be cured if men but practised goodwill. But it is true. It is also true that this goodwill would have to be exercised towards everyone, and not only our more intimate friends and relatives; and that would not be so easy of accomplishment, because so many men are trained in these days to "take advantage" of any slip by anyone, to regard kindness as weakness, a disinclination to fight as cowardice.

But we can, at least, begin. As a country we believe very strongly in the charitable principle. Our great hospitals are supported by charitable instinct and not by the State. Even that greatest of State charities—the Dole—is supplemented largely by charitable organisations. This principle is excellent. We should do all that we can to further it. And there is no better time at which to give to others than our friends and relatives than Christmas.

In this issue will be found a letter from Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt. We would most earnestly draw attention to it. The facts which it puts forward are too little known: the plea it makes one which none of us—particularly at this time—should feel inclined to ignore.

The world these men fought for, and for which they have suffered so terribly, may not have turned out as expected. But they fought for an ideal that cannot die. If we help to keep that ideal—the ideal of goodwill alive—we shall surely keep a good, and happy, Christmas.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1022.)

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

PARCELS FOR THE TROOPS

WE should not this year devote our Christmas presents only to our friends and relatives. Our forces overseas should be remembered by all of us. Certain members will almost certainly have few friends or relatives to remember them this Christmas, and all, no matter what their position, will be glad to receive, and will be greatly encouraged in the receiving of, parcels from home. The following addresses will be of use to *Field* readers at Christmas time: Army Comforts Committee, St. Mary's Butts, Reading; Royal Air Force, Berkeley Square, W.1; Soldiers & Sailors Welfare Committee, Brompton House, S.W.7. Parcels are welcomed, and the old slogan, "Post Early for Christmas" might well be remembered anew this year.

DEER CONTROLLER

The news that Mr. H. Frank Wallace has been appointed Deer Controller for Scotland will be welcomed by all readers of the *Field* and by every Scotsman. Mr. Frank Wallace has for many years been a regular and valued contributor to our columns, and it will be remembered that we urged in leading articles a few months ago that his unrivalled knowledge and experience should be utilised. No man in the United Kingdom knows more about deer than Mr. Wallace, and his appointment is in every way a wise one. We sincerely hope that his new duties will not prevent him from continuing to contribute to our columns.

AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY

Miss Nora C. Cleather has been appointed acting secretary of the All England Lawn Tennis Club for the duration of the war. Mr. D. R. Larcombe, whose assistant she was, recently resigned the position of manager and secretary after a long illness. Miss Cleather has been on the staff at Wimbledon since 1922, and in the absence of Mr. Larcombe was responsible for the organisation of the Championships this year. During the seventeen years Miss Cleather has been working in the offices at Wimbledon she has built up a great reputation for her competence and ability as a business woman. In the running of Wimbledon and its championships, as may be readily understood, tact and diplomacy count for much, and Miss Cleather has been helped by her charming personality and distinguished presence. She has mastered the secret of gaining and keeping the confidence and loyalty of the junior staff. The remarkable lack of fuss and what might be called overt organisation, which has characterised the proceedings at Wimbledon in recent years, has been due to a considerable extent to the admirable way in which Miss Cleather's quiet temperament coincided and combined with that of Mr. Larcombe, whose humourous eyes, with their compelling smile, hardening to command, were the overseers of many marvels of management.

A SALMON EXPERIMENT POSTPONED

It is distinctly disappointing to learn that the long-awaited experiment to find out whether salmon hatching does or does not pay from a commercial point of view, has been postponed *sine die*. This is a matter of national importance, for our rivers do not now carry more than half the stock of salmon which they might do under efficient management. Until we know whether to assist nature, or to supplant her methods with something more easily controlled by man, it is impossible to devise satisfactory means of improving the stock. A matter of this kind, which concerns a most profitable part of the national food supply should surely not have been allowed to drop on account of the war. The working staff is small, the arrangements complete, the possible gain to the country large. Does the national emergency require a policy of penny wise and pound foolish?

THE FIGHT

The last gong sounds, the seconds quit the ring;
Alone amid their noisy followers' gaze,
Their faces white beneath the arc-lamps' blaze,
The boxers seek their final reckoning.
The one still strong, still sure of mastery,
Swift moving, swiftly leading left and right,
Seeking the final blow that ends the fight
And crowns him victor—Champion to be.
The other, with tired footsteps, dazed and slow,
With eyes half closed and bloodshot, scarce can hear
The ringside's din, the crowd acclaim his foe;
Yet still he counters, still his guard is there,
Still his tired hands fight back each staggering blow
With courage rising high above despair.

L. C. BROMLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

"In this world, the isle of dreams,
Tears and terrors are our themes"

SO wrote a seventeenth century poet, but his couplet gives a juster impression of the world now than as it was 300 years ago. But it is not only the tragedy of to-day which is dreamlike, fantastic, monstrously irrational. The dream extends to the things I read in the newspapers about such prosaic but quintessential matters as the growing of food for people to eat, things I know to be contrary to what with my eyes I see and with my ears I hear. What I gather from the newspapers is that Home Production has become a kind of blend between a crusade and an imperative need, that even townspeople are beginning to think of the country as something rather more serviceable than a recreation ground, or a series of potential sites for week-end bungalows, that our rulers have suddenly remembered the words "plough" and "farmer" to be English and not foreign, and that our native agriculture is to be lifted from its deathbed. News like that sent me hastening forth to see these wonders taking place before my eyes and this is my report of a week's sight-seeing.

I met a farmer coming back from market with a flock of sheep. I commended him upon buying a pretty bunch of muttons. "Buying!" he said, "these are my own sheep I'm taking back, because I can't get a price for them that pays for their keep." I passed an unthatched rick that was going sodden with the rain. I knew the farmer and so I called to ask him why. "Because," he said, "there's only one labourer in the village who can thatch a rick and he's too busy for mine." I passed a field of twenty acres that was a wilderness of roughage, and the only animals that were feeding it down were a mare and two foals. All about me I saw field-gates with broken staples, pastures colonized by thistles that were good arable twenty years ago, tractors but no ploughs, plough-horses but no ploughmen. What I saw, in fact, was what I have seen for year after year—a countryside in ruins and not 1 per cent. of degenerate grass-lands ploughed up to save the people from the possibility of famine.

So I went to see a farmer for whom I have a deep respect and liking, because he comes from an old country stock of farmer-craftsmen, because his grandfather was a thatcher of local renown, because he loves his land and farms it with a kind of genius, because he runs a farm of the all-round mixed type, and because he is the only husbandman within a circuit of 80 miles who crowns his wheat-ricks with "dollies," with stylized crowns, that is to say, of plaited straw and wheat-ears and a base of strawband over 30ft. long. And he told me just the same tale. A ploughman was not to be procured anywhere in the neighbourhood; the race was extinct where he lived. Neither his pigs nor his cattle nor his corn could get prices which allowed him the lowest minimum of profit, while those he paid for cake and the like were staggering. His wife, once a champion butter- and cheese-maker, ached to be making them again—and I thought of those 4ozs. per week we are threatened with of foreign butter and foreign cheese not fit for a mouse to eat.

Everywhere I went I heard the same sad tale from honest, hardworking men I had known for years, content just to pay their way, if only they could live by the land. Gradually it was borne upon me that the revival of English tillage, English country life, English husbandry is an idle dream, a piece of window-dressing to calm the fears of the urban masses that, if anything were to go wrong with the imported foreign stuff, if we could not pay for it, if the financiers blackmailed us, or too many ships were sunk, they would starve.

Why is it that, when we could make enough butter to spread it on as thick as the bread, we may have to live on 4ozs. a week? Why is it that, when the lives of millions depend upon the absolute assurance of the food-supply, English agriculture is still a maimed and helpless victim of our economic system? Can it be that our democratic rulers dare not set our agriculture on its feet again lest they should offend the financial caucus that controls the whole of our imported food-stuffs? Since the curse of England for a century has been her bondage to huge vested interests, it would be surprising indeed if those interests relaxed their grip merely because the country they fed on was in peril.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily:

"The grouse is exclusively a northern bird, for he refuses to thrive south of Derbyshire, and is most at home in Scotland, Yorkshire, and, to a lesser extent, in North Wales. He is brownish-red in colour, about 15in. long and usually turns the scale at a little over 1lb. He lives and breeds in a scooped-out hole in the ground, nearly always walks, and only takes to the air when frightened."



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WATCHING TROOPS IN TRAINING

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE WAR

Duties That End Only With Death

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, who as C.I.G.S. was responsible for the British Armies in all parts of the globe in the late war, when our military expansion reached an unparalleled scale, said that in spite of the vastness and complexity of the efforts he directed, he calculated that he was only responsible for 25 per cent. of our contribution to the war. That phrase does a good deal to illustrate the immense claims that the war makes on our Royal Family, and in particular on the King himself; for every single activity of the whole Empire is in the last resort a matter for the King. He is the Supreme Commander of the Army, Navy and Air Force, he has to be abreast of every decision of the War Cabinet, the whole of the Civil Service comes within the orbit of his survey, he is the Head of the Church of England, the patron of innumerable public bodies and private institutions. He is, beyond all this, the Head of the Family, the man who must set an example to us all, who must encourage the faint-hearted, and stimulate the zealots.

And these activities are duplicated and re-duplicated through each of the Dominions, in India, and through the whole of the Colonial Empire. Although indeed it may be said the King is not responsible for the important decisions made by his various cabinets, he knows them all, and he shares in their outcome. We may indeed thank Providence that our monarch is a young and vigorous man, who has always led a remarkably healthy and abstemious life, and can support the great strain to which he is subjected.

He touches the National war effort at every point. His day to day activities clearly show that: Visiting aerodromes, munition factories, military depots, the Royal Navy, A.R.P. centres, the Dominions' offices. This unending routine, cutting across every hope of personal relaxation or private pleasure, goes on literally day after day from the beginning of the war to the end. Kingship imposes on those called upon to assume its burdens a routine which ends only with death. To all other servants of the Crown there are offered the luxuries of leave, the ultimate hope of retirement. But with The Crown, "one and indivisible," comes an office which never ends, and functions which are never delegated.

But these activities which we read of in the papers are only a fraction of the whole. The routine work of the Palace Secretariat alone is of vast dimensions. And here one might, in parenthesis, add a word for the Private Secretaries and the Household, who do so much to lighten the King's load. Their names are unknown to the mass of the public; they find in their loyal and self-effacing service neither fame nor fortune; but their work is of the very first importance and must be its own reward. There is a popular idea abroad that under the British Constitution the King is only a rubber-stamp, and that these day to day decisions are merely a formality. Nothing could be further from the case. Our present King, as his father and grandfather before him, retains the historic rights of consultation, of full knowledge, of admonition. He attends to his duties to the smallest detail, and he does not spare the slack or the slip-shod.

His correspondence he deals with in detail. He sees for himself, he decides for himself. When high appointments are to be made, an Ambassador, a Colonial Governor, a Bishop, the selected name is placed before him prior to the appointment being made, and he considers them very carefully. There are innumerable small points from the ceremonial of the Brigade of Guards to the arrangements to be made for the reception of a foreign ambassador, about which a personal decision must be given. All this routine, heavy in time of peace, is redoubled in time of war.

By the King's side stands the Queen, who is setting an example to the women of the Empire, by her unflagging zeal, and her interest in every cause by which woman can further the war. In war she has retained that captivating personal charm which nobody brought in contact with her can ever forget. Wherever she goes, heavily burdened men and women remember the untold value of deep human sympathy, of cheerfulness and of a sense of humour. The King and Queen enjoy a particularly happy family life. We realise from Her Majesty's recent broadcast speech that, sharing as they do the trials of their subjects, they have faced the separation from their children without complaint, not asking that their treatment should be different from that of the poorest of the poor.

But the activities of the Royal Family do not end with those of the King and Queen. A lengthening tale of years have in no wise dimmed the amazing energy and vitality of Queen Mary. The Duke of Gloucester has taken up his post in France. The Duke of Kent has given up his Governor-Generalship, on which it is known his heart was set, to go back to the Navy. The Duke of Windsor is in Flanders once again. The Princess Royal is head of half a dozen women's organisations. And there is one other member of the Royal Family whose interest in all that concerns our armies is indefatigable—the Duke of Connaught. Now in his ninetieth year, old enough to remember the Crimean war, and a godson and namesake of the Duke of Wellington, what a link he represents with the historic past! At the beginning of the war he was photographed with Sir John Dill, commanding the 1st Corps, and his two divisional commanders, the youngest of whom, Major General Alexander, was born when the Duke already had nearly 25 years' service in his mother's army. He will understand something of the feelings of his great nephew the Duke of Gloucester, who at the time of his brother's accession had to interrupt an active military career—he was then at the Staff College—to take up other duties.

When one thinks of this incessant round of duties, sometimes trivial, and always tiring, one says involuntarily, "how it must bore them." But this I believe is not the case. Just because the life of the Royal Family touches the Empire at every point they find interest and encouragement in being brought into contact with so many different activities, just as it must hearten them, like the rest of us, to feel that there is nothing so stimulating in life as making a success of your job.

S. P. Q. B.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS PACKS. THE QUORN AT BARROW-ON-SOAR

THE UPKEEP OF KENNELS

Last week Mr. Ansell Wells discussed the horse side of hunting problems. This week he writes upon the problems of Kennel Management. A further article will appear in our next issue.

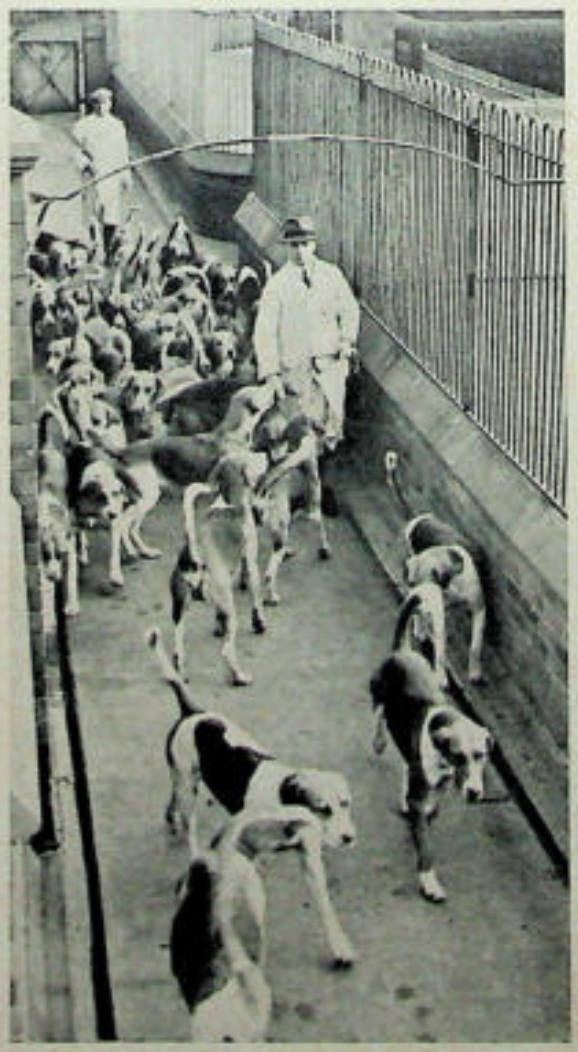
By R. ANSELL WELLS

WHEN we come to consider the question of the upkeep of kennels during times such as the present, we have to take the word "upkeep" in a rather different sense from that which we are accustomed to attach to it in times of peace. When we think about the upkeep of kennels in peace time, we do so from the point of view of the Master of Hounds or the hunt committee, whose business it is to keep up the hunt kennels in such a way that the hounds and staff can best fulfil the programme of hunting to which the country and the subscribers have been accustomed. The young man about to take a pack of hounds must needs go very carefully into the question of the cost of upkeep, and the matter of providing a proper number of hounds to fulfil his hunting programme is inseparable from his calculations, which are, indeed, based upon it. In time of war this is altered.

Now, we need not trouble ourselves about the amount of hunting that the present circumstances will permit; that is entirely beside the point and can only be considered after other requirements have been met. It would, therefore, be better if we eschewed the word "upkeep" and substituted for it another which will express our meaning better; "maintenance" gives a truer idea of that which must be the care of all those who control the destinies of packs of hounds from now until the cessation of hostilities and the return of more normal and more prosperous times. The first duty of such people is the maintenance of their hounds, or at least of a certain number. This is a duty which they owe to themselves, to their subscribers and to their country, and perhaps even more important than these, to England and to posterity.

The future of hunting is entirely dependent upon the efforts of those who now exercise control over the destinies of the many packs of hounds which are in existence. It is for them to maintain what remnants of those packs they can, and, by so doing, to keep alive and in good health a sufficient number of hounds to enable them to start breeding upon a large scale directly circumstances permit of their so doing. So their task must be to maintain our breeding stock; that must be the first care and all other objects must be subordinated to it. When proper provision has been made for this, we can then think about doing any hunting and can make our plans to suit our resources.

When we realise this we see that our whole outlook has been changed, and that we have now to approach the problems of ways and means from a different angle to that to which we are accustomed. The question of stable management has already been discussed in a previous article in which some suggestions was the economic management of hunt stables which would permit of a considerable saving of expense, without entailing any risk of a rash and sure-to-be-regretted squandering of capital, as



GEORGE BARKER WITH THE BITCH PACK IN THE RUNWAY AT THE QUORN HUNT KENNELS

represented by the hunt horses.

The economy there outlined can be carried to any lengths, the extreme limit being, of course, the point at which no hunting is done and all those of the hunt horses which are worth keeping until another season are left out at grass. It is to be hoped that this limit will never have to be reached, but should things turn out, eventually, to be as bad as they have it in them to be, the horses must be accorded a consideration second to that for the hounds. The Master of Hounds must be content to leave the future of the hunter and light horse generally in the hands of those whose business it is to produce such horses. He must concentrate solely upon the preservation of his hounds, safe in the knowledge that he is thereby doing his duty, which no one else can perform, and, at the same time, assisting the breeders of horses by ensuring that one of the largest and the best of their markets shall be kept open for them to make use of when they are again in a position to do so.

When once this state of affairs has been accepted we see that the problems with which the owner of hounds is faced are made up in about equal parts of expense and food. The latter is, to some extent, dependent upon the former, but it has at the same time a significance of its own. Whereas the former is purely a question of individual circumstance and the ability or otherwise to enlist the support of other people, the food question is one in which Government control may step in, and then those in charge of hounds would have no say in the matter at all, and might be unable to make any satisfactory arrangements, however great their financial resources or the amount of enthusiastic assistance upon which they could draw.

The food position, like some others at the present time, is still somewhat obscure. One can read advertisements by well-known firms offering oatmeal for sale and can, on the same day, go into a shop in which the assistant will tell you that they have no oatmeal because it has all been commandeered by the Government. This, it is true, may only be the case with one shop, albeit a large one, and we have certainly been told by the authorities that there is not likely to be any shortage of oatmeal. However, the warning, for such it is, may be timely, and it will not be a bad thing if even the most conservative of hound feeders should look about them and explore the possibilities of "new-fangled" and "fancy" methods of feeding which, if employed, will bring about a reduction, however small, in the quantity of oatmeal which is needed in kennels. It will be of little use exchanging the use of oatmeal for that of another valuable feeding stuff, but if some other food could be used,

even in small quantities, which was either not suitable for human consumption or else could be produced locally, it would provide a very useful "second string" upon which to fall back in times of emergency.

The other important item on the menu is flesh, and here it is not likely that much difficulty will be experienced, except, possibly, in those countries where the kennels are situated in the neighbourhood of a large town or city, and the surrounding countryside is overrun with knackers. These men will have their ordinary trade to carry on, and the demand for their products may be increased by war-time requirements, with the result that they may descend like vultures upon any and every carcass within miles. Hounds which are kennelled in such localities are always liable to feel the pinch, but others which are kept further in the country are usually more or less immune from this form of competition. In either case, however, it will be better to be safe than sorry, and the prudent Master will take immediate steps to procure all the flesh that he can, even if, by so doing, he puts up the price and has to take rather more trouble than usual. A carcass or potential carcass too many now may come in very useful later on.

The matter of storing large quantities of flesh will be more or less out of the question, hence the use of the term "potential carcass." Flesh of all sorts will keep indefinitely while it is still alive! this fact will dictate the policy of the kennel. A good paddock or paddocks should be set aside, and large numbers of suitable beasts of all sorts—old horses, old cows, &c.—may be acquired and turned into them to graze at peace and in comfort until they are wanted for the boiler. They can then be slaughtered as required, and the stock maintained at a level which will represent a comfortable working margin. Should dead flesh become available it should, of course, be used, what time the live beasts are allowed to remain in the paddocks until dead beasts are no longer obtainable.

The second part of the question of the maintenance of hounds is that of expense, and here it is difficult to make any hard and fast rules; individual circumstances vary so widely that each must be left to make the best of his own resources, but the general lines upon which subsequent activities will be conducted will be the same for all. The reduction in the number of horses which are kept in the stables, fit and ready for hunting, will effect an important economy in the balance-sheet and, as has been said, this economy must be carried to its extreme limits before any too drastic reductions are made in the kennels.

Reductions can, nevertheless, be made in the kennels which, although they are drastic when viewed from a peace-time standpoint, are not too drastic in the present circumstances. One of Mr. Jorrocks' "haphorisms," as he called them, was "Keep no cats wot don't catch mice." Although we all hope that it will be possible to hunt throughout the war, the most important "mice" nowadays are the young hounds of the future, these must be our first care. Therefore, hateful though the task most assuredly is, it will be necessary to dispense with those hounds in the pack which are unsuitable for breeding purposes. Next after them must go those which it may reasonably be expected will be too old for breeding by the time that it will again be possible to produce hounds in large numbers.



THE DOG PACK IN THE YARDS AT BARROW-ON-SOAR

These will have to disappear from the top of the pack in the interests of economy; the axe will then have to fall upon the other end, and it may be necessary to do away with some of the young, unentered hounds, and other young ones which are unlikely to be required for breeding purposes and which have not yet had a chance of proving themselves in the field. The object of the cuts should be to reduce the pack to a size at which it can be maintained upon the amounts of money and food available, and at which it will consist only of those hounds which have proved their worth, and are such as can safely be bred from in a year or two's time.

Should circumstances deteriorate even further, or should the resources of a pack be not equal to the task of keeping up even this small minimum, resort may be had to the puppy walkers. These keen and devoted men and women can indeed be of inestimable service to the hounds at times such as the present. There will be few, if any, puppies to be walked, and those who usually take charge of the youngsters will probably be only too pleased to take care of an old hound for the duration of hostilities, especially if that old hound should be one which they walked as a puppy. In this way added assistance can be obtained in order to keep up an important minimum breeding stock, and it should be possible to prevent the total dispersion of any pack.

As has already been said these lines are only very general ones, and in each pack of hounds there will probably be many cases in which exceptions can well be made, but the principle of keeping no cats that don't catch mice must be adhered to. Unpleasant though it certainly is, it must be admitted and realised that to keep an unsuitable hound now, for sentimental reasons, may mean that you will have to destroy a valuable one later on; no one can foresee for how long the war will last or the straits to which kennels may be reduced before the end of it. It is, therefore, only right and proper that steps should be taken now which will ensure the greatest possible conservation of resources, and will alone enable our packs of hounds to come through a period in which they will be in a state closely resembling one of siege.

If we do these things now we shall live to see a happy outcome to our efforts, and we shall know that whatever the sacrifices which have been entailed they have been fully justified, and that we have played our parts. The playing of these parts is the discharge of our duty to the sport and to our sons and daughters, for on our shoulders lies the burden of ensuring their participation in that which has meant so much to each one of us, and has played such a great part in the lives of our forefathers and in the history of our country. Fox-hunting has come through worse times in the past, and we can surely show that we are no less able to do our duty than were those who preceded us.



QUORN HOUNDS COMING IN FROM EXERCISE

OUR COLOURED COVER

Philip Westcott and Richard Ansdell combined to paint the portrait of the Earl of Sefton shown on the cover of this issue. Ansdell, a well-known North Country animal painter of the last century, supplied the horse and hounds. Some of his work appears in early issues of the *Field*. The painting is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, 157, New Bond Street, London, owners of the original.



CHRISTMAS MATINS



By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

IN many respects Egypt is a far pleasanter place in which to spend Christmas than Great Britain and the reasons for this are manifold. First and foremost there is the weather, and though snow set forth with a scarlet-breasted robin and a few holly berries looks very nice on a Christmas card, it is not nearly so delightful when you try to drive a car through it without chains. Actually, of course, it always thaws or rains on Christmas Day, and the thermometer jumps up to the upper sixties just to make the Yule log look silly and redundant, but on the other hand there are usually three foot drifts to be negotiated on Christmas Eve when one drives down for the festivities, and even deeper ones three days later when one tries to return.

Again, in Egypt there is the question of the domestic staff who need not be considered in any way, as they are quite prepared to martyrise themselves on this the only festival of that queer race—the British. They will serve dinner cheerfully as late as 10.30 p.m. if the ceremony of preluminary drinks is in any way protracted, and they will lend their tarbooshes and galabiyahs to exuberant members of the party after dinner when the old British custom of dressing up takes place after the first dozen of champagne has gone west.

Lastly, one must remember that the Egyptians are a highly-civilized and human race, and under no circumstances would they descend to that form of Nazidom of sending out income tax demands to coincide with the one and only real festival of the year. As a Mahommedan country Christmas means nothing to them, but they have a marked sense of decency and of what is right and proper. It is a remarkable thing, and a testimonial to the sterling qualities of our race, that we still try to maintain that spirit of good cheer at Christmas when every householder in the land has just received a demand that, so far as he can see, will put him right out of his house into the outdoor relief category.

In Egypt, nowadays, since the discovery that the desert is a glorious place in which to drive a car, there has been a marked tendency to avoid the indoor celebration and instead to devote the holiday to exploration of the wastes that lie on either side of the Nile Valley. The attraction of this form of travel is that it is not merely a question of driving the car through empty sand dunes and gravel plains, because there is always an objective the other side (of course, I am writing of pre-war days).

If one goes west from Cairo into the Libyan Desert there are the old Coptic monasteries by the Wadi Natrun, and beyond them the oases of Baharia and Siwa. If one goes east one may cross the Sinai Peninsula, descend to the Gulf of Akaba, and eventually reach Petra—the rock-cut city of the Nabataeans that lies hidden in the mountains of Trans-Jordan. Alternatively, one may bear away to the south after crossing the Suez Canal, negotiate the gorges of the Sinai mountains, and visit the famous Monastery of St. Catherine, which is situated at the foot of the Mountain of the Law. In fact, a Christmas in the desert can be entirely delightful if the weather plays its part.

Many years ago, when the only car in use in the desert was the old Model T Ford, we arranged a Christmas trip to this monastery, and in those days a journey into the wilds had some element of risk and discomfort about it, as there was no certainty of arriving anywhere. The old Model T was a wonderful car and would put up with every form of ill-usage, but when she threw her hand in with a broken engine support, or a damaged crown wheel, she did so very completely. She had also a disconcerting habit of losing her spark completely, and no one knew where it had gone. You could take the whole car practically to pieces and still fail to find its hiding place.

In my own particular car, which I must have driven well over 100,000 miles, I could always cure this little failing by administering a hearty kick to the box of coils, which was conveniently placed just above the pedals. The remedy, however, did not work with all cars, and I have been told by real mechanics that the method was fundamentally unsound. In defence I can only say that in nine cases out of ten the kick, if hard enough, worked like a charm.

In selecting a party to go touring into the sands it is necessary to exercise a certain amount of discretion, for not all people think alike about the desert. Some—the prosaic type—loathe the sight of it, and want to get out of it at once. Others go all rapt and "Beverley Nichols" over it, and remain so wrapped up in it you cannot get them to collect sticks for firewood or help with the tyre pump. A blending of the prosaic type with the rapt is usually unfortunate, and on this particular trip a budding romance withered in the bud like a frost-bitten apple blossom in May.

Herbert, who had been lured to join the party on the understanding that he could have a shot at ibex, went off the first evening to get firewood and met Helen, who had gone forth for the same purpose, but had come over all rapt again at the sight of a desert sunset.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she gurgled ecstatically. "Look at those vivid streaks of scarlet and rose."

"Yes," said Herbert, "it makes me feel homesick."

"Homesick!" exclaimed Helen. "You never saw a sunset like this at Abbassia."

"Very likely not, but it reminds me of that streaky bacon I bought specially for the trip, which some silly ass left behind."

After this communications between Helen and Herbert never got very much warmer than asking each other to pass either the salt or pepper at meals. It was no use asking for the mustard as, like the bacon, it had been left behind.

Our party, when eventually it started, consisted of three Model T's all grossly overloaded, and the personnel in the first two consisted of myself, complete with wife and daughter, a stray Camel Corps subaltern, Wattie the Aberdeen, and Helen and Herbert. In the third car were the Berberine cook, who hated the desert worse than Herbert, Osman, the Arab orderly, Musty, the driver, and a stray policeman named Azzazi, who rose to such heights of efficiency on the trip that it was discovered he had a colour-sergeant's chevrons and crown in his haversack.

The popular idea of the desert is a warm, sunlit waste of sand and gravel with violet shadows showing up peak and crag and dune. Some writers can go on like this and use up three pages to describe one dune, but the British soldiers of the mechanized force in Egypt do it just as convincingly in two words. This idea of sunlit wastes is fairly correct on some three hundred and sixty days out of the three-six-five, but the odd five may provide anything from a howling sandstorm to drizzling rain and torrential cloud-bursts. On this particular trip we had all three.

We started from Suez in a sandstorm that blotted out the scenery, filled eyes, mouth and nose with dust, and provided a considerable amount of body to the mayonnaised fish that the cook considered a suitable lunch for the desert. Shortly after this the frame of my car broke and the engine took a sharp list to port. An argument ensued as to whether it was advisable to drive a car with a lop-sided engine, and as the voting was equal an attempt was made, but the noises from gear box and back axle were so unusual for even a Model T that it was decided wayside repairs must be effected.

This was much simpler than we had imagined, for Musty had done it so often that his movements, even in the sand-storm, suggested those of a skilled piece worker in an up-to-date mass production factory's assembly room. He jacked up the drooping engine with two jacks, and slipped a specially shaped piece of wood into the U of the frame at the point of fracture. But at this stage of the proceedings he showed some uncertainty. This was evidenced by the hurried exasperated manner in which he threw out the contents of his tool-box, which consisted of a spanner, a pair of pliers, an air pump, a leaking oil can, a pair of trousers, three flat loaves of bread, an onion and some black olives in a screw of paper.

"He's forgotten his piece," said Herbert sardonically, and it seemed that for the first time in his life Musty had been found wanting. His tool-box was deficient of the most important spare part of the Model T—a length of stout wire.

Musty cast a despairing look round the blank scenery, and then his face lit up with one of his rare smiles, when he saw overhead the telegraph line that connects Suez with the Quarantine Station at Tor. With the pliers in his hand he climbed the pole, with the nonchalance of a chimpanzee showing off before children at the Zoo, cut off Suez from Tor by a short length of six feet, and in ten minutes the fracture of the frame was so efficiently bound by a wire tourniquet, applied with the help of a tyre lever, that even the inspector at Suez responsible for the line would have forgiven him.

After this, as we moved on southwards, the weather took a change for the better, so that when we halted for the night the sky had cleared sufficiently to display the sunset that caused Herbert's undoing. The improvement, however, was entirely temporary, and half an hour later the clouds rolled up from the south, the heavens opened, and a torrential downpour descended. In five minutes the desert started to run in tiny brooks, the brooks turned to streams, and the streams to roaring rivers, and one of the most bustling of these came suddenly round the sheltering corner of a jutting rock and swept away the Berberine cook, complete with dinner and pots and pans. He was beached and salvaged a hundred yards down stream, but the dinner was not much good as a dinner, nor the cook as a cook.

All sorts of things happen in the desert when there is heavy rain. The winter barley sprouts, grass comes up vivid green, and various anemones, narcissi and a very lewd hyacinth push their way through the soil. The Arab regards rain as the greatest of God's blessings, but we were unable to see it quite in that light, as the hard, flinty, gravel soil on which we were parked suddenly turned to tapioca pudding, and gluey tapioca at that.

It was here that Azzazi gave the first signs of acumen and foresight that eventually brought him to higher things and exalted rank. Seeing the nauseating wet pudding inside the canvas he seized a mattock and hacked away furiously. In five minutes he had dug down to dry white sand, and by so doing increased the size of the interior by some twelve square feet, a welcome addition to the cramped space, seeing that it had to accommodate six persons.

I may say that according to the original scheme the tent was reserved for the use of the ladies only, whilst the hardier males were supposed to sleep out in their valises. This, however, was now out of the question, and it was decided to waive all preconceived ideas about the segregation of sexes.

When the valises were spread out on the sand it was found that the accommodation was just sufficient, but a certain amount of rearrangement was necessary, as Helen said if Herbert was going to sleep on the west side she would prefer the east. Herbert was not the only unpopular person for whom a special place had to be found as, owing to one of those things one says on the spur of the moment, I had joined him in Coventry, and had, moreover, gone much farther into the town than he had. This was due to the question of the fire. It would not burn, which was not surprising considering that it was raining and the wood was wet. Everybody was huddled round it including Wattie, the Aberdeen, when Osman came up to help, and threw a small tin of petrol on it without a word of warning. This put matters on an entirely different basis, and when the scorched and singed party picked themselves out of the mud into which they had flung themselves to escape the jet of flame, I was heard to ask: "Is Wattie hurt?"

Any decent self-respecting man should have known that one does not enquire about dogs before human beings, and after that I knew what it was to be alone. Actually Wattie had lost all his whiskers, which must be worse for a Scottie than eye-brows and eye-lashes for a human.

It was not a comfortable night and no one slept very well. The following morning, a sort of hopeless dawn, we set forth to churn through the mud to the Monastery, and we did most of it on bottom gear.

The day wore on slowly and, as the shades of night fell, we came round the shoulder of a jutting mountain and saw the lights of the Monastery far above us. Dead weary and mud-plastered we staggered up the wide steps, hammered on the iron-bound door, and were admitted to the warm interior by a bearded, smiling monk who said "Happy Christmas." It was the first time during the day that anyone had dared mention the subject.

Two hours later, washed, shaved and clad in clean clothing, but very sleepy, we sat over the remains of our Christmas dinner, and Herbert made his first remark of the day that could be repeated.

"What I am looking forward to above all things," he said, solemnly, "is a good night's rest. I've a comfortable bed, and I am going to stay in it till ten to-morrow. I want to forget to-day."

Usually Herbert's remarks are neither particularly intelligent nor soul-stirring, but these words awoke response in every tired heart. We were all thinking longingly of blankets, eiderdowns and soft pillows, when there was a tap at the door and the Archbishop of the Monastery came in. He was a charming old gentleman—the sort of man whose feelings one would not hurt for a king's ransom—and we all beamed on him and thanked him for his hospitality.

"It is the custom of English people when they visit this Monastery," he said, "to attend morning mass in the church. I suppose that you will all wish to be present?"

"Oh, yes, rather," we said weakly. "What time will it be?"

"Five o'clock," replied the Archbishop, "and you will know when to get up and dress by hearing the clapper which goes at half past four."

FLIGHT SHOOTING

By LORD DUNSANY

Lord Dunsany needs no introduction to "Field" readers, all of whom will remember his delightful dog story in our Christmas number of two years ago. The author of "Fifty-one Tales," "Unhappy, Far-Off Things," and "Patches of Sunlight," Lord Dunsany is best known for his imaginative writing. Here he describes a night duck-shooting in Co. Meath

MEN who supply simple needs, such as those of the larder, are likely to be brought into touch with other simple things and even to see Nature in one of those many moods that she is reluctant to show to cities. One of the needs of the larder is variety, for no one can go on eating the same dish every night, and variety in game is not so easy to come by in October as it is after the great winds have carried the geese and woodcock and the majority of the snipe, and all the jacksnipe, south from the edge of snow, lighted upon their way by the full moon of November. The golden plover come too upon these winds, but were not yet arrived in Ireland when I went late one October evening to look for ducks coming into a pond in a wood.

It was only a few days short of the full moon which for choice is a time to avoid, because on such nights the duck come later than usual; but, the day before, it had rained and the day before that was Sunday, and for several days before that there had been a dead calm. When no wind is blowing the duck can hear shots from a great distance, and a big pack will turn back from hundreds of yards away at the sound of a single shot. One has to choose a night for flighting with some care, for it has nothing in common with any artificial sports.

The beeches were newly cloaked in cloth-of-gold, and the chestnuts were dressed even more gaily, and both shone splendidly though the light was fading. I have a shelter built with branches of fir about two small fir-trees planted for that purpose, between whose trunks one walks in as through a doorway. In October the earliest ducks arrive more than an hour before sunset, so I have a canvas chair in the shelter; for while there is still light it is a bit easier to shoot the ducks rising off the water than it is as they come in to it, and one can stay in one's chair till one hears them come down on the pond, which means that one can have complete cover, instead of hoping that the ducks will fail to notice one's head and shoulders and gun sticking out of the top of the shelter. Small birds came into the trees and sang faintly; rooks began to caw; an engine panted far off, giving a sort of impression to the calm evening that Man with all his inventions was ill at ease.

Then this ceased, and rooks went over again, talking to each other in their own language. There came a noise of wings in the air and a splash in the pond, and more wings tearing down through the air and more splashes. I came out of the shelter, and still had cover behind a little hedge of fir-branches from the sight of the ducks on the pond. There must have been more than thirty there; and when they rose it seemed so certain that I should get a pair of them that, as often happens on such occasions, I only got one.

A chapel bell rang musically. There was deep silence. Then wings again; probably duck; and then certainly. One has only to wait, provided there is no duck dead on the pond, and they will come down. Midges have come now. A cock-pheasant goes triumphantly to bed. The wings come roaring down; and this time I get two. One has to be gathered from the water, because it is wrong side up, and that is one thing that is certain to scare any duck that comes within sight of it.

A wind arises. That is just what a flight-shooter wants. It comes up suddenly out of the west and roars in the wood, and continues to roar there for the rest of the evening. Still there are rooks, for the light is not yet gone, though the sky is fast turning grey. A lorry on a distant road, out late and hurrying to get home, hoots anxiously. Sometimes the wind in the trees is a little like duck's wings.

But then comes the unmistakable sound of the wings themselves, a kind of blend between a whistle and chirrup. I get one of them. Again they come, and again I get only one. The light is fading, and soon I go out and sit on the bank of the pond, against which I no longer show up, so long as I keep still. Shooting is more sporting that way, because the ducks come in with their full pace, which they do not at once attain when they are leaving the pond. I aim just below them, as they drop in facing the wind; but as my gun goes up they see me move, so that, instead of getting the easier shot as they reduce their speed, I have to alter my aim and get them darting away. Then it grows darker still, and they no longer see me move.

A black bird comes over me from behind, and I wonder what it is. It is no longer possible to tell the distance of everything, and therefore one can have no idea of its size. The long neck stretched out makes me think for a moment it may be a heron, and so I do not fire. Suddenly I see that it is a duck, but at that moment it goes down into the darkness that lies all over the pond in the wood, and in which nothing is visible till it is clear of the tops of the trees. There is only light there on the water itself and I see it swimming about, and even coming quite close to me. Then by a bit of luck something makes it uneasy and it rises up from the pond, flying straight over me and giving me a very easy shot.

More ducks come over and, as I look to my left, I suddenly see the blaze of the moon flaming over the top of a fir-tree. Ducks are very black now, but the trees are blacker, and stars are appearing: I have thirteen duck down, which is more than enough for the larder and leaves a few brace over for friends. Eyes can no longer see dead ducks on the ground: it is a matter for black soft noses, which wait for me in the wood with a man to look after them, for whom within half an hour the two retrievers gather twelve of the duck. With a moon now bright and high to help us upon our way we go home through the wood, and taking one last look at the splendour of night I turn to the comforts of houses.



"THEN CAME A NOISE OF WINGS IN THE AIR AND A SPLASH AND MORE WINGS TEARING DOWN THROUGH THE AIR AND MORE SPLASHES"
(From a painting by Philip Rickman)

THE ZOO CARRIES ON

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL



"WHAT WAR?"
A "Why Worry" study of an inhabitant of Whipsnade

IN August, 1914, a London Zoo cockatoo waxed fat on solemn repetitions of "God Save the King" and "Gott Strafe England." When, as often occurred, it hopelessly jumbled the two phrases, sometimes with unpatriotic results, nuts and other votive offerings poured in just as copiously as ever.

To-day the same bird, or one exactly like it, is doing fair business on nothing more Chauvinistic than a mellifluous rendering of the business-like marching song from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. This may seem a triviality, but a cockatoo can only repeat what it overhears from its betters, and Polly's change of repertoire fairly epitomises the essential difference between the two greatest wars ever forced upon a suffering world.

That the Zoo should carry on, bombs or no bombs, goes without saying. Madrid recently came through a prolonged baptism of fire and poison gas with little serious loss, either as regards the menagerie and personnel, or the Zoo's supporters. The last war, so far from crushing London's Zoo, second oldest of such institutions in the world (Paris got there first), actually saw the gate enjoy one of its

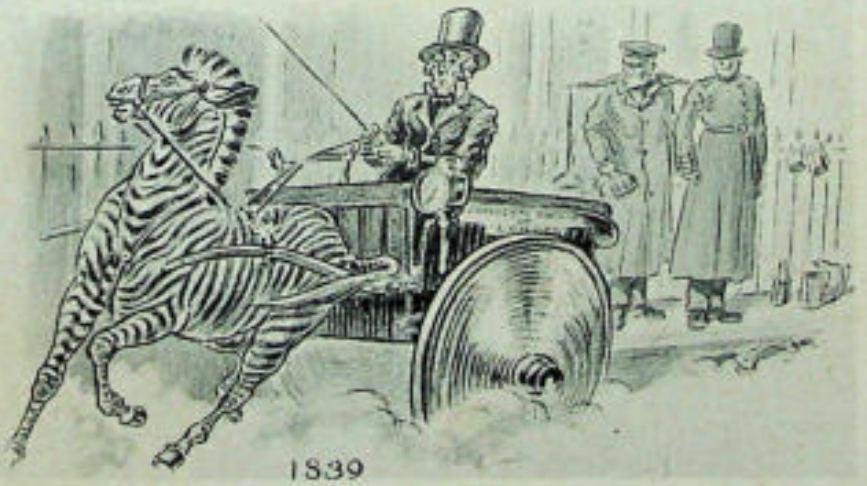


"WHAT'S IN THERE . . . NUTS?"

minor "peaks." For a scientific menagerie is as essential to national welfare as art or literature, and can no more be dispensed with, if a people is to win through, and successfully reconstruct its normal life, when at last the "Cease fire" sounds.

London's Zoo, lying as it does, within the national hub, has necessarily had to face the unpalatable facts more drastically than many provincial and private collections far afield. Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake's famous Zoo near Maidstone, for example, actually saw the last war through with a staff of three only (one an old lady!), and this despite a particularly large assortment of the great carnivora to maintain.

Of course, the Regent's Park collection is very adequately "A.R.P.'d." Over a hundred of the staff have graduated in civil defence and first aid, and behind the sufficient but not too hideously obtrusive sand bags is a maze of telephonic communications, linking up every part of the grounds with H.Q. and the outer world. What the sanatorium doesn't know about decontamination . . . well, it once faced up to a crateful of insurrectionary skunks. The Zoo also has its own fire engine and highly-trained crew for same. More than two thousand visitors can be sheltered at a second's notice from air raids, and any surplus at once shepherded to overflow retreats on adjacent Primrose Hill. In the last war the Zoo weathered raids, without a casualty or the escape of a guinea pig. One Zoo dug-out—the old tunnel, built in 1829—was, amusingly enough, for many years



1839

the only shelter in a heat wave, for the Zoo's largest trees were then mere saplings. Visitors camped out in it during the more torrid hours, bringing their own chairs and provisions. Regarding the much advertised "Gunmen," ready to deal with an escaped dangerous animal, these are a standing provision of every sane Zoo, with or without a war on.

A pleasanter feature of our trying times is the quite dramatic revolution war has created in the Zoo's vehicular traffic. At regular intervals for years past Fellows and others have pleaded for a restoration of the horse and other carts, once the Zoo's only means of inter-communication. In vain the authorities explained that with the growth of the collection only motor transport made it possible to get through the day's work. Further, the draught horse has a habit of making friends with exhibits and others. Work stops while it halts for a chat with deer and zebras met on its rounds, and it neglects duty to cadge crusts and sugar from buffets and restaurant back premises.

But war works wonders and the "impossible" is now accepted fact. Daily the Zoo's pony cart—actually it is a pony cart drawn by two Shetland ponies—jingles down Albany and Great Portland Streets, taking the gate money to the bank, as it did in the days of cabriolets, top-hatted policemen and aproned ticket porters. The zebra team and



SAFETY FIRST!
One suggestion for putting war defence measures to practical use

ostrich trotting gig—both tried out in the '50's of last century—have not yet been revived. But one never knows—anything may happen these days, and the Zoo may go more "early Vic" yet.

Another war-time feature of the Zoo is a certain unavoidable "chumming-in" amongst the more amenable exhibits, most noticeably in the aviaries and the aquarium. The latter's hundreds of thousands of gallons of water might cause embarrassment under certain circumstances, and drastic reduction of this inland sea has made it necessary to farm out the fish, &c., in various ways.

The giant salamander of Japan, for example, a 6ft. newt which, in the wild, swallows fish of a pound or more, besides frogs and crayfish, now shares a tank with scores of fancy fish of very swallowable size, and worth enough petrol to run a fleet of luxury cars. Yet the salamander



1939

TAKING THE GATE-MONEY TO THE BANK

—normally given a tank to itself—leaves them untouched. You see, throughout its fifteen years at Regent's Park the salamander has dined exclusively on horse's heart, and now lives happily unconscious that it is in a veritable eldorado of choice fare.

If the war has evoked terrors undreamed of in '14, these are at least in some degree offset by amenities equally unknown at that time. Wireless, for example, has brought a host of volunteers to the Zoo's assistance, and in response to broadcasts bulky packages of nuts, acorns, berries and other fruits reach the Zoo from all quarters—every bundle the gift of juvenile animal lovers. Such gifts will be welcome until further notice. Just as well meant, if less practical, was the donation of a lady "fond of sea lions." She sent a tin (with opener) of sardines! And whilst dwelling upon food rations it may be mentioned that very early in the war the first sandbags to be installed near the monkey house caused more than one small child to inquire if they were filled with nuts.

Greatest of all the Zoo's assets was Whipsnade, at once a haven for the Society's most valuable animals, and a resort where the visitor could for a time forget that such a thing as business exists. It is a great—but unavoidable—pity that the five hundred lovely acres of the Bedford Zoo should have to be closed to the public during the winter months, for throughout its great expanse there was not a sight (not even one blimp) to hint at a world deranged.

But even if Whipsnade is closed—and it must be remembered that though during the summer months it was undoubtedly the Society's greatest asset, it was visited but little by the general public during the winter—the country around remains. If one can no longer enter to gaze upon the benign calm of the giant pandas one can still walk through country as calm and as peaceful and as charming as any near London.

A close-down of the "mother" Zoo would incur vastly more than the curtailment of a day out for the sightseer. Not only does it prosecute the year round a vast amount of routine work invaluable to medical and veterinary practice, but it is also responsible for special educational courses for school teachers and others, and a growing volume of research concerning parasitology and other sciences. There is also the ever-increasing obligations of the Empire Fauna Society, and the activities of a dozen other vital bodies which rely upon the use of the Society's rooms. That the London Zoo and all allied institutions therefore should survive, and even flourish in war time, needs no further insistence. Their work must go on—though the Heavens fall.



KINDLY MEANT

A present from a lady "fond of sea lions," a tin of sardines complete with opener. There have been hosts of volunteers to the Zoo's broadcast appeals for gifts of food



A WHIPSNADE WARSCAPE

A Bedford "Back to the Land" fantasy. Angus Macdonald, the Park's famous overseer, and "Puss," are seen in the right foreground

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BLACKMORE VALE.—These hounds had their last day's cub hunting on November 4th at North Cheriton. After killing a fox in the withybed they scored a good hunt from Tinker's Lea, running fast by Cheriton withybed and Hatherleigh Farm to Holbrook, where they killed in the open. In all they have had forty days' cub-hunting and accounted for 38½ brace.

The weather for the opening meet at Sherborne Park on November 6th was unpropitious, a sharp thunderstorm taking place at the meet and constant heavy showers and gales destroying any scent in the morning. After chopping a fox in Green Lanes, hounds hunted another from this covert past Folke, where they were stopped on the plough by a cold shower of rain. A brilliant cast of the Master's recovered the line and hounds hunted on slowly to Bishop's Down where they ran out of scent. Fernev Down held a brace, but little could be done with either in the stormy conditions prevailing. A fox near Broke, however, gave a good hunt to finish the day, hounds running fast towards Buckshaw House before turning left-handed through Marsh Copse. Leaving the Holts on the right they swung left into Snagg's Arbour and continued into the Park, where the day ended. This was a good hunt, but the country, which was flooded from twelve hours' heavy rainfall and very blind, took its toll of the small field out.

An enjoyable day was had from Sparkford Inn on the Tuesday, a fox found in Yarcombe giving a pleasant, ringing hunt in the Vale, which eventually terminated near Barrow Village. Owing to the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease near Shaftesbury, Saturday's meet had to be altered overnight to Haydon Lodge. Finding in Ashcombe hounds ran through the Holts by Woodrow Farm to Plumleys, where their fox went to ground. Another from Rue Common pointed for the Holts where fresh foxes and lack of scent brought this hunt to an end.

B. V. H.

CHIPPINGOLD.—After a poor scenting cub-hunting season which, owing to the outbreak of war, was reduced to two days a week, and therefore had only the small tally of nine brace, the opening meet was held at the Kennels, at 10.30 on November 4th.

The day was undistinguished, but for the rather remarkable record of five foxes killed above ground before one o'clock. In spite of the reduced cub-hunting days the coverts which we drew and which produced such poor foxes had been hunted, and one or two cubs accounted for, earlier in the season, so it was difficult to account for their inability to run.

On November 11th, however, things were different. Hounds met at Run Common and almost immediately found a fox in a little covert close to the railway. He ran across the main Guildford-Horsham road to Grafham, and through Scotsland Brooks to go on up the hill to the Stonepits. The fox kept along the side of the hill till he was above the keeper's cottage, when he dropped down to Nore Brooks, ran through the Reeves, and over Tilsey Farm to Scotsland Brooks again. With unimpaired speed he climbed the hill once more, and ran along the top from Juniper Firs to the deer fence on Park Hatch. Here he jinked sharply, and dropped down again to Nore Brooks and the main road, which he crossed. Running through the edge of Bottle Copse he went on to Whipley, whence he crossed the railway, the canal and the brook, for East Whipley.

Here he met a hedge cutter and turned back again over the same three obstacles through Whipley, Grafham and Scotsland Brooks. The fox continued on along here to the reservoir, when he turned up the hill again and leaving Juniper Firs on his right ran by Crickets Hill and the bog below Winkworth Hill, going up through Whinfold garden. After a slight delay in getting hounds through the fencing they settled down again to the line, and ran on through Old Ground Copse with a grand cry. Cutting across the end of Juniper Valley they went over to Hydons Ball, which they proceeded to circle twice. Here it is possible that they changed foxes, for they suddenly left the Ball where he seemed to be turning a little short, and ran across to Gunther's Wood, down which they went fast, continuing on over Place Wood Farm to the copse of the same name. After running through Hammonds Piece nearly to the Avenue, the pack turned back through Hambledon Hurst and marked their fox to ground in the corner of Coleman's. This was a hunt of three and three-quarter hours with a five-mile point.

SEMPSTRESS.

COTTESMORE.—These hounds have had a successful cub-hunting season and despite a lack of good scenting conditions have killed a large number of foxes. Hounds have not been allowed to run in the open as much as usual, owing to the war conditions now prevailing, and the necessity of killing foxes in a legitimate manner.

Meeting at Lyesthorpe Cross Roads on the 11th the bitch pack showed splendid sport. They hit off the line of a fox outside Felstead Spinney and at once began to run hard, passing straight through Berry Gorse to ascend the hill. Leaving Laxtons on the left they crossed the brook, turned right-handed and, leaving Whissenthorpe just on the right, continued on towards Whissendine village before bearing right-handed.

With the Bell Arms on the right hounds crossed the Melton-Oakham Road, and marked their fox to ground at America Spinney after a first-class hunt of forty-two minutes, over a nice line, completely free from wire. To wind up another gallop took place from Whissenthorpe, hounds running hard almost to Laxtons, before reaching which they turned through Berry Gorse almost to Lyesthorpe. Swinging down through Whissenthorpe to Laxtons they pushed their fox out and continued on past Berry Gorse. A mile further on the bitches had their reward, catching a well-hunted fox in the open after fifty-two minutes. A large number of soldiers on leave enjoyed these two hunts. FOXY.

CROOME.—Opening meet, 1939. What a contrast to the openings of previous years! Where is the pomp and splendour of brave scarlet and gleaming topper? The rows of horseboxes, the general "spit-and-polish" (if you will permit the expression) of the first day of the season proper? Instead we find sober black coats and ratcatchers interspersed with khaki; unclipped horses and a sadly depleted field. There is a war on—but for a brief few hours let us forget the anxieties and troubles of this mad world. Wars and rumours of wars recede into insignificance when hounds are running.

At 11.30 on November 11th hounds moved off from Croome Court, up the grassy slope to the church, to their first draw at the Arboretum. The pack has been drastically reduced—a heart-breaking business—and now hunts only two days a week. The bitch pack and the mixed pack have been merged into one and have now, to use a current war-time expression, become a "pool" pack, hunted by Pavitt in the absence of Lord Coventry, whose military duties prevent him from coming out.

The Arboretum was blank, but no such disappointment awaited us in Lickmore, for hounds had a fox on foot as soon as they were put into covert. The heart-shaking notes of the horn's "gone away" caused us to collect our horses and settle down in their wake, as they streamed across the fields for Pirton Court and the Old Park. Their fox was headed at the far side of Kempsey Common by a man with his dog, and instead of gaining his objective at the Lion's Den he was forced to change his mind, and turned back through the fruit orchards bordering the Common to the Nash. Several fresh foxes jumped up; whether or not hounds changed I am not sure, but at all events they drove on to the Common and thence for Pirton Pool, where they marked to ground at 12.35.

Their next fox was less fortunate. He came from the Rabbit Banks, from which he circled out over Park Farm and Kempsey Common to Pirton Village, there crossed the road opposite the Vicarage and back. He next ran the length of Pirton Pool Covert and the pack closed in on him at the water's edge.

There is a snug little covert behind the Kennels which never fails to hold a fox, and thither we now made our way. The name of this covert is Menagerie, though why I have never discovered. As usual, hounds found, but this fox was a lamentable faint-heart at first and clung to the shelter of the covert for as long as he was able. He ran through the huntsman's garden, and nearly invaded his kitchen, before finally breaking covert in the direction which we had hoped he would take, namely, south for Kinnersley. From there he bore to the left, entering Pheasant Wood, where a fresh fox joined forces with him and hounds had a brace in front of them as they turned for Boat House Covert and High Green. Here they ran the orchards behind the village and crossed the road near the Old Park to Cubsmoor.

Scent lay well and the pack "did fly upon the wings of the wind." Indeed, most of the horses were tiring fast by now and only a handful of the field remained. My borrowed three-year-old had gone gallantly, but now he cried "enough," and I reluctantly turned away as hounds crossed the ploughed field at Stoke Pitch (where scent was not so good) for Woodley's Brake. The remainder of the hunt is therefore retailed at secondhand. Hounds skirted the covert, and, crossing the road at Emblem Villa, reached Old Ground Brake, where scent faded out and nothing further could be done.

The final hunt took place from Pheasant Wood. Here a brace of foxes were found, despite the fact that hounds had already gone away previously with a brace, and they ran with one towards Dunstall. He was, however, headed, and the pack came back by the Old Hunt Stables, where the day ended and tracks were made for home.

During the cubhunting 31½ brace of foxes and two badgers were killed on 32 mornings. D. M. M.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—Hounds had a busy morning's hunting from their meet at Godstone Green on Saturday last. They found a leash in Castle Hill Wood and two went away, hounds killing one in covert. They found again in Tilburstow Plantation, but crossing the road the fox went to ground below Underhills Lodge. From Robinhump Shaw hounds hunted with a good cry through Stansted Gorse and lost on the Plantation. Another fox from Lagham Shaws ran south through Bradford Wood and was lost beyond Gomfort's Place.

Owing to a reduced staff and difficulties of the black-out hounds are meeting at 10 a.m. The fixture was at Marsh Green on November 4th, and, finding on Starborough, the pack had a short ringing hunt over the Point-to-Point course, but scent was poor, and they could do little good. From Haxted Osiers a fox headed for Wintersells, but turned right-handed over Dwelly Lane and ran hounds out of scent beyond Shinglebarn. Another fox from Westlands Gorse gave a 30 minutes' hunt over good country. He was viewed away on the north of the covert, and took a nice line over Chellows to Oldhouse, then swung right-handed to Foyle. Leaving the railway on their left hounds hunted slowly by Jinecocks Farm and lost their fox short of Staffhurst Wood. O. S. B.

TIPPERARY.—As in all countries the war has inevitably brought changes to Tipperary. The three joint-masters, Miss Cochrane, Mrs. Masters and Mr. John Perry, have resigned, and hounds have been taken over by the committee. However, the horn still remains in the capable hands of Mrs. Masters, who has kindly consented to hunt hounds five days a fortnight instead of the usual four days a week. Tom Ryan turns hounds, his father still remaining in charge of the kennels. The vote of thanks to the retiring masters, passed at last committee meeting, is echoed throughout the country.

Cub-hunting started in the second week of September and before the opening meet, on November 6th, hounds had killed sixteen and half brace, thus constituting a record for recent years. From the beginning the cubs evinced an extraordinary desire to go away, a good omen for the season, and as a result there have been some good adventurous hunts through blind country. Perhaps the most enjoyable was on October 14th, after a meet at Coleman's Cross. Finding in Tullamaine, hounds ran fast in a right-handed circle as though for Power's Wood, round the big enclosures of Derryhusky and back through Barry's to Tullamaine, where the fox escaped in a shore. Another sharp enjoyable burst was from Meldrum to Ballyduagh on October 25th. The young hounds have entered well and among the best is a fine strong dog who goes by the unfortunate name of Hitler; he causes such amusement that to change his name would seem a pity.

The opening meet was at Fethard on November 5th. The preceding night had been very rough, but a fine morning and a rising glass raised everyone's spirits. A field of about 40 turned out, far more than were expected under present circumstances, and a fine cavalcade moved off to watch hounds draw Rocklow. Unfortunately the rough night had done its work with a vengeance, but at Tullamaine, after an anxious fifteen minutes, as barely a whimper was heard, a big fox slipped away. Running up wind the bitch pack carried a good head over the road to the left of Mr. Quinn's farm, and checked two fields beyond when apparently pointing for Hackett's. Casting revealed that the fox had turned short down wind and hounds could only hunt slowly round Killbragh, back to Tullamaine and the Moyle, where they marked at a shore. It was a disappointing day for all, particularly those who had come a long way. T. C. V.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT OTTER HOUNDS.—The committee feel confident that it will be the wish of all subscribers that every effort should be made to secure this old-established pack of pure-bred otter hounds from destruction or dispersal; so they have, in consultation with the Master, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, decided to carry on on a reduced scale as long as possible, keeping only eight couples of entered hounds in kennels under Charles Kitchener, and no kennel boy. Six couples have gone out "to walk" for the "duration." Three or four couples have been sold and several old hounds destroyed.

HUNTING CARRIES ON—WAR-TIME OPENING MEETS



PART OF THE WHADDON CHASE FIELD MOVING TO COVERT AFTER MEETING AT CUBLINGTON, NEAR AYLESBURY



A WET DAY FOR THE BUCCLEUCH AT HAINING GATE, SELKIRK. THE HUNTSMAN, SUMMERS, IS TALKING TO MRS. SCOTT PLUMMER



LADY CRUISE, WITH HER DAUGHTER PAT, AT THE WHADDON CHASE MEET





MISS KAYSER, MASTER OF THE GROVE, WITH FOLLOWERS, AT SANDBECK PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD SCARBROUGH. ON THE RIGHT CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. S. G. PERRY



THE SOUTHERN HOUNDS
A decorative painting by Francis Barlow, at Clandon Park, in the Earl of Onslow's collection

FRANCIS BARLOW: Father of Country Life and Sport in English Art

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

IT was Francis Barlow's good fortune to achieve fame at a time when a very small population in England bred great men and important events. Two of his senior contemporaries were Izaak Walton and John Milton. Bunyan, born in 1628, was his junior, but by only two years or a little more. It was Barlow's lot to come into English history somewhere in Lincolnshire, about ten years after Shakespeare's death; but there is reason to believe that he was brought to London early in childhood, because on a title-page in Latin of a book of birds, Barlow is called *Indigenam Londinensem*, and thus a native of London.

It is also interesting to remember that his birth has been placed by old tradition in the year of Bacon's death, 1626, when the reign of Charles I had not yet moved towards tragedy. Some artists of those times joined the Royal Standard, like Barlow's friends, W. Hollar and William Faithorne, but I cannot discover what happened to Barlow himself.

In his sixteenth year the Civil War began, and Barlow was only twenty-three when his King was executed. Two facts may suggest that young Barlow was drawn towards the genius of Cromwell, perhaps through General George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, who became a patron to him. Much more: it was Barlow who designed a hearse for the Duke's funeral, and who made a set of illustrative drawings of the public obsequies, which Robert White engraved; 22 plates in all. This very curious portion of Barlow's versatility dates from 1690, when his age was about 64.

The famous diarist and annotator, John Evelyn, has left us a couple of references to Barlow. The earlier of the two proves that the artist was a man of known name in his thirtieth year. On February 19th, in 1656, Evelyn called on Barlow (he forgot to say where), taking with him a distinguished clergyman, Dr. Wilkins, who married Cromwell's sister. Evelyn put a brief note in his diary: "Went with Dr. Wilkins to see Barlow, the famous painter of fowls, beasts and birds." Much later, on August 23rd, in 1681, Evelyn was present at a sumptuous feast given by Denzil Onslow, at his old timber house at Pyrford, Surrey, and in a spacious hall which Barlow had "adorned with paintings of fowl and huntings, &c.," all studied from life. Eight of these decorative paintings, inherited by Lord Onslow, are at Clandon Park, near Guildford.

Three are large enough to be described as painted cloths or tapestry pictures, for in canvas size they measure each 13ft. 3in. wide by 9ft. 2in. high. These works were inspired by Pyrford and its life and landscapes. One picture represents a famous decoy of water birds, where John Evelyn enjoyed some sport after dinner. The composition is disturbed as a falcon comes swooping down, so that many waterfowl are startled into random flight. Barlow used to watch with thrilled enjoyment the movements of flying birds, being a devoted naturalist as well as a true artist; and there were times when his eyesight was so acute that his birds on the wing look almost photographic.

Another large picture at Clandon Park shows a display of freshwater fish, after a day of good sport, spread out in the foreground of a woody landscape, at sunset, and very attractive to a variety of birds. This work is signed, and dated 1667, the year of Lord Clarendon's disgrace. The rest of Barlow's productions at Clandon belong to the same period, I think, as they are conceived and studied in a very similar mood of technique. Their countrysides help to place Barlow among the earliest pioneers of English landscape painting.

He was attracted also towards farming, its sheep and cattle, horses, goats, pigs and poultry; so he did much as a yeoman in art, while learning to be efficient as a devotee of sports. He painted a large canvas of Denzil Onslow's farmyard, with its buildings, and a variety of winged stock, and a boar that pokes its head through the low doorway of a primitive sty.

But the Barlow I like best in the Onslow set is a hunting piece, 12ft. long by 4ft. 3in. It reveals what the old Southern Hounds were like, an early breed of beagles, very slow, but patient and untiring. They ran by scent alone, never using their eyes when hunting. So Barlow put a hare into his composition, and showed how she passed the hounds at her ease because unseen by them. Viewed as a whole, this painting is a masterpiece, ample-handed, decorative, lively and true in movements, with a power that is never at all fussy. It stands unrivalled, and alone, among the many pictures of hounds which were painted by the earlier British masters, such as the five foxhounds by Stubbs at Wentworth Woodhouse.

A good many readers will have seen Barlow's Southern Hounds at a loan exhibition of sporting pictures which was held at Viscount Allendale's, 144, Piccadilly, in February, 1931. No other work in the show had the same assured authority as a piece of decoration for a great hunting hall.

Sir Robert Witt has a study by Barlow for the hare in this achievement; and the principal hounds are repeated in a famous drawing by Barlow which was bequeathed to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, by Mr. Francis Douce, in 1834. A study in bistre, pen and wash, 5⅞in. by 8¼in., it was etched in reverse by Hollar, 1671, at a time when Barlow was meditating over an improved replica with two equestrian figures in it, and a huntsman afoot waving his long pole, and a countryman halloo-ing, as the hare followed by hounds ran in a curve uphill. A noble composition; and, likely enough, Barlow turned it into another master work. If so, it may yet be recovered, like a big piece in oils by Barlow that was bought at auction, in London, by the art critic of the *Daily Mail*, not yet two years ago, "Hare Hunting with Greyhounds." A drawing for it belongs to Mr. L. G. Duke's collection.

A great deal of Barlow's versatility has gone, perished through long neglect, for Englishmen have been as ready to forget their own artists of genius as they have been eager to make much ado over relays of foreign painters. We are fortunate, then, to inherit just a few of his paintings, and also many, though not enough, of his excellent and varied sketches and drawings.

Barlow loved heartening and good design, and this fine art in drawing became his daily amusement.



AN ENGLISH FARM IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.
From a pen and ink drawing by Francis Barlow, in the Victoria and Albert Museum

He had a style in his blood, so to speak, and a sympathy so alert for all things in natural history that it kept the style fresh and rich with life and variety. Who can estimate how Barlow and his genius would have developed if it had been his lot to dwell in the midst of radiating emulations, as Snyders lived with the mighty and genial Rubens and his great school? Like many of England's early artists, Barlow had to grow timber with which to make his own ladder, rung by rung.

The sports that he drew well, sometimes for etchers or engravers, included every sort of hunting, and the different kinds of hawking and fishing also. He was fond, too, of shooting, and made perhaps the first English drawing of horsemen shooting birds on the wing, aided by half-a-dozen spaniels and a couple of beaters. There is a print of this subject by S. Gribelin, but the original drawing is still far to seek.

Among the Barlow drawings that have been recovered is one of a fowler trying to stalk partridges and woodcock from behind a trained horse. And let us remember that it was Barlow himself who not only composed but etched the earliest original racing print, published as long ago as 1687. It was also a royal print, for the race was run near Windsor Castle, and Charles the Second was present with his courtiers and his guards, and his coach and six horses. Note the grand stand, and the weighing machine for jockeys, and the two prize jugs in silver hung up near to the king. Every part of this etched work is rich and amusing with the customs of its period. Quite a large etching, too, as it measures 11¾in. by 20in.

It is related of Barlow that he received a legacy of money from a friend, not a small amount I believe, for it enabled him to finance his many adventures with a polyglot book, for which he made original etchings. He selected *Æsop's Fables*, and got himself to believe that his etched plates would attract more buyers if he had the text printed in English, French and Latin. This was a foolish idea that added considerably to his editorial worries, as both plates and text were to be printed on the same paper, a risky job indeed. The etchings were printed first on damped sheets, then the paper, carefully dried and flattened, was made ready for the text printing.



ÆSOP AMONG THE BEASTS AND BIRDS
A frontispiece designed and etched by Barlow in 1666

To help himself in this very ambitious project, Barlow rented a house or a shop in New Street, near Shoe Lane, and chose for his craft sign a golden eagle. This done, his book began to take shape gradually, after he had completed 112 lively etched copperplates, with an average size of about 5½in. by 6¾in. His literary collaborators were Robert Codrington, M.A., for both French and Latin, and Thomas Philpott for a life of Æsop written in English. A good printer was chosen, William Godbid, and the dedication was accepted by Sir Francis Prujean, a famous physician with a reputation also in music and as a connoisseur. At last, in 1666, Barlow's *Æsop's Fables* issued from the press and began its adventures as a profusely illustrated book in three languages. Just 100 years later, in 1766, another fine English painter, etcher and naturalist, George Stubbs, published also at his own expense, a permanent book of his own diligent, wise etchings, calling it *The Anatomy of the Horse*.

Soon after the publication of Barlow's book, the Great Fire began to ravage the City, and a portion of the small edition was destroyed. Luckily, the etched coppers were rescued, for they were employed again in three editions, the last of which came from a Dutch publisher at Amsterdam, Etienne Roger, in 1714.

Barlow's second edition appeared in 1687, with improved text in French and Latin, and with "the ingenious Mrs. Aphara Behn . . . to perform the English poetry." Yet Barlow's own lively etchings needed no more text than *Æsop's Fables* related in simple and attractive English prose. The third of his editions was printed for him in 1703, perhaps twelve months before he came to his end of ends, at about the age of 78, in the Royal City of Westminster. He was laid to rest in the parish of St. Margaret, and in the same graveyard as his old friend and colleague, Hollar. Just nine days after Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, the parish clerk of St. Margaret's wrote as follows in his register:

"Mr. Frā: Barlow, Limner, buried Aug. 11, 1704."

So his posthumous life has endured now a little more than 235 years. In recent times, too, his appeal as a versatile pioneer has regained much of its old authority. I am glad, as it has been my happy work through a generation to bring about his revival. Barlow has not yet manœuvred his way into our National Gallery, but one of his big oils has hung as a loan in the Tate Gallery, a canvas of hare hunting, lent by Mr. Jeanneret. One day, let us hope, his best work, "The Southern Hounds," will win a victory even in Trafalgar Square.



EARLIEST ORIGINAL PRINT OF A HORSERACE IN ENGLAND
Designed and etched by Barlow in 1687, *and now in the British Museum*



THE FESTIVAL OF PEACE

By H. J. MASSINGHAM



THE pen of the greatest sophist who ever lived could hardly reconcile Christmas with 1939. Thus, baffled by my theme, I had half a mind to beg the editor to let me off, when suddenly I remembered those lines of Henry Vaughan :

" My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All-skilful in the wars.
There above strife and danger
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files."

That gave me courage. The reality behind the appearances of this dolorous world is peace and for ever peace and, because they were visited by flashes of this eternal truth, men celebrated the festival of Christmas.

There are two essentials about Christmas that are almost entirely unrecognised to-day, but which none the less buttress its central tower of light. During all the centuries, when it was an authentic and traditional religious observance, it was inseparably bound up with the life of the country and with our pagan inheritance. Lest this appear too paradoxical, I will drop me a plummet down to that foundered galleon of treasure in lore, myth and record, from which is drawn the poor flotsam of the modern Christmas. The Carol, for instance, was not originally a song (much less a hymn) at all, but a dance accompanied by singing, as comes to light in Chaucer's lines from the *Romaunt of the Rose* :

" ' Come and if it lyke yow
To daunces, daunceth with us now,'
And I, withoute tarrying
Wente into the karolying."

The dances (for which the Puritans hated Christmas) were always country dances, just as the songs were as homely as the flowers of a cottage garden, and for this very good reason, that the vogue of the carol in Western Europe was due to St. Francis of Assisi and his disciple Jacopo da Todi, who wrote the beautiful " Stabat Mater " as a Christmas carol. Rightly did Handel call his musical rendering of one of these dance-cum-song carols a " Pastoral Symphony." Birds and blossoms, sheep and goats, and many another symbol of husbandry and the country are almost as much the burden of the old carols as the shepherds and the manger, the ox and the ass. One of the most hay-scented runs like this :

" About the field they piped full right,
Even about the midst o' the night ;
They saw come down from heaven a light :
Tirlé, tirlé, so merrily the shepherds began to blow."

The exquisite fifteenth century carol, whose bloom no familiarity can rub off, expresses the text no less than the spirit of the carol :

" He came all so still to His mother's bower,
As dew in April that falleth on the flower."

In one carol the shepherds bring a lamb, a dog and country produce in home-made baskets to the manger ; in another a bell, a flask, a spoon, a hood, a pipe and a nut hook ; in another the Babe is beaten with a green withy ; in another He bids the cherries lean down for His mother to eat ; in another the " carnal " (carrion crow) discusses the glad tidings with the crane ; in another gipsies take the place of the Three Kings and tell the fortunes of the Holy Family ; in another the Child hastens the harvest of a sower in order to put Herod off the scent :

" ' God speed thee, man,' said Jesus, ' go fetch thy ox and wain,
And the corn which thou this day hast sown, go, carry it home again.' "

Folklore and the Nativity Play are at one with the Carol in cradling the tradition of Christmas, not in frost and snow, as is commonly imagined, but in a persistent country setting. The plays were performed by the Guilds on movable stages in the open air, and their whole atmosphere is of rural sights and sounds and conditions. In all the cycles, the choirboys open with " Glory to God in the highest," and the shepherds reply, " Peace on earth to men of goodwill." In the Wakefield cycle the shepherds complain about their hard life, taxes, poor wages and shrewish wives, falling asleep after a deal of alehouse comedy and macaronic humour, until the angel wakes them with, " Rise, herdmen hynde ; for now is He born." In the York cycle Christ is called the " Fairest of field-folk," an alliterative reminder of Piers Plowman. The appurtenances of the manger, the stable, and the " Christmas crib," which appears to come from the delicate and happy imagination of St. Francis, are as graciously rustic as they well could be, and in Finland peasants hang a sheaf of corn at the gable-end of the farmhouse on Christmas Eve so that the birds might share in the Festival. St. Francis, *the* great Christian saint of the countryside, is probably the origin of this act of the brotherhood of creation as well as of the idea of the wooden crib, since he it was who inspired the country people to feed all the beasts of the farm with a double measure on Christmas Day. The sunlit legends that the bees sang in the hive and the cattle fell on their knees in honour of the supreme day of liberation lasted all through the Middle Ages.

The general ignorance both of history and geography that these old customs and ceremonies reveal is, of course, patent enough. But what on earth does that matter ? Was not Christ born in the village of Bethlehem, and was not Joseph the village carpenter ? The rusticity of the beloved festival through the ages expresses an historical continuity more real and vital than book-learning could possibly have given, and the celebrants understood unconsciously that the essence of the Nativity story was the glorification of the village. Christ Himself set the example by interweaving country rhythms, seasonal occasions and the great moments of the yearly husbandry with the poetic symbolism of the Parables. The carols, the plays, the tales, the incidents and the festivities smell of the earth and human labour upon it like the upturned furrow behind the plough. This is one explanation of why the Christmas of to-day has become the ghost of itself. It is the Christmas of an urban civilisation which has no connecting links either with the Christ of rural Galilee or with the body of rites and legends that gathered about the most famous of all stories in the country England of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance.

But it is plain that there is something more in the association between the Nativity in a manger and



the rustic tradition of it than the recognition by the village community and the trade guilds that Christ was born and lived among village folk and in conditions not dissimilar to their own. The Christmas festival was, in fact, stuffed with a waggon-load of pagan mythology and folklore diffused among the peasantry of Europe and the Mediterranean for 2000 years before the birth of Christ. The ceremonies of the Yule Baby, Yule Firth and the Yule Log—

" Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,"

as Herrick sang—had nothing originally to do with Christianity. The " Yule Baby," which Mr. T. G. Crippen in *Christmas and Christmas Lore* calls " an elaborately dressed doll in a decorated box which represented the manger at Bethlehem," is uncommonly like the straw mell, dolly or kern-baby of the Harvest Home, one of the innumerable corn-spirits of the archaic world. The Firth or Truce was doubtless a by-product of the Roman Saturnalia, in which the primitive Golden Age of peace and brotherhood was re-enacted in mimic show. As for " ye olde Yule logge," as Christmas cards call it, the fact that a portion of it was saved from the burning, and kept for kindling the new log of the next Christmas, clearly points to the Beltane fires of the pre-Roman Celts and the perpetual sacred fire on Greek and Oriental altars.

The Christmas Tree on which the offerings were hung is certainly the legitimate descendant of the Tree of Life, the Tree Igdrasil and, still further back, of the tree-cult of ancient Egypt and Crete, that generated so rich a crop of fairy lore in Hellas, not to mention the tree of sacrifice in our own islands on which, up to 100 years ago, rags and coloured ribbons were draped beside the sacred well. Just as the ashes of the Yule Log promoted fertility, charmed maladies away from the house and cattle, and cured the toothache, so the mistletoe, which Aeneas took to Hades as a specific against any malignant designs, was a magic of rare potency.

The cutting of the mistletoe with a golden sickle was originally a midsummer ceremony, and how it became grafted upon the Christmas ritual is lost. But that many pagan festivals were so grafted abides no question. Hogmanay was one, Plough Monday another, and wassailing the trees, which I referred to in the *Field* some weeks ago, was a third. Among the Christianised Saxons a " wassail to the Lord " was always drunk at the Yule Feast, and the traditional mixing of the cup with ale to which roasted apples, sugar and spice were added is referred to in Puck's

" Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab."

The generous welcome given to these antique rites of earth was aided by Old Christmas Eve falling at Epiphany and the prolongation of the rejoicings to include Plough Monday, the first Monday after Twelfth Night. For the same reason, the extraordinary and significant junketings of the Lord of Misrule, the Abbot of Unreason, the election of the Boy Bishop and the Feast of Fools were all drawn in as part of the Christmas cheer. They are generally referred back to the Roman Saturnalia, but their source lies yet further back, further even than Mr. Crippen's suggestion that the Lord of Misrule was the spirit of winter, the blind god Hoeder who slew Balder the Beautiful. The kernel of these merry-makings was the inversion of the order and hierarchy of society so that the man took the place of his master, and this embalmed a faint memory of those most distant days, recorded by Hesiod, when peace reigned upon earth and all men were equal. It is easy to see how such a tradition became absorbed into the celebration of the birth of the Saviour. Christ said that He came to fulfil the law, a saying that among many others the disciples failed to understand. It is the perfect comment upon the pagan foundations of many of the feasts and customs attached to the Christian remembrance honoured at Christmas. That remembrance was notably enriched by them, while they themselves were purged and redeemed of what elements of savagery and blood-sacrifice were incidental to them.

Most of these ancient practices were what are vaguely called " rites of fertility " ; they enacted a kind of mystic communion between man and the earth in which was represented the rebirth of the year, the overcoming of winter and death, the rejuvenation of nature. They thus became compatible with the idea embodied in the Christmas festival, that the birth of Christ liberated men from death and sin and fear, that His was the spirit of eternal life and that His new rule of vision and conduct was the way to human regeneration. Nature's victory over winter was fused with that of the spirit over the world's materialism.

The fact that this fusion did take place was one reason for the Puritan loathing of Christmas. Few people realize how far that hatred went. It was by no means confined to the journalistic rantings and scurrilities of sour fanatics like Stubbes and Prynne. In 1652, the Long Parliament actually passed a law " that no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day," while the tyrants, who are assumed by myopic historians to have laid the foundations of English liberties arrested harmless John Evelyn because he went to worship on Christmas Day. Though the Puritans did not succeed in abolishing Christmas they killed the musical and poetic soul of England, and when Christmas lifted up its head again at the Restoration it had lost that fragrant, simple, dewy spirit enshrined in a thousand carols, Nativity plays, mummings, communal customs and Latin canticles, like " Dies est Letitiæ " and " Quem pastores laudavere." It is not irrelevant to our theme that R. H. Tawney has traced the growth of the commercial and urban spirit of later times from the Puritan Dictatorship.

Such was the old Christmas ; in days that are so bitterly its contradiction we may at least cherish its memory.

AN OCCASION OF ANGELA

A story of Maskelyne and Feminine

By PATRICK CHALMERS

IT has been said that adversity makes strange bedfellows. A shooting syndicate, run as a business proposition, may also bring people together who would not otherwise meet. Egbert Jull, however, would hardly have been tolerated, even in so catholic a collection of guns as was that which shot the Myron Hall coverts, had he not been the promoter of the syndicate. But if one has paid £150 for two days' shooting a fortnight, one does not relinquish sport out of prejudice, especially if one's fellow sufferers are, on the whole, to be tolerated. So Egbert's annually changing group shot regularly enough and, between beats, spoke rather unflatteringly of Egbert. It is, of course, the unalienable right of a syndicate to insinuate outrageously to the address of its promoter.

But the Myron Hall guns had more justification than most. Egbert Jull was a plump, plum-faced bachelor of fifty. He was the brains and mainworks of his business, which was cornchandlering on a large scale. He contrived to get his shooting free and to be in pocket by a hundred or so at the end of each season. He was cocky and stocky, and his figure was adapted to large checks. His hair was of an unnatural blackness, and, did you stand between Egbert and the wind, you got, even at half a gunshot range, the odour of some arrogant toilet preparation. A close-cut peaked beard lent a sort of quarter-deck distinction to his appearance—a loan which his manners and the rest of his person successfully repudiated. His eyes were small and mean and mud-coloured. He was a good but jealous shot, but his jealousy was veiled like an odalisque beneath the genius of a wrangler for numbering his guns. His conversation was a medley of pomposity, ignorance (of everything except cornchandlering) and cheap *bonhomie*. He enjoyed an unchallenged flow of dissertation. He was a gourmand, and, strangely enough, a remarkably sound judge of wine.

Egbert lived outside the town in a house called The Cedars. Myron Hall was some five miles away on the Hampshire border. Its woods were well placed and Myron Hall was, on the whole, a good pheasant shoot, but for some reason or other the Myron Hall coverts did not greatly attract woodcock. Possibly they lacked in the amenities—holly bushes and like harbours. If, therefore, Egbert wanted to eat woodcock, a bird of which he was inordinately fond, he had, as a rule, to purchase one. Egbert Jull preferred to take his pleasures cheaply. I have asked you to look at this Jull rather closely in order that you may presently judge if, or if not, Angela was justified.

Angela Persimmon was the only child of the Rev. Robert Persimmon, the sportsman incumbent of Much Ferraby, across the valley. Angela was a thin, gawky little girl of sixteen. She was sandy-haired and red-wristed. Her greenish, light-brown eyes were like shallow brook water. Those who met Angela casually thought her a booby. The expression, or want of expression, of her small, composed face rarely altered. In company she seldom opened her mouth except to put food into it.

On the December day of which I write the Rev. Robert made one of the guns at Myron Hall. He was there on the invitation of a member of the syndicate unable himself to be present. The absentee was the agent of the Myron Hall estate. His name was Captain Cornish and his wife was an Honourable. The Cornishes were hospitable, and, at the close of a day's shooting at the Hall, the guns were, of custom, entertained to tea at Little Thimbles, the Cornish home. Little Thimbles stood in the park and so was handy. The tea was excellent, and that was handy, too, for the lunches, provided by Jull, were included in the price of a gun. Egbert did not practice economy, but he generally achieved it. His lunch parties had it thrust upon them. So the Little Thimbles tea was compensating.

Angela had driven her father to the Hall and she was now occupied (the day was a "late-on," one gun day) with the care of his cartridge bag and elderly spaniel, a hard-mouthed, poaching old animal, obedient to her own evil impulses and to nothing else. Angela was still a growing girl and turned loose in a cookshop (only she never had been) she could in capacity have given points to a hyena. So Angela had asked her father if tea at Little Thimbles held good. It did, for Captain Cornish, who had had to attend an auction of chemical manures, was expected home early. Angela licked her lips with a small, pointed tongue. She had then, since shooting bored her, something to look forward to.

I need not discuss the practice of covert shooting nor the morning's sport enjoyed at Myron Hall. One small incident may, however, be mentioned. Mr. Persimmon's spaniel Judy went off, as was her wont, on a roving commission. About once in three minutes she returned to her owner bearing, as a sort of olive branch, a pheasant shot by someone else. Judy had made several journeys to the neighbourhood of Egbert Jull, who naturally was enjoying most of the sport. On each occasion she had come back with one of Egbert's birds.

At the end of the beat Egbert spoke to Angela. He addressed her (I have said that Angela was a silent child) as Dumb Crambo. To do so was an old jest of Jull's. He spoke facetiously, but he was really as cross as two sticks. He implored Dumb Crambo to keep Judy on a lead. A psychologist, had such a person been out, might have drawn a conclusion from the quick flicker of scant eyelashes with which Angela heard the insulting request and the hated nickname. But all Angela said was: "Yes, Mr. Jull. Come here, Judy."

After that the day for Egbert went on oiled wheels. But it was later than usual before the wood, which is called Four Winds Wood, came to be beaten. A gale was rising, warm from the west, and the brown leaves, leaping aloft upon it, flew like the absent 'cock. Egbert could be heard telling the gamekeeper peremptorily to hurry up. The dark came soon.

There is a magic in a big, twilit wood when the west is up and out. Angela was alive to the magic. So she anchored Judy to the cartridge bag, hung the latter over Mr. Persimmon's shooting stick, saw it well and truly planted and said that, this time, she would walk with the beaters.

She walked upon the flank of the line under the seething ceiling of the wood. She lit and smoked a cigarette, which she might not do in public. The wind blew across the wood and Angela saw that Egbert, to take advantage of it, prowled along the wide grassfield in line with the beaters. One of the advantages of running a shoot is that the man who does so can take liberties with the rules. Therefore Egbert walked down wind instead of standing forward. Half-a-dozen pheasants, the wind in their tails, streamed over Egbert, who acquitted himself well.

Of a sudden Angela saw, in the dim light, two woodcock. They came, like lightning, down the gale. They flicked and zigzagged, and then a gust caught them and blew them out of the wood and high over the head of Jull. Apparently no beater had seen the birds for no volley of shouts attended their flight. Angela saw no reason to be less silent than usual. But Egbert's eyes, though small and mean, were quick. He took the 'cock to his right and killed it. He turned and pulled on the second, and that too he killed as dead as a stone. He glanced about him. He gathered both birds by hand and put them separately into the pockets of his coat.

Presently the beat was over and Angela heard Egbert give instructions as to the retrieving of the Four Wind pheasants which he had shot. It was, of course, unnecessary to tell the underkeepers to collect the woodcock, since these, as Angela knew, Egbert had gathered personally.

It is not every shooting day that one shoots a right-and-left at 'cock, nor was Jull a modest man. Yet Angela, on the outskirts of the group around the "lay-out," listened and heard no word of woodcock. Nor did she see a vestige of the harmonious little creamy-brown birds among the resplendent corpses of the count. Her green eyes glinted like those of a malicious kitten.

Egbert Jull was in good form at tea. He read aloud the details of the bag with which the keeper had provided him. Some of the more earnest guns made corresponding entries in pocket-books. Mr. Persimmon commented on the absence of woodcock; he said it was odd that none had been seen that day. The other guns agreed and Egbert Jull said that it was indeed an odd thing, only, of course, Myron Hall rarely *did* have 'cock in the coverts. As though to change the subject, he addressed himself, playfully, to Angela:

"Making a good tea, Crambo?" he inquired.

Since Angela was spreading a deep layer of apricot jam on a round of hot buttered toast the question seemed a trifling one. She did not reply to it.

"Tea's your pet accomplishment, I believe, my Crambo," continued Mr. Jull. "Your only parlour gift? Do tell us."

Angela, thus directly appealed to, replied shyly that she could do a few conjuring tricks. Now, since the days of Aaron and his staff, to mention conjuring in almost any society is to be sure of immediate attention.

"*Conjuring?*" said Captain Cornish. "Come, Miss Angela, do you mean to say that you can take guinea-pigs out of my hat and pigeons, for instance, out of Mr. Jull's pockets?"

"*Not* pigeons," said Angela, "but woodcock would be simple."

She pushed her chair back and approached Egbert Jull.

The silence which followed Angela's performance gave her keener pleasure than prolonged cheers. It was nearly half-a-minute before the Rev. Robert Persimmon spoke a *sine dimittis*.

"Angela, my dear," he said, mildly, "I think it's time you fetched the car round. Say good-night."

His daughter, though her tea was but begun, obeyed him readily.

"Good-night, Mr. Jull," she said, "and thank you for a very enjoyable day."

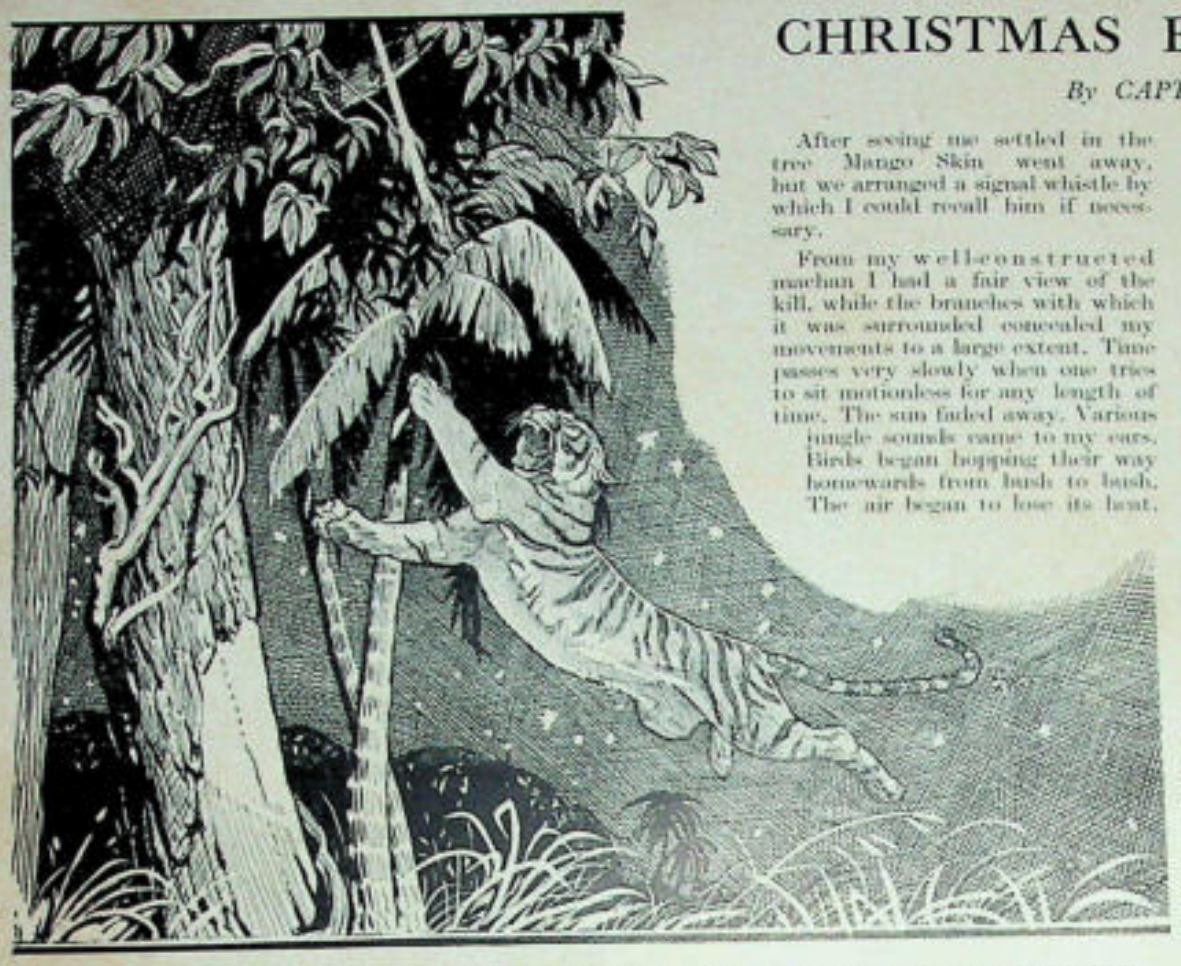
Angela was artist enough to prefer a good exit to the best apricot jam.



"ANCHORED JUDY TO THE CARTRIDGE BAG AND HUNG THE LATTER OVER THE SHOOTING STICK"

CHRISTMAS EVE TIGER SHOOT

By CAPTAIN D. MacD. FIFE



"THE TREE SHOOK AS THE BEAST SPRANG AT IT, BUT LUCKILY THERE WERE NO LOW BRANCHES"

"YOU must come and join my Christmas shoot this year," said the District Superintendent of Police, as we sat refreshing ourselves after a fast game of polo. "I've booked the nearest shooting block," he added, "and if you can come out a day earlier than the others you may get the chance of sitting up over a kill."

Thus it came about that I took train from Jhansi, in the United Provinces of India, on the morning of Christmas Eve. There are four excellent shooting blocks on the edge of the Vindhyan range of hills, south of Jhansi, where a little peninsula of the United Provinces juts into the Central Provinces. The jungles contain tiger, panther, bear, sambhur, chestal and other smaller deer. My policeman friend had reserved the Deogarh Block, and I left the train at Lalitpur station at midday.

I was met by a police orderly and an ancient motor car. Both were well known in the district. The man, because of his nickname of "Swaraj Singh" (his real name being Sheoraj Singh), and the car, because it would often appear where least expected! and seemed to enjoy going where there was no real road.

Besides gun, rifle, bedding and hurricane lantern, I took with me an enormous cooked ham, which the policeman had commissioned me to collect for him.

We drove away from the station in fine style, Swaraj Singh at the wheel, and as we sped along the "pukka" road he told me that a tiger had killed and that I should sit up over the kill that night.

We soon left the main road, but Swaraj Singh did not seem to notice anything different. He continued to drive at the same steady pace over all obstacles, and it was with some difficulty that I kept my heaving seat.

The camp was situated in an ideal spot on the high banks of the Betwa river. Before reaching the tents we skirted some ancient Jain Temples, but the jungles had grown all over these forgotten places of worship, and there was no longer any semblance of a road.

"There's just time for a cup of tea before you go off to get that tiger," said my host. "The kill is quite close, and was not touched a lot last night. 'Mango Skin' will show you the way."

Mango Skin was the nickname of another police orderly. This man's real name was Mengo Singh, and he made an excellent shikari. He had already built a machan in a tree close to the kill, so that all was ready for me. After swallowing some tea and collecting rifle and ammunition, I set off for the adventure.

The kill, a young buffalo, was only a few hundred yards away from the camp. The tiger had eaten from the hindquarters, while a gash in the throat showed that it had drunk the warm blood. Then, possibly disturbed or frightened at the coming of daylight, the beast had left the kill and was now doubtless waiting for dusk before resuming its meal.

After seeing me settled in the tree Mango Skin went away, but we arranged a signal whistle by which I could recall him if necessary.

From my well-constructed machan I had a fair view of the kill, while the branches with which it was surrounded concealed my movements to a large extent. Time passes very slowly when one tries to sit motionless for any length of time. The sun faded away. Various jungle sounds came to my ears. Birds began hopping their way homewards from bush to bush. The air began to lose its heat. The short twilight was almost over, and still there was no sign of the tiger.

The kill became a blurred outline. I had no torch, and as I had no intention of waiting for the moon I whistled for Mango Skin, with the idea of returning to camp.

"Stay another half-hour, Sahib," he advised. "This tiger is a big one, and he will surely return to such a kill." I stayed on in my tree.

Suddenly I knew that the tiger had indeed arrived. There was no sound, but a shadow moved across the ground. Next I heard the beast commence eating.

I raised my double-barrelled Express rifle slowly, and taking whatever aim was possible in that last glimmer of light I fired both barrels. The deafening roar of the explosions, the sharp cry of the tiger, and the smack of the bullets seemed to occur simultaneously. I knew that the tiger was hit, but the smoke screen of my "smokeless" cartridges blotted everything from view.

I reloaded, but as I was doing so the wounded tiger gave mouth again and charged towards the tree. I found myself standing upright in the machan, trying in vain to fire at the animal now directly underneath me. The tree shook as the beast sprang at it, but luckily there were no low branches, and a thud told me that the animal was on the ground again.

Sound was now my only guide. The tiger kept up a continual gasping, snarling and roaring. By these, therefore, I knew when it moved away from the bottom of the tree and went a little distance to my right, where there were some short bushes. I fired several shots in the direction of the noises, but the answering snarls told me that the tiger was still very much alive. It was now quite dark.

Shouting to Mango Skin, who was some distance away, I ordered him to return to camp, and to tell them there that I meant to stay in my tree all night.

Fortunately, the branches which had concealed me from view now sheltered me from the cold night air, but a machan is a small, uncomfortable place in which to get any rest. From my position I could just see the lights of the camp, and I soon imagined that I could smell the Christmas Eve dinner that my friends were enjoying.

I managed to doze a little during that long night. I was, however, continually wakened by growls from the tiger, and by the "tonk-tonk-tonk" of the coppersmith birds.

I watched the dawn break, and things about me gradually took shape. First the kill came into view, then the bushes, and finally the tiger. The latter was lying in a hollow beyond the bushes, and even though I stood in the machan I was unable to see its head. The body was motionless and there were no more growls. In order to make certain, I fired a shot into the still body. The bullet thudded, but there was no response. The tiger was already dead.

On examination it appeared that one of the first two shots had practically smashed the spine. This accounted for the fact that the beast remained so close to my tree. It also probably accounted for the unsuccessful attempt to spring into the machan.

Mango Skin soon arrived, complete with measuring tape. He had a grin all over his dark, bearded face.

"Bahut bara walla, Sahib" ("A very big one, sir"), he said, as he stretched the tiger to its maximum length.

It was certainly a fine, well-marked, full-grown animal, but I am afraid that I spent little time in admiration. There was something else to be done. Something that seemed to me to be of greater importance. I made a bee-line for the camp. There was the question of a lost Christmas Eve dinner to be rectified—and I knew where there was a big juicy ham.

THE SPIRIT OF IZAAK WALTON

By G. R. W. BEAL

HE was the most diminutive and grubbiest little boy I had ever seen. His clothes were in tatters and undeniably filthy, yet his personality rose high above his sartorial or statutory defects. His eyes alone would have attracted me. Alert, inquisitive, they also contained that depth of expression found in dogs and persons capable of great devotion and loyalty.

His presence indeed was a surprise. I had thought myself alone. Alone with rod and line to forget war and air-raid warden duties, and, above all, that person whom the Great British Public have so aptly termed "Old Nasty."

Apparently he had been watching me for some time.

"It's cute the way you do that," he said. I turned in mid-cast and observed him. As a result we both had to disentangle the thin gut from the results of its wanderings.

"Cripes," he cried as he saw the dainty fly and pricked his fingers thereon. "Do you mean to say that they eat that?"

I explained.

"Coo! You has to know your stuff, don't you?" I opened my fly box and showed him the glories of Jock Scott and Dusty Miller, the fluffy finery of Coch y Bhondu. He gasped. The spirit of Izaak Walton fell upon him.

"Here, let's get going!" And impatiently he watched me prepare for the fray. The gods were kind, too, and at the third cast a dace took hold. Breathless he watched the battle, dancing in panic at each reel-screaming rush till at last the tired fish was drawn belly upward towards the side.

"Would you like to net him?"

"Me?"

"Yes—you!"

I explained how, and presently gently, O so gently, the deed was done. His pride was great and marvellous to behold.

"Did I do that O.K.?"

I nodded my head, my mouth full of gut since it was time to go home.

"Will you be here to-morrow?"

"Yes." Then an idea struck me. "I'll be along here for a good many days now. Would you like to come, too, and help?"

"Me? Cripes! Would you—would you teach me a bit?" The question was asked diffidently, hopelessly. I looked at him and suddenly realised all that his life had been up till now. Dirty, crowded rooms, squalid alleys and indescribable living conditions. I also realised what his evacuated life could be.

"Of course I will, but it will take time. It's not easy!"

"How long?"

"Oh, several months!"

He nodded his head gravely.

"That suits me," he said. Then, as an afterthought, addressing himself to the unseen, "Good Old Nasty! You done me a good turn, anyway!"

YULETIDE CUSTOMS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By F. R. WINSTONE

PROBABLY the first warning of the nearness of Christmas that Londoners notice most is the sudden arrival of the toy parades on the pavement of Holborn. Round about November 22nd they start, and their hours are from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., or now probably until the black-out stops them. The vendors must all carry licence badges, granted some years ago by the City of London police. They were formerly at Ludgate Hill, but congestion forced a move to their present pitch right opposite one of the largest stores! When the present-generation of street vendors dies it will not be replaced as the licences are not transferable and no new ones are issued.

From London travel to Somerset, and nearer the date of Yuletide you may hope to see the flowering of the "Glastonbury Thorn." Shortly after the death of Christ, it is said, St. Joseph of Arimathea arrived at Glastonbury bringing with him the



THE PAVEMENT TOY PARADE

Chalice of the Last Supper. Up on Wirrall Hill nearby the Saint leaned on his staff to pray, and "Lo, when the prayer was ended the staff had taken root and blossomed." So runs the legend and we are told this original tree was cut down by a fanatic seventeen centuries later. Slips had been taken, however, and planted, one in the abbey grounds and another in front of the parish church.

Bristol has an interesting annual custom, held on December 21st, and dating from 1613. The old folk of Dr. Thomas White's Almshouses, attached to Temple Church (which has the leaning tower) have, for over 300 years, celebrated the memory of the founder of the 31 houses in which they live, called Temple Hospital. On this day the Governors dine and entertain the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, and the "antientist alderman of the city," with other honoured guests. Afterwards, in the Common Room downstairs, the feast is laid for the old folk and the vicar of the Temple (archdeacon of Bristol) presides and carves. A traditional old time menu includes "Baron of Beef, Pease Pudding, and a mighty Applie Pie." This last conta'ns 99 apples and one quince and must be cooked in a pewter dish. The Baron of Beef roasts practically all day on a spit before a roaring fire, just as in centuries gone by.

So, with just a mention of the picturesque Christmas tree that appears each year outside the Abbey and Pump Room at Bath, we come to the Yuletide customs of Boxing Day itself. December 26th is a great day for attending the meet of hounds, and one of the most picturesque is that at the Ship Inn, at Alveston in Gloucestershire. With the background of an old coaching inn, looking much as it did in Dickensian days, large crowds gather to watch the start of the Berkeley Hunt. In fact, so great is the crush that "car marshals" are appointed to control the traffic.

Ilchester, in Somerset, is also well worth visiting on this day, when the Badger Feast is held. This is another ancient custom and takes place at the Old Cow Inn. A party of the villagers set out to hunt the badger and then roast it before a huge log fire. Weighing over 30 lbs., the dressing is entrusted to mine host, Bert Wills, who was once a butcher. Whilst the badger is on the spinning jack the company join in Somerset folk songs. In the past twenty years Mr. Wills and his picked band of hunters have caught over 100 badgers, and the walls of the smoke-room are covered with their skins. Visitors to the feast may take a turn at basting the badger on payment of a small fee, which goes to charity. Described as being "like a tasty bit of pork" Ilchester thinks there's "nothing like badger."

Another West Country custom is the burning of the ashen-faggot. It is regularly observed at the Luttrell Arms, Dunster, and the company drink a toast as each binding band round the faggots bursts. This has to be placed on the fire by the oldest man or woman present. The custom is also celebrated in many Somerset farmhouses over Christmas and really commemorates the exploits of King Alfred.

One of the quaintest and most picturesque customs of Yuletide is the mumming play, a survival of mediævalism still remaining in our English countryside. "Mummer" means actor, but these mummers are actors such as one never meets on any stage. Taken from the ordinary village community their parts have been handed down from father to son for at least 800 years, and there are elements in it which go back to the sacrificial rites of primitive paganism.

Mumming plays may be seen at Hailsham, near Chichester in Sussex; Freefolk, North Hampshire; Evershot and Dorchester, in Dorset; Marshfield, in Gloucestershire; and places in Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Usually their performers' costumes are strips of coloured paper or cloth, and may represent the mail clad attire of Norman knights, with paper visors to conceal the features. Characters in the play include: a King, Old Father Christmas, a Doctor, Beelzebub, the Devil, and others varying according to the locality.

Led by the village crier with his bell, the play is performed in various parts of the village throughout Boxing Day. Here are some of the lines spoken by Father Christmas:—

> "In comes I, all hind before. I come first to open the door. Make room for me and all my jolly family. I have a large family. I hatched them in a magpie's nest, bred them up in a saw pit, and they haven't had but one crust of bread this last fortnight, and that I ate myself."



PREPARING THE GIANT APPLE PIE SERVED TO OLD FOLK OF BRISTOL

Two of the characters indulge in mimic fight with sticks, one is "wounded" and healed with magic ointment.

A romantic custom is the Figlet Market observed at Okehampton, Devon, on the Sunday after Christmas. On this occasion a man may speak to or kiss any girl who takes his fancy and no mistletoe is required for the rite!

A New Year custom, still, however, connected with Christmas as it is held on Old Twelfth Night (January 16th), takes place at Cushampton and Dunster in Somerset. It consists of toasting the apple trees to ensure a good crop and is still observed on Wassailing Night. The men of the villages form parties and proceed to orchards where the farmer meets them with his storm lantern. They all stand in a ring round the trees and then sing the old time Wassailer's Song, which has this chorus:—

> "Old Apple tree, old apple tree, we've come to wassail thee,
> To bear, and to bow apples enow, hats full, caps full, three bushel
> Bags full, barn floors full, and a little heap under the stairs."



THE MARSHFIELD (GLOUCESTERSHIRE) MUMMERS ENGAGED IN THE MIMIC FIGHT WHICH IS A FEATURE OF THEIR QUAINT AGE OLD PLAY

After this has been sung, cider is handed round and drunk to the tree's health with many toasts. Finally evil spirits are scared away by the firing of a gun through the branches, and a piece of toasted bread is placed in the fork ostensibly for the birds, but really intended as an offering for the good spirits to



"THE FLOWERING OF THE GLASTONBURY THORN"

watch over the apple trees. It is another very old custom, and it is good news to hear of its annual observance in these modern times.

And so you will find the real old Christmas spirit in town and country and in many places, the merry season being celebrated in traditional and picturesque ways.

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FORTUNES WON AND LOST

Tales of the Great Days of Gambling

By J. B. BOOTH

ON the appearance of the last instalment of Queen Victoria's letters there was, in certain quarters, an amused contempt for her strongly expressed objections to her eldest son's love for the Turf—objections which were not only perfectly reasonable, but praiseworthy in a mother with a son attaining his majority. It must not be forgotten that the Prince's entry on the Turf coincided with a period of the heaviest gambling in racing history, and an era of the wildest general extravagance amongst a set which the Queen might reasonably conclude would be the natural Turf associates of her son.

In an age of spendthrifts the most spectacular was, of course, the Marquess of Hastings, and concerning no man has more nonsense been written. The story is a simple one. After a minority of twelve years, undisciplined, intolerant of restraint, the young heir came into absolute control of estates worth £20,000 a year, and accumulations of some £240,000. At once he developed a craze for spending money, which became a mania.

The romantic story, which nothing seems to kill, of his ruin over Hermit's Derby, due in the main to the man whose bride he had stolen, is wholly untrue. Thirty odd years ago I went through a mass of documents relating to this period, amongst which were Lord Hastings's betting books, and one thing became clear—far from being ruined by the Turf, for some considerable period the Turf saved him. Even Hermit's year, in spite of the Derby loss of some £103,000, was not a losing one. His boast, in one letter, that his wits were worth £20,000 a year to him on the Turf, was justified. Cards, dice, general extravagance, unheard-of pillage by disreputable associates, and money-lenders' extortions—these were the causes of his ruin.

An old friend of mine would often tell the story of another "crash" of this period, of the final scene of which he was an eye-witness, when Honesty, by beating Brambridge, brought Lord Westmorland's Turf career to an end. My informant would relate vividly how, when the horse was beaten, he saw Lord Westmorland standing in the small enclosure at Epsom, looking blankly into space, and apparently lost to all surrounding him. Presently he turned sharply on his heel and walked quickly away, without speaking to anyone. In that moment he realised for the first time that "all the wheels were down."

The individual bets of those days make fantastic reading. It has been said—and never denied—that the late Duke of Hamilton laid £180,000 to £6,000 against Hermit, but, fortunately for him, the bet was called off.

There is one story of the Duke: Walking up to Saffery, the bookmaker, the day when he backed Jannock at Auteuil, he asked, "What price mine?" "Seven to one, Your Grace," replied the dapper little bookie. "Seven thousand to one—pounds, not francs, Saffery." "Right, Your Grace." "Twice, Saffery." "Right, Your Grace." "Three times, Saffery." "I'll make it 6 to 1 this time, Your Grace. Shall we make it £20,000 to £3,000?" "Right, Saffery." And the horse won.

In those days of wild gambling men would bet on drops of rain running down a window-pane, upon which lump of sugar a fly would first settle, and other simple chances.

After a lull, the heavy betting of the 'sixties was to be repeated in the 'eighties and the 'nineties. A group of young fellows of different social origins, some from the old aristocracy, others from trade, were to find themselves in the possession of large fortunes, and imbued with the desire to fling those fortunes away.

Most notorious of all, perhaps, in the small West End set of those days, which never went further East than Romano's bar, was George Alexander Baird, who raced as "Mr. Abington."

Inheriting a colossal fortune in cash at the age of nine, he developed a passion for horse-flesh and for race-riding which, had he confined his interests solely to them, might have kept him reasonably fit. A good, keen, amateur rider, at the height of his racing career he was compelled to remain abstemious, for the simple reason that he had a tendency to put on flesh, and to keep his riding weight down to ten stone necessitated heroic measures—not to say heroic physicking. But gradually the interest in racing merged into the interest in the prize-ring. The jockeys and trainers were succeeded by prize-fighters and their hard-boating hangers-on, and by the crowd of impecunious undesirables who haunted the West End resorts of those days, well-dressed, amusing and unprincipled. To them Baird fell an easy prey, but, as his income was some £250,000 a year, and he was only thirty-two at his death, his attempts to pauperise himself did not succeed. Even at this date it is impossible to write the full story of "Mr. Abington."

If ever a man had the gambling mania, it was Ernest Benzon, the "Jubilee Plunger," whose quarter of a million lasted him exactly two years. With Benzon, gambling was simply and solely a disease. Before he came of age, to keep him out of mischief, he was sent on a voyage to Australia and, landing at Melbourne, managed to run up liabilities—including £25,000 lost at cards—of £65,000. One Goodwood week he lost £30,000 at cards in a night, and frequently at the Field Club his losses averaged from £4,000 to £12,000. And a favourite boast of his was that he had once lost £40,000 in exactly ten minutes at *chemin de fer*. An afternoon at pigeon shooting—he was a bad shot—rarely cost him less than £1,000, and in one day at Sandown he lost £15,000 on the race-course and £10,000 the same evening at cards. Benzon always declared, however, that on the whole he was a winner on the Turf; pigeon shooting, billiards and cards were responsible for his heaviest losses.

He got into trouble at Monte Carlo, and some friend sent £15 to the head warder at the Nice lock-up in order that the plunger should have a few "comforts" pending trial. On the same day another friend called to see him and told him he was sure to get off.

"Not a bit of it," said Benzon. "Everybody says I shall get five years."

"Five grandmothers! Everybody outside says you can't get more than a month at the worst."

"By gad, do they?" cried the "Jubilee," brightening. "Go and get that fifteen quid off the gaoler and take a thousand to fifteen against my getting five years!"

A fat volume might be written on the changes in betting, from the point of view of backers and layers, since those late Victorian days, when two men of widely different character and type, but alike in their scrupulous honesty and their devotion to charity, might be taken as representatives of the Ring—Richard Henry Fry and Dick Dunn. I knew them both. No man ever less resembled the popular notion of a bookmaker than Fry. His charities were innumerable. At one time a wealthy man, I am afraid he suffered heavily during the American invasion of the Reiff era, when gentlemen from the States adopted the simple system of betting heavily, taking the winnings if successful, and sailing for America if luck was against them. Fry once told me that one of his most curious clients was a stranger who, a fortnight before the St. Leger, asked the price of the favourite.

"Two to one," replied Fry.

"How much will you bet to?"

Fry stared. "To more than you'll want, I expect," he replied with a smile.

"I'll take it to £10,000," and the man produced £10,000 in notes.

The layer did not see the backer until after the race when, the favourite having won, he came to the rails and asked for £30,000. Given an open cheque on a London bank he disappeared and converted the cheque when the bank opened next morning. Fry told me he never saw the man again, and believed it was the only bet he had ever made in his life. Being curious, the great bookmaker made discreet inquiries, and found that his strange client was a solicitor—or an accountant, I forget which—who, he guessed, had to make up some deficiency in trust money. I hasten to add that there is no moral here.

Dick Dunn, of Irish nationality, and whose real name was O'Donohue, lived to see the end of his school of ready-money fielders who, in the palmy days, could hardly take their money fast enough, and towards the close of his career would admit, with his usual cheery wealth of language, that a one-hundred-pound book was about the usual limit at ordinary meetings.

In a mechanised age, the "Tote" may have its advantages, but it does not possess the character of the punters and fielders of old.



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By E. A. R.

ASK any shooting man which would he prefer, a day at pheasants or a morning flight at duck? Ask a bird watcher to choose between a ramble on the marshes and a walk through the woods. Nine times out of ten the answer would be—duck! For some the reason may be novelty; for most the joy of untrammelled surroundings and pitting wits and skill against a fickle quarry. It is not the hope of a big bag, for there can be no foregone conclusion about that. Nor is there any greater likelihood of seeing rarities—there's just the chance, of course.

For me, the endless vagaries of duck are all-sufficient. If there is one of that fascinating, gaily-coloured tribe to be exalted above the rest commend me to the wigeon. Their high cream foreheads and chubby freckled faces may not



A couple of Tufted Ducks, very energetic despite their figures, squat and rotund. Three Pochard are drifting across the water in the offing



The Curls above a Mallard's tail are as pertinent to the owner as kittens to a cat



The steep cream forehead and chubby freckled cheeks of a Cock Wigeon are comely if plebian: two of them at variance about a lady

be exactly off the top shelf but they are comely enough. The pink of the breast and the grey body-plumage blend to a nicety and are daintily offset by the black-and-white accents and the tawny head. A wigeon sits high in the water as if conscious of its neat array, and they cut a still neater figure in flight, a compact four-pointed star. A figure between the winged blob of a mallard with its big head strung out in front and the swift stab of a pintail crossing a gap in the sky.

What a grand noise they make as they come tearing down, one, two, three hundred feet in a few seconds, to rock and sideslip as they near the surface of the water and churn it to a lather with their thousands of outstretched feet. I love wigeon, whether twinkling in those vast constellations against the morning sky or pattering nimbly over loch-side turf to graze. And they have such charming courtship manners. The drake cocks up his pointed stern and wingtips, curls his bill open in a sneer and rushes at a rival. He returns to his lady with a reassuring "wheeoo" and fusses round her till his temper cools down.

A shoveler drake looks black and white at a distance unless a sunbeam happens to light up the sienna flanks. The cunning of the long tapered feathers of the back (the inner secondaries and adjacent scapulars to be precise, as ornamental in many drakes as the iridescent speculum itself) can only be enjoyed when the bird is close at hand. They are blue-black with a centre streak of white. Some of the feathers have pale blue stripes as well and each one varies both in marking and in shape. The bottle-green head is darker and more blue than a mallard's: its richness is intensified by the pure white breast and shoulders. The deep "quarrk" of the shoveler is such a satisfying sound—does his wide bill lend a resonance beyond the register of other drakes? They have a trick in flight of simultaneously arching the neck and depressing the wings: it reminds me of someone at a theatre raising himself on his elbows to see past the man in the seat in front.

A garganey has this mannerism too—they come early in Spring while the bloom is on the sallow and before the green breaks through the winter reeds. The pale, frosted wings of a garganey give a curious, shimmery effect to the bird in flight, a sign by which it may be known a long way off. Although some garganeys are certainly no larger than teals, they always look larger when flying. Their relative sail-area is greater and the wing-tips are slightly rounded. Shoveler, on the other hand, often look nearly as large as mallard swinging round at dawn and yet when the morning's bag is laid out in the dew the mallard seem so hefty by comparison.

This counting of the bag is rather a sad affair. Wet and bedraggled ducks cannot compare to the "gorgeous slain" of the covert side. I, for one, would often wish them back, one and all, to wings and quack again—but back, nevertheless, for another morning flight!

Apart from the ease with which they twist and recover, duck are far more nimble in the air than their build would suggest. I have seen them scratch their faces in mid-career as gulls do. A friend told me he saw a wild duck in flight twist her head round and nibble at her back. She must have had the devil of an itch.

When a mallard drops out of the sky with wings, tail and orange paddles spread and held forward to brake the rush of landing, the tail looks large. He settles and, in the proverbial two shakes, the tail contracts to an oblique white line between black velvet coverts. The curls above it are as pertinent to a mallard as kittens to a cat. Most drakes' tails pack up with precision unknown to other fowl; especially "surface" ducks'—those that switter in the mud and bibble in the shelter of the sedges. Each "surface" duck has an ensign of its own, a neat monomark in black and white, seen to advantage when tip-tilting in the shallows. The coverts of a mallard form a small black triangle beneath the tail, narrowly rimmed with white. The area of black enlarges progressively with pintail, shoveler, wigeon and these all have a fine white blob wedged in between the coverts and the flanks. A teal has a yellow oval outlined in black: the garganey only a few dark smuts on a biscuit ground. His contrast lies at the opposite end where the delicate grey flanks stop abruptly against a breast which glows like polished cherrywood. Nor must we forget the broad white bands gleaming either side his crown. A gadwall's stern is just a study in black.

The "diving" ducks have indifferent tails. Their wings are short and narrow. They cannot spring neatly from the surface but must needs squatter along before taking-off, kicking coot-fashion with their feet as well. Their bodies are broad in the beam but, once well under weigh, this clumsiness can be coaxed into a fine burst of speed.

Pochards look at their best whizzing past on a frosty April morning, a flock of them spaced so evenly that another could scarcely be fitted in without risk of collision. Each bull-neck stretches poker-stiff in front, leaden feet stretch either side the spikey tail behind and silvery fore-edges trace the whirring wings.

CKS
RAKES

E N N I O N



Eiders, the clowns of the northern seas : handsome fowl in spite of their clumsy bills and heavy build. Jemima Puddle-ducks are more amusing ashore

Spring puts a new burnish on the sleek red heads, whitens the flanks and even wheedles a bit of tenderness into the harsh "kurr." How is it that the drakes so often outnumber the ducks when with tufties it is generally the other way about ? And why are pochard ducks and drakes so frequently of the same size and weight when the male is definitely the bigger in most other species ? With shovelers this is especially marked : the lady is often a tubby little person, bluff at the stern, hunched shoulders—half the size of her lord. Some pochard ducks have almost as distinct a pattern as the drakes. Sometimes a creamy band encircles the base of the bill like the frontal ring of a scaup but on a less generous scale. More often Mrs. Pochard is a frump, as nondescript and dowdy as a drake in eclipse—in fact, it is not easy to "sex" adult pochards on the water in August.

Five courting drakes swam behind a duck. Each pretended he hadn't noticed her and was going that way by chance. But the little red eyes were watchful. No sooner had one manœuvred into a position to better his chances than the rest were after him, bobbing their heads and jostling to cut him out.

The tufted drake, broad as he is long, is an amusing fellow ; a shrewd intelligence glints from his yellow eye. It is not usually difficult to distinguish ducks in flight by their silhouette. Each has its own cut and style of flight. But sometimes in the half-light before dawn I have shot what I took to be a teal and picked up a tufted duck. Their speed, short necks, big round heads and white belly-flash are similar although teal have much larger wings in proportion to their size.

The flight of teal is far more flexible than that of heavier ducks. Their trim bodies balance better and the neck is held loosely instead of being strained ahead. They fly as though they enjoyed it and not merely as a means of getting somewhere swiftly. Many a time I have lost a shot through watching the way of teal across the marsh : the lightning shy when they spot a gunner, the fanwise scatter as each bird sits on its tail and spurts aloft. They close again, swing round and dive as one bird to within a yard of the reeds ; flash on, at one moment bunched like so many dunlin, at the next, split and racing in twos and threes. Round they come again. One drops into a pool, pitching abruptly. Another will circle round aimlessly as a butterfly and then alight with fastidious care. One has a long stare at you and swims slowly away, another springs up instantly. There is no forecasting what a teal will do and therein lies a big slice of their charm.

There are worse ways of spending an April morning than to hide in the rushes and wait for teal—field-glasses and not a gun this time. A bunch (or should I have said a coil ?) comes by. The little hunchback drakes pipe merrily, although they are less inclined to frolic than the ducks. They sip with decorum and tilt back their shining heads to swallow. But the ducks ladle water in showers over their shoulders and scuttle, backs awash, for yards, smacking the surface with half-open wings and rocking as they splash along. As with partridges it is only at close quarters that the beauty of a drake teal reveals itself. The pattern does not carry well. At a distance they look just dark unless they happen to veer round and get caught fortuitously in sunlight. Then, suddenly, the rich chestnut head with its emerald slash across the cheek flares out. The buff lines light up on the face, the black-rimmed yellow wedge appears below the tail. Even the pencilling of the body plumage and the flecks on the tawny breast stand out sharply for a moment. And then the vision fades.

I met him in Iceland, and no drake is more impressive in courtship display than a Barrow's goldeneye. His big feet gave him the advantage of full leverage on the water ; he could dart about and pivot in a flash. A favourite trick was rushing at the duck to check within a foot of her, rear up (nearly tumbling over backwards in the effort) and present his broad white front for her approval. It shone like satin. The white-barred scapulars and black slashes on the flank gave a curious dazzle-effect when the drake spun round to dash off on another tack. His head had a purple gloss that even the cloudy arctic twilight failed to dim.

A bird's crown normally slopes to a point beyond the eye and then rounds off to the neck. But the dense crest of a golden-eye bulges the apex forward and flattens out all the trace of occiput. It makes the true contour of the head, seems to displace the eye and gives a queer expression to the bird. Their bills always suggest a boxer's nose to me. The profile of the duck is less pronounced and she has no white patch. The texture of her head feathering is smooth as suede and its colour between that of a ripe medlar and a plum. There were eiders everywhere round the Iceland coast, but the display of the drakes was mere tomfoolery beside the expert clowning of the goldeneyes. Their behaviour was limited to a surge forward towards the duck ; a toss of the head, a cock of the tail to flash the white bullseye set in the dingy stern. They certainly rolled and heaved themselves up to shew her a portly black belly from time to time, but this is not essentially an antic of display.

The eider gets an amazing range of expressions into his courtship "wow." His success with a limited note is only excelled by the ribaldry of crows. Their caw and its variants are capable of meaning anything from sweet nothings to hard swearing : and so can the cooing of the eider drake, all the more telling for its almost human intonation.

They are more amusing ashore than on the sea. Their gait is that of Jemima Puddleduck—betwixt and between the strut of a well-fed mallard and the cumbrous slouch of goosanders. They slither about over rocks and weed, waddle across slob and sand and your grin grows wider and wider. If they haven't a collective noun why not a troupe of eiders ?



No drake is more spectacular in display than a Barrow's Goldeneye. The queer head with its brilliant comma has a glorious purple sheen



Drake Shovelers with showy white fronts and sienna flanks. A couple of Teal are lazing on the bank

Royal Harriers and Beagles of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries



RICHARD DAVIS,
HUNTSMAN TO
HIS MAJESTY'S
HARRIERS

Davis was huntsman to the harriers in the reign of George III from 1789 to 1812. The picture is from the painting by the sporting artist, R. B. Davis, a member of the family, and the original work is to be seen today at Messrs. Arthur Ackerman and Son's Galleries, 157 New Bond Street, London. Charles Davis, descendant of Richard, was the celebrated Huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds in the reign of George IV. He carried the horn for more than forty seasons, relinquishing it in 1867, the year of his death



MR. MAYNARD
AND
HER MAJESTY'S
BEAGLES

This painting by the brothers William and Henry Barraud is an example of collaboration between animal and portrait painter of similar nature to the picture of the Earl of Sefton by Philip Westcott and Richard Ansdell, reproduced on the cover of this issue. William, the animal painter, lived from 1810 to 1850, and Henry, the portrait painter, from 1811 to 1847. Rider and horse dominate the scene in a manner well calculated to emphasize the diminutive build of Her Majesty's beagles



THE OPENING MEET OF THE BICESTER AT EDGCOTE PARK, NEAR BANBURY

Advice to Young Foxhunters

CARE AND TREATMENT OF HOUNDS

The following is the second of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of Kennelman

DURING the last 50 years there have been many great inventions and changes; from a foxhunting point of view "All for the worse."

The telephone first introduced a spirit of restlessness; other inventions included barbed wire. The climax, however, came with the introduction of motor cars.

Small boys of 60 years ago used to see long-whiskered old gentlemen wearing red coats and blue ties bucketing along the roads in high glee when hounds were running, whilst the less timid followed the hounds over country absolutely free from wire.

These small boys used to laugh at the men with whiskers, hoping that when they should grow old they would be as happy pounding along the safe avenues of the macadam roads. Now that these boys are old men all possibility has vanished, for with tarred macadam galloping along roads is suicidal.

Modern roads are, however, but a trifling drawback to sport compared with that which runs along them. Of all the marplots to sport in the hunting field none can rival those who presume to follow hounds in motor cars.

The speed of a fox averages just over six miles an hour. A motor car seldom travels at less than 40 miles per hour: to mention only one of the evils, foxes are frequently headed by motor cars. It cannot be otherwise. This is a modern evil which has recently crept in.

Before the Great War one day as I arrived on horseback at the meet I noticed a man, strange to me, with his wife and children in a large motor car.

I said to the huntsman, "Who is the man in a motor car? I don't like his looks, for he has the face of a Chinese lantern and a roly-poly eye. I am certain he intends to pursue in his car. This must be nipped in the bud, otherwise others will do the same; every fox will be headed and continuous good sport will cease for ever."

Hounds soon found a fox, but after running two or three minutes were suddenly in difficulty.

Members of the field were on a lane, and we saw the stranger's car in front. I rode up and said, "I must inform you that these hounds are kept to afford sport for followers on horseback, and not for those in motor cars. It must be evident to you that you have headed this fox, and have perhaps ruined the day's sport for everybody out."

At this moment the huntsman galloped past; my horse was pressed against a mudguard and became restive. My cap was pushed over my eyes. I felt, and what is worse, must have looked inglorious, and said with irritation, "Really, sir, you are not the sole proprietor of this road. Will you please move your infernal car, and allow others to pass along?"

He looked wounded and utterly distressed; his face shone. He trod on the accelerator, the clutch, the brake: he crashed his gears, he tried to reverse. For rapidity of foot work he might have been playing a Bach fugue on the organ. His eyes rolled.

The car would not move. We all fumed. There was more crashing of gears. The car emitted smoke, and its useful existence terminated for ever.

Hounds hit off the line: there was a sound of the horn, a clatter of hoofs, and the car was left half a mile behind.

I had been really nasty to the man, but never regretted it, or that a penniless neighbour had lost a solvent tenant, for the object in view was achieved. Not a single car attempted to pursue hounds for many years. We had consistent sport with some long points.

Things have latterly altered: it is generally a grave mistake to be rude to anybody following in a motor car.

No decent person willingly spoils sport. If it is carefully explained that it is impossible to have consistent sport when cars follow after the meet they will cease to follow in their cars.

The majority of these car-owners are women. It seldom answers to be rude to anybody, least of all to women.

Referring to modern inventions, a friend once said, "You must admit that electric light has done much good and no harm." The reply was, "If it were not for electric light, the lovely country-side would not have been utterly disfigured by those disgusting pylons."

These few paragraphs refer only to the effect of inventions on the sport of foxhunting.

* * * *

For anybody young wishing to learn about foxhunting, the following works are admirable: *Thoughts on Hunting* (Peter Beckford), *Hunting the Fox* (Lord Willoughby de Broke), and two booklets called *Goodall's Practice* (by Lord Henry Bentinck) and *The Management of Foxhounds* (R. Corbet).

There are other excellent and well-known books on this subject, but those mentioned above contain as much as one man can assimilate in a short time.

The following comprises some of the most important remarks by Lord Willoughby de Broke about the duties of a *huntsman* in the field:

"Many people will say that huntsmen are born and not made. This, like many other generalisations, is only partly true."

"Whatever a huntsman weighs, there is no doubt that he should be a good horseman."

"The hounds and not the huntsman have to find hunt, kill and eat the fox."

". . . The two dominant ideas of the huntsman should be to bring his hounds into the field in tip-top condition, and having got them away close to their fox, not to go near them when they lose the scent, until they obviously feel the want of him, or unless he can give them some definite piece of information which they cannot do for themselves. Even this must be done with great judgment and skill if the doing of it involves the dangerous expedient of getting their heads up."

"Condition is the key of success. If the question were asked 'What shows most sport and kills most foxes?'—the magic word 'condition' would be the safe answer."

"In some kennels the thick oatmeal and flesh that is, or ought to be, served during the hunting season is watered down. This must surely be a mistake. Solids are the natural sustenance of dogs. They will no doubt swallow gallons of slush if they cannot get anything else, but as it does not stay by them it is doubtful if it does them any good, and it is really wasted."

"After a fortnight of slush a hounds will become flabby; his coat, that true index of health, will lack lustre; he will lose vitality, &c.

". . . . the main avenue to health is diet. The next thing is exercise."

Mr. R. Corbet, in notes on Managing Foxhounds, says: "Some huntsmen feed hounds at 7 a.m. that are to be hunted the following day. Therefore, when they arrive at the covert side, they have been without food for 30 hours, and by the time they get back to kennel have been fasting for 36 or 40. Under this system they cannot maintain their full strength and keenness to the end of a long day; in fact, it wears out their constitutions.

"If fed six hours or so later, they will be just as keen in the morning, carry a better head in the afternoon, come home fresher at night, and last a season longer."

If we return to Lord Willoughby de Broke's *Hunting the Fox:*

"The primary idea that the huntsman should bear in mind is that the hounds should leave the kennel in front of his horse, and remain there all day, except when he is riding well away from them on a flank for the purpose of manœuvring them."

"It is not consistent with their dignity for the huntsman to ride away from them at his own pace in silence, and for them to be rudely ordered to follow him by the whipper-in scolding them from behind."

"At all costs during cubhunting they must either find, or think they have found, their fox for themselves. This is the way to teach them to hunt."

". . . the kernel of the true secret of hunting hounds . . . is always to endeavour to let the hounds do everything for themselves, and even when help is actually given, to give it in such a manner that they do not know they are being helped, and think they are acting on their own initiative."

"This is why all the great master minds agree that hounds when in difficulties should never be meddled with except as a very last resort. Now, in order to carry this idea into practice, it cannot be too often repeated that the principal part of the technique of the huntsman should be to keep his hounds always in front of him. . . ."

"Many people seem to forget that on a bad scenting day hounds will go slowly and . . . on a good scenting day they will go quickly and think that the huntsman can enliven proceedings on a poor scent by getting ahead of his hounds and setting the pace himself. There never was a greater fallacy."

The late Lord Henry Bentinck said: "The highest praise that can be given a huntsman is for a fool to say, 'We had a great run and killed our fox; as for the huntsman he might have been in bed.'"

To continue partial quotations from *Hunting the Fox*:

". . . The huntsman should always have in the back of his mind the exact spot where the scent was lost."

"He also ought to have in the map of his mind Mr. Thomas Smith's invaluable sketch of a cast in his *Diary of a Huntsman*, published 1838."

This is good advice and Mr. Smith's cast should be carefully studied. This is also well shown in *Hunting the Fox*.

After fully discussing the casting of foxhounds, Lord Willoughby de Broke says: "To sum up . . . the things to be remembered by the huntsman in making a cast are, first, the place where the leading hounds last had the scent; second, to follow the general direction of circles up and down wind already described, *i.e.*, in the description of Mr Smith's famous cast; third, to keep every hound either in front of him, or well away on his flank; fourth, never to force the pace, but to regulate it by the pace of the hounds, bearing in mind that, with a burning scent they can be cast almost at a gallop, and that with a poor scent they can only be cast at a walk."

"The huntsman, even if he views the fox himself, should take hold of his hounds quite quietly and canter them to the place where the fox was last seen."

Peter Beckford says: "The huntsman at a check had better let his hounds alone, or content himself with holding them forward without taking them off their noses. Hounds that are not used to be cast will of themselves acquire a better cast than it is in the power of any huntsman to give them; will spread more, and try better for the scent, and if in health and spirits will want no encouragement . . . I never approve of their being cast so long as they are inclined to hunt."

He proceeds: "The first cast I bid my huntsman make is generally a regular one, not choosing to rely entirely on his own judgment. If that should not succeed he is then at liberty to follow his own opinion and proceed as observation or genius may direct. . . . I always wish to see a regular cast before I see a knowing one."

Anything I can say seems superfluous. No doubt the real secret for hunting hounds is to allow them to hunt for themselves, and seldom, if ever, to touch them so long as they will hunt. We all know that when hounds come to a check all followers should at once stand still and hold their tongues. Good hounds will at once make their cast. A huntsman should not touch them until this has entirely failed. All this is platitude. Whatever happens when he is casting hounds, his whipper-in must not hurry the hounds on. Good hounds will not hang about, and immediately one hound hits off the line every hound flies to the cry. If hounds are left alone they know by instinct which is the line of the run fox. When perpetually assisted and lifted, they will speak to the line of any fox which moves before them. Of course, however well hounds are hunted, they will sometimes change foxes, but when hounds are repeatedly failing to kill it is from repeatedly changing foxes.

When hounds become slack it is nearly always from one of two causes, perhaps from both: (1) From undue meddling by the huntsman; (2) from allowing a whipper-in to hurry them on when casting themselves.

On a good scenting day they will cast themselves at a high speed; on a bad scenting day they will make their casts with more deliberation.

A very great deal depends on good earth stopping. For this a great deal of organisation is required. If foxes are perpetually running to ground it not only upsets hounds, but it annoys those on whose lands the foxes are found, and those who follow the hounds if they are really fond of hunting, besides ruining many days' sport.

Hounds should never be taken off a line of a fox so long as they can speak to the line, or even feather on the line.

The hunting may be slow, but eventually hounds may get close up to the fox, and have a fast run with a kill.

Every time hounds are taken off a line and made to draw for a fresh fox it is a blow to their hunting powers, no matter what a hunting field may say.

If you want general good sport you must make your hounds tenacious and persevering; drawing for a fresh fox when hounds can still hunt the old line destroys both tenacity and perseverance.

When hounds are taken from the meet to draw, the hunt servants in rear should ride at a considerable distance behind them. It irritates hounds to be hustled along a road, and is insulting to those who are the main source whence our enjoyment is derived.

If hounds have travelled a fairly long distance to the meet they can be taken to draw at a faster pace than if the meet is at the kennels or some place near, because hounds may wish to stop for a few seconds for hygienic purposes.

It is revolting to see whippers-in thonging hounds on the road. A cruel or uneducated whipper-in may ruin the hunting qualities of hounds unless kept in order.

After a good run, hounds should be taken to the next draw slowly.

One frequently hears complaints of changing foxes. Of course, it is impossible under general conditions to prevent hounds sometimes changing foxes. At the same time hounds which are permitted to hunt for themselves are less liable to change than if they are perpetually being assisted by their huntsman. Hounds are frequently taught to change foxes, e.g., hounds are drawing, say, a gorse or blackthorn artificial covert; they find a fox and are running him round the inside of this covert, and a fox breaks away; the huntsman blows his horn; the whippers-in rate the hounds.

Eventually hounds are induced to leave the fox they have been hunting and go out after the one viewed away. This is teaching hounds to change foxes. It is a golden rule that hounds should never be stopped off one fox and put on to another, however tempting this may appear at the moment.

Although the first fox to leave is probably a good one, experience has generally shown that, except in the case of a heavy vixen, hounds eventually drive their fox from the covert, and run him exceedingly well, probably giving the field a really good run. When hounds are running a fox, and a fox is viewed, unless certain that this is a tired fox, don't blow, leave them alone.

When a huntsman (who presumably has read his subject thoroughly) first comes to a country he naturally leaves his hounds alone, especially if he does not know the general run of the foxes. Later on, he knows the general line over which foxes run, and when hounds are at fault he may be inclined to lift them and they probably hit off the line. This may do well for a period, but the time comes when, from being perpetually lifted and assisted, hounds lose their natural hunting powers, and if they come to a check, instead of casting themselves, they look up for their huntsman, who may not be near at the time. Thus hounds become slow, because instead of hunting diligently, a lot of time is wasted, and when the huntsman does enable them to hit off the line, the scent is cold.

If hounds are being perpetually lifted they lose their drive, and from being a fast pack, the pack becomes a slow one. There are constant complaints of "bad scent" and even of ringing foxes. In reality the cause of both is probably the want of confidence and perseverance in the hounds, for if hounds cannot press a fox, he often rings.

It is delightful to hear hounds driving through woodland where they have to work for themselves. Of course, when cubhunting there is no excuse for lifting hounds, even if there is on occasion when regular hunting commences.

KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)



THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY IN ROCKINGHAM PARK

CONTROL OF DEER IN SCOTLAND

STEPS to reduce the number of deer in certain parts of Scotland are announced to-day by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland. Mr. John Colville, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, has appointed Mr. H. Frank Wallace, Old Corrimony, Glenurquhart, to be Deer Controller. The Secretary of State has also made an Order giving agricultural tenants certain powers to destroy deer.

In explanation of these steps, the Department point out that during the present year legislation for the control of deer had already passed the House of Lords and was awaiting debate in the House of Commons. With the outbreak of war, however, the Secretary of State decided that it was unnecessary in the circumstances to proceed with it because the Defence Regulations provided wide powers enabling action to be taken to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer. These powers have been delegated by the Secretary of State to the Agricultural Executive Committees set up by him in terms of the Defence Regulations. The localities concerned are mainly, if not wholly, in the Highlands, in some parts of which the deer problem has been acute for years.

Special expert advice and organisation will be necessary in the framing of local plans for reducing deer wherever their numbers are excessive, and it is to provide the committees with this help that a Deer Control Officer is being appointed. Mr. Wallace will act as adviser to the Agricultural Executive Committees and as a liaison officer on the subject of deer control between the Agricultural Executive Committees and the Department of Agriculture. Apart from the value of Mr. Wallace's expert knowledge, which will be available to the committees, the arrangement will be advantageous from the point of view of co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production on the one side and the supply of venison as an article of food on the other.

Supplementary to this organisation it has been decided to give occupiers of agricultural holdings some rights to kill deer found on any arable, garden or permanent grassland (other than moorlands and unenclosed lands) forming part of their lands. But before so authorising any person, it will be necessary for the occupier to intimate the name to the landlord and if the landlord, within ten days of such intimation, notifies objection to the occupier and the Agricultural Executive Committee of the area, the occupier shall not authorise that person until the Agricultural Executive Committee have intimated their approval of the authorisation.

A person authorised to kill, take, sell or dispose of deer under this Order shall not be required to obtain for such purpose a licence to kill game and shall have the same power of selling deer killed by him or by any persons authorised by him as if he had a licence to kill game. The Order does not, however, exempt any person from the provisions of the Gun Licence Act, 1870.

CHEAP FEED FOR DOGS

DOGS are so constituted that they must have a certain amount of meat, but the actual quality of the meat supplied them is not of supreme importance, provided it is not obtained from a diseased source. Experiments made by feeding dogs with beef, mutton and horse flesh indicate that horseflesh is most nutritive; three full meals of raw horse flesh improved the condition of a dog visibly.

Beef is better than mutton regarding nutritive power. When 70 sheep were smothered in snow drifts and the meat was fed to a kennel, in conjunction with steamed biscuits and house scraps, the dogs lost condition. No doubt many stags will be shot down this winter, regardless of the fact that the animals are not good enough for people to eat. They are quite good enough to feed to dogs, however, and venison, even if not of the best, is relished by them.

Dogs love boiled Swede turnips, and will eat them without an addition of any kind. I saw farm collies attend the cooking places for swede turnips, and reach up to feed from the steaming messes in the barrows, and this gave me a hint to use turnips for my own dogs.

All dogs love herring, and sometimes inferior brands of kippers may be bought cheaply. The only fish which dogs do not relish is brown trout.

Butchers' refuse is a good basis for making soups for dogs, but what one wants is something solid and substantial to form a palatable mess. Indian meal porridge is good feeding, but it must be made so stout that a spade will stand upright in it, and it will certainly begin to "run" if kept more than two days.

It is a mistake to suppose that dogs must have an enormous amount of the best meat to keep them in perfect health. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Guinness at Waterloo



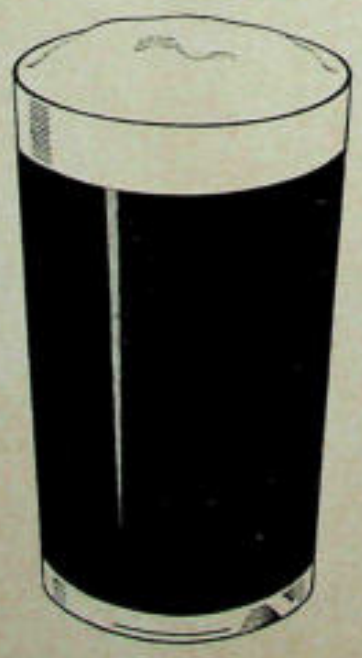
From a contemporary caricature called 'A Wellington Boot'

"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness.

"Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass... I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful... I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the diary of one of Wellington's officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

—and Guinness today



In times of difficulty and suffering, men and women have ever turned to Guinness as a natural source of strength and comfort.

For Guinness is more than a very good drink. It is a tonic for both body and mind, and in the words of a doctor, "a balm to tired and worn-out nerves."

If you are tired, Guinness refreshes you. If your nerves are on edge, Guinness helps you to see things calmly and cheerfully. If you have lost your enjoyment of meals, Guinness restores it.

Truly, there's nothing like a Guinness. Have one with your lunch or dinner today.

The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.454.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TURF

THE popular view of racing is so material that nearly all that is written and published about the sport must be highly objective and factual. This condition does not encourage or make an extensive market for a literary style, as graceful, leisurely and urbane as has been developed with such delightful effect, by some journalists who specialise in cricket and golf, and by others who write about hunting and fishing. I have regretted this, not because I have ever deluded myself with the idea that I could achieve the same standard, if given the chance, but simply as a reader.

When I read *Days in the Sun*, by Neville Cardus, I remember thinking what a pity it was that racing did not lend itself to the same journalistic treatment as he and others have so pleasantly applied to cricket. My delight, therefore, may be imagined when at last I found a book about the Turf, thoroughly practical, but written with literary charm, a book in which the facts themselves are quite unimportant but related with the most effective grace. It is called *Ups and Downs: The Memoirs of a Soldier Rider*, and it has just been published by Collins at 10/6.

The author, Major Colin Davy, rode occasionally under National Hunt rules for a few years and may be remembered by the racing public through his association with Desert Chief, a very useful chaser given to him by Mrs. Chester Beatty. The 10th Hussars know that he trained and owned a few Arab winners while they were at Cairo, and his modest achievements as a gymkhana rider in India cannot have been forgotten by many of his contemporaries. That he was a more competent race-rider than he permits himself to suggest in his book, I know from my own recollection of his performances in this country, but I can imagine many hard-boiled racing people asking what interest there can be in the reminiscences of a soldier, who during his racing career, only rode a few "old skins" and was not notably successful.

To them I say with confidence that they will find his book, in the present circumstances, as good as several days racing. They can see Desert Chief beat Easter Hero again without losing their money; they can follow many other races with greater understanding than they had on the original occasions, meet old friends and be warmed, if they have any sentiment at all, by the enthusiasm and experiences of the young soldier-rider, so typical of those who depend on the tolerance of their bank manager, the generosity of their relatives and an occasional "touch" in the betting ring, to pay their training bills. But this is more than a racing story.

Major Davy takes us hunting joyously with him, tells us of the trout he caught proudly while at the Machine Gun School at Netheravon, gives us a peep of the Himalayas at dawn, and reveals the touch of the artist at every turn. Listen to this echo from Salisbury Plain.

"We used to pull up in the shelter of a sickle-shaped copse, and when I had stripped the saddle from him, Desert Chief rolled in the long dew-drenched grass. He would roll sometimes for ten minutes on end, then jump to his feet, and squeal and kick with the joy of living. Then he would stand like a statue, four-square on his feet with his head high and his ears cocked, listening to something which I could not hear. I would stand looking at him wrapt in admiration for the lovely picture he made. Then Eddie, the stable boy, would come up and stand beside me gaping also. 'There never was such an "oss" be would say, 'Gawd! Ain't 'e a King.' I would laugh, and go off to breakfast, but I agreed with Eddie."

The man who wrote this says that he has lived for little more than horses and steeplechasing, but however good he may have been as a jockey, I assure him most appreciatively that as a writer this book places him in a far higher class than ever he was as a rider.

War conditions should create a boom in books about the Turf. I am sure that the several authors who had volumes nearly ready for publication when hostilities started will find, after all their anxiety, that their ventures were not ill-timed. The effect of the black-out has greatly increased the disposition of the ordinary person to find relaxation and diversion in reading, and as there is not enough good-class racing at present to satisfy the thirsty interest of a wide public, books about the sport will be readily accepted to fill the void.

The recent publication of *Epsom and the Derlings* by E. E. Dorling (Stanley Paul, 10/6) is a contribution of considerable importance to the history of racing. Mr. Dorling became managing director of the Epsom Grand Stand Association in 1919. His great grandfather, William Dorling, established the family connection with Epsom races and the Derby a hundred years ago by printing and selling race-cards, or at least what were the primitive originals of the official cards, still produced by the firm of Dorling at Epsom. William's son Henry, with the encouragement of Lord George Bentinck, became lessee of the Grand Stand in the eighteen-forties when the company and the races themselves were in a bad way, and it was Henry's son, and the author's uncle, Henry Mayson Dorling, whom many remember as the autocrat who ruled at Epsom until after Grand Parade's Derby in 1919. All that tells of the varying fortunes, the land deals, the personalities and the changes connected with Epsom races is good reading and forms a most valuable and authoritative record.

Mr. Dorling's active association with Epsom and the Derby was begun after a career as a schoolmaster and clergyman and it is not surprising perhaps that he writes less expertly and less convincingly about actual racing and other technical matters beyond the practical range of his office. He speaks, for instance, of tipsters shouting their "odds," and devotes a few unfortunate chapters to a re-hash of many of the old stories, some of very doubtful authenticity, about past Derby races and the people prominently connected with them. Apart from the staleness and original errors of these, some mistakes slipped into Mr. Dorling's inexpert paraphrases.

He says, for instance, that the Derby victories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee constituted a record because they were brothers. Such relatives, he thinks, have never gained this distinction before or since.

Among Derby winners Rhadamanthus (1790) and Daedalus (1794) were both by Justice out of Flyer, and Archduke (1799) and Paris (1806) were also brothers, being by Sir Peter out of Horatia. In addition to these, a mare by Highflyer produced Spread Eagle (1795) and Didelot (1796) by different sires, and other pairs of half-brothers to win the Derby have been Ditto (1803) and Pan (1808), Mundig (1835) and Cotherstone (1843), and Morganette's sons Galtee More (1897) and Ard Patrick (1902).

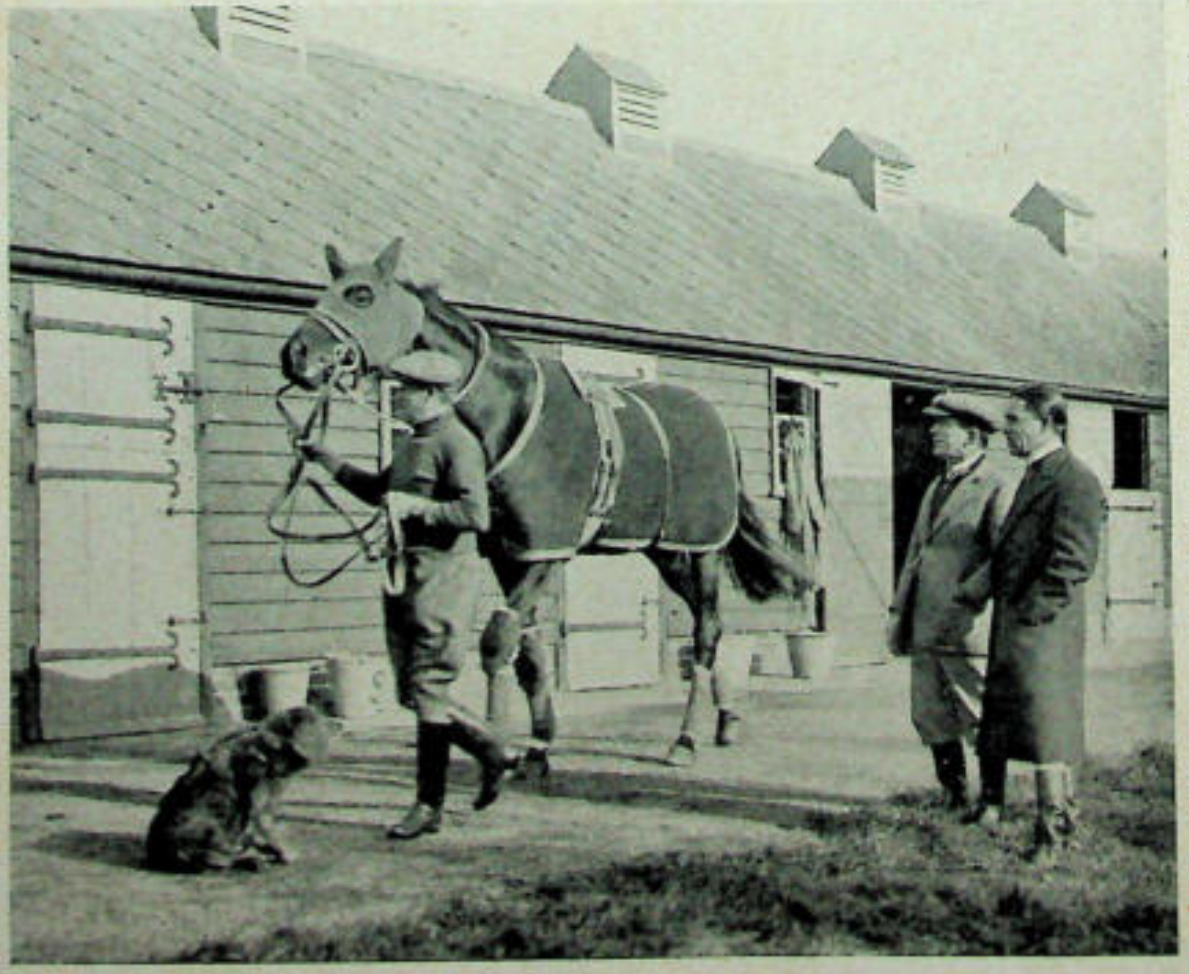
YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

DJEBEL STAYS AND PHARIS II LEAVES FOR FRANCE

M. Marcel Boussac's Djebel, which recently beat the English Two-Year-Olds in the Middle Park Stakes, is now with Steve Donoghue at Bleadbury. M. Boussac's Pharis II is seen leaving the stables for shipment to France where he goes to the stud. Charles Elliot, who was to have ridden the horse in the St. Leger against Blue Peter, is seen with Steve watching his departure.









Christmas Greetings



The Directors of McVITIE & PRICE, LTD., have reserved this page in order that they, their Staff and Employees may send Christmas Greetings to their fellow workers who are serving At Home or Overseas in His Majesty's Forces, and to wish them an early and safe return to their homes and loved ones.

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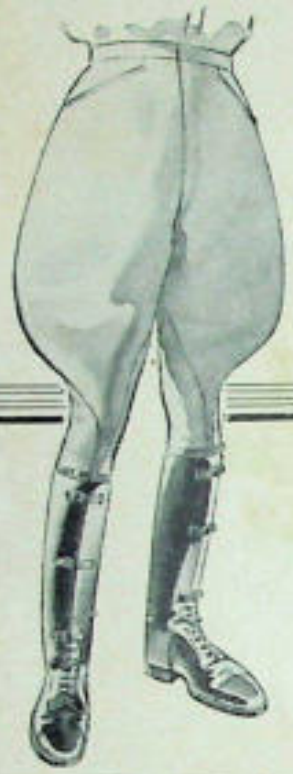
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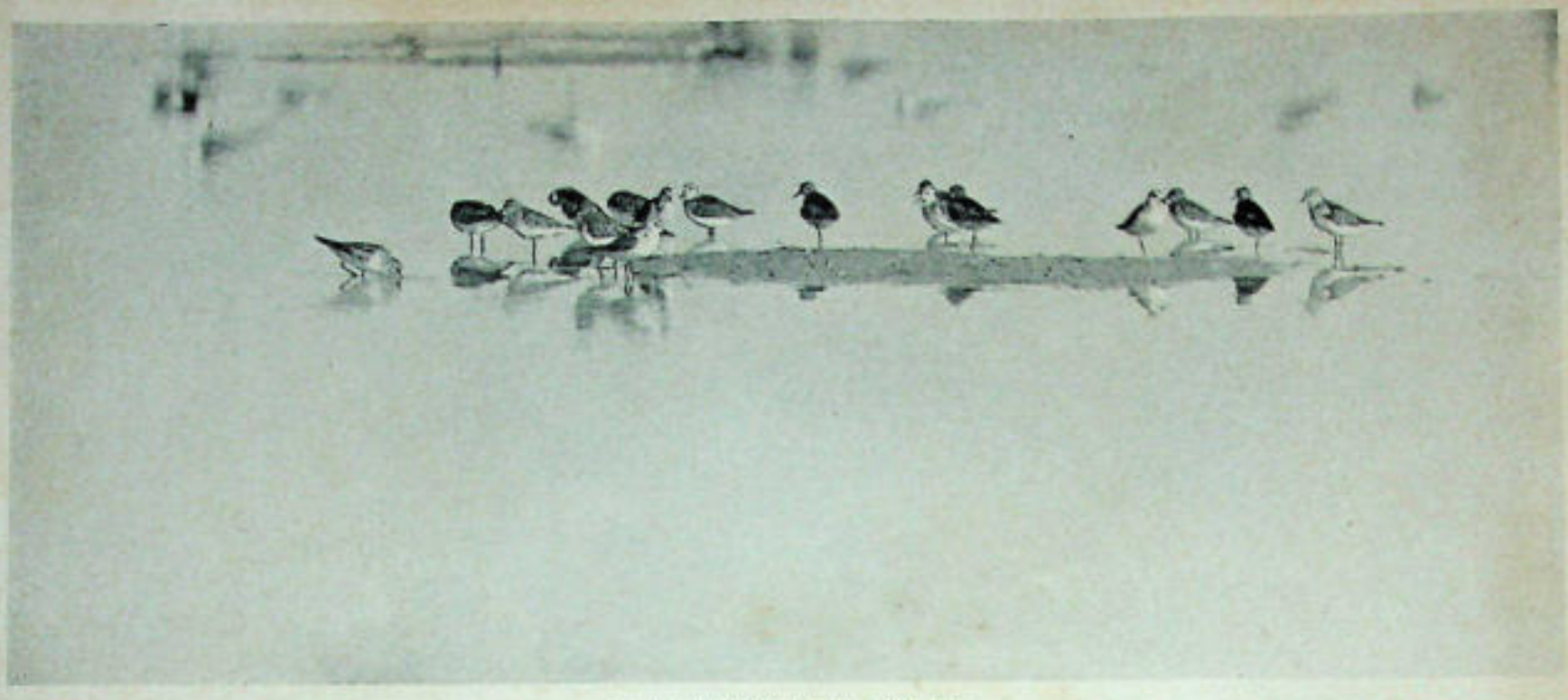


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LITTLE STINTS ON A NILE SANDBANK

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE SUDAN

By J. B. BOWERS

THE ornithologist must count himself lucky if work or pleasure enables him to follow the annual odyssey of bird migration to its winter resting place in Africa.

Away in the high corries of Sutherland in June I had listened to the clear echoing notes of the greenshank in its summer haunts. The rain squalls stinging my cheeks and driving wave after wave across the face of Quinag seemed a fit setting for these fascinating birds, as they swept overhead with their eerie yelping cries. The "Chevaliers gris," as the French have named them, were riding their native storm. In September on a rain-water lake not far south of the Sahara I heard the notes again, as a flock of nine flew past me and settled along the shore to feed.

To bird enthusiasts who have watched the flocks of waders moving down the coasts of Europe, or the warblers searching for insects among the bushes on their southward way, a winter spent in Africa gives a new insight into the amazing journey of these migrants. For four years I have been in the Sudan and, having given much thought to the annual coming of these multitudes of European birds, I have inclined more and more to the idea that they sweep southward on a broad front over the 1,400 miles of desert between the Mediterranean and their promised land, and to discard the "fly-line" theory which supposes that they shape their course southward up the narrow valley of the Nile.

Some 300 miles west of "The River," on a journey of eight hours by camel in early October, I saw six or eight spotted flycatchers, as many redstarts, a flock of 20 or 30 yellow wagtails, a dozen wheatears, and many of the smaller warblers, and this on a narrow strip of country 40 miles long and only about 30yds. in width out of that vast area, 300 miles by 500, which forms the Province of Kordofan; nor is there reason to suppose that the rest of it is less densely populated. Each of the great rain-water lakes, too, numbers its waders by hundreds and its duck sometimes by thousands.

No doubt a certain number of these birds have followed the course of the Nile, travelling at leisure along the narrow green strip of the Dongola reach and striking westwards into Kordofan. But if, as I have heard it said, the Nile Valley is the main route upon which the countless thousands of southward travelling birds converge to cross the barren tracts of North Africa, then surely the palm groves of Dongola would bend and creak under the weight of passerines, and the shores of the river be carpeted with innumerable wading birds, and still there would not be room for them. If, on the other hand one supposes that the majority do follow the valley of the Nile, but never stop to profit from its green shade and food supplies, then surely they could as well steer a straighter course, scattered out over the whole vast width of the Sahara, and I have little doubt in my own mind that this is what they do, obeying an instinctive urge in which landmarks play no vital part.

I suggest that the migrants travel at leisure, and this brings me to another thought. I believe that once the Sahara is crossed the southward movement gradually slows down. Last year I was at Foja (Lat. 13. 45 N.) on August 25th, and at Ermil (Lat. 13 4 0N.) a few days later, and I found the waders plentiful. At Foja there were large flocks of common, green and marsh sandpipers, ruffs and black-winged stilts, and of the ducks, considerable packs of garganey which are usually the first to arrive. At Ermil, too, I found all these birds and a fair-sized flock of 20 or more black-tailed godwits, one or two redshank, and a few ringed plover and common snipe. But on August 30th at Abu Zahad, which is some way further south, the lake was devoid of duck and as far as I could see of waders, too. On September 25th yet another southward journey of 130 miles brought me to Muglad (Lat. 11 N.) where, after a season of heavy rains, there seemed almost more water than dry land, and conditions were ideal for birds; yet the sum total of my records was a dozen or so green sandpipers, three times that number of common sandpipers, two greenshank, three ringed plover, strangely enough a great many common snipe, and a flock of a dozen or so of garganey teal. What, then, is the explanation of this fact, that in all my wanderings in the south, round Muglad, I saw fewer birds than I found a month before over a mile or two of shore up north? True, it may be that the vast area of water in the south made the discovery of birds more difficult, but much more probable, I think, is the theory that at Foja I had met the vanguard of the immigration, and that, having crossed the waterless miles of desert to the north, the movement was dallying before its leisurely passage further south.

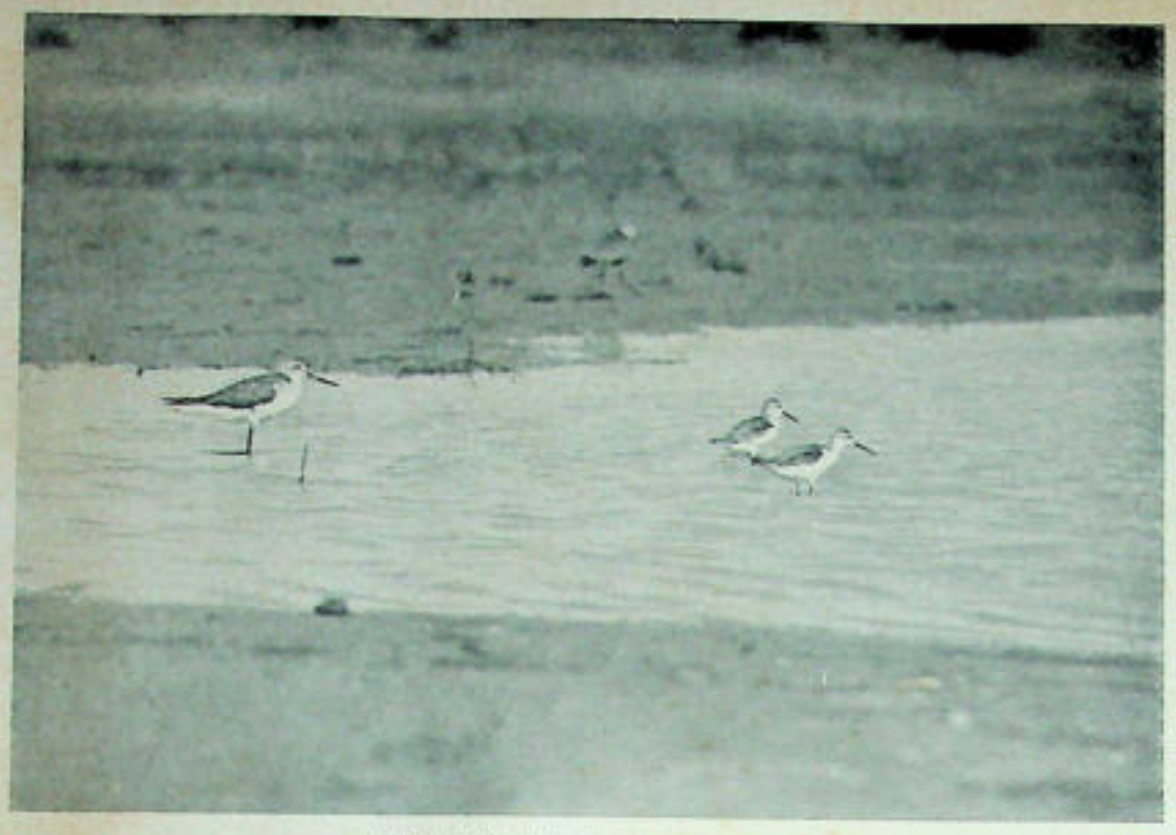


BLACK-WINGED STILT

Although the waders are the most conspicuous of the migrants there is a special fascination in noting the arrivals of the smaller birds. One wakes, perhaps, in one's garden to hear the plaintive note of a willow warbler and to watch him searching for insects in the leaves of a neem tree, while an exquisitely jewelled green and scarlet sunbird flits from the same tree, reminding one that this is Africa.

Space forbids me to give details of the individual birds, but a plain list of their arrivals, as I have recorded them during two winters, may be of interest to those who have watched them as they leave their northern haunts.

Bird.	*Place.*	*Lat. & Long.*	*Date.*	*Remarks.*
Yellow Wagtail	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.9.37	Flock of 100+ or more.
Yellow Wagtail	Muglad ...	11°N ..	27.9.38	3 flocks of about 30.
Blackcap	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.9.37	A pair.
Willow Warbler	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	1.9.37	Single bird.
Redstart.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	5.11.37	Single bird.
Wheatear	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	12.9.37	Several birds.
Spotted Flycatcher	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	10.9.37	1 bird.
Swallows and Swifts (I am not certain enough of distinction from Native African species on the wing to give records.)				
White Stork ...	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.9.37	Approx. 100 birds.
Garganey Teal.	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	10.9.37	Shot.
Garganey Teal.	Foja.....	13.45'N	25.8.38	4 or 5 large flocks.
Kestrel	Abu Zahad	12.20'N	4.10.38	4 birds.
Marsh Harrier .	El Odaya..	12°N ..	29.9.38	1 female.
Ringed Plover.	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	5.9.37	1 bird.
Ringed Plover.	Nahud	12.40'N	9.9.38	1 bird.
Ringed Plover.	Muglad ...	11°N	26.9.38	3 birds.
Kentish Plover	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.10.37	2 birds.
Black-winged stilt	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	28.8.37	Large flocks.
Common Snipe	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.9.37	Shot.
Common Snipe	Ermil	13.40'N	3.9.38	2 shot, 3 seen.
Common Snipe	Muglad ...	11°N	27.9.38	20 or more seen.
Curlew Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	1 bird with Dunlin.
Dunlin	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	1.10.37	3 birds.
Little Stint ...	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.9.37	2 flocks of about 12.
Little Stint	Nahud....	12.40'N	10.8.38	1 bird.
Ruff	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.8.37	Small flock.
Ruff	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Several small flocks.
Common Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	4 birds.
Green Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.8.37	1 bird.



A GREENSHANK AND TWO MARSH SANDPIPERS
(Reproduced from "A Book of British Waders," published by Collins)

Bird	Place	Lat. & Long.	Date	Remarks
Green Sandpiper	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Several birds.
Green Sandpiper	Mugtat ...	11'N	25.9.38	Common.
Redshank.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	—
Redshank.....	Emuil.....	13.40'N	2.9.38	2 birds.
Dusky Redshank	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	2.10.37	1 bird.
Marsh Sandpiper.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.10.37	—
Greenshank ...	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Flock of 8 or 10.
Greenshank ...	Mugtat ...	11'N	25.9.38	1 bird.
Black-tailed Godwit	Emuil.....	13.40'N	3.9.38	Flock, 12 or more.
Curlew	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	3.10.37	1 bird.

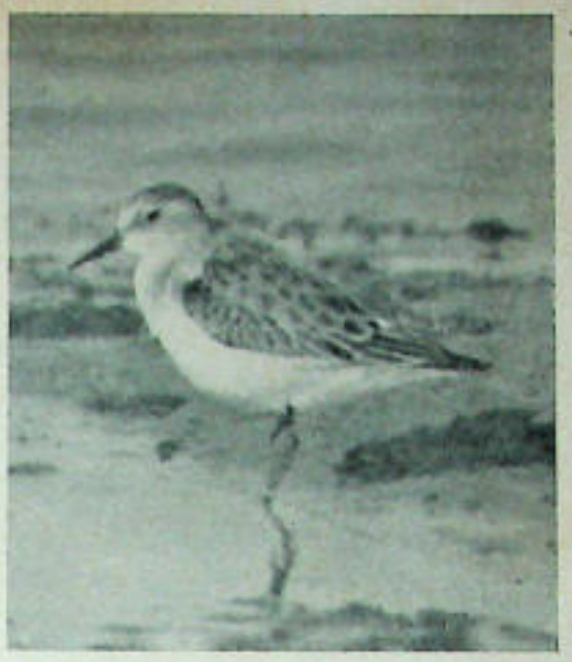
But if the southward journey of the migrants gives food for thought, how much more wonderful is their return in spring. As all who have lived here will know, the green and pleasant land which greets the incoming birds with its stretches of water and insect-haunted pools shows a very different face in March or April. High north winds gather up the dust from a withered countryside, and lay it thick upon the brown and weary trees. Insects there are, it is true, but not the soft succulent flies and caterpillars of autumn; in their place now are ants and horny grasshoppers. Water, too, west of the Nile and north of latitude 11 is now confined to the deep wells and, if the August rains were good, a few small muddy lakes crowded with Arabs and their thirsty flocks and herds. And yet the birds must use this inhospitable country as a jumping-off ground for their prodigious flight across the northern desert. In 1938 the scrub country along the road from Sinut to Abu Zabad was crowded with redstarts; flycatchers there were, too, and delicate little warblers, and in March, 1937, what remained of Sherkeila lake had been packed with duck and waders, many of the ruffs and godwits showing traces of the bright breeding plumage of summer. Now the birds from Sherkeila may shape an easterly course for the valley of the Nile, but I cannot think that instinct will lead the western migrants even as far east as the Dongola reach of the river, and the alternative is the straighter course over the Sahara—a thirsty flight that surpasses the bravest achievements of mere human endurance.

But it is not only in the Sudan that the amazing facts of bird migration are revealed. In April 1938 I was returning on leave; looking out of my sleeper at sunset over the cataracts of the Nile I could see a flock of about 20 white storks beating steadily northwards above the river, and then, three days later, on April 14th, we sailed from Alexandria in the teeth of a cold north wind and a rough sea. On the second day out two turtle doves and some species of chat were seen flying beside the ship.

The next morning—sunny, but cold, with a strong north wind—when we were nine hours south-east of the Straits of Messina, the ship and the air round it were alive with birds. A kestrel flew over high up, heading north-east, four house-martins and about a dozen swallows were sitting in the rigging or on the fans in the smoking-room, six blue-headed wagtails flew alongside or settled on the rails, while in the ornamental shrubs round the swimming bath, or perched on vacant chairs, at different times were a chiff-chaff (or it may have been a willow-wren), a delightful little moustached warbler with its russet breast and pale yellow moustache markings, a whitethroat, a nightingale, a greenfinch, and a small sparrow-coloured warbler which I did not know. On the boat deck, too, were eight or nine battered and weary pipits, and had the ship's cat been hungrier or in better training few would have survived; as it was, his clumsy rushes sent them overboard to fly low under the shelter of the hull before returning to the deck, exhausted. Strangest of all, at one time about 20yds. from the ship flew a large brown owl.

On April 17th we had passed the toe of Italy, and only a single swift and our two turtle doves remained, flying tirelessly above us.

I was reminded, as I watched these exhausted migrants hugging the ship's side, of Mr. T. A. Coward's remarks: "The observation of normal migration is as a rule impossible and . . . I believe we only see the birds because the wind is contrary . . . and they have dropped to a lower altitude to avoid trouble." I wondered what was happening to others, less fortunate, fighting the north-east wind unaided.



A LITTLE STINT
A very fine study of a little-photographed bird



COMMON SNIPE



A WOOD SANDPIPER

New Books

TRAVELS A-FOOT IN ANCIENT GREECE

Greek Earth. By SIDNEY W. HOPPER. (Michael Joseph; 12/6.)

In recent years it has become quite fashionable to travel on foot in Greece with a rucksack and a guide-book, and nearly everyone who has done so has felt himself under the necessity of freely interspersing his narrative with allusions to classical history and legend. Most people will find it rather irritating to have a charming description of life in the modern village of Delphi interrupted by a long digression on the moral principles involved in the trial of Orestes for the murder of his mother. That trial did take place largely because of a pronouncement of the oracle at Delphi, and in this matter, as in others, no fault can be found with Mr. Hopper's classical knowledge, but too much of it is introduced. It really was not necessary for him to follow this fashion, for he has acute powers of observation and an inquiring and philosophical turn of mind which make his story very good reading in itself and on its own merits.

The first part of the book deals with Athens. It is a fascinating city, a meeting place of East and West, luminous and colourful, and imbued with a spiritual unity that seems in some ways to be at variance with its straggling form. Mr. Hopper has certainly got under the skin, as it were, of its heterogeneity. The records of his talks to Athenians in all walks of life are very interesting and vivid. His reflections on the glory of past days and the splendours of the Acropolis are soberly and intelligently expressed. But there would be much to be said for a book on Greece that left out Athens altogether, for the true Greece is to be found in the remote countryside, and in its exploration lies the best part of Mr. Hopper's book.

First, however, he visits Attica, where his adventures as far as eating and sleeping are concerned, really begin. Despite the incursion of the petrol engine, life in the Greek countryside is still remarkably primitive, and the methods of land cultivation, slaughtering of animals and the like, are of peculiar interest. From Attica the author strikes north-west and visits many towns and villages, some famous, others almost unknown. The innumerable cups of coffee that he drank have each and all an interesting encounter attached to them, and the curious and varied meals are all associated in his mind with some odd scraps of conversation with the clear-cut personality of his hosts and table-fellows.

Mr. Hopper is mainly attracted by the land in relation to its inhabitants. He has little to say of the flowers, trees and birds that are so beautiful a part of the wilds of Greece. But his reactions to the things that do attract him are very thoroughly recorded. He has seen fit to spell Greek names with alphabetical strictness. The man whom we know as Croesus becomes Kroisos, Chalcis becomes Khalkis, and so on. But why not be consistent and spell Delphi as Delphoi? This is one of many examples that one could give of an eccentricity which is rather irritating to the eye. The photographs have been supplied from official sources, and are very consciously artistic. The personal touch here would have enhanced the charm of the book. A map would have been a useful addition. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Hopper did not go anywhere south of the Isthmus of Corinth, for his reflections on such romantic and beautiful places as Sparta, Monemvasia and Bassæ would have been most welcome. We hope that when he does visit the Peloponnesus (and Thessaly, too, for that matter) Mr. Hopper will take a camera in his rucksack.

* * *

A Year of My Life. By A. G. STREET. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7/6.)

Mr. Street is at his best in Wiltshire, and on his farm Mr. Street away from Wiltshire, and away from his farm, is nothing very out of the ordinary. At home—a combination of farmer and author—he writes confidently and amusingly, and authoritatively about something he knows backwards, and has known all the days of his life. Mr. Street is not a die-hard. He is always ready to experiment, always ready to listen to other people's views (not many farmers are), and he has a great faith in the soil of England. We hope that many townsmen will read this account of a year of his life. If it is pessimistic in places (and it is), that is the fault of urbanisation, but scarcely anyone could read this book and not feel that we have in England and in English soil something well worth defending—not only against Germany, but also against our politicians.

* * *

The Fox That Walked on the Water. By A. H. HIGGINSON. (Collins; 10/6 net.)

The subject of this book is really the battle of wits occasioned by the cunning and resource of the fox and the determination and ability of hounds to defeat their quarry. Mr. Higginson was a Master of Hounds in America before coming to this country to take over the Cattistock, and he looks back over his hunting experiences in both countries. From them he has selected fourteen instances of the fox's cunning which seemed to admit of no reasonable explanation at the time. There was the fox which was clearly seen to be walking comfortably on the surface of the sea; the one which was brought from Scotland and led hounds over exactly the same line every time he was hunted and who disappeared into thin air at precisely the same spot; and the fox who used a sudden bend in the river to precipitate hounds into icy water and nearly drown the whole pack.

Several of the stories refer to hounds. There was Refuge who was descended on her dam's side from the Duke of Beaufort's Challenger 1907, and who showed her descent very clearly one day. South Shropshire Dutiful's exploits in America make a very interesting story and so does the fate suffered by the selfish hound. One of the best points about the book is that Mr. Higginson does not leave the problems unsolved; he has a perfectly reasonable explanation to offer in each case. It is a book which no lover of hound work should miss.

The illustrations are by that excellent artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart. He has done one colour plate, two pen-and-ink sketches and numerous drawings. He has been remarkably successful in catching the atmosphere of the text.

* * *

Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon. By R. D. PECK. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. (A. & C. Black; 3/6 net.)

Readers—and they were many—of Mr. Peck's former book, *Fly Fishing for Duffers*, will give a hearty welcome to his new volume, which is written in the same entertaining and inconsequent spirit, and illustrated by Mr. Bateman with his same nightmare-invoking humour. It will make you laugh, heartily and cheeringly, this book on the horror and enjoyment of spinning; but in addition to this excellent feature (for surely laughter is a gift of the gods, and the man who can invoke it ought to receive honours) there is solid advice, based on common sense throughout its eighty odd pages, which should not only bring comfort to the novice but enable him, and even men who have gone some little way beyond their novitiate, to catch more salmon by this undoubtedly remunerative method.

The truth is that most anglers of experience have passed through the "gadget stage" and got back to the more simple tackle of their forefathers: a little lighter, a little better balanced, a little stronger for its weight—but not so very different after all. And by adopting Mr. Peck's recommendations the budding salmon fisher will save himself a lot of trouble in the long run—and a good deal of money too. So if you want to laugh and catch salmon thereafter you cannot do better than study this excellent little volume.

* * *

Escape to the Sea. By FRED REBELL. (Murray; 8/6.)

This is the chronicle of the most extraordinary seafaring feat ever. Mr. Rebell, in his boat Elaine, sailed single-handed 9,000 miles across the Pacific from Sydney to Los Angeles. That is astonishing enough. But more: Elaine was an 18-ft. open racing boat of the type used for racing in the sheltered waters of Sydney harbour; Mr. Rebell's only protection was a canvas hood amidships; his charts, his sextant (in fact, all his instruments), were home-made; he had no knowledge of navigation beyond that gained in a public library. Furthermore, having no identification papers of any kind he made these all. He wrote out his own passport and issued it to himself. His contempt for authority is magnificent, and altogether praiseworthy.

The voyage took a year and a day. Quite definitely it puts into the shade the voyages of Captains Slocum and Voss, Alain Gerbault and Harry Pidgeon, of which some mention is made by Mr. Richard Hughes in his foreword. Quite definitely, it is an exciting book, a real adventure story written without frills in refreshingly simple language.

And from it emerges the portrait—an astonishingly revealing portrait—of the author, adventurer, stoic, handyman, astonishingly brave, incredibly religious (in the true sense) sublimely independent, and wonderfully human.

* * *

Jackson's Agricultural Holdings and Tenant Right Valuation. Ninth edition. By W. HANBURY AGGS, M.A., LL.M. (Sweet & Maxwell, Ltd.; 12/6.)

A story is told of a young land agent faced with the task of explaining to a landowner the intricacies of a valuation made on a change of farm tenancy. I am sorry to say that he was not very successful, and received a severe reprimand for allowing so disgraceful a proceeding to occur upon the estate.

A more complete knowledge is said to rest upon a widened experience, and yet those who are always speaking of their experience are not those with the most sound judgments. In fact, much can be learnt, especially in matters of law and principle, from books. Among these stands, as upon a pedestal, Jackson's standard work, a ninth edition of which is now produced under the pen of Mr. Hanbury Aggs. This eminent barrister, writing for the layman, expresses the legal side in terms which can be understood and indeed enjoyed.

The annotation of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923, and the summary of the effect of recent law cases, is invaluable; but the practical aspect has not been forgotten. The chapter on practice is a masterly exposition of principles, and the list of "Customs of the Country" for every county in England and Wales is most useful, and not a little fascinating.

For the general reader, who is brave enough to dip into a work with so forbidding a title, the history of the emancipation of the farmer from a position of serfdom to one of unparalleled statutory security makes absorbing reading. An excellent book in every way, well bound and printed. Essential for the lawyer, for land agents and valuers, its simple presentation makes a strong appeal to landowners and farmers who seek to know more of their relationship.

* * *

Horse and Man. By ALESSANDRO ALVISI. (*Country Life*; 5/- net).

We are indeed fortunate in having this book of aphorisms and paradoxes from so great a master of the horse as Colonel Alvisi. It consists wholly of reflections on the nature of the horse and the art of riding him. There are quotations from Homer, Xenophon and Federico Caprilli, but the greater part of the book comes from the experience of Colonel Alvisi.

He views the subject from various angles—the horse, its rider, balance, jumping and the riding school, and whatever is said is perfectly, sometimes profoundly, true. It is impossible to give many examples of this in a short review, but let one suffice: "The whole art of jumping may almost be said to end with the 'take off.'"

The illustrations will also prove to be of great interest. They range from King Assur Bani Pal, a Greek horseman of the Parthenon frieze and a Roman cavalryman to Norman cavalry at Hastings and various riding schools in France. Altogether it is a book to buy and ponder over.

* * *

Some Like the Hills. By RONALD DUNCAN. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 5/-.)

Mr. Duncan has taken some of his short stories which have appeared in *Chambers's Journal* and *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, and has woven them together into a neat and attractive story of life on the North West Frontier. The central figure is Mira Baz, a young pathan, and his adventures are such as will appeal to any schoolboy, though it is a pity that the sequence of events at the climax of the story are outlined in conversation before they take place, which robs the episode of a great deal of its excitement.

This is a pleasant little story about pleasant people, without an oath or harsh word in it from first to last.

Good yarns and fine pictures

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate Mr. B. Vesey-Fitzgerald on a very sane article on Bird Protection in the *Field* of August 12th last.

I entirely agree with all he said, and it is the first really sane article on the subject that has appeared, and about time, too. Too much utter tripe, too much mud-slinging and general hakkerdash, has been wasted on a very vital and interesting subject.

As he points out, the law at present is idiotic and unfair, at least it would be unfair if it was enforced.

I wish some opinions could have been enlisted from gamekeepers, such as those on the winter feeding of partridges, for, as a whole, keepers could be the finest protectionists we have. Their very work is ideal for the purpose, and nearly all are nature lovers. Naturally they have to keep down vermin such as hawks and owls, and some, it is true, go too far, though it is exceedingly rare for any of them totally to exterminate any species in their area. In my part of Hampshire, where there is, perhaps, the best shooting to be had in the South of England, hawks and owls are by no means rare, and the percentage killed by keepers is small (though when viewed on the gibbet it looks enormous), for as a general rule, marauders of this type are mostly killed near the rearing field or nesting birds, which is as it should be. Also, most of them realise that it is only at that time that this type of vermin is a real danger to game.

I know a head keeper in Berkshire who is the sworn enemy of all vermin; but every year a kestrel nests in a cedar outside his back-door, and is never molested. That, I think, is typical of the frame of mind of the average keeper, and if some correspondents on this subject could be as tolerant the question would easily be solved.

I quite agree that the Bird Watchers and Wardens Association has done a lot of useful work, and their active help in framing the new legislation should be enlisted; also much could be done by such societies as the Oxford Ornithological Society, who have much valuable data as to the bird population in their areas, and as to the causes of any decreases in recent years. I was partly responsible for several reports to them from the Bradfield, Berks, area—two on rooks and one a general survey and census of a fair area, which showed how birds were affected by, shall we say, civilisation (new buildings, roads, drainage, &c.), while certain species, even of such shy disposition as garden warblers and goldcrests, did not seem disturbed. Such data, providing there was sufficient to cover the country, and I am sure there are enough voluntary bodies to do the work, would be the only possible way of determining adequate and far-seeing legislation.

In my own opinion, it is not collectors, egg-collectors, photographers (or learner photographers) who are to blame for the decrease in numbers of certain species. Fluctuation in numbers of any species is governed by nature and by general conditions. Civilisation with its roads, petrol fumes, drainage schemes, artificial manures, &c., is the main cause of the trouble; but I quite agree that once the *minimum limit* has been reached, then the various types of ornithological enthusiasts can and do contribute to the total extinction of that species. One thing is certain, *egg dealers must be abolished*; they are unscrupulous, not for science but for money, and also I am sure help to make those who would be normal collectors into a type that is despised by all.

I do not think that the licensing of collectors would cover the problem entirely, as things are at present, but it is a splendid idea, and it would soon show up those who profess scientific interest, but who at heart are only interested in possession. But, and it is a big but, the law must be very thoroughly enforced, which, when you examine the circumstances, will not be easy, and, in any case, punishment for offenders must be much more drastic than at present.

I am an egg-collector myself in a small way. I started as a boy, and though the collection is small and is really only representative of commoner small birds, I am proud of it, and shall continue with it at every opportunity. I was taught, and very wisely, never to take more than one egg from a clutch (unless there were more than six), and have never broken that rule. Also, it has been my object to obtain two specimens only of the eggs of every British nesting bird, except in cases where colour variation is exceptional, when I try to obtain specimens showing as far as possible the limits of that variation, but in no case have I more than six specimens of any one species.

Also, I have kept a record of where every egg was found, giving exact details of the location and position of the nest (sometimes a small sketch to illustrate it), materials used, and wherever possible particulars of incubation period, hatching and flying. It is a record which is very interesting to myself, and in places has revealed facts of scientific interest which otherwise would have probably remained unobserved.

This, in my opinion, is the best system of egg-collecting, it does no harm to any species, and can be of scientific value, especially if the collection reaches such proportions as to represent every species.

But I can hear some of the high-flown specialists laugh with contempt. But how many have gleaned useful information from the myriads of eggs of one species? Has anyone solved the riddle of pigmentation? Is any taker-of-clutches-by-the-dozen ever likely to? If they are truthful I believe they will answer "I fear not." Is not a written record of the nest and eggs with one example as good as a clutch? Is there any real need for putting any bird to the enormous labour of building another nest and rearing another family? No matter how many scores of clutches of eggs are collected, can any one man or body of men ever hope to be able to say: "There are examples of every shade of pigmentation ever produced or likely to be produced?" Is not every egg (with pigmentation that is) that was ever laid different from its neighbour? Even the barn-door fowl can produce variety!

It is very easy to give destructive criticism, but in this case how difficult to be constructive. As I see it part of the problem could be met by the following—on reliable data certain species to be totally protected, others only in certain areas which could be changed by law from time to time as the habits of the birds or local conditions required; all collectors to be licensed and to keep written records of their work, which must be submitted annually to some responsible society in their area; provision to be made for the prosecution of photographers who have caused desertion through negligence. And naturally all the above to be fully enforced, and punishment for offenders to be severe.

No light task I fear, and, in any case, one that must now be relegated to the future.

Yours faithfully,

B.S.A. Police, J. P. MORAY BROWN.
Box 382, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I am a regular reader of the *Field*, and look forward to reading it each week, but of late I have been sorry to notice the way you keep "sniping" at Mr. W. S. Morrison as, and when, Minister of Agriculture. You have a right to your opinion, but I, and I believe many other readers, hold a different view, and owing to the standing of your paper and the fact that it is a sporting paper, I think you will agree it is only fair to present both sides of a case. Many of us believe that Mr. Morrison worked hard for the farmers, and did his very best to help, but his hands were obviously tied by the Cabinet; when Sir Reginald became Minister, the Cabinet appeared to change their attitude to the whole question of agriculture and gave Sir Reginald a much freer hand than they had done to Mr. Morrison. As one farmer remarked: "Morrison beat the bush and Dorman Smith shot the bird," and I think that about sums up the position.

Yours faithfully,

Whittington Lodge, J. E. BOYD.
Andoversford,
Gloucestershire.

CAVALRY IN WARFARE

SIR,—In view of the recent correspondence in the *Field*, reference horses O.A.S., it might be interesting to quote from Sir Douglas Haig's final despatch d.G.H.Q., March 21st, 1919:

15. *Value of Cavalry in War.* "... In the light of the full experience of the war, the decision to preserve the Cavalry Corps has been completely justified. It has been proved that cavalry, whether used for shock effect under suitable conditions, or as mobile infantry, have still an indispensable part to play in modern war. ..."

And later: "On the morning of the Armistice two British Cavalry Divisions were on the march east of the Scheldt, and before the orders to stop reached them they had already gained a line ten miles in front of our enemy outposts. There is no doubt that had the advance of the cavalry been allowed to continue, the enemy's disorganised retreat would have been turned into a rout."

It may also be interesting to add: In Sir Frederick Hobday's book (*Fifty Years a Veterinary Surgeon*) he gives accounts of his well-known operation on roarers, and he says: "The chief sequel which is noticeable in a horse which has been operated upon (by his method) is that the animal is afterwards dumb. This factor should not be forgotten, as it may some day be of considerable benefit to an army in the field, for night patrol, and scouting purposes, since such animals can never give away their presence by neighing."

Yours faithfully,

United University Club, GUNNER.
1, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY

SIR,—Last Saturday was Remembrance Day—a day on which our thoughts naturally reverted to that happier morning, twenty-one years ago, when, in the silencing of the guns, we paid tribute to those whose great sacrifice had made possible the Peace for which all nations yearned. May I, therefore, plead for those ex-Service men who, through their sacrifices, have been living for twenty-one years on the frontiers of fear. Not for them have been the years of Peace which you and I have enjoyed.

To-day those ex-Service men—nerve-wrecked and broken, their wounds so cruelly hidden that they evoke no sympathetic understanding among their fellows—need your support in greater measure than ever before. Once again their frail nerves are exposed to the mental agonies of war. There are still 30,000 such ex-Service men, suffering from neurasthenia and nervous disorders of one kind or another, living amongst us. There are, too, alas, 6,000 ex-Service men to-day being cared for by the State in mental hospitals in this country.

The Ex-Services Welfare Society, of which I am President, supplements the work of the State in the welfare of these ex-Service men. It is the only society in this country that directs its energies exclusively in this direction. That work, especially in view of the greater strain that will necessarily be put upon the Society as a result of the present unhappy conflict, needs, as I have said, more generous support than ever before.

May I, therefore, please ask you to send me as large a donation as you can afford to enable the Society to carry on its present work and meet the increased demands which may be put upon it.

Yours faithfully,

Ex-Services Welfare Society, REGINALD TYRWHITT (President).
53, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

SYNTHETIC GUT

SIR,—I notice the article in a recent number on Synthetic Gut.

It may be of interest to give the results of tests made on a standard thread-testing machine. The gut was kept in a damp box for twenty minutes, as probably representing the condition in which it would be used. The length of material tested was, in all instances, 3ins.

	Extension	Diameter	Breaking strain
3x Gut ..	1/16in.	.0072in.	2.75lb.
,, ..	3/32in.		3.125lb.
,, ..	1/8in.		2.3lb.
Nylon ..	11/64in.	.0075in.	2.625lb.
,, ..	13/64in.		3.062lb.
,, ..	1/4in.		3.00lb.

A sample of dry 3x gut gave the following figures:—

Extension	Diameter	Breaking strain
11/64in.	.0069in.	3.375lb.

It will be seen that the extension of Nylon is considerably greater and the breaking strain slightly higher than soaked gut.

I agree with most of the conclusions in the article but have lost fish with a carefully-tied turle knot due to slipping.

The wearing qualities are remarkable, and a knot in the material does not appear to affect the strength, but fishing against a stiff wind is difficult. I found myself returning to gut in these circumstances, though I was using a short Nylon cast with a very steep taper. I have tried composite casts of gut and Nylon, gut points with stouter Nylon and vice versa, and have so far not found any disabilities.

Yours faithfully,

Woodlands, A. H. HALL.
Farnborough, Hants.

THE CUCKOO AND HER EGG

SIR,—I saw recently in the *Field* a letter from a very great authority, stating that there had never been an authentic account of a cuckoo placing its egg in a nest with its beak.

A good many years ago I was staying in my old home—a Shropshire rectory—with my father's successor, a keen naturalist. We were at luncheon in a room overlooking a courtyard leading to the churchyard, when the son, a boy of about ten, said he saw a cuckoo in the churchyard beech tree, and added that it had gone on to the ground, and then said it was back on the tree with something in its beak. We all got up to watch, and it flew to a creeper-clad wall and hovered outside a few seconds, then flew away minus what had been in its beak. The boy ran for a ladder, and returned with a warm cuckoo's egg from a wagtail's nest.

The clergyman is dead, but there are four living witnesses.

Yours faithfully,

DORA L. M. WHITMORE.



ONCE SOLD FOR £95
(See letter "Designed by 'The King's Carpenter'")

DESIGNED BY "THE KING'S CARPENTER"

SIR,—Grange Court, Leominster, for 220 years the Butter Cross, meeting place for town guilds, for quarter sessions, &c., has been repurchased by the Corporation for use as municipal offices. Designed by John Abell, the celebrated architect on whom Charles I conferred the title, "The King's Carpenter," this elaborately-framed structure is supported by twelve oak Ionic pillars with brackets and other carved work, and displays Latin and English inscriptions in gold at the base of the upper storey. Its description in Clayton's *Ancient Timber Edifices of England* is "without doubt the most interesting building of the kind in the kingdom."

The original location of the Butter Cross at the convergence of four main thoroughfares in the town's centre so impeded vehicular traffic that in 1833 it was sold by public auction for £95, conditionally on its re-erection or transference, timber by timber, on a new site. Since that year the building, with the lower storey built in, has been occupied as a private dwelling until June this year, when, as stated, the Corporation re-purchased it.

Thus is ensured the future of a building dear to Leominster folk, for latterly a doubt existed that its sale might operate to the disadvantage of the town.

Yours faithfully,
34, Headingley Avenue, Leeds, 6. HAROLD G. GRAINGER.

LUMINOUS PAINT

SIR,—The war is forcing us to take an interest in many small things which should have merited attention many years ago. One of these things concerns the use of luminous paint. Considered a cheap novelty in the past, this substance is now receiving the careful attention of the Government, and has already made its appearance in one or two cities. If it can be applied successfully to road marking tremendous improvements will result to night road users.

In the home and on the estate the paint has innumerable uses. Doors, pathways, keyholes, &c. can be outlined, and outdoor signs made visible. Finger posts in country lanes become as useful by night as by day if the lettering is done in luminous paint. Many other uses will suggest themselves to readers.

Beware of cheap paints. They do not contain enough calcium sulphide (the essential base), and, therefore, lose their luminosity after an hour or so. No special care is needed to apply the paint, but porous surfaces are best given a primer of neutral ground colour. The paint withstands the weather quite well—my front gate was done a month ago and is as good now as on the day I did it.

Yours faithfully,
51, Babington Road, London, S.W. 16. LESLIE SANSOM.

MARKED TERNS

SIR,—Last June, when photographing some Sandwich terns, I was interested to see that one of the pair at which I was working had a ring on its right leg; with a small field glass, from the tent in which I was hiding, the ring could be seen so plainly that I had hopes of deciphering the number engraved upon it, but in this, unfortunately, I was disappointed. It would have been interesting to know where the bird was ringed—presumably as a nestling—and if it had made more than one long journey to and from its winter quarters. So far as I could tell the ring was of light metal; it seemed exactly similar to those which have been so extensively employed during recent years in the study of bird migration.

Yours faithfully,
Orrest Foot, Windermere. M. S. W.

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE?

SIR,—It occurs to me that a change has taken place with regards to these. Some years ago it was a common or usual experience to pick up a flea, if one travelled by train or 'bus or visited a theatre.

For years now I have not seen a flea, though my habits have been the same; and one of two solutions appear probable; perhaps you can decide which is correct. Either there are fewer fleas about or, alternatively, they only go for younger people. (I am no longer young.)

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE DICKINSON.
Warwick and County Club.



A RINGED MIGRANT BESIDE ITS EGGS
(See letter "Marked Terns")

ST. WILFRID COMES TO LIFE

SIR,—I was very interested to see a correspondent's letter, in the *Field* for November 4th, about a carving which depicts St. Wilfrid. The photograph, which I enclose, shows St. Wilfrid as he is impersonated every year—on the first Saturday in August—in a little-known ceremony at Ripon, where the cathedral is dedicated to the saint.

Mr. T. E. Lavin, a local riding-master who has acted as impersonator for about 40 years, robes himself in the vestments of a Roman Catholic bishop, and then parades through the town. His mount is always a white horse, and a "monk" leads the way.

The custom dates back to the seventh century, and is said to celebrate St. Wilfrid's return to his monastery at Ripon after paying a visit to the Pope.

A silver statue of St. Wilfrid, made about 1915, was the trophy won by Mr. Richard Vyner in his last race. It is now in the possession of Mr. Compton of Newby Hall, near Ripon, and was fashioned with the aid of photographs taken of a former impersonator.

Roundhay, Leeds. Yours faithfully, NORTHCOUNTRYMAN.



IMPERSONATOR FOR SOME 40 YEARS
(See letter "St. Wilfrid Comes to Life")

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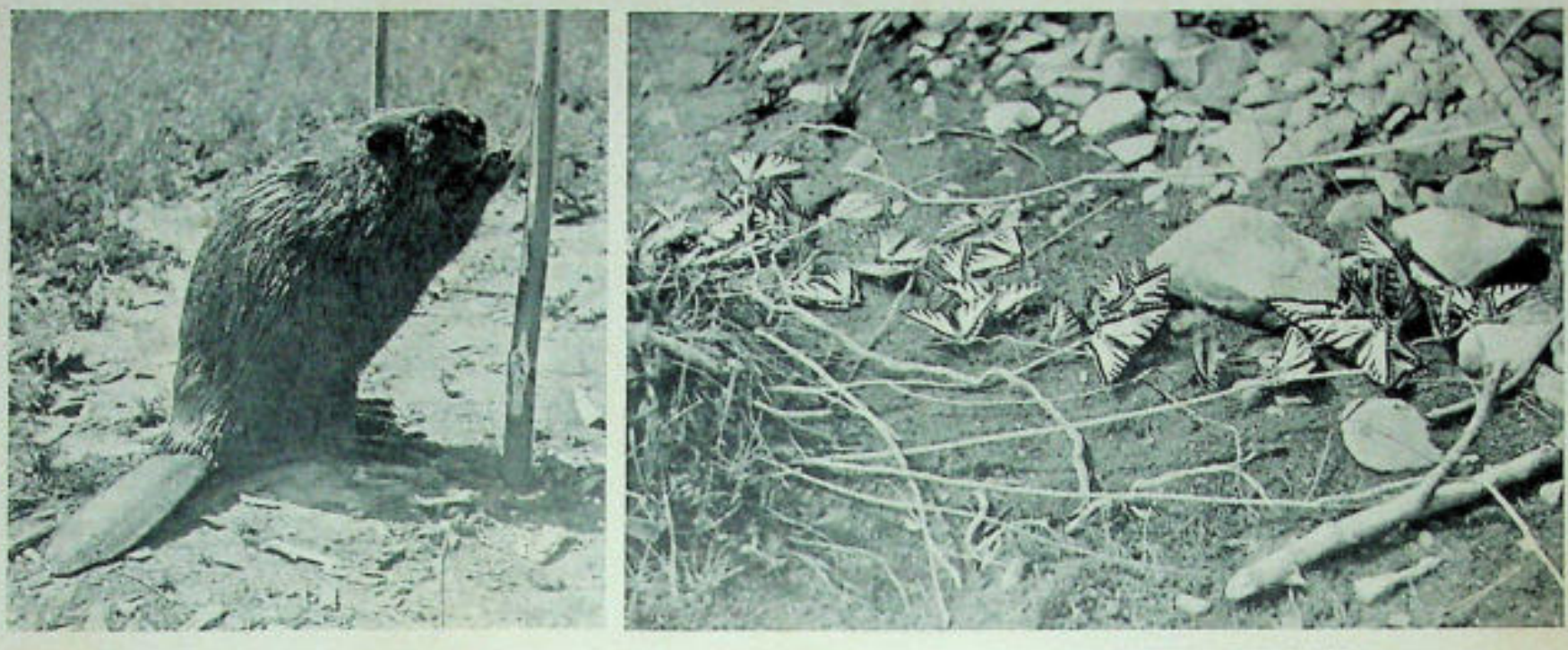
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THE BEAVER SHOWING HOW HE CAN FELL A SAPLING, AND BUTTERFLIES BY THE GANDER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND
(See letter "Beavers and Butterflies")

BEAVERS AND BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—You might be interested in the enclosed photographs taken this summer at the Canadian Beaver Restoration Colony a few miles outside Montreal. The proprietor, a M. Lavoie, a French-Canadian, has been most successful in rearing beaver kittens and has now about 40, including adults. Several are very tame, and one old man beaver comes out of his pen several times a day to oblige visitors by cutting down small poplar saplings stuck into the ground so that he can display his dexterity.

The photograph of the butterflies was taken on the Gander river in Newfoundland and shows a rather unique gathering of what, I think, must be the scarce swallowtail—in Newfoundland very common indeed. There were 30 or 40 quite "wild" butterflies all collecting at one spot to feed on what appeared to be some syrup spilled by a camper. I could not be sure what it was as it had mostly soaked into the sand at the river's edge, and the flies and mosquitoes did not induce one to stay very long trying to discover what exactly the attraction was. These butterflies are very common and are extremely strong fliers.

Yours faithfully,

Yewtye, GRAHAM L. REID.
Pilgrims Way, Reigate.

WITH SUNSHINE ROOF

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of a quaint greenhouse in a Westhay orchard, near Glastonbury. It suggests a use for cars kept off the roads by petrol rationing, as the jacked up body now serves as a forcing house for tomatoes.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

PEAT FUEL

SIR,—Now that coal is going up in price and that it may shortly be rationed, one would like to draw attention to peat fuel as a partial substitute.

It is strange that there should be so much difficulty in obtaining peat, of which there are vast deposits in some parts of the country. In this neighbourhood it is plentiful in the well-known Tregaron bog and yet no one seems to be able to obtain any. There are proper organisations for distributing coal, but no one seems to be enterprising enough to exploit the sale of peat.

What is the reason? Transportation and cost of distribution are said to be in the way; but surely this is merely a matter of price. The peat lies by the side of the railway and it should not cost much to send it by rail to the various towns in the district. Probably, however, the cost of distribution would be least if conveyed by lorries which could deliver straight from the bog to the consumer.

As a fuel, peat makes a good auxiliary to coal, whether combined or used separately. The lighter kind is useful to kindle a coal fire, without the use of chips, whilst the heavier will make a good hot fire without the help of coal. It is clean and easy to handle and will smoulder and keep in a long time. Facilities in the way of supply will create plenty of demand. There are organisations for the sale and distribution of moss litter, why not for peat?

Yours faithfully,

S. O'DWYER.

Aberystwyth.

THE "DECLINE OF BUG-HUNTING"

SIR,—I hasten to correct an impression that Mr. Sidney Rogerson gave in his amusing little article under the above heading. There is no dearth of young entomologists in this country. During the last ten years that I have been helping to run my father's old-established "Butterfly Farm" at Bexley, Kent, I must have written to nearly 5,000 young collectors—answering their questions and supplying their small needs even though it be only a dozen silkworm eggs value 2d. (post 1½d.)!

Some really amusing letters come to my mind. A schoolboy once wrote to me asking if I could supply "a big fat elephant for tuppence." I do not know what he really expected to get for his money, but I hope he was satisfied with an elephant hawk moth. Little girls are very fond of asking questions. One of the most charming letters I can recall went something like this: "I have just found a lovely furry caterpillar, he rolls up in a ball to go to sleep, and he lays lots of eggs—can you tell me his name?"

For several years I have been giving talks in the B.B.C. Children's Hour on butterflies, and I always get a nice little post-bag with plenty of questions to answer. I remember a short column in a popular weekly on "The Mystery of the Red Admiral" brought in over 80 letters. No, the dried-up little old man in a London store who peered eagerly through thick glasses at your correspondent is behind the times I'm afraid. If he should recognise himself from the description, I invite him to come and see our workshops where thousands of setting boards, hundreds of breeding cages, dozens of butterfly nets are made and sent all over England and abroad to eager young naturalists starting on their new hobby "bug hunting."

Yours faithfully,

The Butterfly Farm, L. HUGH NEWMAN.
Bexley, Kent.



A GOOD USE FOR AN OLD CAR
(See letter "With Sunshine Roof")

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NATURE ON THE BEAT

SIR,—As a special constable I was called up on the first day of the evacuation, and spent four strenuous days diverting traffic from one of the main roads into London. I was then put on a more restful beat, a patrol of three railway bridges, and for eleven days I did this same beat at all hours of the day and night.

It was monotonous, but had its advantages, as —— is still country on the edge of London. The middle bridge of the beat (it is still being patrolled) just leads to a road of cottages, but the bridges at each end of the beat are more interesting. One of them opens on to the drive of a substantial mansion, set well back from the railway and fronted by meadows. On a fine morning, when the cows are knee deep in the grass and the avenue of elms which borders the drive is alive with bird song, the scene is superbly English. Far back, scarcely screened by trees, stands the house, above the lawns which slope down to the bright flower beds, and then there is a further grassy slope leading to the iron rails surrounding the meadowland. Many generations have been born in the house, and in its solidarity it seems symbolical of our family life.

I have watched that house and meadows now in sunshine, at dusk and in the dawn when the husky breathing of the dozing cattle makes an eerie sound in the mist, and the peacefulness of the scene on all occasions has comforted me as a reminder of what we are really fighting for—the English countryside.

The other point of the beat is by a mill stream and river where the railway crosses a red brick bridge of twin arches. Through these arches there are high reed beds whence coots or moorhens dart or a water vole will make an arrowhead track across the stream. Under the arches themselves are still traces of swallows' nests hanging like crumbling stalactites.

The arches make a pleasant depth of shade on the water on a hot day, and under one of them is what appears to be the ring of a continually rising fish. I have watched that ever forming ring with fascination, but have never been able to make out whether it is caused by some submerged twig or by a drip from the bricks of the arch; the last theory is, I think, the most likely, but where the incessant moisture in the bricks comes from I do not know. Just a ring upon the surface of the river may seem a trivial matter, but to me it has an importance and a hoped-for permanence. Will it still be there when the war is over in one, or perhaps three years time? Like the mansion in the parkland at the other end of the beat, it is part of a scene to be stored up in the memory and to be clung to mentally among the few spars left to us in this storm.

The banks of the river near to the arches are pink with willow herb where wrens flit silently, and on a narrow path on one bank I watched a wasp devour a daddy-long-legs. Though the daddy-long-legs was dead the wasp attacked it with the utmost savagery, tearing the wings off first and gradually devouring the body. Unfortunately duty called and I could not stay more than a few minutes, but I marked the spot with a stone, and when I returned from the other end of my beat the daddy-long-legs had disappeared, wings and all, so presumably the wasp had eaten the whole of it.

The following is a list of the birds that I saw on my beat over a period of eleven days: Swallow, wren, blue tit, great tit, pied wagtail, woodpigeon, rook, carrion crow, magpie, robin, greenfinch, goldfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, yellowhammer, reed bunting, hedgesparrow and sparrow. The distance from end to end of the beat is roughly half a mile.

Yours faithfully,
Claygate, W. G. B.
Surrey.



HANDICAPPED BY NATURE



SKULL OF THE RABBIT SHOT AT MAPLEDURWELL, ONE OF THE LOWER TEETH SLIGHTLY TWISTED
(See letter "Rabbit's Malformed Jaw")

A WHITE GIRAFFE

SIR,—I was out in Kenya on a hunting holiday just before the outbreak of the war, and was most interested to come across a white giraffe in the Southern Masai Reserve. As one can imagine, he stood out conspicuously when first spotted (about a mile away), and by approaching in a car we were able to get quite close to him—certainly within 100yds.

I have about 50ft. of 16 mm. Kodachrome cine-film showing him quite plainly, some taken with normal and some with telephoto lens. I enclose a few "frames" from the ends of the spools.

I have always understood that true albinism meant the complete absence of pigmentation in the outer skin covering (hair, fur or feathers), but this animal clearly had a black "switch" to his tail, and also a distinct sign of grey reticulation along his spine—no doubt caused by a proportion of black hairs. Would this indicate a case of incomplete albinism, or is it some other form of colour abnormality?

I believe this giraffe has been seen and reported before, and that as a result "white giraffe" have been declared royal game in Kenya, but I should be interested to know if there is any evidence of there being more than this one white now living. I say "living" because since my return to England I have been told of one that was shot years ago, was mounted by Rowland Ward, and was last heard of in some museum in Germany.

Yours faithfully,
Exhims, D. S. A. McDOUGALL.
Northchurch, Berkhamsted.

RABBIT'S MALFORMED JAW

SIR,—I am sending you photographs of the head of a rabbit recently shot on the farm of Mr. W. E. Wright at Mapledurwell, near Basingstoke, Hants.

Owing to some malformation of the jaw the incisor teeth had grown to a length of 1¼in., making it very difficult for the rabbit to eat. As a result, it was in a very poor and mangy condition, and would, no doubt, have eventually starved to death.

Yours faithfully,
32, Kingsclere Road, CHARLES J. BERRY.
Basingstoke, Hants.

"WE CAN BEAT THAT"

SIR,—After reading of the loss and safe return of paternoster with "pouting nicely hooked," I felt certain it would also interest two local fishermen, father and son, who work a small drifter for me at Looe. The "fishy yarn, with witnesses," which the daughter-in-law read aloud in their old whitewashed cottage, was followed by a second's silence, a wink, and then their dual reply, "Ah, we can beat that!" I at once asked them for their story, and on hearing it felt it would be worth while forwarding to you.

About fifteen years ago, while their drift nets were out, one night on the Eddystone fishing ground, the father had his whiting line down. (This is the normal procedure, the fish caught known as "Stocker," are sold separately as pocket money among the crew.) While fishing he caught a shark, about 4½ft. long, which contained a square wooden reel, line and lead!

On returning to harbour next morning they had no need to advertise their find, as a brother fishermen, looking down from the fishmarket, was soon heard asking what they were doing with all his whiting gear aboard, which he had lost to a big fish the night before!

To me, knowing how accurately they can judge exactly where they are when at sea, the most interesting part of the whole story was that the boat, from which the shark first took all the gear, was at least a mile away from the boat on which my friend succeeded in landing it successfully, together with all his own and the lost gear! A "fishy" yarn, but there were three or four witnesses on each of the Cornish luggers.

Yours faithfully,
River View, E. G. CLOSE.
West Looe, Cornwall.



ONE OF THE FILMS OF A STRANGE GIRAFFE OF THE SOUTHERN MASAI RESERVE
(See letter "A White Giraffe")

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THE GIANT PANDA EVACUEES

By JAMES FISHER

A SHORT but exciting chapter in the history of the Zoological Society of London has closed. It is the story of the three Giant Pandas, which arrived in December, 1938. This does not mean, of course, that further chapters about these animals may not be written (let us hope they are), but for the moment the pandas, and in particular the young female Ming, have retired from the public eye into honourable evacueeship (I shall not apologise until anybody can suggest a better word) at Whipsnade, which is closed to the public for the four winter months.

As might be expected from the arrival of three healthy specimens of one of the rarest animals in the world, one or two surprises were in store for the Zoo authorities. Though the price paid for the creatures was a high one, the Society did not expect that the public interest in them would be so great as to repay this sum several times over in the form of increased gate receipts.

The other surprise was with regard to their management. It will be realised that only three specimens of the giant panda had ever been kept in a Western menagerie before, all in the United States. As a guide to the care and feeding of the animals the Zoo had only the experience of the men and women who had been out into the field to capture and bring back these animals, and the published accounts of, and correspondence with, the American Zoos. The net impression was that the giant panda was a tricky and particular animal to cater for. The surprise lay in the discovery that the three Zoo animals, at all events, were considerably less particular and much more manageable than was expected. When the three pandas took readily to a plain diet largely composed of uncooked oatmeal porridge, milk and British-grown bamboo, and seemed to thrive on it, the Zoo staff realised that they had made a thoroughly sound investment, for the public response to the pandas was quite extraordinary.

By Easter toy pandas were being exhibited in shop windows, given away with groceries, and found in cardboard Easter eggs. As the summer advanced the Zoo crowds promised to break all records (and were, in fact, only prevented from doing so by the war), a fact ascribable almost entirely to the presence of the pandas. Numerous books and booklets were hastily written and distributed; panda toys, games, pictures and trinkets of all shapes, sizes and description were produced and marketed; the music halls had jokes about them; mass-observers recorded them as an increasingly important minor item of conversation in public places; and the animals themselves received numerous offers to appear on the stage.

Naturally enough, attention was mainly focused upon the young female, Ming, who was exhibited in the old bandstand which had been repainted, moved to another site, and fitted out for her display. Ming, for her part, played to the gallery to the best of her ability. She was particularly amusing with a large wooden ball, a large doll in her own likeness, or a cup with a little condensed milk at the bottom.

There was only one snag. Ming *would* grow. When she arrived she only weighed a little over 30lb.; by midsummer she weighed nearly 100lb.; now she weighs about 1½ cwt., and is as big as the full-grown male, Tang. This amazing growth, while proving to zoologists that pandas probably come to maturity at the end of their second year, was in some ways a disappointment to the public. They wanted a baby panda, and to their eyes Ming did not look enough of a baby, though preserving all her tameness, affability and clown-like properties.

Until she was about three-quarters grown, Ming was kept in the Zoo's quarantine station, and was driven to the Zoo every morning sitting solemnly on the back seat of a small saloon car. Her equable temperament can be judged from the fact that it was considered safe for her to make occasional journeys in this way without any attendant sitting with her.

In the summer the third of the pandas, the adult female, Sung, was transferred to Whipsnade, and on the outbreak of war she was joined by the other two, and all three are now comfortably housed in paddocks next door to the cheetahs. The climate at Whipsnade is not at all unsuitable for pandas, which come from a wet, coldish district at some considerable height. They are not being given any additional heat, since this might be actually harmful.

Though they are to disappear from the public view for the next four months, there can be no doubt that the pandas will return to public favour as soon as Whipsnade opens again. Meanwhile there is always a remote possibility that they may breed. The Zoo has a male and two females, and while nobody has bred the giant panda in captivity, its close relation, the common panda, has just bred successfully at Whipsnade, and the suitability of site and climate are further favourable factors.



NOW AT WHIPSNADE
Ming, the youngest of the Zoo's three Giant Pandas

Many Fellows of the Society have inquired whether they could adopt animals in order to help the Zoo's finances in these trying times. The Society has gratefully accepted such offers, and among those already being cared for at the expense of friends outside are the three pandas.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

CASH dealings on the London Stock Exchange has effectively checked the style of the speculator. The fortnightly account has been shelved for the war period. Interest in the more speculative sections has, therefore, almost disappeared.

In its place there is a strong investment demand. This is a particular feature of markets. It is really remarkable to find money pouring into securities during the early days of a Great War. Still, there it is.

This buying has been instrumental in lifting prices for British Government securities well above minimum levels fixed last August. I am assured by market dealers that the buying has come largely from small investors. This gives clear indication of the confidence placed in the financial position of the country.

The buying movement has spread well beyond the bounds of the gilt-edged market. Home industrials of the better type have been bought in substantial lines. It may be recalled that last September when the gilt-edged market was frozen and dealings were difficult, industrial equities were thrown overboard.

They were sold by holders forced to find liquid resources at the time. Such selling has long terminated. New buyers came in and have virtually cleared excessive floating supplies of stock. That has resulted in sharp recovery in prices.

For instance, Imperial Tobacco £1 units of ordinary stock had a price of 6 $\frac{7}{16}$ when the stock markets reopened soon after the outbreak of hostilities. Earlier in the year the price had been over £7 a unit, but that was before war clouds began to gather.

From the level of 6 $\frac{7}{16}$ in early September the price steadily dropped to 4 $\frac{27}{32}$ reached about the end of that month. Since then there has been persistent recovery. The market value has rallied to £6 per unit. There are other examples.

General Electric £1 units during last September fell in market value from 75/9 to 61/3. Since then the whole of the drop has been recovered. It must be recognised that the recovery in prices has been due to purchasing on the part of the public. There is evidently no lack of confidence on the part of the British public during this war.

Those operating in stock markets must, of course, be prepared for temporary irregularity in markets. Trade is known to be good particularly in the industrial areas. Public companies are no doubt making good profit, but such profits are severely clipped through extra taxation. In many instances dividend prospects are very obscure. Some undertakings have already announced cuts in dividends, although publishing higher profits.

The buying of industrials under such circumstances may be rather surprising. At the same time it must be recognised that the authorities are pursuing a cheap money policy. New War Loans will soon make an appearance. Preparations for new borrowing are far advanced. It is the avowed intention of the Treasury to borrow for war purposes on the cheapest possible terms.

This factor has been clearly recognised. There is, therefore, purchasing of securities which are likely to show yields in excess of what may be expected on War Loans. That, however, does not in any way indicate lack of success for new Government borrowing.

In fact the whole country is eagerly awaiting terms for new War Loans. The assistance of investors, large and small, will undoubtedly be secured to make new borrowing an outstanding success. It is well known that large supplies of credits are already earmarked for new loan purposes.

The buoyancy which has been seen in markets since the end of September is an excellent augury for successful new War Loan borrowing. A departure from speculation to investment clearly indicates the temper of the public. Markets are in good trim to face extensive new borrowing. It must be readily admitted that this favourable position has been built up almost entirely by the operations of the average investor.



how time flies

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THE CHARM OF VARIETY

An Angling Holiday in Retrospect

DURING the dull days of winter thoughts turn to past pleasures and more so to-day when anticipation can scarce be indulged in.

So my thoughts dwell on last Spring when I had a fishing holiday of exactly a fortnight. The first four days of it were to be spent salmon fishing at Dinnet on the Dee; the next five trouting at Monymusk on the Don; and the last four at Barton Court on the Kennet at Kintbury. That was variety, and I arrived at Dinnet in bright, clear weather with tremendous anticipations. On my previous visit there I had caught forty salmon in six days, with an unfishable Friday after eleven o'clock, and a Saturday on which I had had to leave early.

Immediately I arrived I was sent up to those most delightful of all pools—Cobbles, Highburn and Twenty-nine. The water was very low, and dead clear, and the tiniest possible flies were necessary. Fish had come up the Dee this Spring in February and March and early April. There had been a record March on the Upper Dee, where usually few are caught, and I very soon discovered that the fish were extremely stale and about as hard to interest as I have ever found them. Indeed, all those four days I could only interest fish in the very fast water at the top of the pools, and then usually by holding the rod point straight up in the air and letting my flies dangle round.

To do this successfully you want to get as much above the fish as possible, and there should be no half-measures about holding the rod point high; it needs to be perpendicular. In this way the fly is held and moves very slowly across the fast current, and there is a big belly of line in the air which allows the salmon time to turn and go some way down to its lie before it feels the hook. If you see it break the water (and you do not always) you ought to drop the rod point down towards the fish, and this will give more line to belly in the current, and to pull the fly into the corner of the fish's mouth.

During those days I caught most of my fish on the dropper. In fast water the dropper which dabs on the surface is more attractive to salmon than the Tail Fly. Although I always—or almost always—fish with a dropper, I find that when the water is cold and the salmon are lying in the deep parts of the pool, I get only a small percentage on the dropper—perhaps one in ten. But when the water is warm and the fish are lying in the streams, then the percentage grows greater and greater.

I had, however, one appalling disaster. Having written in my book that I hardly ever lost a fish from getting the dropper caught, I suppose it was retribution for being dogmatic! I hooked a fish which I soon realised was a very big one. I usually get in my fish as rapidly as most people, but it was twenty-five minutes before I got a glimpse of this, and almost all the time it was on the extreme far side of the pool. I was certainly afraid for my 1x cast, but finally it began to come my way, and to show on the surface, and I saw that it was at least 30lb.

As there was a very wide shingly shallow on my side of the river, I gave the rod to my gillie and went in to gaff it. My gillie presented the fish to me perfectly, but I was a shade too late, and it went out again. The second time he got it in and I was about to pull the gaff into it when again it turned quickly and darted out. I raised the gaff in order not to catch the gut and the gaff caught in the dropper! That would certainly have been the biggest fish I had caught in the Dee.

I hooked three or four fish dabbing at the tops of the pools in places where the fly could not be controlled owing to rocks sticking out of the water, or owing to a multiplicity of eddies and backwaters. The great secret of dabbing is that the fly should be drawn along the top of the water, held in the fast streams, and drawn across the slacks with a very short line indeed. A rod's length of line, and a rod's length of cast.

To do this, it will often be impossible to keep the dropper on the water at all, but that does not matter. I had one fish come four times to me as I dabbed across it; the fifth time it took. It is very important to continue moving the rod until the fish has actually taken the fly into its mouth, then drop the rod point and let the fish have time to turn. Fish hooked while dabbing are almost always well hooked. It is a fascinating form of fishing, and you can catch salmon with it which in other places would be hopeless.

When I reluctantly said good-bye to Dinnet, after rather a poor week, I put out my trout rod determined to learn how to catch Don trout. I remember meeting the late Dr. Baigent on the Don, and he used to catch innumerable trout casting upstream in likely places with two dry flies. He would not bother about waiting for the rise or looking for rising fish.

I tried this for some time, but found it both tiring and rather boring. I also found that I was being much too slow in fast water in tightening on the trout. I got too many small ones, and taking them off and putting them back became a nuisance; indeed I found it much more interesting to fish those places where I could estimate whether a trout was keepable or not. There was one lovely long stretch of about three hundred yards of deepish, slow water alongside the Monymusk drive, and there I found a number of good trout to which I could apply south-country methods. North countrymen may despise me, but I do find the south-country dry-fly methods infinitely more exciting.

I found these fish rose extremely well to a fly called Roy's Fancy, with which I had previously had considerable success on the Test. It is rather like a Hackle Wickham, but it has a turn of blue hackle in front of the ginger. There was one big trout which I rose the first day and which I saw every day I was there; however I could never get it to look at anything I presented again.

The last day of all I had ten minutes left before going in to pack up my rods. So I went to see if Rupert—as I had named him—was on the job. I waited five minutes and saw no sign of a rise. I thought I would have a cast over his usual position. I put on a Roy's Fancy and as it dropped on to the water he rose to a natural fly and my fly landed plumb on his nose! I thought, "That's done it anyway." However, I put it down again 2in. further upstream; he took it at once! To my great disappointment he was an old fish going back which ought to have turned the scales at 3½lb., but actually only weighed 2.6lb.

While I was on the Don I had a curious experience with the evening rise. Between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m. the shallows opposite the house were boiling with fish and there was no doubt in my mind that many good fish had dropped back from the pool to feed on the shallows. The first night I tried every fly I could think of, and there were several kinds of spinners in the air. The second night I thought they were taking caenis, but again I had no success whatever, until very late I tried Lunn's imitation of a Pale-Watery spinner, the tiniest fly in my box. Immediately I had a fish. But then the rise was over.

The third night the rise started late, but in three-quarters of an hour I had five trout between 1½lb. and 2lb., and got broken by one which took me on my backing. That was unfortunately my last evening. I had not previously tried a Pale-Watery spinner, for although I had seen a fair hatch of Medium Olives, I had not seen any Pale Watery. Will Test trout accept a Pale-Watery spinner when they are taking caenis? I cannot depart from Monymusk without a protest against the misuse of the Scottish Sabbath which I always understood was made for man. The most beautiful fishing day went wasted, and in my opinion it was nothing short of sacrilege not to use a day which was so obviously intended for the especial benefit of fishermen.

After a night's journey I arrived on June 2nd on the Kennet. The May-fly in that part of the Kennet has greatly suffered for years from gales, and except in one sheltered carrier there were scarcely any at all. I had, however, one extremely good evening and caught three fish averaging 3lb. on the same Roy's Fancy, which was such a success on the Don. I found they took it when I could not interest them in any of the usual spinners. In the morning I hooked a fish or two under the trees on a Black and Gold Variant, but I have never seen the Kennet so dead until the evening, and even then I hardly put on a May-fly until my last day.

Then my kind host of many years sent me up to the sheltered carrier which was known to contain the most enormous fish. Mr. John Rennie had won a bottle of sherry only the night before by catching one of 4.6 lbs.; and when I arrived there about a quarter to eight, the whole air and water was hazy with May-fly. I soon found a rising fish; he refused a Spent Gnat but immediately accepted a Straddle Bug. He ran me 200yds. down-stream as hard as I could go, then took me round a post and broke me. This fish had been seen, and there is no doubt that he was over 5lbs.

After that I went all feverish. I do not know what there is about May-fly but I do know that I am the worst May-fly fisherman without any possible exception in the whole country. I have never yet had a really successful May-fly day's fishing. Instead of fishing very quietly and sticking to a few yards of water, I prowl up and down the banks and cast feverishly before I have really summed up the fish. That evening I undoubtedly missed three fish over 3lb. by being too quick.

"Much too quick!" said Mr. Rennie as he watched me remove my Spent Gnat from one surprised mouey-for-jam monster. But year after year, though I swear that I won't do it again, I perpetrate the same ghastly fault. It is doubly annoying in that I have schooled myself to be quiet with salmon, and I usually give trout with a small fly any amount of time.

Probably the cure for this irritating habit of snatching May-flies away from trout would be a fortnight of dry-fly fishing for sea-trout on one of the Norway rivers where you have to be very slow.

MEDIUM OLIVE.

TOBACCO-FLAVOURED BAIT

By BERNARD MATTHEWS

DO fish, especially fresh water fish, possess the senses of taste and smell? This question has doubtless been put and answered many times, and yet some anglers do not apparently credit them with possession of those senses.

Fish, of course, can see their food plainly enough, but they may have other means of testing whether it is suitable or not. I imagine pike are no exception; yet they are so greedy that, when hungry, they seem to rely on sight alone, and nothing that is moving is allowed to pass; in fact, as every angler knows, the weird contraptions of spoons, plugs, &c., of pike fishermen account for many captures. In spite of this, I think pike must possess the same senses as other fish.

The fish I have in mind are those commonly caught with paste as bait, *e.g.*, carp, roach, rudd, &c. In all my angling days I have specialised in the use of this bait, possibly because I have never lived in a neighbourhood where gentles were easily procurable, and also because with it one can use a larger hook (a No. 8 or 9) than with most other baits.

It has always been my practice when making up my paste to see that my hands were perfectly clean, so that the bait might have no taste or smell of anything but bread, and whilst fishing I should no more have thought of smoking than of . . .

Some years ago I had a whole month of fishing in Norfolk. As was my custom I abstained from smoking throughout the day, and only indulged after my evening meal. But it occurred to me during that month how easy it would be to give up smoking altogether, and this I managed to do with but little regret, and I have never had the slightest wish to return to it.

It seems strange that when baiting with paste my catches have almost invariably been far larger than those of neighbouring anglers. I am reluctant to make this statement which sounds horribly egotistical, I know, but I have noticed it so often that there must be something in it. The explanation seems to be that the others have been smoking most of the time and quite unknowingly infecting their paste with the smell or taste of tobacco. I leave out of account anglers whom I have seen with pipe tobacco and paste in the same pocket, and one who broke off small pieces of bread which he moistened with his own saliva and rolled into little pellets for the hook, smoking all the while!

The readiness of bread to absorb other flavours was demonstrated to me quite recently. My family and I were away on holidays in August, and due to return on September 6th. On the 2nd (the day before war was declared) I came home alone, sooner than I had intended, chiefly to see to the black-out, about which nothing had been done. During our absence parts of the house, including the larder, had been redecorated.

I returned in the afternoon to an empty house. I put a kettle on the gas to make tea, and cut bread and butter from a loaf I found in a metal bread-pan in the larder. The whole place smelt of distemper-*cum-size*, and when I came to eat the bread and butter, it not only smelt of the distemper, &c., but *tasted* of it, too. I then tried making toast of it, but to no purpose. The sparrows, however, did not object to it, but I would not have made paste from it, had I needed bait.

I do not suggest that if using other baits such as worms or gentles the flavour or aroma of tobacco would be conveyed to the fish.

I claim no special skill in bottom fishing, just having, I suppose, the technique of the ordinary angler of experience, and if my catches when baiting with paste are greater as frequently happens—than those of my smoking colleagues, I attribute that to my abstention from tobacco

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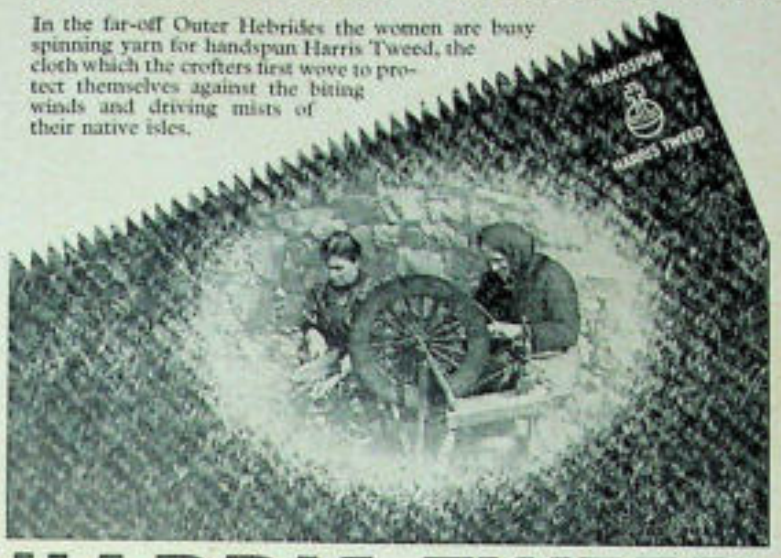
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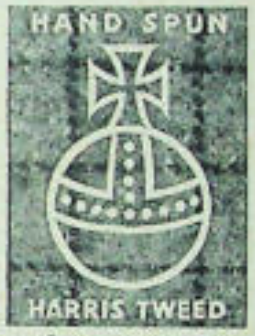
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GOLF IN THESE DAYS

By LOUIS T. STANLEY



A PERFECT FINISH TO A DRIVE BY HENRY COTTON
A. H. Padgham is watching the flight of the ball

SINCE war broke out many people have lost the flair for competitive golf, or, for that matter, golf of any description. Life has become too grim and earnest to spare time and thought for sporting activities. In many ways such an attitude is regrettable because golf can be the finest cure for nerves and depression. Once start to play and it is almost impossible to concentrate upon two things. The odds are that our minds will be applied to the business on hand with most restful after-effects. There is nothing like golf to restore one's sense of proportion.

There is also another side to the plea for continued playing. In peace time golf can safely be ranked as the largest sporting industry. In Great Britain alone there are close on two thousand recognised clubs with an average membership of five hundred. In addition artisans and players on public and municipal courses almost double this total. Expenditure by this army is colossal. To take but one item. A grand total of some 12,876,000 balls are made and sold every season by the various manufacturers. Placing the price at an average of 1/6 the sale of balls amounts to roughly £1,000,000.

On top of these come the hundred-and-one other items that form the average golfer's equipment. The manufacture of these calls for a host of workers, apart from the large section required for the upkeep of the courses. A great number employed in this huge industry are now almost idle, and if people continue to desert their courses, as is happening in many parts of the country, it will spell ruin to thousands.

Then there is the problem confronting the club professional. In spite of the fortunes spent on the game the lot of the average professional continues to be a disgrace. Too many people still are inclined to place false estimates of their earnings by referring to the financial successes of national champions.

Statistics are most boring and often prove nothing, but in this case they are not misleading. There are just over a thousand professionals and about five hundred assistants on the books of the P.G.A. The average wage of these men is £3 per week, and some are fortunate to make £2 per week. The professional's retaining fee alternates between £2 and £5 per week. The rest has to be accounted from lessons and profits from sales in the shop. Some clubs do not even pay a retaining fee. During the past few weeks I have visited clubs in different parts of the country and many of these professionals are in a sorry plight. If ever they need support from their members it is now, otherwise many faithful retainers will be lost to the game.

Golf, however, cannot be kept out of the news, and for this our thanks must go to Henry Cotton and several of his fellow-professionals who are engaged in magnificent national service. There is no need to enlarge on Cotton's individual contributions as they are already common knowledge. His success, however, caused me to recall a conversation I once had with J. H. Taylor. If it had not been for the shrewd ability of "J. H." to judge a golfer in the embryo stage the Red Cross might now be almost £3,000 lighter, and the game robbed of its leading personality.

This G.O.M. of golf and five times Open Champion was instrumental in Cotton entering upon golf as a profession. On August 6th, 1923, Taylor received a letter from Mr. George Cotton. This contained the request that Taylor might put his two sons, Henry and Leslie, through a test as both were anxious to follow golf as a career. But before a decision was reached he would value Taylor's candid opinion. A game was arranged, and the two boys shaped so well that Taylor replied to the effect not only did he consider the choice a happy one, but he was sure that, if properly trained, they would make good at the game. Seldom has a prophecy received such confirmation.

Tribute should be paid to the wonderful response made by the Royal Burgess Golfing Society during Cotton's recent visit. In the light of the demands made upon us by the Chancellor of the Exchequer it was a noble effort to raise close on £600. Another proud page has thus been added to this club's long and distinguished history. I found, however, that patriotic expressions are by no means new to this society. On turning up their records I discovered that in 1794 several members introduced bottles of port to drink to the memory of "Lord Rodney and the glorious 12th of April"!

Their recent herculean effort is understandable after a visit has been made to Barnton. From such excellent company no less could be expected. Among them one finds such stalwarts as Willie Torrance, of Walker Cup fame; Secretary Stanley Graham, who excels at both golf and snooker; ex-Captains J. M. Scott and Sir William Sleigh; Sir William Thomson who was responsible for the romantic rise of the extensive S. M. T. Company; "Ginger" Wood, a popular medical member, John B. Peden and C. D. Stevenson; whilst the last time I was there the Society was justly proud of their remarkable quartet comprising John A. Smith, Andrew Smith, R. B. Blanche, and James Aitken, whose combined ages exceed 280 years!

Whilst on the topic of raising funds for the Red Cross, I heard last week of a club that is holding a monthly competition for this cause. A feature of their event is that scores in four ball matches will be eligible provided they are holed out. This is somewhat of a contrast to the traditional custom of players in a medal competition sallying forth in couples. The change may suit some, but for many it is bound to exercise a disturbing influence, particularly I should imagine in the quality of play. I always feel that the atmosphere of a four-ball match is slack, concentration is often difficult, whilst there is frequently a tendency to play quicker than one is want. Still that is only one side of the argument. Hamilton M'Inally, the Scottish International, answered the other most effectively a few days ago when, as one of four players, he carded 70 in such a Red Cross competition.

It is almost impossible to avoid mentioning the war even in golf notes. Every day brings fresh news of players lining up for national service in one capacity or another. To mention but two. Jessie Anderson is now busy doing clerical work with the Perth company of the A.T.S., and looks very smart in her uniform. I also heard from Kathleen Garnham. She said that ambulance work now claims so much of her time that her clubs have lain untouched for weeks.

Many of the continental clubs have been affected by the war, but few more so than the Vittel Club in the Vosges. It is only a few months ago since I was a member of a party that spent a most enjoyable stay there. Seldom has a more happy company set out upon a golfing trip. It included Lord Annaly, the well-known member of Princes' Committee and the Army Golfing Society; Baron Marochetti, who plays at the Berkshire club; three enthusiastic club golfers in Seymour Harding, who is tireless in his efforts to lure famous sportsmen to those delightful dinners of the Royal Institute of Health and Hygiene; James Fenton, the M.O. for Kensington; and Dr. Jack Hogan, full of Irish humour; four professionals in Padgham, Rees, King and Lacey, and lastly, that most popular London figure, Freddy Benguć.

Apart, however, from the fact that Vittel is now very much in the war zone, an incident occurred one afternoon which is of topical interest. A large gallery had collected at the first tee to watch the four professionals commence their exhibition match. Among this gathering was Admiral Darlan, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Navy. He was watching the proceedings closely when Baron Marochetti passed the remark . . . "I never realised you were a golfer, Admiral!" Back came the reply . . . "I'm not. This is the first game I have ever seen. I'm only waiting for the polo to begin. It seems a sheer waste of time."

The condemnation appeared final. On the homeward half, however, it so happened that these two men found themselves again neighbours. Padgham played his shot, and the crowd surged forward towards the green. Marochetti expressed his surprise that the Admiral should still be watching. "I've changed my opinion," came the answer, "most interesting game. Can't understand how it is that I've never seen it before. I must arrange to have a course constructed at Brest." Unfortunately the outbreak of hostilities have temporarily quenched the Admiral's enthusiasm, but maybe after the war is over the French navy will become golf-minded!





ADMIRAL DARLAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH NAVY, WATCHING GOLF AT VITTEL
Admiral Darlan is in centre of left-hand photograph, and on the right in the second. His increasing interest is obvious. It was such that, from describing the game as "a sheer waste of time," he resolved to have a course constructed at Brest. On the left of the second picture are Lord Annaly and Madame G. Boulonnie

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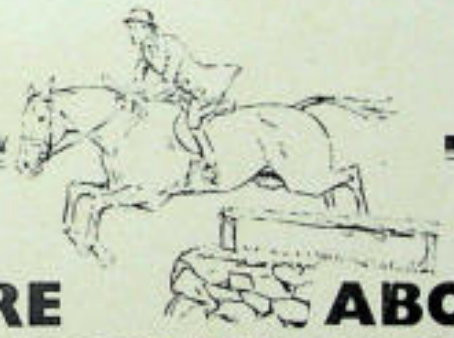
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RUGBY TEAMS I REMEMBER

Famous Fifteens in Which I Have Played

By COMMANDER W. J. A. DAVIES

In the following article Commander Davies recalls some interesting international matches in which he took part with such well-known contemporaries as Poulton-Palmer, C. N. Lowe, N. A. Wodehouse, and others

THE question which was the best Rugby team in which I have played is more easily asked than answered, and to give a definite and convincing statement without a great deal of qualification and reserve is difficult. My task is not made easier by the passage of time, especially as I bridged the gap between pre-war and post-war Rugby football.

I played in several not undistinguished English teams. Perhaps I cannot do better than recall interesting features of the play, and, as it is impossible to dissociate the play from the players, to give some details of the leading personalities.

I was fortunate to play my first international match when Rugby in this country was in the ascendant. The game was never so bright nor so entertaining as in the years preceding the war.

England had recovered from the shock of the success of the first New Zealand side, which, except for a narrow defeat by Wales, then at the zenith of her fame, returned undefeated after amassing the mammoth score of 830 points against 39. England's recovery from a very low level was slow but sure, and in 1910, coinciding with the opening of the new ground at Twickenham, she won the International Championship for the first time since 1892. In this halcyon period of rebuilding, England owed much to the genius of A. D. Stoop. He and his colleagues readily assimilated the open type of play upon which the successes about this time depended.

I first played for England against South Africa in 1913, when we lost by two penalty goals and a try to a try—the first defeat at the Rugby Union headquarters. Many shrewd observers thought we were unlucky, as it was only two prodigious penalty kicks from the touch line at halfway by Morkel, for petty infringements in the scrum, which gave South Africa victory. England took the lead early when Poulton-Palmer scored a try under the posts. It was not converted, to our disappointment. How far this influenced the final result I do not know. Apart from the value of the two points, the moral effect was considerable, but it was neutralised within the next quarter of an hour when a South African player missed a conversion, equally simple. It was during this game that Poulton-Palmer made one of the most brilliant runs I have ever seen on a football field. He was always delightful to watch, but never could he have played so well.

Only one change was made in the team for Cardiff. A close fight was predicted, but the prophecy was not fulfilled. It was eighteen years since England had triumphed in Wales. She had never won at Cardiff, and not even scored a try there since 1893. The day was unpromising. Rain fell heavily during the night and early morning, and Cardiff Arms Park, although not at its worst, was considerably heavier than any of our own grounds. Wodehouse, our captain, realised that, although our backs were probably the better, too many liberties could not be taken, and that the pack must lay the foundations for victory.

After an even ten minutes we maintained a slight but definite superiority forward. The Welsh three-quarters were given little opportunity to display their traditional team work. Our own backs, although not in their best mood, were playing confidently. Poulton-Palmer dropped a goal, as good a one as could be conceived in the circumstances, and we won by 12 points to nil. Ireland and France were more decisively beaten. Against the former I had explicit instructions to prevent Dicky Lloyd from dropping a goal, but it was of no avail. Lloyd got in a very clever kick, the only score registered against us during the season by the home countries.

Scotland put up a magnificent fight for the Calcutta Cup. After a very even game, when hope and fears alternately changed sides, we established a marked supremacy and the Scottish three-quarters, although showing fine defence, were rarely dangerous in attack.

The English team of 1921 was another good one. It won the championship outright with victories against all the other countries. The team remained practically unchanged throughout the season, and our line was only crossed once, Wales scoring a try, although in France two penalty goals were registered against us. Statistically, with 61 points to 9 this team may be considered a better one than the side of 1913 which in the same matches scored 52 points only against 4. But the standard of play throughout the British Isles was at a very poor level.

The 1923 team also went through the season undefeated, but only after desperate struggles against Wales at Twickenham and Scotland at Inverleith. Against Wales the game opened sensationally. From the kick-off against a strong wind, H. L. Price fielded the ball and fell over the Welsh line for a try. Wales equalised later, but in the second half, although we penned the Welsh team almost to their own 25, a dropped goal by Smallwood was our only score. Defeat against Scotland was confidently predicted by even the most impartial critics, more on account of the maturity of our veterans than the inexperience of our recruits. These fears proved groundless and we just managed to win after one of the hardest and most exciting matches in which I have ever played.

Smallwood scored a brilliant try for England in the first quarter of an hour. Running never more than three or four yards from the touch line, he eluded several Scottish players brilliantly before grounding the ball. Scotland equalised soon afterwards and in the second half gained the lead when Gracie scored a try which was not converted. About ten minutes from no-side, Harold Locke, playing in his first international, made a beautiful run and passed in the nick of time to Tom Voyce, who hurled himself over the line. The kick was taken successfully by W. G. E. Luddington with his clubmate, E. R. Gardner, placing the ball. I mention this as the two had assiduously practised place-kicking during the fortnight preceding the match. So ended one of the most exciting and memorable games ever seen at the old Scottish headquarters at Inverleith.

Of these three teams, I think the 1913 side was probably the best. As one gets older there is a natural tendency to think that the players of one age are inferior to those who have preceded them. I have tried to discard any conclusions based on this premise, but I do not think that the standard of play just after the war was as good as in 1914.

England had no difficulty in beating France before the war, generally by very large margins. Since that time France became a formidable competitor in the international tournament. The standard of French Rugby could not have improved very much during these years, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion, a little reluctantly perhaps, that the standard was not quite as good in the years just after the war as in the ones preceding it.

There were several distinguishing features in the 1913 team. With N. A. Wodehouse as captain and leader of the forwards, and Ronald Poulton-Palmer in charge of the outsides, no side was ever better led. As a player Wodehouse always returned to the heat of the fray with resourceful energy—a characteristic typical of Wakefield in the post-war era. Then there was Ronald Poulton-Palmer, steeped in the Stoop tradition and playing his best. He will assuredly go down in Rugby football history as one of its greatest players. There were others who may have surpassed him in technique, some may have surpassed him by their consistency, but it is hard to think of any other footballer of my day or since who played more brilliantly or who endeared himself more to the Rugby public. Wodehouse and Poulton-Palmer in the most natural manner were leaders in every sense of the term, imperturbable when things were not just right, inspiring their colleagues by a cheery word to give their best. It was easy enough to respond to them.

The pack contained stalwarts like L. G. Brown and J. E. Greenwood, both of whom played conspicuous parts in England's revival after the war, and C. H. Pillman, with G. Ward, of Leicester, as hooker. Then there were C. N. Lowe and Vincent Coates, the former considered by many to be the classic wing three-quarter, fit to play in any team, while Coates, even if his success was ephemeral (he never played for England again), was in wonderful form that year. W. R. Johnson was one of our greatest full backs.

There are two other teams to which I will refer. The London side which defeated the South Africans at Twickenham in 1912 deserves recognition because it was the only English side to achieve this distinction. It was mainly composed of the Blackheath pack and Harlequin outsides with two or three members of the Guy's Hospital side. I was asked to partner Sibree at the very last minute as Adrian Stoop had broken a collarbone.

Our forwards, ably led by Craven, were in great form, and scored two tries which were converted. Poulton-Palmer and F. M. Stoop, in the centre, defended heroically, the latter especially, so that South Africa was only able to cross our line once. The try was converted and Morkel kicked his usual penalty goal; the scoring ended there, and we emerged triumphant by the bare margin of ten points to eight.

If only for sentimental reasons I ought to mention the team which represented England and Wales against Scotland and Ireland in the Centenary Match on the famous Close at Rugby School. As befitted the occasion a brilliant exposition of modern Rugby was given. The fortunes fluctuated wildly, Scotland and Ireland opened the scoring, but England and Wales led at the interval by 9 points to 6, a lead which increased quickly to 16—6 soon after half-time. This was not long maintained. Irish forwards can always be relied upon, even in apparently hopeless circumstances, to cover up any deficiencies in their tactics and wage a losing battle. For about a quarter of an hour, Collopy, McClelland and Crichton were invincible. They were ably backed up by Bannerman and the Scottish contingent, and ten minutes from no-side the scores were level. It was anybody's game now, but the ubiquitous Voyce just managed to score after an opening by Cornish, the Welsh three-quarter, and a match which was brimful of interest from kick-off to no-side, ended in a narrow victory for England and Wales. Either of these teams on their form that day would challenge comparison with the other sides I have mentioned.



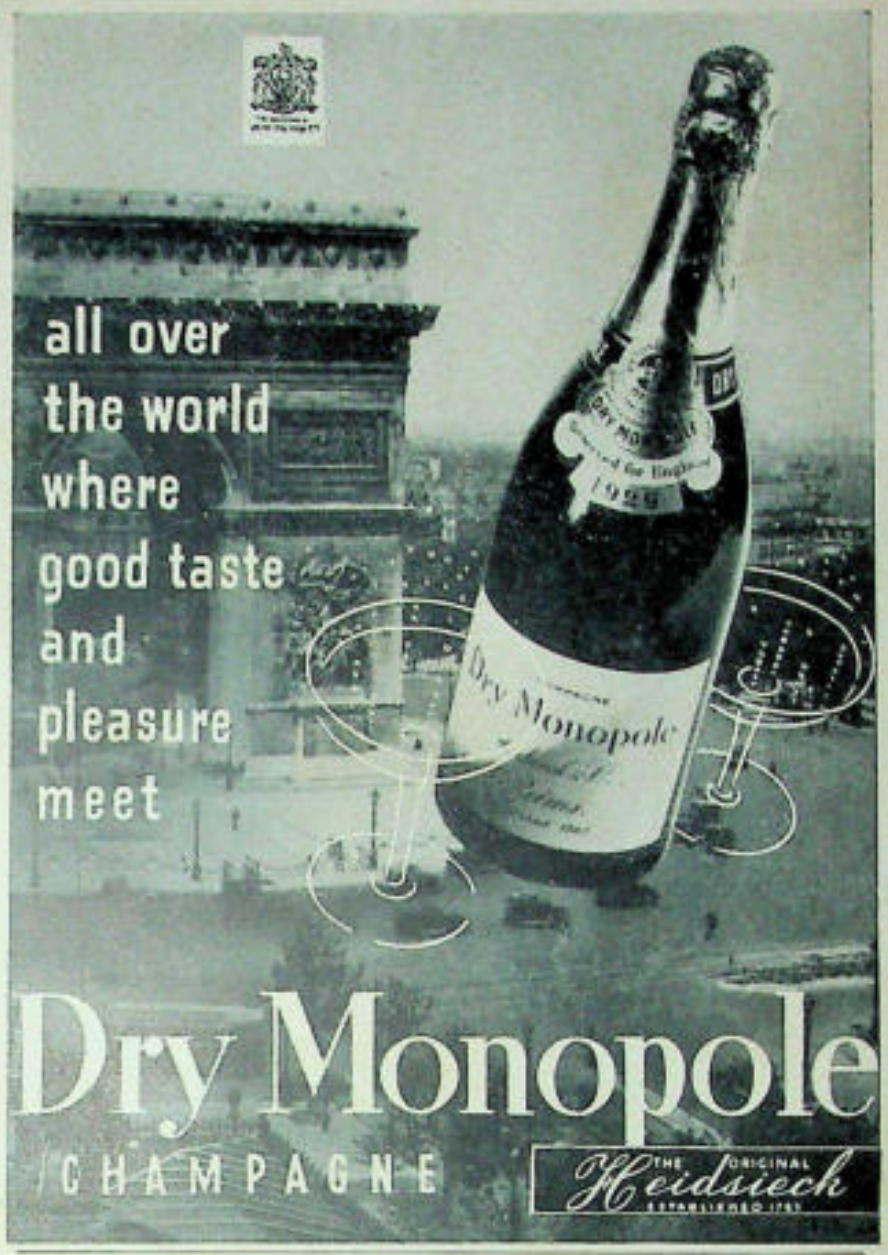
THE CENTENARY MATCH AT RUGBY SCHOOL

Standing (left to right): H. W. V. Stephenson (Ireland), H. M. Locke (England), J. M. Dykes (Scotland), A. T. Voyce (England), A. Baker (Wales), L. M. Stuart (Scotland), R. Y. Crichton (Ireland), S. Morris (Wales), T. A. McClelland (Ireland), G. S. Conway (England), W. G. E. Luddington (England), G. V. Stephenson (Ireland), D. S. Davies (Scotland), J. M. Bannerman (Scotland), C. Michael (Wales), V. M. Cartwright (England), Referee, J. R. Lawrie (Scotland), R. Harding (Wales). Seated (left to right): W. P. Collopy (Ireland), C. A. Kershaw (England), W. E. Crawford (Ireland), W. W. Wakefield (England), W. J. A. Davies (Captain, England), W. E. Bryce (Captain, Scotland), F. Baker (Newport), T. Johnson (Wales), D. J. Cussen (Ireland), R. A. Cornish (Wales). Seated: A. L. Gracie (Scotland)

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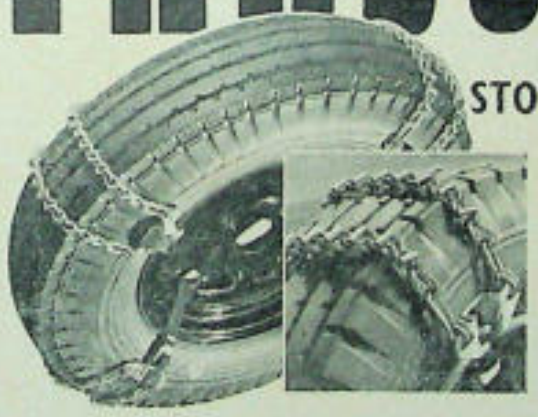
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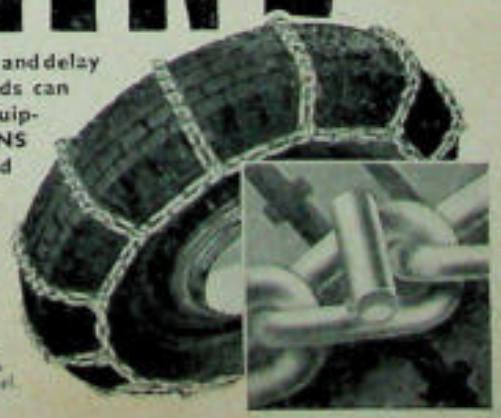


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A JOURNEY *through* BERBERLAND

By CAPTAIN F. H. MELLOR

ALL the hotels were full when I arrived at Marrakesh, for the Sultan Sidi Mohammed was in residence, the season was in full swing, and visitors had flocked to the Moslem capital of Southern Morocco. Thus prospects of a bed did not seem very bright, and rather disconsolately I went off to the fair, which had only been officially opened an hour before, in the hope of meeting some of my Moorish friends. Half Morocco walked in the grounds—the Moors love exhibitions—but luck was with me as I soon ran into the arms of Mulay El Arbi, the Sultan's cousin who had been in attendance on His Sherefian Majesty, and he with his usual kindness invited me to stay in his house while I was in Marrakesh.

Then began a wonderful week. Marrakesh was *en fête*, the scene of pageantry staged in that picturesque romantic style so typical of Franco-Moorish celebrations. Each day some entertainment or other took place; each night there was a dinner party in one of the great houses and I met amongst other notables the M'Tougi, a prominent member of a great Atlas clan, and Lieutenant Madani El Glaoui.

The latter spoke French fluently and with him, partly owing to the fact that we were soldiers, I soon became on intimate terms. His father, also named Madani, was perhaps the greatest of those Berber lords whose deeds are renowned in Moroccan history. It was he who enabled Mulay Hafid to seize the Sultanate from Mulay Abdul Aziz, and subsequently became Grand Vizir; it was he who, when the French Protectorate was proclaimed in 1912, helped Marshal Lyautey to pacify the south, and then from his lonely eyrie at Telouet, headquarters of the great Glaoui clan, kept the essential Atlas Pass for France. In 1917 he died—it is said of a broken heart after a favourite son had been killed in battle—and that redoubtable warrior, his brother, El Hadj Thami El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, took his place. Thus, it is not surprising that Mohammed Madani El Glaoui, a scion of such famous fighting stock, should be a lieutenant in the 2nd Spahis Marocain.

The weather during the greater part of the week displayed most perverse tendencies, with the result that the High Atlas passes became blocked by heavy snow, cloud and mist obscured the mountain ranges, and one watched the Sultan proceed to the Friday Prayer in the midst of a somewhat bedraggled entourage, during a blessed interval of some half an hour between storms. But fortunately for the Cours Hippique the weather mended, though not until the polo ground had suffered such ravages as to render the use of a rubber ball necessary during the final match, much to the disgust of all the players.

Most of the officers were mounted on Barbs and gave an excellent display of jumping, a welcome sight in these days when mechanical vehicles seem almost everywhere to have put the horse into the background. It was welcome also to see the manœuvres of the 2nd Spahis Marocain, a remarkably fine regiment, which would, I am sure, still be able to show in warfare that cavalry can carry out tasks no tank can undertake.

Above all, I admired the Fantasia, or Powder Play, which was given by the Rehamna tribes. A very large number of horsemen took part in this typically Moroccan display and enjoyed themselves so much that they went on until darkness put an end to the revels. In the Fantasia the tribesmen form up in line, and then advance at full gallop, leaving the reins loose over the horse's neck, while they fire their long guns into the air. It is a stirring and a brilliant spectacle; the shouts, the shots, the drumming of the horses hoofs, and then the gallop past as the tribesmen emerge from a cloud of dust.

On this occasion the effect was immense as they passed before the Sultan, but at the same time, if one remembers these were the methods used when the tribes used to engage in battle, it does explain the very low casualties suffered. Both sides would



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THE WALLED TOWN OF BOU MALUE IN BERBERLAND

advance at the gallop firing from the saddle ; both then turn aside so as to avoid meeting. It is, on the whole, a method of warfare enjoying great advantages, being both spectacular and exciting, though also, apart from the somewhat frequent accidental explosion of the guns, particularly safe.

For a long time I had been anxious to visit Berberland ; now exceptional facilities were offered me by the authorities, of which I was determined to avail myself. And so the day after the Cours Hippique I left on a journey of eight hundred and sixty three kilometres from Marrakesh to Meknes.

It is not generally recognised that the Moslem inhabitants of Morocco consist of three Berbers to every Arab. Long before the Arabs came to the country the Berbers, who belong to a white race and have sprung, it is thought, from common ancestry with the Celts, lived in Barbary and were many of them Christians. Later, after the Arab conquest, they embraced the tenets of Islam and retired to their mountain castles, where they could defy their enemies since none dare follow them. Thus, though nominally subjects of the Sultan, they obeyed only their own Kaids except when a Khalif of great strength, such as Mulay Ismail, ruled the land. Even their ideas and instincts remained pagan and they followed their own customary law ignoring the Chraa, though it must be admitted they showed themselves Moslem to the core once the cry of the Jihad rang through the land.

Gallant warriors, they put up a fierce resistance to the French advance, but once all was lost they showed themselves to be far too good sportsmen to bear any malice, and soon became on excellent terms with the officers responsible for Native Affairs. Their mentality is to a certain extent a European one, and, though all either farmers or brigands or both, they possess a marked mechanical aptitude.

My journey over the Atlas passed off without incident, as, to my great relief, a storm, which had threatened for some time, waited till we had descended from the heights of the Tichka before blotting out everything.

I stayed the night at Ouarzazate, a sort of African Carcassonne, which is held for the Glaoui, whose influence extends among the Ait Atta tribesmen as far as Tinerhir, by a nephew installed amidst the barbaric grandeur of the great keep. In a pocket between the High Atlas and the Anti-Atlas, Ouarzazate lies. The fortified town is situated near the bank of the river Draa, which in winter is a mighty stream, though even then the waters become lost in the sands of the south and



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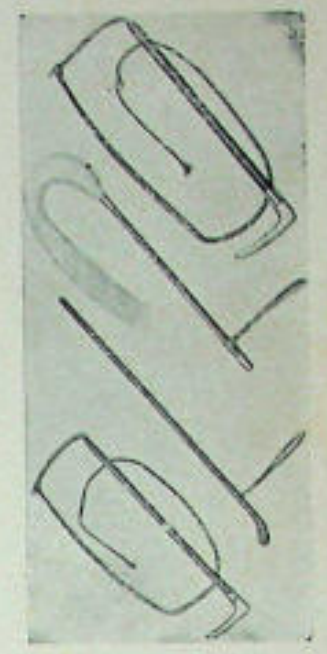
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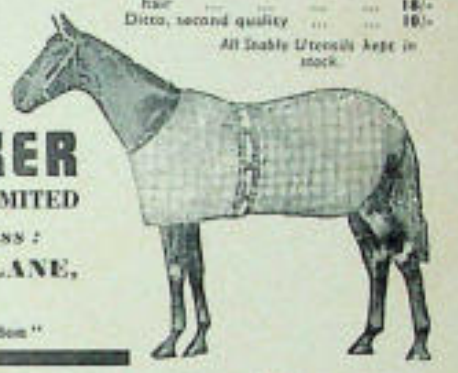
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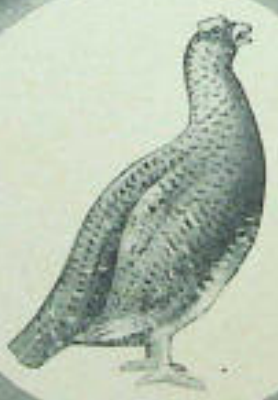
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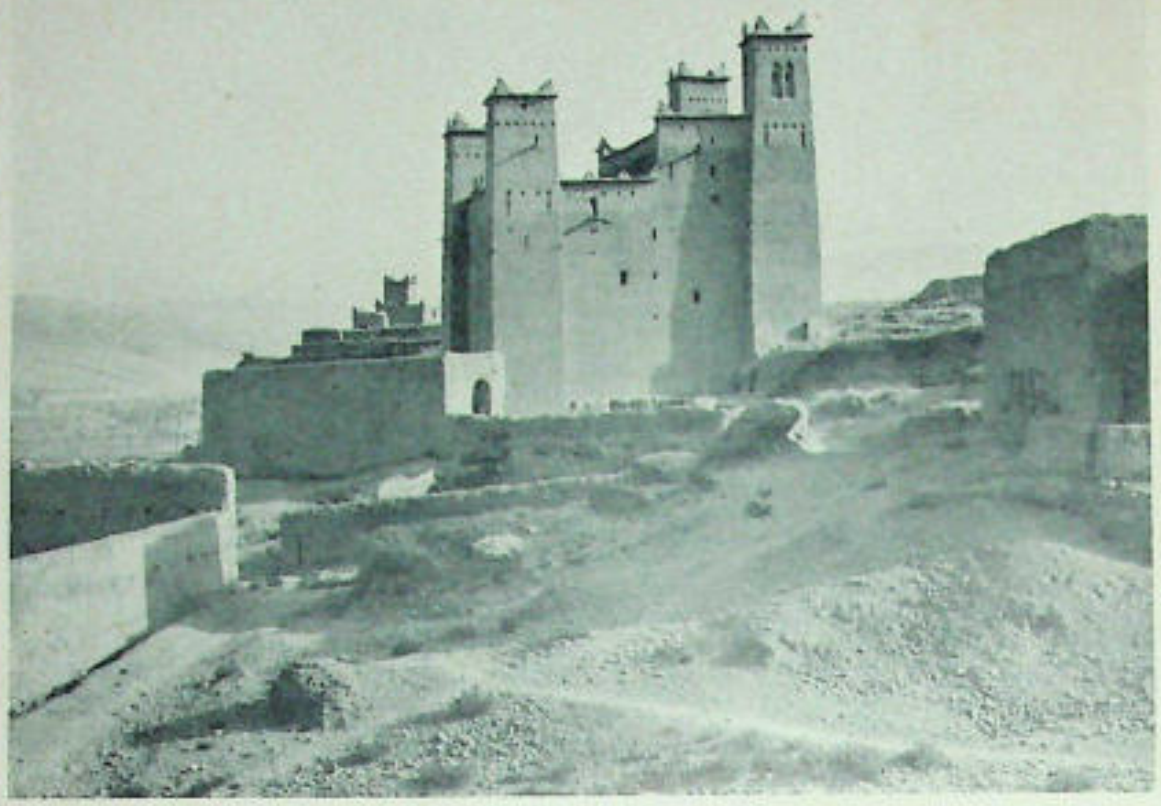
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THE CASTLE AT BOU MALUE

never reach the sea. In summer the river bed becomes dry and only two years ago the Ouarzazate Region was devastated by a terrible famine, which all the efforts of the French administration were unable to avert.

Three main causes contributed—drought, large decrease in infant mortality and the peaceful conditions existing in the country. The population increases apace and General Noguès during his speech to the council of the government in December, 1938, when announcing the measures taken to increase barrages and local irrigation works, said: "The soil which in a dry year cannot maintain six million people, must in less than a century support twenty to twenty-five million."

This is the problem the French have to solve; one which they have tackled with the intelligence and skill we would expect such a brilliant people to show.

I left Ouarzazate without regret, for it is a place where continual dust storms make life intolerable, and followed the road along the banks of the River Dades. This tract of country borders the Sahara Desert and is devoid of people or any living thing. There is no sign of vegetation. But when you come to the river valleys the case is altered. They are smiling valleys; they are fertile to a degree and in them all the people are concentrated. Skoura, for instance, provides an oasis in a desert of fire and the innumerable bright red castles rising up amidst bright green palm trees must astonish any traveller.

At Bou Malue, the French station is situated on a hill overlooking the River Dades. On one side rise the Jebel Sagho, where such fierce fighting took place six years ago; on the other, tower the high Atlas, mighty and snow-capped.

My friend Madani El Ghaoui had given me a letter of introduction to the squadron leader of the Foreign Legion Cavalry, and he received me with the greatest kindness and entertained me in the mess for the duration of my stay, thereby saving me much discomfort and adding immensely to the pleasure of my visit. It was interesting to see the difference between French methods and our own. They believe, and who shall say they are wrong, that units must be self-supporting, and that men who are made too comfortable in peace will never be able to put up with the hardships that have to be endured in war. Thus the Legionaries had done everything for themselves; they had even built their barracks and, considering the indifferent material available, done it extremely well.

The chargers of the Legion Cavalry are mostly Barbs, that remarkable North African horse which seems able to exist on almost nothing, and though of a light stamp be able to carry great weight. The officers swear by them and say they make ideal cavalry horses.

I was also interested to see some Saluki greyhounds, proud animals, which are prized and well treated by the Moors, who believe the Salukis, unlike other dogs, possess Baraka, that unction from on high which in Morocco sanctifies everything and everybody on whom it descends, or rather, shall I say, is believed to descend. They are great hunters the Salukis, but, so I am told, they have no nose at all and hunt entirely by sight.

The squadron leader took me with him to visit the valley of the Dades, a remarkable valley about a kilometre wide, dotted with red castles. Here the French, by means of irrigation work, have made it possible for the people to exist without fear of famine, a spectre which in the old days always haunted them.

I left Bou Malue with regret and continued on my journey to Tinerhir, which is one of the most beautiful places in all Morocco. In a large oasis innumerable date palms rise up above fields of bright green corn, and there are orchards of fig and peach trees. The people live in a number of ksars, or walled towns, the largest of which contains no fewer than fifteen hundred people. Immensely strong, they must in the old days have been impregnable, although merely constructed of red earth and lime with a foundation of boulders from the river bed.

Kaids and rich men prefer not to live in these ksars, where living conditions cannot be very pleasant, and so build their own castles with outer curtain walls in open country. In the new houses, indeed, the outer wall is often omitted and owing to the peaceful conditions now prevailing in Berberland the whole style of architecture is changing, and the general appearance of these buildings is becoming far less military and as a result, unfortunately, less attractive.

I stayed some days at Tinerhir and then continued through part of the Tafilalet to Ksar es Suk, and from there went on to Meknes by way of the pass through the Middle Atlas.

All the people of Berberland are agriculturists and arts and crafts are practically non-existent. Even rugs are rarely made by the Ait Atta tribesmen. Thus the people owe a great debt to the French, who have made it possible for them to harvest adequate crops, thanks to the irrigation work already done.

For years, Berberland was quite unknown to Europeans, though the gallant Vicomte de Foucauld did penetrate into the country at the risk of his life. But anyone can go there now, for the veil has been torn away from Berberland and the Berbers themselves have few regrets.



A GREAT BERBER KAID UNDER THE STANDARD OF THE PROPHET



THE WALLED TOWN OF OUARZAZATE



A CASTLE IN THE VALLEY OF THE DADES



TULIPS ARE SO STATELY, THEY NEED SOME SORT OF FORMAL SETTING

TULIP PLANTING TIME COMES ROUND

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING the next few weeks tulips, the most colourful of all the spring-flowering bulbs, have to be planted, and in most gardens they are the chief feature of the late spring display. In planning for effect they demand more care than any other spring flowering bulb, for, whereas daffodils can be strewn broadcast in any semi-wild part, and crocuses look their best in short grass, tulips are so stately that they need some sort of formal setting.

Fortunately, we have almost given up planting them in masses all of one colour, and now it is customary to mix them with other kinds and colours of flowers to secure a posy-like effect. Cottagers in my childhood were past-masters at this art of mixing flowers, probably because they retained the characteristics of the old English border throughout the time when, in large plots, landscape gardening became the craze, and anything in the nature of flower beds was banished as far as possible from the house. To this day the largest flower borders are frequently to be found in the kitchen garden at some distance from the house.

Here are some recollections of particularly happy arrangements of tulips that I saw last season. A large square central bed of that most gorgeous of all cherry red tulips—Pride of Haarlem—with a carpeting of lavender blue violas, and edged with double daisies. This bed was surrounded with oblong beds planted with wallflowers and tulips in mixed colours, and sparsely with pheasant's-eye narcissi with a surround of polyanthus. And I saw a charming effect with wallflowers and tulips in mixed colours and a border edging of mauve and pink aubrietias in a narrow bed with a background of golden privet.

So often little, if any, use is made of these narrow beds with a background of privet because privet is a greedy feeder, but with generous feeding good effects can be secured. For instance, in the case mentioned, China asters or antirrhinums could have succeeded the spring effect. White honesty is also useful to associate with tulips in narrow beds against a hedge.

For planting purposes tulips can be divided into two sections. The April-flowering kinds, particularly the delightful double sorts, should be planted immediately, and the May-flowering kinds should be planted some time before mid-December. One well-known tulip expert says he considers the last day of the year the ideal time for these. The drawback to April flowering tulips is that either on very poor or very heavy soil they rarely flower their second season, whereas May-flowering tulips can be left for years. But the April-flowering kinds are cheap. I saw an effect last season that reminded me of Kate Greenaway's illustrations—double tulips in mixed colours with polyanthuses and forget-me-nots made this gay picture, and it had a childlike charm not easy to forget.

To my thinking the pick of the early tulips is Prosperine, a lovely rich cherry, and one of the best effects I have seen was this rather small tulip associated with pale blue hyacinths and an edging of aubrietias.

May-flowering tulips ought to be planted quite 6in. deep on light soil, and 5in. on heavy soil. No fresh manure should be incorporated, but before planting bone manure can be forked in, allowing 2oz. to every square yard.

Many modern gardeners plant tulips far too shallow to secure early flowering with the result that tulip fire and other troubles follow. For real success there is no doubt that trenching and manuring are essential. Why were the old cottage tulips so healthy and so long-lived without deteriorating in the least? Sometimes they were left twenty years. Chiefly, I imagine, because cottagers planted deeply and fed generously with natural manure before putting it in the bottom spit.

Once the bulbs were planted they were left to themselves and gradually worked themselves down to quite 2ft. deep. The tulips flourished, disease was unknown and the fact that they were perhaps ten days later flowering than those in the garden of the big house worried the cottagers not at all. As long as they had a cheerful display of colour every spring with no trouble, they were content.

The tulips to avoid are the striped and variegated kinds, and parrot tulips. The former are much admired by some people simply because they associate them with the old Dutch flower paintings in which they frequently figure prominently. But these tulips are in reality diseased, and never do so well as the healthy kinds.

Parrot tulips attract every eye at shows with their exquisitely laciniated petals and remarkable colourings. But in the open they present a very different appearance, for they are so weak stemmed that they can stand no buffeting from spring winds and have to be grown in the most sheltered spot. Fantasy is one of the best, and not so weak-stemmed as most. The ideal way of growing these tulips is in hanging baskets. They droop over the sides most effectively and the beauty of the flowers can be seen to perfection. I once saw them grown thus in baskets hanging at intervals all along a verandah used as a sun room in spring, as it was completely sheltered from cutting winds.

Tulips in the open need care all through the winter. The ground should be carefully ærated round them, using a very small handfork. It is those which come up prematurely that frequently succumb to the cold and damp of February and March. They should be watched. If any leaves show grey mould lift and remove the whole plant, or the infection will almost certainly spread.

THE FOOD VALUE OF BLACKBERRIES

THE various small fruits are now as important a consideration as vegetables, for both fresh and bottled they are a valuable substitute for the sweet course.

Of all the small fruits blackberries always seem to me the most unduly neglected, but I think we shall soon learn to appreciate their value. Unlike raspberries, they fruit their first season, the birds leave them alone, they are the only small fruits that can be used with apples to make a cheap and usually very popular jam, and they do well no matter what the season may be like.

Blackberries do well in almost any soil, but it is useless to plant them in heavy poorly-drained soil, as they make feeble growth and die back. On soils that are even inclined to be heavy it is safer to incorporate plenty of well-decayed green manure, hop manure, &c. Another important point is to avoid any site that is too enclosed. Also blackberries are greedy feeders, though they do not respond to artificial manures. Too much natural manure makes for magnificent growths but not for prolific fruiting.

In the garden blackberries do best grown fan-fashion trained along wires stretched between posts 6ft. high. The plants should be put in 10ft. to 12ft. apart and the Himalayan blackberry needs to be quite 15ft. apart. In small gardens blackberries are sometimes planted against fences, but it is not so good as growing them in the open.

It is important to put in plants that are only a year old, and therefore it is unwise to get them from the hedgerows. The canes should not be cut at the time of planting. Canes that have fruited should be cut out yearly, and some commercial growers believe in tapping the canes back to 5ft. This makes for increased lateral growth and it is lateral growths that are so prolific. Some people grow blackberries in bush form and in this case they have to be cut back yearly to 4ft.

In regard to varieties, the earliest of all the hybrids is Bedford Giant. It is a very strong grower and the fruits are large. John Innes is a late variety with excellent flavour that fruits till the frosts come, but it is not a vigorous grower. The so-called Himalayan blackberry, which is believed to be a native of Eastern Europe, is a rampant grower with an exceptionally long fruiting season, but the fruits rather lack the characteristic blackberry flavour. The parsley-leaved blackberry, which is a native of parts of Surrey, has large fruits, but is not very prolific.

Edward Langley was regarded by the late Mr. E. Langley as the best hybrid; it is early and the flavour excellent. The best of the American blackberries are rather tender. Wilson Junior, for instance, which is one of the best flavoured, needs protection in winter, and Lowberry, a Californian kind, has to be grown under glass. Whatever varieties are obtained it is advisable to get them from a reliable firm, for there are numerous inferior blackberry hybrids.

If I could grow only one of the hybrid berries it would be the Vetchberry. It is a cross between the raspberry November Abundance and a blackberry.

Bottled blackberries or blackberry jam can at this season be used for many delicious sweets. Blackberry and apple meringue can be made with either the bottled fruit or jam. Mix equal quantities of blackberries with cooked apples, line a shallow tin with pastry, fill with the mixture and bake. When the pastry is cooked, remove from the oven and cover with white of egg whipped with a little sugar to a stiff froth. Replace in the oven and bake till the meringue is golden brown. Blackberry and apple mould is made by mixing equal quantities of bottled blackberries or blackberry jam and cooked apples. To every pint of this mixture allow five sheets of gelatine (or according to directions of the gelatine used). Simmer for ten minutes, stirring well till the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, and then pour into a bowl rinsed with cold water. When set, turn out and serve with cream or a little top milk.

Blackberry fool is also as easily made with jam or bottled fruit. To make it mix equal quantities of cooked apples and blackberry jam or fruit. To a pint of this mixture allow quarter of a pint of custard. Mix well and serve in individual glasses. Blackberry mould is much liked by children and it is a good way of using up stale bread. Mix equal quantities of cooked apples and blackberry jam or bottled blackberries. Put slices of stale bread of equal size in a dish and put some of the blackberry and apple mixture between each slice. Pour the remainder over and leave overnight till the bread has absorbed all the juice. Pour some custard over just before serving.

E. S. R.



THE HARVEST OF THE WOODLANDS

RESTOCKING PRIVATE WOODLANDS—II

By REGINALD DAVEY

The nation's forest and timber reserves are of vital importance in war time and, as trees cannot be grown to order, the work put into forest conservation in the past is now being reaped. With a view to assisting owners of woodlands the following articles have been published in the "Field" during the last two months: "Restocking Private Woodlands.—I," November 11th; "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodmen," September 23rd

TREES produce a crop of seeds every year but only periodically, about every three years, is the crop heavy enough to be regarded as a seed year. Only the older and larger trees produce the quantity needful to restock an area, though if the trees are younger, a greater number per acre may have the desired effect. The seed is fertile from young trees, having been collected and used with success from a Scots pine seven years old.

The young plants will be eaten by rabbits, as everyone knows, unless they are exterminated in the way outlined last week. The alternative is to enclose the areas for restocking, with wire netting, which is more expensive. A square area one acre in extent will cost £14 to enclose by a rabbit-proof fence. A four acre plot of the same shape will cost £7 per acre. Sixteen acres will cost £3 10s. 0d. per acre, while sixty-four acres can be enclosed for £1 15s. 0d. per acre. In the majority of cases the area to be dealt with will be four or five acres, and one cannot rely upon them being contiguous to enable a larger area to be fenced.

Having dealt with the rabbit, the actual method of restocking is to fell the crop of timber, leaving from twelve to twenty trees per acre to remain for three years as parent trees. There may be a little difficulty about this, owing to the need for timber for war purposes, but it is thought that the Timber Control will approve the object and the retention of sufficient trees to attain it. The alternative is to leave a belt of trees on the windward side of the area, and other belts parallel to it and between 50 and 100 yards distant. This would use less trees, and be almost as satisfactory, though the trees should remain longer to ensure full seeding.

Most of the common species can be relied upon to seed naturally. Everyone has seen oak, beech, ash, sycamore and Scots pine. Larch cannot generally be relied upon. Douglas fir would set seed under suitable soil conditions, but spruce would not. For practical purposes natural seeding will be confined to native trees, hardwoods and Scots pine, with a possible exception in favour of Douglas fir.

The germination of the seed will be beneficially influenced by the access of sunlight to the humus formed by the leaves of the last crop. While the trees remained, the humus accumulated, as a dark deposit, full of plant food. The removal of most of the trees opens the canopy, and the sunlight causes oxidation of the humus and the release of a plentiful supply of nutriment for the seedlings. Another fortuitous benefit is the dragging out of the trees, which acts as would a scarifier in forming a tilth for the seed to germinate in.

Everything favours natural seeding, and with reasonable luck a thick carpet of young seedlings will reward the labours. But some seeds do not germinate at once, so it will be two or three years before the whole area will be fully covered. The parent trees are accordingly left standing for three years, after which time they are felled and hauled out, doing surprisingly little damage.

The bare places are then filled up by planting or seeding by hand, and the area may be left to its own devices for a few years. If the summer weed growth threatens to overpower the young trees it should be brushed over, but this will not be necessary in the case of oak, which benefits from shade. An interesting instance of this is a plantation of oak, formed by planting acorns on the Marquis Camden's estate near Tunbridge Wells. The trees were covered with a dense and impenetrable mass of brambles. A thorough attempt at cleaning failed, and the area was abandoned as hopeless. Four years later the young oaks were observed rearing their heads above the brambles, having surmounted all obstacles.

The plantations will call for little attention for three or four years, after which time it will be necessary to cut back undesired growth to free and encourage the best trees. Even if the tree crop is very dense it may be left, the increased competition making for rapid and straight growth. By about the twelfth year competition will have become so intense as to retard growth, and the area should be visited and all suppressed and badly shaped and dead trees removed. This will leave three grades of stems, easily recognised. The top storey will contain the dominant trees of rapid and robust and perhaps rather coarse growth. Below them are the main bulk of the wood, trees of more than average growth and with their crowns well up. Then come the suppressed trees, with their crowns below those of most of the trees.

The first thinning, required perhaps at fifteen years, perhaps not until the twentieth year, depending on density of seeding and rate of growth, will take the form of the encouragement of the best trees. Which these are depends upon the object of the forester. If he aims at quality of timber, he will remove the coarser growing dominant trees and encourage the more desirable sub-dominants. If mere bulk is to be the criterion, as when trees are grown for pulp, or railway sleepers, the larger and coarser dominants will be allowed to remain.

The suppressed trees, of value only in preserving the canopy and excluding sunlight, will be removed in thinning as necessary to prevent them crowding the dominant stems. The maintenance of the canopy is a matter of great importance in woods. When broken, weed growth is encouraged, which uses up plant food that should be reserved for the trees. The leaf humus will also be oxidised, to the detriment of the soil fertility. Apart from this any large gaps in the canopy let in the wind, and trees grown in a protected place may be blown over.

For this reason the felling of most of the trees in a wood, in order to promote natural seeding, is attended by the risk of the parent trees left suffering wind damage. On the Continent, the felling is a gradual business, a few trees at a time being taken over a period of years. The risk must, in the present crisis, be taken, but it will only be serious on soils where roots penetrate but little, or on the stony gravels, where there is no roothold.

Experiments are being carried out in the New Forest in the promotion of seeding by ring barking. This is taking a leaf out of the horticulturalist's note book, as for years it has been the custom of fruit farmers to encourage fruiting in a tree that is making too much wood by partial ring barking. Its effect is to administer a shock, causing a tree to feel a danger and the need for ensuring reproduction.

GOOD FARMING

By H. C. LONG

WHAT is often called good farming must, of course, in essence depend upon profit—and over a series of years that means at least fair prices, if not high ones. In recent times prosperous periods of farming have depended not so much upon high yields as upon high prices—in turn commonly owing to short crops overseas, or to difficulties of transport, as during the years 1914–18. Nevertheless, fair to high prices greatly encourage good farming, and this usually means high yields. If good farming were ever desirable at all it is utterly necessary at present, for in 1940 the country will look for great things from our 29,000,000 acres, and will expect at least 1,500,000 acres of arable ploughed from grass under the Government scheme.

If farmers are to practice good farming in the national interest just what does it involve? Not only does it demand thorough preparation and tillage of arable land, but an increase in the arable area as suggested; not only does it involve ploughing up of permanent grass, but a strenuous endeavour to improve poor and medium grass—making full use of the lime and basic slag schemes; it means also high farming in the old sense of developing a high state of fertility that will enable big crops to be grown and more stock to be kept; and this implies drainage, applications of lime and fertilisers, destruction of weeds, and war on diseases, insects and fungi injurious to stock and crops.

In normal times high farming means the possession of adequate capital to purchase necessary machinery, fertilisers and feeding stuffs, livestock and the rest; and the employment of sound, knowledgeable workers sufficient in number to keep everything on the farm running smoothly and well. For over half a century farm workers have been getting increasingly difficult to secure, mainly owing to the attractive wages in manufacture, and the desire for what may be described as urban amenities and amusements. This has naturally tended to increase the growing use of farm machinery which in turn has helped to reduce the number of men required for a given acreage. Happily, higher wages and growing amusements are not sufficient to attract every true man of the soil to leave the land.

After the repeal of the Corn Laws farmers felt that they were put to desperate straits to pay their way, and Caird published (1849) an account of co-operation between a landlord and tenant at Auchness, in Wigtonshire, to indicate how high farming might prove successful. He observed that "the leading principle herein developed will be found to be a greater reliance on *green crops, grass and forage*, as contradistinguished from *corn*, but by no means exclusive of corn. In connection with this, the writer desires to direct attention to the prosecution of a high system of farming, which enlarges the field of labour and its remuneration, leads to the accumulation and economy of manure, and affords the means of applying it to the crops in a far more liberal manner than has heretofore been thought either necessary or advantageous."

It is true that the need for grain was then less necessary than at this moment, and whereas on the 260-acre arable farm concerned the area devoted to grain fell from three-fourths of the farm to little more than two-fifths, the costs for rent, labour, manure and food increased by over £900, while the total value of the crops and stock together increased from about £640 to over £2,500; the yield of wheat

rose from 20 to 36 bushels per acre, and that of oats was doubled: potatoes rose from 15 acres to 55 acres, with great additional increase per acre: the area of turnips was multiplied by seven, and the yield per acre was at least doubled; while "the land now appropriated to summer feeding, soiling, and grazing, though not one-half the extent of that under the old system, keeps much more than double the former stock." The main point is the great improvement in the fertility of the soil and the increased output of food from the farm.

An old view as to the importance of agriculture in time of war was expressed by the famous authority Sir John Sinclair in 1828. In a letter that was recently in my possession he wrote to Sir John Cayley that, "Nothing but our agricultural resources, brought out by the exertions of that Board (*the old Board of Agriculture*), enabled us to go on at all, and so terminate the last war successfully."

It is interesting also to note that in a four-page leaflet printed in 1827 Sir John Sinclair observes that by the exertions of the Board of Agriculture, "some millions of acres were added to the cultivation of the country." He adds that, "To what extent our produce was augmented by *improved skill* cannot be accurately ascertained. But in regard to *increased cultivation*, and the improvement of waste, or unproductive lands, its amount can be placed beyond the possibility of doubt." He then puts forward figures to prove that the area amounted to no less than 2,268,000 acres of "additional cultivation" in 20 years—an achievement indeed at that date!

Our circumstances are different, it is true, but we are still largely dependent upon imported food, and any improvement or change in farming that will increase our home production of food must be regarded as of the highest importance.

To attain the end in view crops of every description, whether for man or beast, should receive the very best treatment that the farmer can give them in order to increase the yield and improve its quality, so that grassland may carry more stock, and arable crops support both more stock and more human beings. The Minister of Agriculture has said that the Government is carefully watching over the situation, and it is clear that the question of prices is being closely followed, so that while there may be no great rise in the prices paid to farmers there shall also be fair prices for fertilisers and feeding stuffs. There is little doubt that the Ministry of Agriculture and the big business undertakings will do everything possible to help farmers with supplies, without undue hardship as to prices. In the long run, good farming, even high or intensive farming, should at present have no adverse influence on bank balances, and increased yields are urgently desirable. Any farmer who has any doubts should get into touch with his County War Agriculture Executive Committee, or one of the farmer members of it. With controlled prices both ways, and the fact that, in settling these, costs are taken closely into account, the best farming is the safest.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following announcements of importance to farmers have been made by the Ministry of Agriculture

IT is still necessary to exercise the utmost economy in the use of concentrated feeding stuffs. We must make the best of available supplies, for the only thing that can be said with certainty about the future is that we must anticipate shorter supplies of imported feeding stuffs than in peace time, and temporary dislocations. We can no longer expect that a postcard will automatically bring by return a lorry load of perfectly balanced rations.

More careful use of hay probably offers as wide scope for economy as any. Dairymen, like shepherds, are inclined to err on the generous side when estimating the food requirements of their charges, and if the hay ration for each cow were weighed, there would often be some surprises.

To quote a specific instance, a progressive dairy farmer who had always made a profit on his dairy, decided to weigh each cow's hay ration and compare with the ration advised by Reading University. He found that he was wasting just over half a ton of hay a week on his whole dairy, equivalent to one-third of the net profit he was then making.

Hay can be used for more than the maintenance part of the ration. On full winter feeding a daily allowance of 18lb. of first-class hay will supply enough nutriment for maintenance and the first gallon of milk; 24lb. to 25lb. of average hay will do the same. But this would be rather a bulky ration for cows in full milk. A better winter ration would be 18lb. of average hay and 30lb. to 35lb. of marrow stem kale, or 40lb. to 45lb. of roots.

The bulky, home-grown foods can replace concentrates for the first gallon of milk and this will have to be the system for many dairy farmers in war-time. But when they plough up their grassland it is essential that they think of some of the coming crop in terms of food for their cows, if they wish to maintain milk supplies. Many have forgotten that an acre with a good crop of mangolds, narrow stem kale or seeds hay will go twice as far in nourishing their cows as an acre of average meadow.

Oats, together with tail barley and wheat and also dried beet pulp, can replace maize and most of the maize foods in compounding rations for all kinds of stock. Beans and peas will make up the protein to balance these starchy foods. But beans and peas have fallen into disfavour. Once we grew 600,000 acres of them, but now little more than 100,000 acres. It is true they tend to make the ground weedy, but they enhance its fertility in nitrogen and should now be most seriously considered as a home-produced source of protein to make good some of the ground nuts and concentrated cake that may never arrive here.

Solving a Sheep Mystery

"Swayback" in lambs was, until recently, one of the mystery diseases. Young lambs affected by it lose power in their limbs, sometimes completely. Those that can rise stagger in their gait and tend to topple over, and in cases show evidence of blindness. Some lambs are affected at birth, others show no sign of the disease for some days. They usually die, mainly from causes other than swayback, though a few may recover.

The disease, also known as "Swinglebuck," "Swingback," "Jinckback" and "Warfa," occurs in many parts of Britain, especially Derbyshire and Yorkshire, though the number of lambs affected varies from season to season. In some districts the disease is so prevalent that farmers have given up keeping sheep in them.

Now the disease has been investigated, and although its cause has not been discovered, a remedy has been found. The indications are that the brain and spinal cord are affected, the lamb begins to be affected before it is born, and the disease is associated with a deficiency of copper.

Experiments have been made in Australia and Derbyshire. In both cases it was found that the feeding of copper, in the form of copper sulphate (blue stone), to ewes before they lambed reduced very greatly the incidence of the disease. Ewes from farms where the disease was prevalent were given access to salt licks containing copper in amounts of 0.3 per cent. and 1 per cent. On the same land ewes were kept with no access to such licks to act as controls.

Those fed with copper produced far fewer lambs with the disease than those that had none. The nearer the time to lambing when the ewes had access to the 0.3 per cent. licks, the greater was the chance of swayback developing in the lambs, but when the ewes had access to the 1 per cent. licks, even for only six to seven weeks before lambing, the disease did not occur in their lambs.

It must be remembered that copper in large amounts is poisonous to stock, and therefore it is recommended that ewes should receive the 0.3 per cent. licks at the time of tupping and throughout the time the lamb is being carried. But if it is impossible to feed the salt licks until about six or seven weeks before lambing, then the 1 per cent. licks should be fed.

Licks should be protected from the weather, for heavy rain and snow will cause them to melt away. They should therefore be placed in hay racks or some similar holder.

Outwitting the Wood Pigeon

Attempts to organise the destruction of wood pigeons have not, hitherto, been distinguished by great success. The chief reason has been the difficulty of inducing people over a sufficiently wide area to combine to shoot them on the same day. But the wood pigeon problem must now be faced. They are most voracious birds; they eat almost every kind of food the farmer grows and prefer the best. Collectively, they are taking toll of foodstuffs equivalent to the cargoes of several merchantmen, and they are probably increasing in numbers, for each year more migrants arriving here from Scandinavia remain and breed. Now is the time to deal with them.

The N.F.U. have expressed their willingness to assist in the organisation of sectional shoots and the Forestry Commission have asked all their shooting tenants to co-operate to the fullest possible extent in anything that may be arranged. It is important that owners and tenants of shoots should join in too, or the pigeons will merely take cover in their preserves until the "all clear" sounds.

Success can be gained by waiting for them where they come into roost, but the best results of all are achieved by using "hides" and decoys. "Hides" are merely natural cover, sometimes improved by using boughs, grass or other herbage growing on the spot. Decoys can be bought cheaply, or a dead bird may be used, supported in a natural position by a stick stuck into its head from underneath.

Potatoes for Pigs

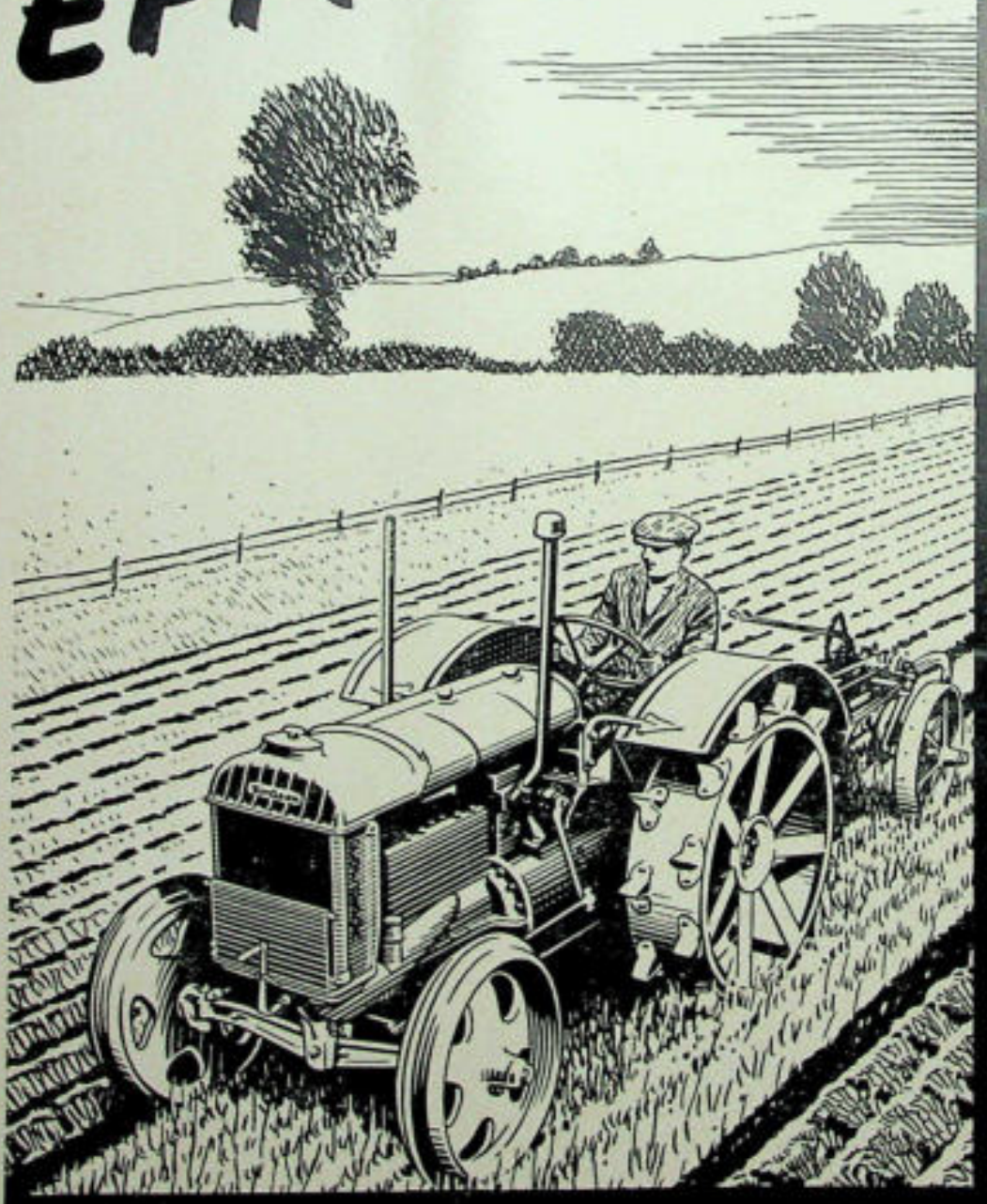
In some districts the potato crop was attacked by blight. The ensilage of such potatoes is most simply and economically carried out in the following way: A pit should be excavated on a piece of dry, well-drained ground, which should, if possible, be situated close to the feeding pens. The excavation might be 6ft. to 7ft. wide and 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. deep, and the sides should slope slightly inwards. If possible it should be lined with straw.

The potatoes should first be washed and then cooked in a steamer or copper for about 45 minutes. From the steamer or copper, the potatoes, whilst still hot, should be transferred to the pit and consolidated as tightly as possible to ensure thorough exclusion of air. When finishing off the silo, the mass of pressed material should be raised into a ridge in the middle and the sides and top of the ridge covered with straw or wet sacks. This, in turn, should be covered with a heavy layer of soil or clay well rammed down.



BUILDING UP THE CLAMP WITH NEWLY LIFTED MANGOLDS

The Farmer's Part in the National Effort depends on his.. EFFICIENCY



Once again the country looks to the farmer. In the words of the Minister of Agriculture the Government "Have called on Farmers to intensify and increase production from their land." More land is to come under the plough. More acreage is to be sown. More crops are to be raised.

But in the National interest—and in the farmer's interests, too, it is essential that this vital increase in food production should be achieved as efficiently and economically as possible. Efficiency, indeed, has become a national duty.

For the farmer, nothing can more certainly ensure efficiency than the possession of a British-built Fordson Agricultural Tractor.

Over and over again, the Fordson has proved, on thousands of British farms, that it saves time and money. Over and over again it has proved the simplest agricultural tractor for the farm labourer to handle. Over and over again it has proved the most reliable tractor for all farming operations.

In the great effort before us, the Nation's life-line will be—efficient food production. And on this most important side of National Service the Fordson Tractor is going to help the farmer to play his part—with maximum efficiency!

FORDSON AGRICULTURAL TRACTOR, from £150 at works · Choice of Models Choice of Gear Ratios · Completely built at Dagenham, England

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., DAGENHAM, ESSEX, AND AT 88, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE STANDARD HEADLAMP SHIELD

Simple to Fit and Effective in Use

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country pursuits.



"HALT" SIGNS ON THE ROAD ARE NECESSARY, AS LAMP BEAMS NO LONGER CATCH THE SIGNS AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

WHILE I have little sympathy with grumblers, especially in times like these, it does seem reasonable to criticise the series of measures and counter-measures that have been forced on us with regard to car lighting.

True, it is easy to be wise after the event, but it does seem a pity that experiments to determine just how much car lighting could be used safely in a black-out were not completed before war broke out. As it is, instead of a few experts getting together with the air, police and street lighting authorities, the experiments were made at the expense of hundreds of thousands of private motorists and extended over the first eight or ten weeks of the war.

During that period both manufacturers and motorists honestly attempted to meet the requirements of the authorities. The former produced, made and marketed gadgets which at the time fulfilled these regulations. Owners fitted these shields, masks and what-nots to the lamps as best they could. Reflectors were either wholly or partly painted out and bulbs removed or exchanged. But no sooner had these preparations been completed when a new regulation, or amendment to an old one, made them obsolete, and makers and motorists had to start work all over again.

The latest, and it is to be hoped final, design for headlamp shield or mask looks rather like a tophat. In the crown there are three shielded slits and a white panel.

When the authorities approved this mask it was stated that it was to be fitted to the offside headlamp. In fact, literature distributed by leading lamp manufacturers stresses this point; but more recently it has been announced that the shield can be attached to the nearside headlamp, should an owner prefer that position. It has also been asked whether a mask can be fitted to both headlamps provided they are controlled by separate switches. At the moment of writing this problem has not been settled.

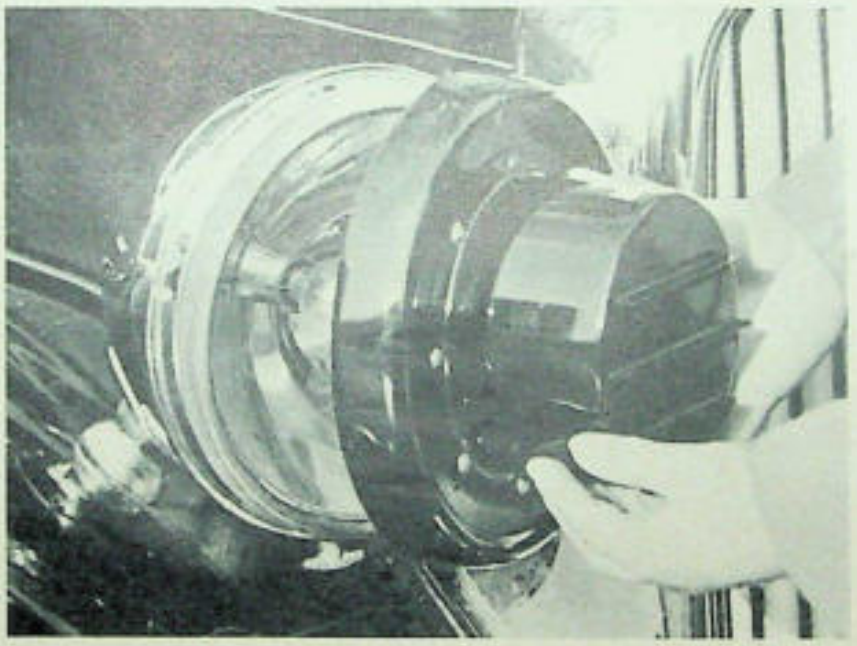
In any case, whether the mask be fitted to the near or offside lamp, the other headlamp bulb must be put out of action. The simplest way of doing this is to remove the bulb or to disconnect the terminals of the cables leading to the bulb and cover their ends in insulating tape. An owner, unversed in electrical technique, in doing this will be wise to mark the cables and the terminals on the bulb holder so as to ensure correct re-wiring at a future date.

Some of the new headlamp masks are made to fit in the place of the existing lamp rim and glass. An excellent example of this design is made by Joseph Lucas, Ltd., Great King Street, Birmingham 19, who supply the lighting requirements of the great majority of British made motor cars. This shield can be fitted in a few seconds merely by removing the standard rim and its glass front. This is effected in many types of lamp by unscrewing the locking screw at the base of the rim and then lifting the rim and glass outwards and upwards. Generally the top of the rim is located on the lamp body by a lip or clip so that care should be taken in releasing this, and the use of a screwdriver to prize the rim away from the body of the lamp should be avoided at this point.

Having removed the rim and glass it will then be necessary to erase the black paint with which the reflector should have been painted. To do this remove the bulb, or bulbs, and with a soft clean rag steeped in acetone rub off the paint. Paraffin or petrol is no good for this cleaning process. Acetone can be bought at any chemist in small quantities as it is largely used by women for removing the enamel on their finger-nails.

At this point it may be noted that the wattage of the headlamp bulb to be retained in use must not exceed 36. Bulbs are marked, so there should be no difficulty in ascertaining whether the one fitted conforms to the regulations.

It will be seen from the above that the fitting of this type of shield is a matter of a few minutes only, provided the right type of mask is available for the headlamp. The Lucas people make a number of patterns to suit standard headlamps at prices ranging from 7/- to 9/6. These masks can either be obtained from garages, motor agents or Lucas service depots, a number of which is scattered about the country.



FITTING THE LUCAS HEADLAMP SHIELD IN PLACE OF THE RIM AND GLASS OF A STANDARD LAMP ONLY TAKES A FEW MINUTES

For headlamps of non-standard size the same concern provides an universal shield without a rim. This shield is designed to replace the glass only, leaving the headlamp rim in position. For this reason the brim of the mask is marked with several concentric circles and can be cut with metal shears to fit snugly and as tightly as possible within the headlamp rim in place of the glass. In a case of this sort it may be necessary to separate the reflector from the rim to which it is secured by wide angle W-shaped springs, the ends of which are tucked under the edge of the rim. These ends can be depressed with the aid of a screw driver in order to free them; their replacement being effected in a similar way.

Owing to the fact that the metal brim of the shield is thinner than the glass it replaces, it will be necessary to pad the brim either by sticking insulating tape round its edge or by fitting a brown paper or composite washer at its back. This precaution is necessary in order to ensure the brim being held tightly in the rim by the springs. If this is not done the whole shield may tend to move in the rim owing to the vibration of the car, with the result that the lighting slots will no longer assume their correct horizontal position relative to the road. This type of mask costs five shillings.

Having fitted masks to my two cars my reactions to their practical use may be of interest. In both cases the masks were set on the offside, the near-side illumination relying on the ordinary side lamp as the headlamp bulb had been removed. At dusk the illumination appeared meagre, so meagre in fact that I should advise other drivers to wait until full darkness prevails before taking the road.

Under the latter conditions it is possible to proceed at thirty miles an hour as the beam illuminates the road up to a distance of about 60ft. ahead. It is also wide enough to encompass both verges of the ordinary two-way road. When properly set, the beam should not light the road within 10ft. of the car and should slope very slightly downwards from a headlamp set some 2ft. above the road level. This gives the effect of a wide angle bowl of light cut off at lamp level.

The setting shows up white lines, road reflectors and white posts fairly well. Its effect is in fact no worse than the results obtained from the pair of black masks with their semi-circular holes and half blacked-out reflectors which I had been running on previously.

It is important that the beam should not rise above the horizontal and this can be checked in the following way: Train the beam on to a light-coloured wall at a range of about 20ft. when the bright patch should be slightly lower than the height of the lamp from the level of the road. Alternatively, and again on a level road, an observer stationed 20ft. from the car with his eye at the same height from the road as the headlamp should just fail to see the beam.

A small point, which bears on the same subject, is that the test should be made with the car carrying its normal load. If the rear seats are generally occupied, the extra weight at the back may alter the trim of the car and tend to raise the beam. In setting the lamp this point should be allowed for.

While on the subject of lamps it may be mentioned that under certain circumstances the use of fog lamps is now permitted. The regulations are that under fog conditions an unscreened fog lamp may be used provided that the lamp is additional to the ordinary headlamp and is also controlled by a separate switch. It is also necessary to ensure that the fog lamp is fitted below the level of the headlamps and that its beam shines downwards and towards the near side of the road.

The fog lamp may only be used under conditions when a motorist's progress is impossible without it. This lamp, like the side and head lights, must naturally be switched off on the sounding of an air raid warning.

It is to be hoped that owners will have their cars properly equipped with as little delay as possible. Observation of cars at a car park shows that far too many alleged shields and masks are of the skimpiest character, while on the road one is constantly meeting cars whose lights appear to be far too bright. In this connexion it has been suggested that garages should install an example of correctly adjusted and lighted headlamps so that owners may be able to compare them with their own form of equipment. Some authorities have even gone so far as to suggest that a "brightness" gauge should be available at service stations.

FORDS AND FOOD PRODUCTION.—At the start of this year there were some 60,000 agricultural tractors in use in the British Isles. Last spring the Minister of Agriculture announced his plan by which thousands of new Fordson Tractors were to be produced as a reserve for the emergency that has now arisen. Thus Ford Motor Company is now able to announce that in the first month of the war they delivered more tractors to British farmers than in any month during the history of the company. Recently a record production has been stepped up still further and there is evidence of this not only in the numbers of Ford tractors in use but in the immense new areas of land now coming under the plough.

CONTRACT BRIDGE PROBLEMS

A Christmas Competition for "Field" Readers

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

First Prize £3 3s. Second Prize £2 2s. Third Prize £1 1s.

THE above prizes will be awarded to the competitors who send in solutions which are adjudged correct or most nearly correct. In case of several correct solutions, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Cards Editor. The Cards Editor's decision is final and no correspondence about the competition will be entertained.

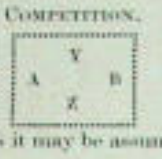
RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

(a) Answers should be brief and reasons only given when asked for.

(b) Each competitor may send in only one set of answers.

(c) Replies should be addressed to "Bridge Competition," The *Field*, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. The latest date is first post December 16th, 1939.

COMPETITION.



In all the problems it may be assumed that there is no part score.

1. Score game all. Z deals and bids One Heart; Y Two Hearts; Z Two Spades; Y Three Spades; Z Four Spades. A B pass throughout. A holds ♠ A, 2; ♡ 9, 8, 7, 6, 2; ◇ K, Q, 2; ♣ Q, J, 10. What should he lead?

2. Score love all. Z deals and bids One Club; A One Heart; Y Three Clubs; B No bid; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds: ♠ Q, 8, 7, 2; ♡ A, Q, 10, 9, 4; ◇ A, 2; ♣ 4, 2. What should he lead?

3. A B love. Y Z game. Z deals and bids One Spade; A No bid; Y Two Hearts; B Three Diamonds; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds: ♠ K, 10, 5, 4; ♡ 10, 9, 8; ◇ Q, 7, 2; ♣ 10, 9, 4. What should he lead?

4. Score game all. Z bids One Spade; A Two Diamonds; Y holds ♠ K, 2; ♡ K, J, 8, 2; ◇ K, J, 8, 2; ♣ A, 10, 2. What should he say?

5. Score game all. Playing Culbertson, Z bids One No Trump; A No bid. Y holds: ♠ 4, 2; ♡ 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2; ◇ 5, 3; ♣ 2. What should he say?

6. Score game all. Z deals and holds: ♠ A, J, 8, 2; ♡ K; ◇ A, Q, 7, 2; ♣ K, Q, 4, 3. What should he say?

7. Assuming that in problem 6 Z bids one of a suit, A doubles, Y and B pass. What should Z say and why?

8. Score love all. Y has ♠ Q, 6, 5, 4; ♡ A, K, 3, 2; ◇ A, 10, 2; ♣ 8, 6. Z has ♠ A, K, 9, 8, 7; ♡ Q, 8, 6; ◇ K, J, 3; ♣ A, J. Z is playing the hand in Six Spades, the opponents have not bid and A leads the King of Clubs, taken by Z's Ace.

(a) What card should Z now play and why?

(b) Assuming the trumps break 2-2, how should Z play the hand?

9. Score love all. Y deals; Y has: ♠ J, 6; ♡ Q, J, 8; ◇ A, K, J, 10; ♣ A, J, 6, 2; Z has: ♠ Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3; ♡ 4, 3; ◇ Q, 7, 4; ♣ 5. The bidding has gone:

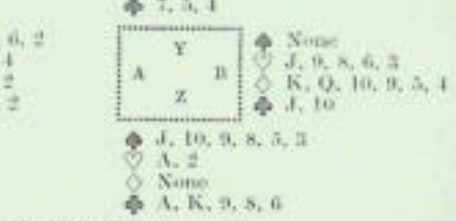
Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	One Heart	One Spade	Two Clubs
No bid	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Spades	All pass

and the following cards have been played:

A	Y	B	Z
8 ◇	K ◇	5 ◇	4 ◇
2 ♠	6 ♠	K ♠	3 ♠
2 ♡	8 ♡	K ♡	3 ♡
2 ◇	10 ◇	6 ◇	Q ◇

How should Z play the remainder of the hand and why?

10.



Score love all. Z deals.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Diamonds	Double
Four Clubs	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Spades	All pass

A leads the eight of Diamonds. How should Z play the hand?

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A lively game from the match between Holland and Ecuador.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. T. D. van Schelfhout (Holland.)	BLACK. N. Ponce. (Ecuador.)	WHITE. T. D. van Schelfhout. (Holland.)	BLACK. N. Ponce. (Ecuador.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to K 5 (a)	Kt tks R P (b)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. K takes Kt	Q to R 5, ch
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	16. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt P
4. Kt to B 3	B to K 2	17. K takes B	Q to Kt 4, ch
5. B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2	18. K to B 3	Q to R 4, ch
6. P to K 3	Castles	19. K to K 4	Q R to K sq
7. Q to B 2	Kt to K 5 (a)	20. R to R sq (f)	Q to Kt 5, ch
8. B takes B	Q takes B	21. K to Q 5	B takes Kt, ch
9. P takes P	Kt takes Kt	22. K takes B (g)	Q to Kt 4, ch
10. Q takes Kt	Kt to B 3 (b)	23. K to K 4	Q to Kt 7, ch
11. P takes P	B takes P	24. P to B 3	Q to Kt 4 (h)
12. B to Q 3	B to Q 4	25. B to Kt 5 (i)	Q takes B
13. Castles (K R)	Kt to Kt 5 (c)	26. K to B 4	Resigns.

(a) A mistake. The usual move is P to B 4.

(b) Best, since in return for the pawn lost he gets an advantage in development. If, instead, P takes P, then Q takes P and Black, in addition to being a pawn down, has an isolated Queen's pawn.

(c) Threatening 14. . . . B takes Kt; 15. P takes B, Q to R 5; 16. P takes Kt, Q takes Kt P, ch, with a draw by perpetual check.

(d) A good move, better than K R to K sq.

(e) Beginning a furious attack—his only chance.

(f) A good move. If, instead, 20. K to Q 5, then 20. . . . B takes Kt, ch; 21. P takes B, Q to Kt 5, threatening R to Q sq, ch followed by P to Kt 3, ch.

(g) Not P takes B because of R to Q sq, ch followed by P to Kt 3, ch.

(h) Threatening R to K sq, mate.

(i) Best. If, instead, P to Q 5, then P to Q B 3.

A game from the match between Sweden and Brazil.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. E. Lundin. (Sweden.)	BLACK. Silva Rocha. (Brazil.)	WHITE. E. Lundin. (Sweden.)	BLACK. Silva Rocha. (Brazil.)
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	11. P to K 3	Kt to K 4
2. P to B 4	P to K 3	12. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	13. B to K 2	R to R sq
4. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14. Q to Q 3	R to R 5 (f)
5. B to Kt 5 (a)	B P takes P	15. R to Q 2	R to Kt 5 (g)
6. Q takes P (b)	Kt to B 3 (c)	16. K to Kt sq (h)	R takes Kt
7. B takes Kt	P takes B	17. R to Q B sq	P to K 5
8. Q to R 4	P takes P	18. Q to Q 4 (i)	B takes Q
9. Q (the Q B P) (d)	Q to Kt 3	19. R takes R, ch	K to K 2
10. Castles (e)	R to Q 2	Resigns.	

(a) 5. B P takes P followed, after 5. . . . Kt takes P, by 6. P to K 4 is an alternative line of play.

(b) K Kt takes P is the usual move.

(c) B to K 2 is better.

(d) An inferior move which by removing the attack on the pawn at K B 3, allows Black's Queen to move. White should, instead, play 9. R to Q sq, e.g., 9. . . . R to Q 2; 10. P to K 5, Kt to K 4; 11. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 12. Q takes B P with the better game for White (Pilsbury v. Dr. Lasker, Cambridge Springs Tournament, 1904).

(e) Very risky.

(f) A strong move. If now 15. P to Q Kt 3, then 15. . . . R takes P; 16. P takes R, Q takes P with a winning game for Black.

(g) Another strong move. Black now threatens R takes Kt, ch, to which White would have nothing better in reply than Q takes R for, if, instead, P takes R, then R to R 8, ch, and mate next move.

(h) White has no good move.

(i) If Q takes P, then R to Q B 2 followed by R takes R.

PROBLEM No. 4040

By F. GODAGER and T. FJELD.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K B 3, Queen at K Kt 4, Rooks at Q B 5 and Q 8, Bishops at K Kt sq and Q Kt 5, Knights at Q sq and K B 8.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at Q B sq, Bishops at Q B 2 and Q Kt 6, Knights at K 4 and K B 4, Pawns at Q Kt 5, K B 5 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, British Chess Federation, 1938-39.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4039

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

CHESS

ELISKASES' PLAY

The following game, from this year's German Championship Tournament, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master, E. Eliskases.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Eliskases.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to Q Kt 4 (g)	P takes P, e.p.
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	28. B takes P	Kt takes B
3. P to B 4	P to K 3	29. Q takes Kt	Q to Q B 5
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	30. Q takes Q (f)	P takes Q (m)
5. Kt to B 3	P to K R 3 (a)	31. Kt takes P	R takes R
6. B to R 4	Castles	32. R takes R	B takes P
7. P to K 3	Kt to K 5	33. P to B 3	B to B 4 (n)
8. B takes B	Q takes B	34. Kt to Q 4	R to Q sq
9. Q to B 2 (b)	P to Q B 3	35. K to B 2	P to B 6
10. B to K 2 (c)	Kt to Q 2	36. K to K 3	R to K sq ch (o)
11. Castles (K R)	Kt takes Kt	37. K to B 4	P to B 7
12. Q takes Kt	P takes P	38. R to Q B sq	B to R 2
13. B takes P	P to Q Kt 3	39. P to K R 4 (p)	R to R sq
14. P to K 4	B to Kt 2 (d)	40. P to Kt 4 (q)	R to B 6
15. K R to K sq (e)	K R to B sq	41. Kt to R 5 (r)	B takes Kt
16. Q R to Q sq (f)	P to R 3 (g)	42. K takes B	R takes P, ch
17. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4	43. K to K 4	R to K Kt 6
18. P to Q 5	Kt to B sq (h)	44. P to Kt 5	P takes P
19. Kt to K 5 (i)	Q to B 2	45. P takes P	R to Q B 6
20. R to R 4 (j)	R to Q sq	46. K to Q 4	R to R sq
21. P takes P	P takes P	47. P to Kt 6	K to B sq
22. B to Q 3	Q R to B sq	48. K to Q 5	K to K 2
23. B to B 2	P to Q Kt 4	49. K takes P	R takes R
24. P to Q R 3	P to R 5	50. K takes R	K to B 3
25. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q 2	Resigns.	
26. Kt to Q 4	Kt to B 4		

(a) A useful preparatory move to Lasker's variation (Kt to K 5). If P to K B 3 is not played, White in some variations can gain a valuable tempo by an attack with Queen and Bishop on the pawn at K R 2.

(b) An alternative line of play here is 9. P takes P, Kt takes Kt; 10. P takes Kt, P takes P; 11. Q to Kt 3.

(c) The variation 10. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 11. Q takes P, Q to Kt 5, ch; 12. Kt to Q 2, Q takes Kt P; 13. Q to Kt sq, Q to B 6; 14. Q to B sq is probably slightly in White's favour.

(d) Black has now to try to play P to Q B 4.

(e) Threatening P to Q 5.

(f) Not 16. P to Q 5 because then 16. . . . B P takes P; 17. P takes P, P to Q Kt 4 wins a piece.

(g) A very good move. If now 17. P to Q 5, then 17. . . . B P takes P; 18. P takes P, B takes P (not P to Q Kt 4 because of P takes P); 19. R takes R, Kt to B 3; 20. Q to Kt 3 (if Q R moves, then P to Q Kt 4). R takes B; 21. Q takes R. P takes P with advantage to Black.

(h) If, instead, 18. . . . P takes P, then 19. P takes P, Q to Q 3; 20. Kt to R 4 (threatening Q takes P, ch) with advantage to White.

(i) Threatening Kt to B 4 followed by P to Q 6. If now 19. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 20. P to Q 6, Q takes P; 21. B takes P, isolating Black's Queen's side pawns.

(j) If 20. P to Q 6, Q takes P; 21. B takes P, then 21. . . . Q to B 2 and Black has still united pawns on the Queen's side.

(k) Not good. He should, instead, play P to K 5 and then try for an attack on Black's weakened King's side.

(l) There seems to be nothing better.

(m) Black has the better game.

(n) Played to prevent R to Q 7, but B to R 2, instead, would save valuable time later (see move 38). In reply to B to R 2 White could not play R to Q 7 because of P to B 6.

(o) Driving the King further away from the passed pawn.

(p) Not Kt takes P because then R to B sq wins a piece.

(q) After 40. K to K 3, R to B 6, ch; 41. K to K 2, R takes R P; 42. Kt takes P, R to B 6; 43. K to Q 2, R takes Kt, ch; 44. R takes R, B takes R; 45. K takes B Black's distant passed pawn gives him a winning pawn-ending.

(r) There is nothing better.

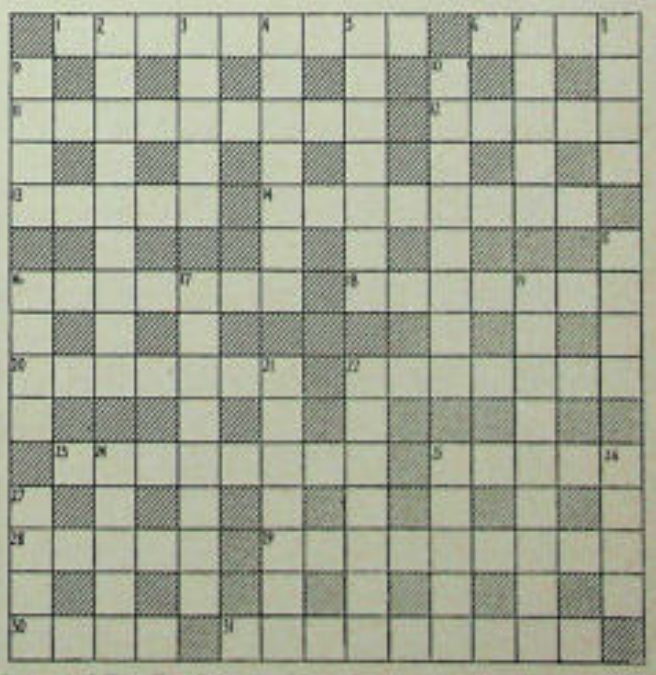
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 543

ACROSS.—1. This tide will never go out (9). 6. The 1 kind is a Christmas custom (4). 11. Country folk (9). 12. The place for the Yule Log (5). 13. Fashionable part of a flower? (5). 14. More than one enters the Christmas story (8). 16. He stands up well to a white Christmas (7). 18. He, or she, does well to start early for Christmas (7). 20. In addition to kisses under the mistletoe perhaps (7). 22. Cuts are, for instance (7). 23. Even an A.R.P. warden cannot black-out this (8). 25. Run away with the stuff in reverse (5). 28. On most Christmas dinner menus (5). 29. Hardly done as a lark at Christmas (9). 30. Where the Magi followed the star (4). 31. Gifts are not only at Christmas (9).

DOWN.—2. Not timber from a favourite Christmas tree (9). 3. Tea with the I.R.A.? Result—I blow somebody up (5). 4. Deserves death and has much more sense decapitated (7). 5. You are trying to find them out (7). 7. The Magi believed the stars to (5). 8. Resembles animals (4). 9. Christmas and New Year have noted ones (4). 10. Children like this inedible part of the turkey (8). 15. Many do, especially on Christmas Day (4). 16. Father Christmas expects to find something bigger than this, even in war time (4). 17. Time-line (slang) (8). 19. A Christmas treat for many (9). 21. The famous philosopher, and the poet (7). 22. Many of these at 2 (7). 24. Exhort friends in shoes (5). 25. Girl's name (5). 26. Used in making the Christmas pudding (4). 27. Children love the Christmas one (4).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 542

Published November 11th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Fruit Trees Doing Badly Against a Wall.—It is impossible to say what is wrong with these trees without seeing them and knowing the condition of the soil. It would be advisable to get the opinion of a first-rate local expert. There is evidently something wrong with the soil.—*L.*

Strange Meals.—The material sent for identification and which was taken, you say, from the stomach of a rook, was composed largely of elastic bands of the type used for keeping letters together. We have come across similar cases before in starlings and pheasants.—*J. de C., Yarmouth.*

Farming

Women Land Workers.—Applications for employing a land girl should be made to the Women's Land Army Agricultural Committee of the county, or to the County War Agricultural Committee.—*A. G., Bucks.*

Gardening

Garden Planning.—A scheme has been designed to help gardeners to adapt their grounds to war time conditions through the services of the Institute of Landscape Architects. A moderate fee is charged, and applications should be made to the Secretary, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.—*W. H., Herefordshire.*

Kennel

Training a Labrador. The book that would answer your purpose is *Dog Training for Amateurs*, by E. Sharpe (*Country Life*). The lady you mention has not written on the subject.—*P. M., Oxford.*

Working Labradors.—As field trials have been discontinued during the war you should be able to get trained Labradors without much difficulty. Some addresses of owners are: Lorna, Countess Howe, Idsworth, Horndean, Hants; the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, 58, Montagu Square, London, W. 1; Mr. H. A. Saunders, Liddly, Gomshall, Guildford, Surrey; Mr. J. Allsopp, Alby Kennels, Mundford, Norfolk.—*E. C., Denmark.*

Harriers. You do not say whether your French correspondent wishes to get old English harriers or small foxhounds. Mr. John Fawle, Little Havers Park, Bishop's Stortford, Essex, Secretary of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, would probably advise you where you would be most likely to buy a few couples. For old English harriers you might try Mr. W. D. Eames (Cutley), Broadoak, Wambrook, Chard, Somerset, or Miss Ashton (Quarmet, Court House, Exford, Somerset.—*H. S., Fulborough.*

Miscellaneous

London Markets.—We have not the space to give you a full list of London's markets. There have been markets in London for more than two thousand years. The City authorities use their rights not for profit but for the benefit and convenience of the town as a whole. Billingsgate Fish Market.—Near London Bridge. The fish sold at Billingsgate is chiefly discharged direct from the ships into the market. In normal times the output is about 1,000 tons of fish a day. Caledonian Market.—In Caledonian Road, North. Open on Tuesdays and Fridays and well worth visiting. You can buy almost anything in this market. Covent Garden.—Originally the Convent Garden of Westminster Abbey, and now the largest market for fruit, flowers and vegetables. Should really be seen before breakfast on a Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leadenhall Market.—In Leadenhall Street and noted for poultry and game, but also sells meat and provisions. Smithfield.—The largest dead meat market in the world. It was originally the site of the Bartholomew Fair which was held each Bartholomew Day until 1855. Spitalfields Market.—The largest market of its kind in Great Britain; it was established in 1682. Specialises in fruit and vegetables. There are also many street markets, the majority of which might well be avoided. But three should certainly be seen:—The Borough Market, which is now a "Market of London," and which adjoins Southwark Cathedral. Middlesex Street, near Aldgate, famous as "Petticoat Lane." Should be seen on Sunday mornings; and The New Cut, which is open daily, and is close to Waterloo Station.—*E. M., New York.*

Scapa Society.—The society's headquarters have been transferred from 71, Eccleston Square, London, to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, Somerset, where the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and the National Playing Fields Association are also accommodated.—*L. C., London, S.W.*

Naturalist

Noctule in November.—The bat sent for identification was a male noctule (*Nyctalus noctula*). The noctule is the largest of the twelve British bats. November records are distinctly uncommon, but it is quite wrong to suggest that bats hibernate regularly throughout the winter. Of the smaller bats, the pipistrelle and the whiskered are by no means uncommonly found on the wing on warmish winter days. The noctule is as a rule a closer hibernator than the others, and as you say the day was cold we can only presume that this example had been disturbed.—*N. S., St. Albans.*

Abnormal Starling.—The bird sent for identification was not a woodpecker, but a starling with an exceptional beak.—*A. C., East Ham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Air-sac Mites.—The emaciated Pekin bantam was suffering from two distinct diseases, coccidiosis and a severe infection of the lungs by air-sac mites, *Cytodites nudis*. This very minute insect to the naked eye appears as a yellow-coloured speck. From the bird's respiratory organs it spreads over the membranes covering the internal viscera. The infected bird has a rattling cough, sneezes at intervals, loses flesh, becomes anæmic and eventually dies of exhaustion. No curative treatment of the infected bird has been found of any avail. To prevent the spread of the disease the interior of the fowl-house should be thoroughly spring-cleaned; all litter and nest-box material should be burned. Feeding and drinking utensils should be boiled in water. This disease almost invariably arises owing to the unhygienic conditions of the fowl-house and pen.—*I. M., Herts.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your Eley 16-bore Xitrone cartridges appear to be a mixed lot, as whereas some contained Diamond Smokeless powder others contained E.C. The patterns from a choke barrel at 40yds. were good, averaging 63 per cent. Velocity, however, was on the low side, averaging 1,026ft. per second. We, however, do not see why you failed to kill hares at normal range. No doubt better killing power would be obtained by employing the usual felt and two card wads between powder and shot in lieu of the one ½in. felt wad.—*M., Dunfermline.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Travel

Visiting the Free State.—There is no reason at all why you should not visit the Irish Free State for a holiday. Shooting and fishing are excellent, and cheap; you can find excellent walks in magnificent scenery; English people are welcomed and in no way boycotted. For information as to hotels and so forth we would recommend you to write to the Irish Tourist Association, Regent Street, London, W.—*L. S., Ashford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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(Signed).....

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MRS. HACKET-PAIN AND "THE JESUIT"

A painting by Mr. Frank E. Beresford exhibited at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition. The rider is the wife of Major T. A. Hacket-Pain, of the Irish Guards, and the daughter of Lord George Scott. "The Jesuit" has won among other races the £1,000 Surrey Foal Stakes

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ARRIVAL OF WINTER

IT came as something of a shock to find, after ten weeks of war and ten weeks of black-out, that we had all the while been enjoying the benefits of summer time. Even the extra hour in bed scarcely compensated for the realisation that winter had come.

We black-out now at half-past four, or as near that hour as makes no difference. And each passing day sees time added to the hours of darkness. No one can pretend that that is not a depressing outlook; it is. But though we shall all grumble, we shall get used to it. We can get used to anything.

These extra minutes of darkness are bad for trade. The brightly-lit shop windows of other Christmases will be absent this year. And the Christmas trade will suffer sorely. Many businesses are closing now at 4 p.m., and it will be surprising if their number is not greatly increased during the next fortnight or so. That is unfortunate, but inevitable. People do not like going out in the pitch blackness of these modern nights, for not only is there nothing to see, and very little to do, but each step is an adventure into the unknown, an adventure not unaccompanied by danger.

There have been many pleas for increased street lighting recently. If a form of lighting could be devised which would enable the pedestrian to see, the while it offered no assistance to enemy aircraft, it would be a most excellent thing. For if the black-out is bad for business and depressing for the ordinary and sociable individual, its worst feature is the greatly increased death-rate in street accidents.

The authorities are quite right not to allow extra lighting. The fact that we have so far escaped air-raids does not necessarily mean that we shall continue to escape. And nothing must be done, in a spirit of foolish optimism, which might in any way assist the enemy in air raiding. We must, therefore, resign ourselves to increased hours of darkness. It is, indeed, a small price to pay for immunity from bombing.

The death-rate in street accidents is unlikely to increase, and will almost certainly decrease, as fewer cars take the roads. Business that cannot be done after four o'clock will have to be done before that hour, and employers can help employees here. Both are in this war, whether they like it or not, and there must be a general spirit of give and take.

There remains the problem of the actual hours of darkness between the end of the day's work and the time for sleep. Entertainment houses are crowded already, and in any case no one desires to be entertained every night, and no one can afford to be entertained every night. More time will have to be spent at home. The black-out obviously affects the townsman more than the countryman, for the latter is accustomed to entertaining himself.

Book publishers can do much to help here. The publishing business should enjoy a boom—and not only in sensational literature. Reading is a great relaxation in addition to a great, and educative, entertainment.

For lighter entertainment there is the wireless, and always—without extra charge—the English news from Germany. We are not altogether without amenities during these hours of darkness.

THE UNIVERSITIES

AS a whole the universities have been hard hit by the war. Oxford and Cambridge have not escaped, but London University, which before the war numbered some 12,700 students, would appear to have suffered most. Evacuation, and the expenses necessarily incurred in that process, have compelled many students to forgo the remainder of their course; while the rise in the cost of living, reduction in the family income, and innumerable other causes have all helped to reduce enormously the number of men in search of degrees. Furthermore, the Government grant of some £2,000,000, without which the universities could not carry on, has been paid only for a period of six months, and no one seems to know whether any more is to come or not. While we do not subscribe to the view that men at the universities should be exempted from military service or that their service should necessarily be postponed, we do think that the future of our universities is a matter of the greatest national importance. At the moment that future can only be regarded with concern. Some Government pronouncement is sorely needed.

DEER CONTROL

Owners and tenants of deer forests are urged, in their own interests, to pay particular attention to the killing of hinds during the coming winter. A number equal to the number of stags killed is recommended as a minimum. "Yeld" hinds, it is recognised, provide the best venison, but persistently to kill only such hinds is a course bound to have detrimental effects on the forest. Owners, therefore, are urged, where possible, to kill first all late and sickly calves, and then the mothers and old hinds. Such a course, however unpleasant, is in the interests of individual owners and of deer forests as a whole. Owners, tenants, and factors are also recommended to give away the amount of hind venison which they are accustomed to distribute, and to arrange with local retailers for the disposal of such venison as the latter may agree to take.

WIREWORMS WANTED

The Jealott's Hill Research Station want living wireworms in large quantities. They are, furthermore, prepared to pay for them at the rate of £1 per 1,000. Wireworms are, of course, a pest, and this generous offer should do much to help the fight against them. They may be collected, by the way, from under potato riddles and root-pulping machines. They should be sent, packed in moist litter in tin boxes, to the Research Station at Bracknell, Berkshire. Evacuee children might well prove useful in this work.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

In Dublin recently Tommy Farr knocked out Manuel Abrew in the third round. And already in some papers is talk of another meeting with Joe Louis. But Manuel Abrew, though a competent heavyweight, is nowhere near any world ranking, and Farr is not even champion of England. This fight may have given the latter some sorely needed practice; it certainly brought him no nearer a world championship contest. Farr should fight Harvey. He is very willing to do so, and the Wembley authorities are very willing to stage such a contest. It has been suggested that any purse should be absolutely nominal and that the proceeds should go to the Red Cross. That is an altogether admirable suggestion, and we sincerely hope that nothing will stand in the way of a contest that should obviously take place.

GRAYLING DAYS

A disappointing feature of the present autumn has been the dearth of true "grayling days"; it seems almost as if the weather department had decided on a strict system of rationing and was handing out its weather without regard to quality; we have, it seems to say, an ample stock of autumn days to last until winter arrives but rationing is being introduced to prevent anglers getting an undue number of them fit for grayling fishing. And so, instead of sparkling hoar frost of a morning, when the world is clothed in misty spirals which half reveal the dripping bents of the opposing bank, with a red ball of a sun which presently will clear away the mist and set the water gay with dimples from the rising fish, we have a sombre rain-encircled morn, a wind from any quarter which is cold, and later, towards sunset, when all hope of rising fish is gone, a touch of spring as if to mock the fisher on his early homeward way, before the black-out spreads its dangers to returning cars. Now that proprietary brands have been restored to their place in our allowance of fats, may we hope that the Clerk of the Weather will take notice of it?

WHEN THIS IS OVER

When this is over, I will sit at ease
On some good horse beside a winter ride
And watch the scarlet flit between the trees;
Or up the rustling rows of beet I'll stride
And feel the barrels balance to the stock;
And when some spring comes and the world is sane
I'll scan the silver surface of the loch
And handle once again the supple cane.

What matter if no whimper breaks the hush,
Merely the rasp of jay or pigeon's clatter?
Or if the only covey which I flush
Is topping yonder distant hedge—what matter?
When this is over, full will be the day
If I but see the prelude to the play.

J. C. LYTH.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1060.)

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

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ONE of the hardest scripts to read and translate is the slope of a hill. One reason is that its conditions are always changing, another that the factors governing these changes are often very complex. But there is a pleasure in deciphering the meaning of a hill-side as absorbing as that of unravelling the hieroglyphics of a newly discovered manuscript. There is a slope in the south-western Chilterns as wild as any mountain-side, as forsaken as any wilderness and only less desolate than any place that has received the imprint of twentieth-century man. The way leads through a tunnel of wild privet and suddenly emerges, in the Chilterns way of these sunken lanes, into the open down which faces south-west. It becomes a narrow shelf with a natural ditch on one side and a bare declivity on the other, somewhat steeper than the gradient beyond the groove beside the path.

A singular contrast then confronts the wayfarer. On his right is falling ground so infested with rabbit that only close inspection reveals that it was once old sheepwalk where the turf was a close resilient pile, delicate for the feet, succulent for the sheep. It is probable that at one time a colonizing scrub from the heights above was scattered over this luxuriant turf and, judging by analogy with other regions and the angle of the fall, by juniper, the aboriginal bush of the chalk downs. But the only vegetation that now clothes this barren is a single elder in a hollow, bird-sown and rabbit-resistant, and the stems of St. John's wort.

On the other side of the shelf down to the slight ditch is the densest yew-forest I have ever seen. This is not at all like the noble yew-forest of Kingley Vale below Butser Hill on the Sussex-Hampshire border, where the trees are of very great age, from 700 to 1,000 years, and a man may walk between their massive outspread wings at his ease. Only the ghost of a man could penetrate the yews that lie on the hill-side above Watlington like a dark clot. The trees are dwarf, none of them over 12ft. high, pyramidal in growth, spreading and quite impenetrable. That does not mean that they are young: a yew bush only 7in. high is usually more than 50 years old. But it does lend colour to the hypothesis that this sombre, pigmy, practically uniform forest was once nothing but juniper, since it is by using juniper scrub as a protective screen, just as a Greek hoplite used his shield, that yew advances down a chalk slope, especially on a hill-side facing south-west.

Now, look where you will, there is not one of these charmingly stilted, quaintly attitudinizing bushes to be seen in the yew darkness; a very few privet and wild rose bushes and a sprinkling of whitebeam are the only other vegetation. It was doubtless the juniper guard that fended off the rabbit as well as the winds, but, as the vestiges of turfen sheepwalk on the lower slope indicate, the rabbit population was much less abundant when the yew-forest was establishing itself than it is now. Over the entire slope, the only relief in colour from the white of the flint-strewn, chalk-exposed ground and the darkest green of the elbowing yews were the ruby berries of the trees, rather less rosy than spindle-berries and of a wine-red the richer for their neutral background.

What would happen in the future? Would the rabbits render the entire escarpment as sterile as they had already rendered the lower slope; would the yews advance into it or would the battle between mammal and vegetable be a deadlock? One thing was certain: no vegetation could colonize the lower slope any more because the rabbits had scraped it clean; the rains and the thaws would wash the thin soil downhill and it would become as barren as a naked rock. What incredible folly that we spend £750,000 annually on imported rabbit flesh! But it was possible that the yews might defend themselves against the rabbits, partly because their lowest branches swept the ground and partly because they had been successful in attaining a certain growth before their arch-enemies had multiplied.

Anyhow, that hillside had expelled man. It looks to-day far more unyielding to him than it did when the flocks of Bronze Age and Iron Age man doubtless fed among the juniper bushes. Nature was prodigal, generous and virgin then, and what man had to do was to tap her wealth and remove the impediments thereto. Now the slope is a spectacle of poverty, of a condition prior to what we call the primeval, prior even to the horsetail forests and the steaming swamps of the Jurassic period. Then she was too young to bear; now, thanks to us, she is too old.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An emphasised paragraph from an account in a daily newspaper of the sinking of the *Africa Shell*:

"The German party stripped the tanker of all foodstuffs and even bottles of wine before sinking her."



PARLIAMENT AND THE HORSE

Army Remounts of the Right Type at the Right Price

THE very large number of people all over the country who have viewed with dismay the horse-purchasing activities of the War Office, and who are now awaiting with apprehension a visit from the requisitioning officers, must have been pleased to see in the daily Press a brief extract from a speech in the House of Commons by Brigadier-General Sir Ernest Makins, M.P. That extract did not tell them very much, but it at least made it plain that there was someone at Westminster who was viewing their problems with intelligence and who had the courage to speak his mind.

General Makins's speech was quite a long one and may be read in full in Hansard, No. 186, Vol. 352, and it will be seen from this verbatim report that he made many points. There can be no doubt, in spite of official denial later on, that the commandeering of horses does represent a form of capital levy upon that section of the community whose living is made from horses of one kind and another; nor can there be any doubt that many of the incidents which have been reported from those areas, in which horses have already been requisitioned for Army purposes, are "a scandal and ought never to have been allowed to occur."

We may profitably examine the debate a little more closely, and if we do so we shall be reminded that the speaker had already broached the subject in the House of Commons, and had then received a reply which he was quite justified in thinking satisfactory. On this occasion he was informed that, "The instructions to impressment officers prescribed a maximum price for horses, based on the prices at which the type required for Army service is normally obtainable. Owners who are not satisfied that the price tendered represents fair market value have the right to appeal to a county court judge. The instructions that have been issued regarding requisitioning generally are designed to secure that unduly expensive property shall so far as possible be avoided." There is nothing with which to find fault in this statement. Although nobody has so far been told what type of horse the Army does require, it may be safely assumed that the type which will be of the most use upon active service at this juncture is the type which can usually be purchased for the prescribed figure of £60.

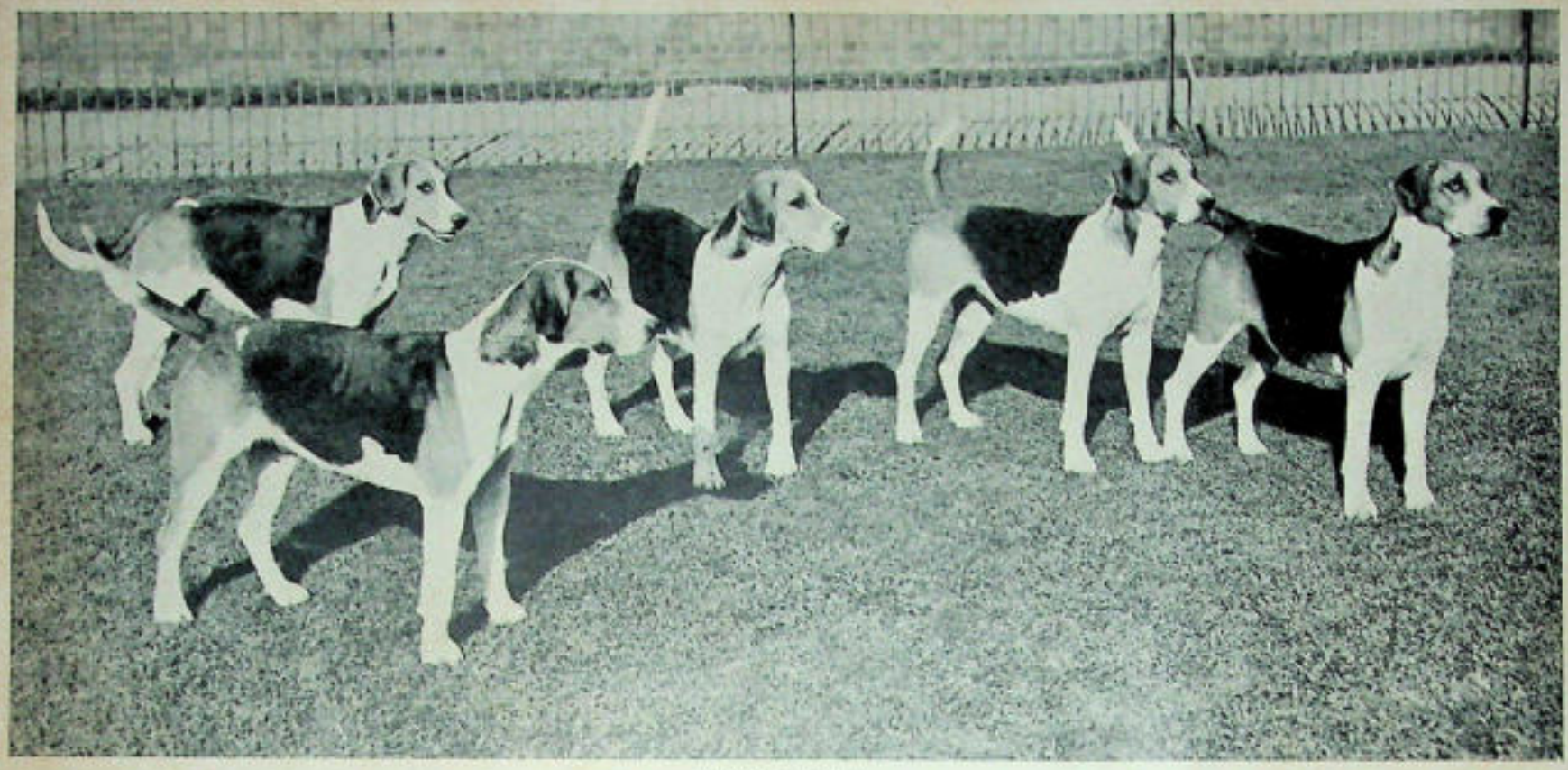
The trouble which has arisen has done so, not from the regulations stated above, but from their non-observance by the officers concerned, and it is of no use for Sir Victor Warrender to say that he can find no instances where the regulations have been disregarded, since it is a matter of common knowledge that there have been many cases of injustice and unfair requisitioning. If the Financial Secretary to the War Office can find no such instances, he has only to look in the daily and sporting Press to repair the deficiency. The secret of the whole business would appear to lie in the latter part of Sir Victor's reply, in which he said: "I think it was inevitable that where a man was having difficulty in producing his quota of horses he naturally had to purchase horses of a better class and type than perhaps he would have done had he had more time at his disposal."

It is now too late to deplore the thoughtless and stupid policy, which has brought the Army to a point at which it has been compelled to acquire, at such short notice, the horses which informed opinion has always told it would be necessary for war. But it is not too late, and must not be too late, to impress upon the responsible authorities the need for employing people who know their business to acquire those horses which they now find to be necessary. Very many of the cases of hardship, which have been reported since the beginning of the war, are directly attributable either to the laziness or to the incompetence of the purchasing officers, who have made unfair demands upon the owners of large stables of high-class horses, from which, in some districts, almost the total number of animals have been acquired, thereby considerably depleting the resources of those who are the backbone of the very large and important light-horse industry in this country.

Had the Government placed themselves in the hands of those who have made a life study of the production and purchase of horses, there would have been no occasion for anything of this sort to have happened. At a time like the present, when the usual market for horses is very considerably reduced, it must surely be obvious that the amount of money which the Army intends to expend upon the purchase of horses, which we may estimate at somewhere about £1,000,000, should not have to be laid out in the form of inadequate compensation for a great wrong; such a sum should and can represent a very welcome and opportune stimulus to the industry.

Those who have a detailed and expert knowledge of the horse trade know that the £60 horse will be of more use to the Army than the £200 horse, and they know also that the £60 horse is the horse which is bred by the small farmers all over the country. Such men each breed but one, or at the most two horses a year, and the animals which they produce are therefore more scattered than the more expensive types of horse, but the men who breed them are the men who need support and encouragement in these difficult times.

The dealer in expensive horses may have to tighten his belt for the period of the war, but he has the financial reserves to enable him to wait until more prosperous times return; the small man, on the other hand, has no such reserves. If the Army would only take advice and turn for assistance to those who know where the horses are, they could avail themselves of the services of expert buyers, who could easily acquire the modest number of horses which is necessary from those who are anxious to part with them at the prices which have been fixed. By doing this the authorities would inflict no hardship upon anyone, and would be expending their money, the public money, in such a way that it would encourage and help to support a vital industry instead of crippling it.



A QUORN LITTER
Five bitches by Bendigo out of Stalin (Colin '33)—Spitfire, Spangle, Spinaway, Spotty and Sprinkle

THE FUTURE OF HOUND BREEDING

This is the final article of Mr. Ansell Wells's survey of the problems confronting foxhunting in wartime. "The Future of Hunt Horses" appeared in our issue of November 11th, and "The Upkeep of Kennels" in that of November 18th

By R. ANSELL WELLS

ONE cannot sit down to write upon the future of hound breeding without being reminded, by the title, of some of the more foolish remarks which have been made by the pessimists in these early days of the war, remarks which in their turn remind one of the old gentleman who used to say that there were two classes of people, optimists and "pestimists." "Pestimist" is a very good name for the man who goes about saying that foxhunting is doomed, and the only reply that one can make to such a person is to remind him that we are now engaged upon a war, after which, we are told, there is to be a permanent and lasting peace. When that peace comes we shall, presumably, take care to make it upon such a pattern that we need not thereafter worry our heads with thoughts of war; if we do this then we can say with certainty that all peaceful pursuits will flourish and abound, and we are surely entitled to think that foxhunting will not be the exception.

Such is the answer which we may give to the pessimist who predicts the end of hunting; if foxhunting is to come to an end other forms of hunting will end at the same time, and no more will hounds of any sort pursue their quarry within these islands. We give that answer because the man to whom it is given does not deserve a more lengthy one, but if we care to examine the subject for ourselves we shall see that many and excellent reasons can be advanced in support of our optimism.

To begin with, hunting has never been anything else but doomed, but, like all those who live long under the sword of Damocles, it has become accustomed to the imminence of its end and the thought has long since ceased to trouble those who go out hunting. Some may say that whereas hunting has survived many dangers in the past, it has not until recently been hemmed about by those who would like to see its early decease, and who lose no opportunity, even in these troublous days, of putting their spoke in the wheel, or trying to.

This is a mistaken idea. When Beckford wrote his inimitable "Thoughts Upon Hunting," nearly two hundred years ago, there were many who condemned the book out of hand on the grounds of its subject. Tempers were lost and a battle royal raged over the whole theory and practice of hunting, by reason of the activities of people who were, even in those days, strongly opposed to sport upon grounds of cruelty. Things have not changed very much since those days, and the same arguments are still being used by the opponents of sport, arguments which are for the most part specious and tenable only by those whose ignorance of the practice of that which they condemn is such that they cannot see the errors into which they fall so readily. Hunting has survived these attacks in the past, and the fact that we are now engaged upon a war will not materially alter the position.

Then, hunting is to-day in a much stronger position than it was in 1914; in the year in which the Great War began everybody entered upon the struggle in a light-hearted spirit which could only have been born of ignorance. There had not, up till then, ever been a "modern war" upon a large scale, and people did not realise the horrors which were in store. The nation's war effort got going but slowly and many mistakes were made, while the foe was then much stronger than he is to-day, both morally and materially. The result was that there were some very anxious times indeed. Hunting survived those days, packs managed to carry on almost till the end, and when they did cease hunting, eventually, they were still able to maintain a foundation stock of hounds upon which the packs could be built up once more when peace was declared.

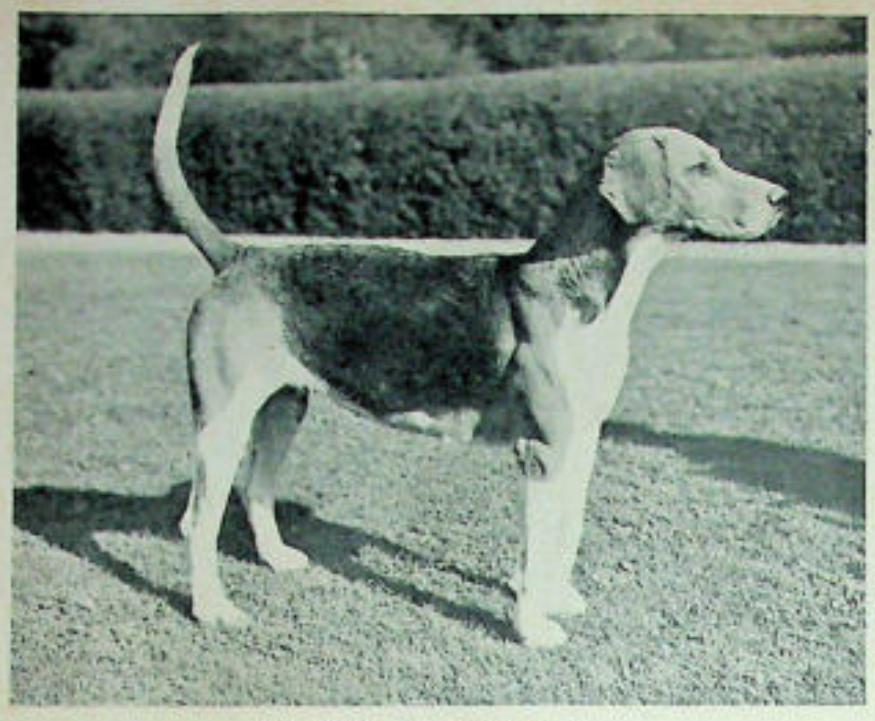
Hunting came through the Great War by reason of its own spirit and because it is one of the most cherished traditions of this country; men and women, rich and poor, came to the rescue of hunting in its hour of need, and by their united and unselfish efforts they managed to pull through. The result was that the sport of foxhunting had not suffered at the end of the Great War, as its subsequent history has proved. There may have been temporary inconveniences, but the sport as a whole had gained in strength from the trial through which it had come so triumphantly. Having come through that ordeal it showed up in a new light, or rather in an old light which had not, up till then, been fully appreciated; it showed up in the light of a national institution which was the priceless heritage of all who dwell in the countryside, quite regardless of their means or of their position. It was this broadening of the base upon which hunting rests that was the most valuable of the things which it gained from the last war. The Great War killed, once and for all, any false idea that there might have been that hunting was the pastime of the rich; it was established thereafter as the most democratic sport in the world, and the maintenance of that reputation has been a task of the greatest pleasure and the greatest pride for all hunting people ever since.

For this reason we may say with truth that hunting is in a better position to withstand the privations of a war in 1939 than it was in 1914, and there are yet other facts from which we can draw encouragement. In the course of the last twenty years we have seen a tremendous improvement in the motor-car, and that which was something of a rarity and a not very satisfactory luxury at the beginning of the last war, is at the beginning of this war the commonplace and the necessity of modern life. This improvement in the motor-car has had a very marked effect upon hunting generally, and, more than anything else, it has been responsible for bringing the townsman to the country and for adding red coats, white breeches and top boots to the wardrobes of the business man. Hunting is no longer the peculiar property of the countryman, the townspeople have entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the chase, and have brought to the pursuit of wild animals by hounds not only their enthusiasm but also their money. This means that the potential financial reserves of all kinds of hunting are now immeasurably stronger than they were before the Great War.

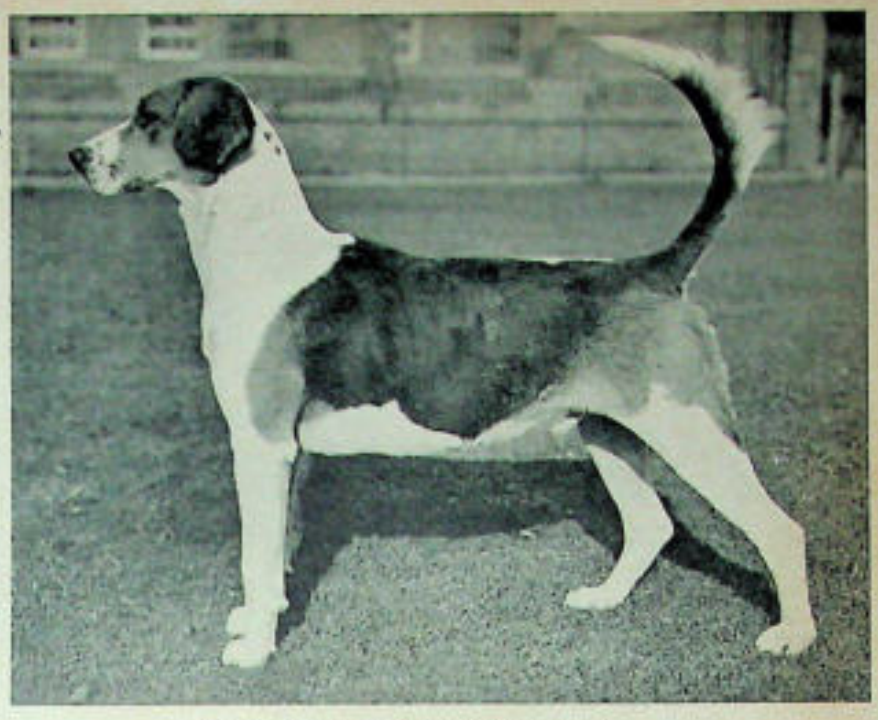
The enthusiasm of the townsman may, at times out-run his discretion and his knowledge, and some hard words may have been said about rich city foxhunters, but the way in which all but a very small minority have done their best to learn from their own mistakes and from the mistakes of others has long ago earned for them the right to take an honourable place at the coverside. They have taken to hunting and hunting has taken to them in such a way that the fusion is now complete, and town and country ride side by side without occasioning comment. The present war may mean that those who live in the towns will be removed from the sphere of active hunting for a time, and only those who live in the country will be able to snatch odd days with hounds, now and then, but the sympathies of the townsfolk will be with hounds. By their financial support in these difficult days they will be able to do a great deal to help the sport in which they have found so much pleasure, and to ensure that in time to come they will once more be able to take their places with hounds.

So hunting enters upon another great crisis with a spirit of determination, and no false ideas about the gravity of the situation or the duration of the war.

We are facing something, fully alive to what it may mean, and with no kind of exhilaration or false optimism we are "down to earth" from the beginning, and we are very well equipped for the task which lies before us. Fore-warned is fore-armed and we have not only the benefit of our realisation of the facts, but also that knowledge which we have gained from past experiences. We have also the benefit of the very strong position of the country as a whole, and of the energetic measures which have already been taken to ensure the food supplies of the nation. It is upon food more than anything else that the hunting question depends;



WARRANTY, A QUORN BITCH



VALESMAN, OF THE QUORN DOG PACK

while we have food we can have hounds, and while we have hounds we can hunt.

The question of the inevitable reduction in the size of packs of hounds has been dealt with in a previous article, and in that article was discussed the way in which packs should be reduced in size with a careful eye to the question of future breeding. But few puppies can be bred during hostilities, though when they are over packs will, once more, have to be made up to full strength. When that time comes we must be in a position to build up our packs with hounds which are up to the present high standard—there must be no retrogression.

The British foxhound of to-day is the outcome of many years of hard work and careful thought. For close upon two centuries men of wisdom and of judgment have striven to improve upon the hounds of their own day, and their efforts have resulted in the production of an animal which is now nearer to perfection of form and complete suitability for the task which he has to perform than any other creature. This high standard must at all costs be preserved and it can only be preserved by the careful fostering of an adequate breeding stock. If this stock is allowed to disappear, or is mismanaged, in the days which will come after this war, the work of two hundred years will be in danger and there will be retrogression which it may take us many long years to make good.

The very fact that the modern packs of foxhounds have reached such a high standard, representing as they do the highest achievement of science and skill, coupled with knowledge of the animal and the conditions under which he has to work, is sufficient proof that those who are now responsible for our hounds are worthy successors to the great hound-men of the past. To such men it would be impertinence to offer advice, but for the information of others, and not at all in the spirit of the wishing to teach those from whom wisdom can alone be learned, it may be said that the best policy to pursue will be one of co-operation. The breeding of hounds has always been carried on by men who, as a result of the localities in which they hunted, have set themselves a definite object; they have succeeded in attaining to a very high standard, but no man has done anything entirely single-handed. Although conditions vary so widely from country to country, and hounds have to vary to meet them, the same general lines run through nearly every pack and the same methods are employed.

To attain the standards which they have set themselves breeders have used their own hounds, but they have also had to make such additions as from time to time appeared to be desirable. They have had to go outside their own blood and to cross with such lines as they thought would "nick" with their own.

Packs of hounds which have for long been established have also had to resort to out-crosses in order to keep their blood fresh and virile; they have in many cases gone for those out-crosses to other packs which had previously been to them, and so they have got back their own blood, freshened and enlivened by that of the pack from which they are now drawing. This has been the practice through countless generations of hounds and it would seem that, in the face of any drastic reductions which may have to be made in the future, it would be as well for masters to co-operate. Packs between whom there has been a free interchange of blood can work out their own internal economy to the best advantage, arranging to keep those hounds which when mated will produce whelps of the strains each hunt wishes to perpetuate.

This would mean that if ever extreme measures have to be taken it will be a question of preserving the blood rather than of preserving individual hounds, and most people will agree that this will be the better course. If packs have to be reduced in such extreme circumstances it is not likely that it will be possible to hunt, and so all thoughts of the present will have to be subordinated to those of the future, and in the future it will be the blood which will tell and be of such importance.

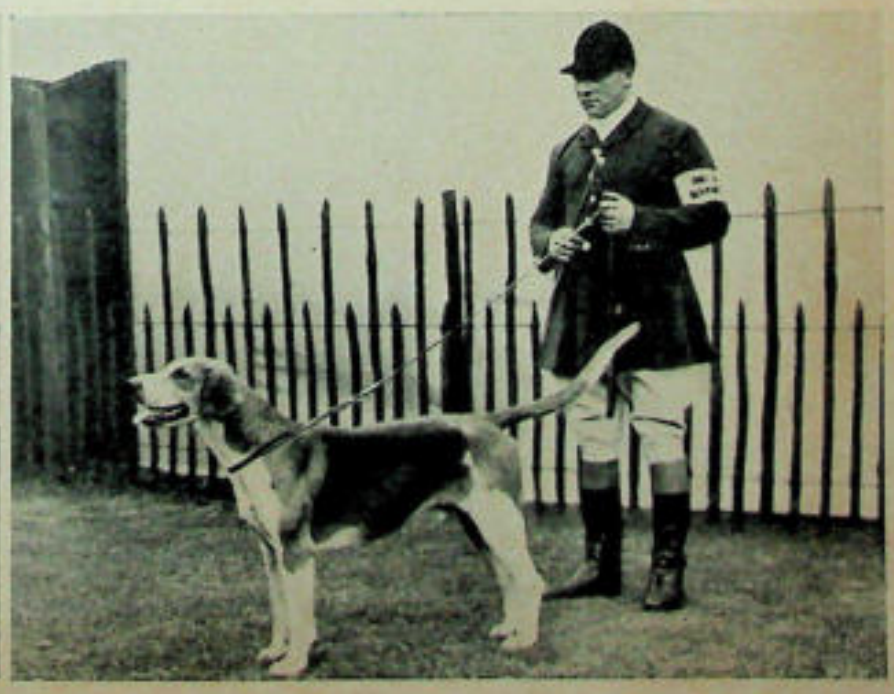
Let us hope that such extreme circumstances will never arise to make their demands upon us, but if they do let us concentrate upon the preservation for posterity of the super-excellent foxhound lines, which have been so laboriously built up at the cost of so much in both money and time. It has taken two hundred years to bring the foxhound to his present state of perfection, let us see that the product of those centuries is not squandered. If we do so we can rest assured that we shall have played a worthy part in the annals of foxhunting, and shall have ensured the continuance of the sport, for it is the hounds that hunt the fox, and the foxes will remain the same.

If we can see to it that the great hound lines are preserved intact, what with hounds and foxes we shall still have the essentials of sport as good as or better than that which we have to-day; sport which will be inherent in the two creatures and in itself; sport which will be inherent in those who participate in it, and sport which will not be affected one way or the other by the presence or by the lack of that expensive "finish" which money alone can provide.

Hunting is a matter between the fox and the hounds, and the "spit, and polish," though very nice when it can be afforded, is not essential either to enjoyment, to the killing of foxes, or to the making of good points.



THE MIDDLETON'S VILLAGER, CHAMPION DOGHOUND AT PETERBOROUGH SHOW 1938



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S DARNLEY, CHAMPION DOGHOUND, PETERBOROUGH SHOW, 1939



SPORT DURING WARFARE

Opportunities Seized in France and Macedonia

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE only thing to be said in favour of war, that I can see, is the opportunity that it sometimes affords the sportsman soldier of striking out new lines for himself. This was especially the case during the last war, where our many side-shows took the British Army all over worlds hitherto closed to it. Such a choice in variety is scarcely likely to eventuate during the present struggle, and members of the B.E.F. will be lucky if they get a crack at an occasional partridge behind the lines.

But even such mild diversions are likely to be frowned upon by the authorities, since the French Grand Quartier General by no means approved of our sporting proclivities during the late war, besides which conditions generally are entirely different to-day from what they were in 1914. In 1914, however, under the then existing conditions, and certainly during the earlier months of the war, many a mess supplemented its generous Army ration with game of all kinds.

It was during the advance from the Marne to the Aisne that I first noticed how the country across which we were marching swarmed with game. Partridges, hares and pheasants abounded, and once I saw a couple of Highlanders winging a roe-buck between them as they hastened to join their company, which had just emerged from a wood.

These observations gave me food for thought, and later, when, the battle of the Aisne froze into position warfare, I took immediate steps to procure a gun and cartridges from Paris, and many an afternoon's shooting did I enjoy round Fere-en-Tardenois before a turn in the military machine sent me early in 1915 to a Yeomanry Brigade stationed on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. This, in the vernacular, was "a bit of orl-right," because most of the owners or tenants of shootings were only too thankful if the Yeomanry officers would come and shoot their birds, and in some cases take over their shoots, so we got plenty of shooting until another revolution of that same military machine flung us forth to come to rest in the Fayoum Oasis in Egypt.

I like to imagine that such Israelites as share my tastes were only too glad to clear out of Egypt where, as far as I was concerned, my only sport was trying to ride down jackals. I certainly did have one first rate hunt while spending Boxing Day with a squadron of West Riding Yeomanry. All the officers, most of the N.C.O.'s, and many of the men took part, and great fun it was. I sent an account of this hunt to the *Field* some twenty-five years ago.

We found a brace of jack on the edge of the oasis, who went straight out into the Western Desert, with Morocco apparently as their point, but after three miles one of them turned off down a sand gully, and was seen no more. The other, a real straight-necked 'un, kept straight on and was finally ridden into and shot by . . . well, I forget his name now, but I think it was one Hugh Smith, who later took a pack of hounds in Yorkshire. This was a seven mile point, and although the word desert conjures up visions of palm trees and golden sands, easy going and soft falling, it was the hell of a rough ride in parts, what with sheet rock slippery as glass, hard shale and deep sand, to say nothing of scrambling up 100ft. sandhills, and cascading down their reverse sides; grief was plentiful.

Duck are to be got, of course, in Egypt, but I never touched a gun while in the land of the Pharaohs, and consequently did not regret the next turn of fortune's wheel which spun me to Salonika, or rather Macedonia. At first sight Salonika presents to the arriving traveller no more than a musical comedy sea front, with its celebrated White Tower, its garishly stuccoed houses and public buildings, fringing a bay of deepest blue, the waters whereof are studded with multi-coloured trading caiques, the whole framed in a background of theatrical looking hills. Better acquaintance, however, soon taught me that in and beyond those hills, lay a veritable sportman's paradise.

It should be, but never seemed to be, understood that Salonika was no more than the port of entry, and, incidentally, the G.H.Q. of the Salonika Army, whereas the front proper in the form of a rough semi-circle, lay some sixty to seventy miles to the north of the town to which it owed its name, and within this semi-circle is to be found some of the finest natural rough shooting in the world.

It is, of course, a matter of personal taste as to which particular form of shooting a man prefers, and therefore in this article I limit myself to telling him what he might have got in Macedonia if he had been there, or what he still may get should he have the luck to visit it.

As regards quantity, first prize must undoubtedly be awarded to the wild fowl, which in their hundreds of thousands, if not millions, swarm all over the country, especially in the vicinity of the greater lakes such as Langaza, Tahinos, Beshik, Ochrida, and many lesser sheets of water, also along the courses of its rivers and streams, especially in the Vardar Delta, and finally in every marsh and swamp of this wild and desolate land.

There are wild fowl in quantities, ranging from swans to teal, embracing most kinds of geese, and every duck indigenous to Europe, as well as chance-come visitors from Asia and Africa. Waders, too, of all sorts, from curlew to jack snipe, golden, green and stone plovers, bitterns, coots, moorhens, grebes, and divers, there seemed no end to their varieties. As an instance of their numbers, it used to be a regular practice for a certain machine gun nest, stationed in the Struma valley, to salute the clouds of mallard with bursts of fire, and with considerable effect. This practice was stopped by the divisional commander, on the grounds that it was a waste of ammunition, and alarmed the troops, allegations which were quite untrue. I suspect that the prohibition was due to the fact that the D.C. was very fond of duck shooting, and was always accompanied by an orderly carrying a gun whenever he rode round the outposts in no-man's-land, a duty performed meticulously during the shooting season.

As another example of the multitude of ducks; the office of the Record department, which was established near a favourite grazing ground for duck, close to the Galliko river on the outskirts of Salonika, during one winter not only fed themselves on duck, but supplied quantities to the hospitals and other units, and in addition "laid down" in cold store a cellar of some five hundred birds.

On one foggy morning, one officer alone collected ninety-six mallard to his own gun, just wandering around the aforesaid grazing ground.

But wild fowl by no means exhaust the sporting possibilities of Macedonia, grey partridges were to be had for the seeking; in fact, in many places one had but to listen to the coveys calling in the evening to be able to locate them with exactitude next day, either on the corn or maize stubbles, the rough grass, or among the young tobacco plants, or in the vineyards, according to the time of day, or where you happened to find yourself. Apropos of partridges, they were uniformly robust and healthy, and I never saw a weakly bird, which I attribute to the survival of the fittest in a country swarming not only with hawks of all kinds and other vermin, but which is also afflicted by an extremely swift and agile grass snake, which here grows to an average length of six to seven feet.

These snakes are most voracious bird fanciers and work havoc among domestic fowls, so I have no doubt that the partridges, too, suffer from their attentions. A brother officer told me that he killed one of these snakes which had a bulge in its middle. Subsequent investigations disclosed a newly-swallowed stoat. I have since wondered whether even a six-foot grass snake would tackle a stoat, and whether my friend had not mistaken a constrictor, of which there exists a small variety in Macedonia, for an outsize grass snake. Perhaps one of my readers will tell me whether grass snakes do or do not constrict their prey. I feel I ought to know, but do not.

Talking of hawks, I had an interesting experience one day in the Struma Valley, when shooting partridges over a setter. A covey rose out of shot, when with a whizz of wings, a peregrine, whom I had not noticed, flashed down and just failed to catch the hindmost bird. Up went the hawk again, and "waited on" above me, as I and Ponto once more sprung the partridges, again the hawk stooped without success, because the covey kept very low and was down into the grass before he could "connect."

Thrice the performance was repeated, the covey getting nearer and nearer to some low bushes, into which they finally dived. Determined not to be done out of my dinner I worked those bushes for all I was worth, but they never moved a feather, so both I and the peregrine had to give them best.

In addition to grey partridges, we got a lot of fun out of chikor, a local variety of frenchman, or vice versa. They were much harder to get at than partridges as a rule, for they usually kept to the hilly ground, but when flushed high up, chikor, though lacking speed, would often give a colourable imitation of driven grouse in the variety of their flight, sometimes swooping down a gully on stiffened pinions, at others darting along the hill side, rising and falling with the lie of the land, and sometimes, risking a long flight in the open, the whole covey would soar boldly out across a ravine to seek safety on a distant hill.

Wild fowl, partridges, chikor, would seem to offer entertainment sufficing for a soldier in his limited spare time, but Macedonia is no niggard in her favours, for to those already granted she added the finest woodcock shooting in the world, all free, gratis, and for nothing, asking no more of you than that you should work, but not too hard, for your sport. In fact, if you found the right spot to wait in (and this was the chief point), you need not work at all, but could always be sure of a twilight flight of 'cock from the hills to their low lying feeding grounds.

Woodcock, unlike partridges and chikor and many of the wild fowl, are winter visitors, pure and simple, but of such regular habits that the dates of their arrival and departure form calendar points for the Greek sportsmen, who refer to the 23rd of October as the day woodcock arrive. Punctually to the day, the 23rd of October, do they arrive, and as punctually depart during the third week of March. Thus it is said of them, and so did I find it at the beginning and end of three seasons.

I shot but one pheasant during my stay in Macedonia, yet saw them very frequently during early morning patrols in the wide no-man's-land between the opposing lines. These birds were very evasive, and they always kept close to thick cover, usually an impenetrable marsh, dense wood, or a hill side clothed in ilex scrub or Mediterranean heath, which here grows to a height of 10ft. or more. At the first signs of danger they would make for cover hotfoot, and would run on indefinitely, very seldom rising even if pursued by a dog. I cannot say whether as a usual thing they jug on the ground or roost in trees. Probably they do both, but while I have found jugging places I have never heard them going up to roost as they do in this country. They certainly jug on the Turkestan steppe where I have seen them, because here there are no trees for them to roost upon.

Turning to other sport, wild pig were very plentiful, but extremely difficult to shoot owing to the nature of the country, but I and some brother officers accounted for an immense boar in an offshoot of the Orliak Ravine, just below the Lahana Plateau. On this occasion we were assisted by a Greek shepherd and "Venezelos," his diminutive dog, half a Greek beagle and half anything. "Venezelos" was a tiger after pig. He boldly threaded the densest underwood, and so harried and annoyed a couching sounder that it was compelled to break cover, and one of our party managed to wound the boar which "Venezelos" kept at bay until help arrived. I shot another boar in the Forest of Belgrade, near Constantinople, this time again with the help of some Greeks and a single pig-tracking cur. Red deer and roe deer are also plentiful but require more planning than we could manage.

During the British occupation all the peasants were relieved of their guns, and this may have accounted in some measure for the immense quantities of game and it certainly did account for the great increase in wolves which, towards the end of our stay, had become very numerous and fairly bold. There was one particular litter that lay up in a rocky juniper-clad hill close to the Guvezne-Amber Keni road and these I used to see most mornings when riding in that direction.

In conclusion I must just refer to the wild cattle in the Mesca Marshes; whether originally tame, which natives assured me they were not, they are now as wild as any bison, and are very seldom seen by man, and no Englishman as far as I know has either shot or seen one. Their habitat is confined to what might be termed the Mesca Sanderbunds, a huge tract of grass and reed-covered marsh, pierced by a multitude of boggy creeks. Incidentally, too, the whole area is infested with malarial anopheles and the natives shun it as they would shun the plague.

The Mesca Marshes lay in enemy territory, so we had no opportunity of trying conclusions with these most retiring beasts; but they are still there, and I am always hoping to hear that some one has taken them on.

This sketch of the shooting possibilities of Macedonia makes no mention of many of its other attractions that fall within the category of "Sport in War," but I can assure my readers that both horse and hounds (of a sort), fox, hare and jackal, played their part nobly in helping to keep us amused by providing a much-needed anodyne to an army of exiles.

FLAT RACING REVIEWED



LORD MILFORD'S CHALLENGE (E. SMITH UP) WINNING THE KINGSCLERE PLATE AT NEWBURY FROM TOUT CHANCE AND CILLAS

A FAMOUS trainer recently said, *apropos* the the best sprint horses of recent seasons, that there was not one among them who could be compared with Gold Bridge and Tetratema. These, in his opinion, have been the best horses over five and six furlongs of the last 20 years.

Most people will agree with him. There may have been this year more horses in the top class among sprinters than usual, but there was so little difference between the best that they repeatedly beat each other. I think that the championship, for what it is worth, should go to the three-year-old Portobello.

When not quite at his best he met Panorama at Newmarket in April. Neither had been beaten as two-year-olds, and none would have been surprised if on this occasion the verdict had been a dead heat. It went by a head to Panorama, but they met again at Hurst Park in May, and this time Portobello won by a short head.

Panorama proceeded to lose his form, and the filly Cosmolone became Portobello's most persistent rival. They met three times. On the first occasion—at Ascot—he was left at the post, and she won. Twice later he beat her narrowly, over six furlongs at Newmarket, and five furlongs at York.

The old horse, Mickey the Greek, twice asserted strong claims to the championship. He won the King's Stand Stakes at Ascot by three lengths with 20 representatives of the best sprinting form behind him—including Portobello, who was third. At Goodwood he beat Cosmolone by a short head at weight for age and sex, but he had lapses during the season, and twice finished behind Portobello.

Another very fast three-year-old, Gold Vista, a daughter of Gold Bridge, only ran twice. She was three lengths behind Portobello and Panorama at Hurst Park, but beat Panorama by a neck for the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot.

Negotiations for her sale to the United States were dropped when the war started. Major Beatty, who trains her for Lady Beatty, tells me that the present intention is to mate her next spring to Bahram, and to run her once or twice in the first part of the season.

The most striking feature of the last part of the flat-race season was the performances of the handicap sprinter Antecedent. Three times his trainer, Geoffrey Barling, obtained leave from the Artillery unit with which he is serving, to see the gelding run and each time he won. The victory which Antecedent gained at Newbury last week showed that he had become one of the best handicap sprinters of the season. He was receiving 3lb. from Shalfleet and giving 1lb. to the remarkably consistent Carnival Boy. He finished two lengths in front of them and is evidently superior now to Shalfleet at even weights.

It is worth turning to this year's Wokingham Stakes form to see precisely the improvement which Antecedent made in the second half of the season. When he was second in the Ascot race he was receiving 17lb. from Shalfleet, who ran him to a short head. At the age of eight years, Shalfleet is not improving, but if, as is probable, he was much the same horse last week as he was at Ascot, Antecedent must have improved about 21lb. meanwhile. By Beresford out of Countess of Hainault, Antecedent was bred by Mr. D. O'M. Leahy and sold by him as a yearling at the Newmarket July Sales for 850gns., to Mr. T. F. Blackwell, who still owns him.

The merit of the best sprinters was not above the average standard of other seasons, but the stayers, who competed for the principal honours, fell far below it. With the possible exception of Scottish Union, the best representative of last year's classic form, the field for the Ascot Gold Cup was of comparatively poor quality, and Flyon, the winner, will never be regarded as a good horse.

RECORDS OF 1939

Lord Rosebery leads the owners with £38,540 in stakes, and had victories by Blue Peter in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the Eclipse Stakes. Lord Derby is second with £22,275. They occupy the same position as breeders, Lord Rosebery, with £37,377, Lord Derby with £17,455. Jack Jarvis leads the trainers with a total of £56,220, J. Lawson following with £33,192. Gordon Richards leads the jockeys with 155 winners.

Scottish Union, who was not a true stayer according to cup standards, did not enhance his reputation as a four-year-old notwithstanding his Coronation Cup victory and the horses of his age were on the whole a moderate lot. One of them, Challenge, second to Scottish Union in the St. Leger last year and winner of the Jockey Club Stakes, did not win a race this season until he beat Tout Chance and the disappointing Cillas, winner of last year's French Derby, at Newbury last week.

Lord Milford intends to keep Challenge in training for next season. At ordinary times he would not be difficult to sell as a stallion for a fair price, assuming his owner did not wish to keep him at stud himself. He was narrowly beaten by Scottish Union for the St. Leger. This season he was third to his stable companion Blue Peter in the Eclipse Stakes and filled the same place behind Heliopolis in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. He is by Apelle out of Molly Adare, a descendant of Pretty Polly. Molly Adare has had several other winners, Bold Devil (by Horus) and Fearless Fox (by Foxlaw) among them.

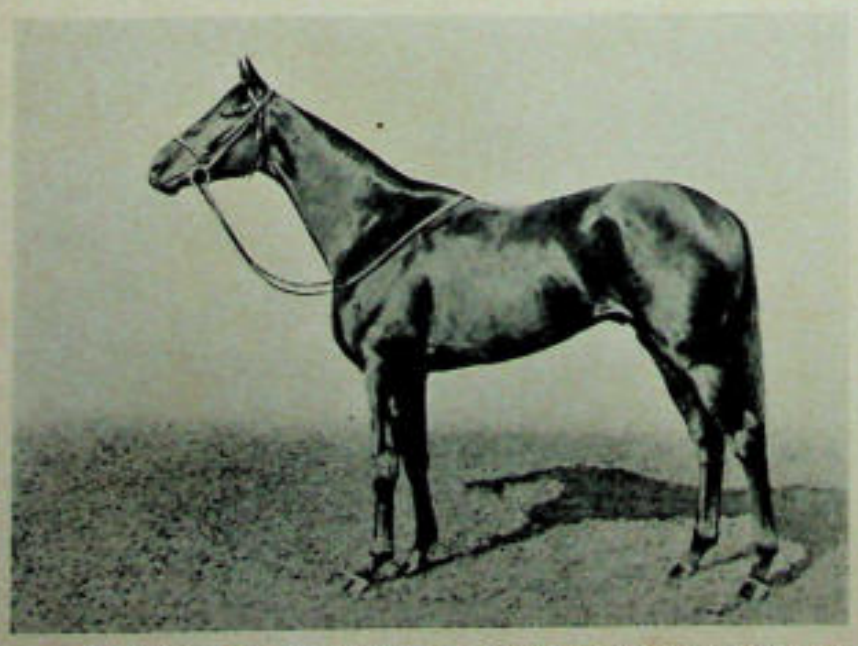
Since Cantatrice II won the Cesarewitch her owner, Sir Alfred Butt, has reconsidered his intention not to run her again. All depends on the prospects of next season's racing when the time comes to decide whether she should be covered or not. He is wondering if it will be possible to run the Ascot Gold Cup, as he would, I think, be inclined to have the mare trained for it.

The past flat-race season has, in fact, been rather a "one horse" show. The £31,964 which Blue Peter won in stake money has placed his owner, Lord Rosebery, at the top both of the owners and breeders' lists. His trainer, Jack Jarvis, heads the list of winning trainers for the first time in his career, while it is entirely due to Blue Peter that his sire, Fairway, has been easily the most successful stallion of the year. And though E. Smith, the rider of Blue Peter, does not head the list of jockeys, it has certainly been for him a memorable season. In addition to his Two Thousand, Derby and Eclipse Stakes, victories on that colt, he also won the Ascot Gold Cup on Lord Milford's Flyon. This happy association of owner, trainer and jockey finished the season in great form by winning the November Handicap with Tutor and another race with Titan at Manchester last Saturday.

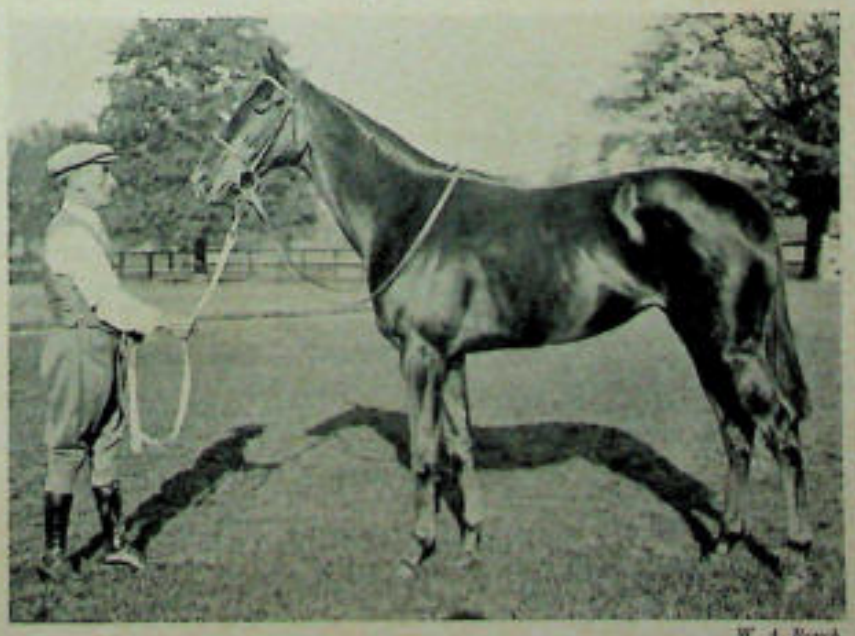
There is nothing new for me to say about Blue Peter; those who can listen to the broadcast which Jack Jarvis is to give this (Saturday) evening will hear from him all about this truly great colt.

Gordon Richards was again the most successful jockey and this was the thirteenth time in the last fourteen years that he has headed the list. He rode 155 winners compared with 206 last season and 214 in 1937. His best year was in 1933, when he had 259 winners, and beat Fred Archer's record. Richards, who is 35, can still "do" 7st. 11lb. Whilst this comparatively light weight gives him more opportunities to ride in handicaps than are available to the best of his contemporaries, it is one of the smallest factors which contribute to his well-merited pre-eminence. One in five of his mounts this year was successful and his percentage of winners to losers was about double that of most of the other riders in the front rank.

YEOMAN.



"THE CHAMPIONSHIP SHOULD GO TO THE THREE-YEAR-OLD PORTOBELLO"



W. A. Rouch

GOLD VISTA, A FAST THREE-YEAR-OLD, DAUGHTER OF GOLD BRIDGE

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Normanton-by-Bottesford is a fixture to gladden the eye of those acquainted with one of the nicest corners of the Belvoir country. Alas! at the recent meeting a gathering of less than a score were present, and Lord Daresbury, on leave from military duties, had no over-riding problems to fear. Tweed coats and coloured stocks gave his field the air of perpetual cub-hunting, and a few khaki figures proved that the army is not entirely restricted to mechanical "exercise." Second horses and horse boxes are things of the past, the ubiquitous aeroplane being the only discordant feature of the scene which, mellow with autumn as in an old print, must have looked much the same a century ago.

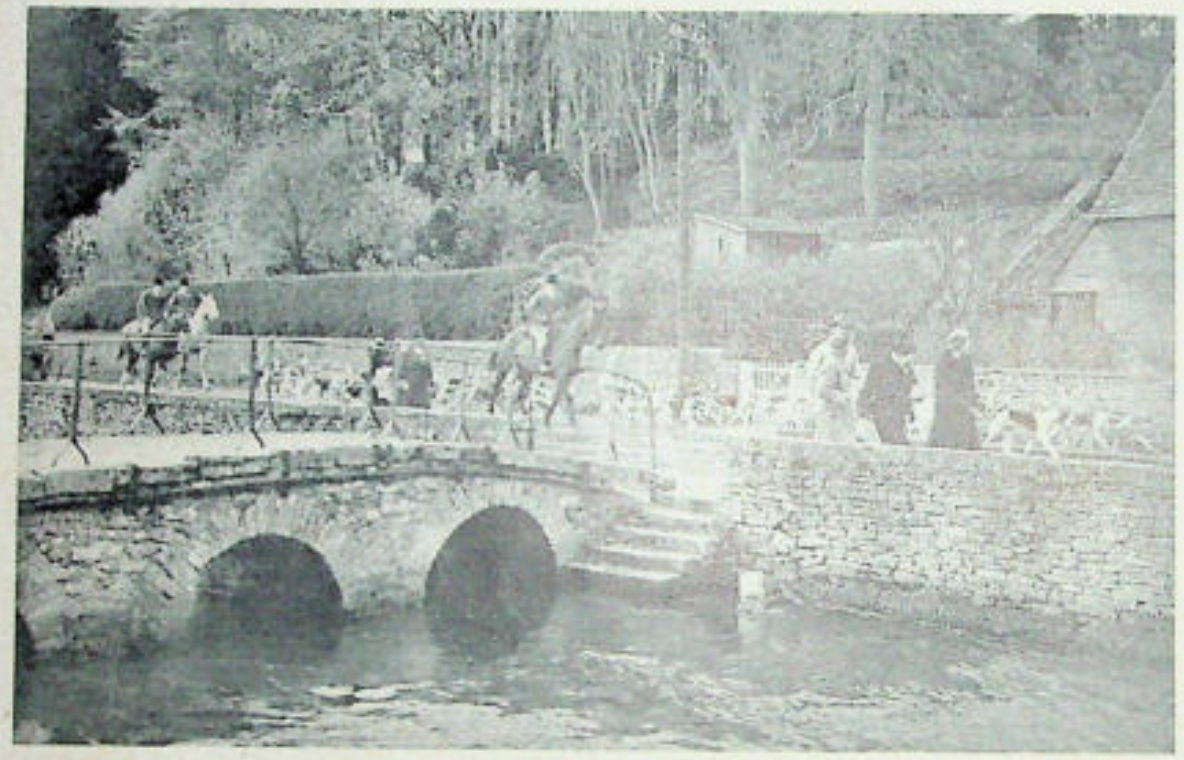
Normanton Little Covert was not considered a certainty as starlings had been busy in it, but Mr. and Mrs. Lovett's fox wards are tough enough, and one at least was there to provide a good pipe-opener. Crossing the low fields towards Staunton there was never much scent, and several foxes jumped up as the hunt progressed, or rather diminished. A nip in the afternoon air paradoxically warmed things up. When Allington was drawn only a lucky few remained. Foxes broke out on every side of the low covert, but this time the bitches were of one mind, as they swept up the hill to the park with a tumultuous cry. Probably headed in the lane the fox turned down as if for the covert again, but, changing his mind, led at a smart pace across to Half-crown Thorns, and then carried on towards Debdales, but leaving this to the left, hounds hunted more slowly across the railway between Muston and Bottesford. Once over the road, however, they picked up the line and crossed the river Devon, leaving the field to wonder whether they would ever make the necessary detour in time to see the pack again. Information said that the pack had disappeared over the rise towards Muston Gorse. Here is a lovely bit of country to ride over, mostly pasture with rock fences and inviting bits of timber. Relinquishing the idea of Muston, however, the fox turned right-handed and probably went on to the Rectory, but by the time hounds checked just beyond Scrimshaw's Mill horses had had enough, after a four-and-a-half mile point, full of enjoyment. UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—There was a good show of foxes at Manmead when the pack met at Alford on the 14th, but unfortunately two, in quick succession, found an open earth within a few fields of the covert. From Behester Gorse a fox started as though for the Vale, but swinging left-handed ran through Barrow Village. Hounds hunted him at a fair pace through Sparkford Wood and Wearyall, to Castle Cary, where he went to ground near the cemetery.

On the Thursday Colonel Digby was hunting hounds when they met at Holnest, and a good hunt was scored from Burton Hill Wood. The pack run by Broke and Bishop's Down Plantation to Fernie Down, before turning back to Broke and going more slowly on towards Folke where scent failed.

On Saturday, Captain Taylor-Whitehead entertained a large war-time field at Sutton Montis. Several foxes were soon afoot in Marston Thorns, and hounds hunted the one selected out towards Rimpton. He soon doubled back and running through the covert continued on to the southern slopes of Cadbury Rings, where scent failed. After chopping a fox in Wearyall hounds went on to North Cadbury, and a stout fox from the kale field at Cadbury Court provided the hunt of the day. The pack ran fast by Galhampton Manor to Wearyall, but finding the main earth stopped the fox retraced his steps by Galhampton Manor almost to Woolston, when he swung left-handed to Yarlington and found sanctuary underground near Yarlington House, after a good hunt of 75 minutes, though not over the best country.

B. Y. H.



HOUNDS PASSING THROUGH BIBURY ON THE WAY TO A MEET OF THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S)

BRAES OF DERWENT.—Saturday (November 18th) from Broomley was a good day. Going away with one of several foxes in Broomley Wood hounds screamed over the Broomley Lane towards Hedley, there turning right-handed passed Broomley Village, going on straight to Broomley Fell. Skirting this they went on over the Hexham—Shotley Bridge Road into Healey Big Wood. They hunted a big circle round the wood, and came back parallel with the main road to Sandyford Cottage, crossing the road to Broomley Fell, where the fox was marked to ground in the main earth after a good 40 minutes, without a check.

Hounds were next taken to a field of kale, near Broomley Village, where a fox had been seen to enter. Sure enough he was there, but hounds were too quick for him, as they had a view and caught him in the first field. There were several foxes in Cat Dene, and after hunting for some time in covert hounds pushed one away to Shelford Wood and Whiteside to the Broomley Road, where he was headed back outside the covert for some distance before he entered, to go to ground under an old tree.

Finding again in Cat Dene hounds ran to Broomley Wood and Broomley Grange, back to the wood, over the Hindley Road to Stocksfield. Still bearing right-handed past the ford to Hindley Hall and New Ridley Village, left-handed to Stocksfield Golf Course, and over the Branch End Road, the pack entered Apperley Wood. Hunting straight through hounds ran on to Lightfoot Gate and turned sharp back to Apperley Bank, sinking the hill near Linderagg. Now closer to their fox they went nearly up to the Hollins. Gaining a view at him in some long rushes and fallen branches, they hunted him up and down for some time till he completely beat them. Hounds had hunted this fox wonderfully for 1 hour 45 minutes. B. D.

CATTISTOCK.—After a fairly successful cub-hunting season, a meeting of the subscribers and supporters of the Cattistock was held at the King's Arms, in Dorchester, on October 30th, Colonel The Lord Digby, M.C., D.S.O., being in the chair. He pointed out the difficulties which faced the Master during the coming season, and explained that it had been necessary to guarantee him a matter of £2,000 to defray expenses for the coming season. He hoped that subscribers would be generous and that this amount would be forthcoming, so that the committee would not have to resort to their reserve in order to provide necessary funds. The meeting voted unanimously to approve the reduction of hounds authorized by the committee, and that it was the sense of those present that hunting must be carried on as efficiently as possible.

Hounds met the following day at Upwey and, finding their first fox in the gorses above the Wishing Well, staged a spectacle which must have been exciting for about forty evacuated London children. If a drag had been laid it could not have been better arranged for the onlookers; and although the hunt, from a riding point of view, was nothing, it was worth going a long way to hear those children cheer when the end came in the middle of a field below the hill on which they were gathered.

A second fox furnished a better hunt and was killed after a nice twenty minutes gallop; but it remained for a bold customer, unkenneled from Darrybouse Gorse, to furnish the best sport of the day. Crossing the valley to Hyde, hounds bore left-handed toward Upwey village, and drove over the meadows through Hewish, where the fox was headed, and returned to Hyde, where he dwelt. Scent was good, however, and hounds forced him out towards his original point, but this time he avoided Hewish and crossed the railway line, running nearly to Upwey village, where he turned left-handed for the Monument. The field, which had dwindled to half a dozen, was hard put to it to stay with hounds, as they crossed the Waddon Vale; for many horses are not on regular feed this season and a really hard hunt takes it out of them. At Friar Waddon hounds were close at their fox's brush and going on at a pace that had outdistanced everyone save the hunt-man, Miss Hayes, Mr. Peter Bishop, and your correspondent—even they were grateful when hounds were at fault in the gorses at Bronkham, and breathed a sigh of relief when, finally stopped, the signal to go home was given.

Again on the following Saturday, when hounds met at North Perrott, there was a great crowd of children gathered to watch the sport, and although on that occasion the spectacle provided was not so good, perhaps the field were glad to get a really nice day's sport from Maltraver's Gorse, which can always be trusted to provide a pilot in that district. With Captain Martyr the junior joint Master away on duty, and Major Batten busy with the duties which naturally fall upon him as head of many of the auxiliary organisations at Yeovil, it falls upon Gosden, the Cattistock huntsman, to provide the best sport possible for Cattistock subscribers, and he is making a gallant effort to do so.

LINCOLS.

COTSWOLD NORTH.—Mr. W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H., has rejoined his regiment and during his absence Major E. Weld Forester has consented to act as deputy master.

COTTESMORE.—Although these times one feels rather diffident about chronicling good runs, on the other hand when I remember in France, during the last war, how eagerly we looked forward to the arrival of the *Field* so that we might read of the doings of the various packs, I then feel I am doing some small thing to lighten the boredom now existing in France. Therefore, I am sure all will be interested overseas to hear we have had an excellent week since last reports.

On November 13th Holywell was the fixture. Hounds did not find in Holywell, but a fox from Turnpole was hunted slowly over some bad scenting ground into Holywell and lost. Woodhead Woods redeemed the day with a nice gallop of thirty-five minutes over an unusual line, hounds running nicely towards Great Casterton. Leaving this on the left they passed Tickencote Hall and lost their fox between the Lawn Wood and Bloody Oaks.

From Whadboro Cross Roads on the Tuesday they had a good day. Finding at once in the south corner of Owston Big Wood, the fox crossed the road for Masfield, but turned back into covert, and going away at once on the Withcote side and leaving the Hall on the right run well into Launde Park Wood, where he was lost after a good twenty-five minutes. Another from Chereldyne Coppice was some time breaking covert before taking to the Lovers' Walk at Launde, where scent vanished. At Knossington a big dog fox was soon away, and leaving Sewerby Village on the right completed a ring through a part of big Owston Wood and back to Knossington; thirty-two minutes over a splendid line. Going away again from Knossington hounds ran past Cold Overton, which was held on the right, past the breeding earths at Alton Banks and killed their fox in the open just over the Sewerby-Owston road, after a first-rate hunt of fifty-five minutes. He was a big dog fox. Hounds had run well all the time and over a big, but fair line of country.

A HUNTING DECISION THAT MET WITH MUCH APPROVAL





THE WHADDON CHASE DECIDE TO CARRY ON AFTER A MEETING HELD AT THE BELL HOTEL, WINSLOW

Left: Major Digby Whitehead, the Field Master, talking to Captain H. S. Roberts, and Captain H. Morton discuss the decision to continue the hunt for the benefit of the country until serving members return. Right: The Whaddon Chase field moving off with Mrs. Digby Whitehead leading



AT THE WHADDON CHASE MEETING

Lord Auckland, Chairman of the Hunt Committee with Messrs. J. North, W. Norman and T. Buckingham



A NEW ASPECT OF THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR EVACUEES

Among the spectators assembled at the Bolney village meet of the Crawley and Horsham on Armistice Day were many young folk from the towns



NOT IN ENGLAND BUT NEAR THE HAGUE IN HOLLAND WHERE HUNTING IS POPULAR

Beaumont chase on the 18th provided another excellent day. Scent was poor in covert and outside in the morning but improved later. There were several foxes in Wardley, but scent was bad. Nothing much was done with one hunted up by the old golf links. The pack found in the wild gorse at Quakers and ran well over the hill and crossed the Rillington road, almost reaching Leighfield Lodge. Here the hunt turned over the Hog's Back and ran well past Turner's Gorse, before swinging left-handed into Wardley Woods, where a well-hunted fox was not accounted for after an excellent thirty minutes. From Quakers another fox ran up to the Toll Bar, turned left-handed, and went on almost to Mr. March's farm before turning down towards Leighfield Lodge. He continued on straight through Launde Park Woods, past Witheote and into Chesseldyne Coppice, where hounds were stopped after an excellent hunt of one hour.—Foxy.

Dorset, South.—Hounds have had a good cub-hunting season, and, in spite of the epidemic of foot and mouth disease which seriously interfered with hunting for three weeks, have killed well over thirty-five brace of foxes to date. I had a good day with them from a meet at the Golf Club on Thursday, November 2nd, when Captain Welkesley-Wesley brought the bitches to hunt the cubs that are always in the gorses on the golf course, in spite of the fact that ordinarily people are playing on it on every day of the week. One of the caddies told me the other day that the cubs like to play with lost golf balls, and his statement was born out by the S.D. Terrier-man, who told me that no less than seventeen were found in and near the mouth of one earth from which a fox was evicted some years ago.

On the day in question hounds found their first fox not far from the club-house and killed him close to the eighth hole which overlooks Weymouth Bay. It was not a great hunt, but hounds worked remarkably well and stuck to their fox till the end. Subsequently another from Down Wood gave a better gallop, but saved his brush at an un-stopped earth.

On the 6th hounds met at Stinsford House, the residence of the late Master of the Cattistock, and there partook of the hospitality which was set before them by Mr. and Mrs. Higginson. Shelter, too, they needed, for a rougher morning it would be hard to imagine. Rain, wind, thunder and lightning, and even hail-stones, "as big as golf balls" as one man put it, prophesied anything but a good day's sport, and the fact that Stinsford withy-bed was without its usual occupant was anything but encouraging. However, on Mr. Tory's land a fox was unkennelled, and hounds gave the field a short gallop, that was unluckily brought to a close by a second hail-storm which destroyed every vestige of scent. Lovelace's Gorse provided the next fox and this time the fates were kinder, for he gave a good gallop, running towards Piddletrenthide and taking a big left-handed swing, before he finally went to ground in the covert from which he started.

It was a nice hunt, and many of the field, who were pretty well soaked and whose horses had had enough anyway, went home; but the Master and the "faithful" who always stay till the end (and get many a good hunt by so doing), followed him to Lackington Gorse where a fresh fox was soon found.

Away he went—up wind—setting his mask for King Grove, and running over the lovely pastures that border the South Dorset country, along the Sherborne road which divides it from Cattistock territory. At King Grove he swung square left-handed and crossing into Cattistock country went over Black Hill, then sank the Cerne Valley which is on the far side. Crossing the road up from Dorchester, this stout customer pressed on towards Sydling, and once hounds were on the good grass fields, which lie on the western slope of the valley, they drove on at a pace that told on horses who had been running hard for half an hour. Perhaps it was as well that a shepherd watching his flock on Crown Point pastures, saw the fox coming—for we should have had a hard time to keep them in sight much farther—but be that as it may, certain it is that he did turn the fox, who faced with the on-coming pack close at him found safety in an open earth in the nearby gorses, at the end of a brilliant forty minutes.—Lincoln.

Haydon.—Hounds showed a capital day's sport on the 11th, after meeting at Sewing Shields. Finding at once on the Crags they ran by the Black Covert in a big circle, then struck away east by the Lake Covert, making a big right-handed circle. Just touching the west end of Fozzy Moss, they crossed the military road, pointing south as if for Camp Hill. Swinging left-handed the pack raced across Greyside Fell by Middle House, checking for the first time by Settling Stones Dam, when a fresh fox jumped up and hounds divided. The Master went on with one lot, and they ran straight to Camp Hill and Carryside, catching their fox in the open just short of Quarry Wood, after making a four mile point, and covering ten miles of country.

The Master found he had only three-and-a-half couples of hounds, and going back to Sewing Shields got news of some hounds running to Bonny-rigg. He collected another five couples by the Roman Wall, at Moss Kennel, and with eight-and-a-half couples went on and found another fox in the Lake Covert. Going away east this one ran almost the same line as the first, and hounds went at a great pace through Fozzy Moss, over Camp Hill to Settling Stones Dam, by Ladyshields, over Mill Hills, and back through Moss Kennel, catching their fox in the open on Jack Davidson's farm at Bradley, after a brilliant 40 minutes without a check. When hounds divided in the first hunt, six-and-a-half couples, with a whipper-in in pursuit, ran south to Ladyshields, by Beanwham, through Muckle Moss, straight to the Old Mines, at Chesterwood, where they marked their fox to ground. This was one of those rare scenting days, when hounds can hunt and catch foxes without assistance.—H.

Hertfordshire.—The Hunt Club, at a meeting held recently, decided unanimously to request the Joint Masters to continue hunting the country in a modified way, for the purpose of killing foxes and to keep the packs going. The horses and hounds in kennels have been drastically reduced. Hounds will meet two days a week at 10 a.m. and return to kennels early.—H.

Stevenstone, East.—The Master and his wife are both serving their country and therefore are seldom able to have a hunt with their hounds, the mastership of which they took over when the Stevenstone country was divided into two packs, each one hunting two days a week. Mr. Moor-Stevens is huntsman and C. Johns is whipper-in to the Stevenstone, East. The feeling of goodwill is 98 per cent., and farmers in the country are most anxious to keep the pack going during the War.

Mrs. Bond, the Master's wife, was home on leave on Tuesday in last week, when hounds met at the Kennels, and brought the pack good luck and a nice hunt. It was raining when Mr. Moor-Stevens drew hounds out of kennels and there was a fog. However, by the time they had found in Squirrel Wood (which was the first draw) the fog had lifted. Hounds were soon away on good terms with their fox and ran fast towards Dodscott before turning left-handed to Ward. Here they wheeled to the left again over the Belle Vue High Bullen Road into Deepmoors. After a short time spent in hunting round these big moors the pack forced their fox away over the Torrington—Barnstaple Road, and with the Reservoir on their left reached Waggdon Farm, being at fault near Huntshaw Wood. Hounds hit the line back to Deepmoors and again went on towards Hatchmoor, but could make little of it, and it was not until that covert was entered at 1.30 that they fresh-found their fox. Then came a fast half-hour past Peagham Barton into Deepmoors, in the middle of which the pack checked for a short time, but they went on over much the same line as they had traversed in the morning. This time after leaving Waggdon they raced through part of Huntshaw Wood over Darracott Moor, and killed their fox in the open at the top of Prescott Brake at two o'clock. Everyone was pleased to see Mrs. Bond there when hounds killed their fox, and wished that the Master and other absentees could have been there too.—S.

Tynedale.—Hounds met at West Wharmsley Gate on November 13th, and after killing a fox in Bush Spinney found again in Carr's Burn, then ran towards Glen Dhu, making a circle back into Carr's Burn, where they marked to ground. Some time was spent hunting the foxes in Wharmsley Crags, without going far afield. Finding again in the Hirst hounds ran over the Carlisle Road into Glen Dhu, where they lost their fox and the day ended.

From the meet at Bygate Cross Roads on Wednesday a brace of foxes were found in the spinney close by, and hounds dividing nothing much was done. At the School House Plantation a fox was found at the Belsay Village end and, crossing the main road into the Morpeth country, hounds continued on towards Ogle Village in a big circle, then coming back lost their fox a few fields from Belsay Village. Finding on the Crags hounds ran to the far end and caught one fox; in the meantime a hound killed another single-handed.—T.

Tipperary (Ireland).—Several visitors were among the field at New Inn on the 15th. The first fox from Kelly's went to ground close to the Cahir Road, after a short and twisty hunt; then, finding in Marlhill, hounds ran well through Rockwell College, passed Dogstown, and nearly reached Rathcoann Cross before being defeated. A fox from Dogstown disappeared in a few fields, but another from Halley's Bog provided a good hunt. Hounds ran fast towards Rosegreen, and bore left-handed nearly to the commons, short of which they crossed the Cashel Road to Lyonstown. Running on through Treyer's Glen they marked in the bog about a mile beyond. However, the fox bolted, and being on terms, hounds hunted well through Lowesgreen to Mr. Quinn's farm at Kilbragh. Leaving this on their right, they continued to within a field of Coolmoyne creamery before turning left-handed to Kilconnel Castle. From here the pack persevered well to Kilbragh, where they were stopped, as all the horses were dead beat. Hounds had run for two hours, covered about eleven miles of country, and made a point of five and three-quarter miles.—T. C. V.

CHARM OF NOVEMBER'S COUNTRY

There are those to whom the country only appeals in the high months of summer. Bright, warm days, flowers, luxuriant foliage, lush grass, sparkling streams, and the setting for picnic parties are to them the blessings that the country bestows. But as soon as the season changes and autumn mists, winds or rain, transform the scene to a grimmer, wilder aspect they shake the mud from their feet and repair to the cosier attractions of the city.

It is all understandable. For unless one has the urge to probe into the inner meaning of the countryside, it is natural to appreciate alone what lies on the surface. As a child will choose the most colourful cake from the dish or pick the brightest flower, so will an urban dweller skim what appears to be the cream from the woods and fields of our shires.

Lucky then is he who has a perennial interest in the life of the soil. He may be farmer, field sportsman, naturalist, or just one who has been born and bred in the heart of rural England. To such every season, every month, every kind of weather, holds out some interest or attraction. A pouring day, a gale, frost or snow, each and all have a very definite meaning and a direct bearing upon his activities. It may be what he wants or what he does not want. But whatever it is, it holds his attention and gives him food for thought. And so a deep understanding grows and an outlook that at once places him as a real countryman.

There may be, in fact there are, followers of field sport to whom the inner secrets of the soil are a closed book. But it is true to say that the majority come under the spell that long associations are able to give. And one of the strongest spells is that which November casts upon the shooting or hunting man. It can be argued that this is just because the month sees the big pheasant shoots in progress or the beginning of hunting proper. It may be because of these things that the sportsman has learnt to love the thinning coverts and waterlogged fields. Shooting and hunting may have been the factors that first initiated him into the love of wild life. But having once penetrated beyond the surface, he is gripped by a force which holds him and which can well keep him irrespective of his love of the chase. The praises of autumn tints, of the gold and russet leaf have been sung all down the centuries. But November means winter, when the combined effects of wind, wet and frost have laid bare another world. A world of damp earth and decaying foliage, of bare trees and no longer blind fences, in which one finds new sights, new mysteries and new adventure. A tree is a thing of beauty to behold in all the glory of its summer clothing. But is it less beautiful when, stripped of its embroidery and trappings, its true figure is exposed to all who care to see? Not a bit of it. It is rather a pattern of intricate tracery in which life ever stirs.

Perhaps the day is bitingly cold. Then at once the larch and spruce or the evergreen undergrowth, the patches of gorse and brambles give a sense of warmth and snugness, an attraction that game will never be slow to enjoy. The mellow feeling of harvest, of October, has gone. But each field and spinney, each hedge and wood, every tree in fact stands out distinct with a character of its own. This is a time of distinction, of true colours, of real unvarnished truth. It is a time when those who are abroad are those who belong, those who have at least found some of the secrets, some of the mysteries of a wilder world.

But the scene may not be that of an arable or pastoral land, of dark secluded woodlands and gorse strewn commons. Perhaps there is hardly a tree, hardly a sign of vegetation, and not a dwelling for twenty miles. Just a desolate tract, an apology for a road, almost limitless brown bogland stretching away to dim mountains, sometimes blue, sometimes green, never quite the same, always remote, invincible. Winds that blow straight off the Atlantic, rocky islands, loughs, rivers and estuaries. Geese honking in from some lonely bar, curlew calling, snipe to be flushed. A land that has defied the hand of man or time to alter its grim and savage nature. What is there here, in November's harsh hours, for human soul? Nothing or perhaps everything! Everything indeed for him who can read, mark and learn what is offered and to be had for nothing. The best things in life are free.—"Scolopax."

HIGH AND OVERHEAD

Cardinal Points of Balance and Backward Swing

By W. H. T. LONG

THOSE of us who are able to carry on with our sport will be anticipating the best of the pheasant shooting during the next month or so. Partridges are now taking a back place, and the bigger bird is assuming the more important position in the sporting calendar.

Of all the sights in orthodox game shooting, none is more spectacular than that of a big cock pheasant in all his glory rocketing high over the wood and making straight for the waiting line of guns. It exemplifies the culmination of the best efforts of keepering and the golden chance for which the shooter has been waiting. Nothing is more satisfactory and spectacular than the successful execution of these "Little Gabriels," and nothing so depressing and disappointing than when they continue to sail on an uninterrupted course across the field to the haven of refuge in the far distance, especially if the latter happens to be across the boundary. Is there any other experience that gives quite such a sense of complete frustration? A grouse or partridge, because of its smaller size and less showy appearance, never seems to matter so much. But a pheasant! Well, it is a pound of flesh all right, and the superb chance has gone, perhaps for good!

A great deal is heard about the difficulty of killing high birds. Certainly they are the birds, *par excellence*, to kill. But there are one or two qualifications that should be made. For instance, there is really no difference as regards the amount of skill required between bagging a pheasant crossing high and one crossing low, provided, of course, that both are within range. Indeed, the high bird might actually be the easier shot, as it should show up more clearly against a background of sky, and there would be a clear field of fire. Yet it would be looked upon as the better bird, being more spectacular and probably giving an impression of greater speed.

Low birds are very often missed because the shooter is put off by considerations for the safety of other guns and beaters, but not always. A bird flying low in a bad light across, say, plough, may not disclose the fact that it is moving on a slight curve, a curve that may require allowance. The bird that is well up will at least be more visible and its movements more clearly defined. Such things are a greater aid to the shooter than may be supposed.

The ideal type of high bird is the one which comes towards and over the shooter. It should be not less than 30yds. up (90ft.). Even so, if it is flying straight, it should not present extreme difficulty. The real "teaser" is the high curling bird. But to-day we are only concerned with the straightforward high type. It is the ambition of every shoot-owner to provide high birds, and the ambition of everyone to be able to bring them down.

Sometimes a bird will of its own accord get up a long way back and come rocketing over the line. More often it means a matter of skilful work on the part of the keeper, such as driving the birds away from home and then bringing them back over the guns, the use of netting, and so on. Few shoots are of a kind naturally fitted for showing birds at their best. Among them are some on the Welsh border, where it may even be necessary to take steps to prevent birds passing over out of range.

It is seldom that this happens, but there are places where it is advisable to place guns part of the way up a slope, rather than at the bottom of a valley. Such places are ideal for putting people to the test, though there is no sense in encouraging the taking of out-of-range shots. It may, however, be as well to use a well-choked gun and an extra powerful cartridge when really high birds are expected. Where shots at a good 40yds. are the rule rather than the exception, an improved cylinder will leave too many thin places in the pattern, which will result in pricked or possibly untouched birds in spite of the straightest shooting. Cartridges loaded on the "Maxi" system may usefully be employed.

The shooting of oncoming birds was dealt with in the special Shooting Number of the *Field*, published in August of this year. The oncoming bird was described as one coming straight forward at or above the level of the shooter up to an angle of about 45 degrees. If birds can be taken well out in front at such an angle, so much the better, seeing that in this way more time is allowed should several birds be flying over more or less together. But a really high bird will be out of range if fired at at this angle, for it will be too far out in front. Suppose a pheasant is something over 100ft. above the earth. When it is right above the shooter it will be between 30yds. and 40yds. from him, which means that if it were taken when well in front of the line it would be more than 40yds. away. The thing to do, therefore, is to take the bird when it is nearly overhead. If the gun is then properly aligned, a clean and most satisfactory kill should result.

To shoot a high overhead bird the technique is as follows. When the bird is still in front, that is, before it is overhead, throw up the gun in front of it, at the same time raising the heel of the right foot. The body will, of course, be balanced forward, and most weight will come on the left foot. The latter will have to be well forward, to make the action fully effective. The left arm should be extended well out under the barrels. Thus, with the body forward and the right toe only of that foot touching the ground, a position is gained from which a powerful backward swing can be given to the gun.

Keep the muzzle of the gun swinging well ahead of the bird and press the trigger as the right heel comes back on to the ground. There must be no check throughout, the whole movement being continuous. A good lead must be given, of course, but the most important thing is to keep the gun swinging well back all the time till after the trigger is pressed. Do not think so much in terms of lead as of swing. When one carries out the action properly one at once feels one is swinging on the line of the bird and then the latter is as good as in the game cart.

The three cardinal points are: left foot well forward, body forward and right heel raised. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. Any cramped movement is at once fatal. Naturally, a man has to be active and supple of body, especially as in the final phase there will be a slight bending back from the waist. It is a shot that should be practised at odd times, so that when in the field and the right opportunity offers, it will be performed automatically.

If one has to start thinking about it at the critical moment, one will probably fail. Do the thinking in between times; do not worry overmuch about allowance, and start the day with a clear mind. Remember, too, that all the most vulnerable parts of a bird are exposed from underneath, and even if a bird is 120ft. up—a very high bird indeed—it will be killed stone dead when the alignment is correctly made. Often, indeed, the shot pattern catches the head and neck.

Men who get plenty of practice at these high shots are able to bring them off one after the other. There are, indeed, some who are better at them than at crossing birds. In fact, many people have their favourite angles and try as much as possible to take their birds accordingly. At the same time I do not know if such a habit is altogether wise, as sooner or later it may be necessary to deal with a whole series of birds at an unpopular angle. It is surely best to be an all-round performer, though when birds come thick and fast it is tempting to pick the favourites.

In conclusion, I will repeat that I do not consider straight-flying high birds so very difficult. They allow time and an absolutely clear field. The fact that the average man does not enjoy a great number of such chances may be the reason why they have gained the reputation which they possess. Everyone who shoots at all gets used to going-away and crossing shots. But the other kinds are not so common.



IT IS THE AMBITION OF EVERY SHOOT OWNER TO PROVIDE HIGH BIRDS AND THE AMBITION OF EVERYONE TO BE ABLE TO BRING THEM DOWN



A TWENTY-POUNDER LANDED AT THE DAMAZIN GORGE

WITH ROD AND LINE ON THE BLUE NILE

LIKE most of the big rivers of the tropics the Blue Nile is rich both in numbers and variety of fish, but for most of its length it is of too uniform a flow to provide profitable results to the fisherman with rod and line. It is only where rocks, rapids, or other irregularities produce circumstances which are specially favourable to a high concentration of fish that good sport is to be expected.

Proceeding south from the junction of the Blue and White Niles at Khartoum the first fishable water is the rocky stretch of rapid water at Sennar, on which the Sennar dam is built. Accounts of the fishing here have already been published, and it is my intention to describe the less known upper reaches of the Blue Nile. For a distance of about a hundred and sixty miles south from Sennar there is again little fishing water, but directly Roseires is reached the whole character of the river changes; the clay cliffs and extensive silt-beds of the lower river are replaced by broken stony banks, rocky gorges, and shingle banks, while the swifter flow of the river is broken by islands and rocks.

Immediately south of Roseires are the Damazin Rapids, after which the general course of the river changes to an easterly direction. At a distance of about fifty miles up stream of Roseires the Abu Shendi cataracts are passed, then the Famaka Gorge, flanked by Jebel Fazoghli, and after this mile upon mile of water to delight the fisherman's heart, until the river finally crosses the Abyssinian boundary in a narrow valley leading into the foothills of the Gubba plateau.

The fish usually met with are the Nile perch and the tiger fish, and they may be taken by almost any variation of spinning, trolling or live-baiting. The last-named method is good, so long as the bait can be kept fresh and lively, but it is comparatively dull work, and the most satisfactory method is spinning with a dead bait. Fresh bait must be caught from day to day in a casting net and should be about 4ozs. to 6ozs. apiece in weight, and in bright silvery condition.

A simple wire trace fitted with two triangles about 5ins. apart, and a keel-shaped anti-kink lead with two swivels, is just as satisfactory as the more complicated spinning flights, and new ones can be readily made up as required. A stiff rod 8ft. to 10ft. long of the sea-fishing type may be used, and any big spinning reel carrying 150yds. to 200yds. of undressed line to match the rod will serve. The tackle, and especially the hooks, should be of good quality, as fish up to 150lbs. may be met with, and the strain on the gear when playing them in the strong water is tremendous.



MENDING THE TRACE AFTER A BREAKAGE

The season for fishing may be said to begin in November, as soon as the water is sufficiently clear, but the river at that time of year is still very big, the flow is frequently split up into minor channels, and the fish are not yet sufficiently localised to provide the best sport. By the end of January the river is of a more manageable size and the main channel accessible in most places, but the best time of all is during March and April, when the level is at its lowest and the whole force of the river is confined at certain places to narrow channels not more than 30yds. wide.

By the end of April the water in Lake Tsana rises and the first flushes of clear water begin to arrive, but these do not adversely affect the fishing, and it is only when the red Abyssinian silt begins to colour the water at the end of May that it is of no further use attempting to fish.

In a six mile length of rocky river such as that running down from the Damazin rapids to Roseires, every kind of water may be found, varying from the tearing narrow race at the head of the rapid to the slow, oily water of the gorges, which looks as though it might be of any depth. Fish are to be found at all places, but in general they take less freely in slow, deep reaches, and the fishing is less interesting, though there is more likelihood of meeting the heavier fish. The best places are sheltered bays and backwaters lying off the fast water, behind small promontories and at the tails of islands where a side-channel rejoins the main stream. In fact, the conditions required are those in which taking fish may be found in any running water, namely, shelter from the force of the current, and sufficient proximity to it to allow advantage to be taken with a minimum of effort of any food being swept down.

The river is heavily infested with crocodiles which are attracted by the great concentration of fish, and it is well to keep back from the edge of deep water while fishing, especially when a flush is coming down.

A silvery bait in fresh condition, preferably with some red about its fins and tail, about 7ins. to 9ins. long is best of all. The trace is detached at the swivel, threaded through the gills of the bait and out of its mouth. The top triangle is hitched in just behind the gills and the lower triangle just above the tail, so as to provide the right amount of curvature to cause it to spin attractively. As in most fishing, it is profitable to spin deep, and the lead should be adjusted accordingly, but the bottom of the river is very rocky and irregular, and the

danger of losing tackle may preclude spinning at the best depth.

A small or medium-sized Nile perch up to about 40lbs. in weight, when hooked, will play very briskly within a limited range and half-jump out of the water like a pike, shaking its head to rid it of the hooks, but finally comes into the bank fairly quietly. The bigger perch seem to run out as much line as possible without stopping or breaking water, and can easily be distinguished by the slow, heavy beat of the tail as they swim. It is best to follow such a fish as quickly as the rough and rocky nature of the banks permit, for it will usually continue down stream and may easily travel twice the total length of the line or more before it is finally beached. A big fish will usually break water at the end of the first long run, but on becoming tired will frequently lie down in a rock-cleft on the bottom, from which nothing will remove it until the tackle breaks or the line is cut on a rock-edge.

Tiger fish are, on the whole, more prevalent than perch and runs will be had from them most frequently, but the proportion of fish landed to those hooked, owing to their very hard mouths, is usually disappointingly low. The bigger fish generally take with tremendous force, running out line and jumping freely. The smaller ones under about 10lbs. sometimes play with the bait before taking, and if line is slackened off may get it far enough into their mouths to be hooked in the softer inside parts.

I remember reading an article once describing how tiger fish could be more certainly hooked by spinning across and down stream, thus enabling the fish to be hooked in the corner of the mouth, as is a salmon on the greased line, but, I imagine, as in greased line fishing, this method is not so suitable to very fast broken water, and I have not had much success with it. In any case, one cannot regret losing the majority of these fish in the end, as they are such game fighters and are of no use for eating purposes.

Other fish which may occasionally be met with are the "Garmoot" and the "Bayada," both of the whiskered cat-fish family and uninteresting to catch. The latter, however, like the Nile perch, is extremely good to eat, and round steaks cut from the lower half of a freshly-caught fish and fried are as good as the best sea-water fish.

The method of fishing described above is by spinning a dead bait, but in cases where bait is not available artificial spinners and wobblers may be used with success. A large plug-bait often does well, but spoons seem to hook few fish, though they attract a good many. I have had great sport fishing a fly-spoon or a tin. quill minnow on a trout fly rod in some of the smaller rivers of the Southern Sudan, and I believe a fly-spoon or "Aaro" spinner, fished with a light salmon rod on the shallower rapids of the Blue Nile might give very good results, though I have never yet had a suitable rod with me to make the experiment.

In the warm weather the Nile perch seems to take best during the early morning from dawn until about 8 o'clock, and during the evening from 5 o'clock until dusk, but I believe their habits are governed rather by the sun than by the time of day, as I have had excellent sport at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the sun was covered by clouds. During the cooler weather of January the above times may be extended somewhat. In general, it is best to fish the shady side of the river, as taking fish may still be found behind rocks and in the shade of tall trees after all the fish have stopped taking in the open water.

Tiger fish may be caught at any time of day; in fact, they sometimes feed more freely during the heat of the forenoon than in the early morning or evening.

For those also interested in shooting there is considerable scope in the upper reaches of the Blue Nile. Guinea fowl, francolin, green pigeons and red-eyed pigeons are all very common and can provide excellent sport for the shot gun, while for those who are prepared to take out the necessary game licences there are lion, hartebeeste, tiang, roan antelope, oribi, gazelle and, greatest attraction of all, large numbers of the greater kudu.

The district is reached by railway from Khartoum to Sennar or Suki, and thence by hired car to Roseires, a distance of about 160 miles from Sennar. The motor road, which is open from November to May, continues on both banks of the river up stream of Roseires to the Abyssinian border, and the journey from Roseires can be made by car or by animal transport (camel or donkey), but rest-house accommodation is very simple and a camp outfit is necessary to make the most of the opportunities. Detailed information about licences, travelling facilities, etc., can be obtained from the Game Warden, Khartoum.

G. M. H.



THE HEAD OF THE DAMAZIN GORGE



A 40LB. NILE PERCH



THE BLUE NILE LOOKING SOUTH FROM ABU SHENDI

Advice to Young Foxhunters

CHOOSING A GOOD HORSE

The following is the third of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman"

CRUELTY to either a horse or a hound should never be permitted. The following extract from the late Lord H. Bentinck's famous letter to Mr. Henry Chaplin is admirable:

"Goodall's chief aim was to get the hearts of his hounds. He considered hounds should be treated like women—that they would not bear to be *bullied*, to be deceived, or neglected with impunity. For this end he would not meddle with them in their casts until they had done trying for themselves, and *felt the want of him*: he paid them the compliment of going to *fetch them*; he never deceived or neglected them; he was continually cheering and making much of his hounds; if he was compelled to disappoint them by roughly stopping off a suckling vixen or dying fox at dark, you would see him, as soon as he had got them stopped, jump off his horse, get into the middle of his pack, and spend ten minutes in making friends with them again. The result was that the hounds were never happy without him, and when lost would drive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him again, and it was very rare for a single hound to be left out. . . ."

"It is impossible to overestimate the mischief done to a pack of hounds by *unfairly* and *habitually* leaving a hound behind out of its place: it is *teaching them to be rogues*. For this purpose Goodall had one particular note of his horn *never* used at any time except when his fox was *gone*, or his fox was in *his hand*: the hounds, learning the note, would leave a fox in covert to *fly* to it. Hounds are very sagacious animals; they cannot bear being left behind, nor do they like struggling through thick covert; but if that note is ever used *at any other time* the charm is gone, the hounds will not believe in it; you cannot lie to them with *impunity*. This was Goodall's great secret for getting his hounds away all in a *lump* on the *back* of his fox, and hustling him before he had time to empty himself. This was his system for getting his hounds through *large woodlands*—to come tumbling out together without splitting and sticking to their run fox. This is the explanation of the famous old Meynell saying, 'In the *second field* they gathered themselves together, in the third they commenced a terrible burst.'"

Again to quote Lord Henry Bentinck's comment on Goodall and his hounds, "When he wanted them he invariably went himself to fetch them."

This is a compliment which every huntsman should pay his hounds.

A good example of this is when hounds are drawing a covert; possibly a few hounds may have opened to the line of a fox which is halloaed away down wind. To quote from *Hunting the Fox*: "The leading hounds may or may not go to the halloa.

"But the worst thing the huntsman can do is to gallop off to the halloa with these and begin blowing his horn when he gets there. The fox having gone away down-wind, most of the best hounds will be left in the thickest part of the covert and may not hear the horn at all, and will at best get a bad start, a poor reward indeed for having generously gone into the thorns and brambles to get the fox on his legs, and one which may well make them rather chary of repeating the process."

When hounds are seen hanging outside a strong gorse or blackthorn covert, instead of drawing, it is generally because on one or more previous occasions they have been beguiled by their huntsman as mentioned above. You cannot deceive hounds with impunity, for once bitten twice shy.

All keen foxhunters know how heartbreaking it is to be left at a covert by not knowing that hounds are away on the line of a fox; but to foxhounds this is even more heartbreaking, because their life is concentrated on their sole vocation. It cannot be expected that hounds will draw well if they are afraid of being ignored and left behind.

When a fox is halloaed away down-wind, the huntsman must get his hounds together; sometimes this is easily done; but on most occasions he should ride up the wind, get in touch with the body of his pack, blow "Gone away" on his horn, a call to which his hounds will fly. He can then canter round to the halloa, where the whipper-in should be standing on the line, having stopped any hounds which may have got on to the line before the main body of the pack has arrived.

I was told by some of my contemporaries when I was young that the celebrated Tom Firr rode away regularly after the first two couples of hounds to come out of covert, irrespective of the rest. I was sceptical, and the first day I ever hunted with the Quorn Hounds and saw this remarkable huntsman at work, a fox left a covert down-wind, an ideal instance; I was gratified to see that he trotted up-wind, blew his horn, got the body of his hounds together, and then laid the body on the line with the rest at their heels. He certainly did this both quietly and quickly.

Referring to slow huntsmen, if a huntsman repeatedly fails to get his hounds quickly after a fox which has been found or viewed, he can justly be called slow, and is probably a poor performer.

Good hounds are most learned in the art of hunting, if only permitted liberty to show their fine qualities.

If a Master is so fortunate as to have a good huntsman he should not interfere with him so long as hounds can make out anything of the line of the fox which they are hunting.

When hounds are systematically given full latitude to use their hereditary hunting powers, it is astonishing what almost incredible wonders they will perform.

Referring to the qualifications of a huntsman, Peter Beckford wrote:

"He should be young, strong, active, bold and enterprising, fond of diversion, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it. . . . He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit."

Some huntsmen like to keep their hounds fat and sleek during the summer, and do not give them full exercise until after July.

Some round the ears of their entry in May, then put them in what they call dressing, and keep them on straw for days together. This is supposed to make their coats look well, and undoubtedly young hounds stand and show themselves much better unexercised than they do during the first few weeks of regular horse exercise; because when first exercised on the roads their feet become sore, especially in these days of tarmacadam, and secondly, they lose flesh, which is, in time, substituted by muscle.

Hounds which are exercised throughout the summer seldom look at their best before August.

Personally I believe in keeping entered hounds light during the summer, but hounds under fourteen months old may develop if they are not allowed to become light in condition. I personally dislike to see the ears rounded. The only two advantages I can see are that whereas the size of their ears varies, by rounding them they look uniform; and also a small ear makes the neck look longer.

Nature provides voluminous ears as a protection against wet, when hounds have their noses on the ground, and that tampering with Nature is generally wrong.

One exception to this is that unless the dew-claws are removed hounds are liable to injure them and become lame.

* * *

A few remarks on earth stopping might not be out of place here. It is almost impossible to have continual good sport unless the earth stopping is good. Real organisation is essential for efficient work.

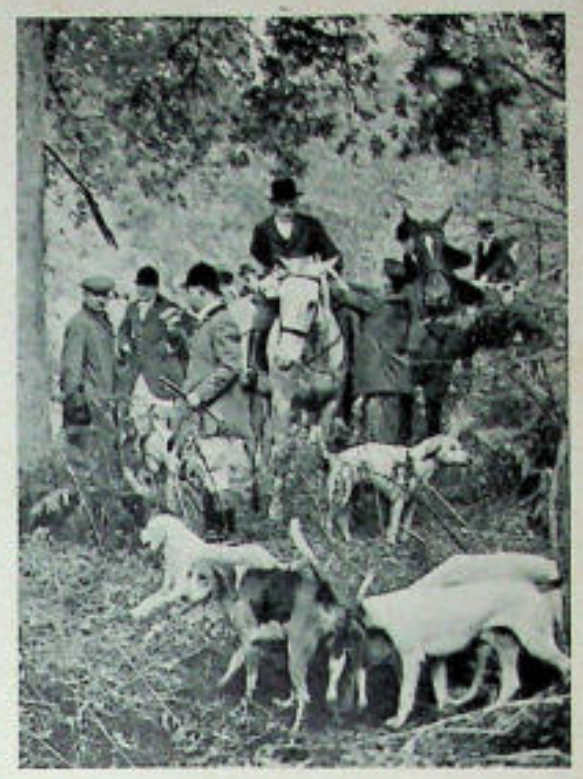
A huntsman has far too much other work to be able to control these operations, although he may assist those who are responsible for them. Every M.F.H. has his own method for efficient earth stopping.

The system I advocate is as follows: All earths should be permanently stopped during October. The exact method for stopping these must be decided upon in all details; and for such purposes it is best that, if there is one central permanent earth stopper, he should attend to this.

The hunting country must be carefully divided into many small districts over which one earth stopper, who should receive a gratuity, must be responsible.

I advocate a large scale map of 6in. to one mile of the entire country. This will probably be too large to be on one roller, and will probably consist of three large maps which must be mounted on rollers and hung on a wall of a convenient room at the kennels or in the huntsman's house.

Unless the position of every natural earth, artificial earth, badger hole and refuge drain is known and noted it is most difficult to assure that



GONE TO GROUND

all are stopped. And in the case of a change of management this is a great help to the new man.

For this purpose all of the above should be marked on the 6in. maps and numbered.

I suggest first that several colours of ink be employed for this purpose:

1. Natural earths and holes—marked yellow.
2. Artificial earths—marked blue
3. Grated drains—marked red.

Every one of these should have a number written against it, and there should be a notebook kept up to date, comprising a description of the refuge.

E.g., No. 47 drain grated (marked red).
No. 6 old breeding earth (marked yellow).
No. 1 artificial earth (marked blue).

All refuge drains should have iron gratings, and a quantity of these should be kept in stock.

Whenever a fox is marked to ground in a place hitherto unknown, this place should be marked and numbered on the map, and the number with description entered in the notebook.

All instructions to earth stoppers should be written or printed.

Packets of postcards should be bought, and the names and addresses of the various earth stoppers written on them.

The secretary can issue these after consulting the M.F.H as to the country he is to draw, and he can write on the cards, *e.g.*, "Stop 6.30 p.m., Monday, December 23rd," or "Stop Tuesday, December 24th, before 10.30 a.m."

The country which is likely to be drawn should be stopped not less than one hour after dark the previous day. This is stopping out.

Country into which hounds are likely to run should be put to (which means stopping in) the morning on which hounds hunt. The reason is that the chances of changing foxes are less. All the country which is not stopped out should be stopped in within a radius of ten miles each way.

If all earths are permanently stopped it seems that this is unnecessary; the truth is that all earths and even drains require ever constant attention, even when permanently stopped. Where there are badgers they continually open places.

When there is, over and above the scheduled earth stoppers, a permanent earth stopper, his orders should be written, and they should be minute, otherwise he will do nothing. He should be directly under the orders of the M.F.H.

The system as explained above is simple, but requires accuracy and careful attention.

It is a fact that little earth stopping is done after dark unless the stoppers are kept up to the mark, but when all earths are permanently stopped this question is modified; where there are badgers the earths require perpetual attention.

Never have an earth inside a small artificial covert unless there are really special reasons in its favour.

If foxes are plentiful artificial earths are generally a mistake; huntsmen sometimes use them as a trap which enables them to kill more foxes.

If one of these is kept open during the hunting season, it is most likely that the foxes will ring round and round, in hopes of getting back to the earth.

Choosing a good horse is a matter of considerable thought.

Some people always have good-looking hunters, some never have; it is more a matter of judgment than of money. Some have an eye for a horse, others have not.

Of all books on this subject, I place first *The Points of a Race Horse*, by General Sir John Hills. Another good book is *The Points of a Horse*, Hayes. *Horses and Stables*, FitzWygram, is good; and *Veterinary Notes*, by Hayes.

The first thing I, personally, look at is the eye. If I do not like his eye I never look any further. The eye should protrude, and the bone over it should be well pronounced.

No horse is any good unless he has good sound feet. Be careful to look carefully at the action. Some horses with toes slightly turned out trot more or less true. A horse that turns his toes in may wind in his trot, but he is safe; a wind in his trotting may shorten his useful existence because his joint are more liable to fill.

Read the advice given both in FitzWygram and Hayes.

True action is practically essential, although sometimes one has to put up with imperfections.

I never knew a really good gelding without a good middle. He must have a good girth.

Never buy a gelding with a long loin, he will be a poor feeder; sometimes mares with such are good.

The shoulder is most important, and to judge a shoulder one should get on a horse's back. At the same time, so long as the humerus is nearly perpendicular, there is seldom much wrong with the shoulder. A horse's forelegs should be put on well forward. This ensures a perpendicular humerus or vice versa.

A horse should be well filled up between his hindquarters. The rectum should not be unduly indented. A horse with such is probably delicate. It is sometimes said this comes from a very old dam.

The hind legs should be fairly straight. The hocks deep and fairly low. Pay particular attention to the hind shoes. If unduly worn at the toe, the hocks are generally stiff from some cause.

A man with a short purse must put up with certain defects.

Never look at a common horse. A common horse is a danger to life, and is seldom any real good as a hunter. Personally, I never was able to ride a common horse without coming to grief.

A well-bred horse, said to be up to 13st., will probably carry a man who rides 15st. better than one said to be up to 14st. which is short of quality. A big horse has to carry his own weight as well as that of his rider. A man riding under 13st. should always aim at a thoroughbred horse or one nearly so.

A Master of Foxhounds should keep an ever watchful eye on every horse bred in his country. He will require horses for his Hunt servants, and should never miss an opportunity at any time of buying a good young horse.

There are several good books on training and riding horses, and I cannot take on this subject fully, but I may say that I never have kept a hard puller, and never could ride one. Few, if any, horses are pullers by nature.

I never bought a pulling horse in Ireland, where horses are ridden almost entirely in snaffle bridles. I believe that a heavy-handed man will ruin any horse's mouth unless he rides him in a snaffle bridle. At the same time, excepting with exceptional horses and in Ireland where I hunted many seasons, I never rode a horse in a plain snaffle bridle.

I am not a believer in trying many kinds of bit. When hunting regularly I had only one kind of double bridle, viz., one with plenty of metal and a low port. I had this same bit in three forms: with a long, a medium and a short cheek. I do not think it makes much difference if the mouthpiece is shifting or fixed. Latterly I have found a Rugby Pelham useful for horses with very light mouths. I have known only occasional horses which I could ride in hills in a snaffle bridle. One's horse must be behind the bridle in order to ride properly in a hilly country without losing time.

Never did I use a martingale if I could help it. I have bought star-gazers and have had success riding them in a standing martingale fixed on to the wide noseband. If a horse throws up his head I prefer an Irish to a running martingale. I detest a breastplate excepting for a horse with no mane, when one must have something to catch hold of.

Despite the above I have known good horses on which it has been essential to keep the saddle in its place by means of a breastplate.

My experience of a badly ribbed horse has been that when going uphill the saddle slips back, or with a breastplate the horse gets choked.

Never be persuaded to hog a horse's mane. A mane is a most useful thing out hunting, when mounting, when going up a steep hill where it is almost essential. If anything goes wrong with the stability of one's seat a mane may save one. Once when hounds were running hard near Belvoir I jumped into a road, meaning to jump out the other side. My horse went half-left, my inclination was straight on. My horse's mane was plaited; I missed it and fell off, losing my horse. This was the last time I hunted on a horse with a plaited mane.

When I first hunted no man rode a horse with a hogged mane. The fashion for hogging manes was started by a well-known sportsman who was anxious that all his horses should look alike. Later on, when motor cars became established, there were large numbers of carriage and omnibus horses on the market. Dealers hogged their manes, pulled their tails, shaved their legs, and many were the mugs who bought them as blood horses.

Most horses do every bit as well in stalls as in boxes. Probably after a hard day's hunting it is good to put a horse into a loose box, but in many cases horses which live in the company of other horses are not so excitable as those kept in isolation. Over and above the usually credited advantages I believe that it does horses good to turn them out in the summer, because they then live in company and not in isolation.

In the matter of seat and spurs I recall that when I was a boy those of the generation previous to me used to ride in saddles with rolls in front of their knees, so they all rode very long. I used to be told, "You cannot ride too long."

After the plain flap saddle came in, many continued to ride as long as before. In many cases this was a mistake, and I have seen, in consequence, horses spurred on the shoulders, besides quantities of voluntary falls. In those days almost all rode with sharp spurs.

I was still a boy when my father told me that many women caused sore backs from riding too short; the women should ride long. Then came a temporary reaction. Some of the best women to hounds rode short. Hence many who copied them used to bound to an inordinate height over fences and look ridiculous. Now most women ride astride.

When I joined a cavalry regiment we had some magnificent riders, but all in riding school used to ride long. General Drury Lowe (Inspector-General of Cavalry) used to complain that the men rode too long.

The first time I realised how necessary it is to pull up one's stirrup leathers was when riding fast over fences in schools with a famous gentleman rider over his training course. Since this I have always ridden shorter than before, except when hunting over banks in Ireland.

In these days it is generally customary for women on side-saddles to ride very long, and men to ride much shorter than formerly. The secret is, I think, to ride exactly how one feels most secure and comfortable in the saddle. If a man is not secure in the saddle he probably hangs on to his horse's mouth.

The side-saddle is of great advantage to a woman's hands, because it enables her to ride with a long rein. There is the happy medium for a woman riding. If she rides too short she gives a horse a sore back; if she rides too long she gives her horse a sore wither. She must sit in the middle of her saddle. The long stirrup may shorten a woman's rein, thereby making it less easy to hold a horse inclined to pull.

I once had a wonderfully good but profoundly lazy hunter who buck-jumped. No man could sit him at his worst. He would not stand sharp spurs. I gave up wearing sharp spurs, and have never regretted it.

I had to carry a cutting whip to beat him at some places. He never again got rid of me, excepting once. I had been riding a rather common sticky first horse, not my own. I put on sharp spurs for this and forgot to take them off when I rode the Whale, as my wonderful horse was called. Hounds were running well, and I wished to wake him up at a fence with a ditch on the landing side. He stopped dead short three lengths in front, bucked me off and stood still. I remounted and he went easily over the fence and on. I never again even looked at a pair of my sharp spurs.

Common horses are said to stand sharp spurs, but a really well-bred horse resents them. I believe that few wear sharp spurs now. Are spurs in any form necessary? I have had several nasty falls from my spur buckle catching in the stirrup, when I have been unable to get away even with safety bars.

Personally, I advocate that the ordinary rider, with average legs, should ride with a long rein and dummy spurs. A young man will probably be able to ride fairly long; as he gets older he will gradually have to shorten his stirrup leathers as his elasticity diminishes.

Many old men tumble off from riding too long. They are also liable to job their horses' mouths. Of course, steeplechase riders always ride short.

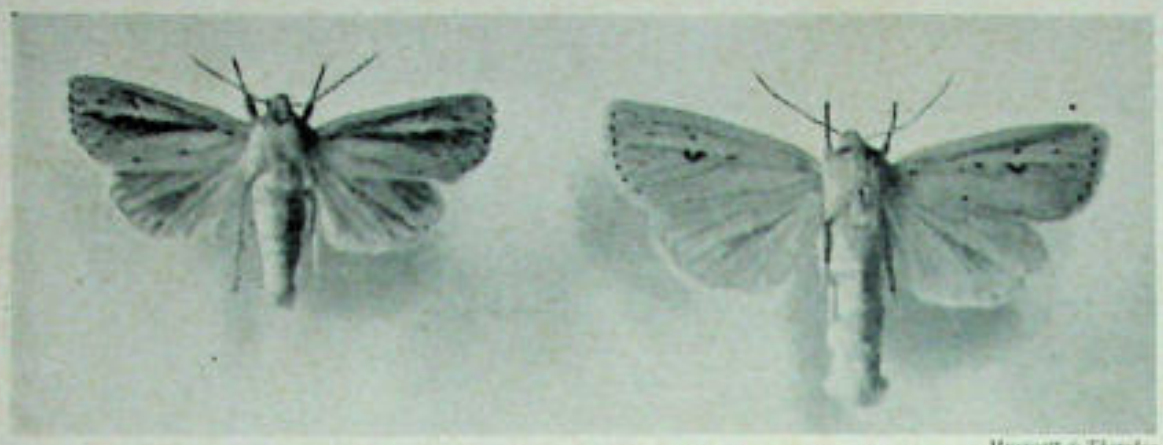
KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)



THE MASTER, MR. A. W. H. DALGETY, MAKES A PASSAGE FOR THE HOUNDS

A recent photograph taken with the Southdown



Musgrott & Thresher

TWO OF THE EARLIEST RECORDED DORSET SPECIMENS OF WEBB'S WAINSCOT

DORSET MOTHS *and* BUTTERFLIES

By ANTONY RUSSELL

FEW eighteenth century collections of moths and butterflies are now extant. It was not till the nineteenth century that the pursuit of entomology assumed its present popularity.

Among those who collected in Dorset during the last century E. R. Bankes, J. C. Dale and O. Pickard-Cambridge stand pre-eminent; but their collecting grounds (confined through lack of transport to a small area) are shorn of much of their former glory: Glanville's Wootton is no longer the home of the Wood White (*L. sinapis*) or the Swallow Tail (*P. machaon*); the Bloxworth Blue (*C. argiades*) and the Bloxworth Snout (*H. obsitalis*) have not been seen for years near the village after which they are named; Corfe has not been the home of a collector since Bankes's death. After the War, therefore, Dorset was a field which might be entered by the collector with some assurance that serious work would bring forms and species unknown to the district and probably new to the county.

A glance at the map will show that the promontories of Portland and Purbeck, from their comparative proximity to the Continent, are the most likely places for rare immigrants to arrive and reproduce their kind. This indeed proves to be the case. Due to its isolated position and peculiar formation Portland has a small colony of moths which are not to be found on the adjacent mainland; such are *C. absinthii*, which rejoices in the awe-inspiring name of the Wormwood Shark, and the Portland Ribbon Wave (*P. degeneraria*); the writer knows of only one specimen of the latter, taken outside the island of Portland itself, at Swanage in 1936. The caterpillar of the Wormwood Shark feeds on the absinth growing among the quarries where the well-known Portland stone is obtained.

Further west, near Lyme Regis, is to be found Bond's Wainscot (*C. bondi*), an anæmic-looking insect which feeds on the tough grass growing on the undercliff.

Formerly, Royston in Hertfordshire took pride of place for varieties of the Chalkhill Blue (*L. coryton*). This locality has been overworked and now Worth Matravers has at least equalled Royston in popularity.

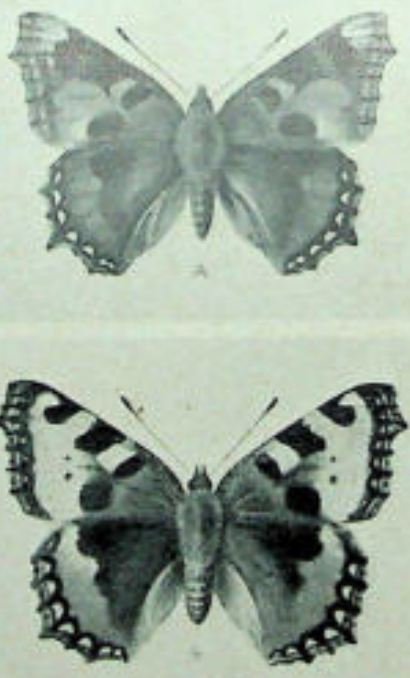
Distribution of insects is largely dependent on botanical conditions; if there is no suitable food-plant then there is but small hope of obtaining any given species in any given locality. Thus Poole Harbour, which is covered with a hybrid grass on which none of the macrolepidoptera feed, is useless as a collecting ground. The marshes near Wareham, with a more varied flora, have, however, been the scene of one of the most interesting entomological discoveries since the War.

For this discovery credit must be given to Mr. H. L. Andrewes, who some few years ago, in the company of Mr. E. Greene, lighted on a marsh, small and well-reeded, not apparently differing from others in the vicinity. This marsh has a fauna altogether remarkable; there are to be found species not otherwise known to exist within a range of 250 miles.

A fine form, larger than the East Anglian, of the Reed Leopard (*P. castaneæ*), is plentiful in June and July. This insect is one of the most primitive of the macrolepidoptera and is peculiar in having a body longer than its length of wing. This construction is due to the habit of spending the early stages within a reed-stem and is possessed in a modified form by other internal feeders. Another inhabitant of the marsh, the exact locality of which cannot for obvious reasons be given, is the Flame Wainscot (*M. flammea*), which is less common than the Reed Leopard and of which only some dozen specimens have to date been taken. Both the foregoing are otherwise to be found only in East Anglia.

The next species, found also in the North and the Shetland Islands, here assumes a remarkable form. Whereas the Reed Leopard and the Flame Wainscot differ only in size and brilliance of marking from those to be found elsewhere, Haworth's Minor (*H. hawerthi*) differs so widely that the authorities were for some time divided as to its identity, which has by now been settled. The Dorset form, which is of a uniform reddish brown, lacks the white markings, especially on the veins, which characterise those from other areas. It may be added that this variation from type is constant in all the specimens which have been taken in the locality.

The Isle of Purbeck, as has been shown, enjoys a position peculiarly favourable to entomologists.



From a drawing by F. W. Frohawk

TWO VARIETIES OF THE SMALL TORTOISESHELL TAKEN AT SWANAGE IN 1931 AND 1929

Geographically it consists of downland and cliffs in the southern half, changing to marsh in the vicinity of Wareham, heath and pineland in the Rempstone area, bounded on the east by the sandhills of Studland. At Studland, saltmarsh, heath, sanddune and pineland meet in a small compass; it has in consequence a fauna varied out of proportion to its size. Studland is the home of the Portland moth (*A. proteus*), named after the Duchess thereof and not after the island of the same name, where it does not occur. The Portland moth is to be found on the heather, together with the Archer's Dart (*E. vestigialis*), an insect which there ranges from var. *albidior* to a very dark grey, including a handsome rosy form. The Sand Dart (*A. ripæ*) is uniformly lighter than elsewhere in the country and specimens are often taken with scarcely any markings.

Studland, sharing with Wareham the distinction of being one of the few places where the Speckled Footman (*C. cribrum*) can be obtained, is well known to collectors, and it is somewhat remarkable that Webb's Wainscot (*N. sparganii*), the Twin Spotted (*N. geminipuncta*) and the Fen Wainscot (*C. phragmitidis*) should for so long have escaped observation. It was not till the marsh became exceptionally dry in 1934, making it possible for those so minded to venture among the reeds, that Webb's Wainscot was discovered, no collector having hitherto risked the treacherous surface of the bog in search of an insect which might or might not exist.

The species has presumably always led a secluded and happy existence there until its discovery; there is no reason to suppose that it recently arrived, since it is sluggish in habit and seldom leaves the reeds. A light placed but 10ft. or 12ft. from the edge of the water will only draw an occasional specimen.

Further south, towards Swanage, is a well-known haunt of the Beautiful Gothic (*H. hispidus*) and also a favoured hunting-ground for the Crescent Dart (*E. trux*), which has its headquarters on the north side of the Swanage Valley.

Swanage itself, owing possibly to the proximity of a lighthouse, has been the scene of some remarkable captures. The Clifton Nonpareil (*C. fraxini*) and the American Wainscot (*A. unipuncta*)—both great rarities—were taken in one night last year by a collector; a specimen of the latter was taken at Swanage in each of the years 1931, 1932 and 1934. Both these rare immigrants might occur anywhere, but it seems that two other species of almost equal rarity have obtained a sound footing in the district—to wit, the Delicate (*A. citrilina*) and the White Point (*A. albipuncta*). These have been taken in some numbers at sugar and occasionally at light; it remains to be seen whether they will survive a cold winter.



Musgrott & Thresher

THE FIRST DARK CRIMSON UNDERWING TAKEN IN DORSET SINCE 1866

A single Pine Hawk (*S. pinastri*) taken at Swanage last season calls to mind the frequent captures of that insect during the past few years in the Wareham district, which insect was formerly considered indigenous only to Suffolk. It seems reasonable to suppose that the Pine Hawk was always a native of Dorset and only awaited discovery in the same manner as Webb's Wainscot and Haworth's Minor.

Fishermen are notorious tellers of tall tales; entomologists are of necessity—though not perhaps by inclination—more truthful, since they must produce the insect in question for identification by their critics; credit will only be given for the "ones that got away" in so far as the tale applies to certain species. Most of the rare hawkmoths have been found all over the country, and there is no reason to believe that any one locality is better than any other.

But the story of the occurrence at Swanage of a small moth, native only to Essex and Sussex, the Rosy Marbled (*M. comstuda*) would be treated with grave suspicion unless the specimen could be produced. Such a capture was made, though how it arrived, too fresh to have flown all the way, and therefore presumably a native born and bred of the neighbourhood, and why only a single specimen should have been taken must remain a mystery.

No tale of Dorset insects is complete without mention of the Lulworth Skipper (*P. acteon*), found on the downs between Lulworth and Swanage.

When it is remembered that almost all the captures referred to have been made since the War, the majority in the last decade, it gives some idea of the vast field that must yet remain to be discovered in Dorset alone. The northern, central and western parts of the county have seldom seen a collector, and it is not unlikely that discoveries, at least as interesting as those made in the south-west, can be made by those who possess inclination and initiative enough to collect, not where others have been before, but on virgin territory.

MING, THE GIANT PANDA AT HER REFRESHMENT AND TOILETTE







PANDAS ARE SUPPOSED TO FEED ON BAMBOO CANES, BUT MING DOES NOT OBJECT TO OATMEAL PORRIDGE AND MILK, IN FACT LICKS THE PLATTER CLEAN AND IS READY FOR MORE

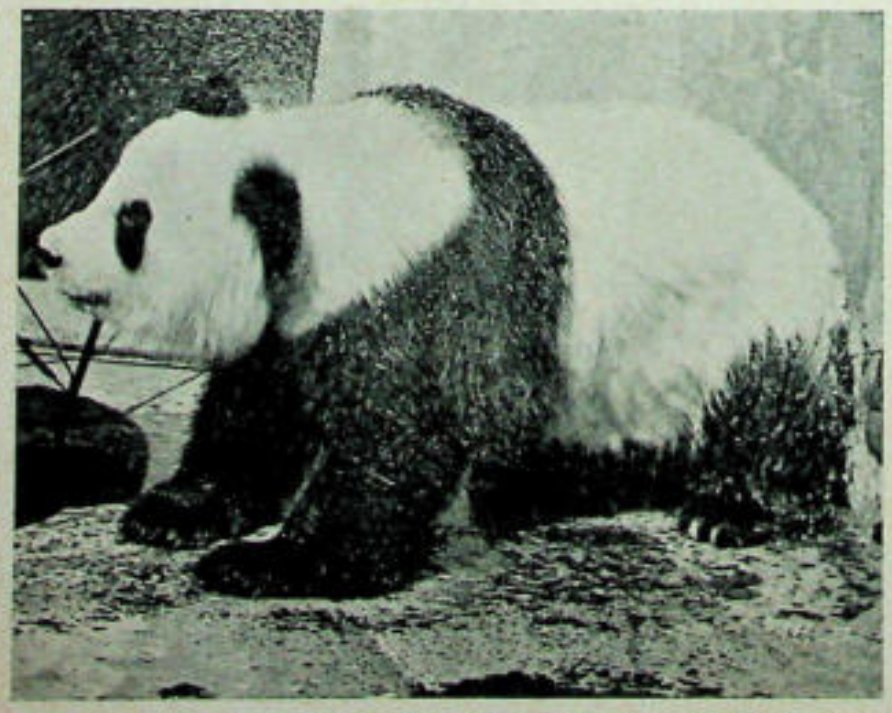


ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK JUST TO HELP THINGS DOWN A BIT



"AND I THOUGHT MY COAT SO WHITE UNTIL I SAW YOUR SOAPSUDS! THIS BATHING BUSINESS IS NOT TOO BAD, BUT I DON'T CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT THE BACK RUBBING"







"THAT'S ALL OVER, AND AFTER A GOOD SHAKE ONE CAN SOON GET DIRTY AGAIN. HOW'S THIS FOR A GYMNASTIC TURN?"

New Books

MAKING OF YOUNG HORSEMEN

Horsemen All. By Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O., M.C. (Constable; 5/- net.)

The truth of the author's admission that there is already a great deal of literature on the subject of teaching riding to the young is equalled by his claim that his personal experience may add something of value to the problem.

His first remarks deal with the necessity of instilling confidence into the pupil—or rather of eliminating everything that may tend to make him lose his nerve. The most important point here, of course, is the choice of the pony, and Major-General Brooke recalls the different types he had as a child. There were the reliable, the too keen and the brilliant, but from every one of them he learnt a useful lesson.

It is, in a way, delightful to know just what one's horse can or cannot do, but clearly the good horseman is the one who can sum up a horse in a few minutes—and ride him. Countless men and women, as the author points out later on, are ill at ease on a strange horse, and this attitude might well have been avoided by a variety of ponies in their youth.

The correct way to treat the child's pony on arrival at his new home is then discussed, and also the first essentials, such as learning to mount and how to walk. After remarks on trotting, cantering and galloping comes an excellent chapter on jumping. The reasons for the forward seat are fully explained, and the importance of "going with" the horse is emphasised. It should, perhaps, be made clear at this point that the text and the illustrations (admirably done by Pamela Searight) should be studied as one.

The author has successfully carried out a novel idea in his chapter on the lessons to be learnt on a hack in the country. Such matters as shutting gates, the value of fallen tree trunks as natural obstacles, the importance of riding according to the state of the ground and a hundred other observations on behaviour and etiquette are dealt with.

After some hints on more advanced training—including passaging, cantering on the desired leg, and reining back—there is a very valuable chapter on the first few appearances in the hunting field.

This book will not be of more than a limited use to those children whose instruction is confined to riding schools in cities, enlivened by occasional excursions into the country. But for those children—for whom the book is intended—who live in the country and have their own ponies, Major-General Brooke has indeed compiled a most useful and attractive book.

* * *

Blue Water and Green Fields. By Admiral Sir William James. (Methuen & Co.: 8/6.)

As the title may be taken to imply, this book is divided into two parts. In the first the author deals with various episodes in the history of the Royal Navy, and in the second he tells us of days spent with rod and gun, at home and abroad, in places he would never have visited had he not been in the senior service.

Admiral James is able to infuse the spirit of the sea into what he has to say. He makes the great figures of the past live again and he throws much interesting light upon both history and politics. His love of the sea and his respect for the great traditions of the British Navy are the feelings that permeate the book from end to end. All Englishmen, whether landlubbers or not, must own to a pride in the thought of what our seamanship has meant and is meaning at this critical juncture. Once again our naval supremacy is proving the greatest factor in a war waged to rid humanity of a curse and threat to modern civilisation. No one who reads this book can doubt but that our fleet will prove worthy of its glorious past and will not fail us.

Characteristic of the spirit of quiet, unboastful confidence, the author writes in an unassuming style, which is yet vivid, graphic and at times, thrilling. Whether it is of Nelson or Jutland, there is food for new thought. And there are some amusing anecdotes. The illustrations are by Jack Matthew, and there is a foreword by Lord Mottistone.

Shooting trips in such places as Cyprus and Albania bring home the fact that the naval officer enjoys unique chances for first class sport of the less usual type that are denied the ordinary man. The author has evidently found inspiration in his wanderings in the shooting field which widens the scope and appeal of his work and throws a pleasing sidelight upon his outlook and interests. There is indeed here a happy combination.

* * *

Victorian Snapshots. By Paul Martin. (*Country Life*, 8/6 net.)

During the last few years there have been a number of books reproducing photographs of our Victorian forerunners employed in their several activities. The examples in this book are neither better nor worse than the rest. But what does mark the book out as one of peculiar fascination is the interesting text which Mr. Martin has written and the fact that he himself took many of the photographs.

Mr. Martin recalls how he started his career as a wood-engraver, and he contrasts the labour and time taken over one block of this kind with the speed which enables an event in a foreign country to be photographed in the afternoon, and to appear in the English press in the late evening editions. Early in life he became fascinated by the camera, and his account of his early experiments, especially night photography, is full of interest and humour.

Some of the most interesting photographs concern the early history of the art. There is one of a photographic tent invented in 1859 by Mr. W. W. Rouch, and another of a donkey heavily laden with the outfit. The following examples show the Victorians at the seaside, at Henley, Lords and in the Church Parade. Perhaps some of the best concern life in the country—wild duck shooting, a meet of hounds, otterhounds crossing a river, farmers with their coursers and the abandoned practice of netting wildfowl. Many interesting hours will be spent over these pictures, and as many instructive comparisons drawn.

* * *

The Bridge Player's Bedside Book. By Norman de V. Hart. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 5/-.)

This is one of the most enjoyable Bridge books since *Coffin's End Plays*. About a fifth of the book is devoted to general knowledge questions and answers thereto, but the remainder deals with a most carefully chosen selection of hands played by European and American experts in the last few years. Many of the hands are described by those taking part, and this particular feature adds a special attraction and reality to what might quite easily have been merely a good technical analysis of some very interesting hands. Each hand has been chosen to illustrate some particular part of playing or bidding technique and yet, although the problems require a certain amount of intellectual digestion and could not be absorbed at one meal, they are nevertheless so well described as to be of continual interest.

Many readers have probably felt irritated when following a closely reasoned discussion of a particular hand if the discussion is on one page and the hand is on another. Mr. Hart's book very neatly overcomes this by putting in small type, in one corner of the page, the full hand. It certainly has considerable advantages and might be profitably followed by future authors.

The price of this book is very reasonable, and it can be recommended to those of my readers who wish to give a present which will be appreciated by their bridge playing friends.

* * *

Report on the Fish and Fisheries of Lake Rukwa in Tanganyika Territory and the Bangweulu region in Northern Rhodesia. By C. K. Rickardo, M.A., F.L.S. (Crown Agents for the Colonies; 6/- net.)

Tanganyika territory has been much in the news recently on account of Germany's insistent demand for African colonies, so Mr. Rickardo's report on its fishing possibilities is timely. It ought to be said at once, however, that it does not deal with acclimatised species, such as rainbow trout, about which there was some interesting controversy a year or two ago, but with the possibilities of improving commercial catches from those lakes to increase the supply of fresh or dried fish, mainly for native consumption.

The most important of the native fishes there is Tilapia which, incidentally, has some interest for the sportsman, since it can be taken on fly, and may later become the sportsmen's standby when trout are unobtainable. A key to the indigenous fishes is given and suggestions made for conserving the stock as well as for more efficient methods of exploiting the waters.

* * *

A Book on Duck Shooting. By Van Campen Heilner. (The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia; $7.50.)

Some of the titles to the chapters of this book may give an idea of the range of the sport with ducks and geese which the author describes. "The Wheat Fields of Alberta," "Mississippi Mud," "Winter Along the Baltic," "From Illinois to Arkansas," "Down by the Rio Grande," "The Plains of Hungary"—these are not a third of the far distant areas traversed by one for whom wild weather and wild surroundings are the atmosphere in which he loves best to move. Perhaps the chapter which will attract the English reader beyond others is "The Marshes and the Fens," in which Mr. Heilner's host is Mr. Peter Scott, on the Solway and in the Fens. Mr. Heilner is evidently one who can adapt himself rapidly to conditions and circumstances—here he describes, among other adventures, his first shot with a punt gun—and it is without surprise that we find him hoping that it will not be long before he sees wigeon and pink feet—and for that matter Bewick swans—again in England. He is also, as Mr. Robert Murphy, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes in a foreword, "a dry sponge for local traditions, superstitions, prejudices, yarns and ballads." The result is a varied and vividly interesting book, finely illustrated with coloured drawings by Mr. Lynn Bogue Hunt and with photographs.

Not at Home. By Parr Cooper. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.; 8/6.)

Parr Cooper's India stripped of glamour is all the better for it—flies, dust, sweltering heat and sweat—a far more satisfying picture than India the mysterious and picturesque. Local colour has been touched in with a selective brush, a curry not too highly flavoured for the stay-at-home palate. And the characters? A sample taken at random from those whose die is cast for them by the Indian Army. John and Mary, Veronica and Richard are very possible people. They do not go winging away on plausible adventures and yet the tale of their interwoven troubles and affairs ("romps" is the word) sustains the interest from cover to cover.

And there is more than this network of broken and mended romances. Between the lines runs a frank and competent study in psychology—the reactions of over-strained nerves to stifling conditions and hot weather idleness, combined with such factors as drink and gossip and others you must find out for yourself. The findings may be disturbing but are probably correct.

* * *

How to Breed a Racehorse. By M. Miller. (Knapp, Drewett & Sons; 18/- net.)

Mr. Miller's book is published at an opportune moment, for it is dedicated to the small breeder. Since the last war many small breeders, discouraged by the fee of recognised stallions, have fallen back on an attitude of hoping for the best with the stallions which were most convenient for a variety of reasons—among which, however, really scientific considerations did not loom very largely. After this present war is over there are likely to be increasing numbers of small breeders, and Mr. Miller maintains that, as there was no real reason for the abandonment of science in the past, so there is even less in the future.

Briefly, Mr. Miller's theories, which are put forward with much clarity and conviction, indicate the possibility of producing a racehorse of character, speed and stamina without paying large sums in fees, provided that the lower priced stallion is chosen correctly and the mating conducted with great regard to pedigrees. These theories have sometimes been discussed, but, so far as is known, Mr. Miller's book is the first to work them out in detail and to put the conclusions beyond doubt.

In addition, there are many valuable hints on such subjects as feeding, shoeing, the in-foal mare and fertility. The book is profusely illustrated with racehorses of the past and present. It is quite certain that no small breeder will willingly be without it, and its interest will catch the attention of the most casual necgoer. It will be as useful on the course as in the establishment.

* * *

Fair Exchange. By Barbara Beauchamp. (Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 7/6.)

Two character studies on the same lines have been published in the same week; in one of them a woman is brought into contact with three men, and in Miss Beauchamp's book a man is brought into contact with three women. The idea is a good one, but in this case it fails because the author has endeavoured to make bricks without allowing herself any straw; she has tried to work out her theme on a basis of contrasted characters without providing the characters to contrast.

Every person in this book is not only weak but utterly negative; they are "little" people in every sense of the word and may be said to be not only without character but also without characteristics. With this unpromising material it is hardly surprising that the result is an illustration of the saying that the study of the mediocre engenders mediocrity.

* * *

Confidential Agent. By Graham Greene. (Heinemann; 7/6.)

It would be easy to mistake Mr. Greene for just another writer of thrillers. It would be a very grave mistake. Mr. Greene is a poet and an artist, and he has evolved a new style in English literature—rigidly economical (there is not an unnecessary word in this book) and magnificently pointed. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Greene is the most significant novelist in England to-day. This book is certainly a thriller—just as *Gun for Sale*, *It's a Battlefield* and *Brighton Rock* were thrillers. But it is very much more. It is like its predecessors, a psychological novel of importance, in some measure, though in less degree than *Brighton Rock* a picture of the tragedy of our times. It is magnificently exciting, but it is also beautiful in a quiet, poetic way. A really fine book.

* * *

My Friends the Baboons. By Eugene N. Marais. Methuen; 5/-.)

If you read *The Soul of the White Ant* you will not need any pressing to buy this book. If you did not, then let me tell you that Marais was one of the greatest naturalists of all time, and a man, moreover, who could write as simply and as charmingly as any "best seller," despite his great scientific learning. This book, the result of several years of intensive study in the wild, is utterly remarkable in its interpretation of baboon mentality. I do not think anyone could read it and not be moved by its sincerity and impressed by its obvious truthfulness. The world should have known of Marais long, long ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HISTORIC TREES OF THE EMPIRE

SIR,—Under this heading, in your issue of November 11th, Mr. E. R. Yarham's article deals with a subject deserving the widest attention from all interested in the preservation of notable trees.

His reference to the Earl of Jersey's efforts to form a representative collection from seedlings or cuttings obtained from trees of historic importance, opens afresh the very difficult question of how to verify the claims made in regard to many specimens that undoubtedly are venerable in point of age.

Lord Jersey, in a letter published some months since, stated that claims would need careful scrutiny. A little consideration of the facts relating to some trees referred to by Mr. Yarham emphasises the need for establishing pedigrees, just as would be done in the case of shorthorns, racehorses, or other live stock.

The Gray's Inn Catalpa is a noteworthy tree, meriting a place in the collection for its scion, but its reputed connection with Francis Bacon is quite another matter. The famous Chancellor Bacon died in 1626, just a century before Mark Catesby brought home from South Carolina the first Catalpa to this country, after a prolonged journey collecting rare trees and plants under the auspices of Sir Hans Sloane, who was largely interested in developing the Physic Garden at Chelsea.

Mr. Yarham mentions "a Judas tree, a white Magnolia and a *Ginglo* (?) tree, reputed to have been brought by the first Lord Balfour of Burleigh from Tuscany over 300 years ago, to Wick House at Christchurch, which "also boasts the largest Maidenhair Fern tree in Britain."

As it happens, "Maidenhair Tree" is the popular name for *Ginkgo biloba* (the sole member of that family), introduced from Japan about 1750—less than 200 years ago—and the first Lord Balfour died in 1606.

Several species of white-flowered Magnolias from America and Japan have been in cultivation here from about the year 1710.

The Judas Tree comes from the Mediterranean region and Gerarde (author of the celebrated "Herbal"), had one in his garden in 1596, so that possibly Lord Balfour may have brought or received one.

Many fine old trees of various sorts exist in unsuspected places in England and their discovery is a source of pleasure to all real lovers of garden and woodland.

Mr. Yarham does not mention Cedars of Lebanon and Oriental Planes; both would furnish romantic stories, some of which it has been my good fortune lately to disinter.

Yours faithfully,
NORTHUMBRIAN.

OTHER "TOADS OF TOAD HALL"

SIR,—Mr. Glover's account of the toad in a hedge-sparrow's nest reminds me that it is not unusual for toads to adopt such a retreat. Many years ago I found a toad in a yellow-hammer's nest built in a low thorn bush and reeds about a foot from the ground. The nest contained one intact and one broken egg. I have a note of a toad in a robin's nest which contained eggs, and another in a song-thrush's nest some distance up a holly tree. I once saw a toad fall quite 6ft. from an oak tree. It began to climb again almost at once, and progressed 3ft. up the trunk in a quarter of an hour, resting after every few inches advance. Evidently the climbing powers of toads are considerable.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

GANNET FEEDING YOUNG

SIR,—It is chiefly in September and October that the dark grey young gannet of the season is seen learning to fish in the company of its parents. Once, from a steamer's deck, I saw a young gannet fishing with its parent, and after each parental dive the young bird begged food from the old using a screeching note like, but louder than, that made by a young herring gull. The old gannet was diving for mature mackerel in fairly deep water, and going down deeply, emerged so forcibly as to shoot a couple of yards in the air, before coming to rest, when the fish it held could be seen depending from its beak. The young gannet sometimes made futile dives when its parent was under, but it invariably begged food after each of its parent's dives.

Obduracy in the parent gannet is usual, and has a natural cause, but it does feed its emancipated young at long intervals of time. I saw that take place on several occasions. The old gannet alights on the water, and sits motionless, when a change of cargo between it and its offspring is to be effected. The young bird alights near, and swims to it. The two birds remain beak to beak for some time, when, all being ready, the old bird opens its beak widely, and the young one inserts not only its beak, but actually its head, in the wide gape. The screeching of the young bird dies away in a throaty gurgle as the exchange of food is effected.



A BIT OF "UNKNOWN BATH"
(See letter "A Dickensian Relic")

Woodview, Yours faithfully,
Comrie, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Perthshire.

OLD BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES

SIR,—I notice in several of your recent publications there have been photographs of the various types of old bicycles.

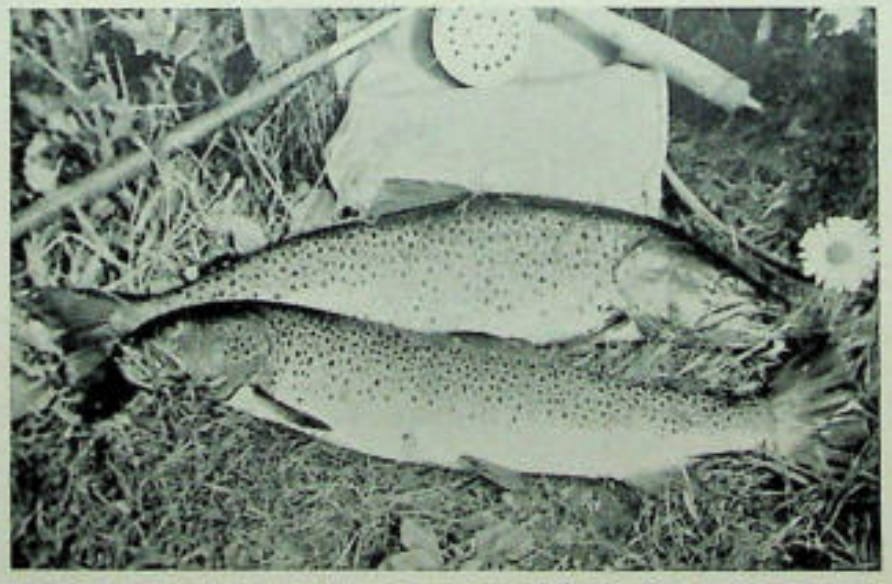
I have ridden bone-shakers, ordinaries, all kinds of tricycles, tandem with the lady in front and steering from the back handlebars, and tandem with the lady in the rear; also triplet and quad.

The strangest machine I think I have ever ridden was a sample machine which the Rudge Company sent to Dundee in the summer of either 1897 or 1898. It was called the "Sociable." There were two wheels, one behind the other, and on each side of the wheels there was a frame, something like the original lady's cycle, with saddle, pedals, and handlebars complete. It seems strange that a machine like this could balance, where the weights of the two riders in the saddles differed. But it did so, very well, especially after you got started.

I would be interested to know if any of your readers ever saw this machine, or rode it, or have a photograph of it. Perhaps the Rudge Company who introduced it would oblige?

I understand it was a sample machine sent with a view to see whether it would catch on with the public, but it never did here, and I never heard of any other.

Yours faithfully,
"Ardvorlich," CHARLES ROBERTSON.
61, Strathern Road,
West Ferry, Dundee.



A BRACE OF SPOTTED BEAUTIES
(See letter from "Trout from Jämtland")

INTRODUCING FOREIGN ANIMALS

SIR,—After reading Mr. Roger Graham's article in the FIELD of Oct. 21 I cannot help asking him to take the advice that Mother Carey gave to little Tom in "The Waterbabies." If he has never read it it may not be too late for him to do so. The advice was to "Look backward." Many well-meaning people have introduced foreign animals and birds into this and other countries before, and in nine cases out of ten they have been a great nuisance. The New Forest is part of England and still has some of her characteristic wild life left. Why upset it?

Nethercott, Yours faithfully,
Iddesleigh, N. Devon. S. W. M. BURDETT.

CAT VERSUS FOX

SIR,—While out looking for a roe on Craig-Dhu, Newtonmore, one day recently, I had an interesting experience. A very fine fox came in view amongst some rocks and brackens about 150yds. below where I was sitting. I watched him for some minutes, when suddenly from a hole in the rocks out jumped a wild cat, which went for the fox with teeth and claws. A savage fight ensued which lasted for about a minute, when the fox, who seemed to have had the worst of it, slunk away, sitting down a few yards from the spot shaking his head and looking round in wonderment. He then made off.

Yours faithfully,
Craigellachie Lodge, KATHERINE PELHAM BURN.
Craigellachie, Banffshire.

A DICKENSIAN RELIC

SIR,—It will be remembered that after the Bardell trial, Mr. Pickwick went to Bath for "a little change and gaiety." He stayed "at the White Hart Hotel, opposite the Great Pump Room, Bath, where the waiters, from their costume, might be taken for Westminster boys, only they destroy the illusion by behaving themselves much better."

The Dickensian who follows the footsteps of Mr. Pickwick at Bath will be disappointed to find that the White Hart Hotel was demolished many years ago. Its sign, a well-modelled effigy of a stag, was, however, preserved, and set up over the door of a modest little public-house on Widcombe Hill, where it stands to this day. This most interesting Pickwickian relic, of which I enclose a photograph may be regarded as a bit of "unknown Bath"—I have never seen it referred to in any guide-book.

Yours faithfully,
High Wycombe, JOHN B. TWYCROSS.
Bucks.

THE WARREN INN, DARTMOOR

SIR,—I was very interested indeed in your reference to the Warren Inn, Dartmoor, in the *Field* of October 14th. I knew the inn many years ago and have stayed the night there. I rather wonder, however, if the peat fire is the same as that of 100 years ago, because some ten years since the inn was completely modernised to meet the increased motor traffic, and its old-time character completely altered. In old days there was only a small peat fireplace, which is now replaced by something much larger.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. BIDDELL.

The Vicarage,
Sandown, I. of W.

TROUT FROM JÄMTLAND

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two trout, which were taken by W. H. Stoneman on a minnow, in August, 1938, from the lake called Valsjön, in Jämtland, Sweden. One weighed 3 8/10 kilos, the other 3¼.

I think you will agree with me that the photograph is a fine one, I don't think I've ever seen its equal, for the play of light on fishes' scales.

Yours faithfully,
P. M. CASHEN.

White Hart Hotel,
Launceston, Cornwall.

FINLAND'S PROGRESS

SIR,—Many of your readers should be grateful to Moira Savonius for her recent account of Finland and the wonderful progress made in that country since the last war. British people on the whole can have very little conception of the advanced state of social life in that country, superior in many ways to our own.

I remember once expressing surprise when viewing some pictures of Finland, which caused a lady from that country to remark "Yes; we are quite a civilised race!" Incidentally the manner in which the Finns have utilised the natural wealth of their land explains the covetousness of their powerful neighbours.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. A. SKIDMORE.

SHOEING IN CHINA

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows how a Chinese blacksmith shoes a pony that is restive. The apparatus, known as the stocks, consists of six poles fixed vertically in the ground with cross pieces above. A block and tackle hangs from the framework.

The pony is led in between the two rows of poles and a broad webbing sling placed under its belly. By means of the tackle the animal is then slung well off the ground. Each of its legs is now secured to one of the vertical poles.

In this photograph one leg has not actually been tied up though the other three have been secured. In this case the head was also tied to one of the front poles, probably to even further immobilise the animal. The "shoey" then gets on with the job.

The Chinese pony has the reputation (quite undeserved in my opinion) for being vicious, hard-mouthed and a kicker. Some, it is true, are, but the great majority are not. During the six years that I was stationed in China, both North and South, my wife and I owned a number of ponies from time to time, and found the virtues far exceeded the vices.

The Chinese pony is of wonderful stamina, and though averaging only 13.2, will carry up to 13 or 14 stones in many cases; plucky and keen, it will give his last ounce to a good master.

I personally never allowed any of my ponies to be shod in this manner. I did not find such restraint necessary with them.

I have also seen the stocks used when a veterinary surgeon wished to operate on a pony's hoof and required complete immobility. They are certainly less unkind to the pony than a severe twitch.

Yours faithfully,

Barrackpore, India. F. D. ANNESLEY (Lieutenant-Colonel).



TAKING NO CHANCES
(See letter "Shoeing in China")

BUTTERFLIES OF INNER LONDON

SIR,—Even in October one may see butterflies in inner London, though, to be sure, they receive considerably less attention and publicity than London's birds. In the Victoria Embankment Gardens, Westminster, so late as October 12th, I saw a red admiral (*V. atalanta*) in good condition imbibing nectar from autumn flowers, in company with several small whites (*P. rapae*) and one small tortoiseshell (*A. urticae*). Another butterfly, seen in flight, may have been a second small tortoiseshell, but it looked more like a comma (*P. c-album*).

It would be interesting to hear if the red admiral is often seen in inner London. This rather belated specimen is the only one I have seen in Westminster this autumn, but had I more opportunity for observation I have no doubt that others would have been noted. Unfortunately my observations are restricted to all too infrequent periods of half-an hour or so at lunch-time. Nevertheless they have been sufficient to show that London, and more particularly the Westminster district, has a larger share of butterflies than the average provincial lepidopterist would imagine.

This season, in the aforementioned gardens alone, the admittedly ubiquitous small white has been comparatively common, while the other two "whites"—the large (*P. brassicae*) and the green-veined (*P. napi*)—have put in an appearance now and again. Several times, over the near-by Thames, "whites" were observed making their way, mostly towards the south-west, at varying heights and speeds; but whether they were taking part in the large-scale migrations, which occurred during the past summer, I cannot say. In any case, "whites" appear to have been more numerous in inner London than for some years past, and despite the quite logical remark, made by a naturalist, that a "cabbage white" would be out of place in Leicester Square, the appearance of unusually large numbers of white-winged "invaders," sailing like snowflakes over Whitehall roofs, either evoked no surprise or passed unnoticed.

But "whites," small tortoiseshells, and red admirals are by no means the only butterflies that the observant amateur lepidopterist may see in Westminster. Not so very many weeks ago, for example, while the writer was basking in brilliant sunshine on the Embankment near Westminster Bridge, a wall-brown (*P. megera*) settled in characteristically restless manner a few yards away; but though—surprise No 2!—it immediately became the object of a playful "attack" by a more brightly jewelled small copper (*L. phlaeas*), which appeared from nowhere in particular, not an eye was turned in their direction.

Yours faithfully,

56, Cranmore Lane, Aldershot. PETER MICHAEL.

YEW TREES AND PHEASANTS

SIR,—With regard to the pheasant which was sent to you for examination, and which you said had yew poisoning, I have tried to find out the nearest yew trees, and the nearest that I can find are by the houses of two of our neighbours. Both are at least a quarter of a mile away. These trees are in both cases very near the house.

It seems unusual that this bird should stray so far as it was reared on the lawn in front of the house, and we used to see it very frequently.

Yours faithfully,

Rhiwlas, Pentraeth, Anglesey. N. J. MILLS.

GERMAN DOCTRINE

SIR,—Please accept my congratulations and thanks for your memorable leader on the "German Doctrine." Let us make no mistake this time; there is only one guarantee for the future peace of Europe, the dismemberment of the German Empire into harmless states, without any powers of cohesion. The Germans themselves will be much happier under such conditions.

Yours faithfully,

Idole Rocks Hotel, St. Mawes, Cornwall. F. W. PILKINGTON.

THE HOUSE IN THE ROCK

SIR,—I was especially interested in two recent letters to the *Field* and the accompanying photographs of chapels cut out of the rock.

One of the letters referred to the Crag Chapel, Knaresborough, and it is also interesting to note that in this same cliff, almost directly above, is Fort Montagu—commonly known as "The House in the Rock."

This peculiar four-storey dwelling, which commands a fine view from its high situation in the cliff overlooking the Nidd Valley, was hewn out of the rock by a weaver towards the close of the eighteenth century, or nearly 400 years later than the nearby chapel. After sixteen years' hard work the task was finally completed by his son. The house is reached by steps in the rock leading up directly from the chapel grounds.

The name is due to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who is said to have visited the place during the excavation (Montagu being her family name).

Yours faithfully,

30, Swan Road, Harrogate. BERTRAM USSHER.



A PROMISE WHICH IS NOT SO GOOD AS IT LOOKS
(See letter "To-morrow Never Comes")

TO-MORROW NEVER COMES

SIR,—As a result of a chat with an old inhabitant in the Wensleydale hamlet of Downholme I was shown an interesting old Yorkshire joke, "Good Ale to-morah for Nothing. August, 1694"—cut in stone near the eaves of a cottage.

By borrowing a ladder I was able to obtain a photograph. It is known that the cottage was once a wayside tavern—used as a stopping place for the pack-horse teams toiling the Dale. Evidently the landlord had to do something to stop those teamsters who sought credit, promising to pay next time!

Yours faithfully,

48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate. J. A. CARPENTER.

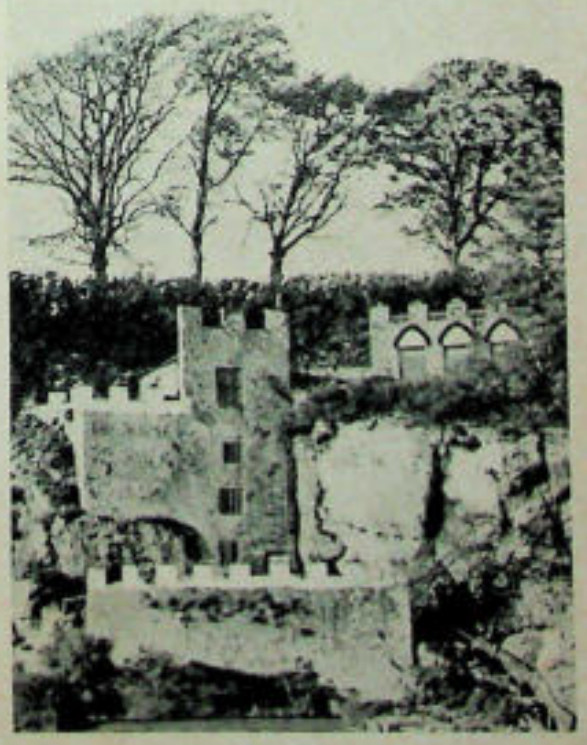
CROWS AND RABBITS

SIR,—On three occasions in a week I have come across a full-grown rabbit with the flesh eaten away from between its head and shoulders. The rabbits were still alive when found. On each occasion three corbie crows flew away from where the rabbits were lying. Is it a habit of corbies to attack and kill full-grown rabbits? I know they are very voracious birds.

Yours faithfully,

Low Warden, Hexham, Northumberland. J. T. GRACIE.

[Crows will attack full grown but ailing rabbits. It seems that these rabbits must have been diseased.—ED.]



CUT FROM THE CLIFF FACE
(See letter "The House in the Rock")

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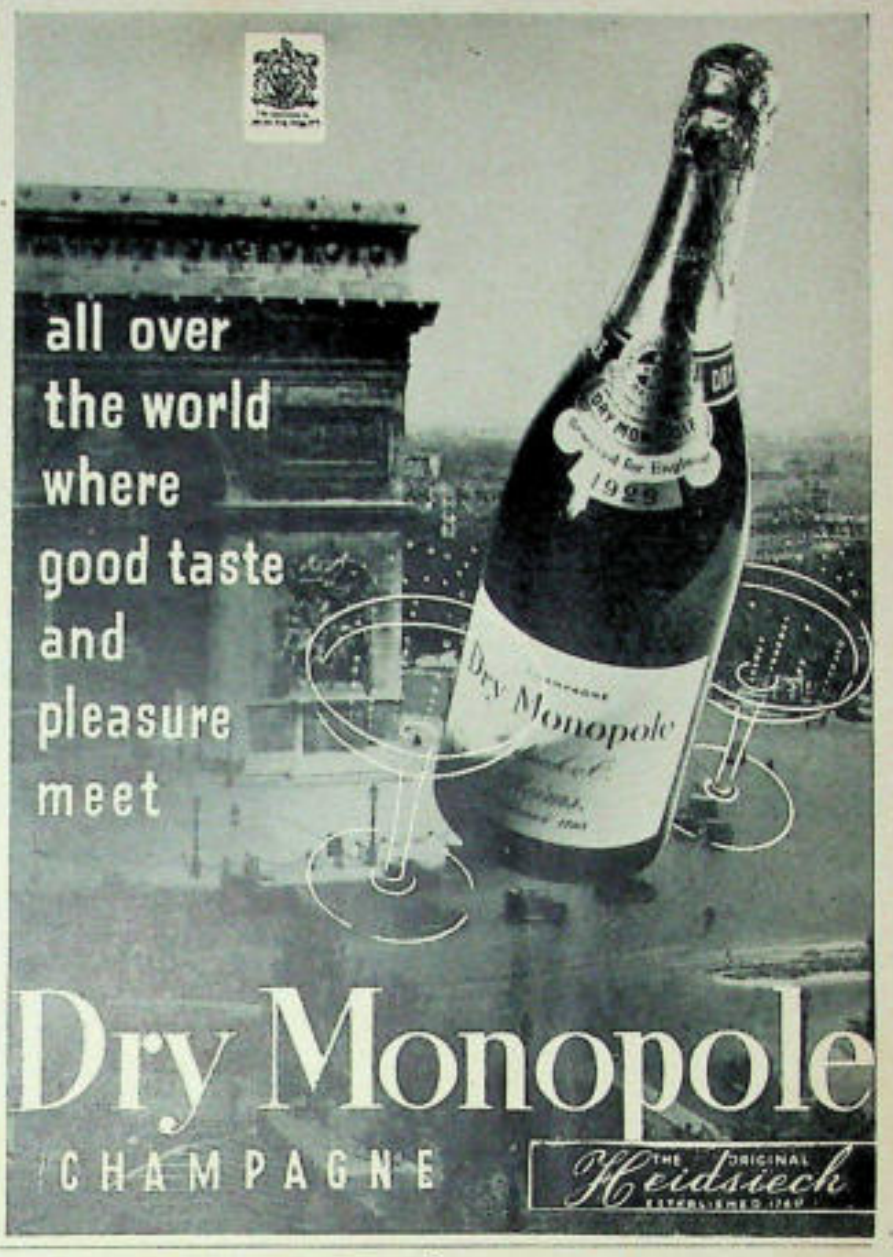
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TREE STUMPS REVEALED BY THE TIDE
(See letter "Submerged Forests")

MACKEREL FISHING

SIR,—The status of the mackerel in salt water is on a par with that of the sea-trout in our rivers, and two, at least, of the methods in general use for taking mackerel are eminently sporting.

For fishing from a boat the outfit is extremely simple: a couple of yards of fine gut or gut substitute, with a hook at the end. A shoal is found by trailing, when the boat is anchored, and the fish kept in the vicinity by putting out a ground-bait net. A bait is then attached to the hook and the bait paid out astern until bites are obtained. The excitement consists in playing a powerful fish on very light gear; beyond this there is nothing to learn, and the tyro has as good a chance as the experienced angler.

It is quite otherwise when the fishing is from a pier or breakwater with slider float. In this case the tackle is comparatively complicated. The best form of float is a torpedo shape, about eight inches long by three-quarters of an inch greatest diameter. It may be of either cork or balsa, the latter being the more satisfactory. There can be either a thin celluloid tube down the long axis of the float or two very small porcelain rod rings can be whipped on the outside.

In the latter case the upper ring must be at the very tip of the float in order to avoid fouls when casting against the wind, and a loose bead must be put on the line above the float, when a little bit of doubled wool will be sufficient for a stop.

It is essential that the float stop should be very small and soft, so that it can fly through the rod rings as easily as the line itself. A 12lb. silk line will run freely through an ordinary glass bead; the bead itself must be of such outside dimensions that it will not go through the rod rings.

Though the short shanked model Perfect is all right for pollack, it will be found that the long shanked pattern responds more effectively to the strike with the quick-biting mackerel, and fewer fish get off. It is rather a mistake casting far and fishing a long way out, as with a lot of floating line it is difficult to strike fast enough.

If one can have someone at hand with a circular drop net to land the fish it is possible to use very fine gear. Ordinarily, however, anglers depend on being able to lift the fish on to the pier platform without the help of a net. Gut substitute of 11lbs. to 14lbs. B.S. is strong enough to lift any ordinary fish. The rod itself should be stiff enough to reel up a 2lb. mackerel without undue strain. A whipper rod is pleasanter to cast with, but it is very tiresome to have to hand-line practically every fish. Where there is a good depth of water close to a pier one usually puts the stop pretty high up; 12ft. to, perhaps 15ft., whereas in shallower water the depth fished at may be only 6ft. or thereabouts. If the stop is of scarlet wool one can see it run along the top of the water, up to the float tip, after each cast.

There is a great fascination in this pier fishing for mackerel, and when fairly bitten with it anglers find ground fishing comparatively uninteresting.

Yours faithfully,
FLEUR-DE-LYS.

Paignton.



SUBMERGED FORESTS

SIR,—These two photos which I took recently on the submerged forest of the foreshore sands on the south Lancashire coast at the Alt estuary, near Crosby, illustrate an interesting survival from prehistoric times, when great forests covered a coast that is now the largest stretch of sandhills in England. The winter gales expose the tree trunks, and sometimes large trunks of bog oak, alder, willow and birch are flung up from the bed of the sea.

One I once measured I found to be 10ft. long. We have easily recognised pieces of birch bark in this prehistoric forest, and a botanical friend has identified the pollen of hazel catkins in the submerged peat bed.

The forest is not so well known as that on the Cheshire coast near Leasowe, frequently alluded to in literature, but now considerably reduced by the destructive action of the tides. In recent years there has been an interesting reversion to the original forest belt, by the successful planting of some 2,000 acres of the west Lancashire dunes with a pine and birch forest. Before 1889 there were no trees on the dunes between Formby and Ainsdale.

The stumps and roots in the sands of the foreshore at Crosby comprise oak, willow and birch. The roots of the royal fern have also been found, as have human and horse bones when sewers were cut from Hightown through the peat bed.

Yours faithfully,
ERIC HARDY.

Wavertree,
Liverpool.

SCOTERS INLAND

SIR,—I send below some experiences of Scoters on inland water for inclusion in your correspondence columns if of sufficient interest.

Mr. Reed's letter *re* Scoters on fresh water published in the issue of October 28th is of interest to me, because of similar occurrences at Eccup Reservoir, near Leeds.

In Volume III of Coward's Handbook—the latest edition—it is stated that parties have been seen in Cheshire, Hertfordshire and Staffordshire in July and August; Witherby mentions that small parties have been seen inland in April and November.

A friend of mine has seen Scoters in small numbers from about the middle of July to the middle of August at Eccup Reservoir in 1938 and 1939. I saw one in early August this year, but on Saturday, October 28th, another friend and I watched a party of fourteen female common Scoters. We saw them at about 70yds. through a 35x telescope, and there could be no doubt of their identity.

It would be interesting to hear of the experiences of others who watch large stretches of water. Does a coast-to-coast migration overland actually take place in the North of England about this time?

None of this party was present on Sunday morning. The way in which they kept themselves in not mingling with the other duck was as noticeable as their close approach to the shore.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. PARSONS.

The General Infirmary,
Leeds.

BLACKSTONE EDGE ROMAN ROAD

SIR,—Many of your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph of what has been described as "the most perfect specimen of a Roman paved road in England." It is to be found on Blackstone Edge, above Littleborough, Lancashire, and the causeway is 18ft. wide, being formed of ashlar set in regular courses and with cambered surface.

Down the centre runs a groove which is believed to have been worn by the brake-pole of the Roman waggons. The even nature of this groove, however, suggests that it was constructed to assist the brakes rather than its having been worn.

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.

Bolton-le-Sands,
Lancs.



AN ENGLISH ROAD UPON WHICH THE ROMAN LEGIONS MARCHED
(See letter "Blackstone Edge Roman Road")

THE ZOO'S CHOUGH FROM PUTNEY

By JAMES FISHER

A WEEK or two ago a young woman rang up the Zoo and informed an official that she had found a Chough in her garden in Putney. Of course the Society is continually getting information of this sort, and very often it relates to quite common birds and is based on wrong identification.

The Zoo authorities can perhaps be forgiven for having had suspicions, therefore, that the bird was perhaps a cock blackbird. However, a friendly Fellow living in the district offered to bring the bird in, and sure enough it proved to be a Cornish Chough.

The bird is in perfect condition and has clearly been kept in captivity. In spite of several mentions in the Press, however, nobody has so far come forward to claim it. The Chough is one of our native birds which has been going through hard times, but it shows no signs at the present time of disappearing altogether from our fauna. Chough localities in Cornwall and Devon are known only to a handful of ornithologists who are for the most part ardent protectionists, and there seems to be some chance that the bird's numbers will increase.

In Wales, one or two of the sea-cliff haunts are still inhabited and there are one or two other pairs inland in secluded valleys. So far as is known none now inhabit the mainland of Scotland, but on some of the Inner Hebrides, particularly Islay, there is a fair number breeding. On the west and south-west coasts of Ireland the Choughs come into their own, and are relatively numerous.

The specimen now in the Zoo exhibits all the agility and swiftness of movement which one would associate with a strong-flying cliff dwelling bird. It is continually on the move, darting about a cage which it shares with some herons and ibises, and clings to almost any roughness, however small, that it finds on the vertical walls.

It is remarkably tame and, though it will not stand on its keeper's finger for long, shows great interest in the room in which bird-food is cut up and in the keepers' private sitting-room. It waits eagerly for the bread to be cut so that it can peck at the crumb. However, the keeper tells me that it is getting a little bored with plain bread and prefers butter on it.

All the energies of the Society are being directed towards preserving the comprehensiveness of its collection, and so far there is certainly little difference to the eyes of the ordinary visitor. In the paddock by the office, which houses agoutis in the summer, half-a-dozen large domestic rabbits—a buck and five does—have been introduced. The object is to breed rabbits as a source of food supply for some of the carnivorous birds and mammals. The rabbits are being fed on scraps from the restaurant and crusts and lettuce that the office staff bring them in the mornings. Two litters have already appeared and seem to be doing well.

It has been announced that Mr. David Seth-Smith, the Curator of mammals and birds to the Zoological Society, has retired. It is pleasing to be able to record that the enormous public which Mr. Seth-Smith had attracted in his position as the Zoo Man of the B.B.C. (and the most popular children's broadcaster) is not likely, however, to lose him, since he is carrying on with his broadcasting work and with his contact with the Society.

Mr. Seth-Smith was the first and only curator of birds that the Society has ever had. The office of curator was not instituted until 1908 and his was the first appointment. At first he fulfilled the duties of Curator of Birds and Inspector of Works. Before coming on the staff he had for long been a Fellow of the Society and had at times been on the Council. Originally he was trained as an architect, but early in life he devoted himself to ornithology and, in particular, aviculture and was one of the earliest members of the Avicultural Society. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on parakeets.

One of his first duties as an official of the Society was to visit Australia in order to make a collection of animals, and the great traditions of the exhibition of marsupials in the Zoological Gardens have dated from this visit. Later he became curator both of birds and of mammals, a position which he held until his retirement, after serving the Society for thirty-one years. To one who, as assistant curator, has worked with him for three years, he was a continual source of erudite and accurate information upon anything that might have bearing on the management of animals in captivity.

It might also be said that Mr. Seth-Smith was a very good photographer, and the negatives he had made during the time he has spent in the Gardens, especially those of birds, must be one of the most important collections in the world.



THE ZOO'S CHOUGH WAITS EAGERLY FOR THE BREAD TO BE CUT UP

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

WAR is waste—waste of lives and treasure, of time and of labour. There must be no other waste in war-time. Economy in war-time is a moral duty for all of us; it is also a matter of dire necessity for most of us. But common sense must not be scrapped altogether in war-time. Economy must not be made the excuse for going without the food that we cannot do without, in order that we may still afford the fine feathers that we can easily dispense with. What really matters should come first, always. That is why food must come first, always. The love of show, of mere shadows, is by no means the privilege of the rich. The poorest of the poor, many of them, are ready to go without food rather than miss paying their funeral insurance: they will starve to death cheerfully so long as they can be sure of a carriage and pair for their last journey. This is undertakers' philosophy, not common sense.

Caviare and birds' nest soup may be dispensed with during the war and we can easily do without butter and bacon now and again, eat less meat and sugar and still enjoy excellent meals. Let us draw upon our imagination a little more than usual and we shall not mind rationing in the least. As a matter of fact, enforced war economies may turn out to be a blessing, a double blessing if they teach us to avoid waste in the kitchen, and to enjoy all manner of excellent foods which have had such a poor chance until now, either owing to prejudice or sheer laziness.

We cannot and must not eat banana skins—let alone paper bags—like the elephants at the Zoo; nor can we swallow fish as the sea-lions do. Whether it be fish, meat or beans, our food must be cooked to be acceptable; most of it, before we can digest it, has to be boiled in water, and in the process it parts with much of its goodness: the poorer it becomes, the richer the water, which is no longer water but "stock." This stock is all-too-often poured down the sink, a most sinful form of waste. The water in which meat, fish or most vegetables have been boiled, simmered or stewed *must* be saved and used as a basis for nourishing and flavoursome soups, or else, after being slowly evaporated, as a basis for sauces.

Now also is the time to explore new fields where gastronomic adventure and delight await our pleasure. There are ever so many quaint and wholesome berries, roots and shoots in hedges and copses to be picked and enjoyed by country dwellers, and there are, in the cities, all kinds of heads, tails and entrails to be bought from the butcher; all kinds of birds and land game from the poulterer or game dealer, which would add greatly to the interest and pleasure of our daily meals, did we but choose to ask for them. There are also all manner of queer creatures in the air, the land and the waters, curlews, squirrels, hedgehogs, carp and mud fish which we need not trouble about just yet: let them remain and multiply as a reserve in case the war should last seven, fourteen or twenty-one years!

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

WAR has brought acute difficulties for the investor. There is difficulty, for instance, in deciding what type of investment should be selected. Some industries stand to benefit as a direct result of war conditions. Others will doubtless be heavily penalised.

The nation will without the least possible doubt subscribe freely towards new War Loans. A large number of investors will place their savings in National Savings Certificates. This is an excellent form of investment.

The buyer of Savings Certificates is contributing directly towards financing the war in exactly the same way as when supporting new War Loans. The holder is on perfectly safe ground. He avoids capital depreciation. The value of Savings Certificates increases year by year and they are entirely free from income tax.

There must be many, however, who desire to take some financial part in other directions, particularly in British industry. The problem here is to decide which security should be bought in order to produce the best results. The average man has insufficient capital to spread his interest as it should be done.

This is where the investment trust undertakings come to the rescue. Investment trust companies have been formed to buy and manage selected investments. The directors, as a general rule, have a wide knowledge of financial affairs. They probably know of forthcoming favourable developments and disappointments long before such conditions are realised by the man in the street. They act accordingly in buying and selling securities held in their portfolios.

The idea of investment trust companies originated in Scotland some 50 years ago. There are now some 200 such concerns in existence. Their capital is well spread so as to minimise risk. They usually follow a conservative policy of distributing profits, and what is very important is a constant survey of the securities actually held.

The stocks and shares of the principal and most successful investment trust undertakings command rather high prices in stock markets. Supplies are at times difficult to secure and the money at the disposal of the average investor will only touch the fringe of the investment trust organisations.

This is where "Investment Trust Units" come to the rescue. Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd., as managers of Investment Trust Units, purchase for the benefit of the unit holders blocks of shares in selected investment trust companies as favourable opportunities occur.

Securities thus purchased are then converted into "Investment Trust Units." This is a recognised and most suitable form of investment for the public. The units enjoy free marketability. There is a contract between Equity & Law Life Assurance Society and the managers of the trust whereby the society undertakes to purchase units of the trust or underlying securities to a total value of £250,000 at prices calculated on current Stock Exchange quotations.

The managers undertake at any time, if desired by the unit holders, to convert his units into cash at net realisable or realised value on the Stock Exchange of the underlying securities. Not more than 7½ per cent. of its funds may be invested in any one company. On October 21st last it had spread its funds over 78 companies.

Market value of the issued capital of these companies exceeded £160 million. During the past year the total revenue available for ordinary or deferred stockholders amounted to £3,337,467, out of which £2,648,325 was distributed. That left a very satisfactory margin. This conservative distribution of profits makes for dividend stability.

Investment Trust Units can be purchased through any bank, stockbroker or the Managers, Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd., 30, Cornhill, London, E.C. 3. A half-yearly distribution of 2.976*8*d. net per unit will be paid to unit holders on November 30th. The units have a present buying price of 11s. 6d. xd.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, urgently ask your help for a poor paralysed woman, who has been completely bedridden since the age of five. She is 52, and has managed to earn a little throughout her life by needlework, but now she has reached the stage when she can no longer sit up in bed. Until recently she was cared for by her old mother, but she, too, has now become practically bedridden. Will those who read this appeal send the Friends of the Poor something to enable them to send 5/- weekly for one year? Their need in these days of stress is greater than ever.

SOME ROYAL FOLLOWERS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME

By LOUIS T. STANLEY



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AT LAST YEARS' WALKER CUP MATCH AT ST. ANDREWS
With him are the Hon. John Lowther (left) and Colonel Macmillan

FIGURES of international repute move daily across the stage of world events. No Greek tragedy ever witnessed such activity under the shadow of death. Outstanding perhaps have been the elderly Queen of Holland and the youthful King of the Belgians, whose mediation offer brought these two peace-loving countries to the fore. The latter monarch has lingered long on the borders of sorrow, but although these setbacks may have made his heart heavy, they most certainly have not undermined his magnificent fighting spirit.

In a different sphere this was amply demonstrated during the past summer when as Count de Rethy he made golfing history by becoming the first reigning king to enter the lists of a national golf championship. At such a moment it is not entirely out of keeping to recall what happened.

The first round saw him drawn against M. Chupin, the owner of a local hotel. Pre-match forecasts pointed to the King as an easy winner on the score that his opponent had only been playing golf for some four seasons. Once again prophecy proved to be the most gratuitous form of error. From start to finish it was a duel of fluctuating fortunes, until finally little M. Chupin was left to negotiate a stymie on the home green to save the match. After several tense moments he succeeded in lofting the ball into the hole and won a brief respite. Very brief, as it turned out, for King Leopold made no mistake about finishing the game at the nineteenth.

His second round match against Peter Clive, the son of the British Ambassador, will always be remembered by those who watched that thrilling encounter. It was throughout a battle royal. The lead changed hands in bewildering fashion, but gradually the King forged ahead, until, with three holes to play, he held the invaluable lead of two holes—a margin that looked substantial enough to carry him into the next round.

Then, for the first time, the King wavered, and began to press—a fatal mistake over that testing Royal Zoute lay-out. He lost the sixteenth in 4 to 5; rallied to halve the seventeenth in 5; but over-clubbed himself for his approach at the home hole and the match was brought back to square. A most remarkable recovery on the part of Clive. More surprises were still to follow. The King let loose an uncontrolled drive at the nineteenth which strayed far off its course and found an almost unplayable lie. Thus did his baptism of fire in championship golf come to an end.

King Leopold undoubtedly ranks first among royal golfers, and in fact takes high place among the leading amateurs of his country. His drives are long. In this particular championship I saw him pass the 300yds. mark on several occasions. His work round the greens has always been of high standard, but perhaps the most noticeable feature of his play which first catches the eye is his exceptionally wide stance. When sanity once more returns to the world I am convinced that little Belgium, through the enthusiasm of her King, will play a prominent part in continental golf.

Any reference to the active participation in the game by royalty would, however, be sadly incomplete were mention not made of the contributions by our own sovereign and his brothers.

King George first made his acquaintance with the game when, he and the Duke of Windsor, as boys, played at Newquay, that delightful haven of peace along the Atlantic coast. That his first impressions should have been so favourable is understandable, for this club, which traces its history back to 1894, possesses an idyllic layout, with the famous headland, sandy bays, and extensive Cornish moors as a picturesque setting.

King George shares with King Leopold a similar distinction regarding public appearance in golf. Just as the Belgian king is the first monarch to take part in a championship, so our sovereign is the only member of the royal family to have figured in an exhibition game.

This was at the official opening of the nine-holes course at Ton Penre in South Wales which had been constructed by miners in their off-time. The King, then Duke of York, had as his partner Captain Basil Brooke and was opposed by Mr. Frank Hodges, the miners' M.P., who had issued the challenge, and Mr. Evans, the chairman of the Mining Association.

The match was played under extreme difficulties. The trouble lay in the fact that the majority of the miners who formed the gallery, knew next to nothing about golf etiquette, and were so eager to obtain front-seat views that they surged forward as the unfortunate players were about to play their shots. The crowning incident came when a stray dog decided to take an active part in the proceedings and ran off with the Duke's ball after he had putted. To meet the unusual situation it was ruled that the putt should be played again without penalty. After many and varied adventures the match drew to a close, the royal partnership having to admit defeat by 2 and 1. Before leaving, the Duke was presented with a set of pipes by a girl in the Welsh national costume, and so ended a truly memorable occasion.

If he could only devote more time to the game King George would become a first-class player and many of us recall how well he came through that most trying ordeal of playing himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1930.

The keenest golfer of the royal brothers is, of course, the Duke of Windsor. He is the most widely-travelled golfing ambassador this country has ever had. His extensive perigrinations have taken him all over the globe, and wherever possible he has played golf. The Duke of Kent, on the other hand, has not displayed such keenness, but at the same time has always followed the game with interest. His visit to St. Andrews last year on the first day of the Walker Cup match was greatly appreciated by the American team.

The mention of Belgium has caused us to reflect upon the appearances of royalty on the course. The reference to Holland takes us into the remote past, to that vexed question as to whether the royal and ancient game had its origins in this land of clogs.

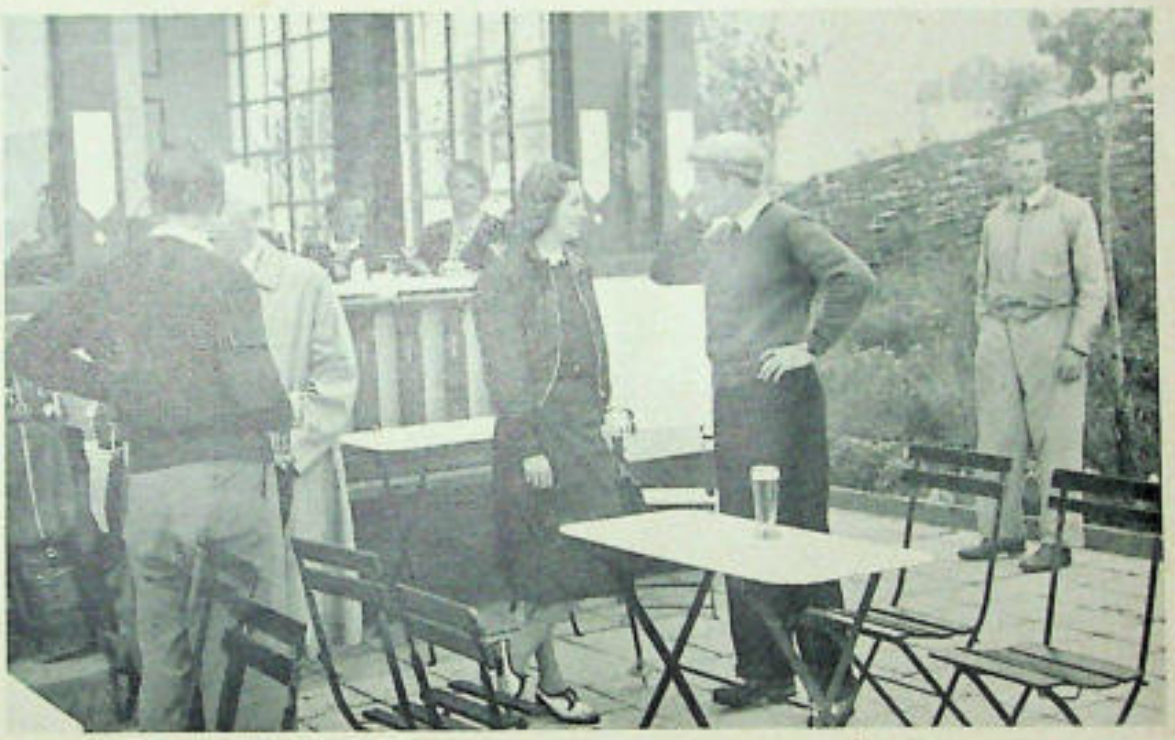
It is only a few months ago since I walked by the side of their canals which reflected something of the surrounding peace and calm. Now those same waterways form a vital part of the national system of defences. They safeguard not only human lives, but such priceless art treasures as the Rembrandts and Holbeins at The Hague and in Amsterdam. The last-named city contains in the Rijks Museum a painting that is of particular interest to golfers. It is "The Eve of St. Nicholas," by Jan Steen (1626–1679).

The scene it depicts is of a typical family grouping in which the youngest child has just received a present. The figure that demands our attention is a young boy in the background holding a club and ball. The interesting point is that they are quite different from the ones traditionally used in the game of kolven, which is still played in parts of North Holland. The ball in the painting is not so big, and the club has quite a whippy shaft, as though designed to propel the ball greater distances. It is therefore on the borders of possibility that a form of Scottish golf was played by the children of old Holland.

If so, then one of its finest descendants has just come into our midst in the person of Jonkeer Michiels van Verduynen, the new Netherlands Minister to London. This 6ft. athletic-looking diplomat has twice won his country's golf championship, and although now 55 years of age, can still play a good game. It would be a delight to see him play in a match against the Hon. Michael Scott, who, at the same age, in 1933, became the oldest player to win the British Amateur Championship.

His advent swells the number of golfing diplomats in this country, but I often wonder why it is that more do not play, because the opportunities of getting to know one's partner intimately during a friendly, offer excellent opportunities to those called upon to fathom the British character.

It is, of course, impossible to dogmatise even here, for if it were always so, then Herr von Ribbentrop would have profited from his experiences in this country. During his stay he played sufficient golf to have surely read the British character, but even on his first visit to Gleneagles he was quiet and repressed, and a man who can be like that amid surroundings of such perfect beauty is quite capable of being unable to recognise other absolute values!



AN INFORMAL GROUP AT THE ROYAL ZOUTE CLUBHOUSE
The King of the Belgians has placed his glass of beer on the table and is talking to Mrs. Peter Clive. From left is Peter Clive with Sir Robert Clive, Ambassador to Belgium, and on the extreme right Aubrey Boomer, professional at the Waterloo Golf Club



IRISES BY THE SEASHORE

"I know a seashore garden where surplus irises were thrown out almost within reach of the waves, and the effect of these lovely flowers with the sea for a background is enchanting"

RENOVATING THE IRIS BORDER

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IRISES have become such a cult during the last few years that in many gardens they make the chief display in June. I know one garden where the lawn immediately below two sitting-room windows has a large raised iris garden (about a foot high) laid out in the form of a figure eight, with the usual curves replaced by straight lines, and there is a small square in the middle. The sides are supported by rough stones and over these grow aubrietias in mixed colours. The effect for the greater part of early summer is both attractive and unusual.

At this time of year the iris garden usually needs attention. If left for over three years the plants deteriorate, the foliage becomes poor and the petals thin in texture. They need careful lifting, and if they are to be divided this should never be done when labour is short. They need neither staking nor watering, and can usually be left to themselves for three seasons. They are among the exceptionally healthy plants and it is slugs that are the real worry. These pests like the young eyes and, with a discerning taste, they invariably attack the more expensive varieties, leaving the commoner sorts untouched.

Meta and bran make almost any plants slug-proof, and in rainy parts it is not a bad plan to put this mixture (a large handful of bran with one meta tablet well crushed and mixed up in it) in little tin boxes, about the size of matchboxes, with holes pierced in the sides so that the slugs can get at the bait easily. Slugs are so fond of bran that they will leave even young French beans and lettuces alone to secure it.

Rhizome rot is the only serious disease from which irises suffer and it is easily discernible, for the leaves come out with the slightest pull and the rhizomes are shiny and soft. Every diseased plant has to be dug up and all the infected parts cut with a clean knife dipped in a strong disinfectant. The plant and leaves should be dipped in a solution of permanganate before replanting in fresh soil. The solution should be a good pale pink.

Irises are amongst the few plants that look equally well either in a formal garden or in the wild garden. I know a seashore garden where surplus irises were thrown out almost within reach of the waves, and the majority of them flourished so well that each year the surplus is added, and now the effect of these lovely flowers, with the sea for a background and almost within range of the spray, is enchanting. The irises probably do so well on this site because it fulfils two conditions essential for them, *i.e.*, a sandy, very well-drained soil and full sun. Frequently irises are planted with a background of flowering shrubs, and while this is ideal in some ways it is not the same as sun all day.

In another garden I know there is a field immediately adjoining the garden proper and across this a straggling path leading to the village. The path has gradually been planted on both sides with surplus irises and beyond are drifts of lupins. Both irises and lupins are rabbit-proof so there is no trouble in that direction. Some lupin seed is saved each year and the seedlings planted out in large, informal drifts.

Irises want little, but that little they must have; sufficient sun, a perfectly drained soil, sufficient lime in some form (mortar rubble seems particularly to their liking) and feeding. No animal manure should ever be added to the soil. Choice irises are best top-dressed with leaf mould annually, or bone meal is an excellent manure for them. On sandy soils the plants flourish almost without attention, and I have had them flowering splendidly planted almost on the top of privet roots—I do not know any other handsome plants which tolerate these conditions. On heavy soils they afford a problem. It is useless to plant them unless the soil is thoroughly lightened, and even then it is best to give them a raised bed if possible.

The oldest cultivated iris is *I. florentina*, which is the source of orris powder. The old name for this iris was Flower of Light (*fleur de luce*) and it used to be a favourite for church decoration. In mediæval times orris root and aniseed were used for scenting linen. Its perfume is delicious, and it is still an iris which deserves a place in every garden, for it is one of the loveliest white flowers. The dwarf early-flowering irises are becoming more popular for use as edgings to iris beds and for the rock garden, though I prefer them as edgings. The earliest is Atroviolacea and the most attractive is Lieutenant X. de Chavagnac, which is a pleasing reddish-purple and slightly scented.

THE CULTIVATION OF RASPBERRIES

AMONGST the soft fruits few give so profitable a crop from a small space as raspberries, and, like Gooseberries, they do particularly well in the North of England and Scotland. In many gardens considerably more space is being given during war-time to all the small fruits.

If raspberries are included it is no use planting them in poor, hungry soil, for they are greedy feeders. Unlike most fruits they are surface feeders, the important roots being the ones near the surface, as the long woody roots merely hold the plants securely. Planted on poor soil these surface roots cannot get enough moisture, and, as a result, produce thin inferior canes which are not robust enough to carry even a fair crop.

It is for this reason also that raspberries should never be planted near large fruit trees. It is a common blunder to use up vacant space near fruit trees in this way, and the results are disastrous, for it is impossible for them to get sufficient moisture or food on such a site. Wild raspberries, it is true, grow in part shade, but the cultivated varieties which produce an abundant crop of large fruits must have a position in full sun.

The ground should be trenched two spits deep and plenty of humus should be incorporated in both spits. Planting is best done this month and not deferred till later. The best arrangement is to have them in rows, as this makes staking and picking easy, and the rows should run north and south to secure the maximum of sun; 6ft. should be allowed between the rows and 2ft. between the plants. Another common mistake is to crop between the rows. This is most unwise, even with lettuces.

Except in very sheltered parts it is essential to put in stout poles at the ends of the rows and to run wires or strong tarred twine between them. In the case of very long rows the poles have to be put in every 12ft., otherwise the wires or twine would sag. The wires or twine are not merely to prevent the canes being battered in high winds, but also to support them when loaded with fruit.

It is very important not to plant raspberries too deep. The white buds at the tops of the roots are usually easily discernible, and if these are put in more than 2in. deep on heavy, or 3in. on light soil, they perish, with the result that there are no young canes the following season. After planting make the soil very firm and cut back the canes to within 2ft. of the ground. It was formerly the custom to cut them back within 6in. of the ground, but this system is now condemned, for the canes may be cut back to only blind buds. In spring, when the healthy buds show clearly, the canes can be cut back to one of these buds within a foot of the ground.

The pruning of established raspberries is frequently deferred till autumn. This is a mistake, for the young canes need all the light and air they can get, and weak growths left on for weeks after they should have been cut out sap the vitality of the plants. Six canes at the most should be left on each stool. Frequently young canes spring up well out of the line, and these are best lifted and used to make a new plantation.

Care should be taken to take only those suckers that have been thrown up by healthy and prolific plants. Even with good stock it is unwise to continue with this method of propagation for long. It does not pay in these days to waste ground on fruit that is steadily depreciating.

The time that a raspberry plantation lasts depends on the nature of the soil and the variety. Six years is usually the limit on light soils and rather longer on thoroughly well prepared rich soil. In my childhood cottagers regarded raspberries as a more or less permanent plantation, but in those days all fruits in cottage gardens were liberally fed with natural manure. Consequently the plants were very healthy and disease far less frequent than now.

Most gardeners top the raspberries in March to strengthen the canes and the rows should be done evenly if possible. The tall growing kinds should be topped so that they are left about 4ft. 6in. high, and the dwarfer kinds 3ft. 6in. high. A little extra tying is usually necessary at this time. Young canes should never be tied up tightly the first time, namely, when the old canes have been cut out, for they mature better if loosely tied. It is in spring they need firmer tying to support them well during the fruiting season.

Everyone has their favourite amongst raspberries. Mine is Baumforth's Seedling, a very strong grower and delicious, with deep red fruits. Park Lane is usually regarded as the epicure's choice, but it is apt to suffer from die-back. The universally popular Lloyd George usually does best treated as an autumn fruiting variety.

These autumn fruiting varieties require rather different pruning to the summer fruiting kinds. After planting in autumn cut the canes to within a foot of the ground in February, and on the young canes produced during spring and summer fruit is borne in autumn. In late spring or early summer these new growths are thinned, leaving six to a clump. It is essential to support the autumn fruiting kinds, because they bear their fruits towards the tops of the canes and not the whole length, and so are very top-heavy. If making a new plantation in war-time it is best to get Lloyd George, as then fruit will be secured the first season. E. S. R.

WIREWORMS AND SUGAR BEET. Wireworm attack on the sugar beet crop is only important in the early stages; that is, before, and for a short while after, singling. Subsequent feeding on the roots is of little consequence. Where grassland has been ploughed in the spring and the turf has been buried deeply and efficiently, losses due to wireworms are much less serious during the first year than in the second. There is abundance of evidence in support of this conclusion. In fact, it is confidently believed that when the ploughing is done in this manner there is little need to fear a bad wireworm attack during the first year with a wireworm population up to 500,000 per acre. Recent investigations have shown beyond doubt that heavy seeding and interdrilling with wheat together give a definite measure of protection to the crop.

WINTER SPRAYING OF ORCHARDS

Tar Distillate Washes and Insect Egg Control

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



THE KNAPSACK SPRAYER AT WORK

IN the original *Recommendations for Growers of Horticultural Crops* sent out by the Ministry of Agriculture at the beginning of the war, these words appear, "During the period of war the amount of fruit imported will be below normal and growers should be encouraged to produce the maximum crops from established trees. Growers should be urged to increase their sprayings." The most important of all these sprayings is undoubtedly the Winter Tar Distillate washing. The tar oil does seem to be the one effective insurance which will ensure healthy crops.

The tar distillate wash should be used during the dormant season as a matter of routine. It is better to get this spraying over before Christmas, for weather conditions are usually more suitable then than after the turn of the year. Further there are varieties of soft fruits, and top fruits too, for that matter, which are liable to spray injury if winter washing is delayed until January or February. The falling of the flower buds of plums just before the blossom period is often attributed to birds, but it can easily be due to tar wash injury, if the application is made in January or February.

There are some varieties of apples, such as Cox's Orange Pippin, Stirling Castle, Newton Wonder, Grenadier, Beauty of Bath and Gladstone which show signs of tar oil injury if this spray is applied after December 31st. Many others on the other hand can be tar oiled until the end of March, providing a 5% solution is used. Where a 10% solution is applied it should never be used on *any variety* after the end of February.

Early spraying is therefore advisable and all fruit growers should endeavour to carry out their winter washing within the next few weeks.

In small orchards of a couple of acres or so, time is not of as great importance as on farms where the acreage of fruit is 80, 100 or even 300 acres. With a restricted acreage the spraying can be carried out with a hand pump. With such machines as the Cascade (manufactured by Messrs. Cooper, Pegler & Company), a pressure from 200lb. to 300lb. per sq. inch may be maintained. High pressure is useful for it ensures that the wash impinges with force on to the bark of the tree and so gives greater insect egg kill. It also ensures that the tar oil gets into all the nooks and crannies, and further, it allows the job to be done in the minimum amount of time.

The larger fruit farm will, of course, use a motor power spraying unit, which may enable the wash to be put on at 400lb. or even 500lb. pressure at the nozzle. Where possible the sprayman should ride on the machine and thus the work is done with very little labour. Such a spray plant is light and compact, has wide steel wheels or rubber tyres and has a tank which holds sufficient spraying material to last for 30 minutes' work.

The tar distillate wash does control many important pests. It prevents the tremendous damage done by the Apple Sucker to blossoms each year. It controls the numerous species of scale insects. It eradicates all the masses and lichens and removes the loose bark which provides a cover for many a pest. Applied at 10% it gives astonishingly good control of the caterpillars of the Winter Moth and Tortrix group and will materially reduce, if not destroy altogether, the colonies of Woolly Aphides.

It is equally successful in smothering the eggs of the various types of aphides which attack root trees, for instance, the "Blue Bug" or hop-damson aphis on plums, the black aphis which attacks the cherries and other stone fruits, and the "green" aphides, which do a great deal of damage to apples, gooseberries, black currants, raspberries and the like.

It is not really necessary to spray pears every year for they are seldom attacked with aphides. They do, however, want washing every third year or so in order to remove the moss and lichen and generally clean the trees. Filberts and cob nuts should not be sprayed for fear of damaging the female flowers and nor should strawberries. Blackberries and loganberries, however, usually respond favourably to tar distillate washing and so should be sprayed in addition to the raspberries.

Those who are planting young trees will get the most economical results from dipping instead of spraying. A large tankful of the solution should be made up and the trees should be dipped in before they are carried out into the field to be planted. This not only saves time and wash but it obviates going over the ground once more and treading round the trees.

The tar distillate wash is black when it emerges from the can, and turns pure white mixed with water. This is a great advantage for it is quite easy for the operator to see whether the tree has been covered completely. It is important to wet thoroughly the branches as well as the trunk, and right to the tips, too. It is often on the spurs and end growths that the eggs are laid.

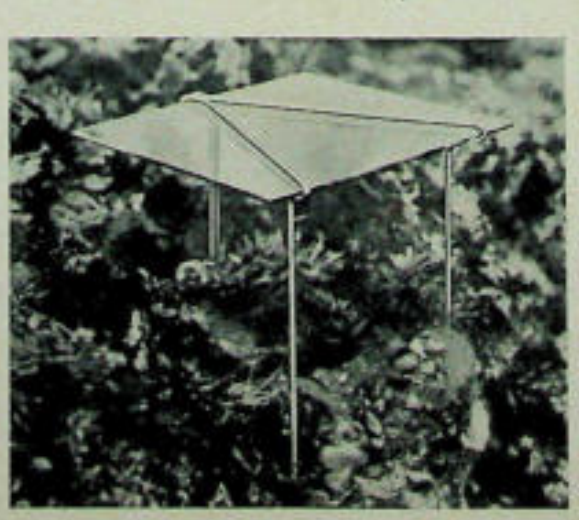
A large number of manufacturers have given an assurance to the Ministry of Agriculture that their Miscible Tar Distillate Winter Wash conforms to the specification for this type of wash as issued in 1938. The list includes Messrs. Plant Protection, Ltd., of Yalding, Kent; Messrs. William Butler, St. Phillips, Bristol 2; Messrs. Walter Voss & Co., Carlton Works, Millwall, E.14; The Pan Brittanica Industries, Waltham Cross, Herts; The Lawes Chemical Company, Barking, Essex; Messrs. Bugges Insecticides, Sittingbourne, Kent; Messrs. W. J. Craven & Company, of Evesham; The Murphy Chemical Company, of Wheathampstead, Herts; and Messrs. Burt, Bolton & Haywood, of Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.2. Any of these firms will be glad to give quotations to fruit growers.

Commercial fruit growers often enquire whether it would be advisable to omit using the tar distillate wash one season. The answer is NO. Tar oiling is one of the sprayings that should never be omitted—until of course something better turns up to take its place!

WORK IN THE GARDEN

EVERY winter takes its toll. How often have you heard keen amateurs say, "Now, I wonder where that plant has got to?—It was so beautiful last year and it seems to have disappeared completely. Is it slugs, I wonder? Or could it be the frost?"

This is the time to think about giving those somewhat tender plants some protection and then they will be able to face the coming rigours of winter with boldness. Determine this war year not to lose any plants. Many of us will have to do more in our garden owing to the economies we are practising with labour, and this is the kind of simple, yet important, job that no one is too much of a beginner to carry out.



WINTER PROTECTION

A sheet of glass held in special clips a foot or so over an alpine plant

Do not be over zealous in tidying up for the winter. Many plants get sufficient protection if the old growth is left intact. I prefer for instance not to cut back red hot pokers, catmint, delphiniums, gaillardias and pyrethrums.

Never allow water to lodge in and around the crowns of plants. Tiny little channels may be made, if necessary, with a trowel or spade, so as to get excess moisture away to the edge of the border. Old hollow flower stems are a snare and a delusion, for water will collect in these.

Slugs will attack delphiniums, lupins and perennial scabious as well as many other plants. They may be trapped by the use of bran and powdered meta fuel. A saltspoonful of meta fuel to a handful of bran is quite sufficient. Sprinkle this over the border one fine dry evening. Repeat again, say, once a month or once a fortnight if the weather is wet. Finely ground copper sulphate and hydrated lime may be mixed together in equal quantities, and this, when sprinkled round precious plants in a ring, provides a barrier no slug can pass.

Some plants love lime. The perennial scabious, gypsophila, and the pyrethrum are three examples. These can have protection given them in the form of hydrated lime—a handful can be thrown over each plant. The scabious will often stand as much as a shovel full!

Continuous cloches can play their part in giving the necessary protection without coddling. It is the open ends and the spaces between the individual panes of glass that provide continual ventilation. Rock plants, particularly those with soft or spidery web-like leaves, suffer severely from excess of moisture in the winter. Cloches are invaluable here for preventing the crowns from getting wet, or sheets of glass may be held in special clips, provided for the purpose, a foot or so over the plants. These give the necessary rain protection.

The best way of protecting plants that keep their leaves during the winter, like red hot pokers, is to loop up the leaves to a point and tie them round into this position with soft green cotton twine. Plants with soft large leaves that lose them in the winter, like the eremurus, can be best protected if a little wire netting cage is made over the ground, and this is covered with bracken or dry straw. The wire netting protector saves the crowns from being damaged by a solid wet mass of straw which might easily form in rainy winter. The litter should be removed from time to time and replaced.

Other methods of protection that may be carried out is the screening of tender shrubs from the east and north winds with sacking, the covering of tender climbers and fruit trees like the fig with old netting, and the protection of plants in pots such as bay trees or hydrangeas by standing them in some protected corner and heaping leaves around them.

W. E. S.-C.

HARDENING WINTER GREENS

THERE is always a danger that winter greens that have been growing profusely during a mild autumn will get a severe check directly the first hard spell comes. The curly kales, the sprouting broccoli, the winter cauliflower, the borecole, has this year grown rather sappily, owing to the wet weather in late October and early November.

Many a gardener has congratulated himself on the growth of his plants, only to have been very sorrowful after the first two or three hard frosts. It is advisable, therefore, to try and harden the plants immediately so as to prepare them for the coming rigour.

This can be done if a long tined fork is pressed down perpendicularly beside each plant it is hoped to harden. The handle of the fork should then be levered down in an attempt to lift the plant, and as soon as the tap root snaps (it is quite easy to hear this, or feel it), the fork may be withdrawn, the soil trodden down again around the plant, and the next kale, broccoli, or whatever it may be, treated in a similar manner. It does not take long for the tissues of the leaves to harden.

Sulphate of potash may be given also at 3oz. to the square yard, or wood ashes used as a substitute at ½lb. to the square yard. The main operation is, however, this particular form of root pruning.

HARVESTING—THE MODERN WAY

By REGINALD DAVEY

Mr. Davey, whose articles on estate matters have been appearing regularly in the "Field," has recently contributed a series of considerable interest to owners of woodlands. They have been as follows: "Restocking Private Woodlands" November 11th and 18th; "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd

WHATEVER may be the origin of the expression "hangers," those woods of beech and oak which line the sides of a road passing along a winding valley, there can be no question as to their beauty, nor as to the aptness of the term. The woods, separated from the road by a few hundred yards of rising sward, and with farm lands visible above, appear in very truth as if hanging from the heavens. It is invidious to declare that one example is more beautiful than another, but surely a high place must be accorded to those at Faccombe in Berkshire, just south of Newbury.

A visit to this tiny village gave a welcome opportunity for making the acquaintance of this beauty spot, and the discovery, unsuspected amidst the leisured peace of the countryside, of one of the most modern examples of complete mechanisation of corn harvesting brought to perfection in this country. Does the replacement of man and horse labour by machines remove something from the countryside? I do not think so, for where there is a farm there will always be horses, which do many operations cheaper and better than machines. There will always be the horse moving unhurriedly along the lane, the reason, some misguided folk say, why farming does not pay. I do not think that the tractor-drawn harvester is any less in place in the rural scene than the less efficient horse-drawn reaper. Less efficient, only relatively, because for that special task the machine can perform more in a day, work longer hours, do it all cheaper.

Certainly at Faccombe, on the farm of the Hon. E. B. Butler-Henderson, the ageless traditions of the land remain, preserved as if by the fine beech hangings, unalterable. But the methods are very different. With some 700 acres of land under corn the machines were silent and housed for another year when I arrived, on a very different mission, early in October. While on other farms the thresher was doing his noisy, smoky and dusty rounds, Mr. Butler Henderson's corn had been threshed some time, and some of it already on the market.

I saw two combine harvesters, huge machines, drawn by tractors, and with their own built-in crude oil engines, used not for propulsion, but for operating the threshing plant. Twelve feet of corn is cut in a single sweep, and the corn and straw are elevated into the threshing drum. There the corn is beaten out of the ears, and the straw ejected either tied in bundles, or, if too green, spread for drying in the sun. This is particularly useful for barley straw, which often beats in a year when the seeds have grown more than usual.

The corn is then bagged on the machine, so that instead of the usual sheaves of corn, the machine delivers straw and sacks of corn. The corn is next taken to a modern version of the granary, lacking perhaps some of the charms of its predecessors, but having instead the beauty of utility and its aggressiveness softened by nearby rows of conifers.

Within this building are corn bins on the grand scale that one would expect. Huge receptacles stretching from end to end of the building, and from floor to ceiling, fed by wooden shoots, along which the corn is passed by compressed air.

The corn, on passing into the machine, is treated first by a very ordinary and satisfying looking winnower, which removes the husks. The only traditional item in the complex machine, the winnower appeared to inspire confidence and to give just that link with the past which made the whole undertaking feasible and practical instead of fantastic. The corn was next allowed to drop on to a moving metal platform, where its depth and speed of progress are under control, and through which a regulated supply of hot air passes, so as to reduce the moisture content to a carefully predetermined figure. This calculation is the most critical of all, for upon its accuracy depends the keeping qualities and value of the produce.

The dried corn is then treated with jets of cool air, after which it can be dealt with in a variety of ways. It can be led direct into sacks, for early transport to market. It can be elevated to any one of the corn bins. Whatever its resting place, elaborate steps are taken to ensure absence of damage by vermin, complete dryness to avoid mildew, and the due emptying of the bins, so that there be no accumulation of stale corn at the bottom.

A tremendous undertaking, and a great tribute both to the inventor, and to those like Mr. Butler-Henderson, who have the courage to invest large capital sums in a manner which now greatly adds to the security of the realm. It is a little reminiscent of another advance of recent years, the machine which cuts grass when fairly short, and immediately dries it, turning it out in sackfuls still green, but dry and with most of the nutrient value of the pasture retained. I saw one operating at the Sussex County Show a year or so ago, and to anyone who has not seen it it would be a revelation of the compact and comparatively simple manner in which the great problem of conservation of grass supplies has been overcome.

Unfortunately these machines still involve a large, in fact, very large outlay of capital, and call for either farming on the grand scale, or an association of farmers, to make them workable. Another implement of this kind, the gyrotiller, every year becoming more widely known, has been popularised by being bought and hired out by steam ploughing merchants. From personal experience I can testify to the good work done by this tool, to the neat way in which it moves, even in the confined space of a triangular one-and-a-half acre estate nursery, and to the tremendous aid to production. To stir land up to a depth of 24in., and yet to bring none of the sterile subsoil to the surface, is an operation of which our fathers dreamed. Its importance is clear when the depth to which ordinary crop roots penetrate is commonly 3ft., and sometimes double this.

Farming progresses, with bigger and better crops more cheaply grown, and more expeditiously reaped. Of such stuff is progress, but the essential countryside remains, as unaltered as by the equally revolutionary introduction of turnips by Mr. Townsend, or of the Leicester sheep by the ancestors of the present Coke's of Weasenham in Norfolk.



THE MODERN METHOD: CUTTING BARLEY WITH A COMBINE HARVESTER ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS NEAR WYLYE. THIS ACTUAL PIECE OF LAND WAS ILLUSTRATED AS RECLAIMED IN THE *FIELD* OF FEBRUARY 19TH, 1938

PIG PROBLEMS

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

THESE are difficult times for all farmers, when no one quite knows how, or where, he stands, or what demands may be made on him to increase food production in one way, or another.

Especially difficult is the path of those who maintain live stock, for, apart from sheep, the majority of our animals are fed, as regards about 75 per cent. of their concentrated rations, on imported food stuffs.

A good many folk are apt to blame the farmer for having allowed himself to be pushed into this position, and I have frequently been one of the critics, but it must be remembered that there have always been two national values set upon agriculture, one for peace and the other for war.

During peace time, agriculture has been the Cinderella of all industry, something to play with and to bring to the front, or push to the back, just as it suited Party Politics.

In war, however, every government has been brought to realise the vital importance of the land, and the kindly fruits of the earth, and then it is,

and only then, that agriculture has come into its own. Incidentally a position it has only been allowed to enjoy for a very brief while.

To-day the demands made upon agriculture are great, and while arable land farmers, and those who have put the major portion of their farms to grass, may feel that they are being called upon to bear the brunt, yet . . . I would remind them that stock breeders and feeders too, are being called upon to play a very big part in helping to win the war, because they are being asked to remodel their system of feeding, and to adapt themselves, as well as they can, to the production of more home-grown feeding stuffs.

When one has been accustomed to sending an order to the cake and corn merchants, and have foodstuffs delivered as regularly as clockwork by the fleet of lorries kept for this purpose, it comes as a shock to find that the major portion of rations will have to be produced by the work of the plough.

Lately pig breeders have told me they are going through a rough time, for, just at present barley meal is hard to come by, and substitutes for this, the most popular of feeding stuffs for pigs, are not easy to find.

Then, too, mids (or wheatings as they are generally called now) are not so nourishing as they were, for the simple reason that milling takes a greater toll from them, to the extent of about 10 per cent, which now goes into flour, and which previously went to offals.

It is true that barley can be bought about £10 per ton (to include the cost of grinding), but the demand for this, just, now, exceeds the supply.

On top of this the 15 - per score price fixed for bacon pigs is not enough to make it worth while feeding pigs to bacon weight, for to do so is to court a loss, and that is just what the farmer cannot stand, with cash so short. Then, too, the store pig trade of late has fallen right away, and as against small stores just off their dam selling up to 30 - apiece, quite recently they have dropped away to 15/- to 18/-, a price that leaves no margin upon which to work. It is these fluctuations in the pig market that make the pig breeder's and feeder's lot so precarious, while the shortage of feeding stuffs, albeit a temporary one we hope, makes it difficult for the pig producer to see daylight.

It is generally reckoned that 4lb. of steamed potatoes are equal in feeding value to 1lb. of barley meal, and after all more potatoes can be grown to supply this essential food per acre here at home, than barley.

Undoubtedly the most perplexing question with which the farmer is now faced is the one of feeding stuffs, and how he can tide things over until supplies are more abundant, and easier to obtain.

It is too late to put in crops now to provide feeding stuffs next season, and all he can do is to plan his rotations for next year, having due regard to spring cropping, and what he can sow in the way of catch crops and mixed corn crops to supplement what feeding stuffs he can buy.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

THE increase in prices guaranteed for wheat and oats, announced in Parliament by Mr. W. S. Morrison recently, is probably the most encouraging news farmers have had since war was declared. The standard price of wheat is to be raised from 45/- to 49/6 per quarter (or from 10 - to 11/- per cwt.) and the standard price of oats from 24 - to 27/- per quarter (from 8 - to 9 - per cwt.). These increases relate to wheat sold during the present cereal year and to oats grown for harvesting in 1939. The barley market will remain free.

The object of the increase is to assist farmers in growing a larger cereal acreage for 1940, out of the proceeds of the 1939 crops and to encourage others to follow suit. It is realised that farmers' costs have risen in some directions and also, as the Minister of Agriculture has pointed out, farmers are now being asked to carry out farming operations that would not be economic at pre-war prices. The higher prices should make bank managers feel happier where the ploughing up has to be financed through overdrafts.

It will be noted that the standard price of oats is referred to as 27 - per quarter, or 9 - per cwt. This does not indicate any change in the structure of the oats scheme, by which growers of oats are paid the subsidy on the basis of acreage and not per quarter or per cwt. of oats. It means, in effect, an increase of 14/- per acre in the rate of subsidy payable (unless the average market price rises above 8 - per cwt. to farmers) on all the land they had under oats in June of this year. It is arranged in this manner (*a*) so that those who grow the oats get their money without the price of oats to buyers being artificially raised; (*b*) to ensure that those who grow oats for their own use receive encouragement to grow the crop and (*c*) to help those growing oats on land that may not give heavy yields. As is now known the primary purpose of the oats scheme is to encourage the production of home-grown feeding stuffs and to make farms, where stock are kept, more self-supporting.

War-time Cropping

It is a very proper belief that to take two corn crops in succession is bad farming. Certainly it is desirable to avoid farming the heart out of the land with a series of wheat crops as was done all too often from 1914 to about 1920. Now, however, we must produce the greatest possible amount of foodstuffs from our soil and if a larger output of such crops as cereals and beans can be obtained by some simple modification of the cropping routine, without detriment to soil fertility, the end would seem to justify the means. Two successive corn crops are an established practice in some rotations, e.g., barley after wheat in a five-course rotation, and oats or barley after oats in a six- or seven-course rotation where the land lies two or three years in grass. In fact, barley thus grown is usually of better quality than when it follows roots, especially if the roots have been fed on the land by sheep.

Discretion and judgment must be used, and the following hints may be useful. The land must be clean; foul land makes the risk of failure too great. A sowing of 2-3 lb. of trefoil and 8-10lb. of Italian rye grass under the corn crop in spring will help to keep down the weeds and provide useful autumn grazing for sheep. Judicious catch cropping will help to meet a reduction in the area under food for stock caused by taking an extra corn crop or ploughing out pastures.

A second corn crop should receive some manure as a matter of course; even if the plant looks well at the beginning of the year, it is liable to finish badly unless given some help. Some nitrogen compound is almost always necessary, in the form of soot, sulphate of ammonia, nitro chalk, or nitrate of soda. Normally, 22 bushels of soot, ¾-1 cwt. sulphate ammonia or 1-1¼ cwt. nitro chalk or nitrate of soda per acre would be enough. Larger dressings might be used for wheat, say, ½ cwt. at seed time, followed by a top dressing of 1 cwt. in April or early May. Phosphates are also needed; they give the corn an early start and hasten maturity and for this special purpose superphosphate is the best material to use.

Both for oats and barley the following mixture is recommended under average conditions:—

Sulphate of ammonia	½ cwt.	per acre applied
Superphosphate (20 per cent.)	2 cwt.	before the
Steamed bone flour	½ cwt.	final harrowing

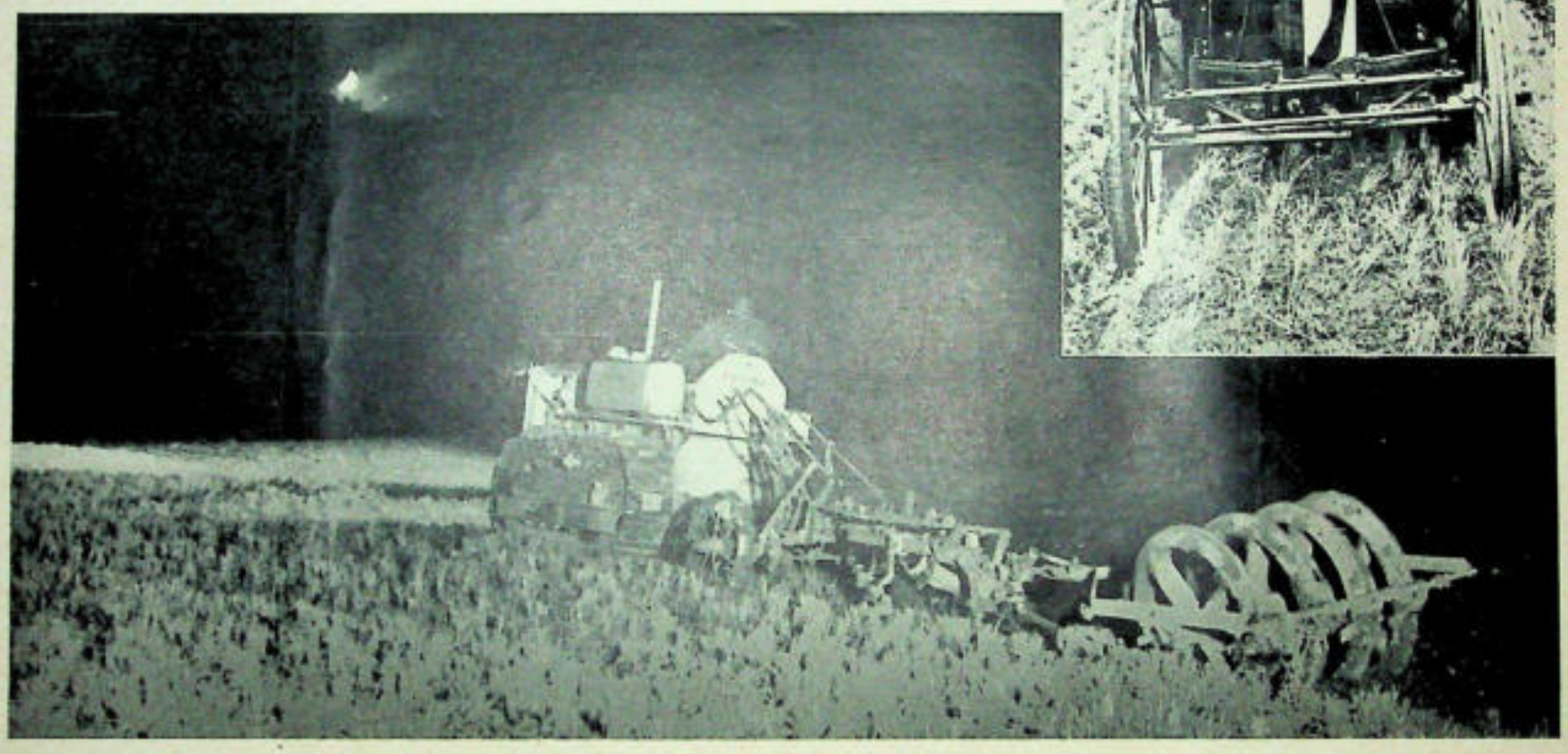
Greenfly and Lettuce

Greenflies attacking lettuce must be kept in check, for they damage the leaves, stunt the plants, and act as carriers of a virus disease known as Mosaic, that causes stunting and yellow mottling of the leaves. This is how winter lettuce may be protected from the infestation that occurs in spring.

At the time of transplanting, which should be done in autumn, in advance of severe weather, the young lettuces should be submerged for three minutes in a nicotine solution composed as follows:

Nicotine (95%, 98%)	1 fluid oz.
(Wetting agent to be used according to maker's instructions)	
Water	9 gallons

This quantity of wash will dip about 1,000 plants at a time and can be used six times over. The plants should be pressed under the solution and very gently moved about during the treatment, great care must be used, for injured plants may fail to grow when set out.





FROM 1916 TO 1939. A RECORD OF TRACTOR PROGRESS

The inset photograph shows Mr. W. E. Rootes, the well-known motor car and aircraft manufacturer, driving one of the early tractors in 1916, during a respite from service in the last war. He is now taking energetic measures to cultivate more land on his Wiltshire estate. The larger picture shows a tractor drawing a five furrow plough and working by the aid of powerful headlamps. A fine idea, but what of the black-out regulations!

YUGOSLAVIA'S COMING OF AGE

By LILIAN F. GRAY

WHATEVER the political situation outside her frontiers, there is one anniversary which Yugoslavia is holding this year with deeply sincere rejoicing, and that is her 21st birthday as a free Slav kingdom, for on December 1st, 1918, was first declared the "Union of all the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes."

Those of us who have visited her year by year have known of the inevitable growing pains which this newly formed nation has fairly naturally had to



CROATIAN PEASANT COSTUMES

endure. Gradually, however, order has come out of chaos, and the recent settlement of differences, long standing and bitter, between Serb and Croat has welded together a solid foundation on which Yugoslavia will go ahead to prosperity. Indeed, no more desirable coming-of-age present to herself could have been conceived.

Not so long ago Yugoslavia was often, in English minds, confused with Czechoslovakia, yet no greater contrast could be imagined. The latter, in spite of its peasant population, was definitely and solely a western Republic, with western ideas. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, is still a bewildering mass of West and East—a complex mixture of western efficiency and eastern indolence.

In the early days of its formation the country called itself the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The late King Alexander, however, thought that this title was both cumbersome to foreigners and contributory cause to petty bickering among his subjects, so later decreed that it should be known as the Kingdom of *Jugoslavija* (Yugoslavia), an embracing designation which literally means "South Slavs."

The country is now divided into nine *banovinas* or districts, for administrative purposes and, generally speaking, is divided into three with regard to the main religions—Serbian Orthodox, Roman Catholicism and Mohammedanism. The different Slavs who make this composite whole are Slovenians, Croatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Dalmatians, Slavonians, Serbians and Montenegrins. Although the same language is common to all, subject to very slight variations in dialect, the differences in feature and characteristic between each type are quite discernible to the competent observer. Each section has its own individual history—Bosnia, Croatia, Serbia and Montenegro have had their kings, Herzegovina and Dalmatia their dukes—but with the exception of Serbia and Montenegro all have been more or less subject to other races from about the eleventh century.

This variety of race, religion, history and outlook offers a never ending interest to the student visitor. Add to these an even greater variety of topographical attractions—snow-clad mountains, lakes, waterfalls, forests, the rivers Sava and other rushing streams, the sunny Dalmatian shore—add again the primitive grandeur of ancient Serbian churches and monasteries, the oriental atmosphere of Mohammedanism in parts of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Serbia, the lonely regions of Karstland, the delicate beauty of Venetian survivals along the Adriatic coast, the sturdy Baroque of Slovenian towns—and you have the secret of a fascination which draws its devotees again and again.

Even the much maligned Belgrade is no exception to this allure. True, it has not the happy atmosphere of Budapest nor the stately buildings of Vienna. Its society has not the worldly sophistication of Bucharest, and its night life cannot vie with that of Paris. Apart from the view from the Kalemegdan Gardens it has little to offer the critical tourist. Belgrade is, quite frankly, more akin to a rapidly expanding provincial town than anything else. From the other side of the river, skyscrapers dominate the scene. Closer investigations reveal cottage-like houses clinging to the great ones' shadows. Within a few minutes from the main thoroughfares are steep cobbled alleys from past eras. Modern restaurants, shops and cinemas line the streets radiating from the Terazije Square, along which flow never-ending streams of limousines and smartly dressed Belgradians, yet the homespun-clad peasant with his oxen cart still so frequently mingles among them as to excite no comment. Orchestras of the few first-class hotels play the latest film and dance numbers, but round the corner the more emotional gypsy bands of the humbler *kafanas* pour forth strange and exotic melodies.



MINARETS AND MOSQUES OF SERAJEVO, TOWN OF TRAGIC MEMORIES

It is this blending of new and old, conventional and bizarre, this not discordant rendering of a Balkan symphony, however, which makes Belgrade so attractive to those who wander there. Besides, the site is saturated with past warring histories, as a visit to the National Museum will amply show. Moreover, there is most interesting country outside to explore. To the north is the Banat, in the villages of which you see notices in Yugoslav, German, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian and Czech; no racial boundary line could be satisfactorily drawn here. To the south is the Sumadija, a quiet agricultural district with soberly clad peasants. To the west of their confluence lies the Sava and Danube. To the east, the strengthened Danube rushes past the vineyards of Smederevo, through the Iron Gates and on to the Black Sea.

The young king's palace lies in the wooded suburb of Dedinje, with Prince Paul's English-styled house close by. Beyond, on Mount Avala—surely one of the most beautiful sites in all Europe—lies the impressive black marble tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

To the average traveller the best known parts of Yugoslavia are Dalmatia and Slovenia. The former has the exquisite medley of joys which an



A MARKET SCENE, SERAJEVO

island studded coast can offer. Architecturally, it is the richest part of the kingdom, with Sibinik, Trogir, Split and Dubrovnik being but the better known jewels of an overflowing casket.

Slovenia is a paradise for mountain lovers, particularly that region crowned by massive Triglav and watered by the lakes of Bled and Bohinj.

Zagreb is the leading town of Croatia, yet although its fine academic buildings give proof of western learning, the market square, with its gaily coloured stall umbrellas and even more gaily clad stall-holders, give reminders of a virile peasant world outside.

South-east lies Sarajevo, heart of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Mohammedan district. Seen from the surrounding hills Sarajevo is like a dream city from "The Thousand and One Nights."

Further south, past the Durmitor Mountains of Montenegro, lies Prizren and Skoplje, where the results of centuries of Turkish domination are still very strong. Here, too, in these somewhat primitive parts, lie virgin forests in which bears are still hunted. Everywhere are streams and lakes abounding in fish. In this regard, *The Mocing Tent*, by Stephen Graham, bids fair to become a south Serbian nature epic.



ON LAKE BLED.—IN THE BACKGROUND IS ITS ISLAND PILGRIMAGE CHURCH

A MOTORIST'S BUDGET

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.

WITHIN the next few weeks many owners will be considering their motoring budget for 1940. Its contemplation will not be a pleasant one with the horsepower tax at 25/-, petrol rationed at approximately 200 miles a month, or 2,400 miles a year, and the price per gallon approaching two shillings. Whether the insurance companies will be able to offer any rebate in view of the reduced distances covered is not known at the time of writing, but if they can the concession will counterbalance to some extent the other price increases.

The outstanding fact brought out by a consideration of one's motoring expenses in these times is the dominating part played by the standing charges. Many owners in adding up what they call motoring expenses take in such items as petrol, oil, tyres and repairs, but often omit fixed charges like tax, insurance, garaging, driving licence and interest on the capital invested in the car. Having overlooked some or all of these items they claim ridiculously low running costs.

The relation between standing charges and running costs naturally varies with the total annual mileage. The standing charges will be the same whether the owner covers three thousand or thirty thousand miles in a twelvemonth. But his running costs will vary directly according to his year's total. The two added together produce a sum which when considered in relation to the year's mileage will produce a figure of so many pence per mile.

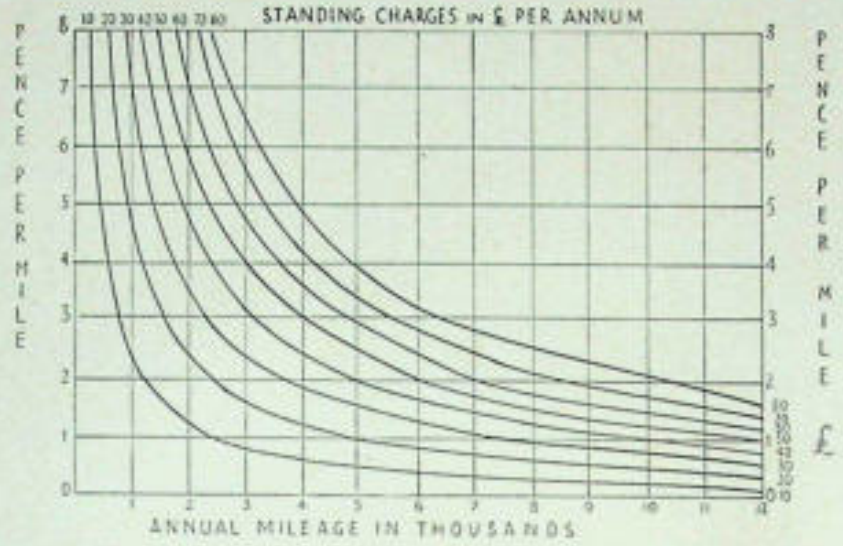


LIGHTS ON PARKED CARS

Where formerly cars could in some places be parked without lights, the law now compels all vehicles to show lights after dark

The accompanying graphs show how standing charges or the overheads of motoring are reduced by mileage when converted into a figure of pence per mile. The curves concern standing charges varying from £10 to £80 per annum plotted in relation to a yearly mileage from nothing up to 12,000, while the vertical columns deal with the pence per mile rate. It is thus an easy matter to arrive at the cost per mile of known overheads in relation to any given mileage. It is obvious, too that the reduced distances due to the rationing of petrol will increase the cost per mile debited to the standing charges out of all proportion to the convenience or pleasure resulting from the use of the car.

To quote the example of an 8 h.p. car. The new tax will be £10, insurance another £8, garaging, say, £17, and interest on capital £5, making a total for the year of £40. If the owner only covers 2,400 miles as allowed by his fuel ration his overheads alone will cost him fourpence a mile. If he is allowed sufficient fuel to cover 12,000 miles this figure will be reduced to .8d. per mile.



THE OVERHEADS OF MOTORING ARE REDUCED BY MILEAGE

The trouble is that the overheads cannot be reduced except by laying up the car. And even then the less the car is used the higher is the cost per mile.

With this prospect it seems certain that not tens of thousands but hundreds of thousands of cars will be laid up for at any rate one or two quarters of the year. The effect on the revenue, which directly or indirectly through the fuel tax drew something like eighty millions from the motorist, will therefore be disastrous. Indeed, so serious will this loss of income be that it has been suggested in some quarters that the proposed tax on horsepower should be reduced instead of being increased with the idea of producing a larger sum than at present seems likely to materialise.

As a side issue on the subject, the recent announcement of the Ministry of Mines on the increase in the price of petrol was accompanied by a warning that it might not always be possible to obtain as suitable brands of fuel as those now available. As some owners are already complaining about the present brand on the score of poor consumption, liability to pink and uncertain starting from cold, the future is not bright.

Most serious of these defects is the difficulty in starting. Presumably this is due to the heavy specific gravity of the pool spirit. A long time ago motorists could purchase what was called aviation spirit which had a specific gravity of .680.

Then came fuel with a figure of .710—.720 known as No. 1, whereas what was called commercial spirit had a specific gravity of .730. Recent tests of pool petrol show its specific gravity at .805 which is approaching that of paraffin which is .815. So that if pool spirit becomes any heavier starting difficulties due to bad vapourisation are certain to occur. One way of counteracting this is to fill the radiator with boiling water before starting, a plan that will also reduce the work thrown on the battery while enabling the starter to spin the engine faster.

Another plan is to fit a device in the inlet pipe designed to atomise the fuel more completely than it is in the normal way. And, lastly, it is now time to change over from summer to winter oil of the lighter kind.

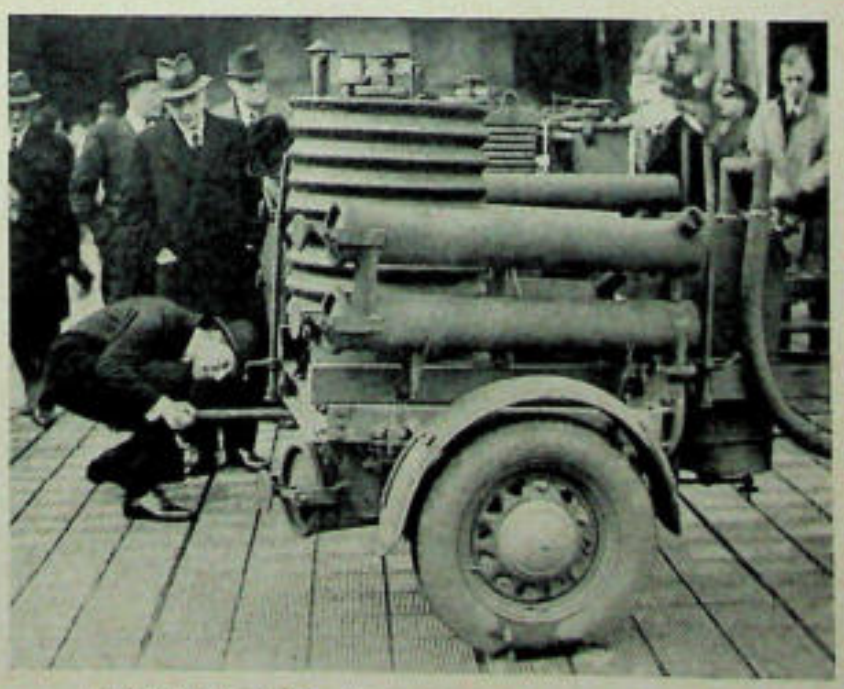
In my last article I noted that whereas it was originally stated by the authorities that the new headlamp mask should be fitted to the offside the regulation was modified subsequently to permit an owner fitting the shield to whichever side he preferred. Apparently one of our leading technical journals was instrumental in securing this modification, for after careful tests it came to the opinion that the nearside fitting was preferable when everything was considered. It is therefore not without interest to find that the other technical journal takes an entirely opposite view, also as the result of extensive tests, and proclaims that the mask should be fitted on the offside. There are doubtless good reasons for both points of view.

Personally I can see fairly well with the mask on the offside lamp and as already noted, the beam is bowl-shaped and wide enough to illuminate both verges of an ordinary two-track road. But there is one point on which I feel strongly, and that is that lighting arrangements should be uniform. At the moment they are anything but that, and to meet some cars with offside headlamps and others with nearside, only adds to the dangers and difficulties of night driving. Also, despite the frequent notices in the press and elsewhere, many drivers are still going about with two headlamps in use. True, one may be masked, but the regulation is that it should not be used at all.

There is also lamentable slackness in the lighting of animals and horse drawn vehicles. Twice within the last few weeks I have nearly been involved in a head to tail collision, once with unlighted horses and once with an unlighted gypsy caravan. The latter was struggling slowly up a long hill an hour after sundown and would constitute a danger to all other overtaking traffic until it reached its parking place at the crest. I was so shaken by this escape that I decided to report the matter to the local police station, but having arrived there I thought otherwise, as I found my own tail lamp was out!

Driving tests are to be revived on January 1st. This news will be appreciated by many young people who have been prevented by the hold-up of the tests from taking a share in piloting the family car. While these tests have achieved something in teaching young motorists the rules of the road as set forth in the Highway Code, they cannot instil road sense into those who do not possess this quality. They may even fail young drivers who have acquired an excellent road sense owing to an apprenticeship served on a bicycle or motorcycle. For some examiners seem to rely more on the letter of a technique partly developed by themselves and partly by the schools than on such virtues as care and consideration for other users of the road. Indeed, I am certain that many experienced motorists with an accident free record extending over hundreds of thousands of miles would be failed if examined by these experts.

No amount of highway and highbrow code or school study can make up for practical road experience or judgment. And it is the possession of these two things to a high degree that makes some drivers accident free for long periods. These men may not be rule of thumb drivers in regard to such details as taking corners, reversing or manœuvring, but they will never be found in a dangerous position while driving. They may not hold the steering wheel in the officially recommended way and their seat may not meet with the examiner's approval. But it may happen to suit them and an accident free record will bear witness to its effectiveness as far as they are concerned.



MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, SECRETARY FOR MINES, INSPECTING A PRODUCER GAS VEHICLE

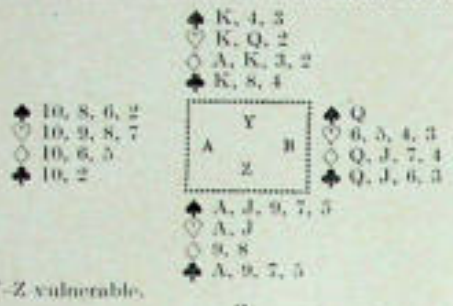
The producer plant is carried on a trailer and the gas conveyed by pipe to the driving vehicle. Various methods of making gas were described in the "Field" of November 11th. As opposed to the use of coal gas for propulsion, which has to be replenished at frequent intervals, enough solid fuel can be carried for producer gas plant to drive for some 200 miles

BRIDGE

AN INTERESTING SLAM HAND

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

THIS week I have been reading a really fascinating book on Bridge by Norman de V. Hart, the Bridge correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is called *The Bridge Player's Bedside Book* and is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 5/-. About forty pages are devoted to a short series of general knowledge papers and answers thereto and the remaining hundred pages are given to forty-one interesting hands taken from play in the last few years. The hands are not restricted to particular systems, but deal with fundamental problems and the way in which they are tackled by the leading European experts. The hands have been very well chosen by a writer who has had considerable opportunities for watching first-class bridge. One of the hands, entitled "A Master's Insight," particularly appealed to me and I think that when I say this is typical of the collection readers will realise the excellence of this book.



Y–Z vulnerable.

Z		Y	
One Spade	Two Spades	Four No Trumps	Six Spades

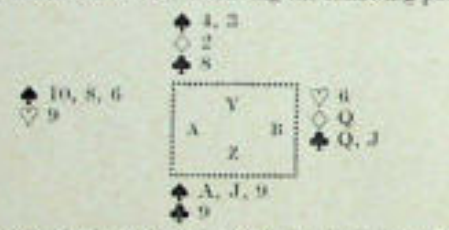
Two Diamonds Four Spades Five No Trumps No Bid

A–B pass throughout.

The play of the hand was interesting in itself, but the subsequent analysis by dummy, who was Dr. Harry Molnar, one of the finest bridge players in Hungary, indicated his remarkable powers of analysis.

The opening lead of the 10 of Hearts was taken by Z's Ace and a small Spade led, taken by Y's King. The fall of the Queen of Spades indicated that Z must find some way to avoid losing a trump trick to A as well as a Club trick.

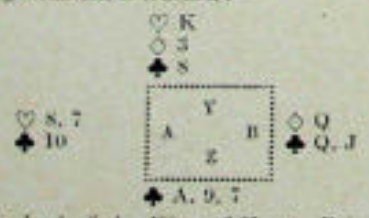
The Ace and King of Diamonds were led and a small Diamond ruffed by Z. Now the Ace and King of Clubs were made and the King and Queen of Hearts, discarding a Club from Z's hand and leaving the following position:



The 2 of Diamonds was now led and ruffed with the Jack of Spades, A discarding a Heart. Now when Z led the 9 of Clubs, A was forced to ruff and lead to Z's A, 9 of Spades for the last two tricks.

Now for Dr. Molnar's analysis. The first point he had to make was that as the hand was played A could defeat the contract by underruffing the Jack of Spades with the 6 of Spades. He could then discard the 9 of Hearts on the Club lead which would be taken by B's Jack of Clubs and then A must make a trump trick.

Dr. Molnar then pointed out that the contract could have been against any defence if at the third trick Z had played a small Spade from dummy, playing the 9 of Spades from his own hand. A's most probable return would have been the 9 of Hearts taken by Y's Queen. Y's Ace and King of Diamonds should now be led, a Diamond ruffed by Z and A's trumps extracted. Dummy should now be entered with the King of Clubs and the following situation is reached:—



On the lead of the King of Hearts B is squeezed, a Diamond discard establishes Y's 3 of Diamonds and a Club discard establishes Z's Clubs.

PROBLEM—NOVEMBER 11th



The 5 of Spades is led against a contract of Three No Trumps. How should Z play the hand?

SOLUTION

After taking the first trick with the Ace or Queen of Spades, Z can see that it is essential that he makes four or five Club tricks and therefore he must play the Clubs so as to guard against a 3-1 or 4-0 distribution. He should therefore lead a small Club and duck in dummy. If the Clubs are divided 3-1 he will then make five Club Tricks. If the Clubs are divided 4-0 he will probably have to duck a second round of Clubs and try to establish the extra trick by finessing in Hearts.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A hard-fought game from the match between Estonia and Sweden.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Keres. (Estonia.)	BLACK. Stahlberg (Sweden.)	WHITE. Keres. (Estonia.)	BLACK. Stahlberg (Sweden.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	29. Q takes R	Q to Q B 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	30. Q to R 3	Kt to Kt 3
3. Kt to Q 2	P to Q B 4	31. R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
4. K Kt to B 3 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	32. Q to Kt 4 (k)	Kt to B sq
5. K P takes P	K P tks P (b)	33. Q to Kt 3	R to K 3
6. B to Kt 5	P to B 5 (c)	34. K to B 2 (m)	P to Kt 5 (n)
7. Castles	B to Q 3	35. P takes P	Q to Kt 5
8. P to Q Kt 3 (d)	P takes P (e)	36. Q to Kt 2	Kt to Q 2
9. R P takes P	Kt to K 2	37. P to Kt 5	P to B 3 (o)
10. R to K sq	Castles	38. P takes P	Kt takes P
11. Kt to B sq	B to K Kt 5 (f)	39. R to Q B sq	R to Q 2 (p)
12. P to B 3	Q to B 2	40. K to Kt sq	R to K sq
13. B to R 3	K R to Q sq	41. Kt to Kt 2	Kt to K 5
14. B to Q 3 (g)	B takes B	42. Kt to B 4	Kt to Kt 4
15. R takes B	Q to B 5	43. K to Kt 2 (q)	B to Kt 5
16. B to K 2	Kt to Kt 3	44. R to B sq	R to K B sq
17. Kt to K 3	B to K 3	45. P to R 4	Kt to B 6 (r)
18. P to Kt 3	Q to Q 3	46. B to K 2 (s)	R takes Kt
19. R to R 2	P to K R 3 (h)	47. B takes Kt (t)	R takes P (u)
20. B to Q 3	B to R 6	48. B takes B	R takes B
21. Kt to Q 2 (i)	Q Kt to K 2	49. Q to K 5 (v)	Q to Kt 3
22. P to K B 4	B to Q 2	50. P to Kt 6	R to Kt 5 (w)
23. Kt to B 3 (j)	P to Kt 4	51. Q tks Q P, ch	K to R 2
24. Kt to K 5	Kt takes Kt	52. R to R 8	Q to B 7, ch (x)
25. B P takes Kt	Q to Q Kt 3	53. K to R 3 (y)	R to Kt 7
26. P to Q Kt 4 (k)	P to Q B 4	54. Q to Kt 8, ch	K to Kt 3
27. P takes P	B takes P	55. P to R 5, ch	K takes P
28. Q to Kt 3	B takes R	56. Q to B 7, ch	Resigns (z)

(a) If K P takes P, then Q takes P leads to an even game.

(b) If 5. . . . Q takes P, then 6. B to B 4 (White's Queen's pawn having been guarded by Kt to K B 3), Q to Q sq; 7. Kt to Kt 5 with an advantage in development to White.

(c) Played to avoid an isolated Queen's pawn, but it does not fulfil its purpose. Black should, instead, play 6. . . . Q to Kt 3, although after 7. Q to K 2, ch, B to K 3; 8. P takes P, B takes P; 9. Castles White, who threatens Kt to Kt 5, has a slight advantage.

(d) A good move.

(e) If, instead, P to B 6, then Kt to Kt sq, followed, if Q to R 4, by Q to K sq, ch, wins a pawn.

(f) Threatening to break up White's King's side by playing B takes Kt.

(g) Threatening 15. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 16. Kt to Kt 5, ch followed by 17. Q takes B.

(h) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5, but it weakens his King's side.

(i) Threatening 22. Q to R 5, B to B sq (the only move to avoid the loss of a pawn); 23. P to K B 4 followed by Kt to B 3 and Kt to K 5.

(j) Grabbing the Queen's pawn and so threatening P to B 4.

(k) Played to prevent P to Kt 5.

(l) White has the better game.

(m) If, instead, 34. B takes P, then 34. . . . B takes B; 35. Q takes B, Q takes P with counter-chances. The text-move is better and White now threatens B takes P.

(n) Best.

(o) A good move.

(p) Preparatory to R to K sq, which, if played at once, would be answered by R to B 6.

(q) Not Kt takes P because of Q to K 3.

(r) A bold move.

(s) White cannot play 47. B takes Kt because of 47. . . . B takes B, ch; 48. K takes B, P to Kt 4.

(t) Possibly White could play 47. P takes R, e.g., 47. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 48. K to R 2 (if, instead, K to Kt 3, then Kt to B 4, ch, White being unable to play K takes B because of Q to Kt 3, ch and mate next move), Q to K 3; 49. R to B 2 (better than B takes B). However, to avoid the dangers of that continuation he decides to give back his advantage in material and remain with a small one in position.

(u) Not 47. . . . B takes R, ch; 48. R takes R, R takes Q P because of 48. Q to K B 2, threatening not only either 50. R to Q 3 or 50. R to R 4 but also 50. R to R 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. Q to B 5, ch, Q to Kt 3; 52. R to R 8, ch. If, instead, 47. . . . Q takes Q P, then 48. Q takes Q, R takes Q or 48. . . . B takes R, ch; 49. R takes R, R takes Q; 50. R to Kt 3); 49. R takes R, R takes R; 50. R to Q Kt sq with a winning advantage for White.

(v) A strong move. If now 49. . . . P to Q 5, then 50. Q to K 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. R to B 8 and wins; or, if, instead, 49. . . . Q to Q 5, then 50. Q to K 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. Q to B 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 52. Q to Q B 8, ch, K to R 2; 53. R to B 8, Q to K 5, ch; 54. K to R 2 (not 54. K to R 3 because of 54. . . . Q to R 8, ch; 55. K takes R, Q to K 5, ch, and Black draws to perpetual check. White being unable to play R to R 1 on account of P to R 4, ch and mate next move), Q to K 7, ch; 55. K to R 3, P to R 4; 56. R to R 8, ch, K to Kt 3; 57. Q to B 6, ch, and wins.

(w) Not Q takes P because of Q to K 8, ch followed by R to B 8.

(x) If 52. . . . Q to Kt 5, then 53. Q to Q 3, ch, P to Kt 3; 54. Q to Q B 3, R to Q 5 (if 54. . . . Q to K 5, ch, then 55. K to R 2. If, instead, 54. . . . Q to K 7, ch, then 55. R to B 2, Q to K 5, ch; 56. K to R 2); 55. P to Kt 7, Q to K 7, ch (if Q to K 5, ch, then K to B 2); 56. R to B 2, Q to K 5, ch; 57. K to R 2 and wins.

(y) White now threatens P to R 5 followed by Q to Kt 8, mate.

(z) If Q to Kt 3 or P to Kt 3, then P to Kt 4, ch, followed by Q to B 4, mate. If K to Kt 4, then Q takes P, ch wins the Rook.

RESHEVSKY'S PLAY

The following game, from the American Chess Federation's Championship Tournament at New York, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master S. Reshevsky.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Horowitz.	BLACK. Reshevsky.	WHITE. Horowitz.	BLACK. Reshevsky.
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	18. Kt takes B	Q to Kt 4
2. P to B 4	P to K Kt 3	19. Kt to Q 4	Q to Kt 3
3. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	20. Q to K 2	K R to Q sq
4. B to Kt 2	Castles	21. P to K 5	Kt to Kt 5 (f)
5. Castles	P to Q 4	22. P to R 3	Kt (Kt 5) to Q 6
6. P takes P	Kt takes P	23. P to Q Kt 4	Kt to R 5 (g)
7. P to Q 4 (a)	Kt to B 3	24. R takes Kt	R takes Kt
8. P to K 4	Kt to Kt 3	25. R takes R	Q takes R (h)
9. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 5 (b)	26. R to K sq	P to Kt 3
10. R to K 2 (c)	Q to Q 2	27. Q to R 6	R to B 7
11. Kt to K 2 (d)	Q R to B sq	28. R to K B sq	Kt to B 6
12. Q to B 2 (e)	P to Q B 4	29. Q takes R P	R takes P
13. P takes P	Kt to R 5	30. Q to R 8, ch (i)	K to Kt 2
14. K R to Q sq	Q to K sq	31. K to R sq (j)	Kt to K 7
15. B to Q 4	B takes B	32. K to R 2	R takes R
16. Q Kt takes B	Kt (R 5) tks B P	33. R takes R	Q to Kt 8, mate
17. P to K R 3	B takes Kt		

(a) A position in the Grünfeld variation of the Indian Defence has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) White has two pawns in the centre, but Black has pressure on Q 4.

(c) White adopts a defensive formation. P to Q 5, to be followed as soon as possible by B to B 4, is better.

(d) Here too P to Q 5 is to be preferred.

(e) R to Kt sq is slightly better.

(f) Black has a good game.

(g) Not R takes Kt because of P takes Kt with the better game for White.

(h) Black's command of the two open files gives him the advantage in position. White cannot play R to Q sq because of Kt to B 6 followed, if Q to Q 2 or Q 3, by Q takes K P.

(i) If 30. R takes R, then not 30. . . . Kt to Q 8 (because of 31. Q to R 8, ch followed by 32. Q to B 3), but 30. . . . Kt to K 7, ch; 31. K to R 2 (if K to B sq, then Q to Q 8, mate), Q takes R; 32. P to K R 4, Q takes P, ch; 33. K to R sq, Q takes P, ch; 34. R to R 3, Q takes R, mate.

(j) K to R 2 at once is only slightly better. Black's reply is Kt to K 7.

END-GAME STUDY

WHITE (3 pieces): King at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q B sq, Knight at K Kt 5.

BLACK (2 pieces): King at K R 3, Bishop at Q B 4.

White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 4041

By F. R. ALLEN.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K Kt 6, Queen at K B 5, Rook at K 3, Bishops at Q Kt 3 and K B 8, Knights at K Kt 2 and Q B 5, Pawns at K 4 and Q Kt 4.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q 5, Queen at K 4, Rook at Q 7, Pawns at Q 2, Q 3, Q B 3 and K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

*Observer, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4040

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

EUWE v. KERES.—We understand that a match between Dr. Euwe (Holland) and P. Keres (Estonia) will be played in Holland at the end of the year.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 544

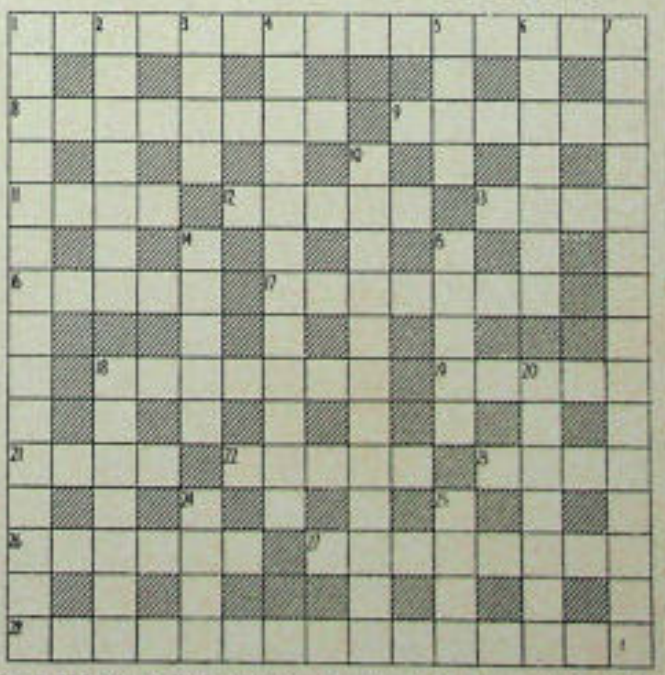
ACROSS.—1. Happening at the same time (15). 8. What this man produces is fiction (8). 9. Poisonous (6). 11. How time goes back (4). 12. Fate this is an asset to a War Minister or a fisherman (5). 13. You are often asked to do this on the dotted line (4). 16. You do this to its anagram when you are roasting it (5). 17. Find the anagram of general and make something bigger (7). 18. Members of one of the tribes of Israel (7). 19. To put able after this boarder would not make him any happier (5). 21. You and I, and even Hitler, have been this at one time (4). 22. These should throw some light on the subject (5). 23. South Sea Islands (4). 25. When you 17 you make something this (6). 27. A jump and an amphibian for a schoolboy's game (8). 28. The Standard of the United States (5, 3, 7).

DOWN.—1. These look beautiful in a garden and sound beautiful in one Cathedral City (10, 5). 2. British workmen (7). 3. Fish (4). 4. Foul and destructive (12). 5. You this a word meaning want and necessity here (4). 6. Sketch (7). 7. These matrimonial ventures have been called by a cynic "the triumphs of hope over experience" (6, 9). 10. Spoils her hop (anag.) (12). 14. "They also —— who only stand and wait" (Milton) (5). 15. These forms of transport are not considered what they are when they read backwards in these days of motor traffic (5). 18. African Republic (7). 20. If you use this to mount, you will put your foot in it (7). 24. Kipling wrote about seven of them (4). 25. Knocks backward in the rigging of a ship (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 543

Published November 18th

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



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Carp Lice.—The organism known as a carp louse is a parasitic crustacean which usually attacks the gills of fish, but can live on other parts of the body. It can also swim freely in order to change its host. The males are slightly smaller than the females, and are more transparent. Between the ventral suckers is a poison spine, and just behind this a sectional proboscis for obtaining food from the host. One louse will attack several species of fish at different times. Eggs are laid on stones or other hard objects. The British species, *Argulus foliaceus*, lays eggs in July and August, but it may also do so during other months in addition. To find out whether the parasite is still present in the waters, net out a few coarse fish and examine the gills, as it is always here they attack first. So far as we know, no method of freeing a water of them has been tried on a large scale. In fish hatcheries, salt solution can be used when the whole proceeding is under control. It is usually fish which are out of condition that seem to be the sufferers from this parasite.—*H. J., Winchester.*

Country House

Felling of Old Chestnut Trees.—The felling of old chestnut trees will not give rise to root suckers shooting up from a distance as would be the case with elm or plum trees, but there would be a ring of shoots growing up round the stem, though this would not be a serious detriment. The pollarding of trees 100 to 150 years old is a very serious operation and must certainly be regarded as endangering their life as well as probably ruining their appearance. The tops of the pollarded trees will not provide strong shoots and there would be a series of shoots growing at different points up the stem and probably a certain number of stool shoots growing from the foot of the tree. The only practical position for successfully pollarding trees is to cut the trees at a point not more than 10ft. from the ground, but even then it would be a gamble and the result would scarcely be pleasant to the eye even if successful growth ensued. An alternative would be to reduce the span of the trees by shortening back the branches all round, but this also would be expensive, costing perhaps £1 or £2 per tree, and so far as the falling leaves are concerned the club would not be much better off. We think your best solution would be to decide to fell the trees, but in doing so it would be preferable for the trees to be pulled over with the roots still on. This involves trenching round the tree to cut the main supporting roots and leaves a stem which can be sold and a root which can be burnt with the aid of the cordwood from the top of the tree. This method is not essential if tree stumps remaining in the ground are not objected to. When this has been done doubtless the committee could consider planting in the place of the trees a row of younger specimens to take their place.—*R. E., Fareham.*

Farming

Lime and Disease.—The last December issue of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture has a most interesting and valuable section on the subject of lime and crop disease. The reaction of the soil, i.e., its lime status, it says, is a determining factor in the incidence of several diseases. On the one hand, lime deficiency or soil acidity may be an important factor in favouring the spread of disease, *e.g.*, finger-and-toe in turnips, swedes and other cruciferous crops. On the other hand, a high lime content, leading to alkaline conditions, may be an equally potent factor in the spread of disease. A farmer growing a variety of crops, therefore, may seem to be faced with a difficult problem in trying to suit them all in this matter of the lime content of his soil. For instance, common scab of potatoes is a disease which is encouraged by alkaline soil conditions and the fear of inducing this trouble has led many potato growers farming land deficient in lime to refrain from liming their land. This omission has often had serious repercussions on other crops in the rotation and has tended to encourage the spread of finger-and-toe in some market-garden districts where potatoes and cruciferous crops are grown extensively. A good general rule in these, and indeed in most, circumstances is to keep the soil as near neutral as possible by the use of occasional small dressings of lime. In other words, avoid the necessity for heavy dressings of lime; be careful not to give more lime than is necessary to bring the soil back approximately to neutral; and in the particular case mentioned above, apply the lime as long as possible before the next potato crop is to be planted, *i.e.*, for the crop immediately following a potato crop if possible.—*C. M., Cheltenham.*

Gardening

Lawn Sand.—We recommend the use of lawn sand made up as follows: Three parts sulphate of ammonia, one part calcined sulphate of iron and five parts of sand. Should you be unable to get sulphate of iron, you may omit this and mix the sand with the sulphate of ammonia in the same proportions, five to three. This mixture should be used at the rate of 4oz. to the square yard.—*M. J., Markyate.*

To Prevent Canker in Apple Trees.—No, the spraying you suggest is of very little use. Nor would your suggestion of covering the stems in any way be practical. The fungus gains entrance by wounds of all sorts, including those made by the woolly aphis and the scab fungus. Any method of covering which excludes these would make the tree unhealthy. The predisposing causes of canker are very badly drained soils and overcrowded growths left on trees. Certain varieties of apples, notably Cox's Orange and Warner's King, are very susceptible to canker and should not be planted where the disease is prevalent.—*C. C., Midhurst.*

Kennel

Falling Hair.—It is not easy to diagnose the trouble from which your dachshund is suffering without seeing her. It would really be safer if you were to consult a veterinary surgeon. If you had mentioned the appearance of any scabs we should have thought it was what is known as dry eczema, an old-fashioned remedy for which is a mixture of oil and powdered sulphur. It might be simply alopecia, or falling of hair, a lotion for which is: Tincture of cantharides, 5.0; Balsam of Peru, 10.0; and Spirits vini rect., 100.0.—*D. G., Exeter.*

Cairns in Scotland.—Breeders of Cairn terriers in Scotland who would have stud dogs are Baroness Burton, Dochfour, Inverness; Mr. R. Atholl-Stewart, Atholl House, Errol, Perthshire; Mrs. Alastair Campbell, Eskdale, Ambersier, Inverness-shire.—*G. H., Caithness.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Naturalist

Black-tailed Godwit in Dorset.—The bird sent for identification was a black-tailed godwit. The black-tailed godwit is a regular visitor in small numbers to the South Coast at this time of year.—*G. W., Wareham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Injury to a Grouse.—We received the body of an old cock grouse, which had been shot. The body was emaciated owing to infection of the bowels by trichostrongyle thread-worms and by the germs of coccidiosis. The particular interest of this case was a hole just behind the lower beak, in the intermaxillary space, through which the bird's tongue could be pushed. This type of injury is occasionally met with in game birds, almost invariably cocks; it is probably the result of fighting. Despite the injury, which was of long duration, as the edges of the wound had been completely healed, the bird had been filling its crop just before it was shot.—*M. I. B., Aberdeenshire.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

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With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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STILL ON THE WING

In the big picture A. Obolensky is seen in a peace time match, affording Sever an opportunity of demonstrating a perfect Rugby tackle. Obolensky is now an officer in the Royal Air Force, and recently, when he turned out for Major Stanley's XV against Oxford University, showed that his game lacked none of its old dash

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SPORTSMANSHIP!

JUST about now we should be thinking of the Olympic Games. The Finns have never ceased to do so and in the midst of their own troubles are optimistic enough to believe it will yet be possible to hold them at Helsinki. The Germans, it is not surprising to learn, have abandoned the idea of the Garmisch Partenkirchen winter sports part of the programme. War has long dogged this fine conception of forming a great bond of sportsmanship between the nations of the world. The 1940 Games, it will be remembered, were to have taken place in Tokio, but the conflict between the Japanese and the Chinese made this impossible. The Great War was being waged when they should have been staged in Berlin in 1916. Twenty years later they were overshadowed by the Italian hostilities in Abyssinia, and the 1936 Olympiad in Berlin held a note of national ostentation which must have been quite foreign to the ideals of the founder of the Games.

We approached that meeting in a spirit of goodwill and good-fellowship. An article written by the Reichsportführer, Herr von Tschammer und Osten, appeared in the *Field*, and he wrote us that it gave him pleasure to read of our interest in German sports and our aim, in view of the Olympic Games, to do everything possible to foster the spirit of comradeship and good feeling between German and English sportsmen.

Thus at that time we were very perturbed by a work published by Herr Kurt Münch which threatened to undo all our efforts. Herr Münch wrote for young German sportsmen and a translation of passages from his book appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. He held that athletics and sport are the political driving power in the service of the State, and his tenets were such that they were wholly contrary to the English conception of what sportsmen of one country should think about sportsmen of another country. They proclaimed, among other things, antagonism to Jews and the Roman Catholic faith, and outlined an Empire for Germany which included Czechoslovakia and parts of France and Switzerland. The Boers of South Africa were claimed as Germans. "Hatred," said Herr Münch, "is a power of the soul as much as love or faith. Though hatred is destructive it is also creative in its ultimate effect." Germany's only guilt was that she did not attack and destroy Britain during the Boer War and, later, Russia when she was engaged with Japan. Sport, the young Germans were informed, "is a protest against the tyranny of liberalism and similar philosophies over the living man," whatever that may mean.

Herr Münch's doctrines seemed so much the negation of all we were striving for that the German Embassy was approached to see if a denial could be given to the acceptance of such views by the German Government. An Embassy official could give no assurance on the point. He advised us to apply to Herr von Tschammer und Osten. Two letters were written to the Reichsportführer neither of which were answered, but a reply came through a third party as follows: "I wish to say that the book by Mr. Münch, which has been repeatedly quoted in the English Press, must not be regarded as a semi-official publication. It is merely a private work of a gentleman working in my Department. Knowing the Nazi opinions on "private works," it is obvious that this gentleman's views were countenanced.

There is nothing to add to this plain statement of fact, but this, that one of the most powerful weapons of the Nazi régime has been to work for the undoing of your opponent, or possible opponent, by gaining his confidence and friendship, and "sportsmanship" is one medium to employ for this purpose.

HORSES FOR REMOUNTS

THE Government's policy with regard to the requisitioning of horses has caused much complaint in many quarters. It is good news, therefore, to hear that the War Office is establishing a register of owners of horses desirous of selling them to the Government at a reasonable figure should they be required. Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas elicited from the Minister for War in the House of Commons the information that owners wishing to be registered should write to the Director of Remounts at the War office, and also the fact that information as to the types of horses that may be required will shortly be published. This is good news indeed. No patriotic horse-owner objects to the Government taking over his horse, even though the price paid is far below the animal's value; it was the fact that animals quite useless for the purpose for which they were wanted were taken that caused many complaints. Information as to the type of horse wanted will save much trouble in the future, and also much needless correspondence. Sir Jocelyn Lucas is to be congratulated on the success that has attended his efforts.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1100.)

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

RUGBY FOOTBALL "CARRIES ON"

It is good to see increasing activity on the Rugby football front—particularly good to those who remember the almost complete cessation of the game not only among the clubs, but among the schools, that followed the outbreak of war in 1914. There could surely be no better augury for the fitness and fighting spirit of our young men than their determination to carry on with the game while they can. And it is no bad thing for the game's future that traditional club fixtures give place to new; and that famous clubs find worthy contests with some of the lesser lights, such as the Harlequins' well-fought game with Beckenham. On the other hand, the carrying out of that attractive annual match between Oxford University and Major Stanley's XV at Oxford recently proved its own justification. Oxford gave a display almost worthy of peace-time best in running Major Stanley's team, bristling as usual with internationals, to a narrow victory by a goal and a try to a try. Just as the foundation of University and club teams rests on the schools, now more than ever should the game benefit from the way in which Schools Rugby has developed since the last war. May that development be continued as far as possible in all its vitality, for it is at once an antidote to war nerves and a compensation for necessary restrictions in other directions.

A MACON MYSTERY

Some time ago a sheep's carcase was sent to a Reading firm to be cured as bacon. And immediately everyone was talking about macon, and its possibilities. Since then we have heard nothing. It should be possible to reproduce all the usual cuts in macon as in bacon, but the question the bacon addict most earnestly wants answered is "What is it going to taste like?" There were substitutes in the 1914 war—honey-sugar was very good—and macon will no doubt be excellent. But it is time we heard more. Is it to be green? Will we be able to get streaky macon? And particularly when?

THE SALMON SEASON ENDS

Now that St. Andrew's Day, with its annual tribute to past memories, has gone by, a brief period of peace has descended on the salmon rivers, which can frolic, or foam, spread themselves disdainfully over their banks or shrink to a discontented dribble with none to publish abroad his discontent at their behaviour. Save, perhaps, a rugged watcher guarding their salmon from disturbance while they provide the runs which sportsmen will greet some four or five years hence, when they, too, will have gained a peace such as now invests their rivers. It is difficult in these days to look on the bright side of things, and the past season has shared in the year's sombreness; but in truth there have been bright spots in the record of sport to set off in some degree its general rather unsatisfactory character. Spey had a season of surpassing splendour, and Dee, though memories of its strangely dour fish remain to irritate its tenants, gave some exceptional sport in its higher reaches when the season opened. Atlantic rivers, perhaps, are still under a cloud, but since these things seem to run in cycles there is, at least, the prospect of good times ahead.

A MOORLAND DALE

All here is still. Only the clouds
Sprinkle the fells with light. The shrouds
Of a sky like a ship come dappling too
The fields with shadow out of the blue.
The leafless trees are brown and cold;
Brown, where the gulls flit, is the mould.
The hazel shaws on hows are bare,
The hedges wither'd everywhere.
White with lime are fallows. The plough
Goes creaking up the windy brow.
Here is a dale forgot of Time.
Only in heaven the sun sublime.
Only on earth the harsh dry toil
Of mouse-skinn'd men that till the soil.

EDMUND CASSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

RECENTLY I read a Commons debate about bacon and butter, but more particularly about butter, a subject of conversation almost as absorbing as that of guns. In this debate, followed by the usual flood of leading articles and correspondence, one side argued that people should be compelled to eat less butter at once, while the other side argued they should wait. But nowhere in an acre of print have I observed the sort of question that any child, unversed in present-day economics, would ask as the most natural and obvious thing in the world: "If there's not enough butter, why not make some ourselves?" But even this child, who seems to be almost the only sane person now existing on earth, would not know that fifty years ago every farmhouse in England made butter.

This butter-brouhaha is chosen as an illustration of the condition of mind that prevails in an urbanized country like our own. But there is an incomparably more important problem than butter which this mentality never on any account thinks about, not out of a conspiracy of silence, but because it has never heard of it. That is the problem of the soil, which is more important than peace terms or war aims, than victory or defeat, than despotism or democracy, than anything else in the world except God and death. It is of this paramount importance because, if something is not done pretty soon about the common soil of the earth on which we live and move and kill each other, the days of the human race upon this same earth are numbered.

What could sound more extravagant than such a statement, but then who of the countless generations of Englishmen, who felt towards their native soil something we no longer understand, would have regarded as other than the wildest fantasy, the prophecy that a day was coming when Englishmen would have forgotten it?

The other day I received a letter from a friend, whose name will be remembered after we are all dead, and he said, "The true issue seems to me to be between treating the soil as dirt and treating it as a being, with all there is of tone, rhythm and its opposite therein implied." For the past eighty years, and never more so than at present, we have treated the soil as dirt: in other words we have treated it as a nigger-driver treated a plantation slave and as Henry VIII treated his wives.

We have abandoned it to Suburbia on the one hand, faked and ginned it up with chemicals, and wrenched the goodness out of it by mechanical contrivances on the other. The peasantry, which traditionally understood it, we have driven off the land; we have regarded it as a production-factory, while science, with its usual blindness to all but material factors, and confusion of half with whole truths, has occupied itself with nothing but devices as to how to whip the last ounce of productivity out of it.

Since the soil is not dirt, but a living organic being, like man, dog, fly, it has reacted like an oppressed man, a starved and beaten dog, a fly with its wings torn off. It has been denatured and year by year sinks into greater and greater infertility, or, as we ought to put it, into apathy and sickness. Unfortunately for us, a sick soil (as that child could inform us) means sick plants, sick beasts and sick men. That has happened already: how many of the diseases produced by our civilisation are the consequence of bad nutrition? The same exasperating child exclaims: "But if the land is alive and ill and starved, why not feed it back with the elements of plant-foods taken out of it?" "Quiet, child, that would involve peasant-farming and growing our own food, and where would our financial system be if we did that?"

Is there anything more mysterious on earth than a compost-heap? In the cycle of time, in the rhythm of the seasons, by the play of cosmical forces, by the transmutations of nature, by the secret operations of dynamic life, that which was a plant has become the soil it grew from, and that which was dead has risen from the grave of itself to produce more life. That is the cure for the malady of the soil, for the living dead to replenish the living earth, for the organic after many days to return to the organic. The ancient Egyptians believed that the ear of barley was a god born of the womb of the earth. That seems to me vastly nearer the truth than the way our scientists, economists and bureaucrats regard the soil. If anybody asked me what my war-aims were, I should reply, "A compost-heap for every family in its own home"—but that would be sedition.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known N. India daily paper: At the finish of an account of a Karachi polo tournament: "The winners played five men."



WHICH KIND OF GAME GIVES THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT?

THIS is a subject over which much ink has been spilled down the years. And it has never been settled! Nor probably will it ever be settled. For if there is an answer, it is that most birds can, under certain conditions, give most difficult shooting, just as they can, and do, give easy shooting.

The question really should be what set of conditions conspire to make birds hard to hit, or what are the circumstances of which birds may take advantage so that their adversaries are most hard put to it to accomplish their undoing. For there is hardly any quarry which does not afford an exacting shot at times. Gamebirds, wildfowl, ground game, snipe and woodcock, pigeons, plover and vermin all can demand the best efforts of the De Greys and Walsinghams at times, just as they all can give simple shots. Yes, even snipe and not necessarily the tropical birds which seldom dart away like greased lightning as their custom is in the British Isles. I have shot snipe, in Norfolk and in the west of Ireland, for instance, which after a night's heavy feeding in some favoured spot rose almost sluggishly and offered an easy mark.

The issue, I feel, can be greatly clarified if that type of shot which is well nigh impossible is set aside. In thick covert, amongst trees and stumps and across narrow openings, birds and ground game often offer chances that are really not chances at all. In other words, the odds are so tremendously in favour of the quarry by reason of its surroundings that, in spite of the highest skill on the part of the gunner, the chance cannot be considered a fair one. Woodcock and rabbits especially are encountered under such circumstances. And yet rabbits particularly, sporting and difficult shots though they can give, cannot be classed among the most exacting targets. One of the hardest shots a rabbit can give, and which is an absolutely fair one, is when it is running over really rough, uneven ground or dodging among grass and rushes, for then it is all the time changing its course and changing its plane on account of the undulations of the terrain.

The conditions under which the quarry should be moving should be such that there is a fair chance for the shooter to connect his charge. A woodcock dodging between two tree trunks that are only a few feet apart is obviously impossible. But the same bird darting over a ride is a fair chance, especially if there is no timber of a size to impede alignment on either side. Any animal in the open is, of course, a fair chance, provided that it is within range. Driven game therefore fulfils the conditions under which it is possible to make comparisons as to the degree of difficulty of the different kinds of birds.

Grouse, partridges and pheasants all give comparatively easy, straightforward shooting at times. Pheasants, perhaps, particularly so. If it is flying straight and at its usual rate, any of these birds should be bagged by a man having normal skill. Of the three under ordinary conditions, the partridge probably gives the hardest shot, since it is most inclined to swerve on sighting its enemy. But a grouse can give very difficult shooting when it follows the contours of an uneven moor. Coming down wind, banking and perhaps diving towards lower ground, a grouse can beat any but the very best of shots. Similarly a partridge, especially in a bad light against a drab background and when it can only be taken behind. And the fact that grouse and partridges fly in coveys and that therefore birds have to be picked, adds to the difficulty. This selecting of a bird calls for quite a bit of skill in itself. It is a case of he who hesitates is lost.

A great deal is heard about the difficulty of high pheasants. Actually a high pheasant is not so difficult so long as it is flying straight. It is a longer shot and a very pleasing and spectacular one. But only when it is curling, banking, dipping or otherwise flying out of a true plane is it really an exacting target. And then it can beat the best of us. Perhaps it is that partridges more often give their most difficult shots than pheasants. But certainly I do know that there is nothing harder in game shooting than pheasants at their best. A gale, good coverts and other factors may be necessary to make pheasants do their "hottest stuff," but do it they can and to the undoing of many a confident performer. It must be remembered, too, that a pheasant possesses immense wing power, and when it is driven to do so, it can use it to its own immense advantage. The most exceptional powers of judgment and marksmanship are alone successful under such conditions. And the man has not yet been born who can make a clean score.

Coming to rough shooting, pigeons and golden plover can be extremely hard to hit. Pigeons are most clever at changing their course, seldom flying in one and the same plane once they have spotted the shooter. Rock pigeons, fired at from a boat, as they dart out of their caves and twist and turn at express speed, are among the most difficult targets. There is, indeed, probably nothing harder, and a boat scarcely affords the best of stances. Flighting duck in a half light or under the moon can upset a hitherto good average. Wildfowling indeed may give varieties of teasers, and the conditions under which they are so often fired at are against the gunner.

Can it then be said that there is one bird that is more difficult than any other? In any case there is the consideration that shooters do not all find an equal degree of difficulty in a given set of conditions. Some men are more at home with high birds than low birds. Some can never seem to kill a low bird coming straight at them. Some habitually shoot behind a rabbit going away at 35yds. Some can snap rabbits and snipe, and nothing else. Dozens of other such examples could be quoted. And naturally a man is inclined to regard as especially hard those shots at which he personally is weak; or, inversely, he may regard as easy the kind of bird at which he happens to be particularly deadly.

Again, there are comparatively few people who have a real experience of every kind of shooting. And it is only natural that a man whose shooting is limited to certain species should think his own pet kind of sport the most exacting. I know men who consider that rabbit shooting requires as much skill as any other kind, if not more. But I feel that this is rather a case of the wish being father to the thought. No definite conclusions should be drawn from the fact that men with a reputation as shots may at times show up badly when faced with a species of quarry to which they are unaccustomed. An extra big target like a goose, for example, has been known to defeat a first-class game shot on the first few occasions. Geese, of course, can give difficult shooting, but they can also offer simple shots. The factors of range and gun power are, as a matter of fact, often the great obstacles against the shooter when after geese. If well within range the latter should be bagged without the exercise of special skill. But being so different from game, they may put off a man who is unused to them until he has had a bit of experience. Their rate of flight is made deceptive by their great size.

"SCOLOPAX."



SPYING IN GLEN CHORAN, STRATHCONAN FOREST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NIALL RANKIN

THE MANAGEMENT OF DEER FORESTS

By FRANK WALLACE

Mr. Frank Wallace was recently appointed Deer Controller for Scotland, in which office he acts as adviser to Agricultural Executive Committees and as liaison officer on the subject of deer control between them and the Department of Agriculture. The powers delegated to the Committees relate to the action to be taken under the Defence Regulations to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer, and Mr. Wallace's extensive knowledge will be available for co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production and the supply of venison as an article of food. The latter subject he deals with in next week's article.

NOW that the hind shooting season has begun, an entirely new set of problems confronts the owner of a deer forest in war time. The question of hinds, I am sure most students of deer will agree, is the most important and, at the same time, the most neglected of any which occur in the management of a forest.

The first query which arises, whether in peace or war, is: "Which are the right hinds to shoot?" I was discussing the point with the head stalker of, perhaps, the best known forest in Scotland last week, and after we had finished our talk and I was leaving, he looked at me in a speculative way, and said: "Are you going to teach me how to shoot hinds?" I replied, "Heaven forbid that I should try and teach you anything!" He was a professional and I an amateur, and though the amateur may think he knows a great deal, the professional may be confronted by difficulties of which the amateur is entirely ignorant.

The question uppermost in the mind of the owner who really has the welfare of his forest at heart is, "What hinds ought I to kill for the ultimate benefit of the forest?"

Many years ago I was given a translation of the chapter on red deer in a work entitled, *Kein Heger—Kein Jaeger*, which, I am told, may roughly be translated "No Care—No Sport." It is a work not unknown to some stalkers in Scotland, and should be known to all, for it summarises the important points in forest management in a way which I have never seen equalled in any other book. Shortly before war broke out I got into communication with the Berlin publishers, Messrs. Paul Parey, and obtained their permission to quote from it with suitable acknowledgment, which I hereby make.

The author is Count Ernst Sylva-Tarouca. His observations and inferences are based on Continental deer. They may, with great advantage, be applied equally to deer and deer forests in Scotland. To imagine that the system which he advocates will be whole-heartedly adopted by Scottish proprietors can scarcely be anticipated; but it may be studied with advantage.

He starts his remarks with a quotation from a well-known stalker named Merrem, who died more than 40 years ago.

"In theory one may say that a good stock of red deer should be constituted in its several parts just as nature, without man's interference, would produce and maintain it. Such herds of red deer living in absolutely natural conditions no longer exist . . . and even if they did, one could not accurately observe their constitution in regard to age, because it would not be possible to judge the age of deer living at large after the fourth or fifth year."

Count Sylva-Tarouca then makes the following points, which I will summarise as briefly as possible.

In general (except where irrational shooting has counteracted nature), there are more stags than hinds.

Where care is taken to create or imitate natural conditions a comparatively strong and healthy stock can be maintained, and *per contra*, where the natural life of the animal is not considered, degeneration must result.

Degeneration may be either external or internal (i.e., organic). The external cause may lie in the nature of the ground, resulting in insufficient suitable food, both in quantity and quality.

The internal causes of degeneration result from the incorrect composition of the stock as regards age and sex, and are:

(*a*) Excessive sexual exertion on the part of the stags due to the excess of hinds in proportion to the number of strong stags.

This cause of degeneration can only be removed by the regulation of the proportion between the sexes, and nature indicates the true ratio by the fact that as a rule an equal number of male and female calves are born.

(Incidentally I may here remark that there is a widely spread notion that "yeld" hinds produce a very large percentage of stag calves. I have made many inquiries from stalkers about this, and the most intelligent and experienced stalker that I know tells me that after many years' experience and investigation he has come to the conclusion that the calves of "yeld" hinds are equally proportioned as regards sex. This is confirmed by other observers.)

The principle should be kept in view that there should be a sufficient number of fully developed stags to serve all the hinds without over-exerting themselves, and without allowing the weak stags to participate. This means that for every fully developed stag there should not be more than three or four hinds.

(*b*) After-rut. This means that certain hinds rut in November, or even later in the winter, and incite the stags at that period, thereby diminishing their chances of starting the winter in good condition.

This after-rut is due to hinds remaining barren in the rut because stags were overtaxed in consequence of the fact that there were too many hinds. It also occurs because of young hinds that were calved late, as their dams were covered in the after-rut.

All hinds that rut late, and all calves born after August 1st, should be ruthlessly shot.

(*c*) Reproduction by individuals unsuited to parenthood (i.e., immature, diseased or sickly beasts of both sexes).

Such animals under natural conditions would

disappear in hard winters or by the attacks of beasts of prey.

(*d*) In-breeding.

All causes of degeneration thus enumerated can be traced, more or less to irrational shooting.

All diseased or weakly hinds and calves, all late hinds and calves, all stags unsound in regard to health or good heads, should be destroyed.

What, how many, where and how should deer be shot ?

In order to know what he may shoot a stalker must first know what he has got. For this a census is necessary, and such a census is by no means impossible.

The best time to take it is in early summer, and if the stalker knows his ground and acts in conjunction with neighbouring forests, a pretty good idea should be obtained of the number of deer in a district. It should be carried out on the same day and the same hour. Though there are difficulties these are by no means insuperable. There are sure to be a certain number of nomadic deer which should be considered the common stock of the whole aggregate formed by neighbouring forests. (There are other points which could be discussed, but I do not propose to go into them in detail.)

The object of a census is to discover not only the number of deer, but the proportion of the sexes, how many stags may be considered fully developed, and how many weak or young stags ; how many hinds are of full reproductive age, and how many are under that age ; the number of calves.

One may assume an annual increase of from 60 to 80 calves for every 100 fully-grown hinds. By a careful count and estimation of the class to which individuals belong a pretty accurate estimate of the percentage of increase can be obtained.

(Natural loss in a Scottish forest may vary, but the author of the work from which I am quoting puts it at not higher than 3 per cent. to 5 per cent.)

The annual number of deer to be killed may equal the annual increase, minus the natural annual loss.

If the composition of the herd is correct one-fifth of the total number of fully developed stags may be shot annually. This in practice works out at about half, the remainder being undesirables from younger stock. An equal number of hinds to stags should be shot. If the composition of the herd is not correct more hinds should be killed than stags, until the natural proportion has been attained.

The number of calves killed should be so regulated that the remaining stock of calves should always be equal to the normal stock of knobbers and young hinds.

(It is unnecessary to repeat the author's remarks as to which stags should be shot as undesirable, this being obvious.)

Hinds which are known to be old, and as having remained barren for two or three years, should be shot, and all weak and sickly hinds, but their calves should, of course, be killed first. If a hind has twin calves the weaker should be destroyed.

A pedantic adhesion to a pre-arranged scheme of shooting is not desirable ; but the total number of stags and hinds shot should always be such as to maintain the proper ratio between the sexes. In a bad season spare good stags and kill more bad ones.

There should be at least 40 younger stags in the stock for every first-rate stag shot.

Young and bad stags that ought to be killed are better killed in summer than later in the season, as their venison is then good. For the same reason the author advocates the killing of yearling and barren hinds at the beginning of August, it then being easier, too, to distinguish older hinds from young ones (under two years) and because barren hinds are then more easily recognisable.

I should like to have quoted a great deal more fully, but in the above notes I have given the main gist of the statements contained in this very valuable treatise, which I can only hope will meet with the attention they deserve.

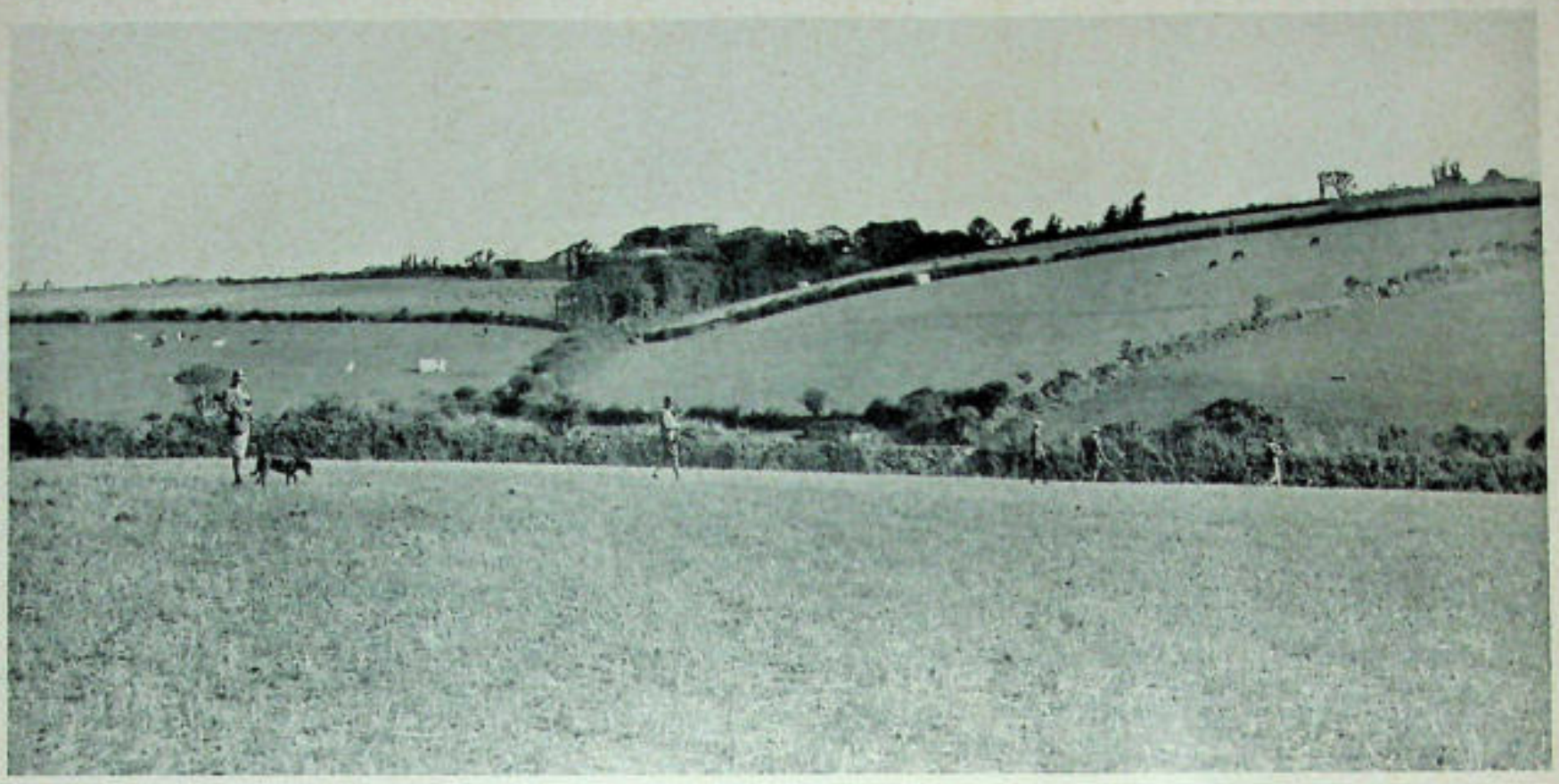
In another article I propose to deal with some of the difficulties which confront the owners and tenants of deer forests so far as hind shooting is concerned.



AN OLD ONE
A stag with a poor head known to have been in to feed for 17 winters



BRINGING DOWN THE VENISON
As a means of supplementing the nation's food supplies venison has been advocated as an addition to the larder



FROM THE PURELY SPORTING POINT OF VIEW, ONE OF THE MINOR TRAGEDIES OF THE WORLD-UPHEAVAL WAS ITS OPENING DATE

The Gun Month by Month

SOME REFLECTIONS ON WAR-TIME SHOOTING

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

FROM the purely sporting point of view, one of the minor tragedies of the world upheaval was its opening date. For most of us, even the over-aged and unfits—going straight to war-work of one kind or another, had little chance for several weeks of confirming or confuting the pre-shooting season prophets. Though, generally, I think, the optimists were right. In happier circumstances this should have been a partridge year above the average, and, despite the heavy rains and chilly winds, as a consequence of which disease was prevalent on many rearing fields, wild pheasants, thriving amazingly, more than made up the losses in the hand-reared stock.

It is impossible to estimate with any accuracy, of course, but, taking the country by and large, it may be doubted whether 40 per cent. of the game quota of a normal year has yet been shot. And if this should prove to be within measurable distance of the truth we shall face some difficult problems in the coming months. Of which perhaps the most vital is the maintenance at concert pitch of super-abundant stocks.

In this connection there are two important points to be considered. The cancellation (or restriction) of partridge driving fixtures involves not only failure to break up the coveys, but also the survival of an abnormal percentage of old birds which, past the age of usefulness themselves, are no more than an internal nuisance in the mating season. And personally I believe that thanks to increasing debility, these ancients are to a greater extent than many people suppose responsible for the carrying of disease. Be that as it may, the fact is uncontrovertible that over-population combined with under nourishment is the predisposing cause of strongylosis. The Grouse Commission of 1907 initiated this contention; the Partridge Inquiry of 1932 supported it; and experience on countless properties up and down the country has since confirmed its truth beyond a doubt. But it is a fact no less significant that in nearly every instance of more or less serious epidemic with which we have been inflicted since that disastrous winter of 1930/31, losses on estates where winter feeding is the rule have been from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. lower than on those where partridges are left to work out their own salvation.

So if ever hand-feeding was justifiable it is doubly so to-day. Doubtless the war turn over from grass to arable will help our birds in due time, but cereals will not spring up in a day. Meanwhile we cannot hope that ground barely adequate to the harbourage of 50 birds will support twice that number. Were it a question of the purchase of large quantities of foodstuffs, neither individual consciences nor probably the law would sanction it. But the partridge is no glutton. One ounce of food a day is ample even in the most adverse circumstance for an adult bird, and a mash of wheat or barley, millet and dari seed, into which a spoonful of olive oil is stirred may often make the difference between satisfaction and starvation of a covey. It simply comes to this. Unless we can ensure the stamina of our surplus population, disease among next year's breeding stock is as nearly certain as anything in this uncertain world. In which case, quite apart from the expense involved, neither the importation of Hungarians, penning under the Continental system, nor hand-rearing are, with depleted staffs of keepers, practicable methods of restocking in time of war.

With the steady absorption of the able-bodied into the war machine, shooting fixtures are becoming increasingly difficult to pre-arrange. There seems to be no lack of guns as yet, but beaters are more difficult to find. Except, I hasten to add, in any military area where supply is more than equal to demand, and all ranks seem to welcome invitations as an antidote to the daily monotony of watching for signs of Nazi frightfulness. But as time goes on, neighbouring shoots, particularly those of the small to medium variety, will probably find that co-operation whereby a wider acreage can be driven in a day to the certainty of increased bags, will be advantageous, even essential. For it is pretty certain that shooting fixtures will have to be cut down if only because the cartridge supply is not illimitable. Lead and explosives are required for other purposes to-day, and in time the sportsman will very likely be rationed as strictly in these commodities as in margarine and butter. Wherefore it behoves us all neither to hoard, nor to waste.

To lay in a vast stock of ammunition may have the effect of denying a supply to less affluent individuals. To squander it on clay birds (or even live ones at outrageous distances) is equally indefensible. More than ever, we need to shoot with common sense, recognising that every bird killed clean not only contributes to the national food supply but also to the reduction of breeding stocks to reasonable levels.

Whatever shoots go by the board, however, it may be hoped that those usually arranged at Christmas time will stand. We may not have much heart for traditional festivity, but these fixtures, I always think, are peculiarly the prerogative of youngsters home from school. There is a delightful informality about them; the keepers, beaters, even the dogs are old friends and no one is in the least interested in the percentage of kills to cartridges. Which reminds me of a day not long ago when three enthusiastic sportsmen aged about sixteen challenged their elders to a foot-slog on an Irish bog. And as luck would have it, before we had got fairly started the youngest of the party killed, by some astounding fluke, a mallard which came suddenly and very high. And then we realised, unhappily that peace would no more reign unless and until the other infants achieved equivalent distinction. So we walked and we stalked, and we waded almost knee-deep into quaking bogs and breast-high into bullrush belts, until from sheer exhaustion the middle-aged gave up the unequal contest and watched the rest of the proceedings from afar. But the youngsters did it: that is to say, that they shared out half-a-dozen various between them (including an out-of-season grouse), and the subsequent argument, submitted for adjudication to the casting vote of three presumably unbiassed referees, as to the relative skill displayed, was even more exhausting than the actual pursuit of the aforesaid victims. Incidentally, to his intense discomfiture the grouse's assassin was disqualified. But he got his own back later on, when the six guns lining out below a hanging coppice heard a woodcock halloed "forward." He came flickering ghost-like in and out the silver birches and three professors missed him handsomely. Threading through the barrage, on he went when a voice was heard to offer 10 to 1. "You've said it," responded Smith, minor, a fraction of a second before the bird somersaulted in the air, and no-one ever parted with ten bob with a better grace than the writer, whose eye was most indecently wiped on that occasion.

May one suggest, too, that of other back-end fixtures those we should make every effort to preserve are the shoots normally arranged for tenants and farmers. We owe them material acknowledgment of the goodwill without which game preservation would be an infinitely more difficult business than it is. And there is nothing possibly they enjoy more than an invitation shoot with plenty of liquid refreshment to wash down a solid lunch. We may remember, too, that only a small minority have game licenses, so that one day for feather and another for fur and "lesser breeds without the law" may appropriately be arranged.

Incidentally, such shoots afford a first-rate opportunity for stinking-out rabbits and making war on pigeons. For pigeons are in the front rank of agricultural pests, and at a time when every acre of food supply is of vital importance their destruction over as wide an area as possible is more highly desirable than usual. But what, for want of a better term, I may call the moral effect of these fixtures is more important than their material results. They preserve the traditional amenities of the countryside, and as I wrote in the *Field* some years ago—more than any other single factor, the friendship of all those who wrest their living from the soil contributes to the maintenance of sport as we have always known it. If that was true in a time of peace, it is doubly true to-day, when, irrespective of class or creed, we are all united in one common purpose, the preservation of our heritage.

ALL THE AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS FOR SALE

Potential Classic Winners for Bidders

WHEN the war started, the Aga Khan was the owner of approximately 150 thoroughbreds in England, Ireland and France, including stallions, brood mares, yearlings, foals and horses in training. There were nearly 40 with his trainer Frank Butters at Fitzroy House, Newmarket, including a number of yearlings which by then had joined the stable. That he should wish, in the present circumstances, to reduce such an extensive and expensive holding in bloodstock is not surprising. Even in normal times, owner-breeders have to sell annually if only to make room for the young stock passing into training, and for the fillies who are to be retained as potential brood mares.

The Aga Khan, however, intimated recently that any or all of his thoroughbreds were for disposal, and there was a suggestion that his Derby winners, Bahram and Mahmoud, who are now at stud, might be sold at any time. As the services of both stallions are fully booked for the next breeding season, Bahram at 500gs. and Mahmoud at 300gs., I do not think for one moment that those arrangements will be disturbed.

The big owner-breeders have always been ready to sell at a favourable opportunity. Though they have great wealth, most of them could not pursue this costly sport and hobby on such a liberal scale if they did not regain, with reasonable consistency, a considerable part of their outgoings by means of stallion fees, sales of surplus stock and by winning rich stakes.

The prize money won in any one season by most owners who race in the style of the Aga Khan, seldom covers their racing costs for the same period. There are many whose account at Messrs. Weatherby's for entries, forfeits, jockey's retainer and other riding fees, amounts annually to over £10,000. In several cases the sum is nearer £15,000, and on top of all this there are training bills and the cost of sending horses to the meetings, with incidental expenses. These items can account in some instances for another £10,000. Those owners who undertake these enormous liabilities must therefore win about £30,000 in stake money in the course of a season if they are not to be out of pocket over their actual racing—quite apart from the purchase of breeding stock—and they have little chance of reaching that total if they do not win at least one classic race, the Eclipse Stakes, or several of the rich prizes for two-year-olds.

It was in 1921 that the Aga Khan decided to start racing in England and to form a stud. At the Doncaster sales of that year the Hon. George Lambton bought on his behalf eight yearlings, at a total cost of 24,520gs. Of these the fillies, Cos (5,000gs.) and Teresina (7,700gs.) were destined to achieve fame on the racecourse, and to assist as matrons towards the immediate success of their owner's stud. Cos was his first winner. The following year at Doncaster his investment in high-class bloodstock was continued, his yearling purchases including Mumtaz Mahal (who after her brilliant racing career became the grand-dam of Mahmoud), Diophon (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) and Salmon Trout (winner of the St. Leger).

His Highness continued for some years to spend lavishly in the bloodstock market. He bought his first Derby winner Blenheim for 4,100gs. as a yearling. Of course, he had the proportion of costly disappointments to be expected in such a venture. He acquired Feridoon privately from the National Stud for about £17,000. He was a complete failure as a racehorse, and was sold in France for about £13. Amilcar (9,700gs.) never won a race, while Aftab who cost 14,000gs. as a yearling, won one race for His Highness, worth £270, and was later sold for 125gs.



W. A. Rouch

BAHRAM, WINNER OF THE TRIPLE CROWN



H.H. AGA KHAN WITH THE SMILE OF VICTORY

He has won the Derby three times, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the Oaks once, and the St. Leger three times

Here are the details, showing the English racecourse successes of the Aga Khan from his first season as an owner up to the present time:

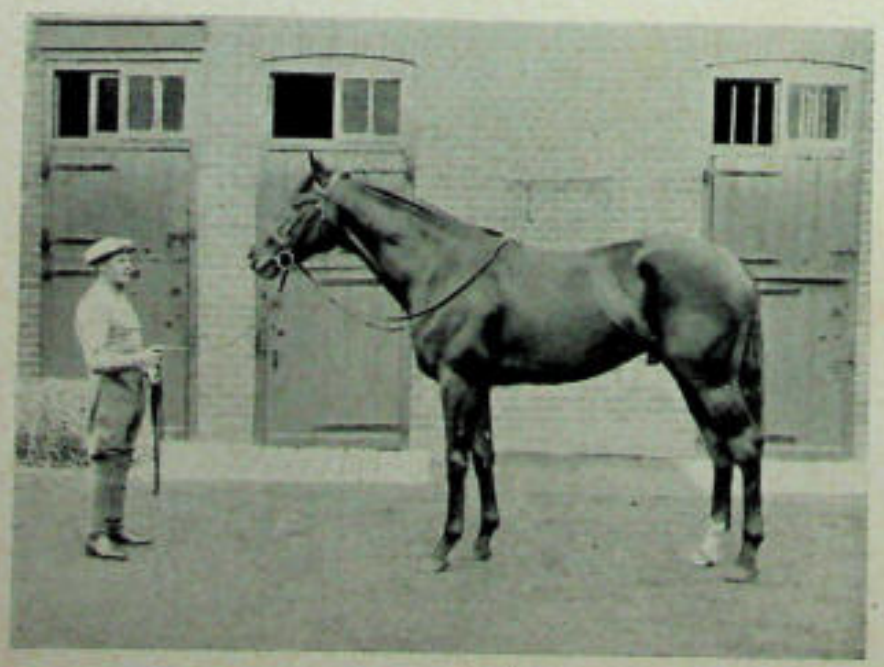
	Winners.	No. of Races	First prize money
1922	5	13	£13,733
1923	11	22	£33,409
1924*	11	19	£44,377
1925	13	28	£32,974
1926	10	15	£14,774
1927	13	21	£21,918
1928	11	14	£20,570
1929*	20	35	£39,886
1930*	16	23	£46,259
1931	17	27	£19,484
1932*	14	28	£57,778
1933	16	24	£19,311
1934*	18	45	£64,898
1935*	13	23	£49,302
1936	11	18	£29,057
1937*	17	30	£30,655
1938	14	19	£20,965
1939	7	10	£10,798
Total	237	414	£570,148

* Headed the list of winning owners.

This is a truly remarkable record. The average stake winnings (first prize money only) has been nearly £32,000 per season, and seven times in eighteen years the Aga Khan has won more in stake money than any other owner. The past season appears to have been the least successful. The two-year-old Stardust, winner of £7,582, is owned jointly by the Aga Khan and his son, Prince Aly Khan.

In addition to Bahram and Mahmoud, the following stallions, the property of the Aga Khan, are advertised at stud: Dastur (fee £148), Umidwar (£98), Felicitation (£75) and Khan Bahadur, brother to Mahmoud (£24).

At the December sales, at Newmarket, the Aga Khan will offer for sale, on the second day, December 5th, fifteen horses in training and nineteen yearlings.





W. A. Rouch

TWO OF THE TEN TWO-YEAR-OLDS WHICH ARE TO BE KEPT IN TRAINING

Morvadabad, by Blenheim—Miracosta and Stardust, by Hyperion—Sister Stella, which H.H. Aga Khan owns in partnership with Prince Aly Khan

Of the horses in training, the five-year-old horse Mubarak is by Massine out of Bedam, by Tetratema's brother, Arch Gift. Massine was the great French stayer and the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup of 1924. Mubarak's last race was in the Cesarewitch, in which he finished unplaced to his stable companion, Sir Alfred Butt's Cantatrice II, after running prominently. As a two-year-old he won the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket and was then sent to France, where he was successful. He returned to Fitzroy House in 1938 and during the past season he won the Lambton Handicap (1 mile 7 furlongs) at Hurst Park and was narrowly, and perhaps unluckily, beaten by Colorado Boy over two miles at Kempton.

The three-year-old Emir D'Iran won races in France last year of a total value of 232,376 fr. and was then sent to England. By Epinard out of a mare by Flying Orb out of Donnetta (dam of Diophon, Diadem, &c.), he is bred for great speed, but he ran four times last season without success.

I thought that the three-year-old Sadri (Solario—Friar's Daughter), brother to Dastur and half-brother to the mighty Bahram, was soon to win a race, after he had finished third to Heliopolis at Goodwood, but he has not run since. Another Solario horse which the Aga Khan will offer is the four-year-old Foroughi, winner last year of the King Edward VII Stakes at Ascot. He is out of Felicita, the dam of Felicitation. There are two three-year-old fillies straight out of training, Fair Joy (by Mr. Jinks out of Felicita) and Persian Folly (by Dastur out of the Son-in-Law mare Lady Lawless), both of whom have, even under present conditions, considerable value as potential matrons.

The other horses in training to be sold are all two-year-olds, some of which no doubt would have been drafted even if there had not been a war. They are the colts: Benagi (Blenheim—Firouze Ranee), Bokhari (Blenheim—Rapina), Blitz (Blenheim—Friar's Lady), Unter Den Linden (Fairway—Udaipur), Nizami (Firdaussi—Mumtaz Mahal), Burhan Ali (Umidwar—Teresina), Shere Khan II (Blenheim—Fille de Salut), Bahman (Blenheim—Volense), and Kidogo (Ruston Pasha—Cap d'Ail).

Blitz won the Gatwick Foal Plate and was second, third and fourth in other races; Nizami was placed three times in good company, and recently at Newmarket Kidogo was second in a large field to Black Toni, who won again at Newbury. There seemed to be great promise in the first performance of Shere Khan II, when he finished fourth and behind the more strongly fancied Nizami, at Nottingham in August, but owing to the war, he has not run again.

The Aga Khan is keeping ten of his two-year-olds in training, including Jindani, Moradabad and Stardust. Two or three of those retained he owns in partnership with his son.

The most surprising feature of his sale arrangements, however, is his decision to sell all his yearlings without reserve, with or without engagements at the option of purchasers. This means that none can be retained; they must all go for what they will fetch, and so, seemingly, the Aga Khan will not have any two-year-olds of his own breeding in training next season.

He sold six yearling colts at the first July sales. There are nine more colts and ten yearling fillies for disposal next week. At ordinary times their sale would create exceptional and world-wide interest. It would produce enormous sums. It would be the most important disposal from the stud of one breeder for many years.

Most of the best blood is collected in the ownership of the great private breeders, and only rarely is it thrown, in mass and without any kind of reserve, on the market. The fact that this is a most unfavourable time for such a sale, demonstrates starkly the Aga Khan's inflexible determination to reduce his racing interests wholesale, and apparently to accept immediately the great loss, imposed on all owners of bloodstock, by war-time restrictions and consequent depreciation of values. That he intends to give up all active interest in breeding and racing in this country I cannot believe, especially as his son, Prince Aly Khan, is so enthusiastically associated with it.

Some idea of the costs of a big stable may be gathered in that the engagements already made for the nineteen yearlings involve minor forfeits of £3,325, and many important races for which they can be entered—such as the Derby and other classic races of 1941—will not close until after the sale. They have been liberally entered for Irish races, to provide them with alternative engagements should racing in England suffer drastic curtailment.

These yearlings are by Bahram, Solario, Hyperion, Windsor Lad, Fairway, Umidwar, Dastur, Mahmoud Ut Majeur and Vatout. I have not seen them, but they are all bred to be "good enough for anything," and in spite of the prevailing conditions, some of those who in make and shape are particularly attractive, will doubtless create brisk competition and produce substantial prices. Of the two by Hyperion offered, Selim Hassan, a bay colt foaled on February 1st, is out of Blanc Mange, a good winner and half-sister to Blandford. The other, Alibhai



H.H. AGA KHAN IN THE SALE RING
He is seen talking to Mr. R. C. Dawson. In the background is Lord Carnarvon

is out of Teresina, the famous race-mare and dam of Grand Terrace, Theresina, Gino, Alykhan and Alishah.

How I wonder will the price forthcoming for Bakhtawar compare with what might reasonably have been bid for him at normal times? He is a bay colt, foaled April 10th, by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter, the dam of Bahram and Dastur. This colt is three-parts brother to Bahram, as that horse is by Blandford, who is also the sire of Windsor Lad.

There are fillies by Bahram from La Dousairière (dam of Bulandshar, winner of Chester Vase, Le Duc, and Le Grand Duc, winner of New Stakes, and third in Derby), Una (half-sister to Ukrania, winner of French Oaks, Ut Majeur, Umidwar and the Oaks winner Udaipur), Beeri and Queen of Scots. The sale includes Udaipur's yearling filly Mambaka by Mahmoud and a Solario filly named Soga out of Mrs. Ruston. Fairway (sire of Blue Peter) is represented by a colt out of La Voulzie, a Teddy mare.

In seventeen years during which the Aga Khan has been represented in the classic races, he has won the Derby three times, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the Oaks once and the St. Leger three times. Six of these nine classic victories have been gained with horses he bred himself. It cannot be long odds against this batch of yearlings containing one or more potential classic winners, and there will be many bidders next week with sufficient confidence in the future of racing to take the chance.

The Aga Khan has not so far announced any arrangements for the sale of his brood-mares, of which he has about thirty in England and Ireland, nor for the disposal of about thirty foals which are in these countries. The rumour that he might sell the whole of his bloodstock to a syndicate in the United States, apparently has not materialised.

YEOMAN.

A BLOODSTOCK BARGAIN BASEMENT

IT can at least be said that the prospects for those who are selling at the December sales might have been much worse. The Jockey Club stewards have stated that they will do their best to provide as much racing as possible next season; recent meetings have demonstrated that public support is strong enough to justify larger stakes than were provided for the early war-time fixtures, and those who are maintaining, as far as circumstances permit, their active interest in racing and breeding, cannot be without hope of an early return to brighter times. Moreover there is a fairly brisk export market at present. Would-be buyers abroad are ready to take advantage of the conditions caused by the war, and to purchase animals for breeding or racing at much below the prices they would have to pay in peace-time.

The sale will begin at 10.45 a.m. on Monday and at 9.30 on the following mornings. As there is a jumping meeting at Newbury on Thursday and Friday Messrs. Tattersalls have arranged, for the convenience of owners and trainers, selling or wanting to buy horses in training, to devote the first two days of the sale almost entirely to animals of this description.

The December sales may be described as the "bargain basement" of the bloodstock market. The catalogue contains every class and description of thoroughbred stallions, brood-mares, horses in training or just out of training, some jumpers, young fillies ready for the stud, yearlings and foals. There are 850 lots this time. The entries for the sale have been severely limited, owing to lighting restrictions. In normal times they are continued after dark with the ring brightly illuminated.

The catalogue does of course reveal some effects of the war, but many owners and breeders are sending up only animals which they would have entered for these sales in peace-time. They sell their surplus stock annually. There are the usual lots to dissolve partnerships and those submitted by the executors of deceased owners. These include eight mares and three fillies out of training, which belonged to the late Sir George Bullough, and numerous lots which were owned by the Lancashire industrialist, Major R. B. Glover.

With the notable exception of the Aga Khan's yearlings, to which reference has already been made, there are not in the sale as many potential stallions and young brood mares of a high grade as usual.

Two stallions who have been at stud for some years will be offered. One is Mrs. D. Crossman's Gay Light, who was a good hurdler, and the other Mrs. Arthur James's Salmon Leap, winner of the Goodwood and Coronation Cup and second to Trimdon for the Gold Cup.

Mrs. Whitburn's five year old Dragonnade, who dead-heated with Buckleigh for the Manchester Cup, can be bought as a stallion.

Among the horses to be sold are many who contributed to our sport last season, some of the best known being Edgehill, Campion, Royal Chaplain, the mare Knole Star, Orichalque (winner of the second division of the Cambridgeshire), Roderick Dhu, Canny Lad, Real Estate, Paladin, White Swan, Felt Slipper, Vesperian, Longchamp, St. Patricks Day, Incantator, Golden Idol, Nosegay, Never Surprised and Satanic. Pantolus—a good racehorse—is in a draft from Mathew Peacock's Middleham stable.

His Majesty is sending Jubilee, his half-sister Judica, Osman Pasha, Wavelength and Makina to the sale, as well as the mare Parity, covered by Bosworth.

Buxton, who attracted considerable attention in connection with the Derby, is to be sold to dissolve a partnership of three, of which his trainer, Hugh Sidebottom, now in the Army, is one.

Lord Derby is selling one young brood mare. He sends his usual draft of horses in training, and in it are Colorado Claro, Tamworth, Sierra Nevada, Ministrone and Sedgefield.

Three brood mares are Lord Astor's only contribution to the sale. Among them is Pennycross, covered by Pay Up and believed to be in foal. She won the Falmouth Stakes and was second in the Coronation and Nassau Stakes.

Lord Rosebery offers seven mares. Mr. J. A. Dewar is sending three, and three horses in training, Forager, Caledonian and Dispenser.

Little Mark (covered by Caerleon) is one of the four mares which Lord Milford will sell. She is the dam of Black Speck, Mark Time, Blot, and Pecked, and one of a famous sisterhood. Little Mark, Morals of Marcus, Madawaska and Watervane, by Friar Marcus out of Lilaline, were all good winners and all have bred winners.

The Pen, winner of the Cambridgeshire of 1927, is to be sold with her filly foal by King Solomon. She has been covered by Gold Bridge.

One of the largest drafts will come from Sir Abe Bailey. He is selling 21 horses, in training or just out of training, nine brood mares, eight foals and six yearlings, but Miss Dorothy Paget plans to dispose only of three mares, five horses in training and five yearlings.

Though the war found Lord Glanely with perhaps a larger number of thoroughbreds in his possession than any other owner, with the possible exception of Miss Paget, he is offering only eight horses in training.

The veteran Duke of Portland, who owned

St. Simon, is selling seven brood mares on Wednesday and three horses in training, and the same day's sale will include four well-bred brood mares owned by the Aga Khan's trainer Frank Butters. One of them, Constant Law, by Portlaw out of a Stedfast mare, is believed to be in foal to Bahram. She has a colt foal at foot by Felicitation. Another of his mares, Celestine, by Friar Marcus is believed to be in foal to Mahmoud. Mr. Butters' establishment will be greatly depleted by the Aga Khan's sale of yearlings.

Several of the mares which Mr. Arthur Sainsbury bought to assist in "making" his stallion William of Valence, may find new owners next week, while there are some well-known mares among Major McCalmont's lot on Thursday. Of these, Studareena (1925), sister to Mr. Jinks, won the Queen Mary Stakes, and Queen of the Nore (1927) has the rich National Breeders' Produce Stakes to her credit. She is the dam of King's Gap. YEOMAN.

DOGS AT THE FRONT

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THE Germans, who made great use of dogs in the last war, are evidently determined to repeat the experiment this time. It is said that they have conscripted all dogs in the country that measure more than 15in. in height. No doubt, among that number will be many misfits that will prove to be unsuitable for the work after a trial, but all the same the inference is that they propose getting together a vast army of these handy auxiliaries. When the French set about demobilising their army dogs in 1919 it was estimated that they would have to dispose of 15,000. Casualties were high, as might be expected, considering the dangerous nature of their duties. Something like 3,500 fell in action and 1,500 were reported as missing.

A small proportion of the trained dogs were retained by the French for peace-time service, where possible others were returned to their original owners, and the rest were either sold or given away. One appreciates how useful they were to the Germans in the Great War from a notice that appeared in an official newspaper in 1917: "The army again needs dogs between the ages of one and four years, which are healthy, quick, sharp and not shy. They must be offered free. The breeds required are sheepdogs, fox terriers, Airedale terriers and mongrels of those breeds . . . They are to act as watch-dogs for our troops, and will at the same time make possible a considerable lightening of the latter's duties."

Besides using dogs for ambulance, sentry and liaison work, the French and Belgians also employed them for draught purposes, some even pulling light guns. Operations in the Vosges mountains were particularly difficult when the winter snows were deep, and it was then that dogs were called into service. Mr. A. A. (Scotty) Allan, one of the founders of the great race from Nome in Alaska, has told in his book, "Gold, Men and Dogs," how at the beginning of 1915 he took 400 sledge dogs for work in the Vosges. He relates that one section carried 90 tons of ammunition to a battery within four days to a place that men, mules and horses had been trying to reach ineffectually for fourteen days. Of the several breeds that were thus in commission it was found that Huskies were the best. After the snows had melted they pulled trucks on narrow gauge light railways, eleven dogs being able to draw a ton up precipitous slopes.

The cost of their keep was infinitesimal, as horse flesh was to be had in abundance, and while they were there they multiplied considerably. They are likely to be in great demand during the present war. Pack dogs are also serviceable for carrying munitions. Terriers, of course, were wanted in large numbers for destroying rats in the trenches, where their presence was always acceptable. Several veterans that had killed innumerable rats, and shared the hardships of their masters, returned with the British forces in 1918 to live in honourable retirement.

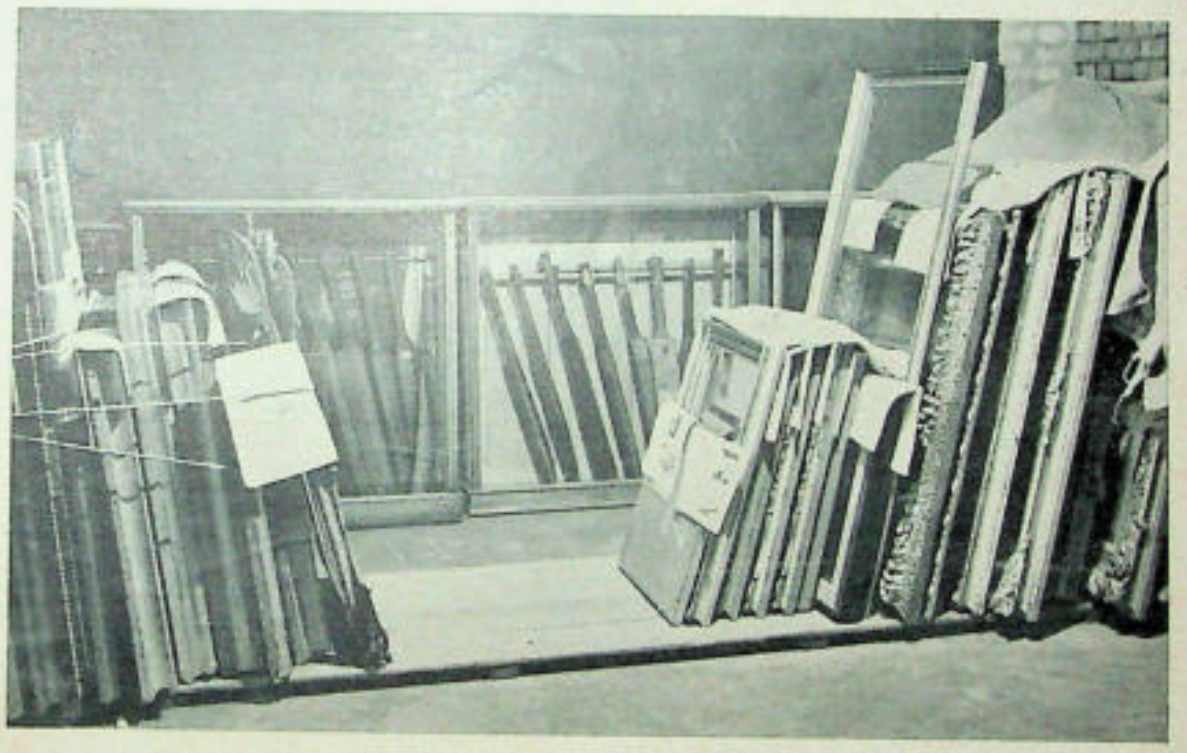
In ancient days dogs were actual combatants, being protected by armour, and wearing formidable spiked collars. One old writer described dogs so powerful that they could drag a man off a horse, "large dogs of the size of asses, fierce as lions, covered with rich cloth, silver collars, and neck rings, and a circle of iron points round the neck. Some of them are all clad in armour." Pliny mentions that the Colophonians trained their dogs with great care, having squadrons of them which fought in the first ranks with high courage.

SQUASH RACKETS.—Owing to the war, the competition for the Londonderry Cup, normally held under the auspices of the International Sportsmen's Club and confined to public schools old boys teams, will not take place this season. In consequence, Harrow, last season's winner, will continue to hold the Cup for another year. The earlier winners of the Cup, since the competition was inaugurated five years ago, were Eton (twice) and Winchester (twice).

WHAT LORD'S LOOKS LIKE TO-DAY



THE COMMITTEE ROOM WHERE GREAT DECISIONS WERE MADE IS NOW BLACKED-OUT. THERE ARE NO PICTURES ON THE WALLS. THEY HAVE GONE, BUT—



—HERE ARE THE FRAMES AND SOME OF THE MORE SOLID TREASURES IN THE DEEP DUG-OUT UNDER THE RACKET COURT



THIS MEMBERS' STAND LOOKS VERY FORLORN, BUT IN SPITE OF IT ALL SIR PELHAM WARNER, WAR-TIME SECRETARY, IS CARRYING ON WITH ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT SEASON



ON NO. 2 BEAT OF THE TEST AT ROMSEY

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

IN his inimitable book, *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons*, Chaytor has a flair for saying things in a way which make them remain in the reader's mind because of their appositeness. Take, for example, his remark: "One thing you may be sure of about a salmon, you never can tell either what he will do, or when he will do it." Does not that sum up in a few words the idiosyncracies of *salmo salar* to perfection? Yet in spite of this *x*, or unknown, quality about the fish, I suppose most salmon anglers of experience have certain times of the day when they are most hopeful of meeting a fish, and it only confirms what Chaytor said that these times vary with the individual to a very great degree.

I imagine that there might be a majority who felt more confident before lunch than after, and my own belief is that the hours from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. are worth all the rest of the day put together. Recently, when fishing the lower Test at Romsey, I made this remark, and Geary, the keeper, a very good and experienced angler, who is on the river long hours every day the season through, thoroughly agreed with it. But one must admit there are any number of exceptions. I remember one day on the Dart fishing from 9.30 until 2.40 without a rise. Then I caught two fish in successive casts, and a third at 5.25 p.m.

Chaytor, like most others, had his pet times. He says: "There are—or one gets to believe there are—certain times of the day which seem to be critical times when salmon take, if they are going to take at all. About 9 o'clock, about 1 o'clock, about 4 and at dusk are, I should say, the best times, and of them all I should put dusk first and mid-day second." On the other hand, the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood, of greased-line fame, had no favourite times at all. In *Greased Line Fishing for Salmon*, by "Jock Scott," he is quoted as saying: "My charts show that there is no special time of day at which salmon take. All hours are equal, except possibly on a stiff day the last 20 minutes of daylight, then again only if conditions are ordinarily good. The Cairnton records show no favourite hours except those controlled by weather." However, a little later he goes on: "There is always a peak period in the morning between 11 and 12, and an equally high peak in the afternoon or evening."

This point arose recently in conversation with a very successful West country angler who not only catches a great many salmon, but also succeeds in getting far more than his share of the big 'uns. As is well known, these streams do not produce fish of the same size as the Wye and some other big rivers. The number of 20-pounders killed in a season is limited, and it seems remarkable that one man should account for so great a proportion as does my friend.

Once I asked him for the secret of his success. "It is really quite simple," he replied, "in a river like this, which is very clear. It is always possible to have a look round before you fish to find what salmon there are in the pools, and at the same time which are the big ones and which are small. Personally, if I find a big fish I rather lay for him, and pay him frequent visits until I find him inclined to take. In my experience, unless the day is a very bad one, there is nearly always some time when a fish wakes up and takes an interest in mundane matters. My favourite times are 9.30 to 10; 2 to 2.30; and 6 to 6.30 (God's time, of course), and if I am aware of the presence of a really good specimen I generally look him up at these particular hours until I persuade him to take. Too often he knows more than I do, but now and then the great ones nod."

I confess this narrowing down of taking times to separate half-hours was something of a surprise to me, and I decided to look up my angling diaries and make a table of the times I had hooked my last hundred salmon. The result is, I think, interesting. From 9 to 10 o'clock the number was 8; 10 to 11, 23; 11 to 12, 25; 12 to 1, 9; 1 to 2, 11; 2 to 3, 8; 3 to 4, 6; 4 to 5, 6; 5 to 6, 3; 6 to 7, 1.

This shows that my own preference for the hours between 9 and 1 is well founded for no less than 65 of the fish were hooked in that period, and 48 of them between 10 and noon. At the same time it would not be right to place too great an emphasis on the superiority of this period because I am on the river far more often between 9.30 and 12.30 than during any other three hours of the day.

I do not very often fish after 3 o'clock, and probably not half-a-dozen times in the season do I continue after 4 o'clock. A doctor friend who can only rarely get out in the morning kills plenty of salmon after 3 o'clock, which seems to bear out Mr. Wood's dictum that there are no especially good taking times, and that the success of individuals at certain hours is because they are most often fishing then, and in course of years a feeling of confidence has been gradually built up that they are likely to meet salmon at around about such hours.

It is curious what a potent effect confidence has in fishing. To expect to catch a salmon often seems to be more than half the battle in the consummation of that desire, and so, when the witching hour approaches, confidence rises and somehow or other this increases the chance that such a feeling will be justified. One sees the same thing in the matter of favourite pools. Every salmon angler has his pet places, but the beloved of A is not necessarily the favourite of B, and may be actively disliked and despised by C. WEST COUNTRY.

A TROUT TRAGEDY

STRICTLY speaking, this is not a personal experience. It is the story of a man and a trout which happened in New Zealand years ago, when huge rainbows were commoner than they are to-day. I had it from the man himself in 1931, not long before his unexpected passing, and I judge it to be unique in more ways than one. So far as I can ascertain it never has been published and it impresses me as a duty to place it on record.

First for the man. Hoka Down was a full-blooded Maori who occupied a position of some importance in his tribal community near Lake Taupo and acted as my guide during two fishing trips in New Zealand. There were few sports he had not sampled during his fifty years, but fly-fishing was his real love, and what he did not know of the Tongariro river and its trout was negligible. Hoka was a sinewy giant of 6ft. and 17st., untirable and strong as an ox. He was surprisingly well-informed and utterly truthful, an optimist who neither smoked nor drank, and an individual I was proud to call my friend. The photograph shows the manner of the man.

One sunny April morning as we sat at lunch on Tongariro's bank I asked Hoka what was the heaviest rainbow he had seen. The big fellow's face clouded over and he looked unusually serious, before he answered, "Twenty-six pounds, but that was a sad day." So unusual a reply set one's ears a-tingle, and presently he unfolded an astonishing experience. I give the story as nearly as I can recall it in his own quaint words:

"Doctor, I was casting a Matuku fly over the Down's pool one morning by myself when I hook a tremendous rainbow. He is so strong I can do nothing with him, and for a long time he run me up and down the bank. At last he tire, but I have no net or gaff. Presently I see a man who fetch a net and together we get him out, the greatest trout ever I have seen. At once I carry him to Tokaanu where he is weighed, 26lb., the heaviest rainbow taken from the river, and I am asked to send him to Wellington for exhibition.

"But first I take him home to show my friends before he is packed up. At my house everybody is out, but there is a message for me to hurry to a sick friend. I hang the trout in my larder and I go up the hill to my friend and do not get back till the evening.

"When I return there is no trout where I put him. I call to my wife, 'Where is my fish?' 'Oh,' she say, 'that lovely trout, what a beauty, I find him and I cut him up and now he is in the pot for the supper!'"

In the course of a long experience I cannot recall a more pitiful angling occurrence. Was ever so miserable a climax? The fish of a lifetime consigned to the cooking-pot! For every fisherman this story touches such extremes of triumph and defeat as boggle description and leave one aghast. A sad day indeed.

Yet there remained one item to complete the psychological interest of this tragedy of error.



HOKA AND A 8-LB. TROUT

"Hoka, what did you say to your wife?" and the reply was charcteristic of the man. "Doctor, I go out and I walk by myself for an hour."

Good old Hoka, may his bones rest in peace.

"SILVER DOCTOR."

MAHSEER AND TURTLE

An addition to the long list of good angling stories comes from Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Toogood and is published in the August issue of the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society*. It has—as so many angling stories have not—the merit of being true. At about 8 a.m. on January 14th, 1939, His Excellency the Marquess of Linlithgow was fishing in the Canvery river about two miles from Seringapatam in a large pool. The bait used was a mixture of *atta* and *goor*. About five minutes after the bait had been thrown in, it was taken by a mahseer which weighed 14lb. On landing the fish there was no bait on the hook, but in the mouth of the fish was a turtle (*Lissemys punctata*) alive. It is presumed that the turtle was feeding on the bait which was at the bottom of the pool and the mahseer took the bait and the turtle. His Excellency played the fish for about ten minutes. The turtle, which is at present in Bombay, is none the worse for its alarming experience, and is feeding freely.

THE SHORT-EARED OWL

Status, Habitat and Habits

By G. K. YEATES



HE SUDDENLY ARRIVES, AS SILENTLY AS A MOTH, AND LOOKS AROUND

LIKE the crossbill, the short-eared owl is a capricious species, frequent in some years, decidedly rare in others. During the winter of 1938-9 it seems to have occurred in more than usual numbers, and, at any rate in the area where I have recently been working them, the breeding population has consequently increased. In point of fact, the decisive factor in the status of the species is the vole population. If these rodents upon which those owls so largely rely for their food prosper, the short-ears breed regularly in certain districts. In bad vole years they may be almost wholly absent: when plagues occur, they arrive in phenomenal numbers, as for instance during 1891–1893 on the Borders when this species was exceedingly abundant and because of the increased food supply laid clutches up to thirteen eggs.

Yet my recent observations on the species show that another very important factor is entering into the life of this fine bird—locally at least. The activities of the Forestry Commission naturally mean that the bird life of the often tree-less districts which are planted undergoes a radical change. The coming of trees drives out many species but encourages others. To the short-eared owl this afforestation during its early stages is a great blessing. That a ground nesting bird which delights in rolling moors or sweeping marshland should benefit from trees may sound curious. Yet it is so, at least temporarily, and the reason is not far to seek. The Forestry Commission ban sheep from their forests, with a consequent improvement in the rough moorland grass. This is further assisted by careful drainage. Improved grass means improved conditions for the mice. More mice bring more short-eared owls.

There can be no question that this afforestation is the cause, for on the ground where my observations were made, the short-eared owls began to appear immediately inside the boundaries of the afforested area and left off as soon as one was quit of it. About four-and-a-half miles of road ran through such country. From it I located 20–21 different cock short-eared owls with territories. All these were seen on Forestry ground. Outside its confines I knew of only one pair! Such numbers on so small a part of the large area now afforested are indeed surprising, and it makes one wonder what the total breeding population must be, for, let me repeat, these figures are given from observations along the road. The greater part of the large area now planted and therefore equally suitable country I never saw at all! Fifty pairs seems to me a conservative estimate, and I should not be surprised if it was as many as seventy.

The short-eared owl is a most fascinating species to watch. In the first place it is a diurnal bird and can therefore be watched during the daylight hours instead of in the poor gloaming in which the other members of the family begin their day's activities. Although an owl, it is nevertheless in flight more reminiscent of a buzzard or a harrier, as it quarters the ground or circles high up into the air. Indeed it is a species which is at its best in flight, and I never tire of watching it either hunting or displaying.

Short-eared owls may be seen hunting at any hour of day, but they are most active up to 9.30 a.m. and from 5 p.m. (winter time). Warm, still days, however, see little cessation even at mid-day, but in rain or wind they cut down their hunting to a minimum. As the cock bird is responsible for feeding the hen, it is he whom one sees quartering the ground during the breeding season. Territory rights are strict, at any rate when the birds are thick on the ground, and interloping males are ruthlessly driven off. Only when he hurries such invaders or when he is going to the nest does the cock bird fly in a direct line. In hunting he twists and turns, spirals and glides, even at times hovers, with wonderful grace and ease—a truly glorious sight. Every now and then he plunges to earth. Here he lands "all of a heap," wings splayed out over the grass. His first reactions are most amusing. Instead of looking to see if he has been successful in his stoop, he seems smitten with a feeling that he has made a fool of himself! His head turns from side to side as though to make sure that no rival is laughing at his undignified posture! Satisfied, he continues his hunting or, if successful, flies off in a bee line to the nest.

Fascinating as the cock bird is at his hunting, he is even so at his best in display. This again may occur at any hour of the day but is essentially an activity of the late evening when appetites are satisfied and the day's hunting is over. Then he rises high in the sky and with steadily beating wings holds the same position in the upper air. A low, penetrating *hoo-hoo-hoo* note resounds at frequent intervals. This performance is broken up by unexpected dives. The wings are clapped together beneath the body as the bird takes 200ft. of twilight in the twinkling of an eye. The wings are only once actually struck together, but the clapping continues for four or five times—presumably from the carpal joint. He then swings back to his original display position, hoo-hoo-ing and marking time in the upper air.

(To be continued)



PREENING HER UNDERWING



HABITAT OF, AND RIDE FOR, SHORT-EARED OWL
Typical rolling country, rich in thick grasses that harbour mice

Advice to Young Foxhunters

RIDING TO HOUNDS

The following is the fourth of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best-known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman"



IT is a good plan when at the meet at once to ascertain which pack is hunting (dogs or bitches), and to try to count them on every possible occasion. With practice this is easily done, and it keeps one thinking of the hounds. It irritates people if a man is continually saying the number of the hounds which are on. Keep this knowledge to yourself unless you are asked.

Dog hounds will not stand anything like the interference that bitches will stand. If ever you notice dog hounds slack and hanging about it is an almost certain sign that they are being too much interfered with in some way or another. Hence one often hears huntsmen say that bitches are the best. Probably they are safer in the spring in sheep countries when there are ewes and lambs about, when hounds have to be lifted round these.

The famous John Watson of Meath used to say: "It is a grander thing to see dog hounds working than bitches."

On the way to draw, ride as near the front of the column as possible.

Never allow conversation to lose you your place in the column.

If hounds are drawing a wood which you don't know, unless asked not to do so, ride inside fairly near the hounds when drawing. Most people stand outside jabbering, and a fox is unlikely to break near them. It is bad to hug a huntsman, but you won't find many inside a wood, and if you don't know it you can try to watch the huntsman.

Always try to keep down wind of hounds in a wood, or anywhere else.

When hounds are drawing a gorse or blackthorn covert you will be herded together and may find it difficult to get a start.

Never talk, but listen carefully.

Look for the easiest place in the first fence; discard this because others will have spotted it. Remember most people funk, and comparatively few take their own line. Your horse is fresh, so you must go for some other feasible place.

Having thus got over the first fence you will find yourself well placed. Use the same tactics at the second fence. You will then be well placed if hounds really run. Keep the down-wind side of hounds. When hounds come to a check stand still at once. Don't speak. Never talk during a hunt.

Once when acting M.F.H. during a good run hounds came to a check, and a dear lady came up and said: "Oh, a few days ago somebody told me such a funny story, but I quite forget what it was." Surely this was a trial to the best of tempers.

When hounds have run hard for a few minutes there will seldom be necessity to jump another big fence. Anyhow, you will not be hustled if you do.

Go quietly over deep ground or plough. Do not mind people passing you. They will soon fall back again.

Watch hounds carefully throughout. Never bucket. If you have a fall or make a bad turn do not be in too great a hurry to regain your position. If you pump your horse you are done for, and there is always a chance of hounds checking. Even a short check will probably be good enough to get you to the front.

Never take an ounce more out of your horse than you can help. Never jump a fence because somebody else has jumped it.

Whenever you get a chance dismount. This rests your horse. Ride at every fence, big or small, with the utmost care. It saves your horse and you have fewer falls.

If when you first start, your horse is fighting to go faster than you wish, a good plan is to slacken the snaffle rein and ride him on the bit. Of course, you may pick up all four reins if you are jumping, but I have known horses which I have had to ride over one or two fences on the bit rein.

If you get on to moory ground with surface drains your horse may put his feet into one or two drains, but afterwards he will not do this unless he is jobbed in the mouth. A good plan is to sit well down and well back, with a long rein; do not ride too fast over the soft ground, but when you get to sound ground you can then slap along. Go straight down steep ground; slantingways up it. As a rule you should ride slowly at walls, but if jumping uphill you must go along at a good pace. Horses always jump well under such conditions.

After a hard run slacken your girths: keep your horse on the move and go home at once. If you can, put your horse in somewhere to stale. Give him some gruel if you can obtain it at once, linseed if you are very fortunate to find some boiled, otherwise oatmeal in warm (not too warm) water. Mix it up well. This will buck up your mount, and help him home.

A horse's stomach is very small, and it soon gets empty.

Never be persuaded to keep a horse out after he has been through one good run. If you have two horses out, when you change send your first horse home at once. A horse can do an immense amount of work if he is regularly fed: *vide* cavalry horses on active service.

Do not hurry a horse home. If your horse is tired always try to ride home with somebody else. Tired horses go much better in company.

* * * *

The good management of artificial fox coverts is a vital one. Comparatively few have the remotest idea as to how a fox covert should be managed.

Of all kinds of artificial fox coverts the best for holding is gorse. The disadvantage of gorse is that it is precarious. At the same time, with efficient and autocratic supervision, a gorse covert should be comparatively easily maintained.

Blackthorn, on the whole, makes the most efficient fox covert, because it is less liable to be eaten by rabbits, destroyed by frost or accidentally burnt. But it takes many years to establish the blackthorn plants. In Yorkshire and north thereof gorse is termed whin.

To make a gorse or whin covert from four to six acres of land, not too stiff, should be enclosed in a suitable place. The land must be thoroughly clean. I give a particular instance—a whin or gorse covert, six acres, which died out completely during the Great War. There was not a single plant left. It was a waste of rabbit-eaten benty grass.

I was asked to get it into its former excellent condition. I approached a farmer, who grew first a root crop then two white crops, so far as I can remember. He particularly asked to be allowed to take a light crop of barley off the land the third year.

The rabbits were killed down and gorse seeds sown in the same way as young grass seeds are sown. The light crop of barley was an uncommonly heavy one, much laid by rain. When the corn was cut the area was carefully netted in. This particular case was a complete success.

N.B.—Never try to economise with wire netting. This must be at least 42in. in height, 18-gauge, 1½in. mesh, of which 6in. should be under the ground. In sandy soil where rabbits can burrow easily it may be necessary to use netting 48in. high, giving 1ft. under the ground. Probably the best netting for wear is "Rylands" in rolls of 50yds. A strong wire should run along the top of the wire netting to prevent hounds from bending it down. Never be induced to put any jumping rails into the top of the wire netting. It is quite unnecessary for a huntsman to ride into such a covert; where a horse can jump in, so can rabbits, and good hounds will draw properly.

It is possible that it is best to sow gorse seeds without another crop, however, nothing could have been better than the result, as mentioned above.

It is a good plan to plant several hundred small blackthorn plants the autumn following after sowing the gorse seeds. Eventually the blackthorns will assert themselves, and the whole become blackthorn, but not for many years.

If a gorse covert is for any reason divided, it is essential to have each division wired in separately. Never listen to any advice excepting from a competent forester, as to when to cut a covert over. Hunting people and huntsmen invariably ask that a favourite covert may be left for another season. This may be fatal, and at best will delay its growth two years.

When you do cut it over it must be cut over during February, and the gorse near the fence raked away for a few yards to prevent the latter being burnt. When the cut gorse is absolutely dry, burn it as it lies on a still day. If there is any wind it must be burnt up-wind. If absolutely still, burn from the outsides towards the centre. Thus all herbage is burnt and the seeds sprout as well as the stems.

The main curse of all coverts is rabbits. Even one may ruin a covert. Two most certainly will. Blackthorn takes many years to become established, and grows best on stiff soil. If rabbits are entirely absent every time it is cut over the blackthorns will become thicker.

Some advocate privet. Generally speaking, I don't advocate it: it is cold. Broom is shocking covert. It is perpetually rattling, and foxes detest this. I have known spruce firs successful in damp ground. It is a good plan, when planting spruce, to plant small blackthorns in between each spruce and the next. When the spruce firs have grown a certain height they should be heavily topped. This will cause their branches to spread out laterally, which will afford good dry covert for some years. When these have eventually to be cleared out the ground below will be absolutely clean, and the blackthorns may be established. If so, they will spread with rapidity. If at first the gaps are too large, the bare ground can be raked and sown with gorse seeds, which will grow in the dry portions.

I know one first-class covert which was never even ploughed. It was a fir plantation, nine acres, and when cut down the bare ground was raked and sown with gorse seeds. Part, being stiff soil, was planted with blackthorns.

Always protect your wire netting from stock, which must never touch it. A fence must therefore be erected outside the wire netting. If your covert is very thick, it is probable that your huntsman will ask either for a ride through the middle or for the covert to be worked in two halves.

I have several times seen coverts ruined by doing either. If a gorse covert is too thick one year the next it will have grown a lot and hounds can get in.

N.B.—The object in view is to find foxes, not to make a covert easy for hounds to draw.

* * * *

It has often been truly said of foxhounds that condition is the key of success. Those with experience may slightly differ as to the best way to produce the acme of condition.

Some believe in more summer exercise than others, and some like to see their hounds lighter in condition than others, when they first begin cub-hunting; but all aim at getting their hounds in perfect hunting condition.

The late Lord Willoughby de Broke wrote, in *Hunting the Fox*:

"The feeding demands primary attention. There is good ground for supporting the rule that the quantity of food should be reduced in summer, rather than the quality.

"In some kennels the thick oatmeal and flesh that is, or ought to be, served during the hunting season is watered down. This is surely a mistake;

solids are the natural sustenance of dogs. They will no doubt swallow gallons of slush if they cannot get anything else, but as it does not stay by them, it is doubtful if it does them any good, and it is really wasted.

"By giving them thick food in a greater or less amount all the year round, the sound quality of their tissues will be maintained.

"After a fortnight of slush a hound will become flabby: his coat, that true index of health, will lack lustre. He will lose his vitality, and his whole system will take weeks to recuperate at the very season of the year when he ought to be fit for long exercise."

So far as the coats of foxhounds are concerned, there are ways of bringing them on in the spring, which, although sometimes employed years ago, are seldom, if ever, recommended now. One method was to put on to the hounds what was called dressing. This consisted of sulphur and other ingredients, and the hounds were shut up in the kennel on straw for perhaps a fortnight.

This had the effect of bringing on their coats, but was not approved of by the majority of the old school, who believed in open air and exercise, and the practice is seldom, if ever, employed now.

The visiting stranger naturally judges the results of feeding and kennel management in a kennel by the lustre he sees on the coats of the hounds. If their coats look dull or backward, he may draw the conclusion that there is something amiss with the feeding.

As a general rule if the coats of his hounds look only moderately well, a huntsman will make excuses, which may or may not be valid, such as that it is owing to the cold weather, or that the hounds have not recovered from "the distemper," or that the hounds are of a sort whose coats never look well; or else, "Wait until they have drawn and been through a few gorse coverts," which has a wonderful effect in improving the lustre of the coats of foxhounds; but visiting strangers can sometimes be tiresome, and without arguing may form impressions other than favourable.

During the last few years large strides have been made in the science of feeding and vitamins.

If hounds are looking well it is superfluous to interfere; leave good alone. If any M.F.H. is not satisfied with anything connected with his hounds in the kennel, he will be well advised to consult the Animal Diseases Committee of the Agricultural Research Council in England, or the Animal Diseases Research Association in Scotland, who are always willing to give expert advice on the question of food.

Supposing, for instance, certain excellent dog hounds fail to get stock, or certain first-class bitches appear to be sterile, both the Council and the Association can give valuable and practical advice as to how the essential vitamins can be introduced into their systems. In this case advice will be given as to how to feed these hounds in order to introduce sufficient vitamin E. The advice given for cases of abortion can also be invaluable.

There is sometimes in a kennel what almost amounts to an epidemic of abortion. When this is the case all sorts of theories are started, such as that the heavy bitches wander into the gardens of cottagers who beat them out, or that they crawl through narrow holes in hedges, or else they are said to have jumped wire netting; and other hypotheses are advanced at random. One hears the same statements regularly in all kennels suffering from abortion. If one of the above-mentioned councils is consulted, the information given will probably be that "contagious abortion with dogs" is not admitted by most, and that the abortion is probably caused by an absence of certain necessary vitamins in their food; probably owing to lack of sufficient fats. It is useless to blame any individual for such mishaps.

But it is dangerous to try experiments with the food of foxhounds.

In one kennel it was decided, from a misguided view on economy, to buy meal from a place where that which was said to be equally good meal could be procured at less cost than that supplied by a firm famous amongst all managers of foxhounds. During the course of time most of the heavy bitches slipped their whelps. In this case those consulted were good enough to make a scientific analysis of everything connected with the diet provided for these hounds.

In the diet there were two kinds of meal, namely (*a*) described as the ordinary meal, (*b*) as special meal.

The analyst had no notion whence either was obtained, and the analysis showed that, although there were more albuminoids, there was a lack of fats in meal (*a*); there were more fats in meal (*b*), which was, in fact, that supplied to most foxhound kennels.

It was recommended that more fats should be introduced into the diet by means of cod liver oil and the use of the meal which had done excellent service for generations of foxhounds, also by using some wheat germ meal. After these points were attended to, the abortion soon became less, and finally ceased.

A layman on the subject cannot be expected thoroughly to understand the functions of different vitamins, but in cases of doubt the assistance and advice of the ever-helpful scientific experts are available, from which a great deal of good can be achieved. Sometimes conceit acts as a deterrent against consulting scientists.

N.B.—There is a book procurable, called *Vitamins: A Survey of Present Knowledge*, issued by the Medical Research Council. This is well worth buying. Sometimes hounds are sent in from walk wrong in their backs. This has been ascribed to various hypothetical causes, including that of "inoculation" against distemper. I was informed by a high authority on the subject that, provided the antecedents were thoroughly sound, the hounds thus affected had, in all probability, suffered from rickets.

Rickets in its turn is generally caused by unsuitable food when very young. Young puppies must have plenty of milk, and it is false economy for any M.F.H. to try to give his whelps substitutes for milk. If this is tried, at any rate, there can be little surprise if some whelps develop rickets.

Nearly all puppy walkers give their charges plenty of milk when quite young. KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

WITH the increasing prices of ordinary foodstuffs in war-time comes a demand for poached salmon, and even if the salmon spawning on the redds are not, strictly speaking, edible, they can be kippered like out-of-season herring and so form "kitchen" for a meal.

Poachers find little difficulty in catching spawning salmon when the rivers are low at the back-end, and I should say that a majority of salmon complete their spawning between the middle of November and the end of December. An extra salmon watcher or two for the months of November and December would save thousands of potential salmon, but salmon watchers should not be local men, for various obvious reasons; and, in addition to wages, should have specified monetary rewards for all convictions.

The post of bailiff on a salmon river which is near a big town or a colliery is no bed of roses, and is, in fact, a position of danger. Crowds of poachers primed with drink are queer customers to handle. That bailiff is a wise man who has assistance at hand when he goes to interview a band of salmon poachers by night or by day.

Most of the salmon which are poached in my district are got by an improvised gaff. A long handle for this gaff is cut in the wood, and if the salmon are out in the streams and shallows, they are stoned until they seek shelter near a bank, when they are gaffed.

While the fishing season remains open the poacher, who carries a rod and has liberty to fish, often gets a visible fish unfairly by the use of a large treble and heavy sinker. Firing the water is not so prevalent as it used to be, as the sight of lights by a river's banks attracts attention.

Poachers who know their business make a point of finding out how the rivers are watched, and at what hours and places the bailiffs arrive in their cars. When a party of bailiffs have been at a certain great spawning spot for salmon one day the probability is that the party will go somewhere else next day, and the poachers know that.

Honorary water-bailiffs for the period of this war would, I think, be rather hard to find, as the post is not one which I should care about. The idea of monetary rewards, say £1 for each conviction, and offered alike to river watchers and gamekeepers, has been tried out in my time, and it worked very well. As things are in most parts of Scotland the salmon spawn away up among the mountains, where there are no salmon in the actual angling season. The keepers of those out-of-the-way places are not interested in the salmon, and do not mind much whether they are poached or not, as their masters and shooting tenants get little sport out of them.

It is not pleasant to see gravid fish vanish from the clear mountain streams of the Highlands day after day in fine, frosty weather, as at the beginning of November of this year, but in practice which of us care to interfere with a poacher? Who, in fact, might ask an ordinary civilian by what authority he presumed to question, or interfere with, a free citizen of Scotland.

The man to deal with salmon poaching in war-time ought to be a paid official and should be chosen for his courage. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



FOLLOWERS OF THE SOUTHDOWN MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET NEAR RINGMER



HABITAT SCENES FOR BEARS

A VISIT TO THE CHICAGO ZOO

By MARTIN STEPHENS

I SAW a good many remarkable things when I was in the United States, as everybody who visits that country must do. I saw the Empire State Building, and the World's Fair, and Niagara Falls, and the reception given to the King and Queen in New York. (Incidentally I also saw Hitler and Mussolini triumphantly enter Berlin in 1937, and it was nothing to it.) But I think the most remarkable thing of all that I saw was the Chicago Zoo. The reason why I think it is such an outstanding achievement is that it was only opened in 1935, and already at the end of five years it is one of the finest zoological collections in the world.

It must of course be remembered that those who start late are able to take advantage of the ideas of others, and begin uncramped by any legacy of out-of-date arrangement or old-fashioned building, much of which it is impossible, physically impossible, to overcome. But I am not so much thinking in terms of space and arrangement as of the actual quality, and indeed quantity, of the collections accumulated in this short time.

The origins of the Chicago Zoo are after this fashion. In 1920 Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick felt that Chicago should have a zoo of its own and generously offered to present a large acreage of land in the neighbourhood of Brookfield for the purpose.

Under the leadership of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson a non-political Zoological Society was formed, as in the case of the New York Zoo, and it works in a clearly defined relationship with the local government. The latter carries out construction and maintenance, and the collection of animals is paid for by private gift, exchange, and the funds of the society.

Construction began in 1926, and though somewhat retarded by the depression, is now three-quarters finished, in so far as a zoo is ever finished. There is adequate space to meet any new demands not already scheduled.

The Zoo was formerly opened on June 30th, 1934. Admittance is free on three days a week, and always free to children. During the first year a million and a half visitors entered the gates, and this amazing figure is increasing.

As one who has plodded round innumerable zoos and countless museums, I think that not the smallest reason for the popular appeal of the Chicago Zoo is that the various exhibits are laid out so that the Grand Tour can be made progressively, and with avoidance of that pitch of fatigue, when one would far sooner see a bench than a brontosaurus. There are adequate parking places, picnic spots and children's playgrounds.

The cages are barless and have been designed, where possible, to give some sort of an idea of the natural habitat of the species.



A TRIO OF SHOEBILLS

The small mammal house is, I think, the best I have ever seen, and I dislike small mammal houses, as a rule. There was a delightful ocelot with her kitten—always my favourite of the cat tribe—a binturong and a litter of fennec foxes. With their colossal ears, bright little eyes, and coats that merge so successfully into the sands of Africa, I think the fennec is one of the most attractive of his tribe.

Beyond the small mammals the visitor comes to the bears. The society is well supplied with varying species of these animals, and their dens are excellent. Pride of place must be given to the kodiaks, who have a large and special enclosure of their own called Kodiak Island. It is circular and offers the public a good opportunity of studying these terrific beasts. Beyond Kodiak Island are a couple of musk-ox brought back in 1936.

The lion and tiger cages are the most attractive I have ever seen. Apart from the fact that they are extraordinarily roomy, doing away with the up-and-down, up-and-down, which so distresses the sentimental public, they were at the time of my visit thick with green vegetation. Looking across the dividing moat the spectator does not feel that he is looking at a zoo animal.

These enclosures are very well filled; indeed, I know of no other zoo where the whole race of tigers is shown, the Western Russian, the Indian and the Sumatrian. All the felidæ had a remarkably fit appearance.

The pachyderms are housed in a vast rock-like structure, which from a distance looks rather like the Mappin Terraces; indeed, when I first arrived at the zoo, I expected to see a big-horn sheep come carracolling across it.

The society possesses the usual quota of African and Indian elephants, and an African rhinoceros, while arrangements are being made to collect an Asiatic rhino group. I was lucky in my visit, for Bebe, the Zoo hippo, had presented Toto, her lord and master, with a calf three or four days before, and it was diverting to watch them swimming about in their tank together.

Among the antelopes the pronghorn will always be of interest to the European visitor, though taken much as a matter of course by Americans. There is a fine greater kudu and also several lesser kudu,



POLAR BEAR ENCLOSURE

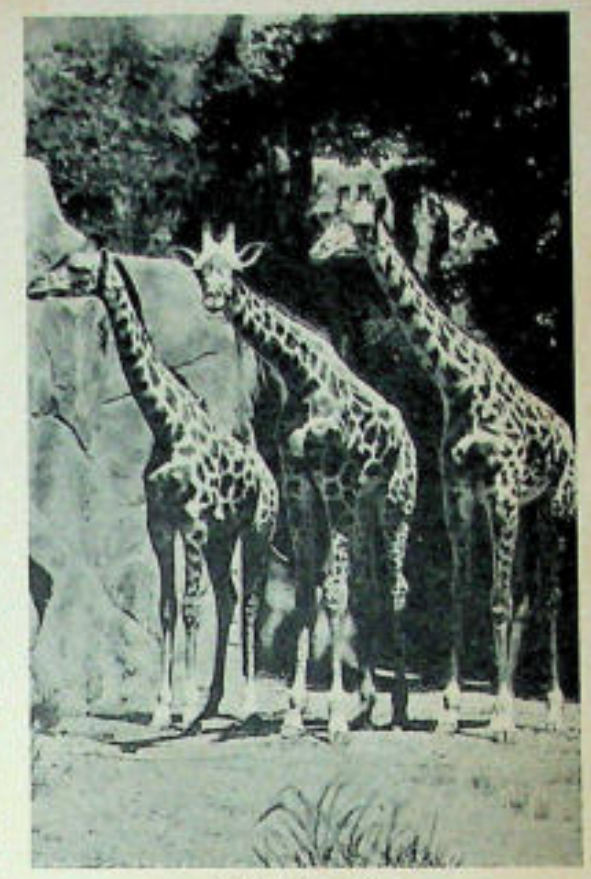
Next door to Mei-Mei were the three young gorillas—Miss Congo (who arrived from the Congo weighing 13lb.), Suzette and Sultan. They form a happy family party, or rather they should. But Miss Congo is incurably jealous and is also something of an exhibitionist. If the keeper, who is still on terms of walking freely about the cage with them, shows any favour to the other two, Miss Congo becomes very peevish. I dread to think what will happen if Sultan becomes partial to Suzette when he grows up.

Among the rest of the primates the collection is also good, and there is a very large house for them, with indoor and outdoor cages. Great care has been taken wherever possible, and especially in the case of the primates, to have at least two of every species, where this can be done. In the case of the monkeys there are generally three or four of each species.

I think Tia, the orang-outang, must be given pride of place in the monkey house. I would have given a good deal to have known what was going on in her mind as she sat and looked at me.

Space forbids me to go deeply into the inhabitants of the bird and reptile house. There are three buildings for birds, the aquatic bird house, the parrot house and the perching bird house. The aquatic bird house has a splendid flying cage 70ft. by 96ft. by 22ft. high. There is a fine collection in this house of herons, flamingoes, egrets, ibis, cranes and storks, including several shoebills.

There is the usual parrot house with optimists reiterating "Pretty Polly" to birds which have said everything they have to say at 10.30 a.m. And I met that much maligned bird the kea. What I should like to meet even more would be somebody who has actually seen a kea killing a sheep.



MASAI GIRAFFES

Incidentally there are special quiet breeding runs for parrots and the results have been very satisfactory. In the perching bird house, as in New York, a good number is shown of each of the smaller species, which makes for a greatly increased interest, and there is a first-class humming bird cage with a mist spray to take the place of dew.

In the formal pool in front of the bird house there are a number of waterfowl which winter in the aquatic bird house, and there are peafowl at large throughout the gardens. Mention, too, must be made of the nine-acre wildfowl pond deep in the recesses of a wood, where all manner of species from the redbreasted and snow geese to the mallard and pintail can be watched in almost natural surroundings.

The zoo from its inception owes a great deal to Mr. Edward H. Bean, its director, and his son and assistant Robert Bean, who have put into its development a degree of enthusiasm and care that defies description. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* I should also like to thank George Speidel, the head of the Zoo police, and Mei-Mei's own particular friend, who took me round and displayed such an extraordinary varied zoological knowledge. The fact that he carried a loaded revolver (which he assured me he has never used) added just the required touch of what the unsophisticated visitor expects of Chicago.



ABOVE: THE SOUTH GATE

a fringe-eared oryx and a couple of addax, which I have seen in no other zoo in the world except the Khartoum Zoo, and a good roan.

But pride of place must go to the giant eland, certainly the most remarkable acquisition I know of in any zoo. The specimen I saw, a female, had a peculiar interest for me, as it is I think the identical cow—then a calf—that I saw in the little collecting zoo at Tanj, in the heart of the giant eland country. A bull was arriving in New York at the beginning of June, so let us hope they will increase and multiply and reward the Chicago Zoo for its enterprise.

Incidentally the authorities have been lucky in the way their rarities have bred, and also in raising the offspring. To add to this already remarkable collection efforts are being made to obtain a bongo and an okapi. (No good American zoo likes being behind any other American zoo, I suspect! A bongo in Regent's Park can be born: a bongo in Bronx Park just must be matched!)

The most popular exhibit in the zoo is (as elsewhere) Mei-Mei, the giant panda (pronounced "May-me"). Her name means "little sister," but I believe there are some doubts that she may not be "little brother." She certainly is the most engaging creature. She took my hand between her paws and clasped it with fervour.

BELOW: WESTERN TIGERS



HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—A large field met these hounds at Long Clawson, one of the "plum" meets in the Belvoir Vale. It is always worth an effort to get there, and a leavening of Quornites came over the border, only to spend most of the day in their own country after all. Is there any more delightful prospect than the approach to Sherbrook's? Those few fields down which followers canter to the covert are just right for back-reducing purposes, and if not too busy riding one is free to enjoy the view of Leicestershire *de luxe*. A long wait had first to be endured whilst hounds tried to press their fox enough to make him leave this dense retreat; but presently the longed-for holloa was heard. As hounds surged out and owned the line it was clear that scent was far better in the open than it had been within. Away they went in fine style over the vintage pasture; the going was soft but good, and although a blind ditch here and there made traps for the unwary, fences were at their most inviting.

Over the Quorn border straight away the bitches raced off to the Curate's Gorse. Probably changing foxes here they then hunted back along the Melton—Nottingham railway line beyond Broughton Station. When the Hunt was pointing for Dalby a hound was killed by a train, and this tragedy took away much of the enjoyment of a delightful hunt. Though of no great distance the pace was good throughout, and any wire there may have been never interfered. Enough had been done with the war-time ration of one horse apiece, so there was no question of drawing again.—UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—After meeting at Thornford on November 20th, the Blackmore Vale soon found on Knighton and hunted to Lewesto, where they killed their fox. The Lewesto coverts were full, but little could be done, and the remainder of the day was spent between Whitfield and Conway's Gorse. On the Tuesday hounds were at Mudford Bridge, then finding at Ashington ran to Lymington Warren, and pushing their fox through this covert hunted him in a small circle back to the warren, where he was killed. They were then taken in search of an outlier in Lymington Village, and roused an old dog fox lying out towards Ilchester. Hounds ran fast by the river meadows and right-handed into Lymington Warren, where they killed their fox.

November 25th was spent almost entirely in Sherborne Park, after meeting at Crackmore Lodge. Two foxes were chopped in the home plantation, and another found in the park went to ground at Goat Hill, but was evicted and killed. A fox put up near Haydon Lodge was hunted slowly to Tripp's Lane Kiln and then by Hannover's to Venn, where scent failed. Coming back to the park they soon found again, and ran by Haydon Lodge to Alweston before turning back via Snagg's Arbour to the park, where the day ended. This was a useful, if not a spectacular, day, and one could have wished for better country for the several soldiers who were taking a brief respite from their training in a day's hunting.—B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—Hounds had an excellent day after meeting at Maiden Newton Foundry on November 20th. There was a nice field out on this, the unfashionable side of the country, and we all wished that the junior joint master, who is at present on active service, might have been out to enjoy the excellent hunt which the bitches provided that morning. There were plenty of foxes in Lord Wynford's coverts, and a brace was added to the tally, while another was marked to ground, in the first hour and a half.

At twenty-five minutes to one a determined looking customer went away from Kickhorn Gorse, which lies on the northern slope of the valley above Wynford House, and setting his mask for Kingston Russell led over the grass to the Roman Road. Near Brakes he was headed back, then ran to Round Hills and sank the valley toward Wynford Eagle, bearing slightly right-handed past the village to turn further right toward Compton Barn. Crossing the Maiden Newton Road just below that well-known meet, hounds drove over the open pastures through the southern end of Cruxton Gorse, bearing slightly left-handed to the ridge above Frome Vauchurch. Here they turned to the right again and led parallel with the river Frome to the coverts above Frampton House.

Scent was excellent and the fox, who had evidently hoped to beat his pursuers in the thick coverts, failed to do so, being forced to break again over the fields toward Town Hill Farm. A flock of sheep grazing on the hillside caused a check, which allowed him to gain considerably and also allowed the field, which had been hard put to it, to get on terms with the pack again; but the delay was short, for Gosden, holding his pack forward, hit off the line past Town Hill Farm toward Kingston Russell. If the fox had stuck to the open hounds would probably have rolled him over within ten minutes, but he took a chance and ran for the main earths at Compton Valence, hardly a mile away. Luckily for him, they were open, and hounds marked him there at the end of a capital seventy minutes. A really nice hunt.

It was particularly pleasing to see the enthusiasm of the farmers encountered that day. Two or three were out with hounds, and at every farm passed through there were others on hand to open gates in the farmyards and give news of the quarry. "'Tis grand to see hounds again," one man said as the field galloped past him. "We thought they'd forgot us down here. Come again soon. We've plenty of foxes."—LINCOLN.

COTTESMORE.—The country is now riding very deep after a lot of rain mostly during the night, and we continue to have on most days a fair holding scent. From the fixture at Stratton on November 20th a small field enjoyed a pleasant day, hounds running nicely over this wild country all day.



CAPTAIN F. W. HARTMAN LEAVES SUSSEX

Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety (left), Joint Master of the Southdown, shaking hands with Captain F. W. Hartman at a meet at Firle, Sussex. Before the mare off Captain Hartman was presented with a silver fox mounted on ebony as a token of appreciation of services as Joint Master from 1935-9. He is leaving Sussex shortly

From Oxey Farm on the 21st an excellent day was recorded. As usual, there were foxes in that nice covert—Loddington Redditch—one of which completed a fast ring on the Skeffington side before returning to covert. Then, going away again, he was lost near the railway. Launde Big Woods were next called upon and provided a great fox, who stood up before the bitches for one hour and forty minutes and gave as fine a hunt as anyone could wish for over a splendid line of country, and with the present small field one could enjoy the working of the pack with comfort. First of all they ran fast through Launde Park into Launde Park Wood and it was twenty minutes or so before the fox was forced out. He ran towards Leighfield before bearing left-handed, and leaving Prices Coppice on the right, crossed the bottom (a nasty obstacle in most places) and followers were lucky to find a good place to jump it. Over this the hunt continued and on over the "Wisp," then came the Cheseldyne Spinney on the left where it circles into Little Owston. The fox did not delay here but crossed the road and leaving Witheote Hall on the right, ran the length of the Lovers' Walk before turning into Launde Big Wood where hounds caught him.

On the 23rd Thistleton was the meet in a grand country. It was a real wet morning and did not clear all day. Nevertheless it was enjoyable and when hounds were stopped at 2 p.m. all had had enough as the going was heavy. During the day a fox was viewed who had most likely left Woodwell Head before hounds were thrown in; they were soon on his line and at once started to run fast through Marriott's Spinney, continuing on fast over the Witham Road, to kill their fox in the open a mile further on after a good twenty-five minutes. The Wild Thorns at Gunley held a fox but he had gone too long. Hounds next found an outlier in the vicinity who ran through Woodwell Heads and out over the Ironstone Railway for a couple of miles where hounds were defeated on the cold plough land.

On Saturday last, when Tonesby was the fixture, there was a sharp white frost in the morning and scent was never good. A good-sized field turned out for the time, including many in khaki. A nice hunt race took place in the afternoon. Hounds found their first fox near the old Roman encampment on Burrough Hill and crossing the Sowerby road ran down past Hanes Gorse where they lost him. Wymondham Roughs held a brace of foxes, and one raced towards Whissendine Station before bearing left over the Wymondham-Edmonthorpe Road. Here hounds checked for some time but after an exceptionally good cast they raced on again through Mr. Tom Marriott's farm, beyond which the fox turned back as far as the road leading to Crown Point. Here the hunt turned towards Woodwell Head. Some men carting wood prevented the fox entering the covert, so he continued on over the old Canal Bed and hounds stopped east of Teigh at 4 p.m. This hunt redeemed to a great extent a moderate day.—FOXY.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Hounds have had a good cubhunting season. Their Master, Major Hon. C. G. Cubitt, and the second whipper-in left for service abroad at the beginning of the war; the pack has been drastically reduced and hounds are now hunting two days a week. They had a nice run from Bentons after their opening meet at Knepp Castle. On November 18th, after meeting at Partridge Green, a fox at Monastery Woods was hunted superbly by the bitch pack over the Brighton Road to Gratewicke Farm. He bore right-handed through Shermanbury Hanger to Ewhurst Farm, then across Cratemans and Dragons Farm to the main road south of Cowfold, hounds working well, to hunt along the brook through the Sewage Farm to kill their fox in Eastlands Wood. Scent was not good, but hounds had worked hard.—C. H.

CROOME.—It was a busy and eventful day when hounds met at Naunton Beauchamp. They trotted down the road from the meet to the famous Naunton Bushes and immediately had a brace of foxes on the move. One was holloa'd out towards the village, but hounds went away with the other to Abberton Bushes and then in a southerly direction for Bishampton. Here the famous Banks loomed black on the skyline and promised security to the hunted fox. All the foxes in the world seemed to be on foot and hounds were stopped. It had been a good hunt whilst it lasted and they had run well.

At Shutwell a brace of foxes went away almost before hounds were in covert. Going by Happy Land they were hunted across the road to Frog Hall and thence to Naunton Bushes, from which the fox had evidently made Day's Coppice his goal. But the line could not be carried beyond the brook and hounds were taken back to Shutwell, where they again found. A cold rain began to fall about this time and continued for the rest of the day. After hunting out for a few fields towards the Peopleton Road hounds turned for Shutwell Bushes once more and were stopped. A stale line which they picked up beside the Bow Brook led them across to Aston Hayes as if for Farthing Hill, but scent soon faded out, and a wet, bedraggled remnant of the field turned for home.—D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Hounds had a good week, adding five brace to the tally, which now totals 34 brace in 41 days' hunting. On November 20th hounds met at Anstey, and finding their first fox in Breach Wood killed him after a short burst. There was another fox in the covert and hounds, going well away on his line, ran to Melcombe Park, where they hunted up and down, sticking well to his line in spite of numerous deer, for an hour. Then they forced him out of the covert, hunting him over the high ground to Melcombe Horsey, where he was marked to ground. Returning to Melcombe Park, the third fox of the day followed a similar procedure, and the field were forced to sit on their horses while hounds hunted him steadily up and down the park for another hour and a half, after which this fox, probably a litter-brother of the preceding one, ran almost exactly the same line, field for field, to seek sanctuary in the same earth. Both were eventually bolted and accounted for. No one who is not familiar with the South Dorset country could be asked to believe that there was a third fox in the park, but such was, nevertheless, the case. This one, however, was made of sterner

(Continued on page 1084)

A PAGE of SPORTING CELEBRITIES SEEN in WAR-TIME KIT



FLYING OFFICER L. G. CRAWLEY, OF GOLF AND CRICKET FAME, WATCHING RUGBY AT RICHMOND WITH MRS. MAHONY AND MRS. CRAWLEY



FOUR GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS: F. WALWYN (REYNOLDSTOWN, 1935), F. FURLONG (REYNOLDSTOWN, 1936), BRUCE HOBBS (BATTLESHIP, 1939), AND T. CULLINAN (BRAUX GOLLIN, 1930)



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL STILL BELIEVES IN SPEED, BUT THIS TIME WITH A MOTOR CYCLE



T. HAMPSON, THE OLYMPIC ATHLETE, ARRANGES FOR R.A.F. ATHLETES RUGBY, ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING



THE HON. MRS. G. LAMBTON WITH HER SON AT THE WINDSOR STEEPLECHASE MEETING LAST WEEK



OUT OF THE SADDLE AND INTO BATTLE DRESS. S. MAGEE AND D. MORGAN, THE JOCKEYS, WITH T. MORGAN, THE TRAINER, IN THE CENTRE



BLUES OF THE TRACK AND THE OAR. M. BRADLEY AND A. PENNINGTON AT REVOLVER PRACTICE

stuff, for after hounds had hunted him a short time, he broke over a nice line of country, and, running past Lovelace's, continued on by Nettlecombe Tout and Liscombe to Tan Hills, where he was killed, after a good hunt, which made up for the early part of the day.

On the Wednesday the Master spent the day in Dewlish Park, hounds accounting for a brace of foxes. It was purely a "punitive expedition," and there was only a small field out.

November 23rd—the roughest day of the week—saw the pack at Druce Farm, where, in spite of the dirty weather, hounds lost no time in finding a fox on Druce Hill. Whether it was the driving storm that made him afraid to face the open, or whether he was an inexperienced cub, it was hard to judge, but he was accounted for in short order. Hounds were then taken to West Farm at Chesilbourne, where they found almost at once, and going away well ran fast by Chesilbourne Down to Druce Farm, where they swung left-handed to Cox's Farm, killing their quarry at East Dewlish.—A. H. H.

Morpeth.—J. Scott is back in harness again hunting the Morpeth, and this is his 49th season with hounds. He has for his whippers-in, Frank Land, who was first whipper-in to the Morpeth for over 20 seasons, and the stud groom. Hounds are hunting well, and had killed 21 brace of foxes with a four-mile hunt over good country. Going away over the brook, hounds took a nice line over Upper Barn to Anchor Wood, where they checked, but recovering the line ran on through Tanglewood and Birchen Copse to Cinderhill. Here the pack divided, some going on to Tye Copse, while the main body hunted through Branslands and over Doghurst to Sandhills, losing their fox short of Blechingly Village.—O. S. B.

Tynedale.—It was a grand hunting morning on November 20th, when the pack met at Nunwick Park Gate. Finding in Peckett's Dene, hounds ran to the river below Nunwick and straight on by Nunwick Mill, marking their fox to ground on Struther Farm. Another found in the Scrogg, ran to Keeper Shield and Struther Farm. Coming back left-handed, hounds ran hard by Fairshaw on to Sharpley, and swinging right-handed to Upper Town made for Peppermoor, where they were stopped when pointing for the moors in the Haydon country, after a capital 45 minutes on a greatly improved scent.—T.

Warwickshire.—This pack is, like others this season, carrying on as well as it can, hunting four days or, rather, four half-days a week, for it is not possible to do more, when the Hunt stud is so reduced that Gilson and the whippers-in can only have one horse each out a day.

Saturday is the special day of the week, when



SPOILERS OF SPORT WHOSE CURIOSITY HAS TO BE CURBED

up to the time of writing. On the day they met at Whalton they killed one fox at Ogle Dene, and going away with another ran to Shilvington. They slipped the field in the blue haze, and when they were found were taken on to Edington Whin, where two-and-a-half brace of foxes were on foot.

After working well in here on a moderate scent two brace left, and the pack were then taken to Molesden Wood, where they found at once and ran east to Mitchesons. Here the fox, being headed, turned by the North Farm, Lyndaw, into Riplington Wood, then crossing the racecourse to the Milestone nearly reached Shortflatt. Hounds were making for Belsay Haugh House, but were stopped at North Trewick, after a good hunt of 50 minutes on a moderate scent.

They had a great scenting day after meeting at Longhorsley West a few days later; 45 minutes were recorded with the first fox, then they had bad luck to change and run heel line upwind of a fresh fox. Next followed a brilliant 55 minutes, hounds beating horses all the way. Finding in Black Pool Bog, they ran by View Law, The Birks and Todburn Dene to Ghyllheugh, racing on by Linden Hill Head into Tennant's Whin, where this gallant fox beat hounds. It was only 12.50, but all the horses had had enough.—M.

Surrey and Burstow, Old.—These hounds had good sport from their meet at Mark Beech. After a woodland hunt in Ford in the morning they found again at Dry Mill. With good scent they hunted well through difficult country, then ran fast to Colony Wood. The fox seemed to be heading for Westlands Gorse, but swinging right ran parallel with the river to Haxted Bridge. Taking a line over Starborough Farm the fox was headed on the road making for Ford, and turning to the left ran hounds out of scent at Starborough Castle, after a good hunt of 60 minutes.

These hounds had good sport from Newchapel Green on November 25th. Finding first in Baker's Wood, they hunted the covert and drove their fox out through West Park on to Wilmot's Farm, then swing left-handed back to Baker's Wood, where they were run out of scent in covert.

A fox from Court Lees gave an excellent run serving soldiers and other busy people have a holiday; and last Saturday a good gallop took place from a small covert between Idlicote and Halford Bridge. Hounds ran up to the Fulready Road, where a car dog chased the fox and caused a check; but they recovered the line, and with Fulready rough field to their left and Oxhill Gorse to their right ran on towards Blackford Spinney.

Swinging right-handed, the pack left Oxhill Village to their right and ran by Burland Farm almost to Tysoe. Here they rose Edgehill, and ran on as far as a kale field close to the Upton Coverts, where hounds had two foxes in front of them. A fresh one and the hunted fox. Both crossed the road into the gardens of Sunrising House, and there hounds turned left-handed and marked to ground in some large earths on the steep hillside near the Sunrising Gorse. One of the Masters, Captain Forster, was enjoying a day off from his military duties. In his absence, and that of his colleague, Mr. Samuel, on active service, Sir Walter Cowan is acting as Master. Captain Wickalls, the secretary, has issued an urgent appeal to all followers to avoid unnecessary jumping as likely to lead to damage to fences, to shut gates and to give hounds as much room as possible, as more than one hound has been injured this season by being ridden over or kicked.—Patience.

IRELAND

Limerick.—Mr. Alexander being disabled Mrs. Alexander carried the horn on two days recently. From the Kilfinny pasture on November 17th, Mrs. Cahill's covert on the Adare—Rathkeale Road was the first draw, and a brace of foxes were at home. Hounds hunted one over the tarmac road to ground at Smithfield after a fast gallop. A fox from Ruse crossed the Ballingarry Road, and keeping Kilfinny on the left went to ground near Graigue Wood.

From Dhora hounds went quickly away, and keeping parallel with the Charleville Road raced on a first-class scent through Banogue and right-handed to Morenane. Leaving this on their left they ran hard through Ballygrennan, then turning right-handed skirted Cloosh Covert before re-crossing the Croom—Liskennett Road. Returning into Dhora hounds marked to ground after a fast and enjoyable 40 minutes.

On the following Monday Fedamore was the fixture, when a fox on Upper Fedamore went to ground in the covert. From Lower Fedamore a brace were away, the hunted one taking a line through Garryellen. Hounds ran well through Badgerfort leaving Kilpeacon Cross on the left to Friarstown Bog. Turning right-handed up Friarstown Hill they crossed the upper road, continuing straight through the wood and out on the further side. Crossing the valley below, however, the pack marked their fox to ground at Cloghane, but he was bolted and killed after a fast 35 minutes. From Friarstown Bog hounds again ran at top speed for 25 minutes. Crossing the Dson—Kilpeacon Road, they went on through Badgerfort to mark their fox to ground at Rockfield. Ballyregan, drawn for the first time this season, was well stocked with foxes, and an hour was spent routing those about before marking one to ground at Badgerfort, this ending a good day's sport.—L.

Tipperary.—A small but determined field undertook the long journey to Ballingarry on November 23rd, where a fox was found in a small patch of gorse on Stokes' Hill. Scent was not good, but hounds were able to run fast nearly into Garranareole, over the hill to the Creamery, and right-handed to Coalbrook, where they marked close to the river after a pleasant 20 minutes. A move was made to Maher's, where, finding at once, the pack broke at the lower side, and, running well, crossed the Ballingarry—Lismolin Road. Turning left-handed they re-crossed the road further up, and with a fine cry pushed their fox back through Maher's towards Prout's. Without entering the covert they hunted to Crow's farm, where they checked. A long forward cast by Mrs. Masters recovered the line. With great perseverance hounds carried it nearly to Ballingarry, over Dublin Hill and down to the King's river. Running through Tehen's Gorse they turned back up the hill to Maher's, and were ultimately beaten close to Prout's after an interesting if circular hunt of 75 minutes.—T. C. V.

THE HORSE THAT WOULD NOT RETIRE

BEHIND the curt announcement, in the official scratchings, of the death of Ferrans lies the story of one of the most remarkable, though humble, steeplechasers of modern times—the horse that would not retire.

Ferrans was seventeen years old and for eleven seasons he had been "going round" the steeplechase courses of this country. He contested races on 41 of them and appeared at Newbury, his favourite battle ground, on no fewer than 20 occasions, winning nine times. He won 32 races in England, was second 31 times and third 24 times. He had 21 riders in English races, of whom eight rode him first past the post, and J. Moloney was his partner in 55 events, of which thirteen were won.

This hardy animal, a gelding by Meleager—Bright Eyes, first came into prominence when he won the Kildare Cup in his native Ireland eleven years ago, and his rider was the Hon. H. G. Wellesley, who is now training at The Curragh after a spell at Newmarket.

Ferrans' early days in England were spent in the small stable run by W. T. Ancil at Weston-on-the-Green, near Bicester, who first came into distinction when he trained the Grand National horse Carfax, and at that time Ferrans was the property of Captain W. B. Radford, who used to ride him in his races, military and otherwise. In 1931 he went close to accomplishing a double that would delight any soldier-rider's heart, for after being third in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park he won the Grand Military Handicap the next day. This was his biggest prize, though worth but £296, for Ferrans's triumphs have been in small races, and all told he won no more than £3,432.

Captain Radford won nine of the 30 races in which he rode Ferrans, and in the summer of 1932 the horse went into E. G. Pease's stable, then at Kineton, near the Warwickshire Hunt kennels. A year later he went into the ownership of Mr. A. Smith-Bingham and the care of George Beeby and remained with that trainer to the end, first at Waltham, near Melton Mowbray, and then at Compton. Then began Moloney's association with the horse, who was ridden by T. F. Carey in 22 of his last 24 races. Carey won on Ferrans four times.

Ferrans became an institution at certain meetings. A year or two ago Mr. Smith-Bingham, a member of the Warwickshire Hunt, decided that the time had come for Ferrans to retire and so the gallant jumper was introduced to the hunting field. He could not understand it. The frequent stopping at gates, and the other necessary checks, puzzled him, so eager was he for action. The owner thought again. Ferrans returned to the life he loved, and it is pleasant to record that he won the last two races in which he competed.

LUCKY THIRTEEN IN THE HESKETH CHARITY GOLF MATCH

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

"PROVIDENCE obviously designed this for a golf links"—this famous saying of General Moncrieffe's, uttered in the early 'sixties as he gazed for the first time upon that noble expanse of ground, now the Royal North Devon Golf Club, would have been re-echoed had he travelled to Hesketh the other week to watch the Red Cross match between Henry Cotton, Dick Burton and the two Bentley brothers.

Many have been the occasions that I have visited this impressive stretch of rolling sand dunes, but never once have I ceased to marvel at the wealth of famous courses lying along this Lancashire coast to Southport. Even the golfing centres of East Lothian, Prestwick and Troon, and that select corner of Kent containing Royal St. George's, Princes' and Deal, fall short in comparison. Merely to repeat their names captures something of their delights. Formby, with its naïve charm; Southport and Ainsdale, of Ryder Cup memory; Birkdale, with its heartbreaking length and tiger rough; West



DICK BURTON, BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION, PRACTISING PUTTING

Lancashire, of more venerable tradition; and Hesketh, perhaps less distinguished than its neighbours, but nevertheless providing an exacting test of golf.

The history of how the game was introduced to this coast makes interesting reading. I remember well how, after lunching with Major Nason, the genial secretary of the West Lancashire Club, we retired to the smoking-room and solemnly waded through the minutes relating to the beginnings in 1873 of this nursery of Lancashire golf. I sometimes feel that we do not always realise the great debt we owe to the early scribes who so faithfully penned the records of those pioneer days. Their writings are often surprisingly entertaining, for, disregarding anything like the present dry official style, they embellished their stories with touches of humour and irony that impart an intimate touch of reality to their accounts.

To return to the charity match. Thirteen is obviously not Cotton's unlucky number, because in this, the thirteenth match of his series, the receipts resulted in a magnificent total. As usual, the balls were auctioned and the one used by Cotton came into the possession of that most popular Formby member, Cecil Moores. As it happened, Cotton only played it for two shots during the match. He lost his original ball at the twelfth in the afternoon, pulled out a new one at the thirteenth, and two shots proved sufficient to finish the match.

From a spectator's viewpoint the match was a little too one-sided to rouse excitement. Before the start the scales seemed heavily weighted against the two brothers. Subsequent events showed this to be correct. At the same time interest was sustained throughout by studying the players' styles. I often wonder how many people's golf is benefited from watching leading players in action. Such occasions provide excellent opportunities for those quick enough to note important points, but they are rarely seized. The average spectator seems more concerned about finding a front seat, or forecasting the result.

At Hesketh, for instance, it was interesting to compare the styles of the Bentley brothers. Harry has for long been accorded a place among the select company of champions and his name will, I suppose, always be associated with that incident in the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews last year. Johnny Fisher, after missing his putt, struck the ball out of turn by knocking it into the hole, thereby making his side liable to the usual penalty. The referee, Harold Pierse, laid on Bentley the option of claiming the hole. I have a great respect for the rules, but I was delighted when Bentley refused. His sporting action, although technically wrong, was a fine example to international sport.

Until this season his brother Arnold seems in comparison to have been overshadowed, but by winning the English title he has now come into his own. Stroke for stroke Arnold is every bit as good as his brother, his only weakness being a tendency to be short off the tee when judged by modern standards of length.

Dick Burton, on the other hand, ranks among the longest hitters in the game to-day. At Hesketh he was revisiting the scene of his triumph in the 1937 Dunlop-Southport £1,600 tournament. My recollections of that event centre upon the extraordinary glut of low scores. Returns of 66 were common, but in the end Burton's final total of 280 gave him victory by a margin of three strokes from Charles Whitcombe. Of Burton's last round I can just recall him almost holing-out with his tee-shot at the short fourth. It is bad luck that his first success in the "Open" should coincide with the outbreak of war, but there could be few happier choices for the rôle of Open Champion "for the duration."

Cotton, looking somewhat strained, contributed to the day's enjoyment with a brilliant exhibition of putting. Through indefatigable practice and con-



ARCHIE COMPSTON WATCHING SAM KING, WITH WHOM HE FIGURED IN A CHARITY MATCH

centration he has gained the undisputed rôle of the finest mechanical golfer in the world. His scientific methods of approach to the game have tamed all the clubs in his bag with the exception of the putter, and whenever he has failed it has invariably been this club that has caused the downfall; but once he finds his "putting-touch" he moves into a class of his own, as he has demonstrated on so many occasions.

Several other well-known professionals have also figured recently in Red Cross matches, among them being Sam King, Alfred Padgham, W. J. Cox, and Archie Compston. The first-named would surely have caused Mr. Jingle to have included "golfers" in his well-known observation . . . "Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women," for not only is King the champion of to-morrow, but he is a true son of Kent.

He has all the instincts of a farmer and is just as happy with his gun and dog as with his clubs. In this respect I recall an incident that happened in France this season. Several of us were chatting when conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a large rat. Apparently distrusting the *entente cordiale*, the rodent hastily disappeared, but not before King exclaimed: "Did you see its bushy tail?"—and it was some time before we were allowed to forget this phenomenal appendage!

Everyone is genuinely delighted to see Compston so fully restored to health. At one time it was feared that the game might be robbed of one of its most colourful personalities, but with typical fighting spirit Archie won through in his fight against ill-health, and the past season has seen him once more full of energy in the competitive arena. Just as most well-known golfers are associated with some particular round or championship, so this "big man of golf" will always be linked-up with Bobby Jones's Open Championship victory at Hoylake in 1930.

With a record-breaking third round of 68, Compston displaced Jones from the lead by one stroke. Everyone went into lunch feeling optimistic. This happy state was short-lived, for great was the crash in the afternoon. Nothing would go right in that final round and in the end Compston had to register 82 to finish five strokes behind Jones.

Compston, of course, is only one of many who have made successful come-backs after serious illnesses. In fact, it has sometimes happened that an injury, whilst making the game harder, has indirectly resulted in an improvement of play. For instance, take the case of C. Sellick, the Bulwell Forest artisan. In 1935 he reached the last sixteen in the English Close Championship after a series of remarkable close finishes. In the first round he was taken to the nineteenth; in the second to the twentieth; in the fourth round he defeated Dale Bourn at the nineteenth, and finally went out to N. C. Selway at the twenty-first.

These narrow margins in themselves are interesting, but the remarkable feature of the performance was that Sellick had to contend with the handicap of an artificial leg, having lost his left limb in a pit accident in 1923.

Another player similarly handicapped is Ernest Jones, one of the finest of teaching professionals. Before the last war he was regarded as a promising golfer, but being badly wounded his hopes in this direction appeared remote. Yet the first time he played after leaving the hospital was over the Clacton course when he returned 72, and has since gone from strength to strength.

Injury to the eyes would appear an even greater handicap, yet Tommy Armour had the sight of one eye slightly damaged during the last war, but this has not prevented him from winning several national titles, including our own Open Championship. In fact, he declares that his work on the greens has improved.

This opens up an interesting side channel. Would the studying of our putts with one eye produce better results? Take the case of E. W. B. Scratton, a one-time Cambridge captain. Just before turning out for the Royal West Norfolk Club against a Cambridge team, he injured his left eye. The damage was more troublesome than serious and a remedy was sought by bandaging.

Upon returning to the clubhouse after his match, he declared that whilst his long approach shots were difficult to judge accurately for distance, the effect of his injury upon his putting was remarkable. Throughout the match he never failed to sink a putt of under three yards.

If such a performance could be guaranteed every time it would soon be a common sight to see would-be champions adjusting eye-shades on the greens. Perhaps, after all, Cyclops was Nature's model golfer!



HENRY COTTON, CHAMPION SUPPORTER OF THE RED CROSS

New Books

HAWKS, DUCKS AND GEESE

The Handbook of British Birds. Volume III. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 25/-.)

THIS volume, which deals with the hawks, ducks and geese, will be of particular interest to *Field* readers. The amount of information gathered together by the authors (with, of course, some outside assistance) is utterly remarkable, and yet there remains (praise be!) a great deal still to be discovered about almost every species mentioned in this volume. Most of the birds dealt with here will be familiar in varying degree to *Field* readers, and of many of them it may well be thought that there is nothing new to learn. That is not so. No matter how expert an ornithologist, or wildfowler, or photographer, or what-not you may be, you will, having read this book—or having read about any single one of the birds dealt with (yes, even the mallard)—be shocked at the amount you did not know.

The illustrations—the geese by Peter Scott deserve particular mention—are, perhaps, better than in the two earlier volumes, but the subjects, of course, lend themselves to illustration. The volume as a whole is beyond praise.

Indeed, the whole project—it is the devout wish of every ornithologist that the war may make no difference to its completion, though it may necessitate some delay in the publication of the various volumes—is one that defies criticism and deserves only praise. The *Practical Handbook* was remarkable in its way; the *Handbook* is a better, more complete, and infinitely more interesting history of the birds of a country than that published anywhere else in the world, including America, where they know how to do these things. The complete work will be on every ornithologist's bookshelf—that goes without saying. This volume should be in the possession of every shooting man and every landowner, who, no matter on what scale, preserves game.

* * *

Hinterland Liberia. By ETTA DONNER. (Blackie and Son; 12/6.)

The majority of people know very little indeed about the only native republic in the world, Liberia, for the simple reason that so little information about that interesting country is ever published. For this reason, if for no other, anyone who has made two journeys through the wild hinterland of the country will have a great deal to tell which will be of interest, but this is very far from being the only reason why Miss Donner's book should be read.

The author has wisely refrained from recounting her journeys and the experiences with which she met as those of a traveller; instead, she has approached her subject from the point of view of a student of ethnology and has developed each subject in turn, illustrating it with her own experiences. In doing this she has been remarkably successful in developing the narrative without obscuring the particular aspect which she is studying, and without undue repetition. The scientific results of her work are not included in this book, but the ordinary man-in-the-street does not want these, and will be more than content with a very-well-told tale, to the writing of which a shrewd sense of humour and a never failing sympathy have been applied in a quite effortless manner.

So well has Miss Winifred M. Deans done her work as translator, and so very English in outlook is the author, that, although she is an Austrian, it would be hard to realise it if the translator's name did not appear on the title page.

* * *

The White Buck. By ALLEN SEABY. (Nelson; 6/-.)

A book about the New Forest (which was "new" about 850 years ago) is sure of a public, both a local public and one further afield. For the forest is as certain and national a subject as is angling.

This book is built round the biography of a white fallow, a colour which one reads is a rarity in wild deer, though common enough, as we know, in a park herd. But our deer (whom we meet first as a fawn and leave a master buck of ten years) is only a peg upon which is hung a very pleasant collection of forest customs, forest sport and forest inhabitants, both human and animal. It comes as a surprise to learn that cattle-and-horse stealing exist in England to-day. It apparently does, and Mr. Seaby pictures it with a regular Wild West palette.

He has also a lot to tell us of the Forest Buckhounds, and of hunting in the great woodlands. There are roe in the woods; they have been there since Time began, and these little deer give an occasional run. One imagines that nowadays the forestry authorities shoot down the destructive little beauties with shotguns? A pity so, for the stalking of a roebuck with a rifle is well worth while.

The author denies that the red deer of a Highland forest are truly wild deer, because in some cases winter feeding is resorted to. He forgets that the forest deer, and those of Exmoor, have the cultivated lands at their doors, the choice of swede or mangold, and all the fat feeding of the woods, the autumn jetsams of oak and beech. But he can be forgiven because he has written a very pleasant and instructive book, to which his own illustrations add a distinction.

The Children of Shallowford. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Faber & Faber; 8/6.)

The author of *Tarka the Otter* and *Salar the Salmon* needs no introduction to any lover of the countryside, and certainly no recommendation. Mr. Williamson's descriptions of country life and animal habits are beyond criticism.

But this new book is somewhat different. No one could deny that the prose is well up to Mr. Williamson's best standard. No one could find fault with his descriptions of animal life and country ways and scenes. But in this book much space is devoted to his children, and it is obviously a matter of personal taste whether or not one wishes to read all the details of a nursery. Bottles and napkins are essential, we know, but surely rather commonplace! The children sound unique in many ways, and are undoubtedly characters. But their early life, interesting as it must obviously be to Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, does not hold the same interest.

* * *

More About the Forward Seat. By Captain V. S. LITTAUER. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

In the course of the last few years there has been so much written about the forward seat that the threat of hearing any more about it is apt to create a slight feeling of nausea. It is a pity, therefore, that Captain Littauer has selected this particular title for his book, especially as when one reads it one realises that Less About the Forward Seat would have described the work quite accurately.

In the past the very mention of the forward seat has implied an almost fanatical adherence to certain doctrines, but it seems that time is now exerting a moderating influence. Captain Littauer has far too keen a perception and far too great an experience of horses and riders not to admit that there may be exceptions to every rule. In this, his latest book, he is at pains to emphasise that his theories are part and parcel of a carefully-thought-out system of horsemanship, applicable to all people at all times, but not to every horse.

Nevertheless, the forward seat and all that it stands for is here presented in the light of a science which is somewhat divorced from the realities of riding, as experienced in the hunting field and other places where it is put to practical, as opposed to artistic, use. Although the American public, for which the book has been written, do start training their horses much younger than we do, three years being a common age at which to begin, the time which is said to be necessary for turning out a well-trained horse is quite excessive, and we learn with surprise that even the accomplished horseman may be allowed to relax at times during his ride in order to rest himself.

It is perhaps not surprising that under these circumstances the theories which this book so ably sets out have not yet found the public support which their exponents think is their due.

* * *

Watch for the Dawn. By STUART CLOETE. (Collins; 8/6.)

If you were a disciple of Rider Haggard, then, maybe, most of the ground Mr. Cloete covers will not be new to you. This is definitely a book with an appeal to male readers and those of the fairer sex who like their literature tough; a tale of the Kaffir country and the Boer rebellion in 1816. The story moves swiftly through forest fires, encounters with tiny bushmen (apparently fleet runners who can outdistance mounted men), and elephant hunts, to the final clash with the English, who ruthlessly stamp out the subterranean rumblings of the rebellion with a mass hanging—rough justice in a rough country.

It is rather disconcerting, however, to be left with five dangling figures on the scaffold and the hero and heroine—the former very much the worse for wear, racked with illness and with a price on his head; the latter with her relatives either executed or killed in odd skirmishes—riding in a bullock cart away into the unknown.

Mr. Cloete must, one imagines, be contemplating a sequel to this unusual novel. If that be so, it will prove interesting to learn of the rebirth of the Boer community, and the subsequent trials and, it is to be hoped, eventual tranquillity—of Kaspar van der Berg.

Rogues Gallery. By K. F. BARKER. (Heinemann; 10/6.)

Mr. K. F. Barker rather unkindly names his book on terriers. "The Piper of Dundee" was a "roguie," as distinct from a rogue. In the idiom of Lowland Scotland a "roguie" might apply to a terrier—for "roguie" means a dear, insinuating, light-hearted devil-may-care sort of fellow, all of which pleasant things the proper terrier (or piper) ought to be and quite often is. A rogue seems somewhat different. In cases where the terrier is a rogue—a useless, yapping cur—it is probably not his fault. It is the fault of the show-bench breeder who has, for instance, spoilt the Sealyham and, as Mr. Barker truly says, of the people who do not think twice before acquiring a terrier. Terriers who live in towns and suburbs are too often under exercised and overfed, and so tend to be noisy nuisances to their neighbours.

Mr. Barker's dogs are happier starred. He writes of terriers of all sorts and sizes from the Airedale and the bull-terrier to the diminutive Cairn. And most of these are countrymen, "genuine terriers doing a terrier's work" in holt and cairn and rat-plagued rickyard.

The book consists of twenty articles, many of which are short stories illustrating the quality of the particular dog who is the hero of the piece in question. It is not entirely free of sentiment but then no dog fiction ever is, or ever will be. There is, however, a chapter on working terriers which is not fancy, but commonsense. Yet ought a hunt terrier to be a *hard* dog? Really hard? Perhaps not. One wants the fox bolted, not battled with. *Killing* hardness is, of course, not out of place in the cairns of the sheep countries where no fox-hound comes, but in the shires and provinces it is a mistake.

Mr. Barker's personal pencil illustrates his book, which is a long one of its kind, 40,000 words at least. His pictures make up in liveliness for what they seem to lose in strength.

* * *

The High Seas. By Dr. EDGAR B. SCHIELDROP. (Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.; 5/-.)

The title of doctor before the author's name and the many degrees which follow it, conferred upon him by institutions in Norway, might be enough to deter the more timid from embarking upon this book, but they may be reassured. Dr. Schieldrop is a very eminent person in the world of which he writes, but he is one of those rare people who, although they are experts, can appreciate the layman's point of view, and he is therefore admirably fitted for the task of introducing the mysteries of ships and shipbuilding to the ordinary layman.

In the execution of this task Dr. Schieldrop has been eminently successful; his book is at once authoritative, informative and interesting, and it is also very readable. The most difficult problems are touched upon and dealt with in simple language which makes them clear without detracting from their importance, and so the reader is enabled to gain a balanced view of the history and romance of ships without the need of mental acrobatics. This is a book which will be much in demand now that ships figure so largely in the news, and the pictures, which are many and well chosen, admirably illustrate their subject.

* * *

Agricultural Progress, Vol. XVI, Part 2. (Shrewsbury: Wilding & Son, Ltd.; 2/6, postage extra.)

The current number of *Agricultural Progress*, which is the journal of the Agricultural Education Association, deals chiefly with the subjects discussed at the Belfast Conference last July. Considerable prominence is given to farming problems in Northern Ireland, but subjects of great importance to agriculture in general are also dealt with. The control of pine disease in sheep through the administration of minute quantities of cobalt; the possibility of cutting down the amount of protein fed to dairy cows; feeding problems in relation to bacon production; the effect of smoke pollution on crops; these titles show that the members of the Agricultural Education Association are fully alive to the problems facing the practical farmer. Other articles deal with such topical subjects as flax growing, the teaching of agricultural engineering, grassland problems, and the testing of fungicides. Professor R. G. White contributes a special article upon the early days of the University Department of Agriculture at Bangor. The volume includes notices of scientific bulletins and reprints, book reviews and an Index to Volumes XIII–XVI inclusive.

* * *

Irish Gold. By PAMELA HICKSON. (Collins; 10/6.)

"The opening of gates to a Galway man or woman is as natural an occupation as the opening of doors to a dog lover." Miss Hickson opens the door of Southern Ireland—an enchanted door through which, having strayed, you may not retrace your footsteps. The road beyond leads you gently and quietly to the heart of the Irish countryside.

Only through this door may you meet Old Michael, the gardener, pensioned at 80, only to return to his beloved garden—and working now, for all we know; or Young Michael, his son, who, though a grandfather, will be Young Michael to the end of his days.

If you are Irish you will feel homesick for the smell of the peat, and will not need telling how the peat smoke is the bluest in all the world and the grass the greenest under Heaven. And if you are not Irish, and love horses and dogs and the open air, then you will, if you are wise, go out and buy this book (it is no good borrowing it because you will not want to return it) and spend in its company an hour or two (or a lifetime) in an enchanted country.

Of course, if you insist on facts and figures or even dates—"No Irish story-telling, in the best traditions of Irish story-telling, ever gave a definite date"—then you won't like this book and you will have to remain in your own dull and precise world.

Otherwise—well, here is your book. Here is your escape from all the things you don't like. Here is your way to the grand, kind mountains of Ireland, to the horse coper and the saints, to the sounds and the scents and the colours of the enchanted isle.

Miss Hickson has written one of the best books of any sort for many years.

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ALL BEQUESTS ARE INVESTED

THREE MONTHS OF WAR

and the recent Budget have resulted in the suspension of many subscriptions and the diminution and entire cessation of other sources of revenue.

It is earnestly hoped that all old friends in the hunting world will make a special effort to continue their help to a Society so specially and generously favoured by them in the past.



ANOTHER PANDA

Though not so striking in appearance as his big brother, the Giant Panda, the Common Panda is a beautiful and curious little creature

THE ZOO IN WINTER

JUST now the deer in the Zoological Society's possession at Whipsnade and Regent's Park are about at their best. In the paddocks near the southern aviary the Hangul deer are in very fine antler, and in the cattle sheds the male Wapiti shows head adornments of a size and shape better than he has ever shown before.

This animal is an interesting one. He was actually born in Regent's Park Zoo as long ago as 1925, and is at present in his prime. But the size of his antlers cannot be ascribed only to the stage he has reached in his normal span of life, since for the last year the Zoo authorities have been feeding Sesame cake to their deer.

The effect of feeding Sesame cake on the size of antlers has been known ever since Mr. Franz Vogt, who owns a deer park in Czecho-Slovakia, pointed it out two years ago. In some cases it may produce an increase in antler size of some 50 per cent. Apparently the seed which forms the basis of Sesame cake contains an excellent balance of protein and fats, a large quantity of vitamins and a fair amount of calcium.

At Whipsnade, owing to the size of the paddocks it is possible to have several male deer together, and they are now in full display. The Sika deer in the Asiatic paddock are particularly pugnacious, and those of the staff who tour Whipsnade now that it is closed, often report sharp battles, accompanied by the curious squeaky whistling of these deer.

However, no damage seems to have been done and so far the Zoological Society has never seen fit to separate or remove any of its male deer, except in the normal process of thinning-out the collection when it becomes too numerous.

One of the most interesting inmates of Whipsnade is the baby common panda, which I mentioned in these columns a fortnight ago. It is a pity that the public cannot see this beautiful and curious little creature. Common pandas are very seldom bred in captivity and this is the first the Zoo has had for nearly forty years. It is doing extremely well and has proved to be very tame.

Most common pandas become tame in captivity, but it is usually no more than cupboard love. The particular favourites "Tony" and "Chico" at Regent's Park, which so often come out of their cages to interview visitors, will slip out of their keeper's arms if his attention is taken away for half a second, and make a beeline for the food bins in the room next door. But the little animal at Whipsnade seems to have an interest in its keeper which is not confined to meal times, and follows him about whenever it is allowed to do so.

The adoption scheme is going extremely well, and now nearly a hundred animals have acquired foster-parents from among the Fellows and friends of the Society. But there are still quite a lot of favourite animals which have so far not got patrons.

The latest Zoo baby is a Wallaby, a hybrid between Bennett's and the Red-necked species. Quite often wallabies are born at the Zoo during the winter months. It might, however, be more accurate to say "taken on the strength," since it is often the case that the keepers have no evidence of the birth of a wallaby or kangaroo until the young one is seen poking its head out of its mother's pouch.

At this stage it may well be three or four months old, since when it is born it is only about 1in. long. In spite of being in such an early stage of development, the wallaby embryo apparently makes its way to the pouch under its own power; the mother appears to play no part in this journey beyond licking a path in her fur up which it climbs.

Having pushed its way through the mother's fur, it then crawls into the pouch, where it immediately fastens itself to one of its mother's nipples—to which it becomes to all intents and purposes fused for several weeks, during which it grows remarkably fast. The young ones usually leave the pouch at four months of age and only return in case of danger.

The breeding season of the wallabies at Regent's Park seems to be rather different from that at Whipsnade. At the latter they are seldom seen free of their mothers until late in April.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

VENISON is royal meat, strong meat, too, and deer meat. There is the meat of the red deer, or buck venison, which is in season from June to the end of September; the meat of the roedeer, which comes into the market in October and lasts to the end of December; and last as well as least, from a gastronomical point of view, the meat of the fallow deer or park deer, usually stall fed and uninteresting.

The penalty of death for whosoever killeth the king's deer may or may not be still on the Statute Book; it does not really matter much since nobody bothers nowadays about the king's deer. Venison is no longer popular in England. It is a great pity, more particularly in war time, when there is likely to be a shortage of butcher's meat, but it is not surprising. The channel is narrow between the Charybdis of freshly killed venison, tasteless and tough, and the Scylla of too well hung venison in a state of putrefaction. But there is a channel between these, and venison that has been hung just long enough is both nutritious and delicious. No venison is fit to eat that has not been hung for a week, and two weeks is better than one, sometimes three weeks, provided the weather is right and the larder airy.

The haunch of venison has been sung in verse and in prose, but the loin or saddle may be even better; the neck can also be very good indeed and so is the steak taken from the shoulder.

A haunch of venison is usually baked or roast, but if you are to enjoy it at its best you must have time on your side, and be prepared to take a little trouble over it. It is well worth it. First of all, the joint should be left to soak in a *marinade* of olive oil, white wine, brandy, onions and herbs for 24 or 48 hours. Then it is dried and "coloured" in a little very hot butter or fat, and left alone until it gets dry again and cold. Then you bind it in oiled paper and wrap it up in a blanket of flour-and-water paste, about ½in. or ¾in. thick, allowing a little funnel for the steam to escape. Thus prepared, the venison is put into a moderate oven where it remains for four hours or even longer, when the paste and paper are removed and the haunch put back into the oven for another half hour, and basted constantly with melted butter. Served with mashed chestnuts and a youngish Rhône wine it is a dish truly royal, fit for belted earls, lords, mayors and poachers, also for you and me.

THE 1939 VINTAGE

THE following reports on the 1939 Vintage have been received by Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., the well-known wine merchants of Regent Street:—

CHAMPAGNE.—*The gathering of the grapes began later than usual; there will be a good quantity of wine pressed, but this will not be a "Vintage Year."*

SHERRY.—*The yield in different districts has varied in quantity, and where the grapes were gathered early, before the rainfall, the quality will be fairly good; however, the average quality will be below normal.*

PORT.—*Generally speaking, the quality of the wines will be below normal; but some useful wine will be made in places which did not suffer from heavy rains. The wines of the* 1938 *Vintage are said to be maturing very well.*

BURGUNDY.—*Grapes ripened slowly this season, and the Vintage, therefore, commenced in October later than usual. It is impossible as yet to say how the wine will turn out, but it promises well.*

BORDEAUX WINES.—*The Vintage was later than usual, but the grapes ripened normally. The quality of the wine will be much the same as that of the* 1938 *Vintage. The yield is above that of an average year.*

BRANDY.—*There will be a smaller quantity of wine than usual available in Cognac for distilling, but the quality will be fairly good and of high strength.*

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

FINANCE is urgently needed to assist in winning the war. Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took immediate steps at the outset of the war to raise large sums for war purposes through higher taxation.

An appeal for financial assistance is now made to the average public. The small man in particular can give most valuable assistance. This is where those on the home front can assist in winning the war.

The State invites all investors to lend money on highly favourable terms. The outstanding feature of the appeal is the total absence of any risk of loss of capital. The appeal is made through National Savings Certificates and new 3 per cent. Defence Bonds.

Both the Certificates and the Bonds are available at any Post Office. They can also be secured through joint stock banks, Trustee Savings Banks and stockbrokers. The machinery for attracting the savings of the public has been in existence since 1916. It has been kept in good condition and is now functioning.

War Savings Certificates were introduced during the last war in 1916. By the end of December, 1918, the Certificates sold were worth £217,543,317. By the end of last September the total amount outstanding to holders of Savings Certificates, including accrued interest, was £518,000,000.

The result has been excellent. More money is now needed. It can be found from the savings of the public. It is estimated that the savings of the small investor in Post Office Savings Banks, Trustee Savings Banks, Savings Certificates, in friendly and industrial societies comes to the huge total of £3,500,000,000.

By lending this money to the State assistance is rendered British industry. The money lent is not withdrawn from activity. It is put into use in industry thus making employment in many forms.

The small investor is invited to purchase Savings Certificates which are available at 15/- each. This new series become worth 17/6 a certificate at the end of five years and 20/6 at the end of ten years. They are not subject to income tax.

The Certificates can be cashed, plus accrued interest, at any time. They are entirely free from capital depreciation. The maximum holding of National Savings Certificates is 500.

A large number of investors already hold the maximum number. To such come a fresh appeal in the shape of 3 per cent. Defence Bonds. They cost £5 each, and interest is paid in two portions on May 1st and November 1st each year. The bonds may be bought up to the value of £1,000 in units of £5, or in multiples of £5.

These bonds are particularly attractive. They answer the requirements of many. If the bonds are held for seven years they can then be cashed at £1 premium for every £100 held. Throughout the seven years, 3 per cent. interest will, of course, be regularly forthcoming.

This interest is subject to Income Tax. The tax, however, is not deducted at source. This is also the case with the existing 3½ per cent. War Loan Stock. Payment of interest before tax has been deducted is a particular advantage to the small investor. They are, of course, guaranteed by the British Government.

If the money is required before the end of seven years the bonds can be cashed at their face value plus accrued interest on six months' notice. In cases of urgent necessity the bonds can be cashed on special terms after a few days' notice. The holder is, therefore, certain of regular interest payments and of securing a return of the exact money paid out for the bonds.

There can be no doubt that success will be enjoyed. It makes vast difference to the individual whether his savings are taken from him through taxation, or he lends to the Government on interest. There is an opportunity here of affording the State vital assistance.

The more money the State is able to obtain for war finance out of the savings of the people, the less need there will be to make large increases of credit and currency. Large increases of these would cause an undesirable amount of inflation, causing a rise in prices with most disturbing effect upon general business life.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, would like to help a farmer's widow, aged 66, living in Wilts. She has been bedridden for eighteen years and is cared for by a middle-aged daughter, suffering from bronchitis. The sole income for the two is 19/6 per week which is mostly provided by the Agricultural Benevolent Fund, and a small sum from the local church, and from her son. Half of this goes in rent and rates, so we are earnestly appealing for 5/- a week for food and extra nourishment. Her farmer husband, after severe suffering, died of cancer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIG GAME RIFLES

SIR,—I started big game shooting with a single barrel four bore when I was a boy of nineteen and weighed eleven stone.

What I hit I got; I do not remember a wounded animal ever getting away. Later I used a double barrel eight bore and again never lost a wounded animal.

Shooting with such big barrelled rifles was very exciting as it was necessary to get very close indeed to the quarry. It was unusual to fire at a longer range than 20yds. or 25yds.

For the following twenty-five years I shot with a double barrel hammer .470 H.V. and consider that it is the queen of rifles for dangerous game. It is worth noting that an Assistant Game Warden, who was recently mauled by a lion and had a marvellous escape, thanks to "693," has adopted a .470.

For non-dangerous game I used a Ross for some time and found it a little more effective than a .256 Mannlicher Schonauer.

Recently I have been using a .404 for dangerous game in Africa, and think it is on the small side if one is shooting alone. In Africa it is the custom—I think a bad one—to shoot in parties; while in India and Burma one shot by oneself and if one made a mistake had to pay for it, whereas in Africa the unfortunate animal is in the position of a hare being coursed by three greyhounds, or a pig being hunted by dogs as well as by spears.

I have used a Hornet .22 lately and do not think it is a fair weapon to use on anything bigger than small antelope, though I admit it will kill if the bullet is placed exactly. The longer one lives the more one knows that bullets are not placed exactly.

Another thing is that in India and Burma people are far more conscientious about following up wounded animals than they are in Africa; this and the fashion for using medium or small bores accounts for the enormous number of wounded animals there are in the latter country.

No one will deny that the new H.V. apparatus will kill if the shot is put right; sooner or later it will not be and trouble comes to the shooter unless he is one of a gang.

Yours faithfully,

Kenya Colony. 'SPEAR.'

P.S.—I think the most dangerous animal is a wounded tiger and that it is more difficult to kill dangerous game in the East than in Africa.

AN EXCEPTIONAL HEAD

SIR,—Heads with a large number of points have at times been killed in Scotland, but seldom with so many as nineteen. I enclose a photograph of a stag killed at Stratheonon this year by Captain C. Combe. It is marred by lack of spurs, but the majority of points are good and the thickness of horn is unusual. The stag was a wild one, carrying fifteen points last year. During the winter he somehow got inside an enclosure and the problem arose as to what was to be done. There were no hinds within the enclosure and it would have been a matter of some difficulty to place any there. The narrowness of the head also rendered the stag undesirable as a sire. After some hesitation Captain Combe reluctantly decided to shoot the stag in order to make certain that the head should be preserved.

Yours faithfully,

Old Corriemony. H. FRANK WALLACE.



WITH SIXTEEN POINTS
(See letter "An Exceptional Head")

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. George Dickinson, writes that for years now he has not seen a flea, though his habits have been the same. And he thinks that his not meeting with the insect is due either to there being fewer fleas about, or, alternatively, that they only go for younger people.

May I say it is probable that fleas, human ones (*Pulex irritans*) are, generally speaking, much fewer in numbers owing to the widespread use of the vacuum cleaner? This machine is infinitely more effective than a brush in removing dust, etc., from mats and carpets, the places where the flea lays her eggs, and the resulting non-blood-sucking larvæ find their food. And the now very popular custom of smoking in trains, buses and theatres may also have something to do with the decrease in numbers of the insect. As a non-smoker I have often noticed the strong smell of tobacco smoke when taking off my jacket in my room, after an evening at the cinema. This may serve as a repellent. However, I must admit, I have occasionally picked up a flea in some public vehicle or place of entertainment.

As regards a host: doubtless, the flea prefers to pierce the skin and imbibe the blood of a child rather than resort to a not-so-easy middle-aged, or elderly person. Forty-five years ago, when I was twelve, an attack was made on me in bed at a boarding-house in Brighton by several fleas, but in a night or two a liberal sprinkling of pyrethrum powder had got rid of the invaders.

Yours faithfully,

15, Bristol Road, Brighton, 7. CAMERON SHORE.

STARTING YOUNG

SIR,—This photograph is of my son William (aged 8) with the shark he caught off Polperro just before war broke out. The shark was 7ft. long and weighed 112lbs., and was caught on a conger eel line with whiting bait.

Yours faithfully,

Buntingford. C. S. B. SWISLEY.

TOYS WANTED FOR EVACUEES

SIR,—May I please appeal for your co-operation at this time of the year, by providing any toys or novelties for Christmas. The children have been evacuated from a poor district in Birmingham, and, together with our own children, would greatly appreciate your kindness, as they have in the past.

We are doing what we can to help the younger lives. Will you please help us in any way?

Yours faithfully,

Ysgol Tre Elsiyr, Llanover, Nr. Abergavenny, Mon. T. D. GRIFFITHS (Head Teacher.)

HOUNDS AND GUNDOGS WANTED

SIR,—I very much regret to learn that many Hunts are greatly restricted this winter, and probably many valuable hounds will be destroyed. Should anyone know of a pack reducing numbers that would be willing to give a couple away to a small lot of local farmers who are forming a pack to keep foxes down, I would be very much obliged if you will forward them my name and ask them to communicate with me, as I have already started to have some.

Yours faithfully,

Tanffynnon, Penuwch, Tregaron, S.O., Cardiganshire. D. EDWARDS.

SIR,—I understand that certain Hunts are destroying some of their hounds, as they are unable to maintain them during the war. May I suggest that Masters should get in touch with American Hunts. I am certain that they would take over any surplus hounds, and would probably pay for the cost of transportation to America.

Yours faithfully,

Monkswood, Great Hallingbury, Essex. L. V. HART.

SIR,—I hear that many good gundogs are being put away in England owing to rationing difficulties, and should like to say that many good homes could be found for them over in Ireland. I could personally place a dozen working spaniels or retrievers with local sportsmen. If anyone would care to write to me I could put him in communication with good homes for them. It does seem such a shame to have to kill them, and at present there does not appear to be any shortage of food for them over here. I am not asking for myself, as I have as large a kennel as I can manage.

I am sure local packs would be glad to get some hounds, too.

Yours faithfully,

Borleagh, Inch, Co. Wexford. R. P. WEMYSS QUIN (Colonel.)

THE HORSE COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a saddle-tree maker of Ripon, whose trade is likely to undergo something of a revival if the present tendency to resort to horse-drawn vehicles increases as a result of the petrol restrictions.

Ripon was once famous for its saddle-trees, but there has been little change in the craftsman's methods since the trade's peak-period in the reign of George I. Locally-grown ash and beech supply the material, and the only tools used are the draw-knife (seen in the photograph), the adze, and the chisel.

The crutch itself is first shaped with the draw-knife, then the trough which eventually carries the shaft-chain is chiselled out, and finally two boards are fixed, one at each end of the crutch, so as to provide a "fitting" for the horse's back. Before being assembled the various parts are smoked over a fire fuelled with shavings. This darkens the wood to a mellow brown shade.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. B. WOOD.



A SMALL BOY WITH A BIG CATCH
(See letter "Starting Young")



A BUSY TIME AHEAD?
(See letter "The Horse comes into its own again")



THEIR TURN NEXT. A HERD OF GRÉVY'S ZEBRA RUSHING TO THE UASO NYIRO AFTER THE NATIVE'S STOCK HAD BEEN WATERED
(See letter "Drought in Northern Kenya")

FIELD SPORTS IN FRANCE

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that some of us out here are not entirely missing field sports that are the order of the day at this time of the year.

While in the assembly area in September, the mayor of the town in which we were billeted arranged a shoot. He provided guns, dogs, beaters and everything, and we bagged a brace and a-half of partridge as well as some rabbits.

Later, when I was at No. 1 General Base Depot, some cavalry and gunner officers started a pack of "hounds." They ranged from a Great Dane to a terrier and were mostly nothing else but "pie-dogs."

We more or less entered them to rabbit, but up to the end they showed a distressing tendency to be more interested in sheep and rubbish heaps.

We staged one memorable meet in the main square, and with cherry brandy at 45 francs the litre no wonder the entertainment was better than the hunting.

Finally unfriendly farmers and the French law led to the pack being disbanded, but while they met they provided great fun for many of us.

Yours faithfully,
Somewhere in France. G. C.

THE MASTER EYE IN SHOOTING

SIR,—I should like to know how other readers who shoot from the right shoulder get over the affliction of the left being the master eye. Many solutions are advocated, none of which seem to have the desired effect, and the best method may be to make a change and shoot from the left shoulder. The round disc attached to the hand-grip seems to come into play too late, especially with birds crossing from left to right, as the master eye is changed over to the right eye when the gun comes into the shoulder, and the aim is then well behind the bird; this would also apply to glasses with a clouded piece over the left eye.

Another solution is the cast-off stock, which means an entirely rebuilt gun and getting used to it, or again closing the master eye before the gun is brought to the shoulder. Perhaps an oculist could supply the remedy.

Yours faithfully,
Buckinghamshire. PERPLEXED.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. G. Blain's letter in your issue of October 21st, as I too have found bracken tips and seeding blooms of bell heather in the crops of grouse killed in the Kintyre district of Argyll.

Blackgame shot in the same district had full crops of bracken tips on some occasions, and I remember particularly one old greyhen, which, in addition to a full crop of bracken, held in her crop numbers of those large green caterpillars which are found on bracken.

The time of the year when the crops of game-birds can be examined is confined to the shooting season, of course, but red and black grouse are exceedingly fond of the cool shade of bracken in the hot days of summer, and may feed on bracken and the living things which abound among it without anyone knowing about it.

Grouse feed on the yellow bumble bees commonly seen among blooming heather to some extent, but the habit (or opportunity) to feed on the bees seems to be rare.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

BLACK REDSTART IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—On the afternoon of November 12th I saw a black redstart in the garden here. It was feeding on the lawn with pied wagtails and when alarmed took refuge on the window-sills of the house. I thought this may be a sufficiently unusual occurrence to interest your readers.

Yours faithfully,
Longford Castle, Salisbury. ISOBEL SOWERBY.



THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT"
(See letter "Eldon Hole")

DROUGHT IN NORTHERN KENYA

SIR,—There has been a drought during the last 30 months throughout the Northern Frontier of Kenya. Nearly all the water holes have dried up and the many thousands of head of stock, belonging to the Somalis, Borans, Derobo and Samburu, are collected along both banks of the Uaso Nyiro, which is now reduced to the dimension of a small stream. Further inland from the river are collected herds of animals which have been drawn by thirst from scores of miles to the river. At midday the stock is driven down from the ridges above the river to water, and no sooner are the ridges left clear than herds of game collect and line the ridges, anxiously waiting for the stock to leave the water.

As the stock turn from the water to go back to the grazing grounds the whole line of wild animals advance towards the water. As they descend the steep approaches to the water they are forced by the broken ground to move in narrow columns, and it is not uncommon to see stock moving up the slopes while a few yards away the game is going down to drink. Zebra appear to be very impatient of thirst, as they jostle and kick, and the younger animals frequently trot or gallop to the water.

The photograph was taken without a telephoto lens and several times the animals were driven away. They moved off very reluctantly for about 50yds., and as soon as they were allowed to, rushed back to the water. A herd of Grévy zebra, about 500 in number, is now on the river. It is believed to be the largest herd of Grévy in existence.

Yours faithfully,
Nairobi, Kenya. B. N. ARRAY (Colonel).

ELDON HOLE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at the opening of Eldon Hole, that great gash in the slopes of Eldon Hill, near Castleton, Derbyshire. The rift is oblong in shape, having a maximum length and breadth of 111ft. and 18ft. respectively.

From the lip of the hole the shape of the shaft, which is considerably out of plumb, prevents the bottom being visible, and it is curious to learn that explorers standing at the foot of the chasm are able to read the small print of a newspaper without artificial light, yet are unable to see any sign of daylight if they look upwards.

For centuries this stygian pit was regarded as being bottomless, an old-time poet expressing the popular sentiments of his day, when he wrote of a stone flung into the Hole:

> "The lowest deep descending, it broke through
> Hell and the centre."

Since then it has been established that the main shaft is 200ft. deep, and beyond this a long rake, or slope, of scree leads into a deep underground chamber with its lowest point 268ft. below the surface of the hill. To-day, however, all entrance to the inner cavern from the bottom of the shaft is cut off, through the passage between the two having been choked with stones that have apparently been thrown there by visitors to the brink of the Hole.

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs. Yours faithfully, S. MOORHOUSE.

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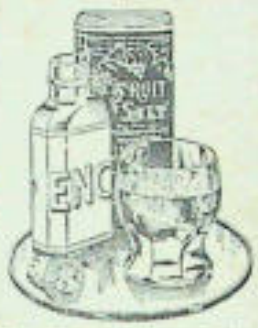
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COLOUR IN THE WINTER GARDEN

Some Early December Flowers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN a mild season such as we have had the survivors of the autumn flowers are usually numerous—roses as a rule in fair abundance—but apart from these the flowers of late November and early December are comparatively few: I think the most valuable for colour and picking are the little button chrysanthemums and *Schizostylis coccinea*. The former were once prime favourites in cottage gardening and are now in the forefront of fashion, chiefly, I suppose, because they conform to the modern demand for Victorian favourites. They certainly make delightful Victorian posies for indoor decoration, especially in mixed colours.

I have collected these miniature chrysanthemums for years and am always on the look-out for unusual colours. I have one which was given to me with the name Anastasia: a rich wine colour and most attractive. These flowers never seem affected by any amount of rain and bad weather. The plants increase rapidly and even in cold parts where most border chrysanthemums are not too hardy they can be left out with impunity. They should be divided up every year.

Why *Schizostylis coccinea* is not more commonly grown is difficult to understand. It was for long regarded as a pot plant, but it is perfectly hardy, so hardy in fact that unless the ground is frozen stiff it can be divided up and replanted in winter. We always have it in full flower in early December no matter what the season may be.

The Caffre lily, as it is sometimes called, was introduced about 1860 and in south-western parts it grows like a weed. It is essential to plant it in thoroughly well-drained soil, but on the other hand it should not suffer for lack of moisture in summer. It is best planted in March or April and should not be disturbed till the flowers deteriorate. In very cold parts dry leaves or ashes give sufficient protection in mid-winter.

If it is to be grown as a pot plant it should be grown in a cold greenhouse, for it does not need any real warmth. The rhizomes should be planted in spring in 5in. pots in a compost of two parts loam and leaf mould and one part sand. Place the pots in a cold frame in May and then sink in ashes in the open till November when they can be brought in to flower.

The earliest of the Christmas roses to flower is *Helleborus niger maximus*. This is one of the finest of the Hellebores, with white flowers pinkish on the outside and in the bud stage not unlike tulips. The pinkish tint fades when the flowers have been open about a week. The foliage is richly coloured, and, unlike the type, it grows quite 2ft. high.

It is worth any trouble to have the Christmas roses well grown. The site should be thoroughly prepared, for once planted they should never be disturbed. They are amongst the longest lived perennials; clumps 30 to 50 years old are fairly common, and I know one clump which is just over a hundred years old.

The ground should be well trenched and the bottom spit liberally enriched with well-decayed manure. Lime in some form is essential, preferably in that of finely powdered mortar rubble. A sheltered position and part shade are ideal. It is useless to plant Christmas roses in poor soil, for the only results are poor foliage and stunted blooms.

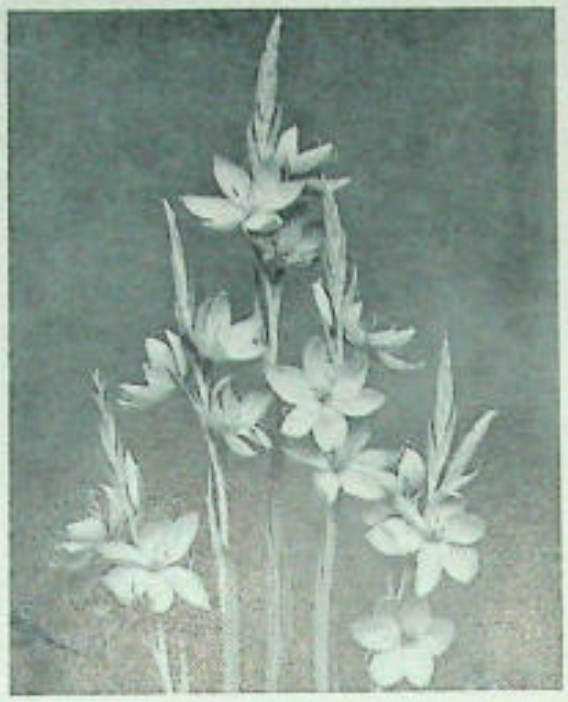
The time when hellebores should be planted is a matter of opinion. Most experts are of opinion that April is the best time as then the plants are well over flowering and have time to get established before warm weather sets in. After flowering, Christmas roses should be given a liberal mulch, and occasional feeds of liquid manure in the summer are also most helpful.

Very often, after a summer of prolonged droughts, these plants flower either very poorly or not at all, but liberal supplies of water together with mulches after flowering counteract the effects of drought. It is no use giving mere surface driblets, enough has to be given to reach the furthest roots; and all hellebores are deep rooters.

Christmas roses should never be allowed to run to seed and all flowers when they fade should be cut off as near the base as possible. Also, it is very weakening to the plants to leave the handlights over them a day longer than necessary.

One of the most sweetly-scented flowers in bloom now is *Tussilago fragrans*, the Italian coltsfoot. Unlike our native coltsfoot it is in leaf and flower simultaneously. In spite of its delicious scent this is a plant that should never be introduced into any garden. It is a rampant weed and sends out numerous stolons yards long that, once established, are almost impossible to eradicate. In early Victorian times it was a favourite mid-winter pot plant.

The Italian arum will soon be in full beauty. Indeed, few plants in the winter garden have such handsome leaves and so abundantly produced. It is so hardy that it does not resent being moved at this season. The glossy leaves are quite a foot long and nearly 6in. across at the bottom. In poor soil the leaves are finely variegated with a dark green margin round the edge.



SCHIZOSTYLIS COCCINEA AFFORDS THE MOST BRILLIANT SCARLET FLOWERS IN THE DECEMBER GARDEN

WORK *for the* WEEK-END

THE garden is apt to look a bit bare and straggly at this time of the year. Even the Michaelmas daisies have finished their work, and the herbaceous border indeed has a sad appearance. It is perhaps because of this that so many people give up doing any gardening at all. There is nothing much left to garden for—so they say.

Even at this time of the year there is much to do during the week-end. If the dahlia tubers are still in the ground they should be dug up immediately and put into boxes of dry sand or earth in a frost-proof and dry potting shed. Note particularly—"and dry"—because so many dahlia tubers are lost each winter owing to dampness rather than frost.

A good general fertiliser may be applied in and among the herbaceous plants at 2oz. or 3oz. to the square yard. This should be lightly forked in. Forking should be done carefully and cautiously for fear of damaging bulbs or plants which are quite dormant at this time and so are not obvious. If there is a grass edging to the bed it should be cut neatly, with one of those half moon turfing irons which are so useful.

Though it is not advisable to carry out the routine pruning of roses in the winter, it is quite a good plan to cut back some of the taller growing branches by a third or so, so as to prevent the bushes from being rocked about by the wind. The cutting off of the seed pods and the old flowering heads is also a good plan, and at the same time the weak growths that will be useless next year should be pruned back by half. The ramblers may be pruned also, if they have not been done already, and any loose growths should be tied in securely.

It is always a temptation to prune back shrubs in order to make them tidy. Most of the flowering shrubs bear their blossoms on the stems that have grown this year and to clip these back thoughtlessly is a great mistake. A bush that is overgrown or crowded can be pruned, the object being to thin out the growths, and perhaps to cut away some thick branch in the centre of the tree so as to let in the light and air. With overgrown laurels or lilacs and the like, a really hard sawing down to within a foot or so of the ground level may be advisable, but when doing this, of course, one has to sacrifice blossoms for a year or so.

As most of the leaves are now down, they may be collected and rotted down with sulphate of ammonia on the compost heap. It is important not to allow them to decay round choice alpines or many of them will rot. Decaying foliage should be cleared away around the Christmas roses, too, and a light forking done between the plants. They can then be covered with a glass cloche so as to keep the flowers clean.

If the weather remains open this would be a good week-end for planting flowering standard trees or a good rose hedge. Zephirine Drouhin is a delightful rose hedging plant because it is thornless, while the Sweet Briar has great advantages because of its scent. Other roses that make good hedges are the Wichurianas and the Austrian Briars.

The lily pool should now be drained and cleaned, if the weather keeps open. The "slime" and weeds should be removed and the dead foliage, too. If the water lily roots appear bare, they may be covered over with a turf placed upside down over them.

W. E. S.-C.

VEGETABLES *in* SEASON

EVERY hour of daylight is precious now, the chief job being to get the whole kitchen garden clear of weeds by the end of the month; especially groundsel, which continues to sow itself through the bleakest weeks. All woody rubbish should go straight on to the bonfire. Wood lying about only brings pests, whereas when burned it becomes valuable ash.

Jerusalem artichokes are usually the last vegetable to be harvested, and I think they are at their best when newly lifted. This vegetable nearly always suffers from overcrowding, with the result that the tubers are small and find scant favour in the kitchen. They should be as big as large potatoes and nearly as smooth. These large tubers can only be secured by planting 3ft. apart.

Although a delicious vegetable, they cannot be served frequently, as most people tire of them. The tubers are usually peeled first, but the best flavour is in the skin, and if steamed in a bowl the liquor that collects is almost honey-sweet and, left to get cold, makes a solid jelly that is a good foundation for soup. Indeed, merely with the addition of milk, it makes an excellent soup.

Artichoke soufflé is also very good. To make it rub the cooked tubers through a sieve, take equal quantities of this purée and a good sauce, such as Béchamel, and the yolks of two eggs. Beat all with seasoning well together, and finally fold in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and bake for 20 minutes.

Artichoke pie is often liked by those who do not care for the tubers plainly cooked. To make the pie mix cooked and sieved artichokes with a little lemon juice and onion purée, and then put alternate layers of this mixture with grated cheese in a buttered pie dish. Cover with breadcrumbs, add a few nuts of margarine and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Garden swedes planted early in July are now also at their best. Swede fritters are excellent. Cut the swedes in slices about ¼in. thick, and parboil them. Dip them in egg and breadcrumbs or in batter, and fry them.

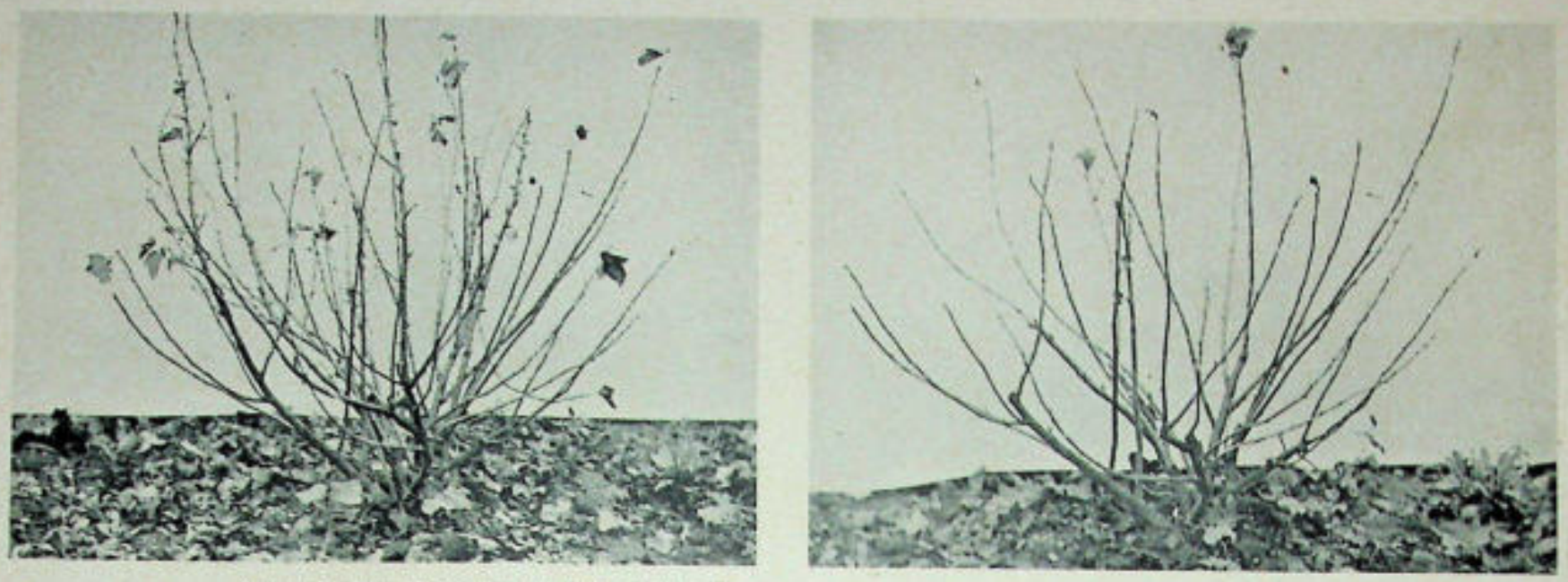
I have for some years now grown the golden thistle (*Scolymus hispanicus*). I would certainly advise anyone who likes unusual vegetable soups to grow it. The roots are very long and thin, and not easy to serve as a vegetable. We make soup of them by rubbing 4oz. of the cooked vegetable through a sieve together with a very little cooked onion or shallot (not more than a teaspoonful to 4oz. of *Scolymus*, or the flavour will be spoilt). To a roux made by mixing a little flour with a nut of butter, milk is added, then the sieved vegetable. The mixture is then brought almost to the boil, removed from the fire, and the yolk of an egg added. If the soup is boiled after the egg is added it curdles.

Coleworts sown in July have just headed up in most gardens. They are amongst the tenderest of the cabbage tribe and various delicious dishes can be made of them. With tomatoes and onions they make an excellent pie, putting layers of these vegetables (cooked) in a pie-dish. The last layer should be tomatoes covered with brown bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes.

Colcannon can be either fried or baked. For the latter, mix cooked vegetables, which should include potato, with milk and seasoning, and fill a greased pie dish with the mixture. Turn out and serve when thoroughly hot all through.

As a war time economy a one-dish supper with a sweet to follow is popular, and cooked coleworts make a delicious pie with cheese and nuts. Put alternate layers of cooked colewort and tomato with cheese or nuts in a pie dish. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over and a few nuts of margarine, and bake in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Or a colewort can be stuffed with nut meat or minced meat and onion. The stuffing should be put between the leaves and the colewort then tied up and steamed for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

E. S. R.



WITH BLACK CURRANTS THE OLD WOOD SHOULD BE PRUNED OUT AND THE YOUNG GROWTHS LEFT UNSHORTENED
Left: Black currant bush before pruning. Right: After pruning—note the old wood cut out

BLACK CURRANTS *for* THE MARKET

Jam as a Help During Butter Shortage

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

THE commercial cultivation of the black currant is by no means confined to the South of England. In the north, notably in Lancashire and Cheshire, quite considerable acreages are devoted to the culture of this fruit, and the undertakings are found to be most profitable. It is a fruit which will succeed over a wide range of soil conditions. It is known to put up with poorly drained soils, though it seems to prefer a deep sandy loam. Its cultivation in Norfolk has extended considerably in the east in the naturally drained easily worked medium loams. Such soils are not only deep, but have the advantage of retaining moisture also.

High wind-swept land should never be chosen, for the blossoms of the black currant are extremely dependent on insect visitations to ensure the necessary pollination. If the flowers are not properly fertilised the little fruits drop off before they are developed. This is known as "running off." Some varieties like French Black, Seabrook's Black and Boskoop Giant are more subject to it than others.

To get the best results it is necessary to plant in sheltered situations, especially those that are sunny and warm. Here insect visitors will be able to work freely, and the result will be a full crop. Hive bees are very methodical and industrious pollinators, and it is claimed that where there is evidence to show that the visits of wild insects are not sufficient bees should be kept—one really good hive being sufficient for four acres.

Low-lying land is equally unsatisfactory for this crop. The blossoms are very liable to damage by frost. Though valley land is often particularly fertile lack of what is called "air drainage" is often a serious fault. The frosty air comes flowing down from the surrounding ground and collects like water in the lower levels. The most serious frost damage, therefore, occurs in the hollows. These are sometimes described as "frost pockets."

Whatever land is chosen it should be cleaned of perennial weeds before planting. It may be necessary to grow a cleaning crop for one season. Once clean, the land may be ploughed, subsoiled to a depth of 18in., and then hoed. It is better not to incorporate farmyard manure before planting, but to use what dung is available as a mulch around each bush later.

Just before the harrowing a good dressing of some proprietary complete fertiliser may be applied at 4cwt. or 5cwt. to the acre. Experiments have shown that the berry quality is always poor when potash is deficient, and that the combination of farmyard manure and complete artificials does increase yields considerably. As black currants require liberal manuring it is necessary to apply farmyard manure or pig dung regularly each spring as a top dressing. In addition, a complete manure may be applied once every three years at, say, 5 cwt. per acre, and nitro-chalk or sulphate of ammonia alone at 2cwt. per acre in the intervening years. It is convenient to make such applications in the late winter.

Systems of planting differ from district to district. In order to save costs of cultivation fruit growers tend to give a wide plant between the rows, and in parts of Norfolk, for instance, the distance extends sometimes to 12ft. In such cases the bushes are planted as close as 3ft. or 4ft. apart. Normally the rows are about 7ft. apart, and the bushes about 3½ft. apart in the rows.

In the south it is more customary to plant on the 6ft. square principle, though the dwarf variety, Baldwin, will often give a heavier weight of crop if the rows are 5ft. apart and the bushes 4ft. asunder in the rows.

The close planting in the rows has its advantages in that a type of black currant hedge is produced. Insect visitors can work readily from bush to bush and heavy yields result. It is extremely important under such circumstances to spray regularly with lime-sulphur to control the big bud mite, and thus to prevent both the ravages of this pest, and of the dreaded disease, reversion. The disadvantage of the hedge system is that cultivations can only be done one way.

When purchasing black currant bushes it is of the utmost importance to see that a good stock or strain is obtained. Where a large acreage is to be planted three or four varieties should be grown so as to ensure an extended picking season. It is always advisable to purchase from a reliable nurseryman, whose bushes have been consistently inspected by the Ministry of Agriculture, and who has had regular certificates for freedom from reversion.

It is difficult to be dictatorial about varieties, for one will do particularly well in county A, and will fail to prove profitable in county B. A succession, however, could be provided by planting Boskoop Giant, Seabrook's Black, Hilltop Baldwin, and Daniel's September Black.

The East Malling Research Station have found that Wellington XXX is one of the heaviest croppers. Davison's Eight is a good variety in favoured places, but, unfortunately, it is easily injured by frost. Goliath, on the other hand, is not considered an important variety, because it is more difficult to pick than the others, and yet in the 1938 East Malling Report it is shown as bearing the heaviest crop owing to the fact that, at the time of the frosts, the flowers of this variety were mostly in the bud stage.

It should be possible to consult the county horticultural superintendent as to the behaviour of varieties already established in plantations in the neighbourhood, and then to plant vigorous healthy bushes which have been obtained from stocks whose history shows that they give a satisfactory performance.

Immediately after planting the bushes should be cut down to the ground so that plenty of new wood can be produced. In subsequent years the old wood should be pruned out and the young growths left unshortened. With black currants it is necessary to prune hard to get the best results.



CULTIVATING BETWEEN THE BUSHES

PRACTICAL WORK ON THE FARM

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

I SUPPOSE that the majority of men who, like myself, have followed the markets for a great while now, must have been astonished during the last few weeks at the extraordinary trend of the beef trade.

Never before, or so I should imagine, have so many fat cows (even cows carrying a calf, provided they were fairly full of flesh) been poured into our markets to compete with prime beef steers and heifers, and not being controlled, realised up to 48s. per live cwt. This, while it lasted, seemed to most of us a deplorable state of affairs, for not only was the cow population being depleted, not so much on account of the cows themselves, for a good proportion of these were old, but because when in calf, and sold for slaughter, two lives were taken when the cow was killed, and many of us are of opinion that we shall need all the live stock we can breed ere this war is over, and moreover, such beef as that provided by old cows is hardly of even third-rate quality, and only likely to put the consuming public off home-fed beef.

Fortunately, this craze has come to a sudden end, and when fat cows suffered a drop of about £4 to £5 per head, there was a notable decrease in the numbers that were sent to market, although cows of a beef breed from the West seemed to find their way to certain South Country markets.

While on the subject of cattle I cannot help thinking that any man who has some spare grazing land on his own farm, or who knows where he can rent some cheap grass land, cannot go wrong if he buys some good class heifers and buys them worth the money, while at the same time acquiring a bull of good breeding, and turns them out together. These heifers sold as down-calvers next year should show a nice little turnover, provided they have not cost too much to keep meanwhile. Those who have studied the trade are all in agreement that cattle of this description will be needed. Dairy farmers will want to replenish their herds, and these heifers will come in just at the time they are likely to be required.

I need hardly say such heifers, not necessarily pedigree, should yet bear the stamp of being well bred, and they should be well grown, mately, and done fairly well.

In the past I have known many a man who has done remarkably well by catering for this kind of trade and who, by specialising in a good type of heifer, doing them well, and selling the genuine article, has established so good a reputation that, after a few years there have been buyers for his cattle from all over the country.

In these times of stress one must look ahead, for it is an axiom amongst successful farmers that they owe their success to looking at least four years ahead. Here we need only look to next year, and if we can call ourselves any judge of cattle at all, such heifers should show a profit.

Poultry farmers tell me they are not feeling any more comfortable than pig feeders just now; there is a definite shortage of feeding stuffs and the future is somewhat uncertain.

It may be that some will fall out of the ranks during war, if it is to be a prolonged conflict, and that is why many a farmer holding a substantial acreage, and knowing that, owing to the ploughing-up campaign he will have more stubbles, and more tail corn, is seriously thinking of buying up pullets, or purchasing them next year in time to turn out on the stubbles to pick up the loose grain that always falls out, no matter how carefully harvested the corn may be, and thus turn his attention to egg production in view of a possible shortage from the smaller producer.

It is to be hoped, however, that everything possible will be done to keep the small producers in business, for the poultry industry is of enormous importance to the country, providing, as it does, a living for hundreds of small producers, and at the same time yielding thousands of tons of valuable food.

I do not think that quite enough stress has been laid, so far, on the importance of the small food producer, the man who has a smallholding, or market garden, or who keeps a few pigs and poultry.

It is to be hoped that some of the peace-time regulations concerning the keeping of pigs in villages or even in towns, may be relaxed, for there is no doubt that there is a tremendous amount of potential foodstuffs for pigs and poultry wasted. Many have been the suggestions that some sort of scheme should be worked out for the collection of household scraps, and of turning them into some sort of central pool for each town of moderate size, in order to encourage the keeping of fowls and pigs by the small man.

One has only to realise the immense waste of potential foodstuffs that occurs on the average market garden, or even in greengrocers' shops, to recognise that there is a fertile field lying untilled for some genius to cultivate, and who might not make the reputed riches of Mr. Boffin, but might render his country a signal service by bringing into food production household scraps and trade waste that otherwise would be lost.

* * * *

The need for economy in pig feeding is emphasised in an announcement by the Ministry of Agriculture, which points out that pigs are a problem in war-time because we have grown more and more into the habit of keeping them on cereal rations largely imported from abroad. We need the pig meat, but it has become essential to find means of keeping the pigs that make less demand upon imported rations and shipping space. It takes from 6lb. to 7lb. of concentrated food to produce 1lb. of pork or bacon. Yet 7lb. of cereals yields about 5lb. of flour, or 7½lb. of bread. The Ministry of Agriculture have therefore just issued a leaflet on *Pig Feeding in War Time*, that shows in detail how the present pig population might be maintained and how they could be fed from the food likely to be available.

Our pig population represents less than ten pigs per holding, and while many holdings carry no pigs at all, on others there are large pig establishments almost independent of land. If anything like the present number of pigs are to be maintained, there must be a gradual return to home-grown rations of the kind used for generations before oil cake and other concentrates were known. There is scope by such methods to keep some pigs on practically all holdings, even on those under one acre and on groups of allotments. Small efforts in the aggregate could lead to a large contribution of pig meat.

On most farms there is a variety of by-products suitable for pig-feeding. The conversion of grass and arable will provide more tail corn and more small potatoes. In return there will be valuable "muck." Although there is no present intention to curtail grain supplies to feeders, they must be ready for such an emergency. They would be wise to prepare immediately to restrict pig feed, so far as possible, to materials that cannot be used to feed human beings, such as grass, roots, silage, millers' by-products, damaged grain, dried blood, dried grains, malt culms, oil cakes and meals, together with surplus from the dairy, the garden and allotment. The collection of suitable waste food from shops, houses, gardens and hotels might well be organised by voluntary effort.

Special consideration is given in the leaflet mentioned to the pig or two kept by cottagers, garden owners or allotment holders, including the type of pig to buy, its housing, bedding and feeding.

The general question of feeding is dealt with by dividing some 30 feeding stuffs into three groups: (1) Protein-rich, (2) Intermediate, (3) Protein-low, starch high. This shows clearly what feeding stuffs are relatively interchangeable.

Further economies in meal feeding, it is pointed out, can be made by replacing a substantial proportion of the meal ration by such foods as potatoes, mangolds, swedes, sugar-beet, kale, grass, and forage crops. An experiment on these lines showed that the time taken to reach a live weight of 200lb. was, in some instances, increased by four to six weeks, but the quality of the carcase was not appreciably lowered and the cereal requirements were halved.

Those with access to grazing or woodlands should give outdoor methods the fullest trial. It is claimed for them that they will save meal, keep breeding sows healthy and prolific, produce bigger and hardier young pigs, improve pasture and utilise valuable food material such as acorns and beech mast. Green food alone will not fatten pigs, but it will keep them growing with a saving of meal. With a few weeks of sty-feeding on concentrated food at the end of the grazing period, prime bacon can thus be produced. The leaflet, "Grow more," Leaflet No. 7, can be obtained free on application at the Ministry of Agriculture, 10, Whitehall Place, S.W.1.



EARLY LAMBS IN WEST SUSSEX

Lambs have already made their appearance at Woolbeding, near Midhurst, where at one farm more than 60 Dorset Horn-Southdown cross breds are on show. This picture shows some of them

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

THE stress of war has forced us to carry out, in days, reorganisation that we could not have undertaken in as many months in normal times; so, of course, there have been untidy ends and pieces, anomalies and even abuses. But they are being straightened out. The promise of full control for sales of fat stock, for example, should mean the removal of one large load of uncertainty. As soon as it is applied the Ministry of Food will be the only buyers of fat stock, at fixed prices according to grade. The prices at which they will be bought have already been published and they approximate to the present maximum prices plus the appropriate subsidy. Their publication has already had a steadying effect. Sales have tended to ease up: buyers' offers have hardened in some cattle markets where bidders appear to have been somewhat shy.

In addition, it has been officially announced that adjustment in these prices will be made from time to time in the light of seasonal trends and variations in production cost. For the first time since the last war the beef man will be *guaranteed* a price for his fat cattle. Sellers of sheep, too, have been guaranteed an average price of 1s. per lb. dressed carcase weight over the year. Pigs have already had a rise of 2s. per score since the fixed price for them was first introduced, and their price will continue to be regulated by the cost of feeding, with regard also given to changes necessitated by war conditions.

There remains the question of the super-quality cattle that commanded, say, 52s. to 55s. in Aberdeen or Ipswich, when top-grade cattle elsewhere were fetching about 48s. Consideration is now



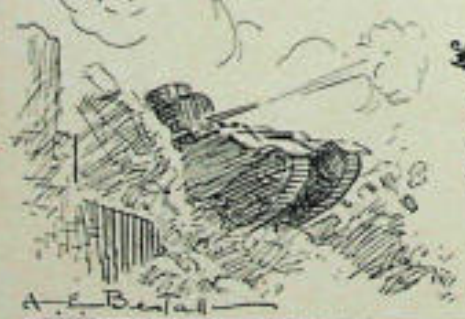
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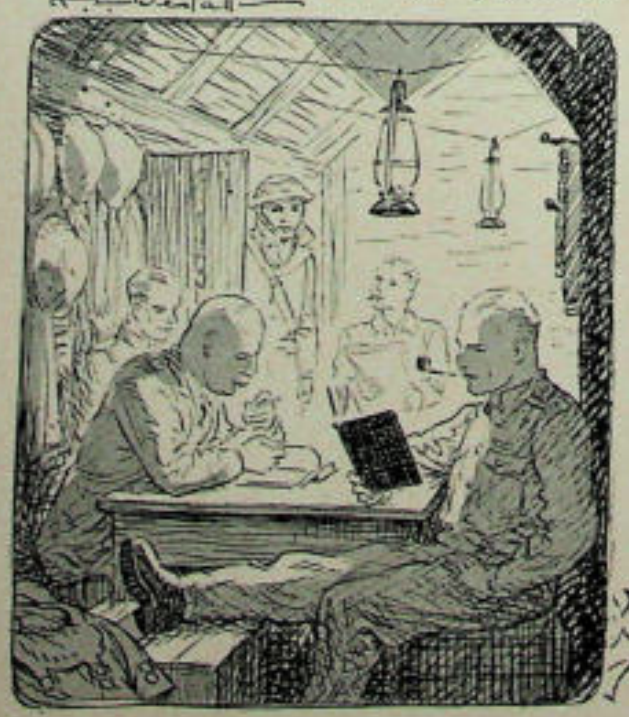
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being given as to how far it is possible to deal with this special case; but we cannot in wartime afford to use the feeding stuffs for producing super-beef cattle with quite their peacetime bloom.

But there are cattle of the true beef type that can mature into first-class beef without such feeding, provided they are given the chance. Before this war many fatteners were being forced into rather extravagant habits and were killing such cattle as "baby" beef before they had time to realise their most valuable potentiality, namely to produce first-class beef on a diet of little or no cake or corn. Under present conditions it may well be more desirable to let them run to maturity on almost entirely a grass diet and kill them at 12cwt. or more. In the arable areas, where fattening is a slower process, it may only be possible to produce one lot of yard cattle instead of two.

Roots will save the use of starchy foods; hay of good quality will reduce the quantity of protein-rich cakes. Moreover, in the last ten years, it would seem that there has been a tendency to over estimate the fattening bullock's protein requirements.

Catching the Early Bite

What with ploughing up and feeding stuffs difficulties, farmers this winter will look forward with more eagerness than usual to "the time when the grass comes." Nothing more can be done now to increase the amount of winter grazing, but there are ways and means of starting growth as early as possible next spring. The important thing is to decide now which fields are best suited to produce early grass.

The lighter, well drained land is to be preferred; for no amount of fertiliser will make heavy, wet land come into bearing early. Sheltered fields sloping to the south are desirable and unless a sward contains a good proportion of early grasses such as perennial ryegrass, cocksfoot, rough stalked meadow-grass and meadow foxtail it is very little use trying to get an early bite from it.

There is one other important consideration. Grasses store up reserves of food in their roots. An autumn rest encourages development in the root and bottom of the stem, but continuous close grazing prevents such development occurring. Therefore, pasture that has had a rest in late summer or early autumn will respond best to manurial treatment.

The best time to apply the nitrogenous fertiliser will vary with the season. In late districts the end of February or early March is soon enough, but in earlier districts the first half of February may be a more suitable time. Experiments over five seasons in the Eastern Counties suggests that an application of 1cwt. sulphate of ammonia per acre early in February can usually be relied upon to produce an additional 7½cwt. of grass per acre by the second week in April.

Nitrogen is the main factor in increasing the amount of early growth, but there must be adequate supplies of phosphate and potash in the soil. Fields deficient in lime are unsuitable if only because the herbage is likely to contain a too high proportion of late species. Where good pasture has received proper treatment in the previous year, a nitrogenous top-dressing in early spring has enabled ½ to ¾ acre to provide early grass for one cow for fifteen days. Dung or liquid manure applied before 1st January may be equally effective and farmyard manure has the additional advantage of protecting the grass from cold winds and frost.

Temporary grass, say, of one to four year's duration, starts growth some weeks earlier than permanent grass and responds more readily to stimulation. Italian ryegrass is pre-eminent in producing early spring keep, while the ordinary commercial strains of perennial ryegrass and cocksfoot that form the bulk of temporary mixtures also shoot up quickly in the spring and so are well adapted for forcing.

It should be remembered that early spring grass is a laxative; consequently dairy cows should not be turned in for more than a few hours each day, and their grazing should be supplemented with hay. In this way the rich young grass can be made to go farther.

Frost and the Farmer

It has been mild weather so far, but any time now a cold spell may arrive and catch some of us napping. There were some unpleasant experiences last December, when a sudden cold break caused thousands of pounds worth of damage to farmers' tractors and cars alone. After that experience it should be hardly necessary to emphasise the need to empty radiators after the day's work if there is the slightest risk of frost.

As regards the protection of farm crops, potatoes are more susceptible to frost when they are moist than when they are dry, so they should be put away as clean and dry as possible. Clamps should be made on dry, well-drained sites and covered with straw as soon as practicable. The straw "roof" should not be covered with soil too soon, or ventilation will be impeded; but if there is a threat of intense early frost, further protection should be given without delay.

NOTICES IN RENT BOOKS

By REGINALD DAVEY

Mr. Reginald Davey has been covering subjects connected with Estate Management for some years in these columns. He contributed from September 23rd to November 18th a series of nine articles dealing with grazing and marketing of timber

We live in an age of bureaucratic control. The rights of the individual must give way to the common weal. How hard it is to apply this principle to a nation of individualists is well shown by the number of penalties for which many people are liable, but which are not enforced. As a race we lack the tractability of a certain Latin people, who in fleeing from a police baton charge kept studiously to the footpaths in accordance with strongly worded police notices, thereby materially reducing their chances of escape.

Control is proceeding to extend its influence, and although its necessity in principle may not be refuted, it is open to question if it is either needful or desirable that it should be applied in so complex a manner. In this country each particular subject is dealt with separately, so that, to take an extreme example, a man who wishes to erect a petrol-filling station adjoining a classified road which is scheduled for widening has six separate applications to make to different authorities. Each application is subject to different provisions, and the consents or refusals must be received within varying time limits, and in some cases no time limit at all. In some cases a refusal leads to compensation, sometimes it does not; and when it does there is usually a provision that excludes compensation if the land is subject to similar restrictions under any other Act.

As between landlord and tenant of a dwelling house, the Legislature have from time to time sought to protect the tenant against the landlord. First a series of by-laws requiring sanitary living conditions did much good. Then various methods of dealing with the problem of insanitary houses and slum areas were tried. One of the principles was that the tenant should be told how he could take steps to have defects dealt with. The earliest attempt was a requirement, under penalty, that landlords should insert in all rent books their own names and addresses and the names and addresses of the Medical Officers of Health.

This has now been improved upon, or the reverse, and all rent books of controlled dwellings must under the various Rent Restrictions Acts contain a form of notice prescribed in the 1938 Regulations giving a mass of information, including the address of the premises, name and address of landlord and agent, standard rent, amount of the permitted increase, and address of the sanitary authority.

The overcrowding provisions of the Housing Act, 1936, require the insertion in the rent book of all dwellings occupied by or suitable for occupation by members of the working classes, a summary in the prescribed form of the overcrowding sections of the Act, the name and address of the Medical Officer of Health, and of landlord or person responsible for the sanitary condition of the house.

Substantial penalties are provided for cases of non-compliance, and it would be interesting to know how many landowners have rendered themselves liable to proceedings on this account.

Cottage rent books are beginning to assume the aspect of standard legal works. It is to be hoped that future legislation will not increase the forms and penalties. It is not the trouble of inserting them. It is the unfortunate effect that they have upon the mind and attitude of a certain type of tenant, who, unable to understand, generally misread them and cause much needless friction.

Absentee landlordism was bound to lead to neglect of repairs and disregard of the tenant's living conditions, but these faults find no place on the agricultural estate, whose owner is placed in the same category. What is needed is a few simple and well-chosen words to be printed on the flyleaf of all rent books to tell the tenant what he ought to know, give him the necessary addresses so that he can find his landlord or the agent, and the medical officer. Beyond this it is futile to go.

As the law stands at present landowners are under a definite obligation, but all the needful forms, or rent books with them already printed in, can be bought from the Estates Gazette, Ltd., 33/5, Kirby Street, E.C. 1. The landlord's obligations are fairly well defined. The Rent Acts cover the question of the rent that he can charge. He is also under an obligation to keep the premises in a state of repair fit for reasonable habitation. If he does not do so, the local authority can undertake the work themselves and recover the cost.

Tenants are apt to interpret the complex rent book notices as imposing a greater obligation, including possibly questions of internal decoration. This is beyond the scope of the Acts, and the only obligation will be that contained in the agreements, which normally will provide for the landlord being responsible for the structure and the tenants for decoration and glass.

BROWSING *over* CATALOGUES

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

I SUPPOSE engineers get the same thrill at looking through engineering catalogues as I do reading those dealing with gardens and gardening—but I very much doubt it!

A nice fire and the black-out had enabled me to settle down to browse through the pile that had been gathering during the past week or so. Quite a considerable pile, thought I, considering it is war-time. As I picked up each publication I thought wistfully of the loving care behind its preparation. I know what it is to write books, and catalogues are like books—full of information which must be accurate. I ruminated on the choice of photographs, the captions employed, the general set-out, and I could not but admire, on the whole.

Talking of photographs, perhaps the one that struck me as being *par excellence* was that of Messrs. George Pyne, of Denver Nurseries, Topsham, Devon. The life-size photographs of fruits printed on beautiful paper were a delight to behold. The pollination charts should prove useful to all those interested in fruit growing.

Another catalogue, printed on similar paper, and full of lovely photographs, was that of Ernest Ballard, of Old Court, Colwell, near Malvern. I grow many of his Michaelmas daisies and admire them. They range from the 7ft. high pure-white pyramid, Mount Everest, through the delightful dancing featheriness of Silver Spray on to the immense lavender Mammoth, whose flowers are often 2ins. across and more, and down to those beautiful babies, like Marjory—a pink, or Victor—a blue. It is also a tonic to go on imaginary plant-hunting expeditions with Colonel Grey's (Grey's Hocker Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent) Garden, Bulb and Shrub Catalogue. His remarks are always frank and helpful.

I lingered long over *Hoheria compacta*, a handsome plant, with flowers flame-red above and golden-yellow below. I coveted the *Eucryphia pinnatifolia floreplena*, which is magnificent in July and August, covered with double white flowers. Colonel Grey is right in describing it as the most beautiful of all the late-flowering trees.

Messrs. Dartington Hall, Ltd. (Dartington Hall Nurseries, Totnes, Devon) call their catalogue "Ornamental Plants," and they divide it into sections. There are the hedge plants, the peat-loving shrubs, the primulas, the gentians, the border phlox and so on. I pondered much on the chart of flowering heaths.

What a lot can be packed into a little catalogue! Johnson's (chrysanthemum growers, of Tibshelf, in Derbyshire) have produced a beautiful little brochure, well illustrated, and with good descriptions of the chrysanthemums new and old which they offer.

L. R. Russell, of Richmond Nurseries, Windlesham, Surrey, have a comprehensive list of all kinds of plants ranging from water lilies through roses to trees. They are anxious to help, too, for they list plants for various conditions and shrubs for game coverts, growing under trees, &c.

H. Woolman, chrysanthemum specialists, of Shirley, Birmingham, have not been able to issue their "illustrated" catalogue this year but, as they point out, in their simpler booklet they are doing everything possible to retain their fine collection of these plants.

George Jackman & Sons, of Woking, Surrey, call their yearly catalogue The Planters' Handbook, and well is it named! I have used it again and again these last two or three years as a kind of reference book. They offer all kinds of trees and shrubs, climbing plants, roses and the like, and they give the clearest information about each one, set out in tabular form. This year they have included a book mark which will prove useful.

If Amos Perry's catalogue (Hardy Plant Farm Enfield, Middlesex) seems smaller it is certainly no less beautiful or well-got-up. He offers many new and rare Alpines, aquatics and perennials at reasonable prices.

I do hope we shall all do our best to encourage our nurserymen friends by ordering what we can this season. Many of them have built up large stocks and are facing difficult times owing to the international situation.

We must have some beauty in war-time, so let us plant flowering shrubs, flowering trees, masses of perennials, and so keep up our morale, add beauty to our lives, and have plenty of flowers to cut at to beautify our hospitals and convalescent homes.



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

IN THE AFRIDI BAZAAR, PESHAWAR CITY

PESHAWAR—GATEWAY TO INDIA

By PATRICK TURNBULL

ALTHOUGH many cities of India are more picturesque and more architecturally beautiful than Peshawar, the rugged capital of the North West Frontier Province, it is in many ways the most interesting city of the Empire.

Apart from the fact of its immense strategical importance, the bleak savagery of the surrounding countryside, the fierce, lawless, battle-loving people who inhabit its crowded bazaars, and its ever-changing nomadic population make of it a fascinating study for anyone who appreciates the cold majesty of relentless nature and the study of humanity.

Like most eastern cities Peshawar lies hidden within its walls, and the stranger crossing the arid plains of the Punjab on the journey from Rawalpindi, the usual approach, sees, at first, only the bare undecorated mud walls, whose monotony is relieved by an occasional cluster of date palms, and is made aware of the teeming population by a faint murmur, which rises continually day and night, mysteriously, like the muttering of some savage animal kept apart from the world by the barrier of the mud ramparts.

My first impressions of the city were memorable, for I had been travelling alone by car and arrived towards evening, when damp mists from the low-lying fields were rising to form a filmy curtain of fog. Through this diaphanous white haze the city walls seemed to speak of a million hidden beauties and mysteries, more rare and curious than any unfolded by the Arabian nights seen through the dreaming eyes of a smoker of hasheesh.

I longed, therefore, to enter the gates and to wander at leisure, exploring in my own time and my own way the narrow lanes and dark corners. Unfortunately, however, two serious obstacles considerably hindered my plans, the first being that Peshawar city is still considered insecure, the second that idle or active curiosity in native life is very much frowned upon by officialdom in British India.

There is no doubt that a certain amount of risk exists at Peshawar owing to the nature of its inhabitants, and that to neglect precautions would be unwise and foolhardy. Even the European quarter, which lies some two miles west of the native city, is patrolled continually by groups of armed police, and is surrounded by a strong barbed wire defence, for it should not be forgotten that in the troubles in the Peshawar district during the spring and summer of 1930, raiding tribesmen actually reached the wire before being dispersed.

Finally, however, I managed to arrange for a visit to the native town, but was warned that I should go armed and that the visit in question should take place between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon; above all, I was told, it was strictly forbidden to be inside the gates after dark.

Actually my first impression of the city was one of surprise at its extreme appearance of poverty, but I was seeing it under unfavourable conditions, for it had rained heavily the previous day and in the early morning, so that the approach to the gate and the streets were churned by the passers-by into a veritable sea of mud, and the people had a miserable and bedraggled look. Rain and cold are so out of keeping with an eastern setting that they rob the scene of all its glamour, and seem to stress only the sordid side of Oriental life.

But this initial disappointment was soon forgotten as I progressed further into the heart of the city, which unfolded itself before my eyes as a true example of life unspoiled, modelled upon the plan of the days of Haroun al Raschid and the poems of Abou Nowas and Ishak.

It is said that Baghdad, Fez, and Peshawar are the three most perfect specimens of an eastern city in the world to-day.

Unfortunately I have never visited Baghdad, but although Peshawar is less decorative and lacks the architectural splendours of its famous Moroccan rival, it is perhaps more impressive because of its very ruggedness and aloofness, even hostility, to all outside influence. Moreover, all the outstanding features of communal life, of which we read in tales of the past, are there before one's eyes, for the whole of the centre of the town is divided into streets or squares, each one devoted to a separate trade.

There is the square of the letter writers, for the majority of the people are illiterate, and those lengthy and flowery addresses asking for a rise in pay, exalting the greatness of the "master," and emphasising the extreme humbleness and lowliness of the devoted servant, come mostly from the nimble pen of the aged scribes. Further on is the square of the moneylenders, whose adherence to the principles of Shylock is one of the greatest social curses not only of India, but the whole of the East from Marrakesh to Shanghai.

Unfortunately, the Indian, especially the tribesman of the North West Frontier, has an incredible facility for getting into debt, and so falls an easy victim to the wiles of the moneylender, who lends him a minute sum at an exorbitant rate of interest. Greatest sufferers from this curse are the small independent farmers and landowners who, once in the clutches of the moneylender, find themselves ruined and sold up in a remarkably short space of time.

The square of the brass workers is both picturesque and deafening. Before the tiny stalls the workers sit beating out the copper and brass into bowls and trays, filling the air with metallic clamour as their hammers ply ceaselessly, stolidly indifferent to the eternal din in which their lives are passed.

There is the street of the jewellers, of barbaric ornaments of gold and silver, and the street of the shoemakers, gawdy with the embroidered colours of the curving toed native slippers.

Apart from the curiosities of the city, the crowd itself is a never ceasing kaleidoscopic pageant, for although the city is essentially a Mohammedan stronghold, owing to the huge nomadic population, the types encountered in the street are of infinite variety.

Predominating is the tribal type, tall and muscular, eagle featured and clear eyed; there is the paler Afghan and the more delicately built southern Punjabi. Occasionally one sees the slant-eyed Mongolian features of a wanderer from Shillong, the bloated Hindu merchant, and the crafty yet dreamy-eyed Sikh with his uncut beard and large, rather effeminate, turban.

As can be imagined, the work of keeping law and order amongst so motley a population is a veritable labour of Hercules, and special praise is due to the efforts of the Indian police. Theirs is a ceaseless fight against violence, brutality, cunning and intrigue, but so efficient is the organisation and the personnel that unpunished infractions of the law are rare.

There is constant danger arising from the eternal question of strife between Moslem and Hindu. Being so near the Afghan frontier, and therefore a great terminus for the caravans from distant lands, the bazaars of Peshawar are noted as being a refuge for outlaws and criminals as well as disturbing elements—Communists in particular—whose aim and object is to stir up the population to rebellion against the British raj.

Many of these oriental gangsters are far more cunning and desperate than their American counterparts, as the following anecdote told me by a police officer will show.

On one occasion a group of three robbers entered the stall of a Hindu banker in broad daylight, stabbed him to death and made off with his safe. A police patrol arrived on the scene just as they were about to plunge into one of the narrow alleys leading to the square, and opened fire, wounding one of the bandits in the legs. Yet so that the wounded man should not be identified or give away secrets under a possible cross-examination, one of his companions, risking the fire of the police, deliberately hacked off his friend's head, leaving the police with the hopeless task of tracing a headless corpse.

But, despite the difficulties and dangers of their task, the police meet cunning with cunning and force with force with such skill and success that, even in the days after the war of 1914, when India was in a ferment of agitation, the then Prince of Wales was able to make a tour of the city on foot.

One of the most fascinating sights, and one which remains most deeply in my memory, is the arrival or departure of the great caravans from the north, whose way lies from Persia through Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass.

This great trade terminus, added to the immense strategic importance of Peshawar as an outpost of India against invasion from the north, made the city renowned throughout the continent of Asia centuries before the arrival of the British.

From Bokhara the caravans bring Persian rugs and carpets, silver, lace and hides, and from the Kabul horses, mules, fruits, woollen and skin coats.

They come laden on sturdy, long-haired camels, in caravans which are sometimes as much as three miles in length, driven by the tough, wiry nomads, whose entire life is spent on the march.

The hardships which the nomadic women and children are forced to share with their menfolk are incredible. It is, in fact, little short of a miracle that any of them live to survive childhood, for the caravan takes no notice of the elements. It marches when the sun is so hot that the rocks are like molten fire under the fierce unbroken rays, and the pads of the camels are blistered by contact with the scorching earth, and when the snow lies in drifts in the mountain passes, the bitter winds bowl down from the peaks of the Hindu Kush, and stragglers are soon frozen to death. Sometimes the caravans are attack by marauding bands. Often they may be sniped at as they make their way through the gorges and defiles of the mountains, for most of their journey lies through dangerous and lawless country.

Throughout their entire lives these nomads have no fixed home, and no other existence than the eternal tramping by day, the rough shelter of the caravanserai by night, and the perpetual struggle against man and the rigours of the elements.

It is a brave and gallant existence, and one which has been threatened with annihilation within recent years by the rapid spread of the motor vehicle to even the remotest corners of the globe.

But lately people have been realising that petrol is not inexhaustible, and that the strongest motor is, under certain conditions, more likely to break down than the slower but surer beast of burden. So once more the camel has come into his own, and, despite the twentieth century, the plodding silhouette can still be seen against the early morning sky, picking its way towards the bleak frowning barrier of the Khyber.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN AN UNUSUAL CAR

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.



THE LANCIA APRILIA BY THE HAWESWATER DAM, DURING ITS 10,000-MILE ADDITIONAL RUNNING

AN annual mileage of twenty to thirty thousand over every conceivable sort of road in England, Scotland and Wales gives one a pretty good idea of the sort of car that a hard-boiled driver of moderate means requires. The first point is entire reliability, and then comes economy, service facilities, ease of maintenance, complete light control, comfort and performance. If possible, the ideal car for the twenty-thousand miles-a-year-man should combine the large car's capacity for covering long distances easily, with the small car's facility for manœuvring and moving in traffic, together with the latter's all-round economy of running.

I am well aware that the case calls for a specialist sort of machine. And it was a specialist machine in the shape of a 12.85 h.p. Lancia Aprilia, that I bought second hand last spring as an auxiliary to another car. Since that date the Lancia has added 10,000 miles to the original 12,000 scored on the speedometer at the time of purchase.

Before recounting my experiences and impressions of the car let me say a few words about its design, for it is one of the most interesting and advanced types on the road. The body and frame form a single box-like unit of great strength and rigidity. The floor forms a metal pan which adds further strength to the construction. All four wheels are independently sprung, while the engine is a narrow angle double V, four cylinder, using an overhead camshaft. The outstanding feature of the general plan is compactness combined with a high power to weight ratio. Thus the complete car scales under 17cwt. while the 1,352 c.c. engine develops over 46 h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. Some idea of the compactness of the design may be gained from its overall dimensions, which are very similar, to those of the Popular Ford Eight of a year or two back. Thus the length is 13ft. 7½in., the height 4ft. 9½in., which is less than that of the Popular Ford, and the width about 4ft. 6in.

The Lancia body not only provides room for three at a pinch in the back seat, but also accommodation under lock and key for two big suit cases, the nine-gallon petrol tank, the spare wheel and tools. There are four pillarless doors which facilitate access to the seats, a good view ahead, but a restricted rear view, owing to the rear curve of the back panel which embraces the boot.

The chassis is unconventional and it took me several days' study of the instruction book to master its salient points. The four-wheel independent suspension relies on enclosed coil springs which are hydraulically damped. Consequently the oil reservoirs at this point must be replenished regularly. And here I would draw attention to a characteristic of many modern designs, and that is that to service them quickly and easily one needs a pit. This is due to the fact that modern wings embrace the wheels more fully than they used to, and often include aprons or fenders, which make access to oiling points difficult except from underneath.

In the case of the car under review it is possible to fill up the front suspension oil containers by lying on the ground, and the same remark applies to the lubrication of the swivels. But the job is better done over a pit or when the car is on a ramp. The latter is absolutely necessary when greasing up the four universal joints on the cross driving shafts of the rear axle, an important maintenance feature if wear is to be guarded against. Having dealt with the suspension the only other parts of the car requiring routine inspection or lubrication are the gearbox, which is built in unit form with the engine, an intermediate bearing on the propeller shaft and the rear axle. These points are reasonably accessible and do not require the use of a ramp.

The routine of engine maintenance is easily carried out. The oil filler is on top of the overhead camshaft cover. The dip stick is handy as is the water drain tap. The battery is instantly accessible under the bonnet, which can be removed bodily in an instant by undoing two spring catches and a sliding bolt. Another ingenious feature is the radiator cowl, which incorporates thermostatically controlled shutters. This is held by two hooks and a spring clip and can be detached almost instantaneously to give access to the dynamo and petrol pump, which lie snugly in front of the radiator. It will be seen therefore that this quick removal of bonnet and cowl gives speedy and clear access to the engine.

As I have not yet decarbonised the motor I cannot write as to its accessibility. Tappet adjustment appears simple enough, but I found it easier to remove the camshaft cover on the single occasion that I cleaned the plugs. At the same time provision is made in the design to allow the plugs to be withdrawn without lifting the cover.

It is too early yet to give reliable information on tyre wear for I fitted two new Michelin covers in place of the old ones when the speedometer read 20,000 miles. At the same time I rather think that the near side front cover is wearing rather more than the offside, probably owing to the camber of the road. In any case, it is a good thing to change the wheels over not only from side to side, but also from front to back in order to distribute the wear equally.

The Lockheed brakes have behaved splendidly. They have never been adjusted and are still immensely powerful. The central hand brake is also extremely efficient, a very different thing to the parking brake found on some cars.

The performance and stability of the car are really astounding. Maximum speeds on the four gears, are 80, 60, 40 and 20 m.p.h. approximately. And on the higher gears at speed the car runs with the assurance and steadiness of a much larger vehicle. This characteristic may be due in some measure to the fact that the top gear is high. Coupled with this high speed and flashing acceleration, especially on second and third speeds, are the benefits of extremely accurate, light steering and an exceptionally delightful suspension. Back seat passengers have remarked on this again and again, and it is true to say that there is literally no more movement at the rear than in the driving seta.

This high, safe and stable performance, if used, can result in some fantastically high average speeds for what is, after all, a small, light and compact car. Thus on a 32 mile cross country stretch of fast road, embracing only two towns, I have on several occasions averaged 60 m.p.h. against the watch. Thirty-five to forty minutes is a standard time for this stretch. On longer cross country runs an average of 50 m.p.h. is a common occurrence. Petrol consumption averages, say, 30 m.p.g., though since rationing came in this figure has been improved by frequent coasting with the engine switched off.

Oil consumption is negligible, but should it increase I imagine I can change the hard cast cylinder liners which are fitted in the aluminium monobloc.

The jacking-up arrangements rely on pads attached to the frame adjacent to the extremities of the dummy running boards. Their use entails a certain amount of grovelling, but once one discovers their position the job is straightforward enough.

The only renewals made to the car have been one shock absorber bracket and a set of oilless bushes for the steering connections. I do not count the rear universal joints as such, as these were added in order to bring the car's specification up-to-date and the old ones were by no means worn out.

The only crab to the car that I have discovered so far is that the running is inclined to be rough at the lower end of the speed scale. Having reached the fifties the machine seems to run more and more sweetly right up to its maximum. Cruising, by the way, can be reckoned at anything from fifty to seventy-five. To compensate for this lower speed roughness is the fact that the car is so alert that it brings back a real thrill to motoring, which more sedate vehicles sometimes lack. One gets a definite kick out of a run on this car every time one takes it out.

Another small criticism is the tendency of the car to plaster its back panel and wings with mud. The front and door panels do not suffer noticeably in this respect. The rear muddiness must be due to the creation of a considerable low pressure area, caused by the passage of the car through the air. Mud thrown up by the rear wheels, or spray spread sideways from the front wheels, is sucked into this low pressure area and the result is that a film of dirt soon covers the door of the boot. But apart from those small points the car has a tremendous appeal for those to whom motoring is something more than mere transport.

WAR-TIME LIGHTING REGULATIONS

CONSIDERABLE uncertainty still appears to exist regarding the regulations in force at the present time affecting lights on motor vehicles. This is evident from the many and varied methods now commonly adopted for screening. The R.A.C. has prepared the following summary of the regulations with which motorists have to comply.

SIDE AND REAR LAMPS.—These are obligatory, and the aperture through which light is emitted must not be larger than 2in.; the reflectors must be painted matt black or otherwise rendered non-effective, and the glass must be partially obscured by placing behind it paper or some other uncoloured material having a density equal to that of two sheets of newspaper. Alternatively, a thin coat of paint to obtain the same effect is permissible.

Any windows at the side, rear or top of the side lamps must be completely obscured, and also the clear window at the side of the rear lamp which normally illuminates the rear number plate.

STOP LIGHTS.—These are permitted provided the area of the aperture through which light is emitted does not exceed one square inch. This aperture has to be partially obscured in the manner which has been described for side and rear lamps.

DIRECTION INDICATORS.—The transparent panels must be treated in a manner which restricts the light to an arrow-shaped window having arms not exceeding ¼in. wide.

HEADLAMPS.—The new official three-slit standard mask for headlamps is not yet compulsory, and will not be until adequate supplies are available. It may be utilised, however, and can be fitted to either the near or offside head-lamp. Where this mask is not employed, the existing regulations require that the bulb must be removed from the off-side lamp. Behind the glass of the nearside lamp must be fitted an opaque cardboard disc in which is cut a semi-circular aperture 2in. in diameter with the base uppermost. The centre of the base must coincide with the centre of the lamp. The lower part of the reflector must be blacked out by means of black cardboard, black paper or two coats of matt black paint up to a distance of half an inch above the centre line of the reflector.

Headlamps must be extinguished during the period of an air-raid warning.

COMBINED HEAD AND SIDE LAMPS.—Certain types of cars are fitted with combined head and side lamps. In this case, the offside lamp is treated as a side lamp after the main bulb has been removed. The "dim" bulb is retained. The glass should then be screened or blackened off to a diameter of 2ins., the reflector rendered non-effective and the aperture through which light is emitted partially obscured in a manner similar to that prescribed for side and rear lamps.

FOG LAMPS.—An unscreened fog lamp is permitted provided it is additional to the ordinary head lamps, is operated by a separate switch, and is fitted below the headlamp level. The beam must be directed downwards and towards the near side. The use of fog lamps is only permitted when fog is so thick that progress without it is impracticable. Such lamps must be switched off immediately on an air-raid warning.

BRIDGE

BIDDING TO OPPONENT'S SUIT

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

I CAME across a hand recently which caused a certain amount of trouble, both in bidding and play.

Bidding by the A-B pair made it difficult for the Y-Z pair to reach a game contract.

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

B	Z	A	Y
One Heart	No Bid	One No Trump	Two Hearts
No Bid	Two Spades	No Bid	Three Diamonds
No Bid	Four Clubs	Double	Redouble
Four Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	Four Spades
All pass			

With no ruffing values and a very weak hand A bid One No Trump, although Two Hearts would have been preferable since he did not have a stop in the other major suit. Y, with his very powerful hand, decided to force his partner to call by making a bid in the opponent's suit. With a No Trump response from A it appeared probable that most of the remaining Hearts strength was massed in Z's hand and therefore B passed. Z's next two bids do not call for any comment. Having opened with practically no defensive tricks, B took out Y's redouble and Y decided to try for game.

The opening lead of the 9 of Hearts was ruffed with Y's 9 of Spades. Y now decided that B must have the King of Diamonds and so led the Ace and Queen of Diamonds, did discard the 3 of Hearts from his hand. Y now received a nasty jolt when A produced the King of Diamonds. In an endeavour to stop Z from ruffing the hand A led a trump, the 10 of Spades was played by Y, the Queen by B and the Ace by Z. A small Club was led. A split his honours by playing the Jack and Y took the trick with the King. The Jack of Spades was now played and the 7 of Diamonds ruffed. A Club was returned, A played the 7 of Clubs and Y's 10 of Clubs took the trick. The King of Spades was made and Y's hand took the remainder of the tricks. It will be noted that if, at the fourth trick, a Heart had been returned and Z ruffed, A-B must make a Spade trick and Y-Z find their trump strength somewhat uncertain.

It is rather difficult to say exactly how Z should have played the hand, but in view of the trump weakness I think he should discard a Diamond on the first Heart lead. If B takes the lead with the King of Hearts he is very awkwardly placed, since a low Heart allows Z's Queen to make and the Ace of Hearts ruffed by Y establishes the Queen. Assuming B returns a Club and Y's King takes A's Jack, Z can now afford to take the King and Ace of Spades and finesse Diamonds, intending to throw B in the lead again. After the successful Diamond finesse a Diamond can be ruffed, Clubs played through A, A's last trump extracted and Y-Z make the remainder of the tricks.

In the following hand played in a duplicate pairs tournament the A-B pair managed to obtain a top score by coaxing Y-Z to double them into a game contract.

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

A-B Love Y-Z Game.

B	Z	A	Y
One Club	One Diamond	Two Spades	Double
No Bid	No Bid	Three Hearts	Double
No Bid	No Bid	Four Clubs	Double
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following neat problem has been sent me by Mr. Farrant, of Winchester.

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

Diamonds trumps. Z to lead and Y-Z to make all the tricks.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT MONTEVIDEO

We give below a game won by the World's Champion in the recent tournament at Montevideo (*Field*, November 11th).

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) P to Q Kt 3 followed by B to Kt 2 is considered to be the best line of play for Black here, e.g., 4. . . . P to Q Kt 3; 5. B to Kt 5, B takes Kt, ch (5. . . . P to K R 3; 6. B takes Kt. B takes Kt, ch; 7. P takes B, Q takes B is an alternative line); 6. P takes B, B to Kt 2; 7. P to K 3, P to Q 3; 8. B to Q 3, Q Kt to Q 2; 9. Castles, Q to K 2, to be followed by P to K 4 with an even game. The text-move is premature, and allows White to play his Queen's Bishop to a good post at Q R 3.

(b) Threatening to win a pawn by 11. B P takes P, B P takes P; 12. P takes P, Black being unable to play 12. . . . Kt takes P because of 13. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 14. B takes Q P.

(c) If, instead, P takes P, then P to R 6.

(d) Threatening B to B 6.

(e) Not B to R 6 because of the reply R to K 3.

(f) If 20. . . . B to Kt 3, then 21. R takes Q, B takes Q; 22. R to Q R sq followed by 23. R takes P.

(g) A bad mistake which loses a pawn. Black should, instead, play P to K B 3, to be followed by B to B 2.

(h) Threatening R takes R.

(i) If 26. . . . Q takes R P, then 27. Q to K 5, P to B 4 (if 27. . . . P to Kt 3, then 28. P to Kt 4 followed, if 28. . . . B takes P, by 29. Q to Kt 5); 28. Q takes Q B P with advantage to White.

(j) Making a flight-square for the King. If, instead, Q takes Q B P, then Q to Q 8, ch; or, if Q takes K B P, then Q to Q 5.

(k) If, instead, 29. . . . R takes B; 30. Q takes R, Q takes R P, then 31. Q to K 6, ch, K to B sq (not R to B 2 because of Q to R 8, ch); 32. Q takes P, ch, B to B 2; 33. Q to B 8, ch, B to K sq; 34. Q takes P.

(l) Threatening P to Q 6 followed by B to Q 5, ch.

(m) He is helpless against the threat of 35. P to Q 6. P takes P; 36. P to B 7.

NEGLECTED DEVELOPMENT

In the following game, played in a tournament for the championship of Jugo-Slavia, neglect of development by Black led to his speedy defeat.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Vukovic.	BLACK. Rosic.	WHITE. Vukovic.	BLACK. Rosic.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	11. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4 (e)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 2	12. Kt to B 3	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	13. P takes P	Kt to Q 4 (f)
4. B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2	14. Castles (K R)	Q takes B P (g)
5. P to K 3	P to B 3	15. B to Kt 5, ch	B to Q 2
6. P to Q R 3 (a)	P takes P (b)	16. B takes B, ch	K takes B
7. B takes P	Q to R 4	17. Q to R 4, ch	K to Q 2 (h)
8. B to R 4 (c)	Kt to K 5	18. Kt to K 5	Kt to Kt 3 (i)
9. Q to B 2	Kt takes Kt	19. Kt takes P, ch	Resigns (j)
10. P takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3 (d)		

(a) Played to avoid the Cambridge Springs Defence (6. . . . Q to R 4).

(b) This is not a good move. Black should, instead, play to complete his development, e.g., 6. . . . B to K 2; 7. Kt to B 3, Castles, 8. B to Q 2 and now either 8. . . . P takes P or 8. . . . P to K R 3; 9. B to R 4, P to B 4.

(c) If Kt to B 3, then Kt to K 5 practically forces White to move the Bishop.

(d) Not 10. . . . B takes P because of 11. Q to Kt 3, P to Q Kt 4; 12. B takes K P, P takes B; 13. R takes B and wins, Black having nothing better than 13. . . . Q takes R for, if, instead, 13. . . . Q to B 2 or Kt 3, then 14. Q makes P, ch, K to B sq; 15. B to K 7, ch, K to K sq; 16. B to Q 6, ch and mate next move. 10. . . . R to Q 3, preparatory to castling, is, however, better than the text-move.

(e) P to K R 3, to be followed by B to Q 3 and Castles, is preferable.

(f) Black, already behind in development, should not waste time in an attack on a pawn.

(g) This is fatal. Black should, instead, play P to K R 3, to be followed by R to Q 3, but, in any case, White has the better game. If, instead of P to K R 3 14. . . . Kt takes P, then 15. Kt to K 5 (threatening Kt to B 4), Kt to Q 4; 16. B takes P (threatening Kt takes P) with a winning position for White.

(h) The only move to avoid the immediate loss of the Queen.

(i) If, instead, Q to B 2, then Kt to B 4, ch and wins.

(j) If 19. . . . K to Q 4, then 20. Q to Kt 5, ch and wins. If, instead, 19. . . . K to B 2, then 20. B to Kt 3, ch, Q takes B; 21. Q to B 2, ch wins the Queen.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Holland and Poland.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. A. D. de Groot. (Holland).	BLACK. P. Frydman. (Poland).	WHITE. A. D. de Groot. (Holland).	BLACK. P. Frydman. (Poland).
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	9. B P takes P	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. P to B 4 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	11. P takes P (d)	R to K sq, ch
4. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	12. B to K 3 (e)	Kt takes P (f)
5. P to Q 4	P takes P	13. Castles	B takes Kt
6. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5	14. P takes B	Q to R 4
7. Q to Q 3	Castles (b)	15. B to Q 4	R to Kt sq
8. B to Q 2 (c)	P to Q 4	Resigns (g)	

(a) A useless move, since Black cannot be prevented from playing P to Q 4. White should, instead, play P to Q 4.

(b) Black can, instead, damage White's pawn-formation by playing B takes Kt, ch, but at the cost of parting with one of his Bishops. The text-move is better.

(c) B to K 2, preparatory to Castles, is better.

(d) If 11. P to K 5, then 11. . . . Kt to Q 2; 12. P to B 4, P to B 3, with the better game for Black. (If 13. P to K 6, then 13. . . . Kt to B 4.)

(e) Not B to K 2 because of P to Q B 4 with the terrible threat of B to K 3. K to Q sq is, however, better than the text-move.

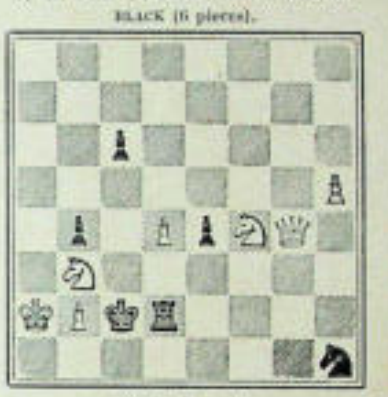
(f) Threatening to win a piece by playing Kt takes Kt.

(g) Black threatens 16. . . . Q to R 6, ch, and White has no good move. If 16. R to Q 2, then 16. . . . Q to R 6, ch; 17. K to Q sq (if K to B 2, then R to K 8, Q to R 5, ch; 18. K to B sq (if Q to B 2, then R to Kt 8, mate; if, instead, 18. R to B 2, then 18. . . . R to Kt 8, ch; 19. K to Q 2, K R to K 8, and wins), R to K 8, ch; 19. R to Q sq, R takes R, ch; 20. Q takes R, R to Kt 8, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4042

By H. OTT and Dr. P. DIKENMANN.*

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4041

1. Q to Kt 4. Any move; 2. Q, R or B mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. K to R 4, B to Kt 3 (the only move to avoid the immediate loss of the Bishop); 2. K to Kt 5, B to R 2 (again, the only move); 3. K to R 6, K to Kt sq (once again, the only move); 4. K to Kt 7 and wins (the Bishop is lost).

EUWE *v.* LANDAU.—A recent match between Dr. M. Euwe and Dr. S. Landau ended in the victory of the former by 7½ points to 2½.

TOURNAMENT AT BUENOS AIRES.—Shortly after the congress at Buenos Aires a tournament was held there. The first and second prizes were shared by Keres (Estonia) and Najdorf (Poland), each with 8½ points out of 11. Among the other competitors were Stahlberg (Sweden), P. Frydman (Poland) and Gras (Argentina).

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 545

ACROSS.—8, Eats (4, 4). 10, Is he always on edge? (6). 11, The man on duty replied that the house was built on cement (hidden) (4). 12, This is no robbery (8). 13, 6 without a postscript (6). 14, Swindled (anag.) (8). 16, Where the hiker sleeps? (6). 17, One way to start a race (4). 18, The messenger's accent really was terribly bad (hidden) (6). 22, Settle oneself comfortably (6). 24, This lily is a daffodil (4). 26, A trim tree (6). 27, Easily alarmed (8). 30, Long John Silver's weapon (6). 31, A form of mental derangement (8). 32, The men made neat heaps of the fallen trunks (hidden) (4). 33, "So sweetly she bade me adieu. I thought that she bade me ——" (Shenstone) (6). 34, Soothes (8).

DOWN.—1, Dances all over the place (6). 2, A broad carved sword (8). 3, Run against in London (6). 4, I can never believe Roger is in earnest (hidden) (4). 5, Most people have a pet one (8). 6, Reel past (anag.) (8). 7, Tea fines (anag.) (8). 9, What some wild elephants are (6). 15, "The worst of madmen is a —— run mad" (Pope) (5). 19, No longer a gate-keeper? (8). 20, Confiding (8). 21, His memory is perfect (8). 23, What one should be in all one's work (8). 25, The children of Uranus and Ge (6). 28, You won't be able to see through this (6). 29, Not dense (6). 31, I hope a true story of the massacre will be written one day (hidden) (4).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 544

Published November 25th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Pike.—There is no doubt that pike do an immense amount of harm in salmon rivers. They are very prolific, lay an enormous number of eggs, and take a very heavy toll of the salmon parr. Small pike are often more troublesome than large ones, for big pike feed on small ones to a great extent, and so reduce the number of their own progeny. I believe that some fishery boards in this country undertake their own netting, but details could only be obtained by approaching the boards themselves. In general it is not a question of whether pike should or should not be destroyed, but whether the number destroyed justifies the cost. As to means of destruction: in rivers with a fair flow of water (there are seldom pike in very rapid rivers which contain little weed) the French pike trap is probably the most economical method. These traps do not need baiting, but should be put in the river within reach of the bank and examined every day or two. The best positions for them can be found by experiment. They can be obtained in England from Farlow & Co., 11, Panton Street, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1; no doubt from other firms also. I do not know an address from which they can be obtained in Ireland, but possibly the Fisheries Department, 3, Kildare Place, Dublin, could supply an address. They are not so efficient in still water. In rivers which open out into a slow-flowing and rather weedy stretch pike are very destructive of smolts on their way to the sea. If you have such rivers in your district the most economical method is to grub up the weed in such stretches. This destroys the cover for the smaller fish which are preyed upon by the larger ones, and their number is reduced very appreciably. Open water is good for salmon parr and bad for pike. The most difficult problem occurs when there are loughs in the course of a salmon river. In this case the pike are usually in the lough and the problem of their destruction is difficult. It is best to observe closely the habits of the pike. In many loughs they have special breeding grounds in shallow weedy places, where they can be seen spawning in May. The weed bed with the fish on it when located can be encircled with a net and the pike shot while spawning; some success has been had with lime in such cases, but it is rather a risky business unless the area is some distance from water likely to contain gamefish. Unfortunately, no satisfactory method of poisoning newly-hatched pike has yet been discovered. It is a matter on which scientific experiment is badly needed.—*S. S., Sligo.*

Gardening

Fig Tree Fruits Not Ripening Properly.—Fig trees require no pruning except to keep them in shape. The fruits are produced on the young growths, so they should not be cut. Fig trees should not be manured, but if the fruits are small and dry it indicates lack of moisture, which is essential with thorough ripening. A mulch of well-decayed green manure would be helpful. Yes, all suckers should be cut away.—*M. M. L. C., Cheltenham.*

Miscellaneous

Game Reserves in East Africa.—The following is the list of game farms in East Africa which you require. Egypt: The Ibex reserve, 100 miles south of Cairo, which the ibex migrate to at certain season periods. Sudan: National Park in Equatoria Province under consideration. Reserves in Senkat-Erowit district, in Berber and Khartoum province, and near Abyssinian frontier. Three partial reserves on the Upper White Nile. Belgian Congo: Parc National Albert and Parc National de la Kagera. The Kundelungu, Lusuma, Kibali-Ituribiele, Lualaba and Semliki reserves. Various partial reserves. Uganda: Bunyoro and Gulu reserves, Lake Edward, Lake George and Toro reserves. Kenya: Northern and Southern reserves. Tanganyika: Serengeti National Park. Reserves at Katisr, Kilimanjaro, Mtanda, Mount Meru, Lake Natron, Ngorongoro, and the Saba and Selous reserves. Nyasaland: Reserves at Chidzimpiri, Kasungu, Lengi, Tangadzi. Northern Rhodesia: Kapie reserve, David Livingstone Memorial Reserve, Mevero Marsh Reserve, Victoria Falls Reserve. Southern Rhodesia: Gazuma Reserve, Chibi, Wankie, Matopol, and Victoria Falls Reserve. South Africa and Bechuanaland: Kruger National Park, Kalahari National Park, and a number of small reserves, chiefly for particular species. S.W. Africa: Reserves at Etosha, Grootfontein and Walfisch Bay. Algeria: Eleven small reserves of doubtful value. Cameroons: Reserves at Duala and Edea, Garoua, Kribi and Fort Foureau. French Equatorial Africa: National Parks at Oubangui-Chare, Gon-Sassuiko, National Park of Middle Congo. Reserves at Lake Chad. Madagascar: Ten complete reserves, but their efficacy not known. Dahomey: Reserves in Mayen Niger, and Circle of Savalou. Guinea: Reserves of Boke, Dinguiraye, Kankan, Yago: Reserve of Soxode. Mauritius: Assalia and Bentillimit reserves. Senegal: Reserve on Portuguese Frontier. Ivory Coast: Reserve of Sassandra and one other reserve. Angola: Reserves at Luando Quanza, and Huila. Mozambique: Matapo, Limpopa, and Inhambane reserves. Eritrea: Reserves on Sterit River, Aragali, Plain of Samuti, Hazamo Plain and Mount Alghet. Italian Somaliland: One reserve. Libya: Bengazi reserve.—*Dr. H., Weybridge.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis Among Rodents.—We have received the bodies of a wild rabbit and a red squirrel which had died as a result of the contagious germ infection of the bowels and liver known as coccidiosis. In each case the animal had been infected for some weeks at least, the bodies were emaciated. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of infected rodents. Young are more highly susceptible to the disease than old rabbits. In order to prevent the disease from spreading, kill off the rabbits in the warrens beside which dead or dying rabbits have been picked up. Dig in the holes, and dress the ground over and around the warrens with quicklime. If shot rabbits are thin and, when opened, show white spots in the liver, the flesh when properly cooked is suitable for human food, but the insides should be burned. Dogs, ferrets and cats must not be fed with the uncooked flesh or internal organs of such diseased rabbits.—*R. B., Strathspey; D. M. R., Somerset.*

Aspergillosis of Budgerigars.—We received for post-mortem examination the bodies of two budgerigars in an emaciated condition. The cause of their illness was a germ infection of the lungs known as aspergillosis. The disease had been slowly progressing over a long period; usually it causes attacks of wheezing, which one of our correspondents likened to asthma. Later on the disease usually causes laboured breathing, particularly after any exertion. There is no known curative. Aspergillosis is usually confined to only one or two birds in an aviary; it is not a spreading disease. Usually the source of the disease is spoiled food or mouldy litter, and insanitary aviaries or cages. Thus regular and thorough cleanliness of the aviary, the daily removal of wasted and stale food, and the storage of seed in airtight tins are the preventives of this fatal disease. One of the owners expresses anxiety about being able to procure food for her collection of budgerigars. We are given to understand that no shortage of budgerigar seeds is expected by the trade. There are numerous supplementary foodstuffs for aviary birds; fountains are still available in fields and hedgerows. Bread crumbs, or pieces of waste bread dried crisp in the oven and ground fine, should be damped with milk and fed as a mash. Rice, wheat, oats and maize can be ground to the size of millet seed and fed as a mixture. Pieces of fresh fruit such as apple, pear, orange and grape should be given as a routine, alternated with fresh vegetable, such as the heart of lettuce, the inside of brussels sprouts, a piece of cucumber, carrot from which the skin has been scraped, and the yellow-green tops of celery.—*A. E. S., Aberdeenshire; K. M., Herts.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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THE FIELD

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H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham

DEER CONTROLLER FOR SCOTLAND

A recent portrait of Mr. Frank Wallace who writes on the transport and marketing of venison in this issue

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THOUGHTS ON FOOD

FOOD is a subject that has loomed largely in the news recently. We are to be rationed for bacon and butter to 4oz. per person a week. And we must register for sugar. That is no very great hardship, and, since the rationing does not in any case come into force until after Christmas, the burden is still further lightened.

But we must not imagine that our personal responsibilities cease the moment this rationing comes into force. Such a view, unfortunately a fairly prevalent view, is altogether wrong. The most difficult thing in the world to control, in the sense of limiting, is a war. No one knows what is going to happen on the Continent.

It may be that we shall have to be rationed yet further; almost certainly prices will rise still further. A rise in prices automatically means rationing for certain people not so well placed financially, a fact which their more fortunate brethren either do not realise or conveniently forget.

Here we can all help—not only those less fortunate than ourselves but also our country as a whole. We can be economical in our use of those commodities that are not subject to rationing. We should, as a national duty, adopt such an attitude in our homes.

War means inevitably a dislocation of the usual methods and channels of trade. A great proportion, far too great a proportion as the *Field* has always maintained, of our foodstuffs comes from overseas. It has to come at present in ships under the convoy system. That system, as we well know, is a sure safeguard against the submarine. But it has, inherent in it, one or two weaknesses from the trade point of view. There is delay while the convoy is collecting; the speed at which it travels is controlled by the speed of the *slowest* boat; and its port of arrival may well be one from which distribution facilities are not all that they might be.

There may, therefore, be from time to time a certain delay in the arrival of certain commodities in the retailers' shops. While that is probable it does not mean that there is to be any permanent shortage in those commodities. That is most improbable in this war, which is just one other way in which this war differs from the last. But it does mean that we should, all of us—but more particularly perhaps the rich (if there are any)—be economical in the way in which we stock our larders.

It also means that we should pay more attention to home-grown foods. We are paying such attention, of course. We hear a lot about the Grow More Food plans and Dig for Victory. All excellent. But have we taken that quite far enough? Have we looked at it in its widest aspect?

To take but one commodity—cheese. This country used to make cheeses second to none in the world. Many districts had their own special varieties, and they were all excellent. Yet in almost all the big London and provincial restaurants before the war there were on sale many foreign cheeses but few English—and now that the foreign ones are hard to obtain there is scarcely any selection at all.

Cheese is good food—satisfying and nourishing. The English were once a great cheese-eating nation, and a great cheese-making nation. Could not the Government devote some attention to this question of cheese?

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE

AT the advanced age of 91 Her Royal Highness Princess Louise died in a period she can never have expected to have troubled the last year of her life. It was a life that had witnessed great social changes and in the early part of which she had been in advance of the thought of her times. Princess Louise was a champion of women's causes, and a talented sculptor as well as an artist and authoress. She took part in out-door pursuits when they were not usually indulged in by her sex, for she was a keen angler and expert skater, and Canada introduced her to tobogganing. It was to that country she went when her husband, the Duke of Argyll, was appointed Governor-General in 1878, and with her death the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders lose their Hon. Colonel-in-Chief, as also do the Kensington Rifles. A personality of charm and kindliness has left us; another link with her august mother, Queen Victoria, has been severed.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1142.)

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

DEEDS WITH THE BAT

"Don Bradman, the Australian cricketer, scored 300 runs in a club match yesterday." This laconic sentence in the course of a radio sports bulletin kindled visions of sun-baked wickets "down under," with the Bradman machine engaged in mass production. But 300 runs "yesterday" smacks of super-human speed even for a Bradman on show in a club match. Where and what the match was remains a matter of speculation, for neither radio nor Press threw further light upon it. Meanwhile cricket is going on in various parts of the Empire and it seems to us that the daily Press would be doing good service by giving more news about such sunny diversions in these days of black-outs. There are the Sheffield Shield matches in Australia processing as usual and bringing fresh deeds by such old friends as Bradman, McCabe, Fingleton, Badcock, Barnett, O'Reilly, Fleetwood-Smith, and even the evergreen Grimmett. Nor is the game less lively in India, where the Pentangular Tournament has been won by the Hindus, last year's runners-up, who beat the holders, the Muslims, by five wickets at Bombay, thanks largely to C. S. Nayudu, who took seven wickets for 78, and V. Merchant, who scored 88 not out.

TRUE FOXHUNTING

The present situation in the hunting world has certainly given cause for the determination of the reasons why hunting exists at all. It is not, as one of our correspondents writes this week, because of the pomp and ceremony, nor is it continued for the purpose of affording a pleasant gallop across a good line of country with a fox as the excuse for riding over other people's land. Far from it. The object of hunting, as we see it, is to form a partnership with one's horse so that one can see hounds working all day long with as little interference as possible. It is the men and women who hunt in this way who will be responsible for the continuance of hunting after the war. As hounds and hound-work are the basis of hunting, it is more the pity that those responsible for hound breeding are still so much in the dark as to the future. Every kennel in the country is in a state of doubt. For the offices of Minister of Agriculture and Secretary for War, as at present filled, we have the utmost respect. But we are still awaiting Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's pronouncement in the House of Commons on foxhunting.

EARLY WINTER ON THE STREAMS

Unless the weather hardens up very definitely between now and Christmas there will be more water in the coarse-fishing rivers than anglers will know what to do with. Wide-stretching flooded meadows at the head waters of Ouse and Nene last week suggest a plethora of water when it gets to the low levels where the best fish congregate. But a good stream in autumn does much to free the bed from its souring load of waterlogged leaves, which this autumn seem to have spread a heavier curtain than usual on the surface, as though the rivers needed a black-out of their own. But should the weather favour—and it is nature's way to re-adjust the balance—there should be good spinning these next few weeks for pike and perch whose erstwhile weed-grown haunts have been torn from them by the push of water—and spinning before the weather gets too cold for comfort is the best of all antidotes for December's chills and ills.

THE CORNHILL

With this, the December issue, the *Cornhill Magazine* is suspended. The *Cornhill* was founded in 1860 and its first editor was William Thackeray. For eighty years the magazine has maintained a standard second to none in English literature, and Lord Gorell's editorship was in every way what his famous predecessors would have wished and expected. The loss of the *Cornhill* is a grievous blow to English literature. We can only hope that the suspension will not be for long.

PLAIN COUNTRY

The seeming waste, the level, the humble land
Which tucks its hamlets carefully away
From the smart highroad and the casual stay
Of hurrying eyes, reveals with motherly hand,
To those who love her golden moods and grey,
Her secret tones; of sedges pale as sand,
Of lights in peaty tilths more rich in play
Than raven-purple silks of Samarcand.
No, not to them who search with worldly stare,
In the high pomps of June-light are revealed
Her innermost ways; power kills what it would share.
It is to laden skies, to hearts annealed
By pain that her wind conjures, like an air
Of magic, her subtlest hues of dyke and field.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

TO find one of the old wood-hodgers, turning chair-legs with the pole-lathe in a clearing of the beechwoods, is as difficult as finding a marsh-warbler's nest in a forest of corn or marsh-grasses. The analogy is just; not merely are these particular craftsmen almost extinct, but none living or dead have been so intimately an expression of the secluded nature in the depths of which they ply their ancient art. The whole scale of processes—felling or "falling," splitting and chopping, shaving on the draw-shave horse, measuring, sawing and finally turning—is played through not only in the midst of primitive nature, but following her laws and according to her rhythms. Wordsworth wrote:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

This is true of the wood-hodger, who is even worthier of the poet's imaginative sympathy (which he has never got) because, while hand-in-hand with nature all his life, he does not idle about like the favourites of literary folk, but spends his time, his labour, and his inherited aesthetic capacity in the service of man. In the old days these hodgers used to make chairs as well as their legs, and of a variety of different woods including yew, walnut and fruit-woods. Now there is only one left who does that, and one of his chairs I possess cannot be distinguished in beauty of line, complexity of ball-turning and elegance of shape from the best Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Queen Anne Windsor designs.

The pole-lathe is the most primitive hand-made contrivance that exists for finishing work of great skill and delicacy in execution. The pole is of larch or beech (if a sapling straight enough can be selected), but the larch must not be grown in clay, when it makes too clumpy a growth. It is fixed outside the "hovel" in the wood, passes through a square opening in the wall and hangs by its flexible tip over the lathe, hand-made (like everything else in the hodger's outfit), with planks, uprights, "rests," centres and their "thumb-screws" and foot-treadle. A cord is tied to the tapering end, twisted once round the chair-leg, and attached to the treadle. When the foot presses down upon the treadle the leg revolves towards the hodger, and this is the moment when he applies his chisel, and not on the up stroke, when the leg turns away from him.

The pole-lathe as an implement does not merely look traditional—a translation of the beechwood into terms of human use and industry—it is so in historical fact. Its original, I believe, is the bow drill of the bowl-turners whose handicrafts have given fame to the Glastonbury Lake Village of 50 B.C. Earlier still, Kimmeridge coal-money and shale-bracelets were turned out by a kind of pole-lathe in the late Bronze Age. If an implement is very old, our generation, which has kicked the past into the dustbin, immediately regards it as an antiquity to be dumped in the basement of a county museum. The barbarian culture of the twentieth century is incapable of realising that, if such an implement has been in use for two or three millenia, the reason is, not that its users are old-fashioned, petrified in their ways, unprogressive, but that it is so perfectly adapted to its particular office as to be independent of change. Not the most expensive machine that has been or could be invented, even in the most completely automatized era of specialisation, could turn wood as the pole-lathe does, and that is why it has lasted from B.C. to A.D.

The pole-lathe worker in the wood, the purr of whose chisels is but a change of tone from the suspiration of the wind in the beechen tops, has been blessed by nature in another sense. He works with her, and she has conferred upon him her three greatest treasures, good health, personal dignity, and the economic stability of mastery of his craft. Upon the human community he, in his turn, has conferred life-long service and objects of utility graced by beauty. It is these things that are old-fashioned and not the pole-lathe. So much so that the very utmost he can earn, working ten hours a day for six days out of seven, is 30s. a week. Now he cannot earn even that, and this hallowed craft has reached its last days out of more than 2000 years. The last time I saw and talked with a hodger in his "hovel" among the beeches, the wood was hung with banners of golden bronze and the floor was cloth of gold. Nature was honouring a long line of craftsmen who have been faithful both to her and to men in the heroic ways of peace.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Nature note:

"There are the rats which eat young ducklings alive. Foxes too, which wantonly slaughter a whole henroostful of birds and carry off one alone to satisfy their hunger.



The ideal rough shoot holds a little of everything

THE DEMAND FOR ROUGH SHOOTING

Combining Variety with Economy

ONE of the effects of this war will, I think, be to increase the demand for rough shooting, both over the duration and after the end of hostilities. After the 1914–18 war, many people, chiefly for financial reasons, were glad enough to get a bit of rough sport, people who in former days had been accustomed to rear their own game and have several shooting parties during the season. Others of this class availed themselves of the opportunities offered under the syndicate system, a system to which is due a great deal of the game rearing that has been carried on over the last 20 years. Syndicates have had their share of criticism, but certainly without them there would have been comparatively little preservation and less business for the gun and allied trades, and unemployment for many a keeper.

What always seems to constitute a problem is the demand for rough shooting in the vicinity of big cities, especially in the case of London. Judging from inquiries and reports there must be thousands of men who would jump at the chance of getting a little knockabout shoot within easy train or car ride of the Metropolis. London may be the spiritual as well as the material home of millions, but it is only the material home of a multitude whose hearts and interests lie elsewhere. It is, indeed, truly cosmopolitan in every sense. Many of these are not in a position to join syndicates, let alone do any game rearing on their own. Their only chance of getting any sport, apart from what they may be fortunate enough to enjoy as guests, lies in their finding some sort of rough shoot.

The ideal rough shoot is, of course, a place that holds a little of everything. A few covies of partridges, an odd pheasant or two, some hares, snipe, woodcock and duck, and, naturally, plenty of rabbits and pigeons. These latter form the backbone of most rough shoots, and offer a number of advantages. They can be shot during about three parts of the year, affording practice for both gun and miniature rifle. They cost nothing to preserve, being generally considered more of a pest than anything else. Pigeons at least can give as sporting shooting as any bird that flies. Both are excellent eating when properly prepared, and can be cooked with greater ease and less elaboration than real game.

So on a rough shoot sport may begin in June when delightful evenings may be spent with a suitable .22 rifle, stalking the more forward of the young rabbits. By July pigeons will be feeding on the ripening corn, and may give some excellent shooting if a good vantage point is located and set in order. Even if there is no corn land, a certain number of birds will be about, and by knowing his ground the shooter will be sure of burning some powder at them. In August there will be more and better rabbit shooting, perhaps better pigeon shooting. Thereafter the season proper stretches away with all sorts of possibilities. Then when February comes and many a game-shooter puts away his gun, there are still the rabbits to turn to; and, perhaps the best of the pigeon shooting. For by then there may be hordes of foreign birds to augment the home supply, and the big organised shoots will begin. As a matter of fact, provided the winter has not been unduly mild and breeding has not begun, some of the best ferreting may be enjoyed in February. At no other time are the hedges so bare, and the buries so exposed. What is more, rabbits will often be found sitting out in scattered and unexpected places, in obedience no doubt to the earliest promptings of the coming spring. During the whole of March pigeon shooting will go on—it may even extend into April. There is, too, the sport to be had in keeping down vermin.

No wonder, then, there is a demand for rough shoots. They provide so much for so little. The trouble is that so little of the country around London seems to be of the rough shooting type. It appears to be for the most part one or other of two extremes—either highly-preserved shooting or of no-sporting value at all and merely a breeding-ground for vermin. And in those places where just pigeons and rabbits abound, farmers do not seem too keen to let the shooting. This characteristic is so different from that shown in districts that are far removed from great centres of population. For there, in many places, pigeon shooting at least can be had almost for the asking. I suppose it is that farmers near the big centres suffer to such an extent from trespassers and other intruders who either do not understand or do not care what harm they do, that they think twice before giving some stranger permission to shoot what to them is a harmful pest. Certain it is that many an absolutely bona-fide applicant receives a blunt refusal.

It may be that as a result of the present war shoots on which game has been reared in the past will have to be allowed to lapse from their original status and become more or less rough shoots. Again, the demand for rough sport may have the effect of bringing home to owners and farmers the potential value of what lies neglected at their doors. Thus it seems likely that there will be more opportunities for those who want rough shooting. And certainly in view of the financial burdens that we shall all have to shoulder, there will be more of us who will be only too glad to have this kind of sport.

Indeed, in the best sort of rough shooting, some of the finest sport imaginable can be enjoyed, and anybody who has the chance of it is lucky. For here there is all the charm of variety and uncertainty, and the need for the greatest exercise of woodcraft. Hard work and exposure to every kind of weather will be the rule. And with it all comes a realisation and satisfaction that more orthodox sport may fail to bring. The man who has the freedom of some wild rough area where he can knock about at will and who occasionally comes in for a bit of driven game shooting, has little about which he can complain.

"SCOLOPAX."



"QUADRUPEDANTE PUTREM SONITU QUATIT UNGULA CAMPUM"

"TO THY SPEED

IF there is a word in the language which has a loosely defined meaning, and is generally misinterpreted, that word is Speed. Usually it is given the narrow definition of the rate at which man can travel from one location to another, which, of course, is far too circumscribed to convey its true meaning; rather should we regard Speed as the rate at which any operation can be performed in a given time.

There are many who condemn speed whenever the word is mentioned in their presence, merely because of their imperfect understanding of what that word really implies, and yet those same people would be indignant if, through the lack of speed in some form or another, they were caused inconvenience in their daily routine of life.

The true definition of speed is undoubtedly general and not specific. From prehistoric times, man has always striven to crowd more and more operations into the time at his disposal, in order to make life easier and more tolerable. All through the ages he has incessantly endeavoured to speed up the means of producing the necessities and luxuries of life; in other words, the end to which he has striven is to attain more and yet more speed, and that is exactly what is still happening at the present time. Speed, therefore, should not be regarded only as a definition of the time that is taken to move from one location to another.

If we allow our minds to travel back over the ages we can imagine the primitive hunter who depended for his existence on his capacity to outwit far stronger and swifter creatures than himself.

To obtain his food and to ensure his safety he was obliged to find some means of striking in a manner more quickly and surely than nature had originally intended. Here his capacity to think came into operation, and realising he would never be able to run so fast as the animals he hunted he invented the bow and arrow, the spear, and the boomerang. We can also well imagine how and why man first devised the fishing net. In all probability he had noticed a fish becoming entangled in a mass of weeds, and the idea occurred to him if only he could reproduce that tangle by the work of his own hands, and set it where the fish were numerous, he could catch them faster than he could by employing a single hook, or by using a spear. And so a net was devised, made, probably, of fibres gathered from a wood nearby.

It will be appreciated, therefore, that our prehistoric relatives were for ever seeking after means of quickening up, an operation which was not only essential to the life of that day but which has since become far more necessary to intensify during the present age. It appears evident that we can assume that as time goes on, more, and even yet more speed will have to be employed in all these and other operations as civilisation advances.

When the old-time hunter found that it was not enough to send a missile flashing through the air he was forced to find a means of transporting his own person from place to place as quickly as possible. His task was to find a swifter creature than himself, and to train it to carry him. He chose the horse for that purpose, and through countless centuries he never dreamed of the possibility of devising any faster means of locomotion.

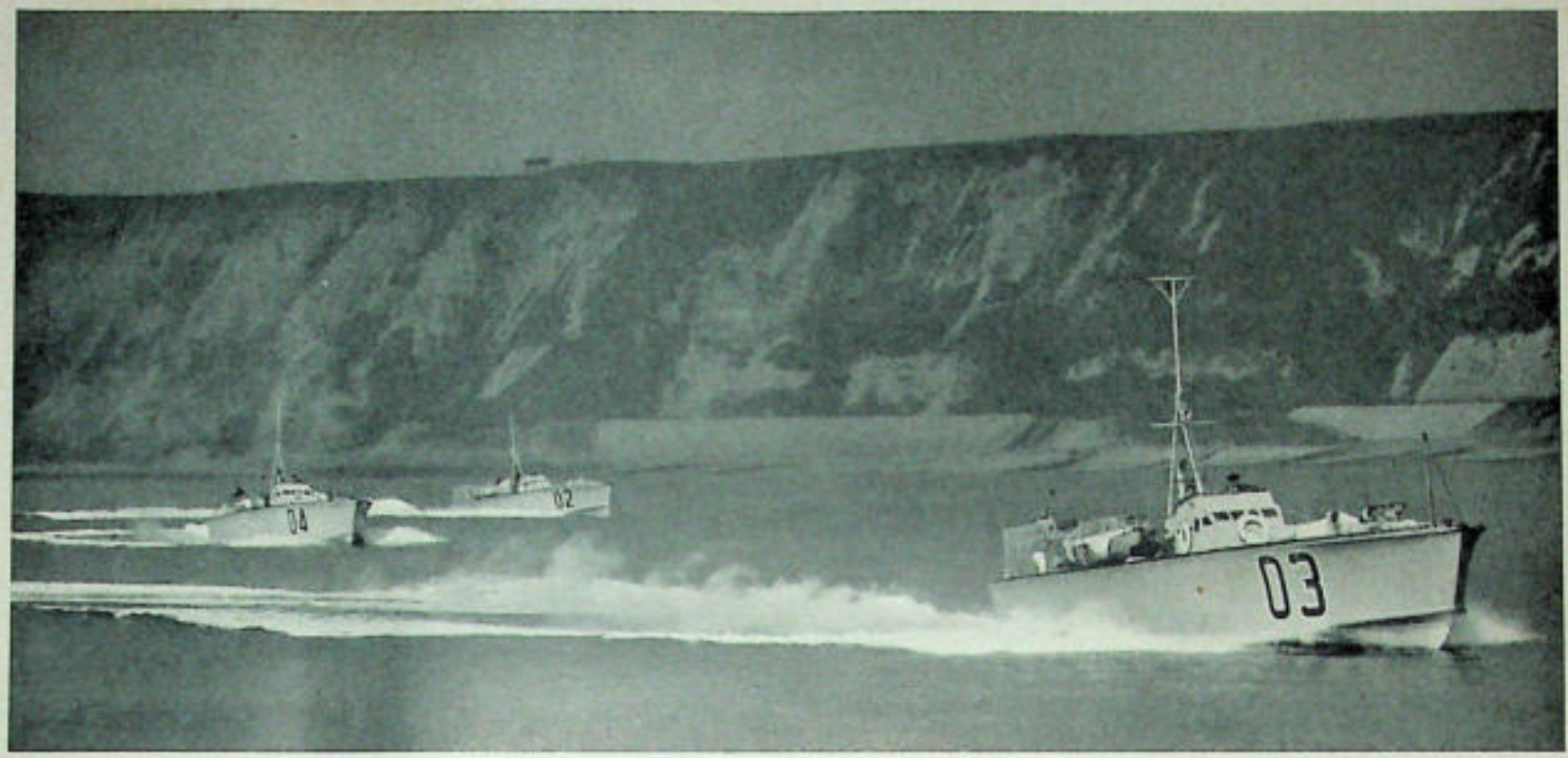
Without doubt the wheel has proved to be the greatest invention that man has ever devised; without it no progress could have been made. It is the wheel and the manner in which it has subsequently been employed that has been the means of speeding up operations, as nothing else could ever have done.

It is only, figuratively speaking, in very recent times, with the discovery of the potentialities of steam power, that there came a reshuffling of ideas and a realisation that the limit of an animal's running capacity was not the ultimate limit of speed.

When Stephenson invented his first locomotive, and the Stockton—Darlington Railway was completed a few years later, the majority of people in this country were aghast at this new means of transport, and it was openly stated by those who were sadly lacking in imagination that man was not meant to travel at a greater speed than that which a coach-in-hand could attain. All kinds of theories were put forward that the human body could not stand the strain of travelling at the rate of eighteen miles per hour, and it was even stated that when railways became universal the crops throughout the land would be ruined by the noxious fumes and the smoke of the locomotive. Yet, notwithstanding the tremendous opposition put



THE "CORONATION SCOT" RUSHING ON ITS COURSE BEYOND WATFORD



THREE MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS PATROLLING THE CHANNEL OFF THE DOVER COAST

ADD WINGS"

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

up by those who should have known better, the human race is even healthier than it was then, thanks to the advance of science and the medical profession.

In every generation there have been those who have deprecated speed, but we must not forget that they were speaking in the light of the knowledge of their day, which very seriously limited that outlook. It has been so all through the ages, whenever mankind has discovered a means of speeding up any of the operations which affect individual or communal life, and so it will always be.

Our trains to-day travel at more than four times the speed of the Rocket, which, a little more than 100 years ago, was regarded in very much the same light as the automobile when it was first introduced. It will be remembered how prejudiced the people of the country were against the motor car towards the end of last century, and how, for several years, the pioneers of the movement were not permitted to travel at a greater speed than four miles per hour, and, moreover, were obliged to be preceded by a man holding a red flag.

It does not matter what sphere of human activity we choose as the subject of research, we shall always find that every development is due to that demand for more and more speed.

In travel, in manufacturing process, in transport of every kind, and even in home life, we are continually asking for new inventions and devices that will assist in enabling us to live more quickly. In the office, the telephone has made it possible for us to accomplish more work and effect a far greater number of transactions in one day than could probably ever have previously been completed in a week.

In the home, we now have vacuum cleaners, and central heating apparatus worked automatically; kitchen stoves that keep burning throughout the 24 hours, electric or gas fires; all these devices are labour-saving, and consequently they spell speed. On the farm, all kinds of new and modern methods are at last being introduced. The tractor, for example, can do the work of six horses or more; then we have threshing machines and mechanical reapers, just to mention a few, all of which are means of speeding-up operations. Man has ever been seeking for new ideas and for faster locomotion, with the purpose of bringing places and countries near together, drawing ever closer the link of commerce and of family life, and spreading knowledge over the face of the earth.

In speeding up operations we are able to produce commodities at a much lower price than would otherwise be the case, thus bringing those commodities within the reach of rich and poor alike. Man's desire is and has always been to save as much labour as possible, to enable him to pack as much experience as he can into the very short span of human life. Obviously, these objects can only be achieved by attaining a higher rate of speed, not in transport alone, but in everything.

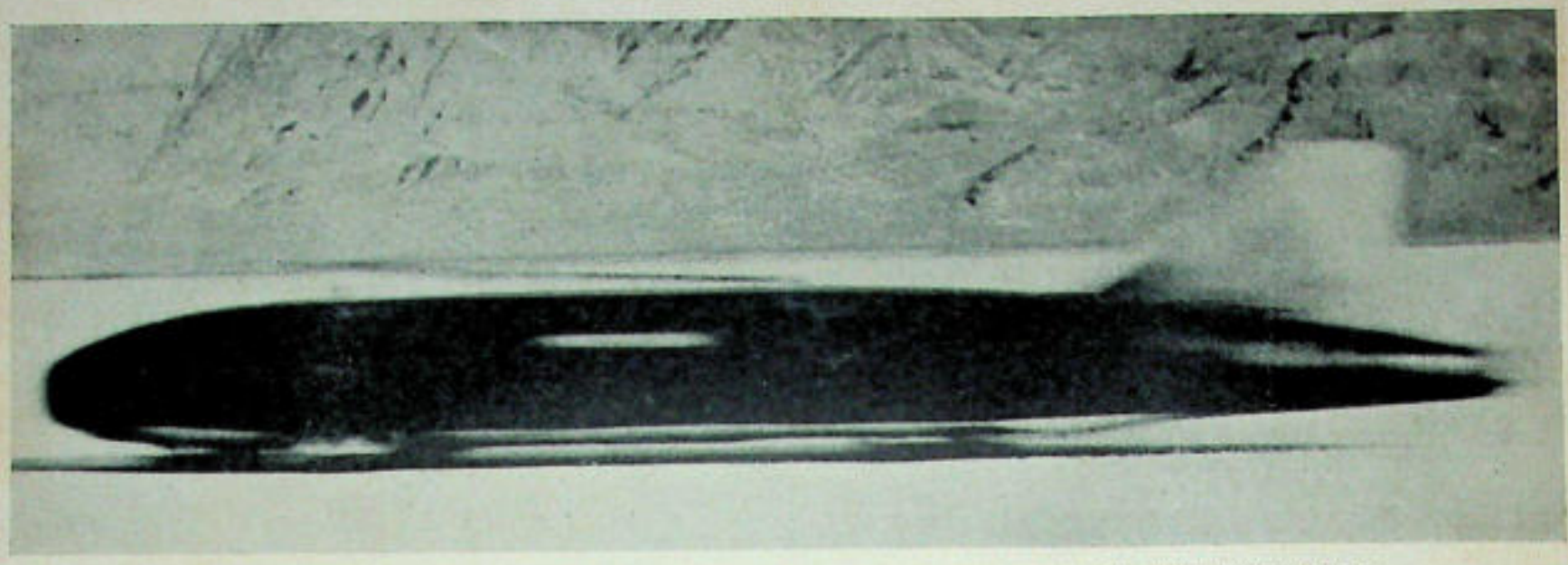
Even our amusements are speeded up, and just to give one example I would refer to the Newsreel, with which I have been associated for several years. We have to cram as much news of topical interest as is possible in a given length of film, which must not exceed more than eight minutes to run through the machine. Our commentary has to be concise and to the point, with just sufficient length and no more



A GERMAN CHALLENGE ON THE TRACK. THE SON OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GERMAN ARMY RACING AT DONNINGTON PARK



AT 20 KNOTS ON THE THAMES: THORNYCROFT LAUNCHES, BUILT AS FAST TENDER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY, DEMONSTRATING NEAR DAGENHAM



CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON'S "THUNDERBOLT" STREAKING ACROSS BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS ON HIS RECORD-BREAKING RUN

to each subject to enable the audience to follow clearly the subject that is portrayed on the screen. Every cinema theatre works to a timed schedule and not one moment is wasted, and the public are given a full entertainment, consisting of a certain number of pictures which they see in the minimum of time.

It is true we are now living at a very fast rate when we compare our present mode of living with that of our grandfathers, but this craze for speed in every sphere of our activities has not so far reduced us to the nation of neurasthenics which our fathers predicted. Rather has it given the community a wider life and better amenities than could ever have been possible under the older conditions. I often wonder how the clerk or factory worker employed his leisure hours during the week-end under the old regime.

In the days I have in mind, there were no bicycles, nor motor-coaches, and even if he possessed a pony and trap a man would never have been able to make excursions to the heart of the countryside as he now can. He would have been obliged to stay within the limits of the city or town in which he dwelt, and since his only means of locomotion was by walking the distance he could cover was therefore very limited.

Although civilisation brings within its train many disadvantages, yet the gains are so considerable that surely it must be agreed that speed, with all its attendant dangers, is definitely well worth while.

I am often asked what is the limit of speed and where is it eventually going to lead us? My answer is always the same; there is no limit whatever to speed itself when it is based on the velocity of a machine, or when the question is referring to the speeding up of operations. If we take as just one example the maximum speed at which it is possible to travel on a motor car, I say most emphatically there is no limit.

There are periods when we arrive momentarily at a limiting factor, and I have faced this myself on more than one occasion, but it has proved only to be of a temporary nature. In 1924 we were travelling at speeds which were then at the very limit of the durability of the tyres, and one might easily have then said that to travel faster than 150 m.p.h. was suicidal; it was for a short period, but remember what has been achieved in more recent years. Tyres were subsequently so greatly improved that for many years they could stand up to far greater strains and stresses than we were able to subject them to on world record-breaking cars. As speed increased so we once more reached the breaking point, until in 1935, when we exceeded 300 m.p.h., the tyres were so highly stressed that one burst whilst the car was travelling at its maximum velocity. When I pulled up we found that all the others were on the point of failing too.

Since that time tyre manufacturers have evolved even better tyres, and, consequently, the record stands to-day at 353 m.p.h. I contend that there is no reason why that speed in the future should not be raised to 400 m.p.h., or even higher, always, of course, provided ample funds are available for carrying out this highly scientific and costly work.



A GREYLAG IN FLIGHT

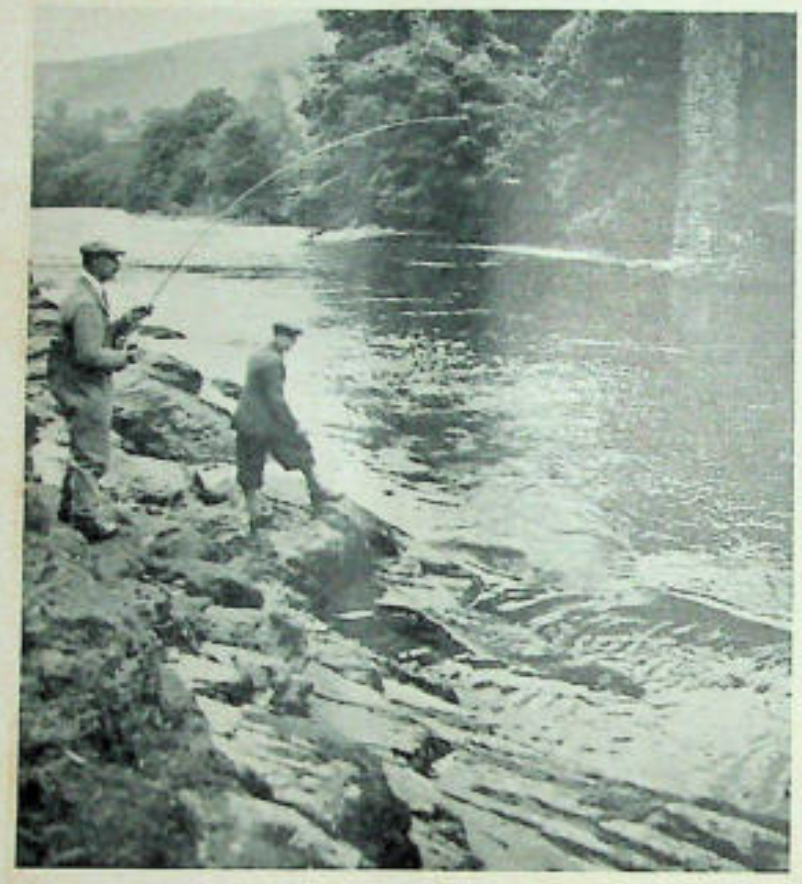
Nature's demonstration of speed on the wing. From a photograph by James Justice

THE SALMON OF THE ROUND POND

By ERIC TAVERNER

THIS is a story of the Round Pond, not the familiar sheet of water in Kensington Gardens, the particular preserve of very youthful fishermen armed either with penny canes, string lines and bent pins, or with bedraggled muslin nets, who proudly carry home—or as far as interest or curiosity survives—jam-jars stocked with minnows and other small fry, but a pool, quasi-circular in shape, on the Welsh Dee. I admit that the name, Round Pond, is a private one; but anglers who have fished between Carrog and Glyndyfrdwy will agree that it is appropriate to the broad pool immediately below Henfforddd and just above the long dub of the Mount Pool.

Over a long period of years our Round Pond, especially the strong run unequally dividing it, maintained the reputation it had earned of holding a large number of salmon and at the same time of offering the slenderest chance of sport. I knew this stretch intimately for eleven seasons, and can recall only one claim to have taken a fish by casting from the bank belonging to the Glyndwr Association—from the Ty Mawr side; the people opposite were never observed to fish this run at all.



THE BRIDGE POOL, GLYNDYFRDWY
Top: Into a twenty-three pounder. Right: The pull of a fifteen pounder. The angler is Major Douglas-Jones

We of the Association, who paid eight guineas a year, strongly denied any piscatorial virtue to the "fifty-pounders," as we derisively dubbed them. On days when the river was in spate it was common enough to see from the vantage of either bank fish after fish rising in the run; and these my fishing companion and I automatically marked down for careful attention as soon as the water was again in ply. And yet we were never quite certain whether, after all, these fish were travellers with a through ticket to some other pool higher up the river, and whether no more than an odd laggard would remain as the solitary tenant of what we imagined to be a very desirable lodge for salmon.

Viewed from the Glyndwr side the Round Pond consists of a backwater of fair depth, upon the surface of which are carried round many of those duns which, owing to malformed wings or some other cause, had been unable "to flie quite awaie into the ayre," as John Taverner phrased it over three hundred years ago. The bed of the backwater is soft mud and too treacherous for wading. Beyond that a rippling run flows strongly over a bed that, from observations made while taking a coracle down it in low water, I know to consist mainly of medium-sized boulders, flanked halfway down by two large, submerged rocks. On the far side of the run lies a broad stretch of quiet water, about 5ft. deep. The run issues from the pool above at a point in the "draw" fairly close to the Glyndwr bank; and a small, secondary stickle, situated about midstream, flows into the quiet area, but is so insignificant, that in high water it is merged with the main flow and in times of drought becomes the merest trickle.

At all states of water-level I used to fish the run, sometimes because I had seen a fish show there, sometimes just "on spec." Flies in many sizes and of various patterns, flies I had dressed with lead wire wrapped round the shank, rolling worms, floating worms, prawns trotted down with a cork to support them, prawns presented by "sink and draw," and the heaviest of minnows I could procure: all these tactics I pursued; and the others persevered in similar fashion. No one suggested he had had a touch, much less a rise. Yet it became a matter of tradition to try the run, when every other "catch" had failed to afford any sport, or when the river had fallen in, until there was no longer any current through the pools and the long reaches by the aid of which a fly could be fished effectively.

It was a wonderful evening just after midsummer that I found myself with my companion sitting on the steep, grass bank overlooking the Round Pond. We were there in obedience to a rumour of more than usually doubtful authenticity that some early sea-trout had ascended Llangollen weir. I had heard on the previous evening, just after dark, some splashes that were associated in my mind with sewin; and they had come from the direction of the run. Thus about dusk I began to wade cautiously across the "draw" of Henfforddd.

As no "fifty-pounders" were about at that hour, I determined to fish the run from their side, which by the rule that ownership extended as far as the *medium filum* it was surely my right to do! It ought in fairness to be mentioned that the local rule allowed a fisherman to wade and to cast wherever he liked, provided he did not face his own bank—a most useful arrangement in some places, but in others most of us felt that the legal presumption of ownership as far as the "middle thread" was the better authority!' Thus, if a "fifty-pounder" had turned up that evening with his retinue of gillies, valets, cupbearers and other attendants, I was ready to present him with an argument as watertight as his own waders.

But all these thoughts of fishing rights vanished suddenly. I beheld a salmon rise with a gentle nose-rise, as though it were delicately picking a spent spinner from the surface of the water, and beheld it where I had least expected—in the little stickle. Off came the seatrout fly in exchange for a small Silver Grey. Then, to avoid being observed against the western light, I made a short *détour* upstream until I was beyond the stickle. At the second throw there was a quiet boil on the surface very close to where my fly was swimming. The line appeared to draw. I tightened and to my joy discovered I had guessed right; but, without giving me a moment for thought, that salmon made straight for the top of the run, and went down it as fast as a powerful tail and a helping current could send it.

Several yards of line were stripped from the reel and half-drowned by these energetic tactics. A perilous situation; but the salmon went on. I thrust the rod-point as high as I could, and managed to swing the belly of the line clear of the stream's fatal embrace and after the escaping fish. A moment later I realised that all was well. If only he would stop before the end of the backing was exposed! And turn he did and came upstream pretty fast, leaving me with yards of line to recover.

But, as soon as he felt anew the taut line, away he went for the top of the run. Four times in all he descended it and four times, when he turned, he turned into the centre of the pool. Had he turned into the far backwater, no skill I possessed, no trick I could have employed would have availed. The force of the current upon the bellied line would have caused the gut to part or the hook to straighten.

The hook itself would never have pulled out, for it had taken a text-book hold, right in the corner of the jaw. Arthur Wood could have done it no better by design than I had done it by chance.

After a fight lasting twenty-five minutes a male fish in perfect condition came to the gaff. The spring-balance creaked as the pointer went down to register 24lbs.

I had barely recovered from this surprise when two other fish showed in much the same way in the lower end of Henfforddd, at the edge of which we were standing. My companion, who had waded across to gaff the fish I could now fairly call my own, threw all scruples to the wind, seized my rod and began casting over the nearer of the fish. Almost at once he was fast in it, which also, he told me later, took under water. He played it steadily until darkness fell and then, losing for a moment the direction of the line, allowed the fish to gain the safe hold towards which it had been straining, a sunken alder. "It's gone. Just poacher's luck," he said with a laugh. "Rather tough luck," I replied, "especially after you have wasted a perfect salmon evening by acting gillie for me."

A pound a minute; a ten-foot trout-rod; 1x gut. Those were our thoughts, as we walked silently back through a night whose texture we could touch. It was soft velvet. When we reached the stone bridge, that has defied the strength of Dee since the days of Cromwell, we sat on its parapet and talked. There was no doubt, we decided, that success had been achieved, not in spite of, but on account of, fineness of tackle, which had encouraged the salmon to spend its energy in its efforts to rid itself of the puny restraint on its liberty. That fish had, as Richard Franck said many years ago, "played the part of the felon who, putting the knife to his own throat, secretly murders himself."

Looking back at the methods we used in those days, I often wonder whether it would have been possible to take fish by casting from the Glyndwr side, but employing the greased line. The Round Pond is, alas! no longer part of the Glyndwr water; but, perhaps one day, I shall try.



"NO GROUND FREQUENTED BY DEER, WHETHER RATED FOREST GROUND OR NOT, SHOULD REMAIN UNDISTURBED"

TRANSPORT AND MARKETING OF VENISON

By FRANK WALLACE

Mr. Frank Wallace was recently appointed Deer Controller for Scotland, in which office he acts as adviser to Agricultural Executive Committees and as liaison officer on the subject of deer control between them and the Department of Agriculture. The powers delegated to the Committees relate to the action to be taken under the Defence Regulations to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer, and Mr. Wallace's extensive knowledge will be available for co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production and the supply of venison as an article of food.

IN a previous article I mentioned some of the more important factors to be considered in forest management, particularly with regard to hinds, quoting extensively from that most valuable of all works with regard to the practical running of a deer forest, *Kein Heger—Kein Jaeger*. In these notes I should like to allude to some of the actual difficulties in war-time which beset the proprietor, his factor, or his stalker.

The first is transport. Having shot your hind, which may or may not be a matter of some difficulty, dependant largely on the weather, the carcase has to be conveyed to the larder. Many ponies have been commandeered and, without ponies, save in very exceptional circumstances, nothing can be done. Where those in charge of local arrangements for such matters as this are working together to make the best of a difficult job not only stalkers and gillies are pooled, but ponies also, and such an arrangement goes far to make things work smoothly. Such co-operation is, of course, very much more easily undertaken when hinds are in question than in the stalking season proper. Having then secured your ponies, the hinds are brought in.

The next question which arises is "Shall they be despatched to their destination with their skins on, or without?" It depends largely on the destination. Owners have been asked, so far as is possible, to carry on as usual, that is, to give away the amount of venison which they usually distribute and which is so much appreciated by those who receive it; to sell what they do not want through local retailers; and, if there is any surplus of which they wish to dispose beyond this, to make their own terms with any of the wholesale dealers who are ready to take venison in varying amounts.

In the first two cases the problem is easy. When it is a question of sending venison to a wholesale dealer who is probably in a large town, which means despatching it by rail, difficulties arise. After a considerable experience throughout the past two months I have no hesitation in saying that the advantages of sending the carcases in their own skins outweighs the disadvantages. This, in spite of the fact that to-day a great friend of mine, the head stalker in a very large forest roundly declared at a crowded meeting that he would not look at a hind which had not been skinned! Supposing the beast is skinned; it leaves the larder in splendid condition and if it could be eaten at once would be as good a meal as anyone could wish. It arrives, somehow or other, at the railway station. It may or may not be left lying about on a platform. Remember that it may not have been possible to cover it with sacking, as during the stalking season this was often impossible to obtain. It is then hurled into a goods van which may, or may not, be clean. Probably not. It may have to change before reaching its destination. If so the mishaps which it encounters during its odyssey will be magnified. At any rate it eventually reaches the bourne which awaits it. It is then hurled once more on to a platform and, having triumphed over wet platforms, perambulating and eclectic dogs the feet of porters, guards, freighters of various sorts, and all the many dangers which lay in wait to mar its pristine beauty, it arrives at the end of its journey and if anyone can convince me that it will arrive in a better condition skinned than unskinned he will have to be a very persuasive person.

Wholesale dealers in nearly every instance have asked for deer to be sent in their skins owing to the fact that they do arrive cleaner and in better condition. (In normal times, of course, there is no question which is the better way.) Venison is not rationed, nor is the price controlled so that it is entirely a matter for individual owners, tenants and factors to find the best market they can get.

There were many complaints among stalkers after the stalking season that they had received very poor prices for their stags. I happen to know that out of a total of over 500 stags sent to one dealer, seventy were condemned as unfit for human food. This was entirely owing to the fact that they had not been properly cleaned. What is euphemistically alluded to as the "pelvic cavity" had not been properly cleaned out. The bladder had not been removed and portions of excreta had been left. Failure to remove these will ruin a whole carcase in a very short space of time.

One stalker I know was very indignant at the prices he had received. He, as any other stalker of his age would have done, assured me that he had been connected with deer for forty years and that what he did not know about cleaning deer could be put in a very microscopic space. Of this I am quite sure but the fact remains that the carcases were condemned and I also happen to know, though I did not tell him so, that he was one of the culprits.

A beast may be perfectly, properly gralloched but unless something more than this is done it will rot. A very well known proprietor told me only this week that he was watching one of his stags being cleaned and in this process the larder man burst the bladder, which is not a difficult thing to do. A gillie who was standing by said "You've ruined that beast." The larder man replied "Oh, no. I'll wash it." He washed it in water but in spite of this the entire carcase was affected the next morning. I am only giving these facts in order to emphasise the necessity for the greatest care.

In my previous article I have alluded to the difficulty attaching to the question of which hinds ought to be shot. I cannot believe that the general policy of killing yeld hinds can, in the ultimate end, be good for the forest. Granted that the yeld hinds of one year are the milk hinds of the next, they are the best breeding stock on the ground, and in what other class of stock does the proprietor kill off his best females year after year, which is the policy which is being pursued on the majority of Scottish deer forests.

What I should dearly like to see ruthlessly shot throughout all Scottish forests are the late hinds and the late calves. They only do harm to the forest by prolonging the rut, exhausting the stags and transmitting their bad characteristics to their descendants. The ultimate aim of the forest owner should be to reduce his stock until it has reached a limit which his acreage can comfortably carry, with a proper ratio between the sexes. This, in Scotland, would probably be correct if there were four or five hinds to each stag. I do not want to bore anyone who takes the trouble to read this article with figures. If he hates them as much as I do he will probably be equally bored. Clever people have worked out tables showing all sorts of things, but from a practical viewpoint it may be taken as read that the proportion of sexes, from an ideal point of view, should be equal. Such a proportion, in practice is too much to hope for, but anyhow a number of hinds equal to the number of stags killed should be aimed at and I would strongly urge that *all* late hinds and calves should be exterminated.

It is a mistake to suppose that yeld hinds only are good for food. A good milk hind fetches about three shillings less than a yeld hind and the Provost of a large town in the north asked me only last week if I could help him to procure any class of hinds for making soup for poor persons.

Another very important point is to make sure that no ground frequented by deer, whether rated forest ground or not, should remain undisturbed. The Deer Committee of Inverness-shire have issued a circular asking those concerned adjacent to such ground to bring it to the notice of the committee. It is the only sensible course, for such ground inevitably becomes a sanctuary from which deer can issue to commit depredations when and where they like.

I fully admit that the hind shooting question is a very difficult one. Every stag that is shot before the 7th of October, say, is a potential source of good food. Not every hind is in the same category. Out of a bunch, say, of a hundred hinds and calves one may assume that not less than a quarter and not more than a third are good edible beasts. That is not to say that a greater proportion than this should not be killed!

It is a mistake to take all the hinds which are to be shot from one particular locality. I know one forest famed for its good beasts prior to 1914. During the war nearly all the hinds on the home beat, as being the most convenient, were shot, and the ground has never really recovered. Here again there are great difficulties but commonsense and co-operation with neighbouring stalkers will go far to overcome them.

That there is a considerable prejudice to be overcome with regard to venison as food is undeniable. English markets hardly deal in it at all. Why it is hard to say. If one goes into any restaurant on the continent between July and January there is always venison at a very moderate price on the menu. In Germany during the season 1937–8 a sum of 8,250,000 R.M. was paid for licences and nearly 23,500 stags were killed. The Germans do not waste food and yet venison here is not appreciated. Probably if those persons who turn up their noses at it here were to eat it unknowingly they would consider it delicious, as it is when properly cooked. Messrs. J. Roger, 28, Union Street, Dundee, have taken the trouble to issue a small booklet describing the best and simplest ways of cooking venison, and I would recommend those who are in doubt as to the best way to prepare it to write for a copy.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF 1939

MR. ARTHUR FAWCETT, who has been handicapper to the Jockey Club since 1931, does not play for safety when he frames, annually, his Free Handicap for two-year-olds. If the form-book does not give very definite indications of the precise merit of a noteworthy youngster, in relation to his or her contemporaries, he will sometimes grade the animal according to his personal opinion.

There are several flourishes of this kind in the recently published handicap of the two-year-olds of 1939, and Mr. Fawcett's treatment of Lord Astor's filly Golden Penny (Hyperion-Pennycomequick) affords a striking example. He makes her inferior only to four others and a mere 3lb. below the top-weight Tant Mieux, the grading of the top five being Tant Mieux 9st. 7lb., Rose of England colt 9st. 6lb., Stardust 9st. 6lb., Black Toni 9st. 5lb. and Golden Penny 9st. 4lb.

Golden Penny may be every bit as good as Mr. Fawcett reckons her to be. Her private reputation at Manton, where she is trained, is a high one and all who saw her win at a Newbury war-time meeting were impressed. She was receiving 10lb. from Prince Tetra, who was second, and beat him in excellent style by three lengths. In the Free Handicap she has been placed 10lb. above Prince Tetra, which makes a difference of 20lb. compared with the weights they carried in the Newbury race.

Obviously this is not in accordance with ordinary handicapping procedure. Golden Penny had one previous race and on that occasion was third at Derby to Prize Poem filly and Nizami, whom she met at even weights, subject to sex allowance.

The handicapper quite justifiably ignores that form, so far as it concerns Golden Penny. Doubtless she was backward, and suffered from her inexperience, but it is interesting to observe that in the Free Handicap she is rated 17lb. superior to each of the two-year-olds who beat her then on level terms.

To attempt to handicap satisfactorily a two-year-old who has only run twice and with a record similar to that of Golden Penny, is often hazardous, a fact which has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by the case of Bala Hissar, who was placed top of the Free Handicap of 1935. His exalted position could not be justified by his form. He was by Blandford out of the dam of Theft, and because of his breeding, his good looks and the exceptional success of the Aga Khan's stable at that time, he was widely reputed to be a colt of great merit and promise.

He did win the Dewhurst Stakes as a two-year-old, after being well beaten in a race of two runners by the moderate Concordat, but his trainer Frank Butters has told me more than once that neither as a two-year-old nor later did Bala Hissar show him anything at home to convince him that he was a good horse. And after his two-year-old days he only won one more race and that was when he beat three wretched rivals in a £200 plate at Haydock Park just before the Derby of 1936.

When the latest Free Handicap for two-year-olds is examined the relatively poor quality of the best horses of this age in 1939 is manifest. The French colt Djebel is not included. If he had been given a place it would have been at the very top and several pounds above the reigning champion Tant Mieux, whom he defeated by a very comfortable two lengths in the Middle Park Stakes. Djebel apart, Tant Mieux, the Rose of England colt, and Stardust were the obvious selections on form for the top three places. It was to find the next best that Mr. Fawcett exercised freely a personal opinion, not readily substantiated by deductions from, or interpretations of, public form.

Black Toni won two war-time races; previously he had been twice unplaced. He, like Golden Penny, may be well worthy of his exalted mark, but there seems to me to be far greater uncertainty about it than there is usually about the record of a two-year-old placed only 2lb. below the top of the Free Handicap. Many who are in the top 20 would not have been so high in an ordinary year. Epilobium, unplaced in moderate company, in a nursery at Manchester a few days before the Free Handicap was published may be flattered with 9st., while I cannot see why he and Black Toni should be so much higher than another war-time winner, Paprika (7st. 13lb.), whose merit, in my opinion, has been considerably under-rated.

It may be that this Free Handicap gives false values in more cases than usual. I have been looking at the Free Handicap of each season back to 1929, and noting, firstly, the subsequent career of the two-year-old at the top, and secondly, the place in it of the colt destined to win the Derby of the following year. The topweights of the period have been:

1938, Foxbrough II; 1937, Portmarnock; 1936, Foray; 1935, Bala Hissar; 1934, Bahram; 1933, Colombo; 1932, Myrobella; 1931, Orwell; 1930, Jacopo and Portlaw equal; 1929, Diolite.

Previous to last season the champion two-year-old for three successive years was in Boyd Rochfort's stable. Foxbrough II, who only ran twice at that age, was a complete failure as a three-year-old. Portmarnock also went through his second season without winning a single race, though he has been more successful this year as a four-year-old. Recently he was purchased on behalf of the Maharajah of Kolhapur, and he is going to India.

Foray continued to be smart over short courses, but did not stay well enough to distinguish himself in the classic races. Bala Hissar, as I have said, proved as a three-year-old that he had no right to his exalted place in the Free Handicap. We all know what Bahram accomplished, and Colombo won the Two Thousand Guineas and was third in the Derby. Myrobella did not stay, but was always a brilliant sprinter. Orwell won the Two Thousand, as did Diolite, who later was third in the Derby. Jacopo, unfortunately, went wrong at the end of his two-year-old career; but Portlaw, who was bracketed top with him in the Free Handicap, continued to be a good horse over short courses.

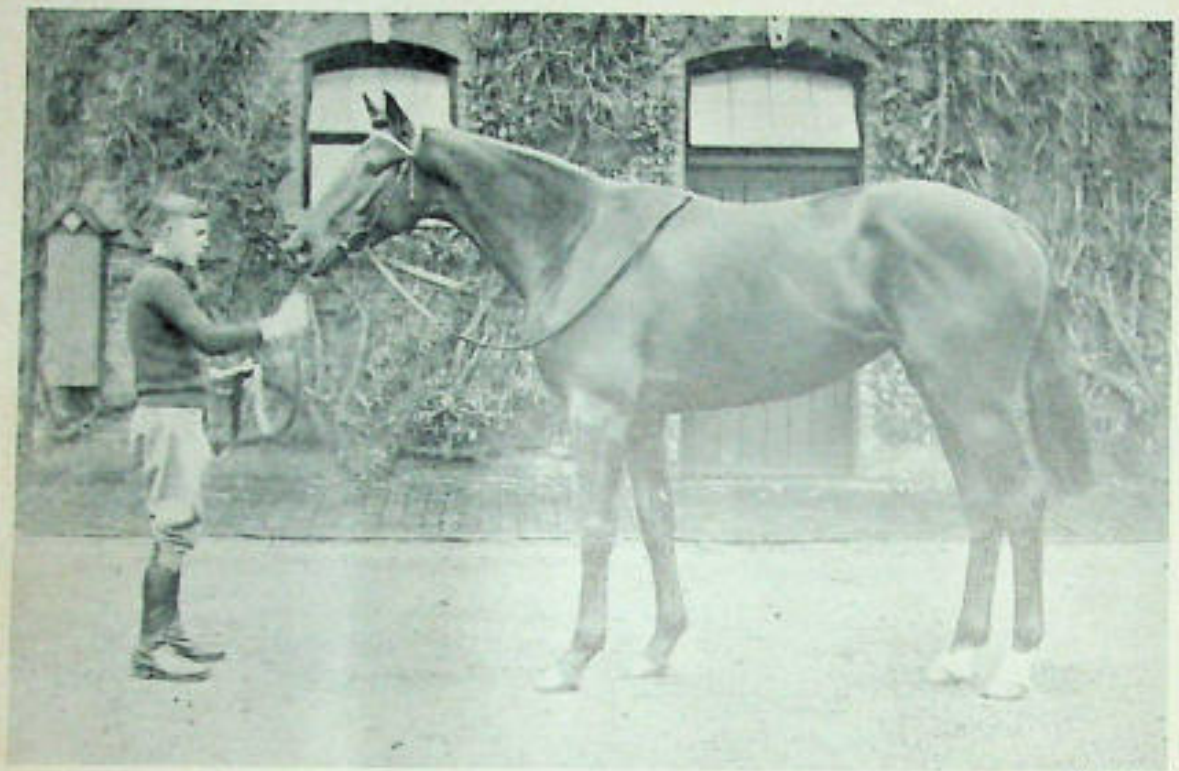
Here are the positions in the weights for Free Handicaps of subsequent Derby winners, the topweight each year being 9st. 7lb., except in 1929, when it was 9st. 3lb.

1938, Blue Peter, 9st. 3lb. (second); 1937, Bois Roussel, not placed—Scottish Union, 9st. 6lb. (second); 1936, Mid-day Sun, 7st. 11lb.; 1935, Mahmoud, 9st. 6lb. (equal-second); 1934, Bahram, 9st. 7lb. (top); 1933, Windsor Lad, 8st. 3lb.; 1932, Hyperion, 9st. (equal fifth); 1931, April the Fifth, not placed; 1930, Cameronian, not placed—only ran once at two years; 1929, Blenheim, 9st. (fourth).

These details show, I think, that the best two-year-old form stands the test of the classic races fairly well. Four champion two-year-olds in the last ten have won the Two Thousand Guineas, and though only one of them, Bahram, has won the Derby in the same period, Blue Peter and Mahmoud were second on the list, as was Scottish Union, winner of the St. Leger.

The Rose of England colt, equal-second in the Free Handicap just published, is my present favourite for the next Two Thousand Guineas, but the potential Derby winner is probably much lower in the list, if he is in it at all.

YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

LORD ASTOR'S FILLY GOLDEN PENNY, BY HYPERION—PENNYCOMEQUICK



W. A. Rouch

LORD GLANELY'S ROSE OF ENGLAND COLT, BY COLOMBO

USING MAP AND COMPASS

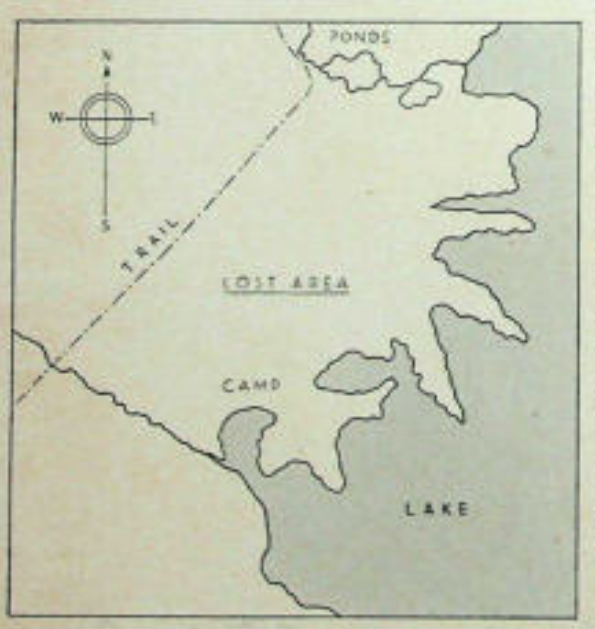
JUST because you own a trombone you are not necessarily a musician, nor does owning a compass make you a competent timber cruiser, as many a good man has learned to his sorrow. Have you ever been lost in the wilderness? Well, take it from one who has, that it is probably the most demoralising and shattering experience which a man can have, Akin to a nightmare, except that it gets worse and worse, until a hopeless terror engulfs you, rising like a tide higher and higher until it chokes.

To begin with just a lurking suspicion hints that you are wrong and you laugh it off, a stream that you expected fails to materialise, or is running the wrong way, the hills about you are all alike. Slowly it dawns upon you that you are lost and do not know where to turn. The first impulse of your awakened helplessness is to run away from where you are—wherever that may be. You try to reason it out but the mind is too confused to function properly. Off you start again hurrying breathlessly through the forest. You will be running presently if you do not watch out, tearing blindly through obstacles and then the Willies have got you.

We are advised that the tips of the tallest spruce always dip to the south, that the moss is thickest on the north side of the trees and the bark the roughest on that side, too, or is the moss thickest on the south side? Seems more reasonable; it is warmer there. I forget which it is, and I am placing no dependence upon it, for you may be in a pocket where the signs are all wrong.

Another bit of advice which often leads to trouble is that water always flows downhill and leads to civilisation. Hence if lost without compass or direction, follow the little rills down to the larger streams and thence to the mighty rivers. It is true, if your strength lasts, you may reach a factory town, but it would not always work. If you were in Western Canada north of 55 you would have a devil of a long walk. Up there for thousands of miles about, the waters all flow north to the Arctic Ocean. You would have to go up over the Polar ice cap and swing down the other side into Europe before you found a very civilising influence, and at that it might not be so hot.

However, this suggests being lost in a big way, which is not likely to happen unless you are an



explorer and then you expect it. Competent guides do not let their "sports" far out of sight in north-west. It would be difficult to lose yourself anyway in a country where the landmarks are so plain—all you have to do is pick out a mountain and hunt to it. It is the members of a shooting party camped on their own in the Maine woods or the Adirondacks who get lost.

It is in a flat second growth country like Nova Scotia, and the rolling woodlands of Maine and New Brunswick, cut up by bogs and ponds, so that you cannot travel a couple of miles on a straight line without wings, that danger lurks.

To illustrate my point I recall an experience of many years ago while moose hunting in Nova Scotia, near Lake Rossignol. My guide directed his brother, who was without previous experience in that part of the province, to take a less fortunate sportsman into a bit of country where we had killed a bull and seen lots of signs. I gave them a rough map of the district, which it transpired they neglected to look at and left in camp. It did not seem possible for anyone to get lost on the shores of that lake, but they did it.

They were in a section approximately fifteen miles square, bound on the east by the irregular shores of the lake, on the west by a trail running parallel to it; to the north they were hemmed in by a communicating series of ponds and streams, and to the south by a big brook that flowed into the lake at right-angles to the trail. But they did not know these things when they wandered back into the middle of that block of granite-strewn wilderness, trailing a moose through its bogs and low birch-grown ridges.

As they failed to return when expected we instituted a search, and found their vacant camp, but that was all. When two days later they wan



ONE DOES *NOT* GET LOST IN COUNTRY LIKE THIS—

dered back as weak as a couple of sick kittens they had an odd story to tell. Night was falling when they had finally come up with and killed their moose, and, quite turned around, they gave up the attempt to reach camp and spent a shivering night in the bush. When morning came all they could locate was the lake, but it was 20 miles long, and they did not recognise the part they were on. Late in the afternoon they decided that they were working the wrong way and turned back, spending another night out. They realised by that time that they were on a large promontory and should cut across, but the sportsman was thoroughly scared and refused to leave the shore of the lake again.

To humour him, the guide gave in and they wasted more time travelling fifteen miles to gain five about its bays and creeks. The guide was confident of the general direction, and left on his own would have struck off through the forest, until he came to the coast or a settlement which at the most was 40 miles away. But to get grub for the weakening sportsman, who had not been able to stomach fresh moose meat without salt, they had to find their canoe.

They actually came to the brook, which should have told them that they were too far south, but they had never troubled to study the map. Any one of those boundaries within which they were originally lost would have put them right and saved a lot of misery. They did not need a compass, and though they had one it was useless as they had not checked their course.

The lesson to be derived from this is to study a map of the country you are going to cover until you have a mental picture of it engraved on your memory; if you cannot get such a map make one as you go.

Having a compass means little or nothing unless you use it intelligently, yet the average sportsman buys the first cheap one he sees and says to himself, "Now I am all right if I get lost." How right? Knowing where the magnetic pole is does not mean much to a hungry man in the middle of a silent wilderness.

Suppose you have a compass but have not consulted it, until you realise that you are lost, except to note that you have travelled in the general direction of north. How much good is the compass going to do then, unless you know the lie of the land? If you consult a map and recall that a certain brook passed a couple of hours back runs in a south-west direction and empties into a pond on which your camp is located that is all you need to know; you reverse your direction until you hit that stream somewhere and follow it down—any child could do that. But suppose there is no stream in that intervening woodland or at least none that you recognise, then you have got to reverse your direction and travel back with minutest accuracy by compass, which is impossible unless you have been consulting it every fifteen or twenty minutes on the way out and noting it on the sketch map. You have only got to be out a couple of degrees in the general direction of a day's march and you will miss that camp on the return journey by miles.

Suppose, for instance, that you are in a hodge-podge of small lakes, twisting and turning amongst them. North a little, then to the east, north again, then a loop to the west—after doing this for several hours how are you going to return? By the compass? Yes, partly so; you could not do it very well without a compass, but if accomplished by compass alone it would be a miracle. It is difficult to remember all of those twists and turns, more difficult when you have to do so in reversed sequence. Much like being asked to recite the alphabet backwards. The only way you can do it with any degree of certainty is by drawing a map as you go.

The map is actually more important than the compass, but the compass makes it possible to orient correctly your map, which you cannot do accurately by the sun. But the compass alone will not bring you back to the camp which lays like a needle in a haystack, unless you check your route out and back every few hundred yards to a matter of a degree; if you do that you cannot concentrate on your hunting. Actually if I had to dispense with one or the other I would discard the compass for a map, in a country with landmarks, and trust to the sun for orientation.

Last winter while hunting in the low bush of Northern Santo Domingo, I was frequently alone while wandering about the sun-baked mesquite in search of wild pigeon and guinea fowl. Every bit of that thorn-bush, sun-baked country looked alike, there were innumerable cattle trails through it, but they led nowhere; there were no roads within miles, and but one river which led to the sea. But I had not any difficulty. Noting the sun I would hold it in a certain position, note the time and wander off into the silent bush, holding to my course by that pitiless orb. There was always the river; if I had become twisted I could hit that



—BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT MATTER

between the mountains and the sea. So I could get water and I had my gun. But I did not get lost.

One last word of advice; when you get a compass purchase a good one with a floating dial, then you cannot make a mistake. Last and most important, if you do get lost try with all the mental and physical fortitude you possess not to get panicky, not to exhaust yourself with fright, and hurry, and if the angel Gabriel comes down and tells you that your compass is wrong, do not believe him. It may be old Nick in disguise; he loves the woods.

P. C.

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

Some "Incidents" and Flukes

SNIPE are great fun in Kashmir, as they are mostly to be found on the edge of the marshes, where they make a quick getaway on a frosty morning; but the average snipe of the Indian plains, when walked up with the sun high, is a sleepy confiding bird compared with the harsh-voiced shadow which flits from an Irish boghole.

Only around Peshawar, of my Indian stations, where there is not enough shooting for the many guns, have I found them as difficult as they should be. One had to rise at half-past four in the morning and drive out in the dark to occupy one's jheel to get ahead of other keen spirits, and one bag of eleven couple killed with 42 cartridges was one of the best performances I have ever put up with the scattergun. Crunching through eat-ice in 6in. of water made every bird give a 30-yard rise, and each curled up over high reeds with a strong breeze behind it and had to be dropped before it got too far in to be recovered. Being in form with the gun on a morning like that is a grand feeling and, although my feet were numb, I was glowing with delight when I left the marsh to cook myself some breakfast over a spirit stove.

Of those days around Peshawar one or more of my brother subalterns were usually sharers. Of C. and W. I had already had experience in Butudelkhand, in particular the first day we went out together. The first "incident" was when C. shot at a big rat snake, just missed me with his first barrel and peppered the stern of W's terrier with the second. A little later, when walking up snipe with W. on the drier wing, a quail got up and flew straight towards a group of men seated on the coping of a well some 70yds. away. Regardless of consequences W. loosed off his piece, missed the quail and had to produce several rupees compensation a few minutes afterwards. The last item of the shoot was flighting for duck, and W. and I were seated on either side of a shallow arm of water. I carefully warned him of the probable line of the birds and my position; but when half a dozen pitched between us he promptly fired at them, bagged none but shot me in both legs. Fortunately nearly all the pellets struck my puttees and hardly penetrated the skin.

There was an amusing sequel a few days later. W's terrier, a fat little bitch, had a pair of drawers made to protect the places whence the pellets had been extracted. Naturally she was shut up, as she presented a most disreputable and raffish appearance in pink flowered cretonne panties, but escaped on the morning of a ceremonial parade to arrive at the moment of the general salute and post herself in front of her master's charger and gaze devotedly up at him, heedless of muttered abuse. The brigade commander had some remarks to make to the effect that, if our C.O. allowed his officers to bring their dogs on parade, he might at least see that they were decently dressed. His remarks were passed on, with further blistering comments, but hardly troubled W's carefree temperament.

In Peshawar another subaltern joined, who was even more dangerous. Twice I and another had to drop on our tummies in a jheel while he followed a snipe round with his gun as it rose in front and flew back between us, then missed it behind us.

After that I declined his company, but a year later, when sallying forth on Christmas morning with our doctor, he came out of the fort gate to join us, and, being Christmas Day, we had not the heart to refuse his proffered assistance in getting the snipe pudding for dinner. The very first bird that rose demonstrated only too clearly that he had in no wise reformed, and, deeming the doctor better able to deal with personal injuries, I slipped quietly away. I got enough snipe for the pudding but the doctor had most excitement.

J., our adjutant of those days, was a keen but very inefficient shot, though he got just as much enjoyment out of letting off his gun as any of us. I shall always remember his coming into the mess covered with mud, and announcing that he had at last got an average at snipe, and that it was one in 37.

One day he and I were out together and his sole contribution to the bag had been a teal, which he openly admitted was not the one he had shot at, and after lunch we arrived at the long strip of marsh some thirty yards wide, with a mud wall on one side. Lunch had been good and there was not room for two guns abreast, so there was no unselfishness in my suggestion that I should sit on the wall while he shot the patch alone. He started and within a dozen yards put up a jack snipe, which he missed with both barrels. It merely floated on, in the lazy way of its kind, pitched 50yds. further on and was missed again. Five times in all was the operation repeated and ten cartridges fired without result. Then J. came back to me and implored me to "go and kill the damned bird," which I did; he then declared his intention of having it mounted as a supreme example of impertinence.

Another of our mess was P., an average shot, who brought off the most amazing fluke I have ever seen. We were snapshooting with service rifles outside Chakdara Fort, when two teal were seen flying towards us about 90ft. up. "See me bag one," says P., throws up his rifle and drops a teal!

Between us we were responsible for some wonderful flukes, though some were bound to occur, as we were out with guns on nearly every possible day, but we seemed particularly prolific of them.

My first ten days trip with C. produced two good efforts. He was in disgrace, after we had sat up for a wolf which was doing a lot of damage. It was C's shot and he was sitting about 10yds. from me. The wolf arrived like a shadow and stood over the kill, a goat, offering a clear target at 5yds. in bright moonlight. It stood for a minute or more, then



IN THE KUMARI HILLS
A sure find for a pheasant

fled like the wind, as a loud snore came from behind the bush which concealed C.

Next morning we went out after blackbuck and found a herd with a shootable head. I had already got one so C. went off to stalk it, crawling through 18in. high grass for the last stage. Unfortunately he forgot that his butt end would be regarded with suspicion by the antelope, and a large and rounded rear elevation soon excited the attention of the herd, which, stirred by curiosity, walked off to a flank to get a better view. When C. arrived at his firing point there were no buck to be seen in front of him, and he gradually rose higher and higher to investigate, until the herd, which had been regarding him with interest from another direction, took to flight.

I then adjured him to stalk a peacock, which was feeding on the edge of a thicket, and he set off with a long-barrelled Mauser pistol to slay it. Just as he started a hare bolted, he fired at it with the pistol and knocked it over at 30yds., to our amazement.

C. then began to buck about his shot as we made our way to a little tank, which we shot over and were just leaving when a greylag goose, probably a pricked bird from some other shoot, pitched on the open water in the middle. It was about 70yds. away and, at my instigation, C. had ten shots at it with his pistol, which had a long wooden adjustable shoulderpiece. Only at the tenth did he shift the goose, which flew into some low reeds and stood with just its neck showing at about 120yds. In return for my mocking he challenged me to have a go at it with my .303 carbine, a wonderfully accurate little weapon, and I got the goose through the neck first try. As a deviation of less than an inch would have resulted in a miss I fear I must put it down as the second of two notable flukes for the day, though naturally I would not admit it at the time.

A fortnight later C. went out again and took some buckshot cartridges, only five slugs in each, for goose; in spite of our suggestions that the spread would be so great that he would never hit one. A big gaggle came over him and W., about 200ft. up, and C. let off one barrel at them; down came a goose with a single buckshot in its throat. He had the last laugh.

The December rains bring in another flush of snipe, and duck are to be found on every river and tank in northern India, while once, twenty miles out of Peshawar, four swans came over me and were missed through excitement. Just as well; for swans are of no culinary value and an ornament to any country, but I did not think of that at the time.

Most duck are delicious eating, but sometimes, when they are feeding on some particular weed, they may be so rank as to be quite unfit for the table, or any way for the normal European palate. The shoveler, which is usually a foul feeder on dirty village ponds and muddy backwaters, is often excellent eating in the north, when it feeds in clear running streams, such as the offshoots of the Swat River. The large and ugly Nukta, or comb Duck, is also not to be recommended for the table, but there are exceptions even with it. But it is rare in the extreme that a duck does not find favour with our Aryan brethren, and the ranker the flavour the greater the favour when one is presented to the native helpers; half a dozen coot will please the polers of one's dugout as much as their bakshish, though the last is by no means to be omitted, and the coarse-fleshed Whistling Teal of Central and Southern India is always a welcome gift.

Teal are the mainstay of duck shoots in India, and often nine-tenths of the bag consists of these most sporting little birds. There is great satisfaction in the mid-air collapse of mallard or gadwall, but there are few sensations to beat the bringing-off of a double (not just two birds out of the brown) from half a dozen teal on flight. To my mind they then seem faster than any other game bird, except the Himalayan pheasant which, having started 300ft. above one, comes hurtling downhill.

January is the great month for small game all over India, though south of Jhansi it is hardly ever cold enough to recapture that glorious feeling of well-being which a frosty morning with the gun gives one in England or further north in India.

GAME SHOOTING IN NORFOLK

By JOHN STEVENSON

Some Remarkable Records of Last Century

WHILE the dates of the opening of the various game-shooting seasons remain much the same as they were a century or so ago, it is more surprising to find that the records achieved by earlier sportsmen compare very favourably with those of later generations, especially bearing in mind the improved weapons since available.

In 1738, young William de Grey of Merton was just beginning his studies at the Bar, a career in which he obtained many high honours ending with his appointment to the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and elevation to the peerage as Lord Walsingham. His descendant, Thomas de Grey, M.P. for West Norfolk, who was born in 1843, and succeeded, as sixth baron, to the title in 1870, lives in sporting history as one of the greatest shots for all time. For example, on August 27th, 1866, on Blubberhouses Moor, Yorkshire, he is stated to have accounted for 215 brace of grouse—" a fact which has not yet met with its equal on any of the Yorkshire moors, nor on any other in England or Scotland."

Not long afterwards, however, on the same territory, Lord Walsingham easily beat his own record. In August, 1872, he killed, with his own gun, between 5.30 a.m. and 3 p.m., no fewer than 421 brace of driven birds. In 1888 he far surpassed this on Blubberhouses moor with 1,058 grouse to his own gun!

Wondering what kind of shot he used on that occasion, the analyst is reminded of the achievement credited to one, Mr. William Bell, of Norwich, who at Sprowston in Norwich, 1818, is said to have slain with one shot five and a half brace of golden plover!

What no doubt would be regarded as a very ordinary bag in present times was, in January, 1802, set down " as the greatest day's sport ever known in Norfolk " when the Duke of Bedford, Lord Paget, Lord John Thynne and others, shooting with Lord Cholmondeley at Houghton, obtained 165 hares, 42 pheasants, five rabbits, a woodcock, and two partridges, " notwithstanding the woods had already been beat five times this season."

Similarly it was then (in 1804) thought worthy of special remark when Lord James Townsend and Major Loftus, at Stiffkey, had between them 43 brace of partridges, and Major Windham, at Cromer, 25 brace.

As is well known, " Farmer " Coke was a keen hand with a gun until well into his eighties. In October, 1825, he took on Captain Ross for a £200 wager in a partridge-shooting match, with dogs but no beaters, each to load himself and pick up his own game. Bets were eventually declared off, as there had been an inadvertent breach of the rules, but up to then Coke had killed 54 brace to his opponent's 40. The Squire was then past his seventieth birthday.

On September 1st, 1820, Mr. Robert Hamond, of Westacre, " killed to one brace of pointers without cleaning his gun, 53 brace of partridges, a hare and a landrail. He missed eight shots only." As to hares, it was apparently not uncommon, in the early nineteenth century, for Holkham Park to yield 500 in a single day's sport, for smaller totals are set down as not being up to standard. In October, 1808, Mr. Coke and seven other guns, obtained, besides well over a thousand hares, 214 pheasants, 366 partridges, 983 rabbits, 30 woodcock, 12 wood pigeons and five snipe between them during a fortnight's shooting.

Regarding snipe, there were some remarkable bags in the season of 1841-2. At Rockland, Mr. Richard Crawshay killed four birds on the wing at one discharge, while, on Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's marshes at Langley, 60 couple in one day fell to the gun of Mr. Robert Fellowes.

The first recorded pigeon shooting match in Norfolk was on October 23rd, 1816, between Mr. Nicholas Bacon and Rev. J. Pitman. It took place " in a field near the Town Close, at Norwich " and resulted in a draw. Each killed fourteen birds out of twenty-one shots, the reverend gentleman's fifteenth bird falling 2ins. beyond the permitted distance of 100 yards.

In May, 1824, a Lynn gentleman whose name is not available, shot for a wager in the rookery of Mr. John Lloyd, of Pentney, no fewer than twenty dozen rooks with an air-gun. " He began at 6.30 a.m. and finished his task in a masterly manner, some eight hours later."

Sir Richard Sutton was by way of being an earlier Lord Walsingham, some of the battues being of so wholesale a character as to excite hostile contemporary comment; but some of his personal performances are certainly enviable. For example, at the Abbey Farm, Thetford, in September, 1834, he accounted for 222 head of partridges out of 246 shots.

There are some interesting facts to be gleaned, too, about the game laws. While there is game to be had, there will always, one may reasonably suppose, be poachers; but nowadays, happily, there are rarely such " murderous affrays " as the one in Thorpe Wood in January, 1805. Six men received sentence of death at Thetford Assizes, but were reprieved and got off with transportation. There was an exciting sequel, when a desperate attempt was made to escape from the guards conveying them to Portsmouth during their night journey on the coach from Norwich, and there was another stiff tussle before the gang could be lodged again in custody.

At Norwich Assizes in 1807, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, a claim was heard by Lord Albemarle for £700 damages against a Thetford game-dealer, whose counsel declared that " the interruption of his client's commerce had caused as much alarm at Leadenhall as the stagnation of trade between Britain and Germany was occasioning among the merchants at the Royal Exchange." In spite of this eloquent plea, however, damages of £40 were secured by Lord Albemarle " at the rate of £5 for each head of game that had fallen out of a basket sent by the defendant to the London waggon office at Thetford for transport to the metropolis!"

Dickens's "Mr. Justice Stareleigh," of Bardell and Pickwick fame (Gaselee, J. in real life) tried two serious cases arising out of night poaching. The first affair resolved itself into a regular battle between a score of keepers and an equal or larger number of poachers, in Heydon Woods, in December, 1826. A son of Lord Kensington, who accompanied the keepers, was knocked down and shot, but not severely. Nearly a dozen prisoners received the death sentence, though none was actually executed.

At Norwich, in 1836, five men stood trial for the murder of William Case, a keeper, at Methwold. Found guilty on the Judge's direction, all came within shadow of the hangman's rope; but the jury sent to the Judge's lodgings at the Deanery a declaration that " our opinion is that the prisoners were guilty of manslaughter, not murder, and it was our intention so to find had we not been called upon to give our opinion as to the facts."

The judge sent this curious rider up to London for the opinion of his brother judges, who held " it would not be proper in the circumstances to exact the extreme penalty."

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON MATTERS PISCATORIAL

IT is all psychology and psycho-analysis these days; and not the least offender is the popular Press with its interminable questionnaires. Questionnaires on love, health, money, politics, sport, and every other subject—fine and foolish—imaginable. All of which leads up to my questionnaire for anglers. There seems no reason why piscator should escape the probe.

FOR MEN.

(Questions to be answered on the " See this wet, see this dry " principle.)

1. Is your horizontal " arm stretch " more than 5ft. 6in.? Yes? No?

2. Is your mind of an inventive turn? Yes? No?

3. Are you good at arithmetic and do you appreciate particularly the underlying possibilities of addition, multiplication, extension, drying-in, etc.? Yes? No?

4. Are your descriptive powers above the average? Yes? No?

(Here the " eyes big as saucers " gambit merits mention. And did not the late Mr. H. T. Sheringham in his " Fishing. Its Cause, Treatment and Cure " write:—

" You can best reach the understanding of layfolks by the use of homely metaphor. ' As big as herrings ' is the phrase which they can comprehend. A bucket is an implement with which they are familiar. Therefore, if you tell your friends that you caught ' half a bucketful as big as herrings,' they will accept the statement. But if you informed them that you had fourteen fish weighing 7lbs., they would disbelieve, for they do not think in fish and pounds. They think in herrings and buckets."

On seeing XXX, what is your reaction? Do you think first of (*a*) the strength of a cast, or (*b*) the strength of a cask.

6. Do you consider the " Come Inside " joke over-rated? Yes? No?

7. Does the local fishmonger raise his hat to you? Yes? No?

8. Do you agree that the angler is a patient man? Yes? No?

9. And with the public's idea that rain makes fish feed? Yes? No?

10. Are you conversant with the branches of the brotherhood—dry-fly fishing, wet-fly fishing, nymphing, coarse-fish angling, spooning, spinning, poaching, etc. Yes? No?

11. Gardenia fly. Is this (*a*) a dry-fly, (*b*) a wet-fly, or (*c*) a worm.

KEY.

Questions 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 10.—Score two points for each Yes.

Question 5.—Score two points for (*a*) or (*b*).

(Reaction neither (*a*) nor (*b*) involves total disqualification.)

Questions 8 and 9.—Score two points for each No.

Question 11.—Score two points for (*c*).

* * *

A minimum of fourteen points needed to secure classification as an angler. The higher the total marks above fourteen the larger the size of next hat needed; and the maximum of twenty-two points calls not so much for a hat as a halo.

FOR LADIES.

(Questions to be answered on the " See this wet, see this dry " principle.)

1. Are you a sympathetic and patient listener? Yes? No?

2. Are you charitable? What I mean to say is, do you—graciously and disdaining " back answers " bearing on bars and barmaids—excuse your husband's frequent and prolonged absences? Yes? No?

3. Do you believe that salt-water fish swim freely in fresh waters? Yes? No?

4. Are you solicitous over the food and drink your husband takes with him on fishing excursions? Yes? No?

5. Do you " mention it " when you find your pantry buzzing with bluebottles? Yes? No?

6. Can you enthuse over your husband's bags? (Fish, of course—not trousers!) Yes? No?

7. If treasured feathers are " missing " from your hats, what is your reaction? (*a*) Rage, (*b*) amusement, or (*c*) tolerant understanding?

8. Do you connect Ananais and Job in any way with anglers? Yes? No?

9. Do you consider anglers mad? Yes? No?

KEY.

Questions 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6.—Score two points for each Yes.

Questions 5, 8, and 9.—Score two points for each No.

Question 7.—Score: (*a*) nil, (*b*) one point, (*c*) two points.

* * *

A minimum of twelve points needed to secure classification as " Mrs. Angler."

A maximum score of eighteen points would suggest that most of us walked up the aisle with the wrong woman.

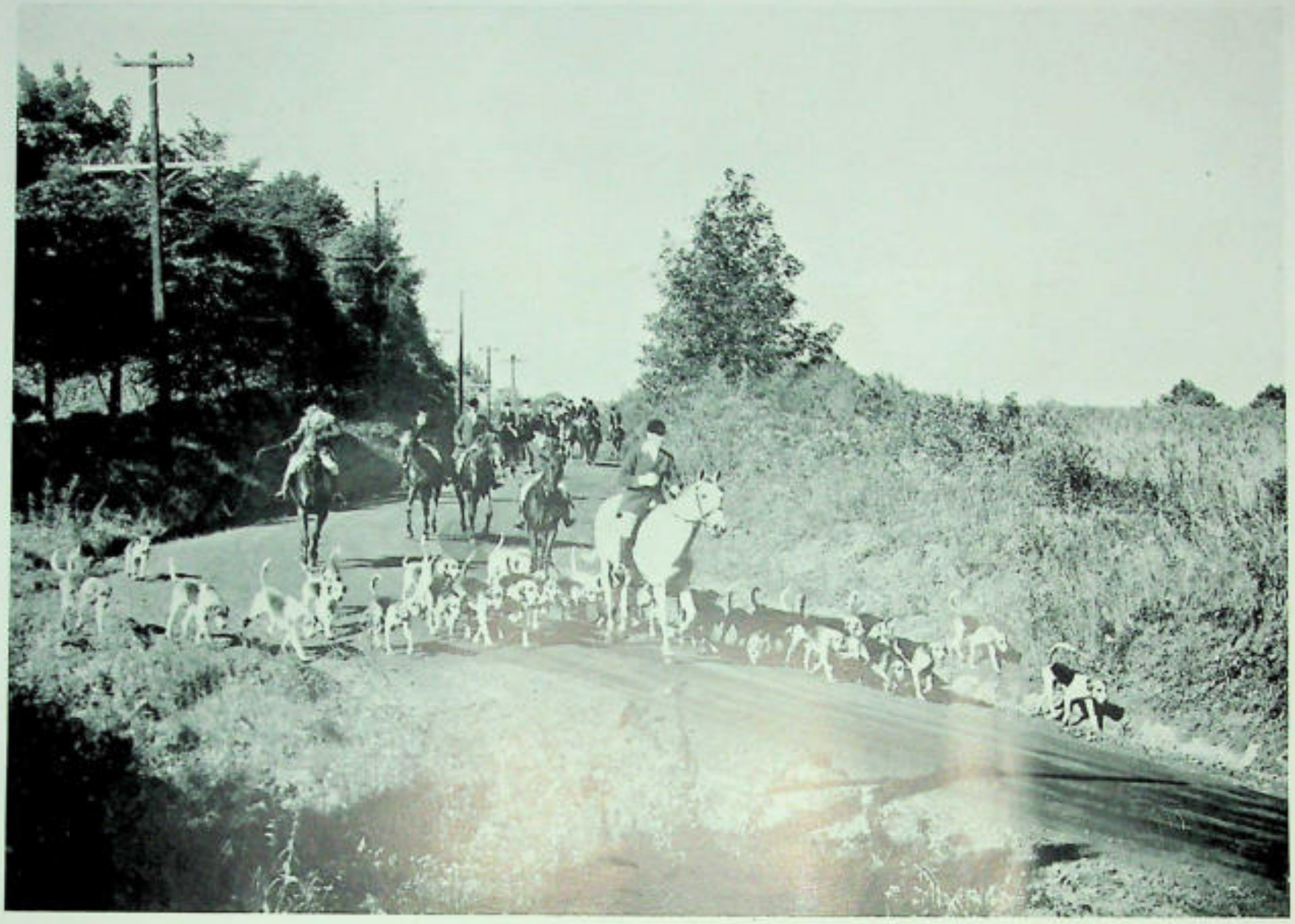
FADDIST.



You'll feel better when you've had a GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.85



BUT FOR THE TELEGRAPH POLES THIS SCENE MIGHT ALMOST BE IN ENGLAND. TO DESCRIBE HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES, HOWEVER, WOULD BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN TO DESCRIBE HUNTING ACROSS EUROPE AS A WHOLE

FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

IN attempting this description of American hunting, I am well aware that there are a host of sportsmen whose broad experience on both sides of the water makes them far more eligible to undertake the task. Indeed, there must be Englishmen who have ridden with a great many more packs in the States and Canada than I have. At the same time their point of view would naturally be British and they might not always see deep enough to appreciate the reason for things as they exist over there, or fully appreciate the difficulties which the American foxhunter has to overcome.

It is because the vast majority of Britons understand so little of our condition, and because I think in many instances they are inclined to look down on American hunting as a rather poor show, that I am attempting this brief in its defence. My only authority is that I have had the privilege to follow the hounds of several representative Yankee and Southern packs, was for five years Deputy-Master of a really good little concern and have also been privileged to experience a limited amount of hunting in England and Ireland, without which I could not justly draw my conclusions.

To begin with, I think that it will come as a surprise to the average person over here to learn that there are 118 registered packs of hounds listed in Baily's for the States alone in 1935–36. Of these 98 are on the Eastern seaboard in what comprised the thirteen original colonies and four in Canada.

There were to my knowledge several more that went under during the financial depression, though this has undoubtedly been offset to some extent by others which have been formed. It should also be known that throughout the Southern States there are a host of privately owned and trencher fed packs, not registered by the Master of Foxhounds Association, which afford sport locally.

When I am occasionally interrogated by some patronising thruster over here and bring up the subject, it invariably prompts the raised eyebrow retort: "Oh, indeed—what do they hunt? Foxes! Fancy that! How did you get 'em there?"

Be it known that they were there thousands of years before the first cavalier emigrated to Virginia with the curse of Cromwell on his lips.

"But—not like *our* fox?"

Yes, like your fox—only if anything a little bigger. Just as swift, just as cunning and, I might say, just as plentiful. He looks and smells the same. If there is any difference which a sub-species specialist of the South Kensington variety might split hairs over, I can say that a clean bred pack of Peterboroughs will not recognise it, so I do not see why I should.

We also have the small grey fox, a worthless fellow, that skulks about in cover and usually is chopped down in a mile, if he does not climb a tree like a cat, or get into a drain, but he does not cross with his red cousin and thereby spoil the strain.

Despite the fact that the red fox is so plentiful by comparison with England, we seldom kill. That is not because we have inferior hounds or skill in hunting them (in fact it takes a high degree of skill to hunt a pack in America, and, I think, a still higher degree of skill to stay with one), but because of climatic and geographical conditions. The hounds are not at fault.

I hold no brief for the American hound. There is a great deal to be said both for and against him. To be fair, one has to remember that it is a vast country in which there is a far greater variation in conditions than within the British Isles. While I favour the British hound, having hunted principally behind them, and having been Deputy-Master of the only all-Welsh pack in the States for five years, I feel that in the southern states (and Virginia represents the Leicestershire of America) that the home-bred hound is the best for the conditions.

From Maryland north to Massachusetts hunting is over rolling country, largely pasture and agricultural, interspersed with thick woodlands. Here the scenting conditions are good—that is, for America—and the climatic conditions favourable to English hounds. But in the West, and in the less open country of the far South, where the pack may be said to be running through a cloud of dust raised by their leaders, they definitely are out of place. In fact, I would venture to say that in India and Australia, where a limited amount of hunting is done, the American foxhound might prove superior.

Some will say that he is faster; that I do not believe. Where the two types competed in the hound trials which I have attended, the British hounds always won, and certainly the American hound has nothing like the staying power of his British cousin; in fact, he is a cringing, timid brute that will not stand up to the thong at all. Let one snap a whip in his direction and he is off with a howl for the tall timber. As a result an American pack is never under good control and are always riotous. At the same time it must be recognised that the American huntsman does not hunt his pack as it is done here. You hardly ever see him lift or turn them, the cut-up nature of the country is such, riding through or around deep swails and large stands of timber, that once his hounds are laid on a line they hunt themselves. There is, of course, open country, of which Millbrook and Meadow Brook are excellent examples, but such countries are hunted with English hounds.

The best to be said of the American hound is that he is eminently suited to the country where he is used. His origin is lost in the dim history of colonisation. Some say that he was originally of French strain. Personally I am inclined to lean towards that theory; his deep, bell-like note, high dome and long ears, which are never rounded, support it, but there is no certainty about it.

When one considers that the best of scenting conditions in New England, New York and New



THE FAIRFIELD WESTCHESTER HUNT START MOVING OFF

Jersey which comprise the best of the country from the point of scent, would be considered very poor indeed in Great Britain, it can well be imagined what it is like in the South, where usually it is as dry as tinder. Under such conditions nose is of supreme importance and it is his nose which has probably gained for the Southern hound, amongst his own people, the reputation of being faster. It is not that he is actually faster than the English hounds, but that he can follow a line faster. Then, too, in the north, hunting continues until the snow lies on the land, without regard for hard frost.

At Star Ridge I have hunted with frost nails in the shoes, straight through the month of December and into the middle of January without ever being on soft ground. Often in such freezing weather the pack would lift their heads and come to fault simply because their noses had gone cold. We had to carry on under such conditions or we would only have had two months' hunting, for which it would not have paid to maintain the pack. Of course, if one came down over one of our big stone walls it was with bone crushing effect, but we did not seem to have any more falls, as both horse and rider were doubly cautious going in to their jumps. It was also amazing how well the horses' legs stood up under it, probably due to the long enforced rest until the following August, when we started cubbing.

Next to nose, the greatest consideration in America is tongue, for without it one could never hope to stay with hounds. We all know the deadening effect which timber has, and as one is, after a short point, riding like blazes through the next bit of woodland, at the risk of a kneecap, or racing along the outside, the music of the pack plays a highly important part in the day's sport.

It will be hard for people in England to reconcile the statement that we have plenty of native, wild foxes with the fact that we so seldom kill. My register shows that at Star Ridge, hunting two days a week we never accounted for more than eight foxes in a season, starting September 15th and usually ending after Christmas; that is, of course, excepting the cubs that were dug, or drawn out to blood the young entry during the cubbing season.

But it should not be inferred that our hounds were at fault or that we had many blank days; far from it. On the contrary we seldom had a completely blank day. Usually we had several points of from two to three miles, and the longest in my mastership was one of eight miles straight away. But there is no stopping done; the farmers do not take the interest in hunting demonstrated over here; the amount of cover is too vast to be properly stopped, and the high land is full of rocky ledges into which a tired fox can crawl for sanctuary if he does not find a deserted woodchuck hole earlier on. So while we have many a run we see little blood, other than the little grey fox which is not worth counting, but which does the most damage in the farmyard.

It would be more difficult to describe the type of country hunted than it would to describe hunting across Europe as a whole. Throughout New England and south to New Jersey, it is a rural pasture country of rolling wooded hills and open valleys quite similar in appearance to Dorset, omitting the hedges and ditches. The farms are broken up in small fields usually divided by stone walls or post and rail fences. The walls are not very high, averaging about 3ft. 9in., but one has to take them fast and jump wide as one is never sure where there is an out-cropping of smooth granite on the far side, or the hole of an industrious wood chuck. Of course, where there are stone walls there is little of the curse of a hunting country—wire.



THE MOORE COUNTY HUNT AT SOUTHERN PINES

My own country in Brewster County was almost identical with parts of Breconshire. On Long Island we come to the Meadowbrook country, famous for its great timber fences, which everyone sails over at a steeplechase pace, but it must be remembered that the footing is as firm as a bowling green and there is no brush about them. These fences are made of solid rails, 6in. to 8in. in diameter, and are seldom less than 4ft. 3in. in height. It is better to take them fast, for a fall at a fast pace is always a safer one.

Well I recall my first day to hounds in England on a Grand National horse. Every time I went at a bar way there was a grinning audience waiting to see the crazy Yankee come a cropper, but the old horse had been trained in America and, though he did a lot of floundering in the sticky going underfoot, that was often halfway up to his hocks, he did not let me down. Naturally before the day was done I knew better.

In Northern Virginia we come to a broad open galloping country where everyone can take his own line over worm fences and the formidable white-washed board fences which makes every visiting foreigner gasp and hold his breath. The difficulty of the worm fence is that it is simply made of split chestnut rails laid up zig-zag fashion with a post driven into the ground at the corners where they overlap. The top rail or two can easily be knocked off, but you cannot ride in a straight line at the fence, or you are sure to get into trouble; rather you must select a panel and ride straight at it, which means that you must ride at an angle of 45 degrees to the line of the fence—if you do not you take your jumps crooked.

As we go further south in Virginia the country becomes less developed; a land of pinewoods and swails usually without a jump to ten miles, with poor scent and miserable accommodations. But after all, as the Irishman is supposed to have said of his whiskey, there is no bad hunting for the chap who is keen enough, the trouble is that the most of us become spoiled by a taste of the best.

And lastly there is this to be said; in America hunting is broadly a game only for the idle rich. There is not that general interest in hunting which is so common in England, and therefore, except in the South, it can only flourish in the localities of the large estate owners.

The Short-Eared Owl—II

A NEST ON THE GROUND

By G. K. YEATES

THE short-eared owl breaks the normal rule of its family by nesting on the ground. It is true that both the long-eared and the tawny will do this from time to time, but in their case it is exceptional. With the present bird it is the regular habit.

The nests vary greatly in concealment. Normally the short-ear likes to hide itself well away from prying eyes, but in the case of the four nests examined on the ground where my photographs were taken the opposite seemed to be the case. In fact, they were absurdly open, as one quickly realised when the sitting bird left and her numerous white eggs glared up at the skies. The nest here portrayed is with the exception of a literal dozen grasses or so exactly as the bird built it. Another in mollinia grass was even more exposed. One I found in heather was indeed more deeply buried, but, even so, it could not have been called well hidden. In another the bird had contented itself with pulling a dozen or so grasses over the exposed hollow of the nest. I had been told that the nests of short-eared owls normally faced the east, probably because the bird likes the morning sun. Three of the four nests found, although so exposed as a whole, did definitely face the rising sun, especially the one deeply buried. The other, just to be obstinate—a bird will always refute you, if it can—faced north-west!

The female sits her uninspiring white eggs with courage and resolution. One of my birds, indeed, refused to move until my hand was within inches of her face. Only at such moments, indeed, are the short "ears" exposed. When the bird is behaving naturally there is no sign of them, but as soon as her suspicions are aroused or she sees definite danger approaching, up they go and her mien changes to one of wicked ferocity. By this immediate reaction I always knew when my relief was coming to release me from my hides, long before I could see him myself.

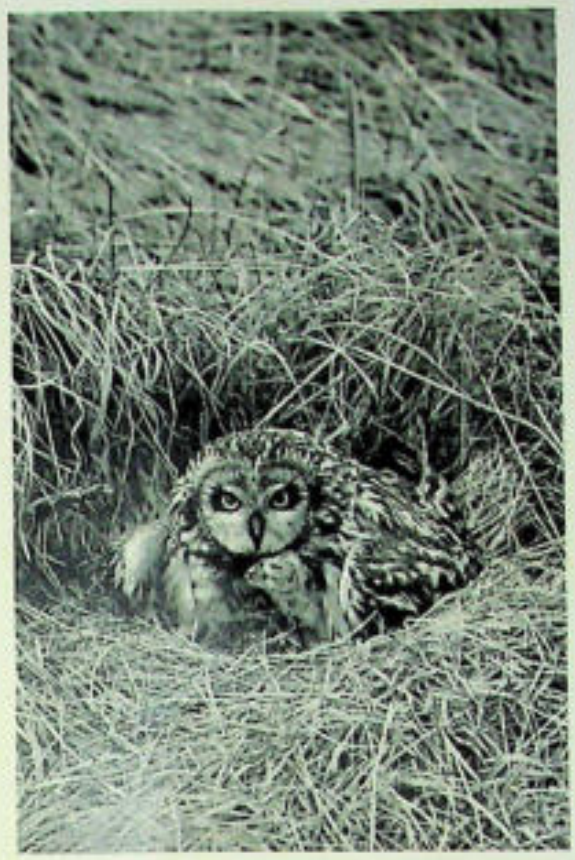
The eggs, being laid at uneven intervals, with even as much as a week between them, hatch at equally widely separated times. Thus, as so often with raptorial birds, big chicks can be found with eggs. In one nest which I watched carefully, the first two eggs hatched on April 16th, the third on the 19th, the fourth on the 21st, the fifth on the 22nd and the sixth on the 25th. So by the time the last egg had hatched the first two youngsters had more than a week's start. Hence the heavy mortality amongst the chicks of these large clutch raptorial birds. Time did not permit a complete recording of this nest, but by the end of our time (April 30th) the youngest chick had already vanished, whilst the eldest were wandering from the nest—a thing which they do long before they can fly.

Seen from close-quarters under natural conditions when the bird is not alarmed, the short-eared owl is a singularly lovely bird. Her rich dappled brown plumage blends perfectly with the surroundings of the nest. In bright light, indeed, the bird, when sitting motionless, looks very grey which increases the protective value of her plumage in the dead grasses amongst which the nest is sited.

Lovely, however, as are the dappled wings, it is the strongly marked facial disc and the huge pale yellow eyes which are its most striking features. Few things in bird-life are so fascinating as eyes. I have admired the red-currant red of the Slavonian grebe and the deep orange of the night herons' stare, but never have I been more impressed than by the vivid yellow of the short-eared owl. In its case, the effect is naturally accentuated by its constant expression of staring surprise. At first sight this often makes a photograph of this species look unnatural and strained, as though the bird was thoroughly scared. In point of fact, it is a very natural expression. Before settling on to the chicks she treated every part of the landscape to a similar scrutiny, and not the hide alone, of which she had most reason to feel uncertain.



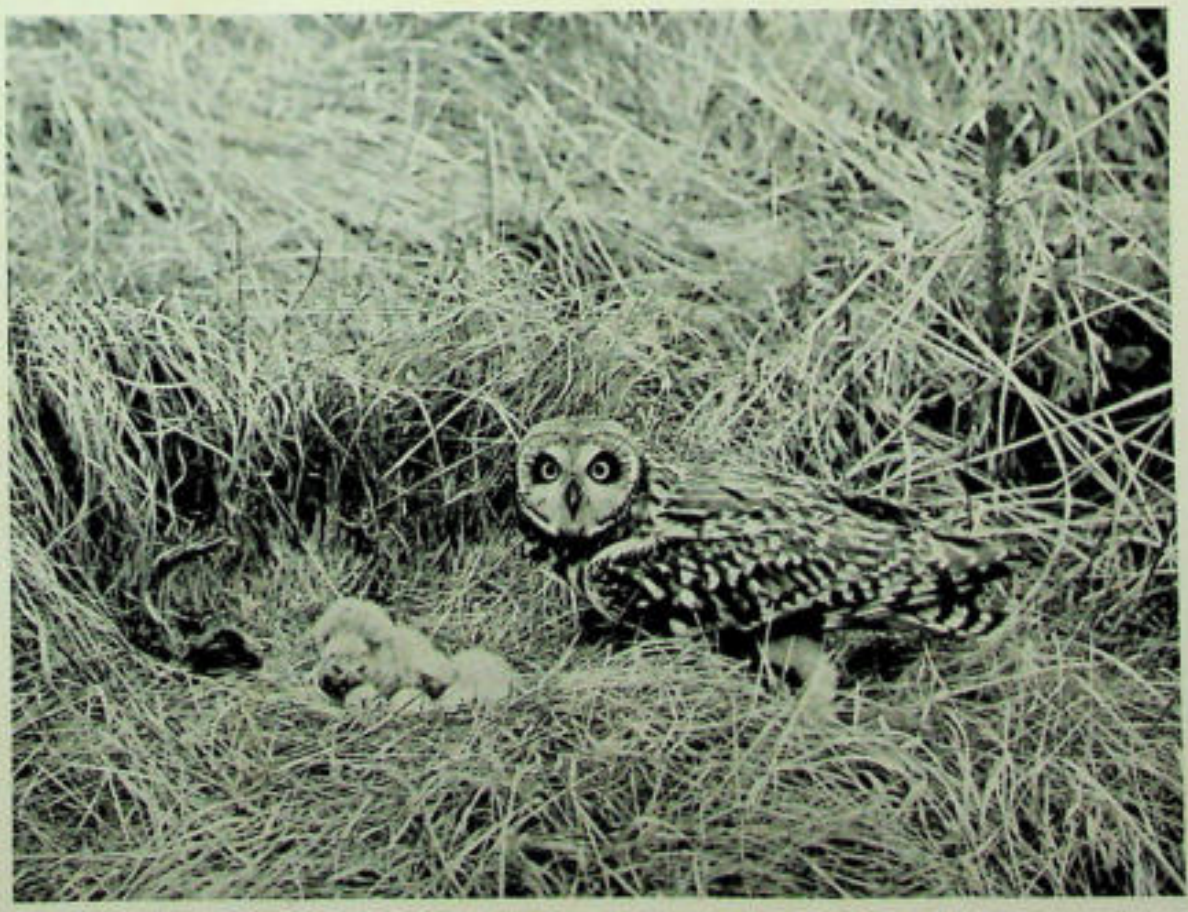
MAKING SURE THAT ALL IS CLEAR



FEEDING THE YOUNG CHICK, WHICH IS POKING ITS HEAD OUT BENEATH THE WING

With the chicks the female short-eared owl is an attentive and careful mother. During the first days after hatching the owlets are brooded steadily. Indeed, the parent's behaviour is for some days decidedly dull. The chicks are utterly helpless (they did not open their eyes until the sixth day), and even feeding seems to be cut down to a minimum. Only twice in all my visits did I see a vole in the nest. On the first occasion it was studiously ignored by the female during all the hours of my session. On the second I saw my only feed. (The eldest chicks were then five days old.) The two largest youngsters grew restive beneath the brooding bird, and one appeared under either wing and thrust its head out. The female seized the vole, tore it into tiny bits and gave these to both alike, but only a small portion of it was fed to the chicks before she herself opened her stumpy beak, and the remainder went down her own throat in one.

Apart from that one incident I saw singularly little action—an occasional change of position, now and then a preening, but that was all.



A STARING MATCH WITH THE LENS

The Short-Eared Owl—II

A NEST ON THE GROUND

By G. K. YEATES

THE short-eared owl breaks the normal rule of its family by nesting on the ground. It is true that both the long-eared and the tawny will do this from time to time, but in their case it is exceptional. With the present bird it is the regular habit.

The nests vary greatly in concealment. Normally the short-ear likes to hide itself well away from prying eyes, but in the case of the four nests examined on the ground where my photographs were taken the opposite seemed to be the case. In fact, they were absurdly open, as one quickly realised when the sitting bird left and her numerous white eggs glared up at the skies. The nest here portrayed is with the exception of a literal dozen grasses or so exactly as the bird built it. Another in mollinia grass was even more exposed. One I found in heather was indeed more deeply buried, but, even so, it could not have been called well hidden. In another the bird had contented itself with pulling a dozen or so grasses over the exposed hollow of the nest. I had been told that the nests of short-eared owls normally faced the east, probably because the bird likes the morning sun. Three of the four nests found, although so exposed as a whole, did definitely face the rising sun, especially the one deeply buried. The other, just to be obstinate—a bird will always refute you, if it can—faced north-west!

The female sits her uninspiring white eggs with courage and resolution. One of my birds, indeed, refused to move until my hand was within inches of her face. Only at such moments, indeed, are the short "ears" exposed. When the bird is behaving naturally there is no sign of them, but as soon as her suspicions are aroused or she sees definite danger approaching, up they go and her mien changes to one of wicked ferocity. By this immediate reaction I always knew when my relief was coming to release me from my hides, long before I could see him myself.

The eggs, being laid at uneven intervals, with even as much as a week between them, hatch at equally widely separated times. Thus, as so often with raptorial birds, big chicks can be found with eggs. In one nest which I watched carefully, the first two eggs hatched on April 16th, the third on the 19th, the fourth on the 21st, the fifth on the 22nd and the sixth on the 25th. So by the time the last egg had hatched the first two youngsters had more than a week's start. Hence the heavy mortality amongst the chicks of these large clutch raptorial birds. Time did not permit a complete recording of this nest, but by the end of our time (April 30th) the youngest chick had already vanished, whilst the eldest were wandering from the nest—a thing which they do long before they can fly.

Seen from close-quarters under natural conditions when the bird is not alarmed, the short-eared owl is a singularly lovely bird. Her rich dappled brown plumage blends perfectly with the surroundings of the nest. In bright light, indeed, the bird, when sitting motionless, looks very grey which increases the protective value of her plumage in the dead grasses amongst which the nest is sited.

Lovely, however, as are the dappled wings, it is the strongly marked facial disc and the huge pale yellow eyes which are its most striking features. Few things in bird-life are so fascinating as eyes. I have admired the red-currant red of the Slavonian grebe and the deep orange of the night herons' stare, but never have I been more impressed than by the vivid yellow of the short-eared owl. In its case, the effect is naturally accentuated by its constant expression of staring surprise. At first sight this often makes a photograph of this species look unnatural and strained, as though the bird was thoroughly scared. In point of fact, it is a very natural expression. Before settling on to the chicks she treated every part of the landscape to a similar scrutiny, and not the hide alone, of which she had most reason to feel uncertain.



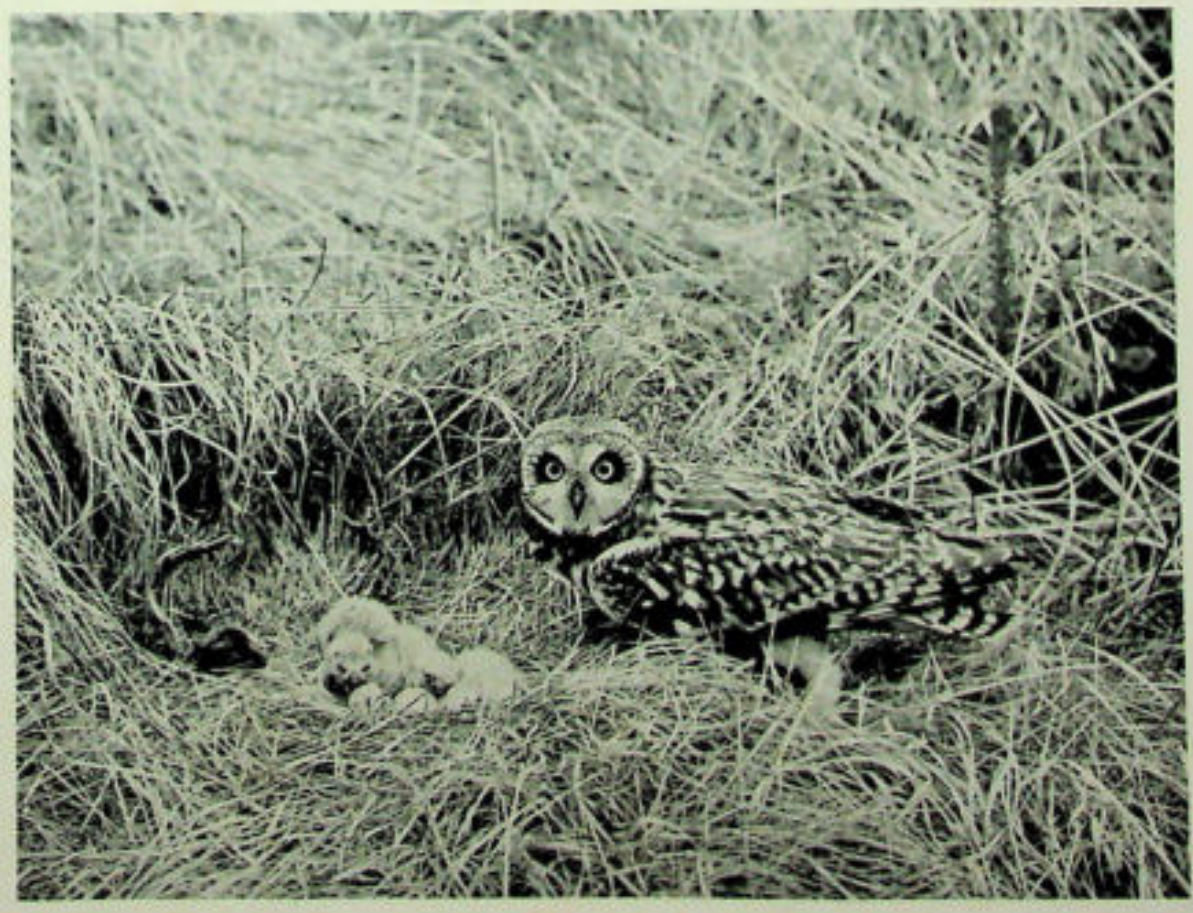
MAKING SURE THAT ALL IS CLEAR



FEEDING THE YOUNG CHICK, WHICH IS POKING ITS HEAD OUT BENEATH THE WING

With the chicks the female short-eared owl is an attentive and careful mother. During the first days after hatching the owlets are brooded steadily. Indeed, the parent's behaviour is for some days decidedly dull. The chicks are utterly helpless (they did not open their eyes until the sixth day), and even feeding seems to be cut down to a minimum. Only twice in all my visits did I see a vole in the nest. On the first occasion it was studiously ignored by the female during all the hours of my session. On the second I saw my only feed. (The eldest chicks were then five days old.) The two largest youngsters grew restive beneath the brooding bird, and one appeared under either wing and thrust its head out. The female seized the vole, tore it into tiny bits and gave these to both alike, but only a small portion of it was fed to the chicks before she herself opened her stumpy beak, and the remainder went down her own throat in one.

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A STARING MATCH WITH THE LENS

Advice to Young Foxhunters

WHY HOUNDS SHOULD MEET EARLY

The following is the fifth and last of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best-known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman." Previous articles appeared in the "Field" on November 11th, November 18th, November 25th and December 2nd

IT is superfluous to point out that it is easier for hounds to run when they are close to a fox than when they are a considerable distance behind him, and that it is easier for hounds to follow on the line of a straight-running fox than of a twisting one; that a clean and sound fox leaves a better scent than one in poor health or lame, and that when the ground is moist scent is generally better than when it is dry.

Every M.F.H. should damp down complaints from his huntsman that indifferent sport is owing to bad scenting conditions. We all know that when hounds are in good form and have had a series of days with good sport complaints of bad scent are seldom heard, and these same hounds continue to show sport day after day.

It is a mistake for a huntsman to complain continually of bad scent, for he is not infrequently the primary cause of this so-called bad scent.

Often it is considered that scent presents an inexplicable and mysterious state of affairs; but in reality the reasons for good or bad scent usually appear to be fairly obvious, and there is not much more mystery about scent than about most things.

Mr. H. M. Badger wrote an interesting book on this subject called *Hunting by Scent*.

Without referring to this book, it is a good rule, generally accepted for scores of years, that if the atmosphere is warmer than the ground, scenting conditions are usually more or less indifferent. On the other hand, if the ground is warmer than the atmosphere, the conditions are usually favourable for a good scent.

But the hounds themselves have much to do with the category in which the scent can be placed. If foxhounds are continually permitted to hunt for themselves and to make thoroughly good use of the hunting qualities bred in them from many generations of ancestors with good noses, scent will generally be considered good. On the other hand, hounds which are perpetually being meddled with, lifted, and otherwise tampered with in the field become almost incapable of running a fox and killing him unless scent is first-class.

In fact, a good huntsman is likely to experience fewer so-called bad scenting days than one who cannot allow his hounds to make full use of the hunting qualities bred in them.

Constant changes of temperature owing to showers of hail, snow or rain nearly always cause hounds to find scent indifferent or bad.

Dry weather in March and April is generally unfavourable for scent; and towards the end of a hunting season conditions are often unfavourable for good sport.

Although the type of weather experienced during March and April varies from year to year, there has been during a large proportion of seasons of the past a continuation of easterly wind, causing a spell of absolutely dry weather with frost at night and a hot sun during the day, during which the ground becomes absolutely dried up.

If sport is desired in such weather, the meets of the hounds should not take place until late in in the day—the later the better, for the following reason: In the morning the ground, which has been frozen during the night, is colder than the atmosphere, but under the influence of a hot sun it becomes warmer during the day, whilst the atmosphere also becomes warmer for the same reason.

Scent generally remains poor under these conditions until late in the afternoon, when the sun is low, whilst the ground is warm. Suddenly a cool feeling arises, and a slight but cold breeze may start to become apparent. Most foxhunters know this feeling of cool atmosphere in the late afternoon. This is the time to find a fox, and many excellent evening runs have been enjoyed under such conditions.

Generally when the question comes up about meeting late in the day there is opposition on behalf of the staff. It is obvious that from the point of view of the staff it is less troublesome to finish a day's work early; and, of course, if the meet is late both horses and hounds arrive home late, and the kennel and stable work is late in proportion.

It is a matter of the purpose for which foxhounds are kept, if to show sport then certainly, during dry spring weather, with a hot sun at mid-day, the evening is the only time in the day when there is a real likelihood of having good sport.

Of course, such a likelihood is much enhanced by the presence of much grass.

In these days of motor cars, horse boxes and hound vans there is little, if any, excuse for objections to meeting late. It is chiefly a matter of how keen and determined the Master is on having first-class sport.

In opposition to meeting late, it is sometimes urged that if it is wished to have sport the time to meet is 6 a.m. It is safe to say this, because, after all, people hunt for pleasure, and having to get out of bed at 4 a.m. destroys pleasure, and is so thoroughly inconvenient that nobody wishes to try the experiment.

Therefore, unless the M.F.H. is firm, hounds are taken to the meet some time before mid-day under circumstances which make good sport practically impossible, at any rate until most of the field have gone home. Supposing that hounds do meet at 6 a.m., every half hour is likely to produce worse and worse scenting conditions.

I have had experience of meets at all times of day, and have no hesitation in saying that in dry, hot weather, with east wind, the evening conditions are much more likely to produce good sport than those at any other time of day.

If hounds meet late in the day they should be fed the previous day considerably later than when they meet early. Many with experience consider 7 a.m. too early to feed hounds which are to hunt the following day, and that hounds should be fed up till six hours later.

It is a long fast when hounds arrive at the covert side after being last fed 30 hours before, and when they get back to their kennel after possibly a fast of 40 hours.

If, therefore, for specific reasons the meets of foxhounds are abnormally late, their fast is of necessity prolonged, unless they are fed later the previous day.

* * * *

DISTEMPER is a matter of considerable concern to all huntsmen. It has for many years past caused the death of thousands of young foxhounds annually.

On an average the more dogs which were bred in Britain, the worse the form of distemper.

During the Great War, when large numbers of dogs had to be destroyed, and few were bred, there was hardly any distemper, and when there was distemper, it was nearly always of a mild type.

Since a few years after the Great War many thousands of dogs were bred annually, and deaths from distemper were simply terrific.

The situation was so bad that a large fund was raised by the *Field* to induce the Medical Research Council to investigate this disease. After several years of painstaking research they were able to satisfy themselves that the primary cause of dog distemper was a virus, and so confirmed a work carried out in 1905 by a French investigator, Carré.

This was followed by various attempts to destroy the virus by a variety of methods, and in the tests which followed to ascertain if the virus was killed, it was found that certain tissues containing killed virus provided an excellent vaccine. For a time this vaccine and virus was only used for purposes of experiment. The results were almost completely satisfactory.

Eventually the Medical Research Council, having achieved what was asked of them, gave the prescription to the Wellcome Foundation, who made it up and issued it from Langley Court, Beckenham, Kent. For several years after this, although the results were, generally speaking, fairly satisfactory, they were not, until the last few years, so good as those obtained by the Medical Research Council.

It must be remembered that the Wellcome Foundation is not entirely a philanthropic institution.

It became the fashion for some M.F.H.s and most huntsmen to decry this stuff, and even now some refuse to use it.

My experience has been that, whereas before this system of inoculation was introduced more than half the young hounds bred died from what was called distemper, during the last few years mortality amongst hounds inoculated has comparatively seldom occurred.



It is probable that, prior to the discovery of the distemper germ, the general treatment of the disease was bad. It is true that it appeared that young hounds affected simply refused to live, and that in despair various huntsmen who, of course, have never had an education about drugs, were in the habit of dispensing dangerous drugs with the very best of intentions, but generally with results fatal to the hounds. All cases of streptococcal infection are grave.

Although the fees for inoculation are considerable, there is now no necessity or excuse for spending money on buying drugs, or for buying immense quantities of milk for the patients, or for engaging special kennelmen or women to nurse them.

It is now less necessary to breed so many whelps as formerly.

Another benefit conferred by this system of inoculation is the fact that since its general use the number of cases of distemper throughout Britain has been much curtailed, and the type has been usually less severe.

Some huntsmen detest inoculation. It appears that one reason for this is that the vaccine is only sold to qualified veterinary surgeons, and probably if all huntsmen were permitted personally to inoculate their hounds every huntsman would be its ardent advocate.

Before this anti-distemper inoculation was introduced to the public, it was not uncommon to see hounds said to have recovered from distemper so much enfeebled that they were never any good for hunting purposes, for some hounds never thoroughly recover from a really bad attack of distemper.

In spite of the almost certain immunity from distemper achieved by inoculating hounds when young, occasionally there are cases of hounds which have been inoculated contracting what appears to be a mild form of distemper. This is usually easily cured, and on rare occasions distemper has appeared with entered hounds during their first and even second seasons.

Unless taken in hand immediately this may develop into a bad form.

The Wellcome Foundation, however, can supply a therapeutic distemper serum which, if injected at once, cures the patient forthwith. It is not always realised that distemper pure and simple is a mild complaint, but that it is frequently followed by secondary symptoms such as diarrhœa, fits, pneumonia, &c. In such cases, it is highly probable that the germs of a streptococcal infection have intervened.

This serum has no influence over these secondary symptoms, and if it is to be thoroughly effective it must be injected immediately hounds show the slightest symptoms of primary infection. If injected under these conditions the serum as a cure is nearly always effective. There is little doubt that veterinary research will in time disclose even more about distemper than is known at present.

At the present time the dangers of losing hounds from distemper have been reduced to a minimum.

KENNELMAN.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF.—Whatever happens one's first day of the season can never lose its thrill, though this year, alas, so much of the glory has disappeared along with red coats and second horsemen. The morning was fine and clear, with a well-washed, high cloudless sky, sunny, with a chill north-west wind—not propitious, save that every ditch brimmed as full as in till-dyke time—a state of going invariably betokening good sport in this country. Save for a good riding Tuesday some days back, hounds have been occupied in unheroic but very serious cubhunting.

For many a year past a Saturday's meet at Badminton Station had meant a field of 300, and at least 150 cars, but now there was with the same pleasant green surroundings, some 40 horses of various sorts and sizes, and a dozen cars, mostly plastered with A.F.S., W.V.S. and A.R.P., while an armed guard wearing the badge of a famous local regiment looked down from the bridge. It was good to see several farmers snatching an hour or two off the tractor, whether awheel or on horseback, and there were several farmers' offsprings enjoying themselves on ponies. What really mattered and what one missed most on this Saturday was the Duke himself and his horn.

Centre Walk Brake produced at least its usual brace. Hounds stuck to the fox who went away up-wind by Allengrove, the corner of the Park and out over the high ivy-clad wall, swimming the flooded brook below. He went by Hebron and across the railway to Alderton Grove, where he was joined by another brace. The leash passed on into Cranhill Gorse and thence to Cranhill Wood. Scent was none too good and hounds never quite got going. They went away from Cranhill, pointing for Old Lands, then turned sharply up-wind for New Covert, Dunley, circled again and finally marked in Cranhill, whence Mr. Smith and the terrier quickly had the fox out.

From Sopworth Brake a brace went away on the down wind side, while Holland blew the bitches away on another upwind. They ran fast over the wall country as if for Silk Woods, but the fox turned near Knockdown and they circled back by Sopworth Cross Roads, making as if for Bull Park. Then they turned again into the Brake and went away by Hundred Acre farm. The fox once more turned back into Sopworth and again the bitches hunted him out and made him leave by the allotments at Sherston, over the brook to Widleys' Hill covert, where hounds divided.

The main body with Holland went on towards Luckington and three couples (towards Lords Wood) being stopped by Captain Spicer. The latter probably had the line of the original fox; anyhow, sheep foil put an end to a very good hunt. A tired fox was viewed going through a gap in the wall by the Old Rectory, but hounds coming on up the road unfortunately struck heel way. It was now more than sufficient for one horse and the order was home, to finish an excellent day. B.

BELVOIR.—On November 29th this hunt met at Thorpe Arnold, on the outskirts of Melton, but the size of the field did not suggest being so close to the "capital" of foxhunting. The weather was balmy after a boisterous night, but the recent tremendous rainfall did not augur too well for finding in the low-lying Burbage's, past which the River Eye roared, full to the brim. At only a few minutes past eleven, however, a fox broke out on the Belvoir side, and the huntsman naturally doubted its intention or ability to cross the flood. But no sooner had he jumped the rail out of the covert than hounds were over on the far side and streaming away over Cottesmore country, as if for Stapleford.

They had a good lead, and might have disappeared altogether whilst everyone was galloping for the ford, but just by the Long Covert, the fox was probably headed, for he turned sharp left-handed over the old Bretingby polo ground to the railway. Scent seemed catchy and not good enough to keep him straight. First he tried doubling back to Bouch's, but was then viewed up to the Melton—Saxby Road. Considering the petrol restrictions this was surprisingly full of traffic, and the fox did not cross for some time. Once on the wide sloping grass fields by Wyfordby Grange hounds started to run in a very different manner.

Keeping along the bottom through Rippin's Plantation they swung up as if for Brettingby Spinneys, but leaving these to port did not check until Freeby Wood was reached. With little delay a holloa at the bottom told of the fox's departure on the far side towards Newman's Gorse. The fox must have been feeling the pressure for, failing to use the usual well-worn route into the covert, he was seen by an outrider carrying on into Stonesby Ashes. Out again on the far side the huntsman let hounds work their way towards Stonesby Village, and on arriving at the lane was rewarded with the welcome news that the fox had been seen not far ahead.

He was probably making for Beeaby Oaks, but just short of the Stonesby—Sproxton Road, the pack came up and rolled him over in the open after a good hunt, with a point of six miles. This was all the more creditable as a large proportion of the bitches were new entries. Had there been a crowd of people out it is almost certain that the pack could never have hunted as they did. Although they never raced, the pace was fast enough in view of the heavy going and the heat of the day. It was all over by 12.10, and with one horse there was nothing to do but go home, well pleased with the entertainment. UNBRIDLED.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A good-sized field were kept galloping on the day they met at Little Hinton, when scent served well. After partaking of the hospitality offered by Major J. L. Nickisson (a former Master) and his wife at their home at Little Hinton Manor, a field of roots near Bishopstone was drawn, where a fox going away set a great pace into the vale. Going past Earl's Court Farm and back left-handed by Little Hinton, he was marked to ground at the foot of the hills after affording a run of fifteen minutes.

After this a fox found in the withybeds at Bishopstone chose a similar line up to Little Hinton, which he passed, and went on up the hill towards Foxhill, hounds being stopped after another enjoyable gallop of 30 minutes. At Featherbed Lane a fox set his mask past Ferne Farm to Bourton Village, going safely to ground in a pit, after giving a fast fifteen minutes. A strip of kale close by held another fox, who went away quickly. Selecting a line past Ferne Farm he made a big left-handed circle, through Stainswick Wood and past Bourton Village to Ragnall Farm, where hounds were stopped at the end of 40 minutes.

J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—After meeting at West Camel on November 28th hounds found at once in Parson's Steeple and ran fast to Bebesters Gorse; but, most unfortunately, as the field had been left at the former covert. Hounds were stopped and taken back to Annis Hills where little could be done with the several foxes afoot. From Cogberry hounds hunted slowly to Yarcombe, where the day ended.

On the Thursday hounds were at Stockbridge Oak, and, finding in Simon's Plants, ran through Holme Bushes to Whitfield, and through Conway's Gorse to Knighton Down and Honeycomb, where fresh foxes intervened. Another from Lewesdon gave a slow but good hound hunt, by the northern outskirts of Long Burton to Snagg's Arbour and on into the Park, where he went to ground.

There was but little scent during the morning of December 2nd, when hounds met at Five Bridges, and they spent an hour and a half in and about Fifehead Wood before accounting for their fox. When Nylands was drawn later, however, scent had improved considerably, and a good hunt was scored. Hounds ran fast to Lady Theodora's Gorse and to within a field of the railway before swinging right-handed. The fox then pointed for Moore Withybed, but leaving it on the left circled back to Lady Theodora's Gorse. Being again forced through the gorse he ran back almost to Nylands before going to ground. This was a fast hunt of 55 minutes over a nice line, and, as most of the horses had had enough, hounds went home.

B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—A small field met at Hillfield on November 22nd, and finding their first fox in West Wood ran to Paper Hill, then crossed the road into Bayard's Gorse, in Blackmore Vale territory, to bear right-handed and recross the road to Castles, where scent vanished. At Cochrane's they were away on good terms with a fox who took them past St. Francis's Home to Hendover. Forcing him through this covert hounds ran on over Batcombe Down to Sydling East Wood, then, leaving Sydling Barn on their right, swung in a big left-handed circle to Sydling Wood, where they marked him to ground below the Keeper's cottage, after a nice hunt of 45 minutes, some of which had been at top pace.

Hendover Covert was next drawn, and though hounds had previously run through it they soon found a fresh fox, hunting him up and down the covert until he found it expedient to run to the Vale. Here hounds pressed him so hard that he swung back through Hendover again, and running the length of the covert crossed the Batcombe Road into Upcerne Wood for East Hill, where he was rolled over at the end of a nice 40 minutes' hunt. A useful day.

The Saturday found hounds at the Fox Inn, Corscombe. They lost no time in finding in the gorses outside Chelborough Park, and running into the main covert drove through it to Crocky Moor, only to swing back to Chelborough Park, where their fox went to ground in an open earth. Coombe Gullies was next drawn, and several foxes—which had not been cubhunted—going away in different directions, the pack became scattered and were presently taken to another covert. At Milking Barton they hit off the line of a fox who had evidently done some work that morning, and who was killed after a short burst. Benville withy-bed held a brace, and after the first one had been accounted for hounds went away with his companion toward Ridge, but swung left-handed over the Hooke Road to continue through the Parsonage, and over the hill to the Hooke watercress beds. Here they turned right-handed again for Ridge, and were stopped on the Crewkerne Road at the end of 45 minutes.

The Sunday night was very rough, and on the Monday morning, when hounds met at Barrowlands Farm, the wind was blowing half a gale with the rain coming down in torrents. Indeed the day was so bad that I did not go out.

On the Wednesday, however, the Cattistock met again at Portisham Hill, and in spite of the fog provided an excellent day's sport. Finding their first fox near Venicky Wood they ran hard for 25 minutes, killing in the gorses at Bronkham. A second pilot was marked to ground in short time. The best hunt of the day started from the laurels below the Hardy Monument, whence a good fox led at top pace over the Portisham Road to Bronkham, swinging left-handed by Pen Barn Gorse and running hard past West End House to Steepleton Water. Hounds outdistanced the field for the first mile or two, but Gosden came up with the leaders at Winterbourne Steepleton, and they drove on over the Bridport Road to Chilly Knapp, where they put their fox to ground at the end of a first-class 35-minute hunt. LUSCOMBE.

COTSWOLD.—Captain C. Heber-Percy—home on short leave—was hunting hounds at Andoversford on December 2nd, and was welcomed by quite a large field. Finding first at Lawrence's Gorse hounds ran fast over Hampen Farm to the Stow Road, and through the Brake to Salperton Downs, where scent failed. From Hazleton Grove a good fox came away with hounds close behind, then went over to Milkwells and through Rasberry Brake. Swinging to the right hounds took the line by Turkdean to Laygrove and continued straight through this fox's stronghold. Invading Heythrop territory they ran over Northleach Downs, marking to ground close to Farmington. This was a good fast hunt over a nice line with quite a four-mile point. Several soldiers much enjoyed their day's hunting. COTSWOLD.

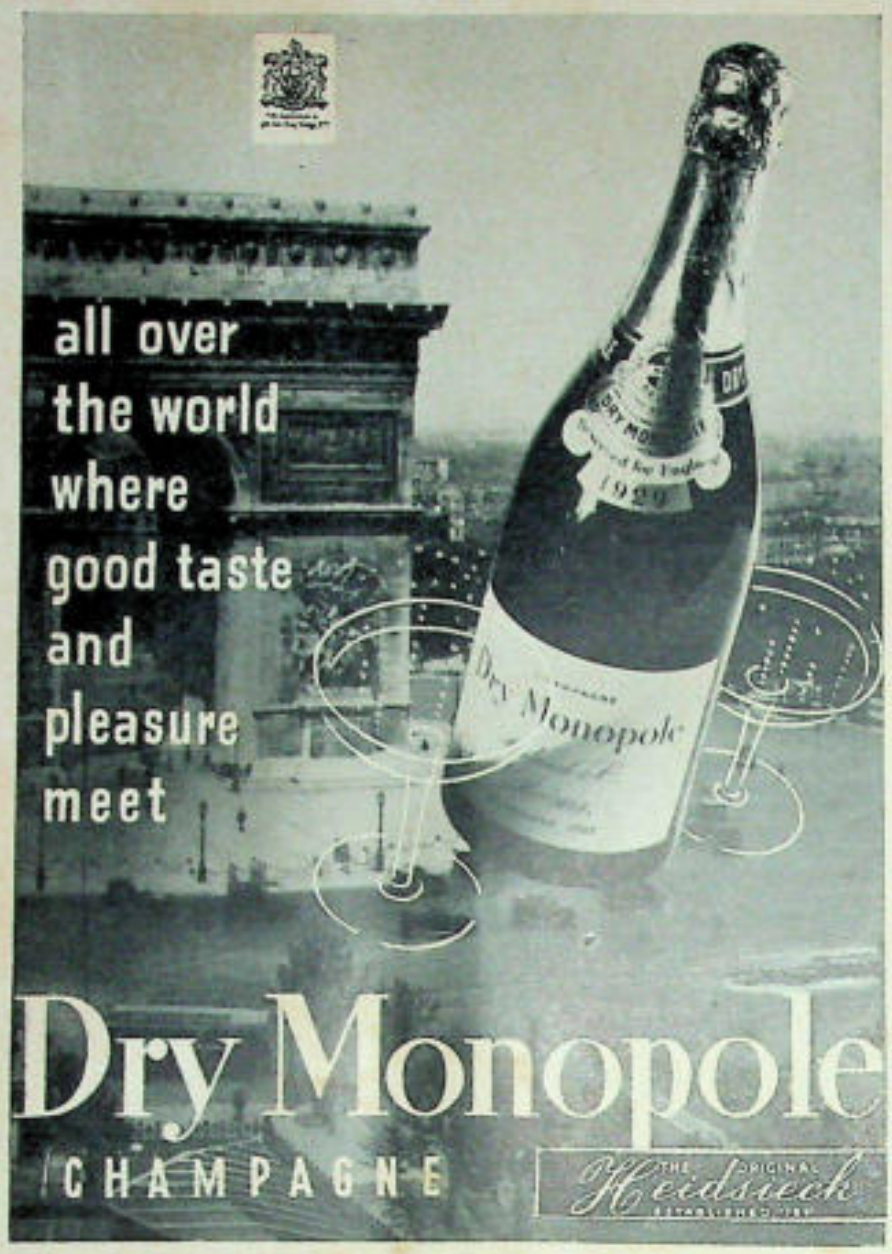
COTTESMORE.—The good luck experienced so far has rather deserted us, only moderate sport being recorded during the past week. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of satisfaction that we are keeping the ball rolling till better times come.

November 27th, when Clipsham was the fixture, was a wet morning, but it fortunately cleared up before hounds met. A short day was spent hunting numerous foxes between Clipsham, Adder and Little Haw Coverts. The ridings in these coverts are very holding and take a lot out of a horse, especially the huntsman's and hunt-servants', who have to be on the move incessantly.

The Tuesday saw hounds at Braunston. Upwind there was quite a good scent; at any rate the hunt started with a quick and straight 25 minutes. From Prior's Coppice a fox was away almost at once on the Leighfield side, and leaving the farm buildings on the left crossed the brook to rise the hill towards the Hog's Back for about halfway, before bearing left-handed. Hounds raced on to Park Farm, where some sheep caused a slight check, but being put right again the pack ran on past Quaker Spinney, marking the fox to ground in the belt of trees just under the Uppingham—Alexton Road. This quick thing inspired great hopes for the future, but followers were dogged by misfortune afterwards.

At Little Owston a fox left at once, and crossed the road into Big Owston, turned sharply left-handed, and only ran a small corner of the covert before crossing the road into Withcote. Unfortunately, a fresh fox had jumped up amongst the pack meantime, and Mr. Hilton Green stopped the lot he had with him not far from Prior's Coppice. Meanwhile the remainder had gone on towards Owston Village before Herbert and John Norman could get to their heads. Orton Park Wood was full of foxes. One broke on the Braunston side, and the same thing happened as at Owston. Mr.

Continued on page 1126





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Hilton Green stopped the lot he had with him near Braunston, while the others, attended by the hunt servants, were with great difficulty stopped on their way to Ranksborough Gorse.

The Thursday saw hounds at Luffenham Station. Mrs. Guy Fenwick had a grand show of foxes in Coppice Leys and on the Heath, which kept hounds busy all day without result.

Saturday, when Stoke Dry was the fixture, was a cold morning with a strong breeze blowing from the west. A fox from Stoke End Covert ran straight and fast to Wardley Wood to be well hunted round and about the covert, where hounds eventually killed. The next fox roused in Prior's Coppice was undoubtedly the same one hunted on Tuesday. He ran much the same line to start with, and went to ground a few fields before reaching Park Farm. FOXY.

CROOME.—There was an ominously red morning sky when hounds met at Puckrup Farm on November 23rd, but the threatened rain did not come until after they had gone home. It was a busy and an enjoyable day, though never particularly outstanding. Hounds disturbed an outlier from the coarse grass on Brockeridge Common and ran by Arbour Wood, bearing left-handed over the Ley Farm, before the hunt came to an end as they pointed for Strensham. Church Covert held the next fox, and hounds drove him out over Moat Farm and across the Strensham Road, checking on the cold plough on the other side, but hitting off the line again in the adjoining grass field.

Their fox had borne right-handed, and they hunted slowly, on a failing scent, towards the Rough Banks, until it gave out altogether. There was no delay in finding a fox in the Ridings, and the leading hound was literally only a few inches from his brush as the pack rattled him round the bottom. Finally, they had him away across the Naughton Road for Smithmoor Common, where, after a check at the western corner of the common, little more could be done. And so the hunt retraced its steps to the Ridings, and almost immediately hounds found again. This fox, however, proved to be a stay-at-home, and could not be persuaded to give a hunt, so at length a move was made to Pheasant Wood. A fox was holloaed away for Croome Park, and the headkeeper had a view of him as he went by the Home Shrubberies and across by Pershore Lodge. He had swung round to the left to Temple Greenhouse and Menagerie, and then, as usual, hounds put up a second fox, so that they had a brace in front of them as they ran by the old Hunt Stables to the Belt.

After reaching Pheasant Wood once more they pointed for Woodley's Brake, but the line faded out short of the covert, and they were trotted off to Licknore for the final hunt of the afternoon. They went away with their fox to Pirton Church, but he turned down the slope to Croome Perry, and as it was too late to penetrate this fastness hounds were stopped. Lord Coventry was out that day, on week-end leave. D. M. M.

DEVON, SOUTH.—The moor was oozing water and the wind blew fresh from the south-west when a small war-time field drew up at Challacombe Barn on November 28th. Hounds in the course of the day came upon a veritable Dartmoor "Hector" by the banks of the Wallabrook at Runnage. He lay so close in the heather that he was lucky to get off in the nick of time. Taking a spectacular flying leap over the water on to the boundary wall he almost fell back, but recovering leaped on to the green sward of Soussons Common to set a cracking pace over the ridge. Tumbling down the far slope to the swollen mine stream hounds wheeled left by Golden Dagger Mine, taking the track along to Vitifer Cottage where, after another left-handed turn, they scrambled up the rugged gully leading to Dagger Hill. Now they took the lead in their stride, and keeping beneath the Warren Inn came up to Cape Horn on the main road. They would, no doubt, have crossed had their pilot not been turned by passing traffic both here and again beyond at Stat's Bridge.

Bearing left-handed the pack streamed over Coal Mires, and racing along the slopes of Merripit were, for the moment, alone in their glory. Now, indeed,

> "As plovers o'er the moorland speed, or wild fowl o'er the sea,
> The steed that stays along with them a right good steed must be."

Even pre-war horses must have been out-distanced had hounds continued long in the same direction, but happily by Runnage wall a leftward swing to the valley let up the panting field. As hounds reached the stream a ring of over four miles had been completed in a matter of fifteen minutes.

With scarcely a pause the pack splashed across and went on to Soussons Warren, whence they paid a second visit to Golden Dagger, scaled the southern extremity of Challacombe Hill, and, as the Hunt staff topped the rise, were seen to be checked by a roadside quarry. The time of this brilliant gallop was 26 minutes, and the line was never subsequently recovered. A stout fox deservedly lives to lead them again on some future occasion.

The hunt now proceeded over Grim Tor, and southwards along the Hamel Down ridge. Hounds selected their afternoon pilot from a brace they pushed up in Bagg Park. Taking him away over the Webburn they climbed to Chinkwell Tor by Hell Corner, had a sharp flurry round Bonehill, and forced their fox away to Harestoot Mires. They now skirted Hemsworth Bog, and passing close under Holwell House and the Fairy Glen in quick succession swung left for Beech Corner.

Here, after successfully negotiating some high netting, the fox encountered a sheep dog and the pace inevitably slowed down. A left-handed loop inside the Hedge Barton drive brought hounds to Hedge Tor. Penetrating Bell Tor Bog they passed over Bell Tor, and Chinkwell Tor was presently regained after an hour's brisk hunting. Presumably the fox went in somewhere hereabouts, for the line could be carried no further. So ended the best scenting day experienced thus far this season, and although no point of note was achieved it was a day of hard galloping, and a well satisfied band wended their way homeward in time to avoid the "black-out." RALLYWOOD.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Hounds met at The Kennels, November 27th, and in spite of a howling gale and pouring rain, which had persisted throughout the previous night and was still raging at 10 o'clock, there was a nice field out. Within an hour the rain had stopped and the wind had died down, and good sport resulted. Finding on the Downs near Mr. Besant's boundary, hounds ran slowly over the plough-land to mark their first fox to ground in Scentclose. A very old one was killed at Hayward's and Mr. Jesty's kale held two brace. Going away with one hounds crossed the road, and marked to ground in a chalk-pit near Ashley Barn.

Coming back quickly to the kale field they went away with a fresh pilot, running hard for Milborne Rings, but bearing to the left over Rogers Hill Farm crossed the Puddletown road. Skirting Black Hill, and swinging still further to the left across the Shitterton Farm, the pack checked for the first time on the Milborne road. Held on they quickly recovered the line, and ran on over the high ground, pointing for Bere Wood. Just short of the main Wimborne road the fox changed his mind, leading hounds at a rattling pace over Maddox Farm, past the kennels to West Down Barn, and on over the Whitechurch road and Winterbourne Brook (which was in flood), as if for Peat Hill. Here a large herd of dairy cattle headed the fox and stained his line, and hounds were at fault until information got them going through the back-yards of Kingston village. Crossing the Bere Regis road near the Dairyhouse, and running on again within sight of Bere Wood, they were stopped at the end of an hour, this concluding an excellent day's sport.

Hounds met again at King Grove cross-roads on the last day of November and though conditions were all that could have been asked for there was only a small field out. The pack found their first fox in King Grove, and going well away ran hard to Piddletrenthide, where they turned sharp left-handed up the valley, to kill their fox in the open, close to Tennant's Gorse, after twelve minutes as fast as horses could gallop. From there the Master drew on towards Navvy's Shovel, and presently hounds found again near Cowleaze Gorse, running fast almost to Buckland Newton, where they turned square right-handed across the valley road, and over Buckland Knoll, to within sight of Plush. Hounds had quite out-distanced the field, and from Buckland Newton to the time they were found at fault near Plush were never seen. Captain Wellesley-Wesley told me he was convinced that their fox had gone to ground in the gorses on the hillside above, but scent seemed to have become worse as the day wore on, and was not sufficiently holding to allow them to definitely account for him. It was a good day's sport, and I am greatly impressed with the way the South Dorset Hounds are hunting. The Master has certainly improved the pack to a marked degree since he took them over four years ago. A. H. H.

HAYDON.—November 25th at Newborough Park was a wild and stormy day, but scent was good, and in the afternoon a noteworthy hunt was recorded. Hounds hit off the line of a fox on Greyside Fell just beyond Park Dam West, and ran fast to the Grindon Woods, which they skirted, to come away on the south side. Hunting on by Settling Stones they lost near Haydon Fell, after a nice hunt of 40 minutes.

At Newborough Quarries, they put up a brace of foxes in the young firs on the west corner. After hunting in the Quarries for 30 minutes they went away with one by Park Shield, the fox running the road for half a mile. Hounds hunted him perfectly on the road, then swung right-handed through the Chesters Woods, almost to the keeper's cottage. Driving their fox once round the woods they turned west and ran through Tower Tye into Walwick Fell at a great pace.

Keeping on the south side of Limestone Bank, and pointing due west to Carrabrough, they crossed the military road to sink the hill to the point-to-point course. The fox was now running north-west into the cheek of the wind, and hounds flew over this fine line of country with its good old turf and stone walls, crossing Teckett's Burn and the hill nearly to the Folly.

Swinging right-handed over Rigg Hill they crossed Allgood's Farm to Cornshield, and Gofton Burn at Leather Ford, into Warksburn, which they hunted right through to the west end, where they were stopped, as it was raining in torrents and hounds were many miles from kennels. They had hunted this fox for 1 hour 30 minutes, and from leaving the Quarries at Newborough ran for 60 minutes without the semblance of a check, making a point of six miles and covering thirteen—an exceptionally fine hunt. H.

TAUNTON VALE.—This hunt had a capital run of over two hours from Paddlemore, Colonel Pringle's covert, on November 27th, after meeting at Eagle Tavern. Going away directly hounds were put into covert the fox essayed to cross the Ilminster—Honiton Road, but being headed set his mask through Ding Goese, and ran on to Broadway Gorse whence, after a short check, hounds hunted him slowly on towards Jordans.

Here he must have been headed again, for he was viewed making his way back across the racecourse. Grant quickly had hounds on to the line, and they ran fast upwind across the Honiton Road to Long Rapps and Barley Hill. Then they bore right-handed through Poltimore to Paddlemore, where this good fox was lucky to save his brush.

The Taunton Vale have enjoyed excellent sport lately, and accounted for a number of foxes. Very small fields and the absence of motor cars are certainly conducive to better sport in this somewhat cramped country. In the absence of Lord Portman, who is serving with his regiment, Lady Portman is very efficiently carrying out the duties of Master. Some of the hounds have been put down, and hunting days have been reduced from four to two days a week. MARTINGALE.

TYNEDALE.—Hounds met at Robb's Heugh on November 25th, and finding in Milburn Dene hunted through the Dene and Milburn Village. The fox was caught in some wire netting, however, as he was crossing the road and was unluckily killed. Finding another in the south drive hounds hunted him round about Milburn Hall for some ten minutes, eventually going away to Quarry Wood, where they changed on to a stale line and were stopped. A good hunt followed from the new covert, hounds going away with a fox straight across a corner of the park. Then they ran east to Cold Coats, swinging north over Glebe Burn, and past East Grange Farm, to Middle Newham and West Newham. Still pointing north they continued on by Black Heddon, over Jock's Well, through Bygate Wood and past Bygate Farm, to Cowstands, where they lost after a good hunt of 60 minutes, on a fair scent.

Monday was a nice scenting day, when hounds met at Gunnerton. Finding a fox in The Dungeon they ran fast over Swinbourne Crags towards Swinbourne Castle. Most of the field got lost, hounds went at such a pace, but horses caught up with them at Erring Burn. The pack ran on by Keepwick, parallel with the Keepwick Lane, catching their fox in the open on Keepwick Fell Farm after an excellent 60 minutes. Another was killed in Beaumont House covert before hounds went home. T.

IRELAND

TIPPERARY.—A strong south-westerly wind, carrying heavy rain, was blowing when the pack met at Barrettstown Cross on November 25th. Hounds were taken to Woodlock's, and finding at once broke at the lower side, only to mark at a rabbit hole three fields away. On being bolted the fox led them back through Woodlocks and Coleman's before running across Mr. Quinlan's farm to the Red City road, where the pack checked. Recovering the line they persevered nearly to Flynn's before heavy rain washed out all traces of scent. As the weather was becoming quite impossible it was decided not to draw again.

The Marlfield fixture on the Monday was held under more pleasant conditions. Hounds quickly had a fox afoot in Marlfield covert and went away over the road towards Oaklands. Turning up wind they ran hard to Knockfolty Cross, and then bore right-handed across Monksgrange to Nicholastown where they marked in a quarry. A move was made to the Church Screen at Woodrooff. Hounds opened at once, and going away to the right of the old church ran through Barona to Poulmucca, where an open shore brought the hunt to an end. To conclude the day a fox was hunted from Donegal towards Whitelands Cross, and over the New Inn road before a rabbit hole saved him from further worry.—T.C.V.

AMATEUR ROD MAKING

By H. HARTMAN

MANY fishermen tie their own flies, but how many of them have ever attempted making a rod? When there are tackle makers to supply the finest goods there is no reason on earth why they should try to do so, but for those who are handy with tools amateur rod making is a fascinating business. By far the most difficult part of it is getting a good piece of greenheart on which to start, (the beginner should not aspire to split cane unless he is prepared to buy the sections ready made, thereby losing all interest in the job), but this can be got over by buying second-hand rods with which wonders can be worked, or by getting well-seasoned timber from some kindly tackle dealer.

Before starting on the rod, which we will assume to be a 10ft. trout rod, it will be as well to give a list of the tools required. These need be neither expensive nor numerous. The first and foremost requirement will be a small steel plane, this type being much easier to "set fine" than the ordinary wooden planes. Next in importance come two long and wide files, one coarse and one fine, two or three small fine files, a metal vice as used in garages, a small drill and a selection of metal bits. These with a few sheets of fine glass paper complete the outfit as far as tools are concerned. All that now remains to be purchased are some corks for the handle and some temporary and permanent rod fittings, such as rings, sockets, reel fittings, and the end fitting, into which is screwed a rubber button or spike.

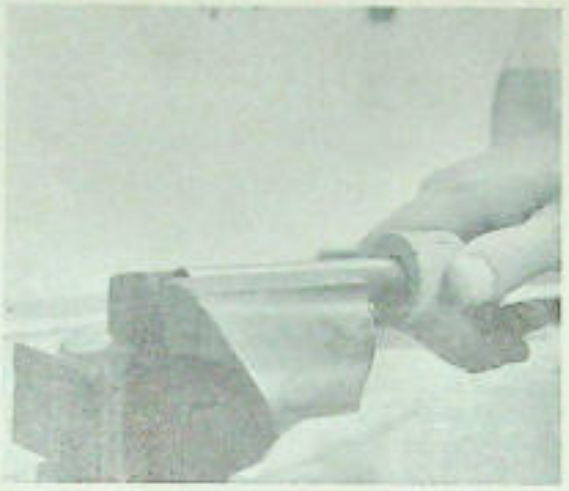
A word as to temporary fittings. As it will not be possible for the amateur, and indeed hardly for the professional, to gauge exactly what size of socket he will require for a particular rod, this depending on the timber used, it is necessary to have a series of what are known as "try sockets." These are simply brass tubes, fitting one into the other, the smaller tube of a pair naturally being for the top joint and the larger for the butt. A further set of brass tubes will also be necessary for boring the corks from which the handle is to be made. These should be put in the vice, and with a small round-backed file the inside of each tube should be filed down until the end has a sharp edge.

Having got our house very nearly in order let us begin to make the rod. A work bench or table and the requisite timber are such obvious necessities that we will assume them to be in the workshop.

By far the wisest course for the beginner is to beg, borrow or steal a rod of approximately the same size and type as the one he is about to make. In this manner he will be able to get some idea of measurements, taper, &c., but it is most important to bear in mind that such measurements can be only of the vaguest, as no two pieces of greenheart are identical, and each must be treated on its merits.

Work should be begun on the butt or handle end of the rod. First of all lay a board some 3in. or 4in. wide and about 1½in. thick along the bench; on this place the piece of timber which has been selected, so that the thick end of it projects over the board. Hold this projecting portion of the rod in the left hand, and with the right start planing it down from the top, or what will eventually be the thin end, working backwards until the point is reached where the handle will begin.

The greatest care must be taken never to take two shavings off the same place, and herein lies the secret of the board laid along the bench. By raising the rod timber 1½in. above the surface of the bench the rod maker is enabled to get his fingers round the rod, and keep up a continual turning motion during the whole of the planing and later filing operations. Having worked the



METHOD OF BORING THE CORKS

butt joint down to some measurement considerably in excess of what we expect will give the required result, it will be as well to slip on one of the "try sockets" and then to commence operations on the top joint, working it down until it fits into the fellow "try socket" to the one already employed.

The two joints are now put together and the rod "felt." As yet there is no handle, so the grip will be out of proportion. Before any alterations are made, therefore, it will be necessary to put on the cork handle, which is a surprisingly simple operation. Choose the sharpened brass tube which most nearly fits the handle end of the butt joint, remembering of course that the tube must be on the smaller and not the larger side, put it in the vice and press the flat side of a cork against it, turning the cork at the same time. When the tube has cut about half-way through pull the cork off and repeat the operation from the opposite end. A clean, sharp hole will result.

The handle is now glued and a cork pushed up the rod until it reaches the mark where the handle is to begin, the measurement having been obtained from the begged, borrowed, or stolen rod. This process is repeated until the corks reach to within 1½in. of the end of the joint, care having been taken to glue the flat sides of the corks as well as the joint on to which they are fitted. These are now clamped together between two pieces of wood, as shown in the picture, and left for the glue to set.

Clamps are the simplest method, but as they have not been included in the list of tools an alternative method is shown in the picture. Once the glue has set all that remains to be done is to file the corks down to the size required, beginning with the coarse file and ending up with fine glass paper.

Next, on to the 1½in. of timber, which was not covered with cork, must be glued a piece of wood to receive the end fitting. For this purpose nothing is better than a cotton reel. The hole through the centre of it will have to be enlarged before glueing it in place. When this has been done the reel is filed down until it fits tightly inside the "end fitting," which is now glued and nailed on with small pins.

It may now be as well to put the reel fittings on to the handle, in order that the action of the rod may be tried with the reel in place. The fixing of these requires no description as they consist of a ring which slides up and down the handle, and what is known as a "W" fitting, the latter being screwed to the handle through the cork.

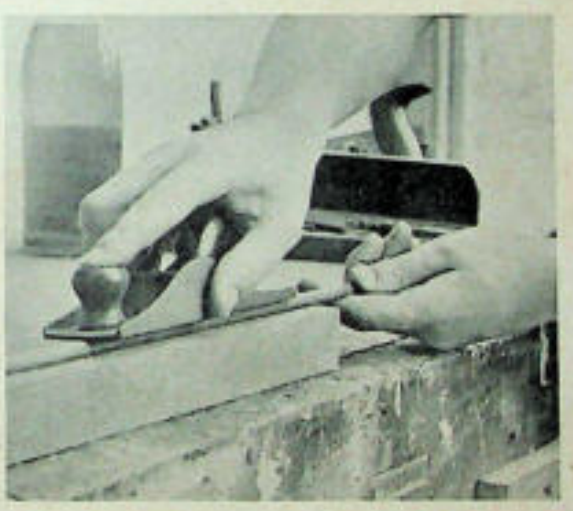
How and where to alter a rod are things which can be learned only by experience, but two rules must be borne in mind—the first that the taper must always be gradual and even, and secondly that there must be no "straight lines." This means that when the rod is put together and pressure put upon the tip the curve so produced must be even. "Straight lines" are almost certain to appear in the unfinished article, indicating that at these places the timber is too thick and should be reduced with a file; a plane might easily remove too much. Two other useful points to remember are that the action of the rod must continue right into the hand, and that the butt must therefore not be too thick, and also that the heavier the top the whippier will be the rod. Light tops produce stiff rods.

Having got the required action, the rod must be cleaned up with fine sand-paper and the permanent sockets fixed. The length required to hold the socket is marked off, glued and some waxed cotton wound round it, and the socket knocked into place with a piece of wood. To finish see that the wood is well smoothed with glass paper, rub it down with a rag on which a few drops of linseed oil have been put, and then with the stain, which is also applied with a rag. A most excellent stain can be made from a 6d. packet of seal brown Diamond Dye mixed with methylated spirit, the proportions of spirit to dye depending upon the depth of colour required. Finally, rub the whole over with a thin coat of shellac varnish.

The rod is now ready for the whippings, if it is required to put any on, for of course on a greenheart rod they serve no purpose beyond giving it a finished and more professional appearance. Ordinary thin sewing silk does well for the whippings, and twist for putting on the rings.

Two home-made tools will now be required; a small board with a nail through it, on which to put the reel of silk, and a "wood file." This is made from any piece of hard wood about 8in. long, half the length of one side being planed flat, and notches at intervals of roughly ¼in. being made in it with the edge of a file. This is used for polishing and smoothing down the edges of all bindings.

The rod is now marked off, 1½in. being allowed between each whipping, and spaces left for the rings. The whipping silk is pulled through an ordinary piece of beeswax, which makes it "tacky,"

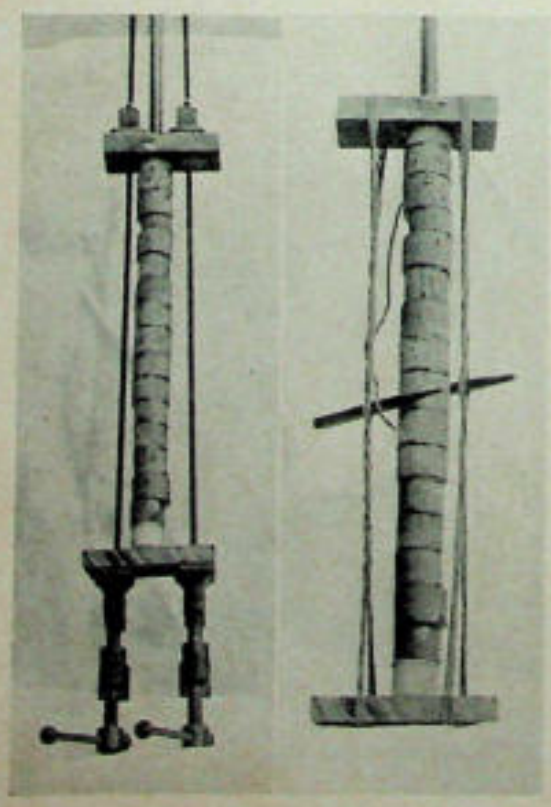


PLANING THE ROD; A MATTER FOR GREAT CARE

and the silk wrapped on. Advantage of this system is that as the turns, which should be seven or eight in number, are wound on, so by the turning of the rod will an equal number appear higher up its length, in readiness for the next whipping. When all are finished their edges should be tapped with the back of a knife in order to close up the turns of silk, and the whole rubbed over with the wood file.

The rings, which are the last item, must now be fixed. A few turns of silk are wound on to the rod, and the ring held in place. Four or five turns are now made over the base, leaving the end protruding, then the ring is pulled back very carefully until the end slips under the silk. The coils are continued until it is estimated that only three or four more will be required. At this point a loop of silk is placed under the main thread, the coils being wound over it, and when completed the thread is cut, the end passed through the loop, the ends of which on being pulled will pass the original thread under the coils. All rings are put on in the same way, and finished as were the whippings.

Three coats of varnish only stand between us and the completion of our rod. The best carriage varnish should be used. Put it on very thinly with a brush and finish off with the ball of the finger and not the brush. Plenty of time must be given for each coat to dry, and the rod will be ready for use. Use it then, and of the first fish that bows it you will in truth be able to say: "*I* caught this fish."



THE CORK HANDLE: FIRST STAGE, AND AN ALTERNATIVE METHOD OF CLOSING UP CORKS, DISPENSING WITH THE USE OF CLAMPS



GREAT INDIAN HORNBILL TAKING A GRAPE FROM THE LIPS OF ITS KEEPER

TAME ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

IT is no part of the duties of the London Zoo to indulge in the training of animals, and the word "training," in fact, could never be applied to any of the ways in which keepers come into contact with the animals in their charge. Nevertheless, this rule does not prevent the Zoo animals from learning to indulge in all sorts of performances.

Most famous of these is the chimpanzees tea-party, which takes place daily on fine days throughout the summer. Since it was started a year or two ago, it has proved one of the most popular features of the summer season at the Zoo.

The secret of the behaviour of the chimpanzees at their party lies in their natural imitative powers. Chimpanzees are wonderful at copying the movements and habits of their keepers. On the other hand they are temperamentally unsuited for imitation for any protracted length of time, which explains the fact that if the chimpanzees' tea-party goes on for more than about ten minutes it usually breaks up in slight disorder.

On one occasion the animals had reached the disorderly stage when a downpour of rain drove them and their keepers to take shelter underneath the wooden platform on which the performance is usually held. The results of this and the entanglement that ensued delighted the public rather more than the keepers. To-day there are eight young chimpanzees at the tea-party stage, all in excellent health and condition. Perhaps the most famous of them is Jubilee, the first chimpanzee to be born in the London Gardens.

The subject of tameness in Zoo animals has always been an interesting one. There are species of animals which can invariably be tamed. Among them I should certainly put the common panda and, perhaps, the binturong. In others there is great individual variation.

An excellent case of this could be seen a year ago when several baby bears were introduced into the Children's Zoo. Two specimens from Asia, which had been caught in the wild and recently imported, were wonderfully tame and entirely trustworthy with children. On the other hand, a young bear of exactly the same age, which had been born at Whipsnade, was quite untameable and exhibited the vilest temper. She had to be taken back to Whipsnade immediately. This example shows another point—that it is quite unsafe to say that animals born in captivity are more likely to be tameable than those born in the wild.

Few kinds of animals fall altogether into the untameable category. Such primitive beasts as the Tasmanian Devil might do so. At all events, among the few that have passed through the Society's hands there has never been one which has shown any inclination to tameness or, in fact, towards entering into any kind of positive relationship with its keeper.

Some animals are tame with certain people but not with others. Cheetahs, when tame, are generally trustworthy with adults but seldom with children, and wolves, particularly, will exhibit trustworthy friendliness to some people but treachery to others. Among the few people who can invariably approach and play with wolves at any stage of their lives, is Mr. Spens Stuart, who has for many years made a practice of sharing part of his morning with the Zoo's collection of wolves. Before the bulk of the public arrive he may often be seen exercising his friends on a steel chain round the Gardens.

Some of the higher birds make very interesting pets and have learned to perform tricks for their keepers. Very often magpies and jackdaws learn to talk slightly and learn games like taking a coin out of a pocket, plucking out hairs and pinching keepers' ears.

Perhaps the most spectacular bird performer is the Great Indian Hornbill in the Bird House, which has built up an extremely complicated game with its keepers, based on an exchange of grapes. Not only will the bird take grapes from between the lips of its master, and if asked, return them to his mouth, but it will swallow up to six or seven grapes and at the word of command bring them back singly or all together.

In some cases, particularly in birds, apparent tameness may be the result of a transference of one of their instinctive "drives" from their natural object to the keeper. Perhaps the best example of such a bird is George, the Bateleur eagle, which does a courtship display not only to its keeper but to any visitor who chances to stop and look and (if necessary) exclaim "George." This particular bird displays all the year round.

Perhaps the finest collection of tame animals in the Zoo at the moment is that in the Small Cat House, and in keeping with the tameness of its pandas, binturongs and cats, it is not surprising that nearly all the animals have already been adopted.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

WAR or no war, pheasants must be shot, and since there is no cold storage facilities for game nowadays, pheasants must not only be shot, but eaten. All agree that the cock is more beautiful, but the hen more tender; also that young birds are better than old ones, but opinions differ in the matter of hanging. A freshly-killed pheasant is, to my way of thinking, dry, tasteless and not nearly so good as a plump fowl; but a really "high" pheasant, that is a bird in a state of putrefaction, is worse. The natural flavour of the pheasant, which is wholesome and pleasant, does not assert itself at first; it does not appear until the bird has been hung for a few days in a dry and airy place, free from flies—from four to seven days, according to the state of the weather, will do.

There are ever so many ways of cooking a pheasant and all cookery books give a number of recipes. There is even a book by Mrs. Turner entirely devoted to the subject; it is called *Fifty Ways of Cooking a Pheasant*. How to cook a pheasant, and what to serve before and after it, must necessarily depend upon the person who has to do the cooking, that is whether you have no cook at all, a plain cook or a talented chef. If you do your own cooking or have a plain cook to cook for you, the following menu would give you or your cook time to concentrate on the basting of the pheasant—and a roast pheasant is dry by nature and must be basted continuously; also time to boil the chestnuts and to mash them:

Cold lobster; Mayonnaise.
Roast pheasant; Mashed chestnuts.
Stilton or Double Gloucester; Celery.
Chablis Vaudésir 1929, with the lobster.
Côtes de Beaune 1926, with the bird and the cheese.

No coupons required, and an excellent meal indeed. But suppose that you have the same lobster, pheasant and chestnuts, plus a first class chef to deal with them, he could give you and your friends a truly memorable meal, as follows:

Potage velouté de homard à l'Américaine.
Faisan étoffé à la Sainte-Alliance.
Mont-Blanc aux Marrons.
Verdelho Madeira 1847.
Pommery in Magnums 1906.
Château d'Yquem 1869.

The pheasant "Sainte-Alliance" is one of Brillat-Savarin's most extravagant recipes, too extravagant, probably, for war time; it can be replaced by *Faisan sauté à la Champenoise*, a much simpler dish and really quite as good as the other.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THERE seems to be more business passing on the Stock Exchange now than before the actual outbreak of war. Several stockbrokers have told me that they experienced quite satisfactory business during the month of November.

In fact some assert that November was the best month so far this year as regards business. It is important to note that in most instances clients have made money.

It may be recalled that when war broke out markets crumbled rather badly. There was then urgent need for liquid resources on the part of many investors. Securities were therefore freely sold and prices broke.

When that selling came to an end recovery set in. Since the end of September market values have tended towards much better levels, with only occasional setbacks. British Funds, for instance, were substantially higher at the end of November than they were at the end of August. Very big rises were established in November in home railway securities.

Many of the principal industrials more than recovered the heavy falls suffered in early September. When clients make money in stock markets they come back and deal more freely. All dealings on the London Stock Exchange are now for cash. The fortnightly settlement has been suspended for the war period at least. Facilities for speculation are virtually non-existent.

Every purchase must be paid for in cash. Clients are now accustomed to cash dealings, and many confess that such business pays better than operations of a more speculative character. The general experience is that speculators frequently buy far more stocks and shares than they can conveniently pay for. That was certainly the case under the old fortnightly run.

The type of business conducted to-day is of an investment character. Naturally securities are turned over when a profit is seen. That in itself makes for more business. Interest is very largely confined to British securities.

Leading industrials are being bought for investment purposes. It is, of course, recognised that new and particularly heavy taxation will make serious inroads into the profits available for distribution on equities. Up to now most companies have been able to show good results despite heavier tax provisions.

There are, of course, exceptions. Catering companies, particularly those in the London area, have been very badly hit as a result of war conditions. The departure of many business houses from London to the country has adversely affected the earnings of such companies as J. Lyons and Aerated Bread.

The latter company, for instance, is postponing dividend on its preference capital. On the other hand, iron and steel companies are doing well and brewery concerns remarkably well. Breweries serving the industrial areas of Britain appear to be most prosperous at present.

It is considered that Ind Coope & Allsopps, with interest in many parts of the country, must show good results, providing there is no further material increase in beer duty. The £1 units of ordinary stock standing around 81/– ex dividend are regarded as a promising investment.

Net profits of the company for the year to September 30th were slightly less than the year before. The dividend was 23½ per cent on a larger capital.

Imperial Chemical Industries £1 ordinary units are a popular market around 30/6 each. This concern has numerous activities and interests. Its activities in explosives are very substantial. Synthetic fertilisers is another branch of activity. There is keen demand for fertilisers on the "grow more" policy of the country.

It is known that the company is to-day actively engaged on Government contracts of many descriptions. Total ordinary dividend for 1938 was 8 per cent. The interim for the current year has been maintained at 3 per cent. The units should be worth putting away for a time if picked up around 30/6 each.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EARLEY STREET, S.W. 1, are most anxious to assist a helpless old lady of seventy-four, suffering from incurable rheumatism. She is alone in the world, having lived with two sisters, now dead. Their father owned a large farm in Devonshire and nowadays she has no income beyond her old age pension, so she sorely needs help.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HIGH AND OVERHEAD

SIR,—The article "High and Overhead" by W. H. T. Long, in your issue of November 25th, has, I feel sure, given much pleasure and useful information to many readers, particularly those who, like myself, find difficulty in dealing consistently with high pheasants coming directly overhead (or indeed, in my case, at any angle!). I may explain that by "high" I mean from about 80ft. up to 100ft. In my own experience on high overhead shots it is by no means easy to score a good average of clean kills, particularly if the birds are coming along at a good pace. I exclude "curlers" which defeat most of us entirely. A few years ago I developed, after careful thought and experiment on my own, helped by the advice of one of our foremost professional coaches, a particular technique for shooting at pheasants, part of which is identical with that explained by Mr. Long, *i.e.*, I throw the weight of the body well forward, and balance my body on the left foot with the right foot well back and heel off the ground. Thus a strong rhythmic back swing can be given in the proper manner from the waist downwards, and not with the arms alone working from the shoulders, this latter being a fatal practice which leads to poor shooting on this, and indeed, on every type of shot.

I do not agree with Mr. Long in his advice to throw up the gun in front of the bird—this practice, I believe, tends inevitably to produce the fatal habit of "intercepting," as it is called by some coaches, or "laying up for 'em" by others, and is, I believe, one of the most fertile causes of those distressing series of misses that occur to most of us.

To ensure that the gun is kept swinging I believe a far sounder technique is to raise the gun smoothly (by smoothly I mean with no sign of "see-saw" action due to the independent action of the right and left hands) with the stock in front of the shoulder and with the barrels well up held in a firm left hand grip. Then directly the bird appears past the barrels the strong body movement explained above is brought into action, with the gun coming up and into the shoulder smoothly, and the trigger is pulled directly the stock is in to the shoulder with the gun swinging.

I like to think of the whole movement of shooting in terms of a "leading swing" rather than in terms of "lead" alone—the former will seldom result in the fatal habit of "intercepting" or poking, but the latter may, as I know only too well from bitter experience.

To maintain this desirable "leading swing" in shot after shot in the course of a day's shooting is by no means easy, even though one may practice the movement regularly, but a very good plan is to say to oneself "race him" as you start to swing with your gun, for "racing" provides an excellent mental stimulus for getting ahead and staying there!

One thing is certain—it does not pay to get careless or over confident on any type of shot, particularly when pheasants are coming in fair numbers, and this expressed thought of "race him" should be sufficient to maintain the necessary stimulus for what I like to call and think of as "the leading swing." Swinging is the result of mental as well as muscular activity, and thus as one relaxes on the mental side so does one's shooting deteriorate, anyhow mine does!

I may be wrong, but it would appear that in Mr. Long's technique there is a swinging of the gun after the stock is bedded in the shoulder, and if so I believe this to be wrong, for in my opinion the trigger should be pulled directly the stock has come into the shoulder. "Shoot quick and swing" is Lewis Carey's advice concerning the secret of good shooting, in his well-known book, *My Gun and I*, and with this authority I agree entirely. May I put it thus:

"Swing and the birds fall round you,
Poke and you stand alone."

"Intercepting" or "Laying up for 'em" will produce the same position of isolation!

Regarding the height of shootable pheasants—I believe 40yds. up to be beyond the power of an ordinary 12 bore firing 2¼in. cartridges to deal with satisfactorily (please note this word). An odd bird here and there may be killed outright, one or two may be stunned in the air and knocked right out by impact with the ground, a few be pricked by stray shots in a non-vital part and go on, but the majority would escape untouched. 40yds. or 120ft. is a big height in shooting, which reduced to a practical basis means a full 30ft. over the top of a high elm, and to attempt to put birds at this height over a line of guns equipped with ordinary 12 bores firing 2¼in. cartridges would be surely a senseless thing to do. 80ft. up to 100ft. is high enough for most of us using an ordinary 12 bore and 2¼in. cartridges, and, moreover, it is a height that gives the bird a reasonable chance, and that is what most of us desire. Further, do not we like to feel that every bird that we shoot at is a bird not only worth killing but also worth missing!

The whole subject of the art of shooting is a most complex one, and of absorbing interest to many, and thus I hope that Mr. Long will forgive my joining issue with him on one or two points in his most interesting article.

Yours faithfully,
SUSSEX.

THE FUTURE OF HUNTING

SIR,—Since the introduction of the first railway line at the beginning of the nineteenth century gloomy prophets have been for ever forecasting the end of hunting in England. As each decade passed and new inventions—the attributes of so-called civilisation—appeared, this conviction became more and more firmly fixed in the minds of the pessimists. Wire, the agricultural depression and the Great War all lent fuel to the flames, and there was a time, it is true, when that last calamity appeared as an insurmountable barrier.

In many ways the last war hit hunting harder than this war has to-day. For to-day there is not that widespread demand for horses which was the



VICTIM OF A PARASITE
(See letter "The End of the Struggle")

case in 1914; but in contrast to that is the present economical aspect of hunting, which is infinitely worse than it was at the beginning of the Great War. To-day we start with an income tax of 7/6 in the £, and it is common knowledge that to run a pack of hounds is a costly business. Hunts throughout the country are faced with a great problem. How to continue hunting while at the same time faced with a rapidly falling budget. As before, the pessimists rear their ugly heads and say that hunting is finished, but that is a defeatist attitude. A certain type of hunting may be finished, but to say that this is the end of all hunting is anticipating a situation which has not yet arisen.

In recent years we have—and there is no point in making any bones about it—been spoilt. We have been, in many places, accustomed to hunting in a grand manner. We have seen large kennels hunting large areas, followed by wonderfully turned out and numerous hunt servants and by a large and prosperous field. In many countries troubles and difficulties have been overcome by a cheque put in the post overnight, and hunting has become a social pastime rather than an integral part of the countryside. Instead of the hunt being regarded as something as natural as the rain or the wind it has become, in many places, a milch-cow, a kind of agricultural dole. "They can afford to pay. Well let 'em!"

All that must go. And if it does go then we—who hunt because we love hunting—shall have benefited something from this war. To use an American expression it is the "slickness" of hunting which must be removed. The smart people who hunt because it is the "thing to do" must be replaced by those who hunt because they thrill at the sight of hounds; because it brings them closer to the country which they love—the shadows and lights, the bite of frost in the air, dawns and sunsets, the smell of rain and the talk of the wind in the trees. They are the people who will make hunting continue. For they are part of the country and hunting is of the country, too. While one survives so will the other. When both are gone, the country will have vanished also.

They have been hidden, these honest people. Hidden by the Rolls-Royces and the crowds, and the smoke of a thousand cigars, and their voices have been drowned in the chatter of dances and parties and week-ends.

The pessimists are not to be found amongst them. They know that however hard things may be somehow or other they will continue to hunt, and through hunting to unite themselves with all that is clean and pure, with the things of Nature rather than with the things of man.

The days of ostentatious hunting may be over. Let us thank Fate they are. Away with the crowds and the large balance sheets and let us come back to small, homely hunting. The hounds may not be many, but if they have good blood in them that is no great disadvantage. Second horses may go, but as long as we have one we shall be happy, for we shall be doing something with our friends and doing it in the country we love.

Yes, we shall think more of our sport and more of our hounds when hunting returns to what it should be, and we are rid of the cheapness and tawdry accoutrements which hamper it to-day. We shall enjoy it more, too, for we shall find when we go hunting a companionship which has hitherto been lost in a crowd of pettiness and mediocrity. Our worries will be less; our delights will be greater, and when that simple day shall come, as I believe it will come after this war, we may then, for the first time in our lives, thank Herr Hitler for something. And he, wherever he may be, may console himself with the thought that, though most of his plans were doomed in the long run to ruin, he did at least succeed in doing one constructive piece of work as far as hunting in England was concerned.

Yours faithfully,
PETER WOOD

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE

SIR,—While motoring along a country road a couple of months ago on a run to the sea before petrol restrictions began, I saw a sad sight, of which I send you this picture. A fine old oak tree had been completely killed by ivy, which had wound its insidious way completely to the tips of the tallest branches.

A belated attempt had been made to hack through the stem of the ivy, which was some 3in. in diameter, but it was too late, and the life of the tree had slowly been sapped away by the strangling growth of the ivy. There are far too many trees killed by ivy, and those of us who are lucky enough to own any trees will find it well repays us to have an annual inspection of all tree trunks, to make sure they are not being threatened by ivy.

Yours faithfully,
Olives Cottage, G. B. HOPKINS (MRS.).
Wadhurst, Sussex.

FRIGHTFULNESS

SIR,—I am afraid that it is somewhat late to comment upon an article which appeared in your issue of September 16th. I refer to the article on the Germans by R. N. Rose, in which the writer attributes to the Germans a saying of a famous American General. It was "Phil" Sheridan who said that "the inhabitants of an invaded territory should be left only their eyes to weep with." Sheridan also said (or perhaps it would be better to say boasted) that he had devastated the Shenandoah Valley so completely and thoroughly "that a crow flying over the valley would have to carry his rations!" Mark you, Sheridan was speaking of his own country and his own countrymen.

Incidentally Mr. Rose might be interested to know that General Sheridan's remark concerning the state to which the conquered inhabitants should be reduced was spoken to the Prussian High Command during the Franco-Prussian War at which the General was probably the most distinguished observer.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD J. EYRE.

795, Fifth Avenue, New York.

[The Prussian High Command no doubt agreed with General Sheridan's view.—ED.]

DESTRUCTION OF GUNDOGS

SIR,—It is regrettable to hear talk of many gundogs and hounds are to be destroyed owing to ration difficulties. I can offer a good home in the country to a steady gun- and house-trained spaniel bitch.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. MORLEY
Wye, Kent. (Major, ret'red).

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE

SIR,—*Pulex irritans*, the human flea, is thought to be getting less abundant in this country.

The reason why it is not so often found in public places is probably because of the overpowering perfumes now used by women.

Yours faithfully,
Eastbourne. P. G. TILLARD.



A LICK FOR LUCK
(See letter "On Good Terms")



READY FOR A RIDE
(See letter "Complete With Lead")

ON GOOD TERMS

SIR,—Possibly a dog and a cheetah are not very often photographed together. The enclosed photograph shows Badger on very friendly terms with Singa, the pet cheetah.

Wadi Medani, Blue Nile Provinces, Sudan. Yours faithfully, L. W.

SPORT DURING WARFARE

SIR,—I was much interested in Lord Dorchester's article under the above heading in your issue for November 25th. During the late war my brother-in-law who was with the 19th Lancers (Indian) "somewhere in France," managed to get in a few days' pigsticking, the peasants having complained that wild pig were damaging their crops. As a result of this I have now in my possession the entire skin of a wild boar mounted by Rowland Ward as a rug.

Yours faithfully,
Horsham, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

SIR,—I was much interested in Lord Dorchester's article mentioning sport in France during the last war, and "G. C.'s" letter in which he refers to the ban imposed on his pack owing to French legal objections. Those who saw service on the Somme in 1918 may remember the General Order issued to the effect that all game was strictly preserved and could not be shot. Partridges were so confiding that they used to perch on the wire and, I regret to say, offered very unsporting shots to anyone inclined to try his hand with the rifle. The consequence was the Order was somewhat neglected and even now I have recollections of a much-appreciated change in diet. A few roast partridges (great care having been taken to bury the feathers), a ham from the E.F.C., a cigar and a bottle of wine! What more could Lucullus have provided?

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. R. N. ROSE.

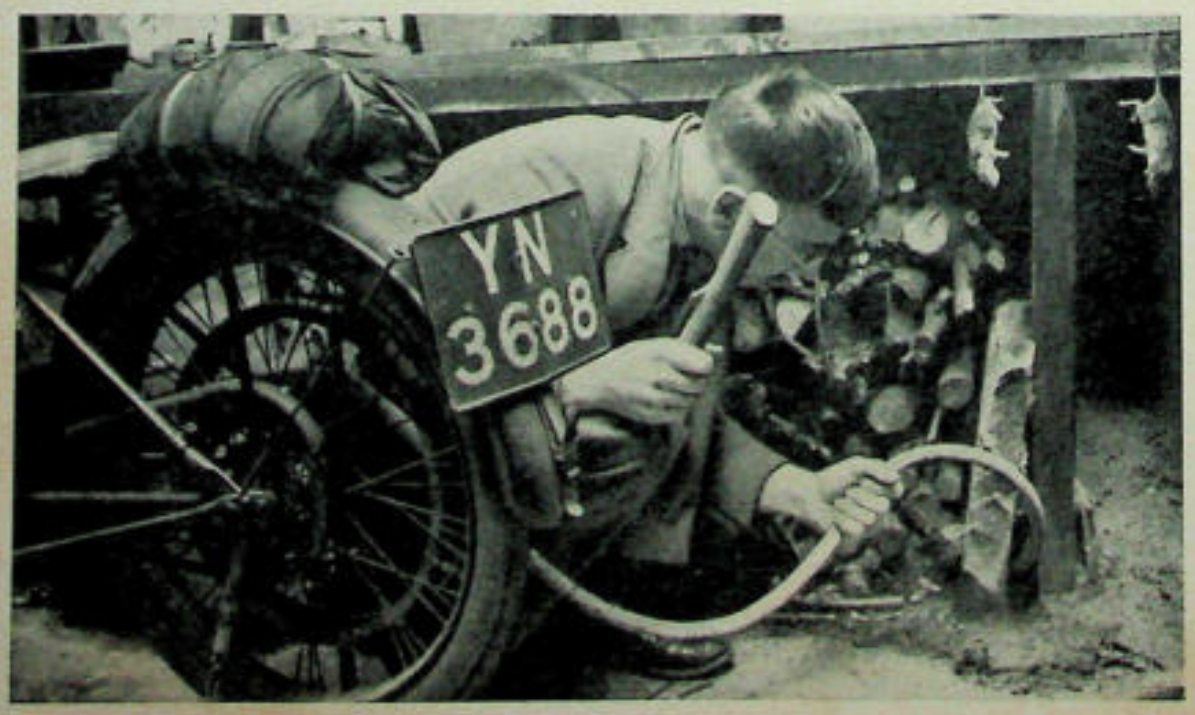
FRESHWATER SHRIMPS AS FLESH EATERS

SIR,—Fishing for trout on Tangy Loch, Kintyre, in July of 1938, our morning's catch, about a dozen, was hidden under the grass which borders the water. The trout were actually under water and when we returned at lunch time we found the fish covered with shrimps. The upper sides of the trout where the shrimps had been lodged were white, and presented a sucked appearance; so the trout were not eaten.

Seeking information about freshwater shrimps, I discovered that they are supposed to be strictly vegetarian, so last summer I asked a friend to put down some dead trout in Tangy Loch and collect the shrimps found on the trout for me. With the aid of Mr. Meleod, the keeper, my friend secured the shrimps which, being sent for scientific examination, were found to be ordinary freshwater shrimps (*G. Duebeni*).

Tangy Loch is rather a peaty loch, especially at rainy periods, and its shrimps are by no means vegetarian, as I saw them on and under stranded dead birds, as well as on trout.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



HOSTILITIES HAVE BEEN DECLARED INDEFINITELY
(See letter "Fighting the Rat")

COMPLETE WITH LEAD

SIR,—You recently published some pictures of mine showing koalas at the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary. Your readers may be interested in the group shown in the enclosed picture. Strongheart, the Alsatian, does not mind taking his koala companion for a ride or even object to a rather unusual type of lead.

Yours faithfully,
Liverpool. FRED G. SHAW.

PINE WEEVILS

SIR,—If your inquirer, who wishes to plant only a few specimen conifers, chooses trees that are fairly large, say 10ft. high, and takes the usual planting precautions (moving plenty of soil, and secure staking) he will help to defeat the weevil, which prefers and does most damage to young trees from three to six years old.

The easiest and best weevil traps are small bundles of pine needles, tied with string. The beetles collect in these and can be shaken into a pail each morning. These traps can be used time and time again, and are easier to procure than pieces of Scots pine bark, 1ft. or 2ft. long.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

UNUSUAL NEIGHBOURS

SIR,—While walking along the banks of the Ouse, near Bedford, some years ago, I came across an old ash tree, which held in the hollows of its trunk the following strange assortment of nests: in the hollow where the top of the tree had been blown off was a kestrel's eyrie, in a hole beneath this was a jackdaw's nest, the next hole was occupied by a barn owl, and lowest of all on the other side of the tree was a starling's nest.

I discovered the nests during April and towards the end of that month all four nests contained eggs at the same time; I was, however, unable to discover whether all the families were reared. The tree is still standing and I know that kestrels and barn owls have used it since for nesting, but their neighbours never returned after the first year.

Yours faithfully,
Willington Manor, near Bedford. F. L. GODMAN.

FIGHTING THE RAT

SIR,—Rat week, which officially commenced on November 6th, was observed with more than usual vigour in our district. Many of the local farmers invited people to "ratting parties" and asked them to bring their dog as well. The enclosed photograph may be of interest to readers of the *Field* who are considering continuing "Rat Week" indefinitely—say for the duration, as everyone knows the pests account for millions of pounds worth of valuable foodstuffs in the course of a year.

The method employed here is using the exhaust from a motor cycle to drive out the rats from their lair during the daytime. The fumes do not overcome them usually, but send them scurrying out into the fresh air, where men with sticks and dogs can do the necessary "polishing off"!

Yours faithfully,
7, Wansunt Road, Bexley, Kent. M. A. SAVONIUS.

New Books

FRANCE'S AFRICAN DESERTS

Deserts. By GAYLE PICKWELL, Ph.D. Pp. XIV & 175. Plates 63, 1 colour. (McGraw-Hill; 15/-.)

WHEN we compare our literature with that of France we find that our neighbour is the fortunate possessor of an adequate selection of non-fiction books dealing with deserts. Their close association with northern Africa has naturally resulted in the publication of a popular survey of the fauna and flora found there.

At the better booksellers of Paris there is always something new of France in Africa, or with even wider scope, and it makes one feel sorry that we in England publish so little in comparison, in the popular field, of the rich life that abounds in other parts of the world. The fascination of big game alone receives our attention.

The lack of opportunity to study at close quarters is chiefly to blame. America, however, can supply us with literature on warmer latitudes and life that is restricted well away from over-populated country. How this book under notice takes one close to its deserts! The author has made a complete study of desert country, describing the great wealth of life that has made its habitat in surroundings apparently so unsuitable to life.

As Dr. Pickwell points out, "Deserts are not lifeless wastes; living things are surprisingly abundant there. All life in the desert is faced by the great water problem, however. The methods used by living things in solving it will be the phase of greatest interest to us."

He explains how these difficulties have been successfully surmounted by members of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and gives numerous examples.

Particularly attractive are the large illustrations. The photographs themselves measure 7¼in. by 9¼in.; the size may seem unnecessarily large for showing small shells, and a close-up of the holes made by a powder post beetle, but the great advantage gained by such large plates is seen in photographs depicting desert scenery, where reproductions on a smaller scale would not have conveyed a proper impression of a world unknown to us in England.

* * *

Collected Poems of Lady Margaret Sackville. (Martin Secker, for The Richards Press; 10s. 6d. net.)

In a foreword Lady Sackville analyses her feelings on looking through this collection of her poems. Certainly the reader will be able to detect, here and there, phases of development, but generally speaking the poems have as much point and merit as on the day they were written. This is particularly so in the epigrams and epitaphs, which show a keen mind and an ability to leave out unessentials, often equal to that of Landor. In her sonnets and lyrics Lady Sackville has captured the literal meaning of those often abused terms, and many of the war poems have a very sad—because so apt—application to the present time.

All through her poetic career Lady Sackville has shown much more than technical brilliance, though this is often marked and never lacking. But what gives the permanent value to her work and assures it a place in our literature is the manner in which this ability is joined to a deep knowledge of life and people. No one can read these poems without understanding more of the world—and this is surely the purpose of literature.

* * *

The Young Victoria. By MARION W. FLEXNER. (Michael Joseph; 8/6 net.)

Of the making of books about Queen Victoria there is apparently no end, but this book shows that it is still possible to be original and to throw fresh light on a very interesting subject.

Only a part of Victoria's life is dealt with—from the time when she was four years old to her ascent to the English throne at eighteen. She at last appears as a normal child, not very good at lessons, faintly bored with the quiet life of Kensington Palace, but getting a certain amount of amusement out of life.

It is remarkable that a woman of such pronounced character should have emerged from so quiet and restrained a childhood, and one of the best points about the book is the way in which it shows the sense of responsibility growing. The last few pages leave no doubt as to Victoria's future character and outlook.

The author had in mind children as her principal readers, but the book has a value for everyone in that it presents a new view of Victoria's childhood which is based on long research and reliable documents.

* * *

Koonwarra. By CHARLES BARRETT. (Oxford University Press; 8/6.)

Koonwarra is the Australian name for the Black Swan, but the bird which has given its name to Mr. Charles Barrett's book plays no greater part in it than it does in the jungle which is the book's main theme. This book, besides being about the jungle, is not unlike it, if for vegetation you substitute information. Vast masses of facts are tangled and interwoven so densely and in such profusion that it is often difficult to perceive which is the tree that supports the branch that one is trying to trace.

Such a mass of luxuriant growth is apt to obscure the light, and knowledge is hard to come by in the midst of so much profusion growing so carelessly. As in the jungle, strange dead things are there, seeming curiously alive until the author shows that they are indeed corpses by saying "that was twenty years ago, it may be different now." It would be strange if in this half light there were not some distortions, and these, in fact, occur, though no doubt the Swedes will be pleased to learn that they have filched Raould Amundsen from Norway. Reading this book is very like threading the jungle paths and, what with leaving the "flattie" for a "walkabout" and putting the "tucker" in the "billy," the ordinary reader may be forgiven if he becomes entirely "bushed."

The illustrations, which are plentiful, are those very clear and utterly inartistic photographs which one always thought were the exclusive property of the travel agencies.

* * *

Famous Sieges from Troy to Kut. By B. WEBSTER SMITH. (Blackie & Son; 3/6.)

This book is a record of twelve of the most famous sieges in history. It is illustrated with eight half-tone plates and eight maps. Of the twelve described, four at least took place within comparatively modern times, Mafeking, the Peking Legation, Port Arthur and of especial memory, Kut. Though we live in troublous times, when war succeeds war and the boom of guns is audible every day, when epic deeds which rival any of the greatest of the days of old are being enacted week by week, there is always a demand for literature that deals with the strivings of the past. The passing of time adds lustre to feats of arms as it enables a writer to throw new light upon and penetrate into the deeper motives which influenced the leading actors on the stage.

The author has handled his material skilfully and recounts in vivid style the details of each siege. The result is a series of thrills that no fiction book could emulate. It should therefore appeal to any one who likes a gripping narrative, as it will also help as a refresher in many little points of history. Perhaps the last chapter dealing with the siege of Kut, when the Turks were our enemies, will be read with as great interest as any, in view of contemporary events. History repeats itself, but always with a difference, and it is the difference that matters.

* * *

Echoing Horn. By MOYRA CHARLTON. (Putnam; 7/6.)

A short book, 30,000 words or so, of the sporting novel sort. It deals, very happily, in five chapters, with deerstalking, polo, foxhunting and hunt-steeplechasing. Mr. Justin Abbott is the hero. We see him shoot a come-by-chance royal in an October gale on the top of a high hill. We see him as cicerone to a lovely lady (with devastating lashes) at Hurlingham Club. We see him, on Flamingo, alone with Mr. Curly Craig's hounds when this gallant pack killed their fox at the end of an hour and 40 minutes and a ten-mile point. Lastly, we see Justin win the Adjacent Hunts' Race on Miss Clemency Marchant's b.g. The Mole. One gathers that Justin adds to this important success the hand and the heart of The Mole's charming owner.

Miss Charlton writes with a sufficient working knowledge of her subjects and she has a gift of apt description which does much to carry her pages bravely along. One can commend her (a minor matter) for her choice in chapter headings. It is nice, for instance, to think that a young author to-day knows, and quotes, *The Old Meltonian.*

Echoing Horn is a pleasant and readable story; a very cheerful book for the times. It will undoubtedly appeal to the public for whom it is written. The illustrations are the so familiar ones of Mr. Lionel Edwards.

* * *

Tales of the Saxon Shore. By S. L. BENSUSAN. (Routledge; 10/6.)

Another tribute to the Essex marshlands from S. L. Bensusan. It is a two-way book; an armchair-by-the-fireside book, to be read with the accompaniment of tobacco smoke and contented chuckles. Old friends, Elijah Bird, Solomon Woodpecker, Gammer Garbole, recur at frequent enough intervals to give the continuity of a novel. It is also a book to pick up at odd times, open at random and enjoy, for each chapter is complete in itself—a too-short story.

Bensusan writes dialect comfortably for the "furriner." Despite the fact that almost every page is three-parts full of dialogue in the Essex tongue, the tale runs smoothly, and that in itself is an achievement.

The atmosphere of these old Saxon villages in their setting between the sea wall and the arable is given with a sure economy. There is no room—nor need—to dwell at length on countryside and cottage architecture. A hint dropped here and there suffices; a window "cluttered up with pots of geranium," does not that give you the huddle of a village street in a nutshell? Not the end where the council houses have climbed into importance on the hill, but the kernel where every chimney has a history and the little windows—not one in ten made to open—blink over creek and salting to the sea. That is where these Saxons of Bensusan's have lived for generations—weatherbeaten men and women, kind of sturdy faith, despite the perplexing tenets of the Peculiar People, loyal among themselves for all their petty tyrannies and deceptions, distrustful of strangers and government exploitation. And well they might be, for have they not evolved long since a wiser code of ethics for themselves?

Betty Aylmer's illustrations are well chosen. They have a quaintly mediæval flavour in harmony with the quiet humour of the letterpress. A book, with Christmas coming on, that you should order "d'reetly minit."

* * *

Lucy Dawson's Dog Book. (Collins; 8/6.)

There is an infinity of dog books, and almost as many "dog" artists as there are artists who specialise in wild fowl. There is to me this difference between the two schools. The artists of the estuary are all pretty much the same in the high quality of the wild geese and whatnots which they paint so eloquently. The dog artists vary, most humanly, in performance. And the dog remains (so states an evening paper) "more popular than lovely woman as a picture subject."

Since Cecil Aldin died Miss Lucy Dawson is now (say her publishers) as well established as he. This particular book does not seem to be Miss Dawson at her best. While the black-and-white work is good, some of the colour plates seem of the Christmas card kind. But this may be due to their production.

In spite of this slight grumble I can, now I come to think of it, name no living dog artist who can better Miss Dawson, and if her work here seems to be unequal the best of it is, I have no doubt, the best available. The dogs in the book range from film dog-stars and circus dogs (a "dog's life" for either wretched animal) to the ordinary cockney terrier and, familiar to many Londoners, the sheep dogs who function in Kensington Gardens. There are also police dogs and an Alsatian from the Wallasey Training School of guides for the blind.

The book is almost entirely a picture book and Miss Dawson gives good measure, since it consists of a baker's dozen of colour plates and countless black-and-white studies. Best of all I like the colour plate of "Me Too," a Pekinese. The Peke puppies, in black-and-white, are equally charming.

There are about 2,000 words of letterpress scattered here and there throughout a book bulky of its kind. Whether by an oversight in printing or on purpose, the printed pages alone are numbered. As the plates are named in the index as "facing page so-and-so" one can only find them by finding first a numbered page and then counting forward or back therefrom. This seems an irritating awkwardness in construction.

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FAMOUS PUTTS *and* CURIOUS PUTTERS

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

A FEW weeks ago the now customary practice of auctioning golf balls at the close of Red Cross charity matches was departed from. Instead Padgham offered his putter. Bidding was brisk before the club eventually became the property of an unknown golfer. I wonder what he will do with it. Will it occupy a place of honour in his study, like the mashie-iron which hangs triumphantly in the lounge of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes clubhouse to commemorate that historic recovery shot by Bobby Jones in his championship match against Al Watrous, or will he venture out on the course to see if it has retained the magic touch of its original owner ?

If past history can be relied upon, it would seem that expensive putters have not always inspired their wielders with confidence. Often the contrary has proved to be the case. Time and again, for instance, we find that an armoury of the finest matched clubs includes a rusty old hickory putter whose days of active service look as if they had ended with the gutty ball. The presence of this ugly duckling is interesting. It shows how men who base their play upon the strictest scientific lines sometimes become almost superstitious in this most vital department of the game.

Here is an example. This summer I spent an enjoyable afternoon in the Dollymount Club chatting with Judge Shannon, that well-known legal figure who enjoys shooting and fishing as much as his golf, and cheerful J. R. H. Scovell, who became secretary of the club after a spell in the Malay States. During a lull in conversation I noticed a small figure on the home green practising hard at putting. It proved to be Paddy Mahon who not so very long ago was listed with the second best average of the British professionals. This intensive activity, I was informed, was due to recent indifferent performances on the greens.

Mahon confirmed this later. He declared that his putting touch seemed temporarily to desert him, but he had at last found a cure ; he had changed his putter. Upon handling the club in question my first impressions were that it might be used for almost anything except putting. The grip had gone and the shaft was hopelessly warped, yet Mahon used this club throughout a later championship and undeniably recaptured his cunning on the greens. Truly, faith is a wonderful thing.

A similar case occurred at Troon last year. I was talking to Charles Yates, the eventual winner of the championship, and observed that his putter looked somewhat the worse for wear. He agreed, and went on to say that it had belonged to a friend who had died three years before. He had left his clubs to his caddy, but Yates had bought the putter for one dollar and a quarter. An invaluable investment, so he declared, as through it he had gained Walker Cup recognition. No idle claim, for this battered club played a decisive part in the winning of two national titles.

Many instances come to mind of players experimenting with strange putters just before a major championship, liking the feel of the club and using it with evident success in the actual event. The final of what is regarded as the P.G.A. Match-play Championship at Stoke Poges two years ago between James Adams and Percy Alliss was one of these occasions.

Putting has never been the strongest feature of Alliss's game, yet in this tournament he charmed the ball into the hole like a man bewitched. Nothing was too difficult, and every putt was struck with deadly accuracy. The secret of this phenomenal display was simple. Just before the event Alliss borrowed quite an ordinary putter from the Secretary and obtained such remarkable results with it on the greens that, christening it "Black Magic," he "putted" his way to victory.

This putter, however, is not the first to have inspired Alliss ; in fact, I should think he must have quite a collection by now. I remember him showing me a putter in the Open of the previous year which he was confident would solve all his problems. In appearance it bore a distinct resemblance to Mahon's club, but was, if anything, one degree worse. The clubhead was loose and, when it came into contact with the ball, emitted a disturbing cracked sound. Most golfers would have hesitated to have used it at all, yet Alliss contrived to wield it throughout that championship.

Another occasion was during the Open at Hoylake in 1936. Finding that his putter failed to comply with the necessary regulations, Gene Sarazen borrowed an old brass-headed club with which he gave a brilliant exhibition of consistent green work throughout the week. The classic example, of course, was when Jimmy Marsden lent Bobby Jones an old rusty putter whilst playing over the Long Island course. Jones sank so many putts that Marsden presented it to him at the end of the round.

The club was later christened "Calamity Jane" and brought immortal fame to its owner. What a pity that the late Harry Vardon was unable to find such inspiration, for, despite his wonderful record, he was, by his own confession, an indifferent putter.

One man who suffered agonies trying to find this putting elixir was Leo Diegel. His record makes impressive reading, but his brilliance is not due to his putting. Few people realised at the time that he was left with a possible putt on the last green at St. Andrews to win the 1933 Open. He failed, in a state of nervous tension, missed the return to tie It seems strange that a man, who can confidently drive a ball some three hundred yards down the centre of the fairway, should be reduced to a state of indecision over a yard putt, yet such is golf. In Diegel's case, he was faced with a problem that has confronted many golfers. His trouble was a form of acute muscular tension which brought about a distressing nervous condition whenever he had to putt. I remember seeing an instance of this in the closing stages of a British Amateur championship not so many seasons ago. One of the finalists had worked himself up into such a state of nerves that the very sight of a putter reduced him to terrifying indecision.

In Diegel's case he tried every possible cure for this trouble, popularly known as putting "jitters." As a last resort he consulted a neurologist, with a certain amount of success. He was told that he would have to eliminate his fingers as far as he could from the execution of the shot as they are more liable to nervous tension than any other part of the body. This he managed to do to a certain extent by putting from the shoulders, which are the least affected by nervous troubles.

The result was that Diegel produced the weird putting stance which was soon called "Diegeling." This awkward-looking crouch solved many of his former fears, but, at the same time, he created a great deal of trouble for others through his new style. Some golfers are always experimenting, and many tried to adopt this stance which was totally unsuited to their style.

I remember watching a golfer of international repute wrapping himself in a knot trying to sink a comparatively easy putt in the true Diegel style, and how, after it had dropped, he declared that the new stance had improved his game. It was not long before he, and many others, realised that the putts were dropping, not because of their new theory, but in spite of it.

Putting has always played an important part in the experiences of every golfer. To prove this try to recall what golfing memories remain most vivid in your mind. The odds are that mental pictures of vital putts, both missed and holed, will leap most readily across the stage of memory.

Who, for instance, will ever forget the tense atmosphere round the home green at Southport as close on 20,000 people watched Densmore Shute miss and Easterbrook sink his putt to give Britain a well-earned victory in the Ryder Cup. Several seasons pass and the same green and the same contest take the stage. This time Britain was losing, but there appeared a remote chance of a point being saved in the match between Shute and King as they played the eighteenth. The American putted for victory and missed. King took his stance and sank his putt to gain a half with a brilliant three. To me, those putts will always sum up the excitement of the last two Ryder Cup matches.

Others may recall the memory of little Jessie Anderson emerging out of the damp cloud, which the locals termed a "haar," in that memorable Curtis Cup struggle against America at Gleneagles. Everything pointed to an American victory. The alternative was for "wee" Jessie to sink a long and difficult putt to halve the issue—a feat made doubly difficult through knowing what was at stake. Without any hesitation she struck the ball firmly, and after what seemed like an eternity, it dropped safely in the hole. Surely, one of the most gallant shots ever played in women's golf.

Perhaps the most unusual putting memories are centred round the Dunlop-Southport tournament when it was staged at Birkdale two seasons ago. On the Friday, play started in a violent snowstorm and those of us who were foolish enough to leave the warmth of the clubhouse were rewarded by remarkable exhibitions of golf. On reaching the greens the balls assumed prismatic shapes which rolled over and over as if affected by a bias. As a result the sorely-tried professionals were obliged to employ mashies for putting.

In the end play was declared null and void, but not before the majority of the competitors had gone out. Taking into consideration the frightful conditions under which they had to play, I always regard W. H. Davies' score of 39 out, for a total of 82, as a magnificent effort.



PADDY MAHON ADOPTED A RUSTY OLD PUTTER IN AN EFFORT TO RECAPTURE HIS PUTTING TOUCH



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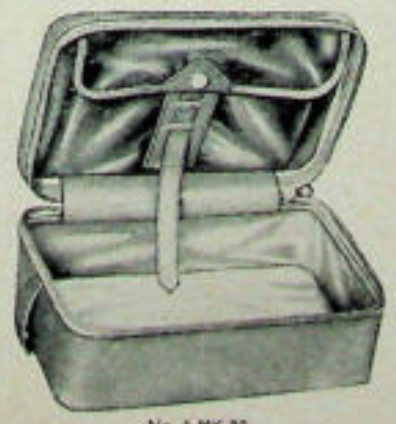
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IN THE DECEMBER GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FOR colour in the December garden we depend chiefly on the mid-winter flowering shrubs with a few fruits, notably those of the Passion flower. Against a warm wall the beautiful golden fruits hang on, at least in the south, till quite the middle of January. In one garden in this part of Surrey there is a Passion flower growing luxuriantly against a south wall. Within two years of being planted it was quite 30ft. high and about 8ft. wide.

It is lovely in flower and as lovely in winter with the mid-winter sunlight glinting on the hundreds of golden fruits. They seem to catch and reflect every ray of sunlight. To my thinking Passion flower fruits are singularly delicious, but they are seldom eaten in this country. The edible part is not the pulp, which, unlike that of most fruits, is almost tasteless, but the seeds embedded in a jelly-like substance.

The flavour is not unlike that of mulberries, but much sweeter. The trouble is that there is so little of this delectable stuff in the individual fruits.

In most gardens, however, large or small, the winter jasmine is now almost in full flower. The star-like yellow flowers are, as it were, the connecting link between the rich yellows and golds of autumn and the exquisite yellows of spring, notably the daffodils. The flowers of this jasmine never seem so attractive as on dull, sunless days when they seem to radiate light. The winter-flowering jasmine, which was introduced from China by Fortune nearly a hundred years ago, captured the cottager's fancy almost as much as fuchsias and geraniums, and became as popular as honeysuckle for porches. It is also amongst the very few winter-flowering plants that do just as well in the heart of smoky towns as in the country.

The one drawback to this plant is that if neglected for many years it becomes a mass of dead wood and hardly flowers at all. On the other hand it can be kept too tidy. For, though it should be regularly pruned, it resents being tacked up too tightly against a wall. The branches should be allowed to grow fairly freely. One of the best ways of keeping it pruned is to pick the flowering stems continuously, cutting them right down to the base. The stems can be cut when they are barely showing colour, and open perfectly when put in water.

I like them associated with the flowers of *Iris stylosa*, but whereas the iris never lasts more than two days indoors the jasmine continues to unfold its blooms for quite ten days. Immediately after flowering the branches should be pruned, cutting back all laterals to the base; and on light soil a mulch in April is helpful.

The most richly scented flowers are those of *Viburnum fragrans*, which in mild parts begins flowering as early as November, and in very mild parts of the south-west those of *Berberis hyemalis*, the scent of which is indistinguishable from that of lily of the valley. In less mild parts this shrub does not flower until February.

I remember reading, though I cannot remember where, that if plants which are not related to each other have very similar scents they invariably come from very different parts of the globe. It is certainly true in this case, for the berberis is a native of China, and was also one of Fortune's introductions. It is only fairly hardy. Its foliage is the most conspicuous of any shrub in the garden at this season.

The flowers of *Viburnum fragrans* have a crystal-like quality suggestive of jewels. Until the fall of the last dynasty this shrub was never allowed to be grown, except in temple gardens or those of the imperial palaces. It grows wild, according to the late Mr. Farrer, "only in the small hill-range between She-ho and Shi-Ja-Jung." Whereas the *Jasminum nudiflorum* looks at home in cottage gardens the viburnum would look out of place.

Rosemary is amongst the indispensable shrubs and few have such a long flowering period. In mid-December the first flowers appear, in every mild spell they are produced increasingly and by June every branch is wreathed with blue flowers. Very frequently rosemary is mercilessly pruned, usually by the type of gardener who cannot resist clipping every shrub into a pudding shape.

To clip Rosemary is to ruin it, for its beauty depends on the grace of the long, slender stems, lovely at all seasons, but particularly so in flower. The only pruning it should ever have is to keep it from growing straggly. Very often a branch will be noted with a long bare part; it should be cut back to vigorous growth, but haphazard shearing over is fatal.

The upright forms of rosemary have a dolls-house charm, but they cannot compare with the type. The white flowered form is fairly rare, and I have recently acquired a pink flowered one which is decidedly attractive, though this again cannot compare with the type. The prostrate rosemary never looks so charming as when growing over steps in the open. But this species is decidedly tender, and in most parts has to be grown as a pot plant in a cold greenhouse.

I wonder the plant is not more commonly grown round the ugly little garages which are nowadays such a conspicuous feature in most suburban gardens; it flourishes in poor, dry soil and, in addition to concealing an ugly building, also helps to keep the garage warm. In a few years these shrubs measure 2ft. to 3ft. through.

Few folk nowadays trouble to make old-fashioned confections such as rosemary sugar, yet it is delicious. It is made by pounding rosemary flowers with sugar till the latter is thoroughly impregnated with the aromatic flavour of the flower. We also use the flowers and the leaves (very finely snipped up) in salads.



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HERBS for flavouring during the winter months are so few and far between that it is worth taking trouble with the few which even in mid-winter can be gathered fresh. Sage, hyssop and winter savory being evergreen are always available, though their flavour is naturally not so good as during the height of summer.

Parsley is so continually needed in the kitchen that a little space should be found in a cold frame for some. Plants are usually transferred earlier in autumn, but if moved with a ball of earth they can be put in now and well firmed in. Parsley makes very long roots for its size, and the job has to be done carefully.

We do not make so much use of parsley as did our ancestors, who knew its value. It is wonderfully curative in cases of rheumatism. I know one person who by steadily taking parsley tea cured herself of rheumatism (and she was walking with two sticks) in three months. Parsley tea is made by boiling a large handful of parsley in a pint of water and drinking the concoction twice a day. But like all the herbal remedies it acts slowly and it is no use unless taken regularly.

Parsley honey is delicious, one of those old-fashioned dainties that has almost been forgotten. To make it, fill the jelly pan with well-washed fresh parsley and add enough water just to cover it. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for half an hour. Add the juice of a lemon to each pint of liquid and the thinly pared lemon rinds. Strain and measure. To each pint of liquid allow a pound of sugar. Return all to the pan and boil until it sets when tested.

Brussels sprouts are still at their best. The earlier sorts offered in the shops are usually monstrosities the size of cricket balls. These are very inferior in flavour, and first-rate cooks scorn them. Early nineteenth century epicures, according to the books of the period, regarded sprouts with a diameter of more than ½in. as not worth eating.

A French friend sent me seedling brussels sprouts of the variety grown by the French market growers for the best restaurants and hotels, and the sprouts measure barely ½in. across. These sprouts would not win a prize at any exhibition, but their flavour is perfect.

Sprouts should be cooked quickly, but this should be done in such a way that the valuable salts are not lost. I find it best to cook them in a casserole in very little water, salt and a tablespoonful of butter, or margarine.

There is no comparison between the flavour of green vegetables cooked in earthenware and those cooked in metal. Cooked as described, small sprouts take 20 minutes. Larger sprouts we cut in half. If overdone sprouts go to a mush, and their flavour is ruined. If not actually cooked with butter or margarine many cooks pour a little melted butter over them just before serving, but this is a mistake. The right way is to put the cooked and drained sprouts in a pan with the butter or margarine and cook them gently for a few moments before serving.

Brussels sprouts and chestnuts are a favourite mixture. In this case the sprouts are cooked without any butter and then put in a frying pan large enough to spread them out in almost a single layer. Put in a tablespoonful of butter and do not fry, but cook them very gently, shaking the pan until they just begin to turn colour, but not at all browned. Add the hot roasted and peeled chestnuts, allowing ½lb. of chestnuts to every 1lb. of sprouts. The mixture should be served in a flat dish and not piled up.

Inferior sprouts are quite good, served with an onion sauce or an onion and cheese sauce; or they can be made into a pie with alternate layers of sliced onions fried to golden brown (not blackened). The sprouts should be in double layers and about ¼in. of the golden onions between. Pour over them a thick sauce with Parmesan or any good grated cheese in it, sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs, put a few nuts of butter or margarine, and bake in a hot oven till the top is golden brown.

Potatoes are also still at their best and we find Golden Wonder easily the best baker. So often baked potatoes are served with their skins as hard as metal, but this is wrong. If they harden in too hot an oven, or with too long cooking, they soften perfectly if put into a very moderate oven for about half an hour before serving.

The horrors described as "baked potatoes," served in some restaurants and that have been parboiled and then baked, any self-respecting cook would scorn to acknowledge.

It takes an artist to mash potatoes as they should be done. They should be frothy, very hot and delicious, wholly unlike the hastily beaten up tepid concoction with occasional lumps. The secret of mashing potatoes well is to add the butter very slowly in tiny pats at a time, and to take time over beating up, and to do it over a very slow fire.

Mashed potatoes should never be put through a potato masher or a sieve. Use nothing but a fork. Break up the floury mass of well-cooked potatoes and add a dessertspoonful of hot milk. Then add a tablespoonful of butter in lumps, the size of a hazel nut, at a time, and beat with the fork over slow heat till almost a froth. Serve piping hot.

E. S. R.

SIMPLIFIED FRENCH GARDENING

Anglicised Method Ensures Increased Yield

By HILARY WHITE

GIVE a dog a bad name and it cleaves to him. Call a system French or Dutch and it remains Continental for the rest of its life. The single-paned frame lights, known as Dutch lights, because they came originally from Holland, will presumably remain Dutch lights, even though they have been manufactured in this country for a number of years.

The same is true of French gardening, which came into being in the environs of Paris in order to keep the French gourmet supplied with the good things he desired all the year round. These French market gardens, varying as a rule from half an acre to two acres in extent, are worth seeing. Each is surrounded by stone or concrete walls, 6ft. or 7ft. high, which reflect the light and heat of the sun, and keep out the cold, biting winds of spring.

Cultivations on similar lines to those followed in France have been carried out in many English gardens for generations, but it was the Frenchman who elaborated the system so as to embrace production all the year round. English French gardening may be carried out on any good soil, providing it is well drained. After the first year the original soil is hardly used at all, and the whole of the ground is practically a mass of light vegetable mould, a foot or so in depth, which has been produced as a result of the constant use of strawy manure for hotbeds.

The system should prove very popular in war time, for the whole area can be used to its utmost capacity for the production of crops in their regular sequence, without any waste of labour, time or space. It is necessary, though, to have large quantities of strawy stable manure available, and so the scheme should appeal to those who keep horses.

One of the most interesting things is that, under ordinary cultivation, few plants get sufficient water to bring them to perfection in the shortest time, but in the French garden things are different. There is enough moisture present to supply them fully. The scheme allows for intensive inter-cropping, which would not be possible under other circumstances. The catch-crops and inter-crop are grown with very little inconvenience and without overcrowding. Three or four crops may be in the frame at the same time, two or more of which are quickly ready while the other matures more slowly.

The size of the frame is naturally governed by the size of the light. It is important that they should both be uniform and interchangeable. The modern Dutch light, made with one sheet of glass, meets the necessary requirements. The frame can be made quite cheaply of unframed 1in. board, and should take three lights. The back should be 9in. high and the front, 7in. only. Two wooden cross-bars, 2in. by 2in. should divide the frame into two equal parts and help to ensure that the frame structure is firm. At each corner of the frame should be nailed a 2½in. by 2½in. leg, which should come to within ½in. of the top of the frame, and project 1½in. below.

If the French garden is to be started on ground that is old pasture the turf should be skimmed off and be burnt or charred back. On the part reserved for the hotbeds the soil should be removed to a depth of 8in. or 9in., mixed with the damp turf and stood in a heap ready to put into the frames once the hotbeds have been made up. With this soil, the first year, may be mixed, if available, very well-rotted leaf mould and a certain amount of horticultural peat-moss litter. To keep this soil from freezing it is usual to cover the heap with strawy farmyard manure to a depth of 4in. or 5in.

The hotbed should be made up on or about January 15th. If there is new and old horse manure available alternate forkfuls of each should be shaken out and laid in position about 9in. thick. This should be beaten down with the back of a fork, and another 6in. or 9in. put on top and also beaten down. The manure should be trodden down firmly and evenly, and the hollow places should be levelled with more manure. The bed laid down should be of such a length and width as to allow the manure to extend 9in. beyond the frames all round.

The frames should then be stood in position, and care should be taken to see that they are quite level. It is usually necessary to stand on each corner to get them solid, and pack manure under the feet of the frame until a satisfactory level is reached. The frame should be set end to end about ½in. apart, leaving a space of 1ft. or so between each row of frames to allow for ease of working in between. The prepared soil should then be thrown into the frames until there is a depth of 6in. or so all over the manure. This should be raked level.

Carrot seed, variety Demi longue, a forcer, should then be sown thinly all over the surface, another light raking being given. The soil should be pressed level and lettuce plants of the variety Gotte, a forcer, planted at 9in. square. The frame lights should then be put over, and no air should be given until the lettuces have all been cut. Protection should be given during frosty nights by using sacking or straw mats.

At the beginning of April, seeds of the turnip known as Demi longue, a forcer, should be sown two at a time in holes ½in. deep, made 10in. apart, exactly between the rows of the lettuce. At the end of the first week, five cauliflower plants, variety All the Year Round or Ideal, should be planted per light—one in the centre and one at each corner. By April 20th all the lettuces should have been cut and marketed, and the lights may then be removed and the frames given a thorough flooding. From this date onwards ventilation may be supplied, and a watering given every third day. When giving air the top and bottom of the lights should be raised alternately.

It should be possible to pull the turnips and market them about April 24th, and soon afterwards to sell the carrots. The former are usually sold eight in a bunch, and the latter in bunches weighing 1½lb. The frames can now be removed to another part of the garden, where beds can be prepared for melons. The original beds are then hoed, the cauliflowers being watered every other evening, and so should be ready for despatching to market early in June. Once the cauliflowers are out of the way the land should be forked over, and Glory of Nantes lettuce planted 9in. square. Dore self-bleaching celery should be planted in between the lettuce. This celery does not need earthing up, and should be marketed in September and early October.

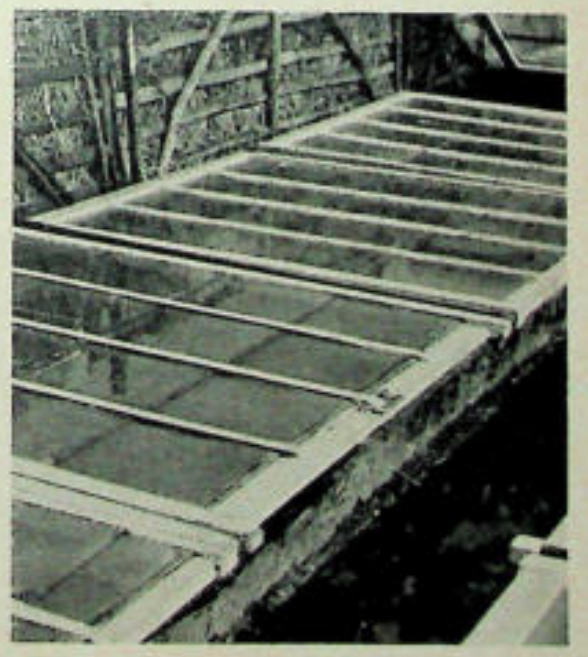
Thus it will be seen that from January to September six good profitable crops are grown. Those who would like to go further into the system should study the latest edition of *The Profitable Culture of Vegetables*, by Thomas Smith, published by Longmans.



CUTTING LETTUCE GROWN IN FRAMES UNDER DUTCH LIGHTS AT WYE COLLEGE



PULLING CARROTS FROM A FRENCH GARDEN
(Note cauliflower growing in the frames)



IN THE FRENCH GARDEN AT SWANLEY HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE
Thatched hurdles give protection from the wind



A WELSH BLACK DAIRY HERD FORDING THE RIVER CONWAY AT YSPYTTY-IFAN, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED

WINTER FEEDING OF CATTLE

By H. C. LONG

THE question of the feeding of dairy cows is a perennial one, always the subject of argument, and having no finality because we are always learning something new, or feeding stuffs vary widely in price, or in any event local conditions differ considerably. For example, during the past twenty years various new feeding stuffs have become available, and we have learnt about the high feeding value of young grass and of the "hay" made from it. Feeding stuffs have also been subject to great changes in price; we have been put through a campaign that backs a system of feeding mainly without roots; and we know that cows may or may not get fresh winter grass by day and by night, according as the district and stock are favourable to such a plan. Finally, results have differed considerably as between farmer and farmer—or, if not, farmers think they have—and consequently farmers have their own opinion, openly or secretly!

Several factors may be regarded as contributing to a high milk yield—breed and strain, good housing, complete cleanliness, an ample and pure water supply, adequate food of sound quality and mixed in kind, and—by no means least—kindly treatment. Further, only animals in vigorous health will be capable of making the best use of the food they receive and convert the highest possible percentage of it into rich and pure milk.

In his "Essays on the Management of the Dairy," 1818 Edition, J. Twamley says that "the best summer food for cows is good grass, spontaneously growing on good sound meadow land," and then expatiates on different grasses and clovers. For winter use he advises that "parsnips, carrots, and potatoes, both in a raw state, and especially when steamed, supply a very nourishing winter food," and that in addition "mangel wurzel, or root of scarcity, cabbages, turnips, tares and many other succulent kinds of food, may likewise be employed with singular benefit in the dairy." Curiously enough, he then observes that "The best winter food for cows, which the author has yet seen, and which, perhaps, is the best that can be obtained in this climate, is the bruised twigs of the common furze, gorse, or whins . . . for this food not only keeps the cows in good condition and in high health, and (as already intimated), makes them yield as much milk as they can afford when fed upon prime grass during summer, but also ensures milk of as fine a quality, and the butter made from it is equally sweet in taste and as rich as the best made summer butter."

So very much depends upon circumstances! One instance comes once more to mind—that of the farmer in one of the southern counties who made a *higher profit* than several others because the only food his cows received was grass in summer and grass, plus good hay, in winter. The touchstone of feeding, winter or summer, is that of profit, now more than ever determined by the cost of production per gallon.

It was formerly thought that the quality of milk, as represented by fat content, was dependent upon the richness of the food given, but we now know that, except within very narrow limits, this is not the fact. If a cow is well and adequately fed she will yield milk of a quality that is based upon her individuality, and even though a food especially rich in certain fatty substances may induce a slight increase in the fat of her milk, this change will only be temporary, and an adjustment to the normal will soon follow. More food, on the other hand, if the cow is capable of dealing with it, may well mean more milk, but here again the question of profitableness arises. More likely is fat to be stored in the body and improved condition occur.

Let it be remembered that one of the virtues of the new-style dried short young grass is the preservation of its vitamins, a point that is of great importance in the winter feeding of dairy cows, for the vitamin value of summer grass is then missed severely. One may well understand the value of roots, and especially fresh green stuff and carrots, in making up for the fact that so much less fresh grass is obtained by dairy cows during winter, even when hay of fairly good quality is provided.

A further point is that the cow's food must be of sufficient bulk to ensure ideal working of the digestive organs, without which neither perfect health nor the highest milk secretion can be obtained. The food must not only be palatable and attractive to the cow, but the ration must not be entirely a concentrated one; the percentage digestibility may be high, but for cattle it is important that there shall be sufficient volume without this being excessive. There must be adequate digestible dry matter to provide for maintenance—heat, life functions, energy of walking about, etc.—and for production according to the natural ability of the animal, but the dry matter must at least introduce a certain volume, such as may be found in hay and bran (dry foods that are bulky in virtue of their fibrous or open nature), and in roots (bulky because of the large percentage content of water rather than fibre content).

There is little doubt that the high value of bran is largely, and perhaps mainly, due to its mechanical and laxative effects, just as whole-meal bread in human nutrition. In winter, when the cows get much less exercise than in summer, this point is of even greater importance than when the cattle are in the open in Nature's lush and laxative summer grass. At the present time the very fullest use must be made of all classes of feeding stuffs, which will need to be husbanded with care to avoid spoiling, loss or waste. Stacks of hay on cut must be kept covered, as well as roots—it is only too easy to suffer loss from rain and frost if proper protection is not given.





VEGETABLES FOR THE BIG TOWNS AND LOCAL MARKETS

Left: Broccoli being gathered on a Cornish farm near Truro for dispatch to London and Manchester. Right: Cabbages with fine hearts grown for the Brighton market on land farmed by Captain Filkins at Ovingdean, Sussex

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FARMING IN WAR TIME—FEEDING STUFF ECONOMY

These notes are from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

NO one should underestimate the seriousness of the Minister of Agriculture's announcement that feeders of pigs and poultry must expect a reduction of at least one-third in their normal meal rations. It is bound to bring serious difficulties to specialist producers, even although the reduction need not mean a similar reduction of the head of stock on specialist farms. Hens may lay fewer eggs on their wartime ration and pigs take longer to reach maturity.

But while the fullest sympathy is due to the individuals who will suffer, it must be remembered looking at the matter from a national point of view, that we shall still be keeping many more pigs and hens than in the last war. Our pig population to-day exceeds 4,300,000, whereas in the last war it was under 3,000,000. Our 69,000,000 fowls are nearly double the number we had in those days.

The question is how to effect a redistribution of some of our pigs and poultry so that they can be fed under conditions where less imported food is required. Fortunately, we have ample scope for this change. At the present time the bulk of our pig population is concentrated on something like 15 per cent. of our farms. Yet the pig's natural function is to consume farm waste, such as tail corn, chat potatoes, scraps, and green stuff, together with the by-products of the dairy.

Those who have access to grazing or woodlands should give outdoor methods a trial. A great saving of meal can be effected; sows will be hardier and more prolific, and their young hardier and bigger, pasture will be improved; valuable food that is usually wasted, such as beech-mast and acorns, can be turned to good account. A few weeks of sty-feeding on concentrated foods will be needed at the end of the grazing period, but barren sows have been fattened on good pasture without any supplementary foods and palatable pork can also be produced under these conditions.

Special forage crops for folding with pigs can be grown. Clover, lucerne, or ordinary pasture will provide the best of these crops, but in grazing lucerne, care must be taken not to overstock it. There must be some thousands of farms where a few pigs can be added and, as with hens, improve its general economy by their manure and the consumption of waste. It is in the national interest that all farmers who can take on a few pigs and keep them on the extensive system should now do so.

In the case of poultry, the larger proportion of them—about 70 per cent.—already live on general farms where feeding stuffs can be economised with little or no reduction of stock. We managed this in the last war. We shall do so again. The poultry keeper has many a time shown his adaptability.

What steps can be taken to utilise the food supplies to the best advantage?

Rigid culling is a first essential. Not one male bird should be retained that is not used to the fullest extent for breeding. Eggs for hatching or day-old chicks can be purchased from reliable sources to meet needs where only small quantities of chicks are to be reared. Many hens can be profitably kept for egg production beyond two years. This will often effect a greater economy than replacement with pullets, that are costly to raise.

Chicken rearing plans should also be well considered. In the early stages food consumption is small, but the young birds from eight weeks old consume considerable quantities of food. But if they are reared on free range, much of their needs will be met by feeding for themselves from April onwards.

But there is someone else who can play a part in the re-distribution of our pigs and poultry, and he can play a very big part. He is the little man, who can keep a pig or two or a few hens at the bottom of his garden. He can do this on his own, or can join up with others in pig and poultry clubs. Over 400 new pig clubs were started in the last war, and in the end clubs were adding about 5,000,000 lb. of extra bacon to our supplies annually.

At a recent meeting that included representatives of the National Farmers' Union, the farm workers' organisations, the allotment holders, women's institutes, young farmers' clubs, and the pig-breeders' societies, the Small Pig Keepers' Council was formed. Its object will be to stimulate pig keeping and its secretary and organiser will be Mr. Alec Hobson, secretary of the National Pig Breeders' Association.

War-time Rations.

The best substitute for cereals is potatoes, 4lb. of boiled potatoes being equivalent to 1lb. of cereals. Both for pigs and poultry boiled potatoes may form 40 per cent. by measure of the dairy mash, the balance being made up of a mixture containing some starchy foods such as cereal meals or offals, plus a little fish meal, meat meal, blood meal, or oil cake meal.

Finely crushed oats, in which this country is practically self-supporting, can be used largely to replace wheat, barley or maize.

For laying birds a mash used successfully in the last war consisted of:—

Parts by Measure.

2 Potatoes (boiled)	1 Green Vegetables
1 Bran	½ Blood Meal

Weatings would answer equally as well as bran.

If corn is available, the following would be a suitable system of feeding:—

Morning.—1 oz. mixed corn per bird, followed by free range or a mid-day allowance of fresh vegetables—sweden, cabbage, or kale.

Late Afternoon.—Wet mash as much as the birds will clear up in about twenty minutes, probably 3oz. or 4oz. per bird (moist).

There have recently been good arrivals of palm kernel cake. Pigs may have to do without barley and go carefully on fish meal. Not more than 5 per cent. of fish meal should be used, but palm kernel cake can well make up the other 5 per cent. of fish meal or replace it entirely. It should be fed in the form of meal and is especially valuable to growing pigs.

If 5 per cent. fish meal is used, the following mixture would compare favourably in feeding value with the popular 65 per cent. barley meal; 25 per cent. weatings; 10 per cent. fish meal:—

Rolled wheat	30 per cent.
Finely crushed oats	20 „ „
Weatings	25 „ „
Palm kernel cake meal	20 „ „
White fish meal	5 „ „
	100 „ „

Palm kernel cake is highly digestible and will keep well over a reasonable period if stored in a dry place. It is not so palatable as linseed or cotton cakes and sometimes animals do not take to it readily at first. It should be introduced very gradually into the diet, an excellent plan being to add a little molasses to increase its palatability. After a time it will be eaten with as much relish as other foods.

DEALING WITH DAMPNESS IN HOUSES

By REGINALD DAVEY

THE warm golds and browns of autumn foliage, compensating for the winds and rains and cold that is to come, give the call to hibernation. Human people have something of this instinct, for autumn finds most of us doing what we can to make our houses dry and free from draught against the winter.

It is at this time of year damp patches are prone to occur at all sorts of extraordinary places, and when they do the remedy is usually to have the gutters and down pipes cleared out. During the previous spring birds may have been attracted to and built nests in the iron hopper heads, or outlet pipes, both of which offer mechanical advantages for nest building. The leaf fall with the high winds causes an accumulation of leaves in the gutters, which early rains are apt to wash into a solid mass around the outlet, or, worse still, half-way down the outlet pipe. This latter is a job for a builder, but the damage is less if the pipes are set away from the wall by short lengths of piping set washer-like on the pipe hook shafts. Clearing is also easier if the down pipes end in a shoe and discharge over a grating, and not direct into the ground, as is too often seen.

Another fruitful cause of wet places in ceilings is broken slates or tiles, or defective joints between roof and parapet wall or chimney stack. Cement listing at these places is never satisfactory, and should be replaced, when cracked, by lead flashing. Apart from these obvious defects, with the addition of cracked water pipes, most houses have long-standing damp places, of a more or less serious nature, which defy remedial attempts. When a builder is called in, it is usually found that he has some pet emulsion which he uses for every kind of dampness, irrespective of cause. Often matters are thus made worse, for, like every other ailment, dampness requires accurate diagnosis before treatment can be prescribed with certainty.

This calls for a knowledge of the various ways in which water penetrates into a building. Apart from defective workmanship and choked gutters there are two principle causes. First, there is water which penetrates through the substance of which a wall is made, called "infiltration" moisture. In the second place there is "rising damp," which is drawn up by capillary attraction from the ground, or from some other saturated wall. Easily confused with these is a third, "condensation" moisture, which does not penetrate at all, but is deposited from a damp atmosphere upon the inner surface of an impervious wall.

The most common cause of infiltration moisture is that of the exposed brick wall through which the rain drives. Bricks are by no means watertight, and if not protected in exposed positions may give trouble in this respect. Hanging with slates or tiles, cement rendering, or painting the outside surface with tar, boiled linseed oil, or some proprietary preparation, of which there are many good ones on the market, such as "Duxbax" or "Knapenite" might be tried. These treatments are cheaper, but need repeating every three years. They have the great advantage that they do not affect the colour of the brickwork. If colour is no matter tar is the cheapest of all and as effective as any.

New houses generally are built with hollow walls, to avoid rain penetration, but care in building is needed. A pair of cottages recently seen were saturated owing to careless work. The wall ties were each bridged with cement droppings, thus allowing the wet to seep across. To remedy this cost £35 and the skin off the knuckles of the bricklayer and his mate.

To cure rain penetration by waterproofing the inside surface of the wall is to leave the wall substance saturated, cooling the inner impervious coating, upon which condensation will take place in wet weather. The cure may prove worse than the disease.

More commonly dampness is caused by a high watertable in a porous subsoil. The moisture will rise by capillary attraction up the substance of the wall. This is easily diagnosed, for the dampness starts at ground level and rises perhaps 3ft. or 4ft., ending in an irregular wavy line of stain. In one case it was not so easy, for the typical signs resulted from an overflowing waterbutt which stood leaning against the wall.

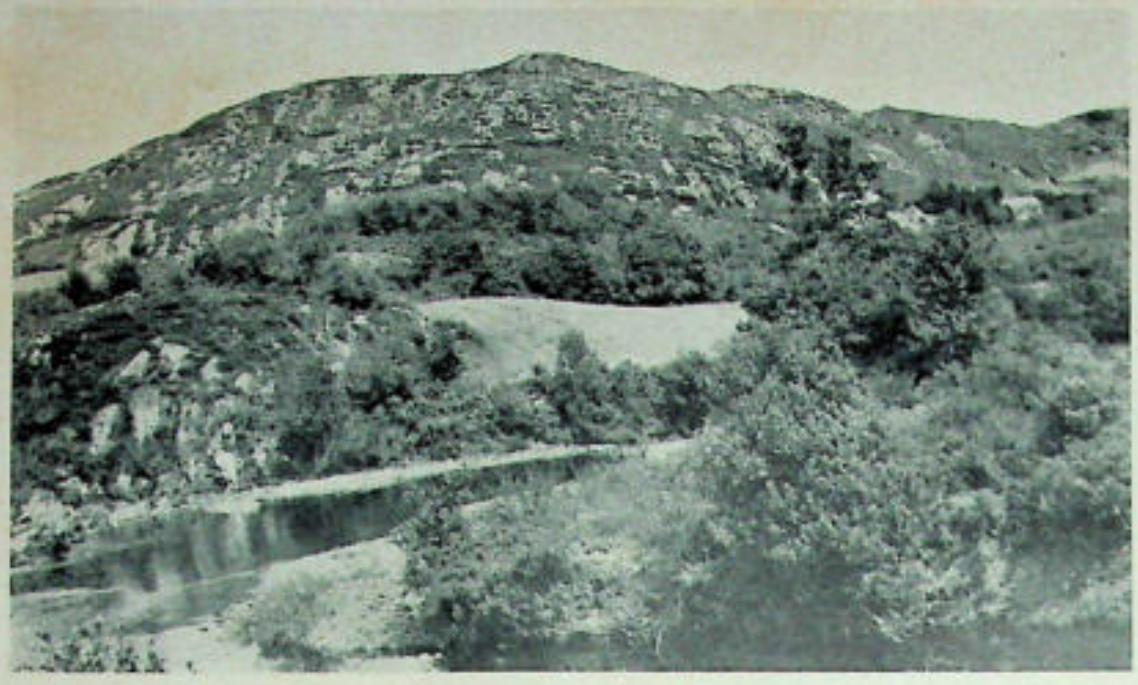
To cure rising damp there is only one remedy. A damp course must be inserted, preferably of two courses of slates laid in cement mortar. A builder can easily cut this, in short lengths, into an existing building, and the cost for a four-roomed cottage with 9in. outside walls would be about £25. Sometimes (and increasingly) specially prepared felt is used instead of slates, but many see no advantage, beyond a very small saving of cost.

Obviously the best way to cure rising damp is to keep it out with a damp course, but in many old buildings with very wide walls, or perhaps built of random stone or flint work, the insertion of a damp course is not practicable. Especially is this clear when it is realised that internal walls must be treated as well as outside walls.

When these circumstances arise there are alternative methods, but to coat the outside of the wall with waterproofing liquid will clearly aggravate the trouble, for then the moisture drawn up into the wall must all escape into the room. To coat the inside of the wall will be better, as the moisture will be excluded, but the wall remains saturated, and with an impervious inner layer the old bugbear of condensation will rear its ugly head. Occasionally a double seal of both inner and outer surface has been tried, with the worse result that condensation continued more or less throughout the year, as the wall could not dry out even in the height of summer.

For houses where damp courses are lacking and cannot be provided, the treatment most likely to succeed is the installation of atmospheric syphons, a patented product of British Knapen, Ltd. These little tubes, which are set in rows in the wall, suck up and evaporate moisture in an extraordinary way, and proved of great benefit when applied by their inventor to the Palace of Versailles. But the remedy is not less expensive than inserting damp courses.

Most cases of dampness arise from more than one cause, and the high proportion of failures in builders' remedies is due to the failure to recognise this fact. For instance, the commonly seen damp patch on a bedroom chimney breast is due generally not to defective flashing, but to rain penetration through the brickwork, calling for a damp course in the chimney head, or waterproofing of the surface of the stack.



THE ANNALONG RIVER, KILKEEL

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

MANY of Ulster's scenic gems lie hidden in that backbone of hills which stretch from Carlingford Lough across South County Down—the Mountains of Mourne of song and legend—on one side of them the sea, on the other the valley of the Bann.

It is a region typical of every contrast of scenery—sea, river and mountain, rich pastures and forest, broad roads and narrow twisting lanes, where even the motorist may go for miles and meet few others of his kind. Though more than 30 years ago the exploration of these mountains was to me an onerous duty rather than a pleasure. "Winter Exercises" in connection with the Irish coast defences was a form of entertainment beloved of the Olympians who guided our military destinies.

These "war games" invariably had reference to a large and imaginary military force defending the coastline from an equally large and imaginary fleet, and the directorate was nothing if not single-minded in its fidelity to Newcastle as the defending stronghold, although, of course, the Royal County Down Golf Club may have had a strategic value undisclosed to humble actors in the play.

Be that as it may, in those days junior subalterns were expected to be very active cyclists, and I have still the most vivid recollections of pushing my punctured hireling up and down and around Slieve Donard.

Still I am not sure that in labour and sorrow one does not get to know a countryside better than in the luxurious conditions under which we travel in the present day.

Are you fond of seascapes? Then take the road from Newry down Carlingford Lough and through Kilkeel and Newcastle to Killough and Strangford. Or do the mountains make a greater appeal? If so, branch off the Newry Road at Rostrevor for Rathfriland and come round through Castlewellan, or turn right-handed at Hilltown and pass behind the mountains into Bryansford. Or again, strike up from Kilkeel, past Mourne Park over the Cairn Brae and Spelga Pass to Hilltown.

But, if you prefer the pleasant quiet country of broad pastures and low undulating hills, drive northwards from Dundrum through Seaforde and Downpatrick, and on to Crossgar and Saintfield, and thence turn west again through Ballynahinch into the valley of the Bann.

Parts of the coast between Warrenpoint and Newcastle yield nothing in attractiveness to the more famous Antrim Coast Road between Belfast and Portrush. At Rostrevor, if you appreciate tranquillity in a setting of deep wooded glens, you may be tempted to remain. But should you have a fishing rod in your impedimenta push on to Kilkeel, where the Annalong and Kilkeel rivers, as well as half-a-dozen other minor streams, will probably afford some entertainment.

I say this advisedly, for I spent an evening at Kilkeel, and, more for the sake of killing time than in any lively expectation of catching fish, I put a rod together. Fourteen trout were my reward, and although their size was not such as to cause me any palpitation of the heart, they were good game little fish.

Between Kilkeel and Newcastle the sea and mountain views are particularly fine, especially at Annalong, a little fishing village about midway, and as you approach the giant mass of Slieve Donard. Newcastle I will not dwell upon: its amenities are too well known, and its golf links among the finest in the British Isles. But there is another very pretty stretch of country as you pass through Dundrum and round the head of the bay.



A CATTLE FAIR NEAR HILLTOWN

Here you leave the mountains behind, but they still form a background of the view as you turn right-handed for Killough, and then, still hugging the coast, northwards again to Strangford. This lap of the coast is not only picturesque, but rather interesting historically, particularly around Ardglass, where there are five castles dating from the time of Shane O'Neill. In the grounds of Oldcourt, at Strangford, are some rather quaint relics of the chapel of the Earls of Kildare, while the ruins at Saul, the reputed death-place of St. Patrick, are worthy of notice.

Downpatrick dates from long before the Christian era, when the Kings of Ullagh built the town on the hill where now stands the Cathedral. The place is saturated with legend, and perhaps its chief interest for the passer-by lies in the cathedral and its surroundings, the raths of Danish origin, the ruins of the castles of John de Courcy and de Lacy, and the tombs of SS. Patrick, Brigid and Columba. For it was to Downpatrick that St. Patrick first came in 432; here he was buried and his grave is marked by an enormous stone with the inscription "Patric" in the churchyard of the cathedral.

Here also hang the old colours of the County Down and County Dublin Regiments, which were amalgamated in 1881 into the Royal Irish Rifles. While Ulster is now substituted for Irish in the title of the corps, it is one of three Irish regiments that have survived the political vicissitudes of recent years.

From Downpatrick to Ballynahinch you follow quiet country roads overhung with stately trees—a region of woods, fine old houses and some beautiful demesnes—one of the prettiest stretches in the county. Stop at Ballynahinch and look across at Slieve Croob, with its five great cairns, and then turn off to Killinchy, whence there is one of the loveliest views in County Down over the wooded islands of Strangford Lough.

Through Dromara you come into Banbridge—a centre of the Ulster linen trade, but to my unbusinesslike mind more notable for the excellence of the fishing of the Upper Bann—and thence back to the mountain country.

It is difficult to say which are the most attractive features in the Mourne Mountains. Bryansford is a charming little village, and the demesnes of Castlewellan and Tullymore House, through which the Shimna River tumbles in a myriad cascades, are gems of quiet beauty in a rugged setting. Its wooded slopes enhance the beauty of Slieve Donard, and if you have the energy to climb but half-way up the mountain the view on a clear day is such as baffles description. It extends as far as the Sperrin Mountains, between Counties Derry and Tyrone; to the east the Scottish coast is clearly visible, and sometimes even the Donegal Highlands can be traced in outline.

I am not sure that the wilder stretches of the Mourne range are not really the finest. At Hilltown there is a choice of roads, the right-hand leading through the Vale of Kilbroney and the passes of Cruggandoo and Leckarmore, about 1,200 ft. to 1,500ft. above sea level to fall gently towards the Glens of Rostrevor. But I think the left-hand fork is the more picturesque, although the gradients are steeper and the road more winding.

At the Spelga Pass the Bann rushes down a narrow defile below the road; in places you seem literally to hang over a precipice, and then at the summit of Cairn Brae you look down to the glorious woods of Lord Kilmorey's demesne at Mourne Park.

Nor need a visitor of necessity confine himself to those routes I have suggested, for there are several by-roads at the back of the Mourne range to tempt the explorer. They are there for the adventurer who is not deterred by any difficulties of surfaces.

In piping times of peace no one need look beyond Newcastle, Rostrevor and Warrenpoint for first-class accommodation and such amusement as the season has to offer. Apart from its scenic charm, perhaps the most outstanding virtue of this route lies in the fact that distances between points of interest are not great, and that nature provides not only variety of scenery but also of entertainment.



THE WOLSELEY "TEN" ENJOYS A HIGH REPUTATION FOR ECONOMICAL PERFORMANCE

MILEAGE AND PETROL CONSUMPTION

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.

AN owner of a 12 h.p. car, who logs every detail of his motoring expenses, sends me his car's petrol consumption figures for the first ten months of this year. From them he deduces the fact that petrol consumption becomes more economical as the mileage mounts, but that, eventually, a point arises at which the miles per gallon figures start to recede again.

He bases this idea on a consumption of 23.5 m.p.g. for 900-odd miles in January and a steady rise in economy to a consumption of 32.5 m.p.g. for 900 miles in October, when the car had covered nearly 12,000 miles in all. The November figures showed a slight decline and he is now wondering whether this loss will be continued in December.

Naturally, if there is a point in a car's lifetime when it reaches its prime, so to speak, this point will vary with different cars, depending on their design, how they are handled, and the conditions as regards climate and traffic under which they operate. It is natural also to suggest that as a new engine becomes run in it should function more economically. But the human and mechanical elements vary so much, even during a single ownership, that one must be careful not to draw wrong conclusions.

For instance, a car's performance is influenced by climatic conditions. The engine may run hotter and therefore more economically in the summer. Less time will be taken in warming up the engine to its correct temperature. There may be less road drag on the tyres. Against these factors favourable to economy is the fact that there will be more traffic on the roads, and delays, which waste fuel, will be more frequent.

Those are what one may call seasonal constants. The human element is more difficult to apprise. A long holiday tour, for instance, instead of short routine runs and daily trips to and from the office, may result in an increase in economy for one month. Then, in the particular case quoted, the September and October figures are probably influenced by the new switch-off and free wheel driving technique designed to save fuel. For the same reason the car may have been more heavily loaded during the latter part of the period when the pooling of car accommodation came into fashion.

All this goes to show how dangerous it is to jump to conclusions in these matters unless the figures arrived at are based on known constants. At the same time it would be interesting to have petrol consumption figures from other owners, who have logged these details from the moment when they first took the new car on the road.

My own experiences on this matter extend over 120,000 miles on two popular Ford Eights. The first covered 65,000 miles before being wrecked by someone else, while the second now shows 55,000 miles on the dial. Over these long distances the average petrol consumption is about 36 miles to the gallon when the car is driven briskly. If the switch-off and coast technique is combined with reduced speed more than 40 m.p.g. are obtained. But the interesting point is that so far as these two cars are concerned, neither of them reached a distance at which the consumption started to increase owing to wear and tear. Oil consumption certainly rose, in one case after 50,000 miles and in the other after 40,000, but this rise was not accompanied by an increase in petrol consumption.

Should, however, a sudden increase be noted it is much more likely to be due to a leak in the fuel supply system than to the car's advancing age. In some cases fibre washers which secure petrol pipe unions may tend to warp and cause a leak. The cure is to tighten up these joints every ten or fifteen thousand miles. The same remark applies to the cap of the petrol pump. If this loosens with age it will also cause an air leak which will adversely affect the petrol feed, besides causing a waste of fuel.

A JUGGERNAUT FOR THE ANTARCTIC

AN enormous motor car, termed the snow cruiser, has been undergoing tests preparatory to being used in Admiral Byrd's forthcoming claim-laying Antarctic expedition. Its design is fantastic in conception and construction. Fifty-five feet in length, it is propelled by four independently driven and pneumatically shod wheels, each 10ft. in diameter. Two Diesel electric plants supply power for the motors in each wheel, while an additional 200 amps. capacity set is provided for the lighting arrangements, the auxiliaries and an arc welding plant for repair work.

Each wheel can be raised or lowered vertically over a range of nearly 4ft., the control for this action being fitted in the conning tower in the upper part of the monster's nose. By means of this arrangement the snow cruiser can either rest directly on the snow with its wheels retracted or clear obstructions nearly 4ft. high.

The principal reason for this extraordinary feature is to allow the car to cross crevasses 15ft. wide. This is achieved by retracting the front wheels and driving on the non-retracted rear wheels until the front of the car's belly rests on the off-side of the crevasse. The rear wheels are then retracted, and the front ones moved down to take up the drive and haul the machine across. The idea is reminiscent of the progress of a caterpillar, and would appear to be practical provided the opposing sides of the crevasse are fairly level, and that the distribution of weight, gradient and surface are not such as to set up wheel spin.

The car carries a five-seater biplane on its roof, an electric hoist being provided for the plane's mounting. The car itself provides accommodation for four people, and carries their stores for twelve months in a special compartment near the rear of the body. Right aft is another compartment, where the two immense spare wheels rest horizontally.

Behind the conning tower in the nose of the craft is a chart-room, from which stairs lead down to the engine room in the manner of a sea-going craft. Aft of the engine room is the galley cum laboratory cum photographic room, and aft again is a four-berth compartment which also serves as a living room, being fitted with chairs and table.

The hull of the car is made of high tensile steel electrically welded into a single-piece construction. This method of achieving a homogeneous whole was adopted instead of the usual riveting process in order to save weight. It is stated that if riveting had been used the total weight of the vehicle would have been increased by 2 tons. Indeed the need for saving weight was a major consideration with the designers, who calculated that every 2lb. saved meant an increase of one mile in the cruising radius of the car.

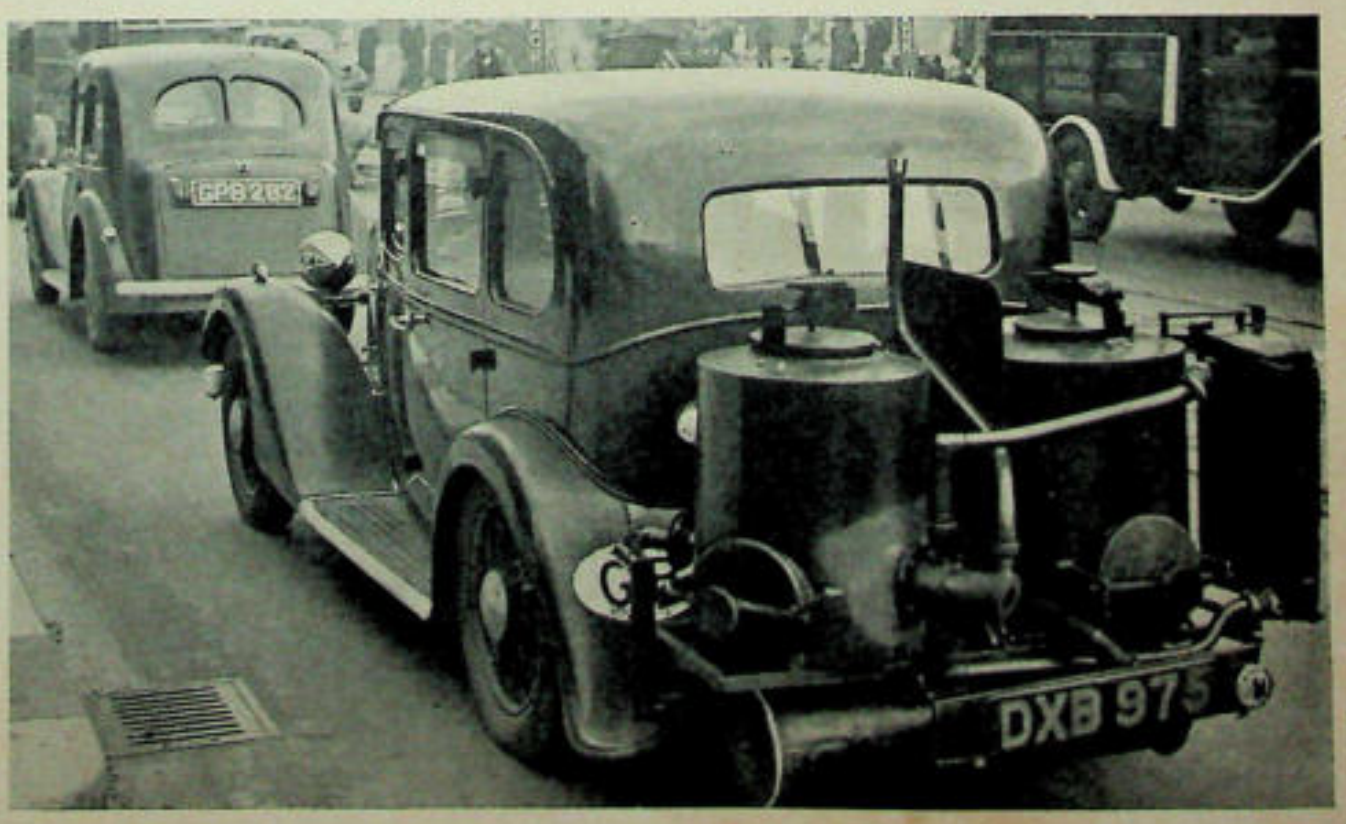
This remarkable machine was designed by Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, head scientist of the last Byrd Antarctic expedition, and the staff of the Research Foundation of Armour Institute of Technology at Chicago. Its building was entrusted to the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Co. Its radius of action, assisted by the use of its aircraft, which has a range of 1,500 miles, is such that it will be able to reach the sea from any point in the Antarctic, where it will be used for mapping out and reconnoitring new American territory.

It is claimed that by using the snow cruiser and its aircraft it will be possible to explore in a single month more ground than was reconnoitred by all previous expeditions put together.

It is to be hoped that further details of the craft will be available. It would be interesting, for instance, to know its weight, speed, consumption, and method of steering the four independently driven wheels. It would also be interesting to hear how the interior is to be warmed and the air conditioned. In such an intense degree of cold as will be encountered engine starting and the preservation of the lubricant at a workable viscosity will have to be assured in some way.

They were problems like these that Captain Scott had to face back in 1913–14 when he first surveyed the Antarctic with the aid a of tractor specially modified for the purpose.

W. G. M.



ONE WAY OF OVERCOMING THE PETROL PROBLEM

BRIDGE

BORDERLINE BIDDING

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

IT is an axiom amongst modern players that every bid must be a prepared bid. Before a player makes any bid he must consider what his partner's possible responses are and whether he will have a suitable rebid ready. In other words, in any system of approach bidding he must be ready to make one rebid over a response by his partner. In some cases the caller may have the choice of two bids, both of which may present difficulties in subsequent bidding. He will then have to choose the lesser of two evils and hope that his partner will not give a response which will make the subsequent bidding difficult. There is also a tendency nowadays to bid whenever possible, not only positional or strategic bids, third in hand on purely defensive cards, but also on hands containing the minimum of playing tricks. Many of these bids correspond to calls which in any case would have been made by good Auction players.

It is not always easy to reconcile the policy of making a prepared bid and also bidding on rather bare hands and in the following deal Z only just managed to extricate himself from an awkward situation by making an unconventional pass of his partner's Four No Trump bid.

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

Love All. B dealt.

Z—One Club (a), Two No Trumps (b), Four Spades (c), No Bid (d).

Y—Two Diamonds, Three Spades, Four No Trumps.

A-B pass throughout.

(a) Having three quick tricks in the two major suits, Z was afraid that a part score would be lost if A should pass and Y not have enough strength to open the bidding. If, however, Z bid One Spade, any non-forcing response by Y in another suit would make things very difficult for Z. He therefore produced a bid of One Club not without a certain amount of trepidation.

(b) Z's troubles now begin. A reply of Two Spades would be far too encouraging, and so Z bid Two No Trumps.

(c) This was the only contract that Z felt there was any likelihood of making.

(d) In all the bidding Z had not been able to give any real indication to Y that his opening bid was unsound and any bid but Five Clubs would be encouraging and, horrible thought, a Five Club bid might be left in. Z therefore passed.

On the opening lead of a Heart, Dummy played the 10 of Hearts, which B did not cover. Since the Spades fell the contract is made with four Spades, Two Hearts, Two Diamonds and Two Clubs on the finesse.

In the following hand the Declarer opened on a hand which was very strong in playing tricks, but weak in defence.

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

Y-Z Game. A-B love. Z dealt.

Z	A	Y	B
One Club	One Diamond	Two No Trumps	No Bid
Three Clubs	No Bid	Four Clubs	No Bid
Five Clubs	All pass		

Vulnerable Z did not feel like bidding Three No Trumps which, as it happens, could have been made with an over trick, and so he rebid Clubs, Y gave him Four Clubs and Z bid game and was very thankful when the the opponents did not double.

A led the King and Queen of Diamonds upon which B played the four and five. A now switched to the 8 of Spades and B's Jack of Spades was taken by Z's King of Spades. At first sight it appeared that Z would have to rely upon the Jack and Queen of Spades being divided, playing to finesse the 10 of Spades and discard the losing Heart on the Ace of Spades. However, Z was in no hurry; he led the Ace and 6 of Clubs and on Dummy's King of Clubs, B threw the 8 of Hearts. The 10 of Diamonds was ruffed, the Ace of Hearts played and three Clubs, leaving the following situation:—

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

Now on the lead of the 2 of Clubs B was squeezed. It should be noted that leaving the 10 of Diamonds in dummy until the eleventh trick ensured a squeeze against A if he had held the Queen of Spades.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to make Seven Spades against a Diamond lead by A.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Diamonds trumps Z to lead and Y-Z to make all the tricks.

SOLUTION

Z leads the 4 of Hearts, ruffed by Y's 10 of Diamonds, upon which B discards a Club. The Ace of Spades is now led and the 3 of Diamonds is returned, taken by Z's 5 of Diamonds, upon which A discards the 7 of Hearts. Upon the lead of the 9 of Hearts, Z discards the Jack of Clubs, Y the 2 of Spades and B is squeezed. A Spade discard and Z's 6 of Spades can be established, a Club discard and Y's 7 of Clubs can be established.

[We regret that, in error, 5 of Diamonds was omitted from Z's hand in last week's issue.]

CHESS

A NEAT FINISH

A game from this year's Russian Championship Tournament. It shows a neat finish by Botwinnik.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. Dubinin.	BLACK. Botwinnik.	WHITE. Dubinin.	BLACK. Botwinnik.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. P takes B	Kt to B 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. P to Q 4	K P takes P
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	18. P takes P	P to Q 4 (e)
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	19. B to K 3	K R to K sq (f)
5. Castles	B to K 2	20. B to Q B sq (g)	P to B 5
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	21. P to K Kt 6 (h)	Kt to K 5
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	22. B to Kt sq (i)	B to Q 3
8. P to B 3	Castles	23. Kt to R 4	B to B 5
9. P to Q 3 (a)	Kt to Q R 4	24. Q to B 3	B to Kt 4
10. B to B 2	P to B 4	25. Kt to Kt 2 (j)	B takes B
11. Q Kt to Q 2	Q to B 2	26. Q takes B	R to K 2 (k)
12. Kt to B sq	P to B 3 (b)	27. Q to B 4	Kt tks Q P (l)
13. P to K R 3 (c)	B to K 3	28. Q takes Q (m)	Kt to B 6, ch
14. Kt to K 5	Q R to Q sq (d)	29. K to B sq	Kt (K 5) to Q 7, mate.
15. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt		

(a) P to Q 4 is more frequently played here. The aim of the text-move is to play P to Q 4 only after the development of the Queen's side has been completed.

(b) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5 as an answer to B to K 3.

(c) Not a good move. He should, instead, play Kt to K 3 at once.

(d) Black now threatens Kt to B 3 followed by P to Q 4.

(e) Black has the preferable game.

(f) An important preparatory move (see next note).

(g) If, instead, 20. P takes P, then 20 . . . P to Q 5 and White cannot play 21. Kt takes P because of 21. . . . Kt takes Kt; 22. B takes Kt, B takes P, Black's 19th move having prevented the escape of the Bishop (B to K 5).

(h) White has no really satisfactory move.

(i) If 22. B takes Kt, then 22 . . . P takes B; 23. Kt to B 2 (if 23. Kt to Q 2, then 23. . . . Kt takes P followed, if 24. Kt takes P, by 24. . . . Kt takes P), Kt to Kt 5, threatening either Kt takes P or Kt to Q 6.

(j) If 25. B takes B, then 25. . . . Kt takes B; 26. R takes R, ch (if Q to R 3, then P to Kt 5). R takes R followed, if 27. Q takes P, by 27. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 28. K to R sq (if K to B sq, then Q to R 5), Kt takes P.

(k) Threatening 27. . . . Kt to Kt 4; 28. Q to Q B 3, Kt takes P. White has no good move.

(l) Very neat.

(m) Q to K 3 would prolong—but not save—the game. After the text-move Black has a forced mate in two moves.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Poland and Denmark.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. S. G. Tartakower. (Poland.)	BLACK. Enevoldsen. (Denmark.)	WHITE. Dr. S. G. Tartakower. (Poland.)	BLACK. Enevoldsen. (Denmark.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to Kt 5	P to Kt 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. P to K R 4	Kt(Q2)toKt3(h)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. P to R 5	P to B 4 (i)
4. Kt to B 3	Castles (a)	17. P takes P	P takes P
5. B to Q 2	P to Q 4	18. R to R 6	R to B 2 (j)
6. P to K 3	P to Q R 3 (b)	19. Castles (k)	R to K Kt 2
7. Q to B 2	P takes P	20. Q R to R sq	K to B sq
8. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4	21. R to R 8, ch	R to Kt sq
9. B to Q 3	Q Kt to Q 2	22. R(Rsq)toR7(l)	Kt to K 2 (m)
10. P to K 4 (c)	P to B 4 (d)	23. Kt to B 7	Q to B 2 (n)
11. P to K 5	P to B 5 (e)	24. B to R 6, ch	K to K sq
12. B to K 2 (f)	B takes Kt (g)	25. Kt to Q 6, ch	Resigns (o)
13. P takes B	Kt to Q 4		

(a) P to Q Kt 3 is considered to be Black's best move, the object being to exert pressure on White's K 4 as soon as possible.

(b) Beginning an action on the Queen's side. A better course is to attack in the centre by P to B 4.

(c) Taking advantage of Black's 7th move.

(d) 10. . . . P to K 4 seems better. If, in reply, 11. P takes P, then 11. . . . Kt to Kt 5 followed, if 12. B to K B 4, by 12. . . . R to K sq.

(e) If 11. . . . P takes P, then 12. P takes Kt. P takes Kt. 13. B takes P, ch, K to B sq; 14. P takes P, ch, K takes P. 15. P takes P with advantage to White.

(f) Best. If, instead, 12. P takes Kt, then 12. . . . P takes B; 13. Q takes P, Kt takes P; or, if 12. B takes P, then 12. . . . P takes B; 13. P takes Kt, Kt takes P.

(g) Kt to K sq is better but in any case White has the better game.

(h) Q to K 2, to be followed, by P to B 3 is better. If at once 15. . . . P to B 3, then 16. Kt takes K P. P takes Kt; 17. Q takes P, ch. K to B sq; 18. Q takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 19. R to R 3 and wins.

(i) 16. . . . P to R 3 is, perhaps, slightly better. If, instead, 16. . . . P to B 3, then 17. Kt takes R P, K takes Kt; 18. Q takes P, ch, K to R sq; 19. R to R 3 and wins for, if 19. . . . Q to K sq, then 20. Q to R 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 21. R to Kt 3, ch, or, if 19. . . . Q to K 2, then 20. Q to R 6, ch after which Black has nothing better than 20. . . . Q to R 2 for, if, instead, 20. . . . K to Kt sq, then 21. R to Kt 3, ch followed by 22. Q to Kt 6, mate.

(j) If 18. . . . Q to K sq, then 19. Castles followed by 20. Q R to R sq. The only move to prolong the game is 18. . . . K to Kt 2, e.g. 19. R to R 7, ch, K to Kt sq; 20. Castles, Q takes Kt; 21. B takes Q. K takes R.

(k) Here White misses a simple win by 19. R to R 8, ch, K takes R; 20. Kt takes R, ch.

(l) Threatening R to B 7, ch and mate next move.

(m) If 22. . . . Q to K sq, then 23. Kt to K 4 (threatening R to R 6, mate), P to B 5; 24. Kt to Q 6 and wins.

(n) If 23. . . . Q to Q 4, then 24. B to R 6, ch, K to K sq; 25. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to Q sq; 26. R to R 3 and wins.

(o) If K to Q sq, then R takes R, ch and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4043

By O. E. VINZE.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at Q Kt 6, Queen at K sq, Rook at K Kt 3, Bishops at Q 7 and Q Kt 8, Knight at K 4, Pawns at K R 2 and K 5.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K B 5, Rooks at K R 4 and K R 5, Bishop at K Kt 5, Knight at Q R 7, Pawns at K Kt 3, K R 3, Q B 5, Q B 6 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4042

1. Q to Kt 8 (threatening 2. Q to B 4, ch). If 1. . . . R takes P, then 2. Q to Kt sq, etc. If 1. . . . R to Q 6, then 2. Q to B 4, ch, etc. If 1. . . . K to Q 8, then 2. Q to Kt sq, ch, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 546

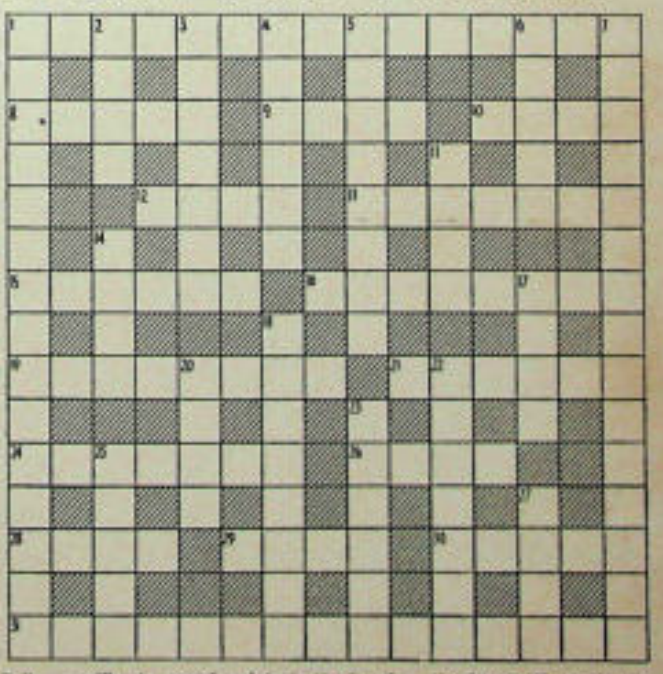
ACROSS.—1. Dickensian character who sounds suitable for the post of Nazi diplomat (3, 6, 6). 8. Body picture in its more precious form (5). 9. Did Maud use this to get into the garden? (4). 10. Irishman announcing that he is 800 (4). 12. There's plenty of room here, but it's likely to be draughty (4). 13. "Were thou the ——, pride and wrath would confound thee" (*Timon of Athens*) (7). 15. "To step out of these —— dumps" (*Titus Andronicus*) (5). 16. Contemporary composer apparently hailing from Pigbite (8). 19. Well-known family from Switzerland (8). 21. This man is hiding behind J. Keltr, if I may be forgiven the pun (6). 24. This woman is mostly a means of exit (7). 26. Lamb in disguise (4). 28. Twelve good men and true (4). 29. Do business in wood (4). 30. Bird from the Rhone district (5). 31. What false notion caused Smith to write it? (6, 2, 7).

DOWN.—1. The principal character in Herr Streicher's nightmares (3, 9, 5). 2. They are great big dears, my dears (4). 3. "—— will out; proud prelate, in thy face I see thy fury" (*Henry VI*) (7). 4. Would I go far to get this French paper from a Scottish barber? (6). 5. Rabbit food (8). 6. Character from *The King and the Book* (5). 7. Fairy tales to the verbose (8, 7). 11. Caused by a slip of the lips (4). 14. Author of *Precious Bane* (4). 17. Painter who, with the aid of acrobatics, could have practised Yoga (4). 18. Spaniard who is nothing more than a confused barrister (8). 20. A name associated with Christmas (4). 22. "suffer love: a good ——: I do suffer love indeed" (*Much Ado About Nothing*) (7). 23. King Arthur's tutor (6). 25. Lake in Italy (5). 27. A river in the same country seems to have engulfed the British Navy (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 545

Published December 2nd

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Gardening

Elm Roots. You do not say if they are in the ground or have been pulled out. In the latter event removal of soil and a good fire of coal will be all that is necessary. For roots in the ground the same result can be achieved by making a hole in the ground close to one side of the root and lighting a small coal fire, kept heaped well against the wood. This will take a week, and about 5 cwt. to 10 cwt. of coal per root. Wood is not hot enough for this work. If there is no great hurry three or four auger holes 1in. diameter, and sunk well down into the root can be filled with saltpetre crystals, or even ordinary washing soda, leaving the rain to wash it in. Some people merely roughen the top of the root with a pick and lay the crystals on it. In both cases a year should normally suffice for making the root soft enough to be broken up with a mattock. This treatment also makes the wood more inflammable.—*G. M. A., Gloucester.*

Pruning Currants and Gooseberries. Red Currants: Cut back the young shoots made during the summer, cutting back those intended to make the main branches to half their length and all unwanted shoots to two buds. If too many growths, cut out the surplus ones altogether. Continue this pruning every autumn. The object is to make bushes well open in the centre and branches evenly spaced. Black Currants: Prune in very early spring before the buds swell. In the case of newly-planted bushes cut back every branch to two, or at most three, buds. The following seasons pruning is different. Black currants bear their fruits on growths made the previous season. Cut out altogether, therefore, every branch that has borne fruit. Nothing is gained by saving them for the sake of the young growths at the tips. Gooseberries: Each bush should have about six to eight main stems evenly spaced and centre kept open. In autumn cut back every leading branch nearly half its length and all other growths to within two buds.—*G. P.*

Kennel

Hysteria. Iodide of iron is not a cure for hysteria, but a ten to fifteen day course of the syrup, say ten drops twice a day in water for a spaniel, will cause the evacuation of worms, which may be one of the exciting causes of the attacks.—*Mrs. M., C. G. S.*

Norwich Terriers. Breeders of Norwich terriers near to you are Mrs. G. Blewett, Pond House, Boxted, Colchester; Miss M. S. Mactie, Capelgrove, Capel St. Mary, Ipswich; and Mrs. D. N. Rodwell, Cherries, Great Horkesley, Colchester.—*Mrs. D. B., Chipping Ongar.*

Cavalier King Charles. There are not many breeders of this comparatively new variety of the King Charles spaniels. You might try one of the following: Mrs. A Pitt, Bourne Lodge, Boxmoor, Herts; Mrs. Jennings, The Firs, Plantation Road, Leighton Buzzard, Beds; and Mme. Harper Tross Fontaines, Kennels de Fontenay, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.—"*Marchland.*"

Bulldog Wanted. You should be able to get a bulldog at a reasonable price in the present circumstances. Mrs. Boyd Buckle, Farlington Grange, Farlington, near Cosham, Hants, used to breed them, but we are not sure if she has any now. Other breeders are: Mrs. J. W. Pearson, Manor House, Tunbridge Wells; Mrs. Van Raalte, Old Bardolfon, Hants; Mrs. E. E. Smith, Lorraine, The Mount, Leatherhead, Surrey.—*L. M. A. C., Eastleigh.*

Canker of the Ear. Simple cases of canker of the ear can usually be cured by dropping in boracic powder twice a day, working as far down into the orifice as possible by gentle manipulation. If the ailment has gone on for some time more energetic treatment is necessary. The ear should be carefully syringed with a tablespoonful of methylated spirits in half a tumblerful of warm water. Dry with a swab of cotton wool and then drop in boracic powder again.—*E. D. A., Kent.*

Lakeland Terriers. From what we have heard about them, we think you would be satisfied with a Lakeland terrier, which is roughly about the size of a fox terrier, and has a hard, wiry coat. Colour may be blue, blue-and-tan, black-and-tan, red, mustard, wheaten, grizzle or black. They are the terriers used with the packs of hounds that hunt the Fell country. Since they have been exhibited, many are kept as house dogs, and we understand that they are companionable and friendly.—*S. P., Bournemouth.*

Spaniel with Fits. The symptoms you describe are clearly characteristic of epileptic fits, which are sometimes caused by worms or a scare. They must not be confused with what is known as canine hysteria. Attacks come on suddenly, and when the dog recovers consciousness he should be handled with care as he may bite, not knowing what he is doing. If the dog has another attack, give nine grains each of bromide of potassium and hydrated chloral in two tablespoonsful of water. Repeat two or three times at hourly intervals, and then give nine grains bromide of potassium three times daily for a week.—*C. W. B., Herefordshire.*

Miscellaneous

"Hints to Huntsmen."—This book was written by Colonel Anstruther Thompson in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and was published by Vinton's. We understand that Messrs. Hatchards of Piccadilly might be able to supply you with a copy. Other standard works on the subject are Peter Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting*, which was published by Methuen with additional notes by the late Mr. Otho Paget, and *Hunting the Fox*, by Lord Willoughby de Broke. You should also read the book on *Foxhunting* published by Seeley Service in the Lonsdale series, and the similar volume by William Fawcett published in the "Sportsman's Library" by A. & C. Black. There is also a wealth of commonsense and information in the works of Surtees and Whyte-Melville.—*A. R. J., R.-J., Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Capillariasis.—Capillariasis is a thread-worm infection of the bowels, which occurs in many species of birds. We have received a young partridge, three pheasants and three pullets as specimens of this serious disease, which is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. Among aviary-pheasants, of which we received one specimen, the disease usually spreads rapidly owing to the confined conditions; similarly it is more prevalent during the first two months of the poults being moved to coverts. Under such congested conditions the disease frequently takes an acute course, the infected birds dying without any previous ill-health having been observed by the keepers. Chronic cases of the disease persist through the winter, gradually becoming weaker and dying in an advanced stage of emaciation. The treatment for confined birds, which were in contact with the diagnosed case, consists in the administration of the nicotine compound pill (Willows brand) procurable from the chemist. Seven days later a second pill per bird is administered. The birds should be housed on sawdust during treatment, and each day the droppings and litter should be removed from the house and burned. The feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water each day; and at least twice per week the interior of the house, including all its fittings, should be scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. Two days after the second pill has been administered the treated birds should be turned into a clean aviary or pens.—*H. H. N., Norfolk; C. C., Argyll; D., Bucks; C. L., Hants; H. G. W., Fife; J., Berks.*

Shooting

Pistol Grip for Magnum 12-Bore.—The question whether a half-pistol or straight grip is the most suitable is largely a personal one. The half-pistol grip tends to strengthen the stock somewhat at this point, but some people find it less convenient when adjusting the hand from the right to the left trigger. This kind of grip is really at its best when used in conjunction with a single trigger mechanism, for then there is no readjustment of the hand. Pigeon shooters use it in this connection.—*J. R., Dundee.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name).....

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed).....

Address .....

.....

Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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REGISTER OF HORSE OWNERS

REGISTERS of horse owners and horse dealers are being prepared according to a War Office announcement.

Owners of horses of the following types and specifications are invited to communicate with the Under Secretary of State (Q.M.G.4), The War Office, London, S.W.1, with a view to their names and addresses being registered, together with the number and particulars of any suitable animals they may wish to offer for disposal for Army purposes:

Cavalry Troopers.—Horses of the hunter type, between the ages of six and ten years, and from 15.1 to 16 hands in height. Deep bodied, with short back, well sprung ribs, with substance, quality and true action. The maximum price to be paid is £60.

Light Draught.—Active light vanner type, between the ages of five and ten years, and from 15.1½ to 15.3 hands in height. Strong quarters, plenty of bone and true action, and capable of pulling a big weight over rough or broken ground. The maximum price to be paid is £60.

A separate register will be made for dealers, who should state, when registering, the number of suitable horses they have on their hands at present and the numbers they would be likely to be able to supply, should purchasing on a larger scale be resorted to. All applications, whether from private owners or dealers, will receive equal consideration.

The announcement makes it quite clear that such registration does not entail any obligation on the part of the War Office to purchase the animals registered, nor any obligation on the part of the owners to retain any animal so registered for War Department purposes.

No immediate purchase can be guaranteed, and all purchases will be governed by the requirements of the Army as to the type of animal and time when required.

It is also made quite clear in the announcement that horses which may be purchased may be required for service with any of the Allied Armies, and that no guarantee as regards the ultimate disposal of horses passing into the hands of an Allied government can be given.

All animals to be purchased will be inspected by an officer of the War Department as to their suitability for the Army, and will be required to pass the usual veterinary examination before the purchase is completed.

After acknowledgment of registration, notification of inspections with a view to purchase will be made to vendors by notices in the Press. It will be unnecessary for any further communications to be forwarded to the War Office except in the case of any casualty or the non-availability of any animals registered. In either case owners should at once inform the War Office.

This announcement is very definitely a step in the right direction. It should at least help to stop the muddle and indecision that has so far been so prevalent, and it does give definite details of the types of animal that may be required, a point upon which the War Office has hitherto not apparently been too certain.

Our army practice from the cavalry point of view has differed considerably from those of continental nations. We have gone bald-headed for mechanization. Continental nations have retained more than a passing interest in cavalry. As this war, as every war in which we have been engaged, is being fought on the continent, it would not be surprising to find some belated modification of our own practice.

This register should prove very valuable in such an eventuality.

UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL

OFFICIALLY there have been no football matches between Oxford and Cambridge this year. All that happened last week (officially) was that the Oxford Greyhounds played the Cambridge Sixty Club at Rugby on the Cambridge ground, while the Cambridge Falcons played the Oxford Centaurs at association football at Oxford. That, at any rate, satisfied the conventions and ensured that neither match should figure in the official records. To make the illusion more complete the teams played in the colours of the clubs they were supposed to represent. But why the subterfuge? Everybody knows that these were just war-time 'varsity matches between teams as representative as they could be made, and that they would be played with all the spirit, if not quite the skill, of the real article. Actually the Oxford Rugby team, with four old Blues, would have borne comparison with some of the sides that have represented the University in peace-time, and after a very good record in club matches they only fulfilled expectations by defeating Cambridge, who sported two old Blues, by two goals (one dropped) and two tries (15 points) to a try (3 points).

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Eric Boon retained the Light-weight Championship of Great Britain and incidentally won the Lonsdale belt outright when he defeated Dave Crowley in the seventh round at Harringay. Crowley was most unlucky. He was beaten by a sprained ankle and not by Boon. Boon very nearly won in the second round when he had the Londoner groggy from a hard right to the head. But Crowley had recovered by the sixth round and was boxing very well indeed, so well and so much better than Boon, that a points victory for him did not seem improbable. That was not to be—and, in any case, there was always Boon's right hand to reckon with. From appearances Boon had some difficulty in making the weight.

PROSPECTS FOR SPAWNING SALMON

Among the minor deprivations which the war has brought must be reckoned the cessation of the publication of daily rainfall records. Formerly, salmon fishers, with a vision of the future, could spend a pleasant half-hour studying reports of rain or snow in the Cairngorms or the watershed which feeds the west-coast streams, and calculate the chances of a good spawning season, or the probability of the winter run getting well upstream before it was stayed by water too cold for fish to face. In one village, even, the collapse of the local weathercock (popularly believed to be due to the machinations of an absent German landlord) has prevented an ingenious, and probably inaccurate, estimate of Welsh weather being made, and one has to fall back on occasional parenthetical references to the "awful weather" in letters from friends. On such slight evidence one may envisage bank-high tributaries and clean expanse of gravel, with salmon making use of the additional spawning area thus provided, conditions which provide a heavy stock of fish for future years, and make interference by poaching less effective than usual. There is, however, always the danger of hard dry weather freezing redds which have been made when floods have offered elusive opportunities to spawning fish.

SPORT?

(The Air Ministry recently asked for recruits to act as R.A.F. gunners, preferably those who "were accustomed to shooting, and lived an out-of-door life.")

I used to shoot the red-combed grouse, the pheasant,
and the partridge—
At brave brown hares and driven duck I've let off
many a cartridge.
Roaming the hedgerows, moors, and bogs became
my favourite habit
To seek and find a dodging snipe or just the simple
rabbit.

I live my life in nature's world, kingdom of fur and
feather
That dwells in covert, field, and hedge—by marshy
shore and heather.
I slew, but slaying, never failed to sense a true
thanksgiving
For lessons learnt in nature's school—that perfect
school of living.

And now I shoot among the clouds—the target's
not so pleasant
As hurtling grouse or dodging snipe, or some high-
flown cock pheasant
I shoot to kill a bird of prey, to tear his wings
asunder
Before me stays my steadfast aim, before he sends
me under.

But all the while I breathe a prayer—that I come
through these sorrows
To see the peaceful dawn on lands that win their
bright to-morrows—
That I may shoot again with no dread bullet, but a
cartridge
To kill, not fellow men, but just a rabbit or a
partridge.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1182.)

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

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

BOTH the scene and the figure were as distant from revolutionary implications as they well could be. It was one of those tender-hearted November times when woolly cloudlets "bloom the soft-dying day," when the fallows shine as from an inward peace, the leafless trees write meditative designs over the sky, and the pastures sleep in the tranquillity of "the long day's work is done."

Nor was he, the figure who came clumping down the farm-lane in worn gaiters, an old fustian coat, a battered squash-hat, collarless, and with a knotted ash-stick in his hand, one to associate with visions of a new world, redeemed from its follies, regenerate from the miseries of false aims and policies, and recovered its senses. Yet I knew it was so from the moment I saw him; though he would have stared at me, his friend, in an almost bovine amaze if I had told him so—the future of man's life on earth was in this man's hands.

He was of yeoman stock, and even to-day he holds a hundred acres which he farms as a nearly self-supporting balanced concern of mixed arable and pasture with sheep, pigs and cattle and run according to an old-fashioned rotation. How he lives at all is a mystery to me and to him. He can get no labour outside his family; the men on the dole in the neighbourhood, a few out of hundreds of thousands, make more money by keeping their hands in their pockets than by lending them to him. He is being driven, as he says himself, into a premature grave by the number of forms he has to fill up and by the perpetual buzzing of bureaucrats about his ears—men "dressed in a little brief authority" and utterly ignorant of the very elements of farming—telling him what he must do and not do. But for his profound, tenacious, unvoiced passion for the soil, milk, housing, medical and other regulations would long ago have beaten him.

He is ground down by taxation, brow-beaten and interfered with in a score of different ways. Though his fellow-countrymen desperately need the good beef and mutton, butter and cheese that his fathers bred and made with the inherited skill of deep experience and practical knowledge, an urbanised Government puts every possible restriction and impediment in his way. His sound ancient custom of keeping his land in good heart by livestock dung and compost from the farm receives every kind of discouragement from science, with its one-eyed specialisation, its one-way monoculture, its one-idea'd exploitation of the land on the principles of big business, from the vested interests in artificials and from an urbanised system of control that, quite apart from its ignorance of the land and the vital problem of its fertility, does not even want to see English agriculture put on its feet again to meet the greatest of emergencies.

Because financial interests control the imports of foreign foods, tasteless and devitalised, that take the labour of a Navy to protect them, the prices he gets for healthy plants and livestock raised on land, whose humus he has been too wise to destroy by made-up chemicals, would long ago have driven anybody less obstinate than he into bankruptcy and ruin. Everything is against him except his own character and traditions.

Yet this rough, inarticulate descendant of the vanished yeoman, struggling against bureaucracy and the money-power allied to pull him down, holds the secrets of growth and decay, has an instinctive understanding of the rhythms of nature, and has plumbed the true significance and even the spiritual background of the ordered cycle of life. Those few men still living who have seen a vision of the return to sanity—Stapledon, Howard, Pfeiffer, Alma Baker, Lord Lymington, whose *Famine in England* is an axe laid at the root of illusion—these are only the voice of this grizzled old traditional farmer plodding heroically on through a deluge of troubles, artificially poured upon his devoted head.

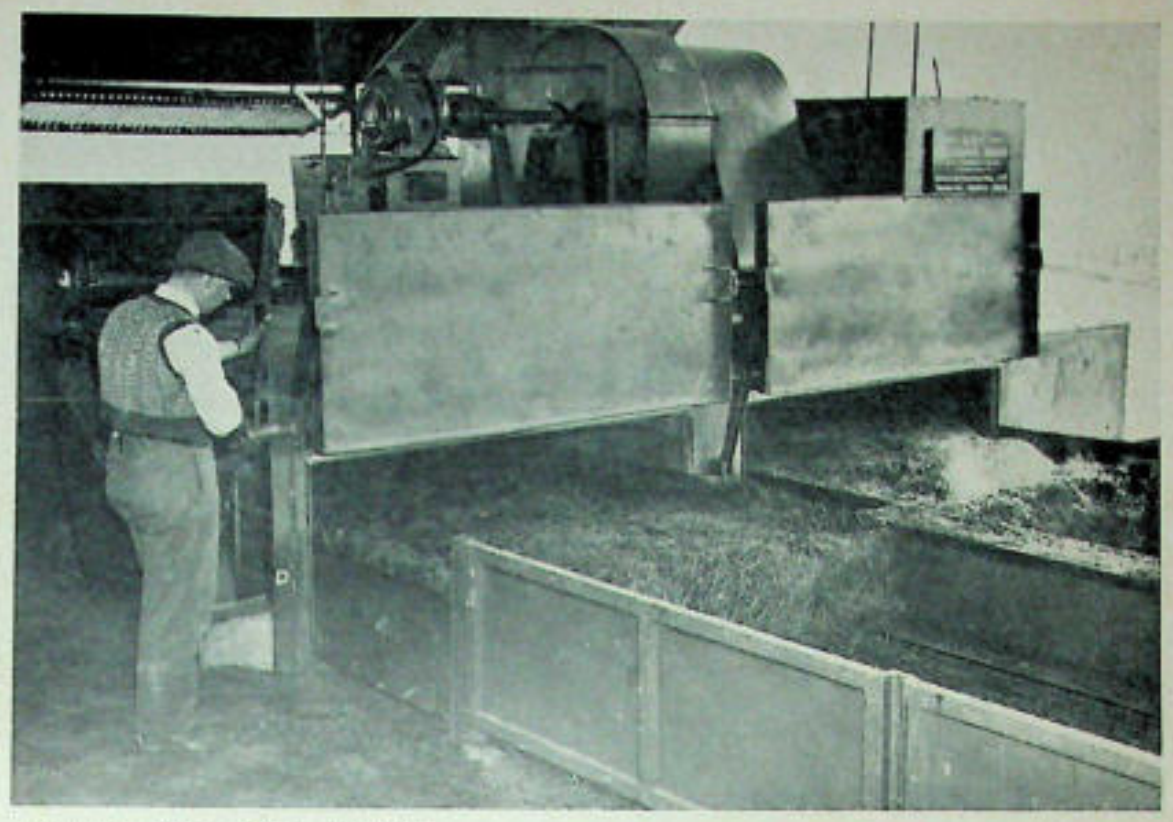
It is he, and it is he alone, not the Bloomsbury sociologists nor the socialistic weavers of yet more chains of State domination, who has the future of England in his hands, or, if he is bound down as the Lilliputians bound Gulliver, those who have caught his silent message before it is too late. A day is coming when we shall be compelled to learn, if we are to live, what he has to teach. The gigantic failure of over-specialised, over-mechanised agriculture, of earth-forcing, of land-exploitation, of food-importation from impoverished lands abroad, and of the financial interests interlocked with it that count wealth in terms of stocks and shares, is at hand. He stands, my old yeoman, on his sacred soil as the future saviour of his country.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An account of a wedding:

"The bride's going-away outfit was the bridegroom's mother's grave."



Dried grass being taken from the chamber of a drier

FACTS ABOUT GRASS-DRYING

Feeding Stuff Economy and Healthy Cattle

I HAVE paid a visit to Mr. T. S. Bennett of Manor Farm, Worcester. Mr. Bennett is a grass-drying enthusiast. At the time of my visit—towards the end of November—he had not finished his year's hay-making. He was drying several tons of grass cut from his orchards, and converting into excellent fodder material which would otherwise have been wasted.

Now grass-drying is a subject that almost invariably causes controversy, and not infrequently heated argument, among farmers. The following facts from Mr. Bennett's farm will therefore be of interest to all farmers. That the figures for 1939 are not complete does not detract from their interest in any way.

Four years ago Mr. Bennett took up grass-drying, with the dual object of effecting economies in his feeding stuffs bill and of improving the health of his cattle. How far he has succeeded is proved by figures, which afford evidence of great importance at a time such as this when supplies of imported cattle foods are not as plentiful as they used to be (and may well become very scarce indeed), and prices are rising.

During these four years Mr. Bennett's total tonnages of dried grass have been as follows:—

1936	288 tons, 14 cwt.
1937	228 tons.
1938	166 tons, 10 cwt.
1939	200 tons (estimated).

This grass was cut at three times—May, July, and September. And the tonnages of the three cuts show the effect of wet and dry periods in the seasons.

Thus, in 1936—a very wet season—the cuts were: May 143 tons 15 cwt., July 100 tons 18 cwt., and September 33 tons 1 cwt. In 1937, a normal spring with dry summer and autumn, the cuts were: May 134 tons, July 84 tons, and September 10 tons. In 1938, when there was a prolonged spring drought, the first two cuts were 27 tons 19 cwt. and 40 tons, then the rain came and the third cut was 98 tons 10 cwt. This year, a wet summer with a dry autumn, the cuts have been 79 tons 14 cwt., 99 tons 12 cwt., and 14 tons.

During these four years the protein analyses have been:—

1936	12.6.
1937	13 (over).
1938	13.5.
1939	13 (estimated; drying still going on).

That these protein yields are not higher is due to Mr. Bennett's preference for cutting grass for drying when it is fairly long and easier therefore to pick up.

During the period Mr. Bennett has been keeping a herd of 100 dairy cows, with from 20-30 young stock and 7 horses on his farm of 200 acres, one-half being dried and the other grazed. By strict costing, he is able to say with certainty that the overall cost of dried grass is £5 per ton (to include all process costs, labour, depreciation, rent and fertilisers).

In 1936, his first year, he fed his cattle medium quality dried grass plus the usual ration of concentrates. His average milk yield per cow per year was 703 gallons. In the following year (1937-38) he experimented by discarding concentrates altogether and feeding his herd entirely on dried grass. The result was a handsome saving in feeding costs.

At £5 per ton the 228 tons cost roughly £1,150, against a bill for cake which would normally be of the order of £2,000—a substantial saving. At the same time the milk yield fell from 703 to 678 gallons, a reduction of 25 gallons per cow per year. Since then he has adopted a practice of feeding dried grass as the main ration, with an allowance of cake for cows giving over 2 gallons per day. This has been found satisfactory in every way. As regards health, the cows now winter out of doors and there has been a definite reduction in sickness.

Not content with success in the main purposes for which he took up drying, Mr. Bennett has experimented. One of the commonest criticisms of grass drying is that constant cropping tends to weaken pastures, a view not held by those who have had experience of drying. Mr. Bennett has tackled the question by intensively cropping one meadow three times a year for the past four years. The average yield in 1936 was 2 tons 18 cwt. per acre; this year it averaged 3 tons 3 cwt. per acre—an increase of 5 cwt. per acre. Nor has the protein content shown any decline, remaining constant over the four years at 12.5-13 per cent.

Another experiment was made last year when he dried and fed pea haulms to young stock, with excellent results. After lying for two days in the field this dried fodder still analysed 11 per cent. protein. Analyses as high as 26 per cent. have been recorded from these dried pea haulms.

The last experiment is not yet complete. Two heifers, now 26 months old, and due to calve in early spring, have been, except for 45 gallons each of milk during the first six weeks, fed entirely on dried grass and water. They are characterised by excellent bone and large frame with very good coat. It will be of interest to see what their calves will be like.

CREAGHT.

HUNTING FIXTURES AND REPORTS

Owing to Christmas Holiday arrangements the *Field* will have to go to press earlier than usual with the issues of December 23rd and 30th. Will Secretaries of Hunts and Masters of Hounds please note that for the issue of December 23rd the latest date for receiving fixture cards and reports will be December 15th. For the *Field* of December 30th fixture cards can be taken up to Friday, December 22nd, but it will not be possible to insert accounts of hunting runs in that issue.



DRIVING CLUBS ARE NOW THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND HERE IS THE WEST SURREY CLUB, OF CRANLEIGH, ON THE ROAD

THE HORSE ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Bringing Out the Trap and Breaking to Single Harness

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. LAMONT, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

PETROL rationing has come to stay "for the duration," and it seems almost certain that it will be tightened up in the near future. Many private cars are already laid up, ere long all such will, probably, be off the road, for this is indeed a petrol war. Particularly for those living in the country some means of transport is a necessity, therefore there is already a brisk demand for the horse and trap.

Fortunately, the Army Remount requirements have not denuded the country of horseflesh as happened in the last war, consequently there is an ample supply of animals, particularly ponies, suitable for draught. But as driving is almost a sealed book to the majority of horse and pony owners of the present generation, who may now want to put their animals into harness, a few simple hints as to breaking for this purpose may be opportune.

Let us suppose that the animal to be put to harness is a good hack, reasonably quiet on the road, and accustomed to the usual traffic, for in a short treatise it is not possible to deal with the correct handling, treatment and breaking of a raw youngster, this should only be undertaken by an old hand, an expert at the game.

The first step is to acquire a set of harness and trap suitable for the horse or pony in question. In all probability both may have been laid by for a number of years. Therefore a most careful inspection and overhaul is essential. The wheels should be taken off; if the spokes are at all loose twelve hours in a pond, or pool of water, will tighten them up. The hubs and caps should be well greased before being put on. The trap should be painted or varnished all over, and cushions attended to. The harness should be sponged, and when dry treated with neat's-foot oil. The stuffing of the collar and pad should be pricked up, fitted by the saddler, and relined if necessary. Particular attention should be paid to the leather "behind the buckle," where it is most likely to perish; all buckles must work easily. Personally, I prefer breast harness for light draught.

While this overhaul is in progress the first lessons should commence. It is most desirable to give the pupil a good hour's exercise, under the saddle, just to get his back down and steady him, and the moment it is decided to put him to harness his shoulders and breast, where the collar or breast harness will bear, should be well dabbed night and morning with a strong solution of salt and water. This treatment hardens the skin and reduces the risk of tenderness or collar gall.

The initial stage should be devoted to driving on the long reins with the harness bridle on, to accustom him to the blinkers, firstly in a field or paddock, then, when going nicely, then on to a quiet road, and, finally, where there is a good bit of traffic. If the driver's "hands" are good the reins can be attached to the bit, which naturally has been selected to suit the animal's mouth and temperament. If not they should be attached to the side D's of a stable head collar or cavasson worn under the harness bridle. The pupil should be given plenty of "halt" and "go on"; made to stand stock still and move off nicely and quietly; and the long reins should be contacted with the hindquarters until no resentment is evinced.

As soon as these matters are satisfactorily adjusted the harness should be put on and fitted. It must be kept in mind that the animal in question has not been accustomed to harness, particularly the collar, crupper and breeching. Special care must be taken when putting on the crupper. At first it is advisable to undo the buckle on one side, slip the crupper under the tail and buckle up. Later the tail can be put through the crupper in the usual way. It is most essential that all the tail hairs should be free of the crupper. A few left in is certain to induce kicking. A tight crupper has a similar effect. The main consideration is that the horse must not be alarmed or frightened in any way. Therefore the breaking process must be gradual, kind and sympathetic. With the harness on he should be first led about, the slightest inclination to play up or kick should be restrained by voice correction and even a job in the mouth. Immediate reward in the shape of an apple, carrot or bowl of oats will do much towards good behaviour and contentment.

If all is well while being led the pupil can be driven about on the long reins as above until he halts readily, stands still and moves on. At each halt a kind word and immediate reward from time to time will work wonders.

The next step is to attach a rope to each trace, held trace high by an assistant, naturally placed well out of heel range, whose function is to bear on the ropes, putting gradually more and more weight on them until the pupil moves off staunchly against a fair amount of pull. If any sign of jibbing is evident then the pull must be reduced, then gradually increased while the pupil is on the move. Finally a fair-sized log of wood can be attached to the ropes and the pupil driven round the field; for this exercise it is advisable to pass the traces through the loops of a back or kicking strap, otherwise the traces and ropes will be about his hocks and he may get a "leg over." This also accustoms the pupil to the feel of the breeching and kicking strap over the loins and quarters.

The final stage is to yoke him. If the initial stages have not been hurried and all has gone peacefully and well this should not present much difficulty. It is advisable to have the driver and two assistants. The pupil should have a web halter under the harness bridle. Select a spot, dead level or preferably a very slight down gradient, have the trap placed in the line of advance, with shafts on the



AN EXERCISING CART
In the days before the motor car captured the road

ground. The reins should be doubled and looped through the near side terret.

No. 1 assistant stands to the horse's head with a bowl of oats or tit bits for an occasional nibble. Driver takes point of near side shaft, and No. 2 assistant the off side shaft. Together they lift the shafts and pull the cart gently forward, guiding the shafts into the tugs, without touching the horse's flanks, gradually allowing the full weight of the shafts to be taken by the tugs. They then do up the kicking strap, which should be so fitted that it does not bear down on the quarters, but tight enough to prevent him really "lifting."

The traces are then hooked up, and should be long enough to allow the quarters to be clear of the draw bar, and tugs just clear of the stops when the horse is in draught. The breeching is then adjusted so that it is just below the commencement of the curve of the buttocks, so that the horse can exert the maximum power when going down hill, and there can be no danger of it slipping up under the tail. It should be just tight enough to prevent the hindquarters coming too near the draw bar when the horse is right "back in his breeching," or to bring too much pull on the pad by the stops pulling the tugs forward, thus producing a drag on the tail via the crupper, the function of which is to keep the pad from moving forward. There are drivers who do not employ a breeching at all, and rely on the tugs to do the job on the down hill. This system works quite well with a light trap in a country where there are not steep gradients.

Some breakers dispense with the kicking strap, but I have always found it advisable, preferring to take no risks. If a horse once learns to kick in harness, particularly if he hurts his hocks, he is liable to acquire the habit. Of course, a good quick man at his head, or a driver who can "sense it coming," can often nip it in the bud with his voice and by keeping the horse's head up, for a horse cannot have both ends up at the same time. However "Safety First" indicates the kicking strap.

If the trap is the right size for the animal the tugs should be so adjusted that the shafts are as near horizontal as makes no matter. The traces should be slightly rising towards the collar—less so in the case of breast harness. In hooking in a trace it must be so placed on the hook as to be flat to the horse's side, not twisted.

All this while it is to be hoped that, owing to the previous lessons, the horse is standing steady; but the "hooking in" should not be so prolonged so as to try his patience too highly.

The driver now takes the reins out of the near side terret, gently feels the horse's mouth, and with the reins in the left hand separated by the first and second fingers, quietly climbs up, takes his seat and removes the whip from the whip socket. The question of "whip" is somewhat a matter of opinion. Personally, I have always used one, and in the initial stages accustomed the horse to it by laying the lash lightly over the shoulder between collar and pad, also drawing it across the back just in rear of the pad, a split second after the word of command "go on." A driving whip should never be "cracked," but it is permissible to give it a just audible "swish" to induce acceleration.

No. 1 assistant now moves to the near side, with the rope of the web halter in his hand, level with the pupil's neck. No. 2 assistant goes to the back of the trap ready to give it a starting impulse when the driver orders go on. Should there be hesitation on the part of the horse a stronger push will be necessary. No. 1 should not attempt to pull the pupil forward, his function is to assist if there is any "playing up," running back, attempt to ditch the cart, &c. It is hoped that a start is effected: should it be rather sudden in the shape of a bound it is well not to check too suddenly with the reins, provided the required direction has been taken. It is wiser to give to the initial start and then gradually reduce the pace down to a walk.

The first lessons in the shafts should be confined to the walk, plenty of halts and "go on's"; then turns to right and left, at first on a largish circle, gradually reduced as proficiency increases. In making turns the horse may be a trifle awkward at the outset, and the feel of the shaft on the side to which he is asked to turn may put him off. It will greatly assist matters, if, say when turning to the right, No. 1 pushes on the near side shaft, and No. 2 mans the near side wheel and *vice versa*.

When the lesson has proved satisfactory at the walk the pace should be increased to a gentle trot. Gradients should be avoided at first; a hard surface and the quietest roads must be selected. It is advisable to break off after, say, half to three-quarters of an hour for the first lesson, the pupil having had his good hour's saddle exercise previously, then, after water and feed and a good rest, give him a second lesson the same day, and so on each day.

The main consideration is that a horse must be so trained that he is easy to yoke, will stand stock still while driver and passengers get in and out, start without hesitation, accelerate, decelerate, halt, in fact be obedient to voice and whip. What in effect corresponds to "impulsion" in the saddle horse.

The first three or four days should most certainly be devoted to definite education in the slow paces as above outlined. The horse's shoulders are not hardened and if they become heated or at all "wrung" jibbing is the natural result. A horse with tender shoulders cannot be expected to "love his collar" and pull staunchly. The salt and water will help, but the royal road to success is to go slowly.

On the fifth day the pupil should be introduced to slight up and down gradients, and so learn to go "into his collar" and "breech." No. 2 assistant can be dispensed with as soon as "stop and go" and the turns are as they should be, but it is sound to retain No. 1, who should be in the trap, but must be quick in and out to lend a hand if necessary, and to give immediate reward at the halts.

If a second assistant is not available the job can be tackled with one only. When yoking he should remain at the horse's head. The driver, pulling the cart forward by the near side shaft, guides the point into that tug, slips round and does likewise to the off side shaft, then proceeds to hook in as above, one side at a time.

As soon as the pupil is absolutely quiet to yoke he can be backed on to the shafts till his tugs are level with the points of the shafts, which are then raised and put into the tugs. To leave a horse unattended when hooked in is a dangerous practice which is certain sooner or later to produce an accident.

Jibbing is the most usual cause of trouble when breaking to harness, but my experience indicates that this possibility is reduced to a minimum by the adoption of the above methods, combined with patience, gentleness and firm kindness. Should a horse suddenly start jibbing on the road, or refuse to leave home, man the wheels and push behind, and have someone with immediate reward just out of reach, who moves backward if the horse moves. This will generally do the trick. If not, keep him there for several hours, if need be, until he is fed up and moves off in the required direction of his own accord.

If time is not available for this manœuvre a light rope placed below the knee and pulled forward one leg at a time will invariably induce forward movement. Jibbing can be most irritating, but loss of temper plus the abuse of the whip never did produce anything but evil results when employed during breaking to harness, or in fact at any time. After a jibbing fit has been mastered the pupil should most certainly be made much of and treated to an ample "immediate reward."

(*Next week: The Art of Handling the Reins.*)



THE BERKSHIRE DRIVING CLUB AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE, NEAR THEALE
Miss Rothbart is driving "No Name," followed by Miss Hedges and Mrs. Wells driving "Sue" on the Newbury Road



WHAT NOT TO DO ON THE ROAD
The post of a speed limit sign was not intended for use as a "hitching post," and there is a dangerous corner here

JUST THE LUCK OF THE GAME

Fickle Fortune and the Salmon Fisher

SOME time ago I was asked what was my favourite quotation from any book on fishing. Without the least hesitation I was able to reply that Chaytor's remark on page 39 of *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons*: "One thing you may be sure of about a salmon, you never can tell either what he will do, or when he will do it," was an easy first.

The vagaries of the salmon and the lottery of salmon fishing are notorious, and it is hardly to be wondered at that so many salmon anglers are, in their inmost hearts, if not to the outside world, a little superstitious, a little inclined to have some mascot or secret charm which they hope, and sometimes really believe, brings them luck.

Years ago I knew a man who had a lucky tie. He did not, of course, wear it every time he went a fishing, because mascots must not be overworked, or, like spirits left uncorked, the goodness goes forth from them. But if ever he wanted a fish really badly, or needed the special help of the supernatural to end a long spell of ill-luck, then the precious tie was donned, and it was surprising how often the talisman worked.

And then one day there occurred a major disaster. The wife of his bosom, and in many ways very considerably his better half, was stricken with that terrible urge which seizes so many ladies in the Spring—to clean the house, and get rid of a year's accumulation of rubbish.

The magic tie had been a deadly secret, for, like the wish one registers at the first sight of the new moon, or on the first bite of the first mince-pie, mascots are most effective when kept hidden in the depths of one's heart, and so the lady of the house knew nothing of its properties. All she saw was a shabby piece of neck-wear, tucked away at the back of a drawer, evidently long forgotten.

Some time later the tragedy was discovered. Through the half-open door of the dressing-room the wife heard a great commotion; the opening and shutting of drawers, much stamping and fuming, and called out: "What's the matter, dear? Lost something?"

"Yes," came back the angry reply. "Can't find the tie I want. Always kept it at the back of the right-hand top drawer."

The lady thought for a moment. "That old red and blue striped thing, darling?"

"That's it. Seen it lately?"

"Yes, darling. I came across it some time ago when spring cleaning, and put it in with a bundle of rubbish for the jumble sale. Didn't want the awful old thing, did you?"

For a moment there was deadly silence; then the storm broke, and maybe it is better to draw a veil over what happened. But a happy marriage was nearly wrecked, and the victim avers that his efficiency as a catcher of salmon has depreciated by twenty-five per cent.

Pet flies and baits are, of course, a more common form of the mascot mania, and invariably it is the individual lure—not the pattern, which is valued. Another, like as pea in pod to the magic article, has by no means the same properties. I know a very successful lady angler who has an old devon which no money could buy. It is an odd thing, half brass and half zinc, given to her by its maker, and I should not like to say how many salmon it has accounted for. In a way it is a two-edged instrument, for the whole time she is fishing she is terrified that it will be lost, and more than once she has waded in waist deep to get it free when snagged.

Personally I have no vast faith in any mascot. Pet minnows come, and, in the end, usually go. I had one for several years which did me very well indeed. It was a home-made affair of a devon cut off half-an-inch behind the fins and fitted with a bit of rubber tube shaped into a swallow-tail. But its last resting place was a snag in the Torridge, and no replica ever had much success.

For two consecutive seasons I think I killed a salmon on the 13th day of almost every fishing month (the 13th happens to be my birthday, which was also on a Friday) and when the two coincided the fluences were especially potent. But last year they failed me completely.

In my experience the most certain way to meet a salmon is to forget the gaff, and leave it at home or in the car. But it is absolutely essential that the lapse is genuine; it is not the least use forgetting it on purpose—you can't kid mascots or fluences that way. You can almost hear them muttering that so favourite remark of film actors. "You can't do that to me." Unfortunately I am a most methodical creature, and the gaff lives in the car the whole season through, and so the occasions when I really forget it are few and far between. But, at a guess, I should say the charm works in quite three times out of four.

On club and association water one comes across amazing instances of how luck will pursue a man for long periods, and then elude him just as successfully. When a man has a beat to himself there is little basis for comparison, but when the same rods are fishing the same water for year after year it is most marked how unevenly Fortune doles out her favours.

I remember a case some fifteen years ago on a Devonshire stream. A ticket holder on some association water caught four fish one evening between five and eight o'clock, a feat which is still a record for the river, and ended up the season with a total well above the next highest. He fished the water for two years after that without landing a single salmon.

In 1932 one angler caught seven out of the first eight salmon killed on association water, where there were probably not far short of a dozen other rods fishing regularly. For ten or twelve years a man was always at or near the top of the list at the end of the season. Then, for some quite inexplicable reason, in 1938, his catch dropped to three, whereas the top man had a dozen—it was a really bad season. But the very next year the successful angler, who twelve months before had been able to kill fish when no one else could even meet them, experienced a complete reversal of fortune. Between the beginning of March and the end of August he hooked one salmon and lost that, and two grilse in September represented his reward for a whole seven months' fishing.

That year a newcomer with a limited experience of salmon fishing had twice as many salmon as any of the older rods, and all but one of his were caught on plugs. Yet plugs had been used without much success on the water in previous years, and, naturally, as soon as the newcomer began getting fish others followed suit in trying the same bait. But none had any success worth mentioning, although using identical patterns.

I had a curious case of luck this year in Ireland. Two of us were fishing the Moy from the same boat, both spinning with tiny devons the same size and colour. Between 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. my host hooked seven salmon while I only connected with one. Then from 6.30 p.m. until 8 p.m. I hooked seven without him having a single pull.

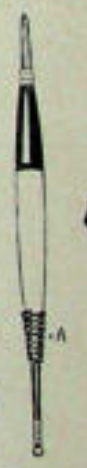
WEST COUNTRY.



"THE MOST CERTAIN WAY TO MEET A SALMON IS TO FORGET THE GAFF"—BUT NOT INVARIABLY!

STANDARDISED "LOADING" ON CASTS

HERE is a tip for bottom-fishers, which not only makes for convenience and saves time, but, by rendering all one's casts interchangeable vis-à-vis all weights of floats, also makes for economy.



The principle involved is to standardise the "loading" on all one's bottom-fishing casts, by having, say, only two small fold-over or split-shot leads, just sufficient to cock one's lightest float, on all one's casts. Then, for the remainder of the "loading" for all heavier floats, the requisite additional weight in soft drawn lead wire can be wrapped around the bottom of each such float, as shown at "A" on my sketch, the floats thus in effect becoming part "self-cockers."

For example, for a 6-shot float the weight of lead wire wrapping would be such as to equal 4 split-shot.

For greater security this wrapping can be bound with thread or silk, and painted or varnished to give a more pleasing finish.

By means of this standardisation any size and weight of float can thus always, and with but a minimum of delay, be used on each and every cast, or *vice versa*, avoiding having separate casts already made up, suitably shotted, for each different weight float it may be required to use. Where the angler's practice hitherto has been to add, or take off, a few shots each time a different weight float is used, this standardisation will also result in less fraying of casts.

Where, in certain waters, such as if one is habitually fishing in fast flow-ers, it is preferred to have more "loading" weight on the cast itself instead of just the above-mentioned two shots, the standardisation principle could still be applied. For instance, supposing it were desired to have, say, 8 split-shot, "bunched" or "distributed," on all one's casts, then for a 12-shot float the amount of lead wire wrapping around the bottom of the float would be such as to equal in weight 4 split-shot; for a 10-shot float, 2 split-shot; and so on.

N. L. W.

out of Blandford's half-sister Blanc Mange, for 4,000 guineas. Mr. Goodbody's interest in racing hitherto has been confined almost entirely to National Hunt Sport. He has bought jumpers, for Peter Thrale to train, particularly with the Grand National in view. Selim Hassan has gone to Bancroft, who has charge of the Duchess of Norfolk's horses at Michel Grove.

The nineteen yearlings which the Aga Khan sold realised 36,710 guineas. In prosperous and peaceful times they may have produced double that sum, but it must be agreed, from the vendor's point of view, and in all the circumstances, it was a very satisfactory sale. Whatever racing there may be in this country during the next two years, it is odds against these nineteen yearlings winning as much in stake money as the Aga Khan has now received for them.

In addition, of course, he has been saved the enormous costs which the training of these animals and their engagements and other expenses would have involved.

If the Aga Khan had merely sent a selection of his yearlings, or had not announced that they were sold without reserve, there would have been much less interest in the disposal and people would not have bid with the freedom they evinced last week. So far as the yearlings were concerned, it had to be "all or none" and the clean sweep policy was most successful.

Of the horses in training Mubarak (300 guineas) went to George Duller who evidently hopes to make a hurdler of this five-year-old.

Jim Russell, the Mablethorpe trainer, was buying for South Africa and India, but many people will be interested to see if Neuvy, for whom he gave 300 guineas, remains in his stable. This trainer has won two recent Lincolnshire Handicaps and Neuvy might appeal to him as suitable for that race. He has shown good form over 6 furlongs and horses of his type have stayed the Lincoln mile successfully.

Pointis, winner of the Hardwicke Stakes, was bought for 1,000 guineas by W. Carr who has done so well with other people's cast-offs. He was enquiring, soon after his purchase, when the entries for the Ascot Gold Cup were closing, but, I see, he has not nominated Pointis. If racing is conducted next season in a manner near to normal, Pointis may prove well worth the price.

Subject to the same qualification I thought that Basil Briscoe also bought a cheap horse when he gave 520 guineas for Lord Derby's Tamworth, brother to Plassy.

Buyers for the dominions and neutral countries were extremely active at the sales. Purchases were made on behalf of the Jockey Club of Argentina and much more American money was spent than is normally expended at the December sales.



AT THE NEWMARKET GATHERING OF EXPERTS
Mr. Basil Jarvis and Lady Darnley

The total receipts for the five days' sale were 115,951 guineas. At the December sales of 1914, after four months of war, the total for 359 lots was only 68,795 guineas. The number of animals offered this time was about double that of 1914.

YEOMAN.

BEHAVIOUR IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

Little Points that Can Mean a Good Deal

ONE of the things which adds much to the enjoyment of shooting is to be out with persons who observe not only the unwritten laws of sport but also the little niceties that go so far to make a day perfect. When all is said and done the actual business of firing a gun and bagging something represents but a part of the pleasure which we derive from field sport. There are so many other things that go to form the sum total of the game, and as ever the right personal attitude makes a big difference. There are men—keen shots—who would rather forgo their sport than shoot in the company of those whose code does not recognise the nicer points of behaviour or if it does who do not practise them.

The first duty is the observance of these unwritten laws. Foremost among them, I suppose, is that which makes it an offence to shoot a bird which is nearer one's neighbour. "Poaching" is a good word for it. There are, of course, frequent occasions upon which it is next to impossible to decide whose bird it is and usually in the resultant hesitation the latter escapes. This is a pity, but it does show that both parties are sensitive to the situation and anxious to defer to their neighbour. Once this feeling has been established it is possible to have a bit of "give and take" which is both a happy and profitable state of affairs. For when a borderline bird next happens by, the shooter can get down to the business of bagging it without worry. And should it in the end catch a double dose of lead, the fact of the existence of a kind of "entente cordiale" puts matters right.

There are few things more unpleasant and annoying in the shooting field than being next to a jealous and greedy shot. The very fact of it can mar the real enjoyment of a day. Some men think themselves clever when they can snap down somebody else's bird in double quick time. When a man persists in this kind of behaviour, the best thing is to pay him back in some of his own coin. But the whole thing tends to spoil matters and is definitely against the spirit of sportsmanship. But what is much worse is when the greedy shot is also a dangerous shot. It is bad enough to find one's birds shot by another and perhaps at short range, but when this also means charges of No. 5 passing uncomfortably close it is just not good enough. I have actually had my bird pouched and a pellet put through my hat into the bargain, and this at a well-known syndicate shoot!

One of the little niceties, to turn for a moment to the other side of the picture, that should be greatly appreciated, although the greedy shot might look upon it as the throwing-away of an easy chance, is when a shooter forgoes a simple shot which will give his neighbour a more sporting target. This, indeed, should always be the conduct of beater's gun, especially when pheasants are getting up out of roots and going forward. Such shots can only be easy ones to him, but they may be quite difficult by the time they reach the waiting line of guns. Beaters' gun should confine himself to birds that fly back or break out at the sides, which too may actually be the only really safe chances. Partridges and pheasants flying forward from roots may be at a very unsafe angle, particularly towards the end of a drive.

Recently I witnessed a performance that while it did not exactly err against any rule could and should have been turned into something better. A field of kale was being driven towards a narrow point. The majority of the guns were located at this end, while I myself was on a flank, where getting practically no shooting. I was able closely to watch operations. Most birds went either forward or back. As there was only one gun with the beaters, he had a clear field to himself as regards everything that went back. But of the birds that went forward, many of which did not get up till nearly the end of the beat, the majority flew low and at very short range past the centre gun. Now, owing to the shape of the field and the conformation of the line of guns, any of these birds could have been left by the centre gun to his neighbours, to whom they would have presented far better shots. But I never saw him leave one to the others, who got very little shooting, except at those birds which were missed. Time and again birds got up almost on the end of his barrels and with hardly any law were plastered with shot. I do not think a single really shootable bird was bagged, and naturally many of them must have been badly mangled.

The undue smashing of game is generally a matter of bad form. If birds anyway are so near that by shooting them there is real danger of knocking them to pieces, they should be left alone. Rabbits are a bit different, as they may be doing damage and have to be kept down. Often when shooting them in covert it is not possible to take them except at close quarters. But even in their case they should be given law if possible and killed cleanly. However, numerous their kind maybe a rabbit is good food and should not be wasted. If it has to be marketed, it will fetch an uneconomic price if badly shot, or possibly no price at all.

Willingness on the part of younger members to do any extra walking or undertake any uninviting task will always be appreciated. And such little sacrifices are often rewarded by the bagging of some odd variety, or the getting of attractive shots. But perhaps one of the nicest habits is that of refusing to claim any bird about the killing of which there is the least doubt. In spite of the greatest care and restraint, a couple of shooters will occasionally fire at the same bird. For instance, a bird may pass roughly equi-distant from each and neither can be blamed for shooting it. But "your bird, sir" will never come amiss and will generally have the result of promoting the happiest relations.

Tactful remarks go a long way towards the success of a day's shooting. In most parties there are one or two guns who are not such good shots. Or it may be there is somebody who is shooting much below his usual form. During the kind of "post mortem" that often takes place at lunch or tea, when a member of the party is bewailing his sad performance, some such remark as "but that was a great bird you killed going back high over the covert" may just have the effect of turning a feeling of complete disappointment into one of partial satisfaction. I have often seen a face light up under such circumstances. And it is better that everyone should go home in happy mood, especially so for those who wait at home.

Nothing marks the best kind of sportsman better than the way in which he takes his luck or lack of it. There are those who become super-elated when they shoot well and super-depressed when they shoot badly. There are those, too, who allow themselves to become bored when they do not get many shots and cease to take real interest in the proceedings. It is only natural to want to be kept fully occupied and to enjoy a fair share, but whatever one's fortune it is a duty, surely, to show a cheerful demeanour. Readiness to help in finding a lost bird that is not yours is always a sign of good fellowship, and is bound to bring grateful response. There cannot be the same incentive, but such little doings are all in the day's work and tend to promote a sense of friendly co-operation and understanding.

A man may stick to the orthodox rules of shooting, he may keep his place, shoot well and behave in exemplary fashion. For all that, there are lots of extra ways in which he can add to the general success of a party and to the happiness of individuals, by the exercise of a little forethought and consideration, by the adoption of an unselfish and generous attitude, and by taking the inevitable ups and downs in the right spirit. Such a person will always be welcome at any place and will find his engagement list full enough to keep him busy during all his spare time. All sport provides a test of character and sooner or later brings out the true colours. I feel that one could hardly shoot with any one throughout a season and fail to reach a pretty accurate estimate of his inner self and feelings. The test of the field is a searching one indeed.

"SCOLOPAX."

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.—From Melbourne comes news of a remarkable performance on the part of Walter Lindrum. Not that one does not expect the phenomenal from this magician of the cue, but a break of 2,466 puts all other performances in the shade. It constitutes a world's record, and Lindrum is reported as having made others of 1859, 1,054 and 1,036 and of scoring at the average rate of 909 an hour. He was taking on twelve amateurs and it shows something of the gulf between the amateur and professional player when the dozen, after receiving a start of 24,000, could only reach a total of 27,988 while Lindrum was making 36,352.

COURSING SEASON.—That there is no despondency in the sporting world is shown by the resolution to carry on with the Grand National at Aintree next year, and another famous Lancashire fixture will, all being well, find a place in the calendar This is the Waterloo Cup, which is due to take place at Aintree on February 14th, 15th and 16th. The draw for the 64 nominations will be made on February 13th.



H.H. AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS PARADING BEFORE THE SALES
His string of nineteen realised 36,710 guineas

THE AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS

Satisfactory Prices for a War-time Sale

AMONG the yearlings which the Aga Khan sold at the Newmarket December sales was one which I had hoped particularly would be bought by someone who would race her in this country. My interest in the bay filly Mambaka lay less in the fact that she was sired by Mahmoud, a Derby winner, from Udaipur, winner of the Oaks, than that she represents the practice of close in-breeding—closer than is usually applied to the production of race-horses. As Lord Glanely gave 3,700 guineas for her we are likely to see this experiment submitted to the crucial race-course test.

Mahmoud is a grandson and Udaipur is a daughter of Blandford. In-breeding on these lines, though seldom attempted, has met with some successes. Perhaps the Aga Khan recalled that in-breeding—sometimes to an incestuous degree—was frequently effected in the Petworth stud of the Earl of Egremont, whose Derby record his Highness has not yet equalled. Lord Egremont won the great race five times and he won the Oaks as often.

Mambaka walks a little wide in front and one eye shows the white. She has four white socks. I preferred her close relation, the grey filly Bukhara, who was bought by the Anglo-Irish Agency for 3,500 guineas. This filly is by Blandford's undefeated son Bahram, out of Una, half-sister to Udaipur.

The four yearlings bought by Mr. L. Lawrence, European chief of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film interests, are intended for California, but arrangements for their transport have not yet been made. The two fillies, Queen of Bombay, by Bahram out of Queen of Scots, and Singida by Solario out of Ardetta are still at Newmarket, while the colts, Alibhai, by Hyperion out of Teresina, and Toubo, by Vatout out of Boxeuse, have gone to Steve Donoghue at Blewbury.

Those who bid for Alibhai, for whom Mr. Lawrence gave 3,200 guineas, chose to ignore what appeared to be a doubtful joint, and there were many who criticised Bakhtawar, the heavily-made colt by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter. But such a reputable professional judge as the Irishman, Mr. Charles Rogers, gave 2,600 guineas for him. The colt will probably pass into the ownership of Miss Dorothy Paget, if she has not already taken him over. There is this to be said about the colt: his sire Windsor Lad was far from being an oil painting at the same age. I must confess that even when he appeared at Chester, some weeks before his Derby victory I stressed, in something I wrote, his very plain appearance. Was it, I wonder, his subsequent performances, or his steady physical development which led me later to regard his powerful proportions with much greater admiration? He is certainly one of the best horses of the last twenty years.

The heaviness or coarseness of Bakhtawar is in striking contrast to the exquisite quality of Friar's Daughter's other sons, Dastur (by Solario), and Bahram (by Blandford)

Mr. G. Boustead, who gave 1,200 guineas for Bura, by Bahram out of Beeti, is a newcomer to English racing, though he has run horses in Ceylon. Bura will be trained by Bertie Holland at West Horsley, Surrey.

Mr. W. U. Goodbody, an Irishman who has settled in this country after a successful business career in the United States, bid the top price of the sale when he bought the chesnut colt by Hyperion



LORD GLANELY TALKING TO CAPTAIN BOYD ROCHFORT AT THE NEWMARKET SALES



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK INSPECTING SELIM HASSAN WHICH FETCHED THE TOP PRICE OF 4,000 GUINEAS



H.H. AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS PARADING BEFORE THE SALES
His string of nineteen realised 36,710 guineas

THE AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS

Satisfactory Prices for a War-time Sale

AMONG the yearlings which the Aga Khan sold at the Newmarket December sales was one which I had hoped particularly would be bought by someone who would race her in this country. My interest in the bay filly Mamluka lay less in the fact that she was sired by Mahmoud, a Derby winner, from Udaipur, winner of the Oaks, than that she represents the practice of close in-breeding—closer than is usually applied to the production of race-horses. As Lord Glanely gave 3,700 guineas for her we are likely to see this experiment submitted to the crucial race-course test.

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out of Blandford's half-sister Blanc Mange, for 4,000 guineas. Mr. Goodbody's interest in racing hitherto has been confined almost entirely to National Hunt Sport. He has bought jumpers, for Peter Thrale to train, particularly with the Grand National in view. Selim Hassan has gone to Bancroft, who has charge of the Duchess of Norfolk's horses at Michel Grove.

The nineteen yearlings which the Aga Khan sold realised 36,710 guineas. In prosperous and peaceful times they may have produced double that sum, but it must be agreed, from the vendor's point of view, and in all the circumstances, it was a very satisfactory sale. Whatever racing there may be in this country during the next two years, it is odds against these nineteen yearlings winning as much in stake money as the Aga Khan has now received for them.

In addition, of course, he has been saved the enormous costs which the training of these animals and their engagements and other expenses would have involved.

If the Aga Khan had merely sent a selection of his yearlings, or had not announced that they were sold without reserve, there would have been much less interest in the disposal and people would not have bid with the freedom they evinced last week. So far as the yearlings were concerned, it had to be "all or none" and the clean sweep policy was most successful.

Of the horses in training Mubarak (300 guineas) went to George Duller who evidently hopes to make a hurdler of this five-year-old.

Jim Russell, the Mablethorpe trainer, was buying for South Africa and India, but many people will be interested to see if Neuvy, for whom he gave 300 guineas, remains in his stable. This trainer has won two recent Lincolnshire Handicaps and Neuvy might appeal to him as suitable for that race. He has shown good form over 6 furlongs and horses of his type have stayed the Lincoln mile successfully.

Pointis, winner of the Hardwicke Stakes, was bought for 1,000 guineas by W. Carr who has done so well with other people's cast-offs. He was enquiring, soon after his purchase, when the entries for the Ascot Gold Cup were closing, but, I see, he has not nominated Pointis. If racing is conducted next season in a manner near to normal, Pointis may prove well worth the price.

Subject to the same qualification I thought that Basil Briscoe also bought a cheap horse when he gave 520 guineas for Lord Derby's Tamworth, brother to Plassy.

Buyers for the dominions and neutral countries were extremely active at the sales. Purchases were made on behalf of the Jockey Club of Argentina and much more American money was spent than is normally expended at the December sales.



AT THE NEWMARKET GATHERING OF EXPERTS
Mr. Basil Jarvis and Lady Dorchester

The total receipts for the five days' sale were 115,651 guineas. At the December sales of 1914, after four months of war, the total for 359 lots was only 68,795 guineas. The number of animals offered this time was about double that of 1914.

YEOMAN.

BEHAVIOUR IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

Little Points that Can Mean a Good Deal

ONE of the things which adds much to the enjoyment of shooting is to be out with persons who observe not only the unwritten laws of sport but also the little niceties that go so far to make a day perfect. When all is said and done the actual business of firing a gun and bagging something represents but a part of the pleasure which we derive from field sport. There are so many other things that go to form the sum total of the game, and as ever the right personal attitude makes a big difference. There are men—keen shots—who would rather forgo their sport than shoot in the company of those whose code does not recognise the nicer points of behaviour or if it does who do not practise them.

The first duty is the observance of these unwritten laws. Foremost among them, I suppose, is that which makes it an offence to shoot a bird which is nearer one's neighbour. "Poaching" is a good word for it. There are, of course, frequent occasions upon which it is next to impossible to decide whose bird it is and usually in the resultant hesitation the latter escapes. This is a pity, but it does show that both parties are sensitive to the situation and anxious to defer to their neighbour. Once this feeling has been established it is possible to have a bit of "give and take" which is both a happy and profitable state of affairs. For when a borderline bird next happens by, the shooter can get down to the business of bagging it without worry. And should it in the end catch a double dose of lead, the fact of the existence of a kind of "entente cordiale" puts matters right.

There are few things more unpleasant and annoying in the shooting field than being next to a jealous and greedy shot. The very fact of it can mar the real enjoyment of a day. Some men think themselves clever when they can snap down somebody else's bird in double quick time. When a man persists in this kind of behaviour, the best thing is to pay him back in some of his own coin. But the whole thing tends to spoil matters and is definitely against the spirit of sportsmanship. But what is much worse is when the greedy shot is also a dangerous shot. It is bad enough to find one's birds shot by another and perhaps at short range, but when this also means charges of No. 5 passing uncomfortably close it is just not good enough. I have actually had my bird pouched and a pellet put through my hat into the bargain, and this at a well-known syndicate shoot!

One of the little niceties, to turn for a moment to the other side of the picture, that should be greatly appreciated, although the greedy shot might look upon it as the throwing-away of an easy chance, is when a shooter forgoes a simple shot which will give his neighbour a more sporting target. This, indeed, should always be the conduct of beater's gun, especially when pheasants are getting up out of roots and going forward. Such shots can only be easy ones to him, but they may be quite difficult by the time they reach the waiting line of guns. Beaters' gun should confine himself to birds that fly back or break out at the sides, which too may actually be the only really safe chances. Partridges and pheasants flying forward from roots may be at a very unsafe angle, particularly towards the end of a drive.

Recently I witnessed a performance that while it did not exactly err against any rule could and should have been turned into something better. A field of kale was being driven towards a narrow point. The majority of the guns were located at this end, while I myself was on a flank, where getting practically no shooting. I was able closely to watch operations. Most birds went either forward or back. As there was only one gun with the beaters, he had a clear field to himself as regards everything that went back. But of the birds that went forward, many of which did not get up till nearly the end of the beat, the majority flew low and at very short range past the centre gun. Now, owing to the shape of the field and the conformation of the line of guns, any of these birds could have been left by the centre gun to his neighbours, to whom they would have presented far better shots. But I never saw him leave one to the others, who got very little shooting, except at those birds which were missed. Time and again birds got up almost on the end of his barrels and with hardly any law were plastered with shot. I do not think a single really shootable bird was bagged, and naturally many of them must have been badly mangled.

The undue smashing of game is generally a matter of bad form. If birds anyway are so near that by shooting them there is real danger of knocking them to pieces, they should be left alone. Rabbits are a bit different, as they may be doing damage and have to be kept down. Often when shooting them in covert it is not possible to take them except at close quarters. But even in their case they should be given law if possible and killed cleanly. However, numerous 'their kind maybe a rabbit is good food and should not be wasted. If it has to be marketed, it will fetch an uneconomic price if badly shot, or possibly no price at all.

Willingness on the part of younger members to do any extra walking or undertake any uninviting task will always be appreciated. And such little sacrifices are often rewarded by the bagging of some odd variety, or the getting of attractive shots. But perhaps one of the nicest habits is that of refusing to claim any bird about the killing of which there is the least doubt. In spite of the greatest care and restraint, a couple of shooters will occasionally fire at the same bird. For instance, a bird may pass roughly equi-distant from each and neither can be blamed for shooting it. But "your bird, sir" will never come amiss and will generally have the result of promoting the happiest relations.

Tactful remarks go a long way towards the success of a day's shooting. In most parties there are one or two guns who are not such good shots. Or it may be there is somebody who is shooting much below his usual form. During the kind of "post mortem" that often takes place at lunch or tea, when a member of the party is bewailing his sad performance, some such remark as "but that was a great bird you killed going back high over the covert" may just have the effect of turning a feeling of complete disappointment into one of partial satisfaction. I have often seen a face light up under such circumstances. And it is better that everyone should go home in happy mood, especially so for those who wait at home.

Nothing marks the best kind of sportsman better than the way in which he takes his luck or lack of it. There are those who become super-elated when they shoot well and super-depressed when they shoot badly. There are those, too, who allow themselves to become bored when they do not get many shots and cease to take real interest in the proceedings. It is only natural to want to be kept fully occupied and to enjoy a fair share, but whatever one's fortune it is a duty, surely, to show a cheerful demeanour. Readiness to help in finding a lost bird that is not yours is always a sign of good fellowship, and is bound to being grateful response. There cannot be the same incentive, but such little doings are all in the day's work and tend to promote a sense of friendly co-operation and understanding.

A man may stick to the orthodox rules of shooting, he may keep his place, shoot well and behave in exemplary fashion. For all that, there are lots of extra ways in which he can add to the general success of a party and to the happiness of individuals, by the exercise of a little forethought and consideration, by the adoption of an unselfish and generous attitude, and by taking the inevitable ups and downs in the right spirit. Such a person will always be welcome at any place and will find his engagement list full enough to keep him busy during all his spare time. All sport provides a test of character and sooner or later brings out the true colours. I feel that one could hardly shoot with any one throughout a season and fail to reach a pretty accurate estimate of his inner self and feelings. The test of the field is a searching one indeed.

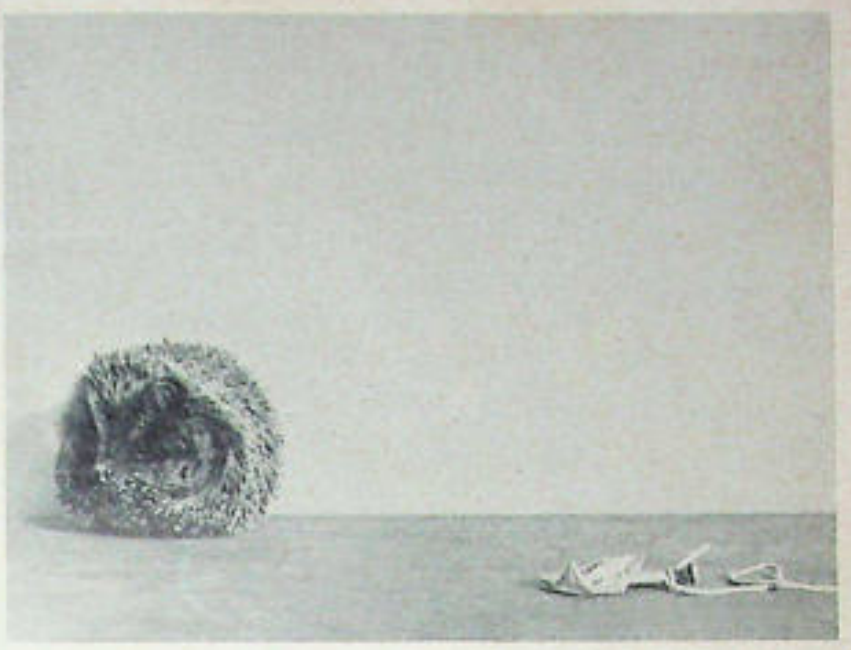
"SCOLOPAX."

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.—From Melbourne comes news of a remarkable performance on the part of Walter Lindrum. Not that one does not expect the phenomenal from this magician of the cue, but a break of 2,466 puts all other performances in the shade. It constitutes a world's record, and Lindrum is reported as having made others of 1859, 1,054 and 1,036 and of scoring at the average rate of 909 an hour. He was taking on twelve amateurs and it shows something of the gulf between the amateur and professional player when the dozen, after receiving a start of 24,000, could only reach a total of 27,988 while Lindrum was making 36,352.

COURSING SEASON.—That there is no despondency in the sporting world is shown by the resolution to carry on with the Grand National at Aintree next year, and another famous Lancashire fixture will, all being well, find a place in the calendar This is the Waterloo Cup, which is due to take place at Aintree on February 14th, 15th and 16th. The draw for the 64 nominations will be made on February 13th.

THE HEDGEHOG UNROLLS and TAKES an INTEREST in THINGS





THIS HEDGEHOG IS NOT EASILY SCARED—AND SHOWS WHAT SPINES AND CLAWS CAN DO TO A BALLOON. THE BANG HOWEVER, MAKES HIM INCLINED TO ROLL UP





ALSO HE IS NO FROTH BLOWER—BUT BELIEVES IN GETTING HIS HEAD WELL INTO IT





AND THIS IS WHAT BABY HEDGEHOGS LOOK LIKE. THEY WERE BORN IN CAPTIVITY AND PHOTOGRAPHED IN A BRADFORD GARDEN

EGGS OF SOME BRITISH BIRDS

Protective Colouration and Apparent Contradictions

By P. E. HOWES, Ph.D.

MOST of us *when young* have collected birds' eggs and have been delighted with the variation in colour, size and, to a lesser extent, shape. It is all the more remarkable when we realise that the eggshell is only the temporary protective covering for the unborn nestling.

Why do we get this profusion of colouring and marking? The answer is not a simple one, and cannot always be explained by the fact of the colour acting as a protection. This is very often the case, however. Broadly speaking, eggs which are laid in holes or dark places where the light cannot penetrate are white. Being invisible they do not need colour for protection. For this reason such widely diverse types of birds as sand martins, owls and sheldducks all lay eggs which are white, or nearly so.

There are exceptions to this rule. The puffin's egg has faint markings on its shell and it is laid in a burrow. This may be due to the puffin originally laying its eggs in an open position. It is now laying in holes, and the eggs are losing their markings. The same is probably true of the starling; here the blue eggs are getting lighter since the bird is adopting a covered site for its nest.

On the other hand, the ring dove builds its nest in the open, and lays two very conspicuous white eggs when viewed from above. It is to be borne in mind that most of the danger comes from above from marauding crows and such-like enemies. These eggs must look very noticeable to them with the dark ground behind them. A possible reason for this is that the wood pigeon originally built in a hole or dark situation. With change of site it has not, as yet, developed colour in the eggshell. In any case the wood pigeon seems to be holding its own, and even becoming a pest, so its eggs cannot be suffering unduly.

Some of the best protective colouring is seen in the eggs of the wading birds and marsh birds, the eggs of plover, snipe and redshank corresponding very well with the marshy grass in their colourings of browns and blacks. The coot and moorhen eggs have a lighter ground to fit in with the lighter rushes of the nest; the spots or streaks corresponding to marks and rust on the grass blades.

Pheasants and game birds generally lay dullish eggs and are given more protection by the bird covering the nest with leaves. In this way it is very often possible to step on a pheasant's nest before seeing it.

Amongst the smaller birds, the yellow hammer, reed bunting and blackcap afford examples of good protective colouring with their neutral background covered with streaks and blotches.

The crow family has also learnt the lesson, their greenish eggs—streaked with black and brown—blending in well with surrounding foliage.

We occasionally, however, come across cases where the colour seems to make eggs conspicuous rather than otherwise. How are we to explain away the bright bluish green eggs of mistle-thrush, song thrush and hedge sparrow, which show up clearly against the brown of the nest? The case is explained by the fact that the mother bird herself acts as protection for the eggs. The brown thrush on the nest is easily overlooked and the bird sits tightly to protect the eggs. The same is true of the nightjar, who also sits tightly, and is almost invisible with her markings of brown and blackish bars.

Let us turn now to the question of *size* and shape of egg. The rule of big eggs for big birds, and *vice versa*, is generally applicable, but not always so. The eggs of the precocious group are larger in proportion to the bird than the eggs of the helpless group. This is because the precocious youngster develops to a further degree in the egg in order to be active when hatched. This necessitates a relatively larger egg.



NEST OF THE MISSEL-THRUSH
The contrasting colour of the eggs are hidden by the closely sitting bird



THE NEST OF THE LAPWING
A good example of protective colouring in eggs

All eggs more or less approximate to the elliptical shape with one end sharper than the other. The chief exceptions to this are the marsh birds which lay eggs which are pear-shaped. There is a reason for this. These birds lay four eggs which, when arranged with the pointed ends inwards, neatly and completely fill the nest. The guillemot also lays a pointed egg—only one. The explanation has been given that this is to prevent the egg from rolling off the edges of the rocks. This is extremely doubtful, a more plausible explanation is that the birds have to incubate in a more or less upright posture due to pressure of space. This shape of egg is probably the most convenient in the circumstances.

Finally, we come to the question of the number of eggs in a clutch laid by our various birds. The number varies from one to over a dozen. Reasonable suggestions have been put forward for this variety.

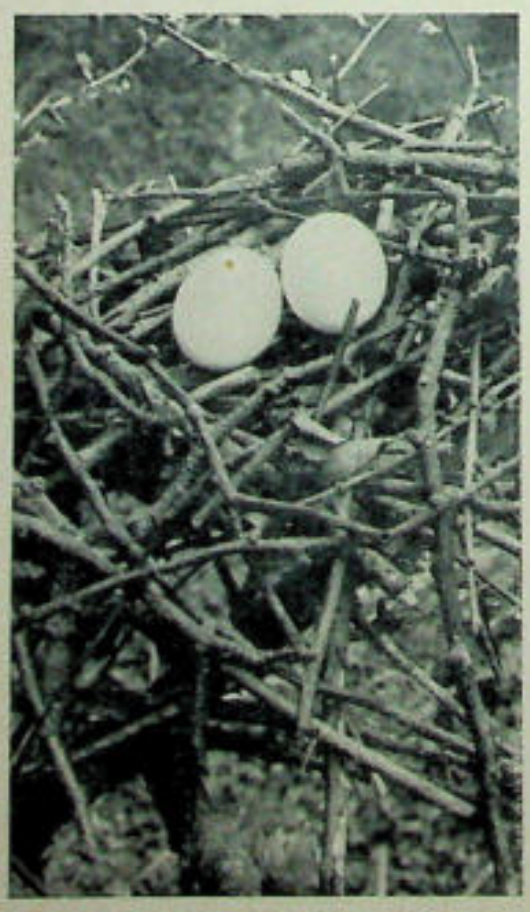
The guillemots and puffins lay one. The guillemot lays its egg on ledges of rock without any nest. It would be impossible to incubate more than one egg as they would roll about. One pear-shaped egg between the feet incubated by the bird in an upright posture is much more manageable.

Several birds lay two eggs—the nightjar being a typical example. Here the eggs are fairly well protected either by colour or by the mother bird sitting closely and harmonising with her surroundings.

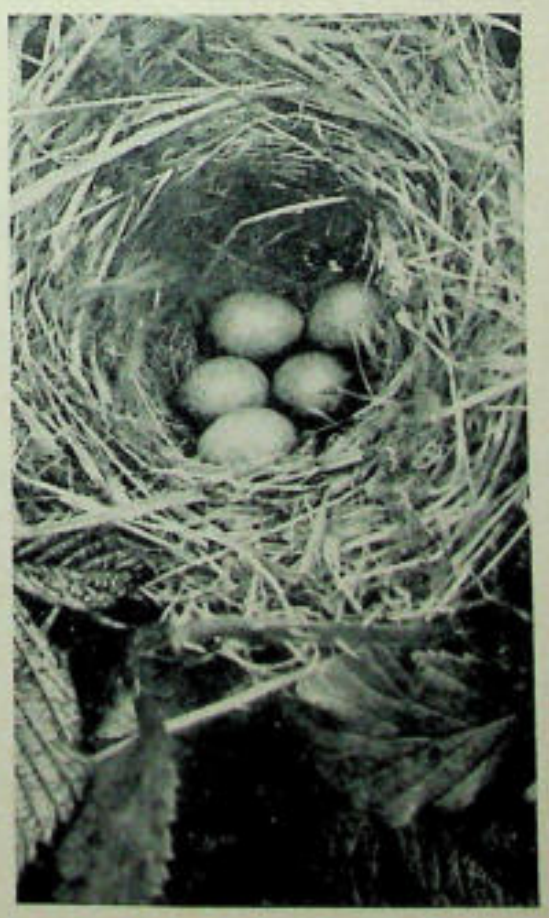
The statement made by the late Mr. T. A. Coward must be remembered. On an average each pair of birds in its lifetime must only bring two of their offspring to maturity. If this average is exceeded the species becomes a pest; on the other hand, if the average falls below two and remains so, the species is doomed to extinction. As most varieties of birds remain fairly steady as regards numbers, we must come to accept that the number of eggs laid are adjusted to the conditions of its life. Thus the precocious birds, whose young have to run as soon as hatched, are exposed to more hazards than the helpless group. Hence we find this group has a larger clutch of eggs, moorhens laying six to ten, ducks a dozen or so, and pheasants even more. However, pheasant nests with 20 or 30 eggs are usually the work of more than one hen.

Most of the helpless group lay four or five eggs—five being a favourite number. This number seems to strike the balance, and allows ample margin for the perils the young birds are put to when hatched.

Thus we see that, although nature varies conditions widely in every sense of the word, the variation is not haphazard, there is a reason for every variation. When we see confusion it lies with us and not with Mother Nature. As knowledge accumulates, doubts are gradually being eliminated, but there still remain many apparent paradoxes to be explained away.



EGGS OF THE WOOD PIGEON
An apparent contradiction to protective colouring



NEST OF THE HEDGE WARBLER
Extremely good protective colouring

QUEER SPECIES OF GAME

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON



ORYX BEISA (SUDAN)
With unusual markings on face and jaw

I OFTEN wonder if men are as keen on big game shooting as they used to be, or whether the war, heavy licences and now cinema photography have weakened the urge? One seldom reads of any startling discovery amongst big game nowadays, and yet, I am sure, the opportunities are as good as ever. I will give you a few clues which, to my mind, need explanation: (*a*) the Chialtan markhor and sub-species, near Quetta; (*b*) the variation of wild sheep in North-eastern Persia; (*c*) the Beisa oryx in the Sudan; (*d*) the black-faced impala in Angola; (*e*) a rumour of two species of steinbok at the Cape, and a certain red hartebeest, preserved in Natal and, finally, (*f*) the gazelles in the Libyan desert.

All very remote and a trifle dull, you reply? Not if we can get red hot news, and our course lies that way. None of these might be worth fitting out a trip for, but they might offer a zest to the man who finds himself in those parts.

I will tell you the little I know of each, and perhaps some far reader may feel inclined to colour the picture a trifle. There are few incentives more thrilling than following a mystery quest. Let us take them in sequence.

(A.) I had been combing the hills near Quetta for two months in quest of a real big straight-horned markhor. That was before the earthquake and game preservation had reached a very low pitch since, in all that period, I had met no head worth shooting, but plenty of wails from my shikaris that the native poachers had been busy unrebuked. I did see two good heads in the end in no-man's-country, and made a mess of it, pulling out with a very poor trophy, but that is another story. On return to Quetta I had just time for a final fling. One of the Politicals took pity on me and sent me down to a new district, the private estate of some feudal lord. It was not so far out from Quetta, in a barren waste of lesser hills, not what you would call markhor country at all. When we reached the "manor" the first news that greeted us was that the "baron" was out hunting, but that we could reach the foot of his hill camp by car. As we showed up amid the rocks a group hastened down to meet us, for the Political was a big noise and popular, and in the group was the baron himself, with heavily-laden retainers in the background.

A quick conversation in Pushtu (or its equivalent) followed, and our friend informed us sympathetically that the baron was very sorry, but he had just shot the only good ram on his territory, and here was its yet unsevered body for us to see. Of course, it was the rare Chialtan variety—it would be—for which I would have paid years to be the shooter. The baron was genuinely sad, for he had shot one or two before, gave us leave to hunt his hills on the off chance, and offered me his head as a keepsake—not the least of my treasures, since the British Museum already possessed a specimen.

Of course, we saw nothing else in his hills worth shooting, although the remnants of that herd still exist. On a last visit to Quetta to pack up, many lesser barons and native officers had become interested, and heads were brought for me to see. There was one from the Baluchistan side, not far south of the Duzdap railway, if my memory holds, that was interesting. It was more Sind ibex than markhor, but it had a queer shape of its own, more than a hint of the Chialtan markhor, and its owner stated that all that group of hills held the same shaped heads. Since no one yet has offered a convincing explanation of the Chialtan variety, here may be a clue worth following.

(B.) It was Douglas Carruthers after the Berlin Exhibition who assured me that my picked-up sheep head from North-eastern Persia, near Nardin and Dasht on the Elburz, was a true Bokharan sheep. I had always been doubtful, but he is the only Englishman of my acquaintance who has shot one—in Russian territory—and he should know.

All I can tell you for certain is that the sheep near Shahrud and in the lesser hills along the Meshed road are the Erskinei, a smaller variety of urial, while as you climb the Elburz mountains and near the wooded country up in that north-eastern corner you will soon run into the Kopet Dagh urial, a much larger beast with the cornered, clipped-in massive horns of the Ammon type. And, if your luck is really in, you may chance on the Bokharan sheep, a rare visitor from the north-east, as shepherds say, a beast whose horns, although slimmer than those of the Arkar, seem to run longer than all and have a clear suggestion of the extra spiral of the famous *Ovis poli*.



CHIALTAN MARKHOR

If you solve this problem you will have done a good day's work for the naturalist sportsman.

(C.) I would believe it was a myth if I had not got the head, since the hunt was a nightmare, and so many good shikaris have failed to find them since. At first glance you would call it an ordinary common or garden oryx beisa, until you began to look closely, and then you would see that its face markings are somehow different, and there is a broad white strip down its chin and neck, where its necktie ought to be. It may be just chance, since one specimen does not make a new group, but then again it may not. Beisa oryx have been included in the Sudan game list for donkeys years, but I cannot meet another man who has shot one. If one should read this, please reply, for it is interesting.

At the moment the nearest oryx ground that I know is on the Hawash river, near the Addis Ababa railway. One time they came as far north as Suakin, but that is ages past. It is a head skin that one wishes to see, and that white necktie. Then jump back a century or two, when the door was open, and oryx may have strayed into Arabia, for the Beatrix oryx problem needs explaining.

It is fifteen years ago that three of us quartered the Red Sea hills for real big Nubian ibex. We hit the hills from Tokar, scouted a bit in the better-known country, crossed into the valley of the Baraka wadi and headed for the Eritrean frontier. We were then in the region of the wild asses, strictly preserved and of no interest to us, but so plentiful and so conspicuous that they gave us many a start. We had heard a vague rumour of oryx, Um Kuntartebe, they were called, and thought we might as well have a look-see. It was a queer rumour, for it was always someone else's grandfather who had seen them, and never a man in the flesh—the regular ghost tradition.



OVIS ARKAR
Kopet Dagh urial, N.E. Persia



THREE UNUSUAL TYPES
Left: Chialtan markhor; centre: typical race, Suliman Range; right: Hybrid of markhor and Sind ibex



URIAL FROM QUETTA RESEMBLING THE ERSKINEI

It was the devil's own country—a hard waterless desert, dotted with black basaltic rocks and what looked like mine dumps, with a serrated ridge of mountain tops in the east and the long, green, snaky line of the Baraka miles away in the west. We carried water for a week on our camels, and needed it, for it was as hot as blazes! I hardly know why we persevered as it was useless country for ibex, gazelles were scarce, and we were short of meat. But we had an idea that if we reached the Ambakta, which marked the Eritrean frontier, we should find a paradise of game.

We did reach the Ambakta at last, and our first trees and shade for a week in tamarisk thickets, lining a dried up sandy wadi bed. There were rare water holes, and a few natives about with herds of scraggy goats. Game seemed as rare as ever, though we shot a wild pig for meat. It looked unpromising country ahead and the mountains seemed to peter out in the west, bidding good-bye to chance of ibex, so we called a pow-wow. Two locals came forward in answer to our offer of £1 for news of beisa. One was a lesser sheikh, full of bounce and promises; the other a wizened old Arab, called Idris, from whom you dragged words like gold pieces. Both agreed that we must go back into the hot country, and then strike east into the barren foothills. We did it, being young and hardy, and gave the sheikh first run. We failed utterly, and saw nothing but jack-asses. Then, baked to cinders, unwashed and irritable, we turned to old Idris.

He chuckled and moved camp up a desolate wadi not far from the mountain barrier. He took us out one by one on very weary camels. M. drew first day and came back with a very old oryx bull, the horns so broken that he never troubled to save his head skin. G. drew second and had a long, difficult shot, which he missed. I went out on the third day. We scouted for miles in a rolling country of wadis and gebels, with Idris dismounted and spying from each vantage point. He must have spotted something at last, in his own uncommunicative way, for we mounted and set off at a trot. We surprised a herd of five beisa in a thorn-bushed wadi, and there was no time for finesse. I shot the best head, a cow as it transpired, and not too big at that, but it is the only trophy that remains of all that hunt. From that day till now, as far as I know, no more beisa have been seen in those parts. Yet three different lots had been seen, we believe, and I did leave four in my own bard.

(D.) The black-faced impala is not so exciting, and I know now that he is there in Angola, in not too few numbers. He is a distinct species right enough, for not only are his size and face markings different, but his habits vary from the common species. But the queer thing is that we had heard so little about him, and it makes one wonder if there are not more unsuspected species to be discovered.

(E.) Down in Cape Province half the hunting farmers swear that there are two species of steinbok, the buck of the flats and of the highland koppjes. That one is bigger than the other and that the colour varies. They even have two Boer names for them. Since no one ever keeps a head skin and they are only shot for meat, it is hard to judge without shooting both varieties oneself.

The red hartebeest on a farm in Natal is only a rumour, but I have heard it in two quarters, and it is no more impossible than the survival of the bontebok.

(F.) Nobody has troubled yet about the gazelles in the Libyan desert. Dorcas, of course, and let it go at that. Yet somewhere between the Wadi Hawa and the Atlas Mountains they merge into the Egyptian gazelle and the Loder's, and links in a chain are worth testing. I know that gazelles are dull, and in that waterless country one is too busy hunting elusive addax and white oryx to worry over small stuff. We shot one or two in 1934, and I examined a score of picked up heads, and saw no variation; yet ten years previously both P. B. Vanderbyl and myself shooting 100 miles further north, not far south of Bir Natrun, fancied we saw a new variety with a lighter woollier coat. It is noteworthy how soon a species fades out in the desert for no guessable reason, as, for example, the Hamra or Rufy-frons gazelle not so far north of El Fasher.

Exceeding dull, you dismiss it? Well, maybe; but you know several who would comb half the world's surface for a new bird or a queer flower, and I only suggest it as a fill-gap between the greater killings.



OVIS AMMON SHOT IN 1929 IN LADAKH

OUR GARDEN RABBIT

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THERE is a rabbit in our garden, but we are not claiming any special distinction on that account, for probably every amateur horticulturist in England's countryside suffers from the same infliction. The well-worn cliché, "common or garden," cannot be used to describe these rabbits, for there is no question whatsoever that the type which frequents the gardens of the garden lovers is a distinct species. In the first place it is a more intelligent variety, for it can discriminate between plants that are going to bloom and those that are over; it can tell the difference between Russell lupins at half-a-crown a root and the market gardener's odd lot that cost threepence; and it must be an accordion-pleated, expanding animal, for it can stretch itself some 4ft. to reach and gnaw the tender apple bark above the wire protection.

There used to be an old fatuous belief that wire netting round the garden would keep the rabbits out, and for this reason the local ironmongers are always the most affluent of the village tradesmen. They sell first to the garden-lover 300yds. of rabbit-proof wire netting, but fail to mention that it is only proof against the full grown of the species. A second length of smaller and more expensive mesh is bought when it is discovered that the garden is full of under-sized rabbits with an out-size in appetites. This is effective so far as it goes, but it will not exclude the high jump "Blues," and so a further length is purchased to erect above the original barrier, and by this time the first lot of wire is beginning to rust away.

The whole point about the wire netting enclosure, however, is that, though it fails most dismally to keep the rabbit out, it is most effective in keeping the rabbit in when he has got there, and there is no case on record of anyone losing their particular rabbit through a hole in the wire, an open gate, or any other form of carelessness. Like the poor he is with you always, and he never dies of old age, abscess on the liver, or through a surfeit of delphiniums.

To return to our own particular rabbit, who first announced his presence in 1934 by the usual method of cutting off the best carnations level with the ground. It is not certain if he entered the garden when small enough to get through the mesh, or whether he was enclosed within the wire when it was erected in the first place. This is the usual method employed by most gardeners, and a keen horticulturist of our acquaintance when he first erected his wire inadvertently enclosed within it so many rabbits that the owners of the neighbouring syndicate shoot registered a complaint with the police and his landlord.

It is difficult to assess the damage that has been caused by our rabbit during the last five years, but having seen the Sahara that one small animal can create it is easy to understand that the Australian never ceases to curse the man who first introduced the rabbit to the Antipodes. We set all manner of traps and wires, which he struck contemptuously or brushed aside, and we sat up for him on those evenings when he did not appear, though on the previous night and the night after he would lollop across the lawn in a nonchalant manner, and wash his face leisurely whilst we ran to fetch the cartridges.

Then a kind friend explained that what we required was a dog—a keen bustling Scottie—and so we got a keen bustling Scottie. He was certainly keen enough, and bustle was to understate his actions. He bustled through everything in the garden leaving game paths and ruin in his train, but though he bustled for some eighteen hours out of the 24 he never succeeded in even tiring the rabbit. However, strenuous and exciting the day may have been the rabbit was always strong enough to put in six hours of solid destruction after dusk.

Then in desperation we organised a drive. The neighbouring farmer came in with his spaniel and gun, and half-a-dozen local inhabitants obliged with their help at 1/- a time and a glass of beer. It was a well-organised and most thorough affair with excellent staff work throughout. It started at the far end of the vegetable garden, and excited yelps from Scottie and spaniel proved that game was afoot early. From time to time as we worked slowly through the undergrowth of the neglected orchard we obtained a glimpse of the rabbit as he slipped from bush to bush, but the two guns never got a chance of a shot.

By degrees we worked him into the last bit of cover—a dense bed of Michaelmas daisies—and the rounding up operations had gone according to plan. Behind the daisies was the line of beaters making the maximum of noise, in front was the wire netting running along the edge of the lawn, and on the two flanks were the guns resolved to shoot and kill. Suddenly the rabbit broke with the two dogs practically on top of him so that a shot was impossible. All three hit the wire netting and turned somersaults at the same moment, but the first to recover was the rabbit, and before a gun could be raised he was back in the Michaelmas daisies again.

This happened three times without the slightest change in the programme, and we were getting rather tired of it when at the fourth the rabbit altered his tactics and galloped along the wire with the dogs in close pursuit. They had him cold this time, for at the end of the wire the gate formed a complete cul-de-sac and only a miracle could save him. At that moment the postman arrived with the evening mail, opened the gate, and the rabbit immediately shot through it and across the lane into a dense bed of brambles and nettles, from which a pack of beagles could not dislodge him.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and though we were denied the keen pleasure of paunching our enemy with every possible indignity, and hanging his carcase up in the larder, we had the satisfaction of knowing that he was outside his Garden of Eden into which, Providence willing, he would never trespass again.

The following morning when Scottie was at exercise he saw, sitting disconsolately in an adjoining field, the garden rabbit, who was recognisable by a slight droop to one ear. With a yelp of rage Scottie gave chase, bustled him out of the hedgerow, ran him down the lane, and then, developing a surprising turn of speed, drew level. The rabbit jinked as rabbits will when hard pressed, and Scottie being on his left shoulder he jinked to the right, and shot neatly through the garden gate, which the postman with the morning mail had just opened for him.

We are, therefore, in Foreign Office parlance back to a *status quo ante*, and the rabbit with a big score to wipe off is once again inside the wire. We are wondering if it is any use complaining to the Postmaster-General and asking him to do something about it.

ANIMAL CARVINGS IN CHURCHES

By G. BERNARD WOOD



ELEPHANT RIDING ON BACK OF A TORTOISE: A STRANGE BENCH END DESIGN IN RIPON CATHEDRAL

THERE is a strange assortment of animals and birds provided within our English cathedrals and churches. Usually they are in wood or stone, having been carved for purposes of decoration and (occasionally) instruction by those bygone craftsmen, though sometimes the medium is stained glass. This mediæval portraiture of animals and birds cannot always arouse interest, and it is not always easy or even possible to discover the meaning the craftsmen intended their work to convey.

As an ecclesiastical symbol, the centaur puzzles many church visitors. Actually, this was one kind of siren (others being the bird-siren, and the fish-siren or mermaid) recognised in the Bestiaries—those mediæval books on natural history from which the early craftsmen derived much of their animal lore. The centaur is the horse-siren, the human part of the creature representing Christ when He was on earth, the animal part representing His vengeance (!) against the Jews for their betrayal of Him.

A splendid example of a centaur carving occurs on the Bishop's Throne at Ripon Cathedral. It is accompanied by another carving of quite a different order—a tortoise supporting on its broad back an elephant complete with palanquin. There is nothing self-explanatory about this beautiful piece of work, yet it enshrines a quaint story found in Indian mythology. The whole earth, according to this story, rests on the back of a huge tortoise, whose slow, ungainly movements account for our earthquakes! Instead of placing a *globe* on the creature's back, the craftsman responsible for this fourteenth-century carving evidently chose an elephant in harness as the most appropriate symbol of the country where the story originated.

Another strange story recalled by some of our church carvings concerns Alexander the Great. Alexander, it may be remembered, eventually became weary of his sojourn on earth because it left him no more possibilities of conquest. A corbel on the exterior of Chester Cathedral shows the mighty King being carried on the outstretched wings of two immense birds up to heaven so that he may see whether the beyond offered *more* worlds to conquer! The same theme occurs on a misericorde at Lincoln Cathedral, but here an element of humour is added. Alexander occupies a seat slung between two eagles whose unflagging energies are ensured by a piece of horse-meat tantalisingly suspended in front of them.

Sometimes the folk-tale is given a moral. A misericorde at Chester Cathedral, for example, demonstrates how a hunter being pursued by a tigress because he has captured some of her cubs may yet escape. He simply has to drop a few mirrors behind him as he flees, and the tigress, mistaking her reflection in the glass for one of her cubs, will stop to fondle it! The carving shows this succession of events very clearly. But what of the moral significance? The animal represents the Christian being turned from his main purpose by "the glittering shams of the world."

Many of these carvings, however, have no known moral or religious teaching. Their aim seems to be that of pure portraiture, although a comic twist may sometimes be employed. At Tostock Church, Suffolk, a glorious array of bench-ends carved in the sober likenesses of sheep, unicorns and various birds is suddenly enlivened by a horse with a beard! And in the choir at St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmund's, a hound (if hound it be) is watchful, though quiet and orderly, at one end of the bench, but at the other end its counterpart—hidden away in a dark corner—throws back its head in profane merriment.

At St. Mary's Church, Beverley, the comic device is not quite so obvious, but it takes an unusual form—that of a rabbit standing upright and having a satchel slung over one shoulder. The quiet humour of this little creature, which decorates one side of an inner doorway, seems to have appealed strongly to Lewis Carroll; indeed, the carving is supposed to have given him the idea for the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Another peculiar rabbit subject occurs in a window at Long Melford Church, Suffolk. There are three rabbits with only three ears between them, but the little creatures are so arranged that each is complete. This device is thought to symbolise the Trinity. Another device with the same meaning, probably, is to be seen on a grave-slab at Tintern Abbey, where three Wye salmon are inscribed in the stone so as to form an interlock pattern.

The entire set of sixteenth-century misericordes at Beverley Minster, Yorkshire—a set comprising 68 of the finest pieces of mediæval craftsmanship in England—is supposed to have a secret meaning, which, however, has been lost. If this inner significance really did exist, the loss is particularly unfortunate, for without some clue how can one make a unity from such widely diverse subjects as these—a man stabbing a snail, bear-baiting scenes, a sow playing the bagpipes while all the little pigs dance, a fox stealing a goose, several geese hanging a fox, and another fox garbed as a friar preaching from a pulpit? Each subject is, however, sufficient to itself, especially that which shows a man in the throes of shoeing a goose, and another which is a graphic rendering of the saying about "putting the cart before the horse."

To a lover of church carvings it is always gratifying to find evidence that the woodcarver's art is being carried on. Fortunately, the evidence *is* to be found in many of our modern churches and in others that have been restored recently. Moreover, the animal creation still seems to furnish an abundance of popular subjects.

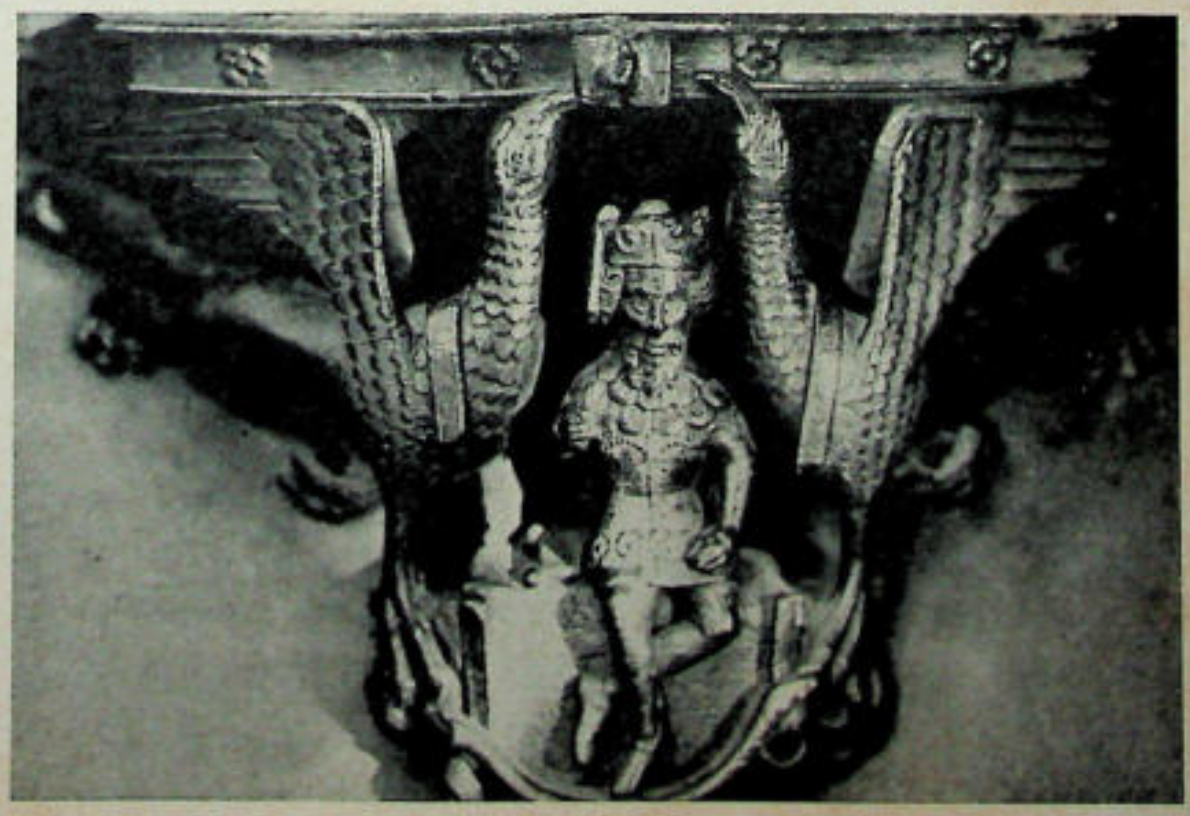
At Elvedon Church, near Bury St. Edmund's, the modern bench-ends are devoted to two semi-historical themes. In one set, serpents representing those which Patrick—patron saint of the Church—expelled from Ireland, are portrayed most artistically; the other set of benches refer to St. Edmund's martyrdom and show the wolf which was found at its self-appointed vigil, guarding the King's severed head.

Innumerable cathedrals and churches have now been invaded by the Kilburn "mouse." This is the "signature" carved upon every piece of their handiwork by members of a community of village woodcarvers which has sprung up at Kilburn, North Yorkshire, during the last 20 years. The "mouse" was chosen for this purpose because it symbolises so well, "industry in quiet places"—and Kilburn is a *very* quiet place. But the animal theme is not limited to mice; it is exploited in every conceivable way. Only recently, for example, a refectory table dispatched from Kilburn to Peterborough Cathedral was decorated in one place with a partridge—in honour of Canon Partridge, of Peterborough Cathedral.



BENCH END IN THE CHOIR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BURY ST. EDMUND'S

The origin of this table and of the quaint little carvings upon it, will make a beautiful story for future generations of church-lovers.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT "BEING CARRIED ON THE OUTSTRETCHED WINGS OF BIRDS UP TO HEAVEN." A CARVING IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

A SELECTION OF SPORTING SUBJECTS FROM THE AC



"LADY CURRE'S LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEVERN TUNNEL." BY MICHAEL LYNE



"A WISP OF SNIPE." BY G. E. LODGE

Jan Gordon gives his impression

MANN EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS



"GOING OUT IN THE MORNING." BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"WELL OVER, SPANIEL!" BY WARD BINKS

hibition on page 1172

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF.—The best day out of four last week was the Wednesday from Mapleridge Cross Roads, with the Duke, snatching a day, hunting hounds. With plenty of moisture and a rising glass scent was good all day, and the best was 20 minutes into the Berkeley country with hounds killing their fox in Wickwar Village.

Saturday, with Holland hunting hounds, was a busy day, spent between Hullington and Dunley Bottom with spells to Hare Patch and Surrendell. A brace of foxes were killed from Stanton Park.—B.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A few days ago the Master (Mrs. G. Walton) and her husband, dispensed hospitality at Longworth Manor, and there hounds moved off to draw in rough, wild weather. A fox jumped out of some bushes near Long Copse, and hounds raced him to Hinton Manor, but were at fault in the grounds. They hit off the line beyond and the fox tried the shelter of the Hinton coverts in vain; even the presence of fresh foxes on foot failing him.

He was pushed out at the top end and on past Welmore Farm, which he held on the right, there crossing the main Faringdon-Oxford road, and leaving Starveall Farm behind, the pace never eased. Racing over Cherbury Camp hounds were brought to their noses on the large arable fields beyond. Hunting more slowly to Charney Bassett flood-water brought about defeat.

At Harrowdown Hill a fox quickly went to ground; but another, from Long Copse, went away with the pack on terms and running with a good cry. He selected a line to Hinton, lying down in a ditch just beyond, but being viewed back he went through the village, past Longworth Manor, and through Longworth Rose Gardens, to Longworth Lodge. Crossing the road into the Firs he left less scent behind, but being seen stealing away the pack ran better once they were in the open again, going through Longworth village and past Draycott Farm to Northfield. Hunting steadily across the cold ploughs into Kennel Copse they turned back into Kingston Firs and marked to ground, after a ringing hunt of 90 minutes, during which they acquitted themselves well. J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—On December 4th hounds met at Haydon Lodge and finding on Haydon Hill had a good hunt of 50 minutes, the fox running to Green Lanes and Stock where he was left. Later from Green Lanes the pack ran to the Holts, where fresh foxes complicated matters and the day ended.

From the fixture at Lydford Cross Keys on the Tuesday the morning was spent with a twisting fox from West Wood, between Naidens, Baltonsborough and East Pennard; eventually he returned to West Wood where nothing more could be done. From Alford Coverts the pack hunted to Hornblotton where scent failed.

On the following Saturday a busy and enjoyable day was registered from Bishop's Caundle. A fox was chopped in Andrew's Gorse, and another from Buckshaw Brake crossed the Caundle Brook before swinging right-handed to the Holts. There he just failed to reach, as hounds caught him in Mr. Hutching's orchard. Finding the next fox in Nowhere the pack ran fast to Warrys, and through this covert as though to Buckshaw Brake, just short of which they circled back left-handed to the Warrys, and thence by Buckshaw House, to mark to ground at Barnes cross roads. When this fox had been evicted hounds were taken home, after a capital hunt. B. V. H.

BRAES OF DERWENT.—After this Hunt had met at Low Brooms a fox in Tower Wood went away to the Maiden Law road, where he was headed. Hounds turned with him, and crossing the Maiden Law road went down past Mr. Mitchenson's Farm, marking to ground just beyond. A terrier was handy and quickly bolted the fox who was accounted for.

Finding again below Greencroft Hall they ran up the valley past Low Town, then bore sharp right-handed over the boundary wall into Shoulder of Mutton. Going straight through hounds checked at the far end on the ride, and the fox jumped up out of some bracken near the ride. The pack ran on towards Greencroft (where the fox was headed by a ploughman) and Greencroft Towers, and over the drive to Maiden Law. Hounds checked at the Maiden Law road, where the fox was probably turned by a car as he made his point over the road and through the quarry to Wake's Whin. Hounds swung left-handed over the Burnhope road, across The Fell to Cragg Head, and lost their fox close to Burnhope Village, after a good hunt of 1 hour 15 minutes.

A good hunt followed the meet at Newlands on the Saturday. At Morrowfield Plantation two brace of foxes were soon on the move, and hounds divided. One fox went away to Clarke's Pastures, but hounds were after another and were left alone. They hunted up to Whittonstall Rectory, turning sharp back left-handed round Mr. Watson's Farm for Highfield. Hounds checked when a cur-dog came on the scene, and the fox had evidently seen him. Held on, they hit off the line and ran past Highfield Farm, bearing left-handed to the Kiln Pit road where the fox ran for some distance.

Hounds worked it out themselves and crossed the point-to-point course to Watch Hill, and the New Ridley-Scales cross road near Wheelbirks. The fox was headed back right-handed to Linderagg, running up the side of the covert, without entering, on to Kipperlin, across the point-to-point course again, over the Whittonstall road to the rectory, and past Mr. Watson's Farm, where hounds checked. Hitting off the line again they carried on towards Morrowfield, and leaving the covert on the left went on as if for Clarke's Pastures, but turned sharp left down wind to the bottom end of Mere Burn. Here they worked up to their fox and ran fast back to Morrowfield Plantation. Hounds went straight through to Whittonstall Village Rectory and the Kiln Pit road, where they checked, losing their fox on Mr. Watson's Farm, after a hunt of two hours, full of good hound work. R. D.

CATTISTOCK.—The meet at Hardington on December 2nd bore little resemblance to the fixture held there last season, when Holland, who is now hunting the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, paid a visit to his old country. It, however, did provide good sport for a representative field, including several soldiers.

Hounds found at once in Wethams Bushes, and going away on good terms sank the Vale to Oatelose Plantation, where they were at fault. A left-handed cast took them across the Hardington-Pendomer road, and hitting off the line they ran by Moore's Plantation and Primrose Hill to Holywell, lying south-east of West Coker village, where they marked their fox to ground at the end of a twenty minutes' hunt, over a nice line.

Kit Hill supplied the next fox who crossed the Pendomer road as though for Wethams Bushes, but bearing to the left of the covert continued on nearly to the railway line, finding sanctuary in an open earth near the brook which runs close to the embankment at Wickets Bere. It had been an enjoyable hunt of 30 minutes over the cream of the Hardington Vale.

Coker Wood held, but hounds could not force a fox away, so a move was made across the Halstock road to Closworth Firs. A field short of the covert hounds began to get busy, and hitting off the line raced into the covert, just as the whipper-in holloaed their fox away on the far side. The latter ran for Closworth, but scent was catchy and a large flock of sheep did not help matters; hounds had to be held forward, hitting it off again below Netherton Cross and running on at a moderate pace. One field short of the Yeovil road Gosden caught sight of his fox, and held the pack on in an attempt to give them a view before their quarry could cross the road to Clifton Wood.

It was a bold move and nearly came off, for the bitches, running their fox in view, were gaining on him, but he turned sharp through a hedgerow and gained sufficient lead to allow him to recross the road back to Hoy Stoy. Scent became poor again, and a storm in the air brought hounds to their noses, as the line swung right-handed across the Halstock road to Bingham's Bower, where this good fox beat his pursuers at the end of a capital 50 minutes.

The Cattistock had a good day from Evershot Station on the Monday, and spent much of it in the Vale country, but I was out with the South Dorset, and so missed a good morning's sport. In these days, when a man is short of horses and petrol, it is difficult to get to some of the more distant meets, and I have sometimes to rely on the information kindly given to me by those who were there. Gosden, the Cattistock Huntsman, is having a good season when one considers the difficulties under which he is working, and I am sure that the Master and those members of the Cattistock field, who are able to get out from time to time, are grateful to him for his tireless efforts in their behalf.

LINCOLN.

CRANLEIGH.—On December 9th these hounds met at Cranleigh and found immediately in Bushey Copse at 10.45. They ran across to Sparrow Copse and out over Utworth, crossing the brook by the concrete bridge, and hunting along the canal bank to mark to ground by Utworth Bridge. A brace of fresh foxes went away, however, at once from the withy bed, which adjoins the bridge, and one was hunted through Nanhurst to Cranleigh Gorse and Bayhurst, whence he probably crossed the main Guildford-Horsham road to Painshill. Hounds had changed, however, before two fresh foxes came away from Bayhurst, and settling to the line of one hunted back through Cranleigh Gorse, and Nanhurst to Utworth withy bed. He then ran along the canal bank to Mill Farm, and made a wide right-handed circle back to Nanhurst, whence he ran towards the main road at Barrihurst, but was headed back to Bayhurst.

The next fox crossed the fields and the main road to Thatched House Moors, ran through this covert to High Loxley Furse, and across Stovolds Hill fields to Billingshurst Gorse. There a shooting party probably turned him for he crossed Benbow Lane to Jack's Croft, swinging left-handed over the open to Simmond's Farm and Mill Copse, where fresh foxes were afoot. Hounds nevertheless stuck to the original one and ran to the canal, which as it was flooded he refused to face, crossing it and the ensuing brook by the two hunting bridges, over which hounds streamed shortly afterwards.

Swinging left-handed to Mill Farm the fox ran the canal bank to Utworth concrete bridge, where he jinked sharply to the right and ran to Little Garson's Copse, going to ground in the pond drain at Great Garson's Farm. Bolted from there he ran down the canal bank to Utworth and across some arable fields nearly to Knowle Wood, where being headed he returned by Utworth drive. After circling the farmyard he was caught at the edge of the garden after a two hour's hunt.

Another fox found in White Meads ran over to Bushey Copse and back, and then over Lyons Lane and Bridge Farm to Waterlands. He went straight through and over Water Bridge Farm to Hammer Lane, crossing the railway to the Stews and Orchard Copse to go on alongside the drive to the old orchard at High Park. By now he had gained rather considerably and a timely holloa enabled Goddard to lift hounds over the railway into Bushey Copse, where they hit off the line at once. They ran at speed out to Sparrow Copse, where at the top end the jays seemed to indicate that the fox was no longer so far ahead. Running through Sparrow from end to end they went through Little Garson's Copse and over the canal to Mill Farm, then bore right-handed along the canal to the withy bed, where the fox was turning very short. Hounds worked slowly towards Cranleigh Gorse where scent failed.

A drizzling Scotch mist had set in during the last half hour making a rapidly deteriorating scent very poor indeed, though hounds hunted well on this run of one and a quarter hours. The going was as usual this season appallingly heavy, and all brooks and canals were flooded brim high, as Goddard once nearly found to his cost.

SEAMSTRESS.

COTTESMORE.—Good luck is again back with us, as during the past week three nice days have been recorded. An abnormal rainfall has rendered the going very holding, which will grow more so when it is drying up.

From Witham Wood on December 4th came a good hunt from Beaumont Wood. Starting out towards Witham hounds completed a small ring before turning back through a corner of Beaumont, and running fast over a grand wild country passed Lawn Wood and Cabbage Hill, to almost reach Grimsthorpe where they were stopped after a fine hunt of 50 minutes.

The Tuesday was a nasty cold day. There was not a great deal of scent. Hounds found foxes, but they were not very enterprising and a moderate day ended early.

On the Thursday, Burley Fish Ponds was the fixture. There was sharp frost overnight and a thick fog caused the hour of meeting to be put back till 11 o'clock. As the fog was then still on the thick side the master decided not to draw the Burley Woods, and going on to the Rifle Butts hounds found a fox which gave a good but slow hunt. He chose a nice line past Orton Park Wood and was lost at Cold Overton. Ranksborough gorse held a brace, one of which gave a cheery and fast gallop past Orton Park Wood, through Lady Wood, and over the Braunston-Knossington road to be lost in the valley below. It was an enjoyable day.

The Saturday saw the hunt at Pickwell village. It had rained without ceasing all Friday and most of Friday night, so the country was wetter than ever: but in the first-class hunt of the day one

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WHEN THE PYTCHLEY MET AT COLD ASHBY





ABOVE: LORD APSLEY AND THE HON. JEAN MEYSEY THOMPSON. RIGHT: MR. C. O. H. BURY WITH GENERAL FANSHAWE



HOUNDS IN FULL CRY ON A LINE OVER THE PLOUGH



THE HON. MRS. HARDY, LADY CROMWELL AND MRS. BURY



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. BORWICK, JOINT-MASTER



LORD AND LADY CROMWELL BEFORE MOVING OFF



A MEET OF THE CRAVEN AT LAMBOURN
On foot is Mrs. S. D. Player, the wife of the Master

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forgot all about it. There was a lot of grief, but fortunately nothing of a serious nature. As usual, there was a good-sized Saturday war-time field out, including many soldiers. Little Dalby Walks had a good fox in residence, and running the length of the screens he descended the hill, passed straight through Lake Spinney, and bearing sharp left-handed, and leaving Gartree Covert just on the right, he set his mask towards Adam's Gorse before, turning to the left.

Still going on, with hounds running hard, he passed through a corner of Burrough Hill Wood, over the old Roman encampment and on past the Punch Bowl, crossing the Pickwell road to within a field of Wheathill. Here hounds swung right-handed over the big pastures, and leaving Leesthorpe Hall on the left ran almost to Pickwell. Leaving this on the right hounds still continued to run hard up to Allon Banks where the first check occurred, and a very welcome one it was after as good 45 minutes as anyone could wish to ride. With the line hit off again, the hunt continued on past Hawes Gorse, and hounds marked the fox to ground between it and Burrough Manor, after a great hunt of one hour.

A fox in Orton Park Wood left Lady Wood on the left. Here hounds made an extraordinary sharp right-handed turn, completely losing the field, and were finally got in touch with again on the Cold Overton side of Orton Park.

FOXY.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—These hounds had a good woodland day after meeting at Wigginholt Common, scent being excellent. Hounds killed their fox after each hunt away from Parham Park, and later ran fast to the Downs and over the hill to Thornwich.

A large field, with many officers on leave, met hounds at Crab Tree and had a good day's hunting, finding in Mine Pits. Hounds ran through Leonardslee to Steep Wood, then passed Leonardslee House. Crossing the road to Selehurst they drove on through Newells Rough and Cook's Copse to Sedgwick Park where hounds checked. They ran on to the Wilderness as far as the Copsale Road, where the fox turned back into Sedgwick. Here a shoot was in progress, and the hunt stopped after an excellent run with a four-mile point. Later a fox was killed from Traintfield and hounds made two big circles from Kent Street to end a good day.

C. H.

DORSET, SOUTH.—It was raining when hounds met at West Stafford House on December 4th, but that did not deter the Joint Masters—Capt. and Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley and Miss Pamela Ismay—as well as the field from accepting the hospitality which Mr. and Mrs. Refern provided. There was a fox, too, in the withy-bed which lies on the bank of the Frome River, below the house, and he crossed the lawn in full view of the company. Setting his mask for Dorchester, he ran over the water-meadows which border the river. Bearing left-handed across the railway lines this good pilot crossed the Wareham road, and entered Came Park near the Lodge Gates, turning back left-handed as if for his original starting point, but he changed his mind and recrossed the road into Came Wood.

Hounds were fairly close to him at this point, and they rattled him through the Wood and out at the far end, without giving him time to try any of the earths. Once in the open again they raced away toward Sandy Bar, but checked two fields before reaching that covert. Captain Wellesley-Wesley lost no time in making up his mind here. He picked up his hounds, galloped into the covert, and was away on the far side in nearly as short a time as it takes to write this. He had his reward, for once on the grass outside the covert hounds raced away along the ridge which lies above the White Horse near Sutton Poyntz, which is so often mentioned in the accounts of Squire Farquharson's Hounds a hundred years ago. Hounds drove at an ever-increasing pace and rolled their fox over in the open, twenty yards short of the edge of Conygar Covert, which was evidently his point. I was greatly impressed by the brilliant way in which the South Dorset Hounds were handled. The Master, who is hunting hounds himself, is well served by his K.H., Will Jackson, and by Miss Peggy Phillips, whose work as second whipper-in is as useful as it is ornamental—which is saying a good deal, for a more smartly-turned-out hunt servant I have rarely seen.

A. H. H.

HAYDON.—Wednesday (November 29th) was a wild, stormy day, when this pack met at Whitley Chapel, but there was a good scent and hounds ran well for over two hours. Finding in Steele Hall Wood they circled up into Embly Burn, back by Whitley Chapel and across Staples Farm into Steele Hall Wood. After hunting two or three times round this big woodland hounds pushed their fox away by Hackford, across White House Farm, Stotsfield and Raw Green, and back into Steele Hall Wood. Going away at the Embly end again they ran through Dukesfield and hunting their fox back into Steele Hall Wood, caught him in the burn after two hours' good hound work.—H.

MORPETH.—Hounds had a good hunt after meeting at Gubeon Cottage recently. Finding in Edington Whin they ran by Moleden Wood, Pennyhill, North Farm, Whalton, Kiplaw, Riplington Racecourse, Hedchester, nearly to Belsay, then turned back by East Trewick, and lost their fox near Meldon Lane Farm, after hunting him for 1 hour 20 mins., making a five mile point. The combined age of the present huntsman and his two whippers-in is 185 years.M.—

[We also have to thank "The Ruffle" for an account of these hounds.—ED.]

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—Meeting at Tandridge on December 2nd in fine weather hounds had an enjoyable day, and although scent was never strong foxes were plentiful. After a short hunt from Stowe Copse hounds found in Piper's Wood. The fox slipped away almost before hounds had been put into covert, crossing the brook to Chathill. Then he swung left-handed through Dodd's Coppice, crossed the lane to Foyle Tolt, and turning right-handed through Pound Tolt hounds hunted prettily back to Piper's Wood, to check beyond the covert.

The fox was viewed near the Gibb Brook Lane heading for Foyle Tolt, and picking up the line hounds ran left-handed of Pound Tolt and over the railway to Mansion House Farm. Here they probably changed foxes, going back over Pound Farm to Caterfield Junction, where they crossed the lane for Oldhouse. Scent was poor by the brook, but a forward cast recovered the line, and they hunted slowly parallel with the railway, to be run out of scent near Bombers, after a hunt of over an hour with good hound work. From Shinglebarn hounds had a ringing hunt over Gallies, back over Tickeridge to Skeynes Land, where they lost.

O. S. B.

TYNEDALE.—A field of about 50 met at Whittington on December 2nd, including several officers on leave who dropped in for a fine day's sport. Finding in Kirsopp's Whin hounds ran north through Sample's Plantation, and after a few fields turned south, in which direction they ran for the rest of this hunt. They then went fast to The Mile, through which they hunted slowly, and going straight on continued on through Foul Bogga. The pace increased as they crossed the military road at Matfen Piers and then the Corbridge road to Shildon Hill.

Not dwelling in this big woodland they drove their fox straight through and checked momentarily on the road at the far end. Quickly hitting off the line the pack raced over a nice country to Newton Hall, where they checked in the grounds after an excellent 40 minutes, with a five-mile point. Hounds were held on into one of the small covert in the park, where they marked to ground.

A fox was found in the Marl Pits and hounds gaining a good start ran fast, with Fenwick on the left, towards Westerheugh. Turning sharp back to the south they crossed The Pont by Lough House, and ran over a good country to Owston Moor. The fox made a sharp turn back by Bog House where hounds, running on by Matfen High House, lost him by Angus Whin, after a good hunt of 60 minutes.

T.

VINE.—Hounds have been having good sport since the opening meet, and have averaged a fox a day and one badger during the first month of the season. The children who compose about 75 per cent. of the field are having a great time, as they have it more or less to themselves.

On the day the meet was at The Pineapple, Brimpton (the South Berks having kindly given permission to draw Wasing Woods and other of their adjoining covert(s), a fox was found on the south side of the Brimpton Tadley Road, near the Aldermaston turning. He crossed the road and hounds ran fast by the back of the Falcon Inn and Park Farm into Aldermaston Park. They came round by Little Heath and Impestone Plantation back into the Park again, where the fox was lost.

Going back to Wasing Wood hounds quickly put up a fox, and hunted him over to Chappels and back again, but little could be done. Inhurst was the next draw, where a fox was found, and he tried to go away to Wasing, but being headed turned straight back to Broom Copse. Going through it right-handed he crossed the brook and the low meadows, crossing the road just below Ashford Hill Church for the Dairyhouse. Here, owing to difficulties, there was some delay. Hounds appeared to run through to the Harrodens end of the covert, then turned straight back almost to where they went in, to hunt rather slowly back to Broom Copse and Inhurst, where probably they changed foxes.

Hounds ran on fast by Chappels into Wasing, and swinging right-handed crossed the Tadley Road to Baughurst Common, through which they went without a check. Leaving The Falcon on the left they crossed the road, and ran practically parallel with the Mortimer Road into Benyon's Enclosure, where hounds were stopped owing to the failing light. This was a good hunt with a six mile point from Dairyhouse to where hounds were stopped in Benyon's Enclosure.

The following Saturday saw the Hunt at Three Ashes, where a fox found in North Copse went away to Park Copse. Hounds did not dwell, but ran straight on by the Piggeries towards Bramley Frith, then left the cover on the right for the railway. Unfortunately, the fox was headed, so turning sharp right-handed he crossed Mr. Field's farm into Bramley Frith. Hounds hunted him through the covert to the hunting gate on the Beauregaire side, where he ran down the inside of the covert to the boggy gateway.

Here there was a check, but hounds soon hit off the line again inside the covert, and hunted back to the aforementioned hunting gate, where the fox went away a bit right-handed over Mr. Monger's

Farm to Three Ashes. Here he crossed Ash Lane and ran the fields, leaving Mr. Hartley's house just on the right, into Inwood. It now looked like Pamber Forest, but swinging right-handed hounds came out on to Silchester Common and hunted across to the Stoke by the new water tower. Here a shooting party was out, so the Master gave orders to stop hounds. Hounds had a stale line away from Church Copse to Scrubbs, but could make little of it. HOOP OIL.

IRELAND

LIMERICK.—On the day Four Elms was the fixture unpleasant weather prevailed. Hounds drew Cabernarry and a fox crossed the Four Elms road, then leaving Cabernarry Church on the left hounds hunted on well, despite a blinding sleet shower, behind a twisting fox as though for Hannans Hills. Swinging left-handed just Carrigparson he again bore right-handed, to be marked to ground at High Park. Rose's Bog and the Friarstown covert held and a short enjoyable gallop followed through Badgerfort to ground at Garryellen. L.

TIPPERARY.—On December 2nd the pack met at Laffan's Bridge. The foxes in the Railway Gorse were loath to leave, but one was eventually forced away towards Buffarna. Turning left-handed he led at a slow pace to Graystown Castle and on towards Roan House, short of which he successfully eluded the pursuit.

There were two foxes in Coolmore. Scent had improved and hounds ran hard towards Kilmockon, over the Kilhenane road, and out to the old race-course. From here they made a left-handed circle back to Coolmore, recrossed the main road and, and as was discovered afterwards ran over a grand line of country to the western end of Dunreleague. From accounts gathered later, hounds brought their fox off the hill and ran down towards Ballyseadlane. Meanwhile the very small field with only four and a half couples hunted a fox from Ballyseadlane. He had been gone some time towards Lackelly. But nothing further could be done. It was a pity that the good hunt to Dunreleague was missed, but the hailstorms and wind made it impossible to hear or see anything. S.

SCARTEEN (The Black and Tans).—On the day they met at Old Pallas hounds began by marking a fox on Knockgrenock. The new covert at Ballytarsna was blank, though hounds were very busy, the fox having probably left before the hunt reached there. At Lintield a fox was found in the rocks above the road. He ran round Lintield House straight to Dromkeen, where he turned left-handed across the Dromkeen-Nicker road, and the Kilteely-Dromkeen road to the slate quarries at Killeenavera. Turning sharp back here he recrossed the Kilteely-Dromkeen road, and, going through Keys's old gorse, ran back into Linfield, where hounds marked to ground in an old badger sett.

With a very diminished field the hunt went on to Hanleys at Brackile, and finding at the back of Sunville went away over the railway line, just short of Pallasgreen. The pack continued to run by the railway as far as Cross Cottage, and were stopped, owing to darkness, near Cross covert.

On December 4th the fixture was at the Cross of the Tree in appalling bad weather, with torrents of rain, and a high wind blowing all day. Finding at once in Raleigh's gorse, hounds ran into Ballyseaddane. Owing to the difficulty of keeping in touch with them, through the divided lands, the main body slipped away unseen, towards Garryspillane, hunting more slowly, ran on, with Carrigeen Castle on their right, to Sancestown. Crossing the brook they turned left-handed short of the Fethard road, and carried the line to Delaney's sand pit, where they marked to ground after a fine exhibition of hound-work lasting 90 minutes.

A small field faced the wind and rain at Shamrock Lodge on December 4th. Hounds opened at once in Marlhill. The fox tactfully led them at a great pace back to Ballyhickey and on to Shamrock Lodge, where he was abandoned in favour of the kind hospitality of Major Wise, which was very welcome to a cold and shivering field.

On December 7th the meet was at Cammas Bridge. The first fox from Clewen was lost owing to a cold shower, after running a mile towards Cashel, but the good little covert produced another. After an excursion across the railway and back again he made for Cammas Park. From here he ran back along the Suir towards Clewen, and then swung right-handed nearly to the Rock of Cashel. A left-handed turn took him over the Goold's Cross road and out towards the Furry Hill. He turned across Thurles-beg, however, and ran down to Clewen again, where he was marked to ground and killed, after a fine hound hunt of one and a half hours. T. C. V.

RARA AVIS

[*The following poem has been inspired by the campaign commenced by the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens, a campaign that will not, it is hoped, be shelved owing to hostilities.*]

The birds of the forest and air
They have stricken and trapped till rare.

Great Bustards they drove off the Down
And the Hoopoe is robbed of his crown.

The Chiefs of the Isles and the West
Still harbour the Eagle to nest.

And the beautiful Harrier's den
Grows rare in the Anglian fen.

And who shall yet speak of the Gleed
If lost is the Kite and her breed?

And how many watch her aglide
With her fork on the aerial tide?



A PYTCHLEY WAR-TIME FIELD MOVING OFF AFTER MEETING AT COLD ASHBY

From Dartford the Warblers flicked fire
Now dust in the Furze and the briar.

No Osprey remaineth to take
His tribute of fish from the lake.

Shall the cliffs of Great Britain again
Never see the White Eagle strike main?

But the Bittern comes booming again
His thunder by swamp and by drain:

Half-drumming, half-mumbling in mire
Like the groan of an ox from his byre.

They would massacre Swans upon Avon
And silence the croak of the Raven,
That lived upon Glastonbury Tor
And whose feathers King Arthur once wore!

SHANE LESLIE.

[W. H. Hudson tells us that the mediæval English would never kill a raven because it might contain the soul of King Arthur, who returned in that plumage.—ED.]

THE ZOO'S PIGS

By JAMES FISHER

THE casual visitor to the Zoo may not easily realise what a comprehensive collection of pigs the Society possesses. This is largely due to the fact that, owing to the limited accommodation in the 34 acres of Regent's Park and owing to the different requirements of the various sorts of pigs, it has not been possible to house the whole collection together. When happier times come once again the Society might do well to consider the maintenance of a special pig-house, or at all events a special pig section. As it is, some are to-day in paddocks overlooking the Park; others are in the Ostrich House; others in the Gazelle Sheds and one kind is even housed next door to the pigmy hippopotami. The latter is the curious babirusa. I have always considered one of the more charming attributes of this animal to be the fact that its generic and specific names, though pronounced the same, are spelt differently—*Babirussa babyrussa*. The babirusa comes solely from the island of Celebes. It is an extremely ugly creature, the male having very curious and well-developed curved tusks. It is nearly 100 years since the first arrived at the London Zoo, and since a female was born in the



THEKLA, THE RED RIVER-HOG

Gardens in January, 1884, it has quite often been bred. The last baby to be born arrived about two years ago, and has since been sold.

The Zoo has quite a fine collection of Indian wild swine, the animals beloved of pig-stickers and in general build and ferocity not very far removed from the European wild boar. These are in the Park paddocks, where a largely open-air life seems to suit them very well.

Perhaps the finest of all the Society's wild pigs are in the Ostrich House, where there is a pair of Abyssinian bush pigs and the famous red river-hog, Thekla. The red river-hog might be said to be the only kind of pig that could possibly be called handsome. Certainly Thekla might almost be called beautiful. Her coat, which is in perfect condition, is of a fine russet colour which is enhanced by the pronounced stripe down the middle of her back, by her long, tufted ears and by her friendly and appealing features. Added to these characters she possesses a surprisingly musical grunt. Thekla is an old friend of many of the visitors to the Ostrich House. Her keeper, Hexter, possesses her confidence to a remarkable extent and she not merely permits, but encourages him to give her her daily brush and comb.

In the Gazelle Sheds are some collared peccaries from South America, animals which though closely related to the pigs, have been placed in a separate family. Though they are extremely pig-like in build and appearance, the structure of their feet and parts of their skull and the fact that they usually have only twins instead of a large litter, is sufficient justification for this. Peccaries breed quite freely in the Zoo and there are some young ones living at the moment.

In the last year or two the Zoo has had consignments of what must be the rarest pig in the world, the Giant forest hog of Africa. This has a fairly wide distribution stretching from the Aberdare mountains of Kenya to parts of the Belgian Congo. Unfortunately most of the examples which arrived at the Zoo proved to be rather short-lived. Though the problem of their feeding, originally found difficult, was eventually solved (it was found that they required a large amount of leaves in their diet) it is possible that the difficulty of keeping them was mainly due to the problems of acclimatisation. In order to get over this difficulty in future the Society has decided, war or no war, not to import any further specimens until they have been accustomed to living in captivity in Kenya. To this end one of the Society's friends in Kenya is running a giant forest hog farm at the moment, and it is hoped that the outstanding problems with regard to the management of these creatures will shortly be overcome.

The remaining member of the pig family with which the Zoo has to deal is the wart-hog. Some of these ugly creatures have lived for many years in the Ostrich House and their digging powers can be seen by a glance at the outside paddocks—which resemble fields ploughed by a madman. Wart hogs do very well in the English atmosphere, and a year or two ago a quartet of young ones was introduced at Whipsnade. It was originally intended to enclose part of Spicer's Field, the great African paddock which is as big as the London Gardens, and allow the animals to settle down before removing the wire fence and permitting them to join the zebras and other animals in the paddock. Unfortunately a slight miscalculation was made; no sooner were they released than they went through the wire fence as if it was a spider's web and galloped about the paddock in typical wart hog manner, with their tails held straight up in the air. They were quickly rounded up and kept in a smaller paddock with an indoor den in which they are to-day.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THE hare has never attained in England full gastronomic recognition. Even Cæsar remarked that the Britons did not eat the hares which overran their land. It is strange, indeed. Hares are clean feeders and they live in the open; their flesh is tender, when they are young, and its flavour is excellent; they can be prepared in ever so many different ways and with or without most tasty sauces. Yet there are thousands of housewives in England, more particularly in towns, who have never thought that they might buy a hare for a change. In the country one gets a hare as a gift now and again, and the first thing to consider when you have a hare, whether a gift or bought, is to plan a meal that will give the hare every chance of being enjoyed. There are many ways in which to do it and here are two by way of examples and contrast:

Hare soup.
Poached turbot and shrimp sauce.
Pine apple fritters.
Beaujolais, 1936.

A hare soup made in the Scotch way, with the blood of the freshly killed hare, port wine, and a large mealie potato baked in its jacket served at the same time and crumbled into the soup, is a meal in itself. No meat course is wanted after hare soup, but a little snow-white fish with some pink shrimp sauce would be a welcome anti-climax.

With the same material, in the hands of a gifted and experienced cook, a very fine meal indeed might be served as follows:

Filets de Turbot Monselet
Lièvre à la Royale.
Ananas glacé Beauharnais.
Corton Charlemagne, 1929.
Château Cheval Blanc, 1921.
Krug, 1926.

Ham, the most popular of all stand-by side dishes, being rationed, now is the time to make game pies, pâtés and terrines, and hare is one of the best of all foundations for them. There is no inn or hotel in France where the traveller is not offered on arrival some of the Pâté or terrine *Maison* to begin luncheon with, and give time in the kitchen for the omelet to be made and the fish to be fried.

Here is a good French recipe, how to make a *terrine de lievre*. Bone carefully a freshly-killed hare and cut up the meat finely. Cut up in the same manner 1lb. leg of veal and 1lb. lean fresh pork. Mix the lot together. Chop up together 2oz. beef suet, a sprig of parsley, a small pinch of dried thyme, half a bayleaf and a clove of garlic. Choose a terrine of the right size; line this with thin slices of fat salt pork, and fill the terrine with all the other ingredients well mixed together. Put a final covering of thin slices of fat salt pork, and then put on the lid of the terrine and make it air tight with a border of flour and water paste. Put the terrine in a moderate oven and leave it there for four hours, when it should be taken out and allowed to cool.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SIR JOHN SIMON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a Supplementary War Budget last September, staggered the nation by imposing heavy and new taxation. It was agreed at the time that the additional taxation was a necessity. All classes of the community bowed to the inevitable.

The effect of the new taxation becomes daily more apparent as public companies publish annual reports and balance-sheets. These show most clearly the effect of the extra burden of taxation.

In fact, the burden is far more imposing than was realised last September. Fortunately many industries are enjoying active trade conditions. That benefits the Treasury, and for the time being, at least, serves to minimise the blow to investors in industrial equities.

The experience of Carreras, Ltd., during its financial year to October 31st last, is a typical example. The company had a record profit that year of £2,005,839. From the year's profits £547,415 is required for taxation purposes. In the previous year, when profits were £1,608,634, taxation requirements were £185,354.

This is a striking example of the effect of higher taxation. One result is less confidence in the market for tobacco stocks and shares as a whole. Many people are naturally wondering what effect will be produced upon the dividend of Imperial Tobacco Company for the past year.

It is accepted that the Imperial Company is operating very successfully. Up to now all ordinary dividends have been paid free of tax. For the past three years total distribution has been 25 per cent. tax free. The financial year ended on October 31st, and many are anxious to know whether the company, which is due to announce its final dividend in January, will be able to maintain the distribution.

Tobacco companies naturally carry large stocks of raw materials. They have heavy expenditure under the compulsory commodity war risk insurance. Tobacco companies are hit in many ways, but against this it must be admitted that at present trade is good.

The British American Tobacco Company appears to be in a rather more favourable position. This company attends exclusively to the export trade of the big tobacco combine. I understand that the company is now actively engaged in exporting cigarettes and tobacco to the fighting forces.

The company has been paying a regular 20 per cent. dividend free of tax. The ordinary units are valued around 4⅞, which means a very good tax free return to a new buyer if dividends are kept on recent levels. Market opinion, I find, is that this company stands a good chance of repeating last year's distribution.

Increased taxation has severely penalised companies in the engineering trades. These are mainly small concerns. Many of them have been in existence for quite a time as private undertakings, but in recent years have become public companies.

In order to give just one instance of taxation effects on engineering profits I will mention Brooke Tool Manufacturing Company. It is a comparatively small undertaking turned into a public company last year. Its net profits for the year to September 30th last before providing for tax rose from £76,995 to £92,984.

This increase in profits obviously reflects the company's activities on work of national importance. It is a very satisfactory increase in trading results. When the company has made provision for taxation the profits remaining are down from £65,882 to £44,379.

Companies of this description were expected to make good during the war period. Their post-war prospects are far more obscure. The concerns are, however, seriously penalised while operating at full stretch during the period of hostilities.

Taxation problems must inevitably exercise a restraining influence upon investors. It may eventually penalise industry when additional financial resources are required for development purposes. It certainly looks as if investors' safest course to-day is to purchase the new 3 per cent. Defence Bonds at par. The bonds are at least absolutely free from any chance of capital depreciation and so are Savings Certificates.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, ask your help for a poor widow, aged 71. Her husband, before his death last year, was a male nurse and ran a nurses co-op. He was ill the last years of his life and all savings were swallowed up to alleviate his sufferings, leaving his wife penniless. She is a brave charming woman, living in one room. 2- a week for coal this winter would be a real blessing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NUMBERS OF WILDFOWL

SIR,—Now that the Wildfowling Bill has become law, and another wildfowling season is upon us, this seems an appropriate time for an impartial survey, by a pure naturalist, of certain points which seemed to be hardly recognised by the majority of the correspondents to the extensive correspondence in your journal prior to the passing of the Bill.

First, then, I do not see how anyone can state dogmatically that wildfowl have decreased or increased in the British Isles, unless he has systematically worked through all wildfowling records, past and present, making due allowance for the human element of exaggerated statistics. Has anyone done this?

Secondly, in direct contradiction to this initial necessity, many of your correspondents obviously treated the question from a purely local standpoint. Now that is a most dangerous standpoint to take up where duck and geese are concerned: for a dominant feature of their routine in their winter-quarters is that they are in a constant state of flux.

When, then, I read that A. has only a few score duck and geese on his marsh now, where he had several thousand ten or twenty years back, while B. ridicules any possibility of a decrease, because he has more wildfowl than ever before, I can be pretty certain, not that wildfowl have decreased or increased generally over the British Isles, but that local conditions have proved particularly suitable or unsuitable. It is absolutely impossible to approach this question of relative decrease or increase, if one is not fully conversant with the peculiar behaviour of wildfowl, especially geese, in their winter-quarters.

Between autumn immigration and spring emigration duck and geese are continually on the move from one part of the British Isles to another. Fifteen thousand pink feet, say, patter on a Solway marsh in October, but in three or four weeks this great assembly has been reduced to a winter resident pack of three or four thousand, and the remainder have dispersed to various other feeding grounds. According to weather, grazing, &c., so will the resident pack diminish or increase, and so will those dispersing again sub-divide or aggregate.

When it is realised that this is going on among wildfowl generally all over the British Isles, between autumn dispersal and spring aggregation, it will at once be apparent how difficult it is to form any correct estimate of specific numbers for comparison with the past, and how vain to treat the matter from a local standpoint, since nearly all wildfowling centres depend for their wildfowl upon dispersal from immigration centres.

Now if at these marshes the shooting be heavy, if new ponds have been dry up on the hills or others become derelict, if the stubbling be in an unsuitable condition, if motor-trailers have made punt-gunning possible in unheard-of places, if the wigeon-grass be depleted, then these dispersals of duck and geese are naturally not going to stay long in such unprofitable places, while they have wings to move on to another marsh or back to their central marsh.

If the punt and the shoulder-gunners are going out day after day and night after night from the beginning of immigration in August and September and October, then they can hardly expect the continually harassed immigrants to stay with them in November and December. If, on the other hand, they were to refrain from shore-gunning until the middle of October, they might find that, instead of being harried up and along their migratory line of flight, the wildfowl would have had time to settle down in their winter-quarters—and if food and rest conditions are suitable it takes a great deal of shooting to drive them away from their chosen marsh, once their winter routine has been established. Similarly, it would be good policy to hold over brent shooting until January.

As a naturalist, I sincerely hope that wildfowl are not decreasing in the British Isles, and on the whole my own experience suggests that they are not. But this is not to say that I am not in favour of the Bill. On the contrary, while thinking it quite possible that wildfowl are not decreasing in this country, I am quite certain that they are not increasing, and that gunners should shoot duck for more than half the year and not affect their numbers I cannot believe! And that some of them should object to a curtailment of this ridiculously long season seems to be indefensible.

And now as to this question of numbers. Most wildfowlers are well aware that during the last 50 years wildfowl, especially geese, have shifted their wintering ponds and immigration centres in a remarkable manner; but this does not necessarily imply that their numbers have decreased. Without going north of the Solway, and excluding Iceland, there are at least two places where 10,000 to 15,000 pink feet can be seen; one place of 7,000 white-fronted; two at least of 2,000 grey lag; and two at least of 1,500 or 2,000 barnacles; and no doubt several of a thousand brent. On one salting, at least can be seen 20,000 wigeon, 5,000 teal and 2,000 mallard. On these particular marshes barnacles have certainly decreased and pinkfeet increased. I am not conversant with the actual figures of past records, but is there any evidence that specific numbers have decreased for the British Isles as a whole during the last 50 years?

Yours faithfully,
Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

CAT VERSUS FOX

SIR,—The incident related in your issue of November 25th last, in which a lady, out after roe near Newtonmore, saw a wild-cat attack a fox, reminds me of a similar incident witnessed by a Highland fox-hunter and related by him.

The hunter's mixed pack was close at the heels of a fox when it entered a cairn. It had barely entered the cairn when it was out again with a wild-cat in close pursuit, and the cat chased the fox into the jaws of the pack. Having disposed of the fox the hunter's terriers engaged the cat within the cairn, but failed to bolt her, as she probably held a strong position, and was defending her kittens no doubt.

Cats have a strong natural antipathy to dogs and this antagonism probably extends to foxes, and is in the nature of a blood-feud.

Woodview, Yours faithfully,
Comrie, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Perthshire.



IF NOT BIRDS WHY NOT FISH?
(See letter "Labrador Retrieving Mahseer")

LABRADOR RETRIEVING MAHSEER

SIR,—Mr. C. D. Earle related in a letter to the *Field* last September how a Sealyham of his landed a trout for him that he had hooked. It was not the first dog that had performed such a feat, though ordinarily we should not expect a terrier to do it. That is not their job so much as one of the regular retriever's or spaniel's. Years ago the second Lord Knutsford told me about one of his Labradors that used to help him when salmon fishing, and now I have received an interesting letter from Lieut.-Colonel R. P. Henstock on the same subject. Two years ago Colonel Henstock was fishing in Baluchistan for mahseer, a very sporting fish known as the salmon of India. An encyclopædia informs me that the mahseer is a species of barbel, which sometimes in the tropics may attain 6ft. in length.

Colonel Henstock had with him his Labrador bitch, eight years of age and bred in India. Having her as a puppy he had taken a lot of trouble in training her for the gun, and he was well repaid for she seldom did much wrong in retrieving the mixed game to be had out there. She had never tried her hand at fish until this particular occasion. Each time he hooked one and was playing it she whined and quivered with excitement, so that eventually, when he got on to a small one in shallow water, he let her fetch it. Another time he hooked a two-and-a-half pounder in water that was up to her withers, and she had to make many attempts before she was able to push it on to the bottom in order to get a grip with her mouth. She brought it back, dropping it hurriedly at his feet with rather an expression of disgust, and then sat a yard or two away. Yet she was ready for the next. His bearer, though inexperienced with the camera, succeeded in getting a successful snap.

Labradors are so sensible when properly trained that they will retrieve almost anything. They first came to us more than a century ago with a reputation for their prowess in the Newfoundland seas, which are frequently very rough. In describing how the best retrievers of his day were made from a cross between a setter or strong spaniel and Newfoundland, General Hutchinson, in his *Dog Breaking*, wrote that by "Newfoundland" he meant the slighter dog reared by the settlers on the coast, "a dog that is quite as fond of water as of land, and which in almost the severest part of a North American winter will remain on the edge of a rock for hours together, watching intently for anything the passing waves may carry near him. . . . Without his aid the farmer would secure but few of the many wild ducks he shoots at certain seasons of the year."

This dog, no doubt, was what we now call the Labrador, and the General relates a fishing story of one that he would have been afraid to tell if its truth had not been vouched for by a Captain L——n, one of the best officers in the navy. This dog, who was entirely black, with the exception of one white forefoot, used to keep his master's household well supplied with fish, doing it in this way: "For hours together he would remain immovable on a small rock which projected into the stream [which was filled with fish to an extent one could scarcely believe], keeping his white foot hanging over the ledge as a lure to the fish. He remained so stationary that it acted as a very attractive bait; and whenever curiosity or hunger tempted any unwary fish to approach too close, the dog plunged in, seized his victim, and carried him off to the foot of a neighbouring tree; and on a successful day he would catch a great number."

Yours faithfully,
London. A. CROXTON SMITH.

PHEASANT ALIGHTING ON WATER

SIR,—On the evening of October 18th, I was out walking with my little terrier. As we were passing a small loch he disturbed a pheasant amongst some bushes. The bird flew out through the trees surrounding the loch at a height of about 12ft. to 15ft., and alighted in the middle of the water for about a second. It got up to a height of about 4ft. and again landed on the water. Instantly it got up again and flew into a tree on the side of the loch, which I marked. I walked round to this tree for the purpose of seeing if the pheasant had been over-gorged with acorns or was weak in some other respect. The pheasant was sitting on a branch quite alert, and it flew off very strong on the wing and to all appearances perfectly healthy. The loch was dead calm and in the evening light the large fir trees were reflected in it as if in a mirror. I wonder if the pheasant took the reflected trees to be real ones? Have any of your readers seen a similar incident, or can any of them give any other reason for the strange behaviour of this hen pheasant? Yours faithfully,
Thornhill, A. B. M.
Dumfriesshire.

RIGHT AND LEFT

SIR,—While walking with Mr. George Adamson, Assistant Game Warden, along the bank of the Uasso Nyiro River one night, a guinea fowl got up and was shot by the Warden.

The sound of the shot caused an 8ft. long crocodile to leave a recess beneath some rocks and rush towards the river. The Game Warden killed it with his remaining barrel, and completed a remarkable right and left.

Yours faithfully,
Isiolo, "SPEAR."
Kenya Colony.

ABNORMAL PARTRIDGE EGGS

SIR,—Last April, while searching hedgerows and banks in Wiltshire for partridges' nests, I came across one in which all the eggs, numbering four at that time, were completely white. I was struck by this discovery, but I was even more astonished when the next day I found another nest, about a mile away from the other one, in which the eggs were again pure white.

I was very eager to find out if anyone else had found partridge eggs of this colour, but all the people I asked said that they had never heard of such a thing as a white partridge egg.

I am wondering whether you, or any of your readers, could inform me if they have come across such an egg, and if so, what is the reason.

I have heard of solitary white eggs in all kinds of birds' nests, but never one where the whole clutch is white.

Yours faithfully,
T. P. HAYWARD.
Radley College.

LEFT MASTER EYE

SIR,—In your issue of December 2nd you published a letter from "Perplexed" who complained that he was troubled with a master left eye. With a shotgun is it not usual to shoot with both eyes open? When I started shooting with a rifle I shot from the left shoulder, as I have a master left eye, but on being discouraged from this practice I wore an eyeshade over my left eye. This has now enabled me to shoot with the rifle from either shoulder and with the shotgun from the right shoulder without difficulty. It may be due to having started young. I am now seventeen.

Yours faithfully,

Camp Hill, Bevlale, Yorkshire. J. C. M. LEYLAND.

SIR,—I can sympathise with "Perplexed," having been in the same fix myself. I am perfectly certain that if he follows the same lines as I did he would come out all right. Gadgets are hopeless, black monocles, etc., as one needs all one's vision to locate a bird initially. I did have a very slight cast put in my gun at a very small cost by the local gunmaker.

The whole secret is to veil rather than close the left eye, as the gun comes up; not before. I am not absolutely sure that I even do this now, as I believe that after some time my eyes changed mastership, simply through using the right and not the left.

I can only state that my shooting improved hundreds per cent. when my fault was located and this method employed. If "Perplexed" would like any further details I would gladly answer any letters direct.

Yours faithfully,

Rhual, Mold, Flintshire. HECTOR.

SIR,—For the information of your correspondent "Perplexed," I have suffered all my life from the left being the master eye, to the extent that all my reading is done with the right eye, and all longer vision with the left. Since the age of eighteen I have shot with a plain glass in the left eyepiece of spectacles, and a sighted glass to bring it equal in the right; only in a driving rain in my face do I suffer any inconvenience. To avoid the irritation of the hook behind the ear through a long day, I have a straight side-piece with a loop at the end, the two loops being connected loosely with a bit of elastic across the back of the head, lengthened or shortened as required by a running tongueless buckle.

This certainly does not affect the eye, as, at the age of well over 70, I still have the same glass in the right eyepiece as I started with, though not the same frame. Until lately I have never had to wear glasses for reading, but now, about once a week, if my right eye gets tired with reading, I use a pair of spectacles with the left eye sighted for reading to give the right a rest.

Yours faithfully,

Norfolk. A FELLOW SUFFERER.

STARLINGS AND WALNUTS

SIR,—Some time ago a report came through to me that a walnut tree at Tiptree, near here, was being stripped by starlings. At the time I found difficulty in believing that this was true and took pains to verify the story.

The enclosed photograph will show the extent of the damage. The hulls—still green—were stripped away in each case sufficiently to expose the shell, which was then chipped away and the nut extracted piecemeal. In most cases the nut was not dislodged from the tree, as will be seen.



PROOF POSITIVE
(See letter "Starlings and Walnuts")

This method is in marked contrast to the work of rooks—also very partial to walnuts—who wrench away the complete nut and carry it off for consumption at leisure.

As most people are aware, the starling is certainly omnivorous, but this is the first time I have heard of attacks being made on hard-shelled fruit—even in a severe autumn, which this has not been.

You may remember an earlier letter of mine in connection with swallows taking bees during the nesting season. Some doubt was later expressed in correspondence that the youngsters were being fed with anything but drones. Apart from the fact that my bees are not allowed to produce any great quantity of these, I verified that workers had been taken, by dissolving the droppings of the nestlings and examining the contents under a microscope.

Yours faithfully,

K. RIDGWAY CRAWSHAW.

Witham, Essex.

BIG GAME RIFLES

SIR,—Not everyone is likely to agree with the opinions of "Spear," whose letter appears in your issue of December 2nd. Like him I have tried the old black powder 4- and 8-bores, and also a double 10 by Purdey. All these rifles were very heavy and the smoke was a nuisance.

When I began to use H.V. rifles—such as the .303, 7.9 mm., .275 and .256, with their lightness and extreme accuracy, I gave up the bulkier and unpleasant weapons, and pitied the fellows who took them over. For African hunting, where the going is hard and the sun terrific in the hot season, it is a comfort to use a light rifle; and a man should, of course, always carry a weapon himself, and not trust to a gunboy, although he may take out a heavy bore if he prefers to have one handy. Doubtless the double .470, which "Spear" recommends is an excellent weapon, but it weighs a good 11 lb., and is too heavy to carry on a long day in rough bush.

I disagree with "Spear" that it is more difficult to kill dangerous game in the East than it is in Africa. An African bull elephant or buffalo is as tough as an Indian elephant or buffalo; and as regards non-dangerous game an African waterbuck is more tenacious of life than an Indian sambar.

Also, when I was in Central Africa men did not hunt in parties, and most of the experienced hunters much preferred to hunt alone—apart, of course, from their native following. Possibly, however, things have changed in this respect since I was there.

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

THE BLOWING STONE

SIR,—The scattered farms near the famous White Horse Hill, Berkshire, have a novel siren close at hand.

This is the Blowing Stone—an unwrought sandstone about 3ft. high, 3ft. wide and 18ins. thick, having a series of natural perforations.

When one hole at the top is blown strongly, with the lips pursed in the manner of a cornet player's, the stone gives out a loud siren-like noise—audible in good conditions for a distance of one to two miles.

There is a picturesque legend that King Alfred blew it to summon the Saxons to fight the Danes.

A reference is made to the stone with its remarkable properties in Thomas Hughes's famous novel *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and also in the same author's *Scouring of the White Horse*.

The picture shows my wife in the act of giving a prolonged blast—a signal we interpret nowadays as "ALL CLEAR"!

Yours faithfully,

J. A. CARPENTER.

48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate.



A SIREN THAT CAN BE HEARD FOR MILES
(See letter "The Blowing Stone")



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From an R.A.F. station in the Near East came the letter from which we have quoted. It certainly is a remarkable tribute when *half* the pipe-men in a Mess smoke some particular Tobacco. Yet we know of one case where *all* the pipe-smokers in an Army Mess were converted to the Barneys "Trio" by one of its enthusiasts.

"Wonderful Tobacco" is how this R.A.F. smoker describes his favourite brand . . . though we must admit that the *most* wonderful thing about Barneys is the enthusiasm of the men who smoke it . . . that cheery band of sportsmen who have spread the fame of Barneys to the ends of all the Earth.

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For A.R.P.

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BOOKS AND CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

"GIVE books this Christmas"—a familiar slogan. Yes, but what books? A tremendous number of books have been published during the year—about 3,000 since the war began!—and choice is by no means easy. In response to many requests, we give here a list of books—not all of them have been published this autumn, but the vast majority are post-September vintage—which we believe to be good books, and which we believe to be the best books of recent date dealing with their particular subject. They have been chosen, not only for their matter but also for the manner in which they have been produced (standard of production is obviously of importance when considering a Christmas present) and we believe that any one of the books mentioned on this page will make a welcome and ornamental addition to the shelves of the booklover.

NATURAL HISTORY

Wild Chorus, by Peter Scott. "Country Life." 21/-. The first ordinary edition. The limited edition was fully subscribed before publication.

Wild Love, by Denys Watkins-Pitchford. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7/6. Now in its second edition, but still the best life story of a fox in the English language, and a good book in every way.

Handbook of British Birds. Vol. III. Witherby. 25/-. An excellent book for anyone interested in geese, ducks and hawks. The most authoritative book on its subject and beautifully illustrated.

A Book of British Waders, by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. Collins. 7/6. The only cheap book on British waders. Not a handbook, but a series of sketches. Excellent illustrations.

Masks the Sky Gipsy, by Denys Watkins-Pitchford. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7/6. The first life-story of a wild goose. A magnificently exciting, but highly probable, story.

Plants with Personality, by Patrick M. Synge. Lindsay Drummond. 12/6. A book any garden enthusiast will love to have.

SHOOTING

Letters to Young Shooters, by Martin Stephens. Rich and Cowan. 10/6. An ideal present to young shooters of any age.

HUNTING

The Fur-Hunter's Week-end Book. By D. W. E. Brock. Seeley Service. 8/6.

The Fox that Walked on the Water, by A. H. Higginson. Collins. 10/6. Hunting experiences in America and England by a famous master of hounds.

Hounds, by C. R. Acton. Heath Cranton. 10/6.

ANGLING

Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon, by R. D. Peck. A. and C. Black. 3/6.

COUNTRY MATTERS

Country Relics, by H. J. Massingham. Cambridge University Press. 15/-. A store house of country knowledge by the greatest living authority on the past, and passing life of the countryside.

The Countryman's England, by John Moore. Seeley Service. 8/6. An autobiographical gem, beautifully written.

Tamsman, by Crichton Porteous. Harrap. 10/6. A remarkable picture of farming life written from actual experience on the land.

Yeoman Calling, by Christopher Turner. Chambers. 7/6. A serious discussion of the position of English farming, and a plan for the future.

Country Notes, by V. Sackville West. Michael Joseph. 10/6. Short essays on almost everything. Really good photographic illustrations.

Irish Gold, by Pamela Hinkson. Collins. 10/6. Altogether delightful.

Wiltshire Village, by Heather and Robin Tanner. Collins. 10/6. The essence of Wiltshire, though the village will not be found on any map. A review of this book appears on page 1174.

TRAVEL

North Cape, by F. D. Ommaney. Longmans. 10/6. A trawler's life in the North Sea.

The Alps, by R. L. G. Irving. Batsford. 10/6. A typical Batsford book, beautifully illustrated.

A Camera in the Hills, by F. S. Smythe. Black. 12/6. Mr. Smythe at his best.

Peaks and Lamas, by Marco Pattis. Cassell. 18/-.

Wind, Sand and Stars, by Antoine de Saint Exupéry. Heinemann. 10/6. A beautiful book by an air-mail pilot, who can write well.

Hinterland Liberia, by Etta Donner. Blackie. 12/6. The best book on a little known part of the world.

Baltic Roundabout, by Bernard Newman. 10/6. A tour of the Baltic States by the author on "George." A memorial now to things that have passed.

Land Below the Wind, by Agnes Keith. Michael Joseph. 12/6. A very entertaining account of life in North Borneo.

ART

Since Fifty: Men and Memories 1922–1928. Recollections of William Rothenstein. Faber and Faber. 21/-. The last volume of Sir William Rothenstein's memoirs.

Art Criticism from a Laboratory, by Alan Burroughs. Allen and Unwin. 18/-. A most interesting account of the application of scientific tests to pictures of doubtful authorship.

POLITICS

The Twenty Years' Crisis 1919–1939, by E. H. Carr. Macmillan. 10/6. An outstanding essay on international affairs.

I Was Stalin's Agent, by W. G. Krivitsky. Hamish Hamilton. 10/6. An astonishing book of the "sensational disclosure" type. On the whole more probable than improbable, but still fantastic in its picture of dictator moralities. Much of it has since been borne out by events. Should certainly be read.

When Freedom Shrieked, by Rothay Reynolds. Collancz. 10/6. An appalling picture of Germany moving towards barbarism.

BIOGRAPHY, AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Rain Upon Godshill, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 10/6. A continuation of *Midnight on the Desert*. A running commentary upon pretty nearly everything.



KESTREL AT THE NEST
A Christmas card from a painting by G. E. Lodge

Prelude to Victory, by Brigadier-General E. L. Spears. Cape. 18/- An important book, brilliantly written.

Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell. Collins. 12/6. An unusual portrait of the period.

Henry, Elizabeth and George, by Lord Herbert. Cape. 18/-. Recently discovered papers relating to the 10th Earl of Pembroke and his son. Of great human interest, though not of much historical importance.

LITERARY

The Moores of Moore Hall, by Joseph Hone. Cape. 12/6. Should interest all lovers of George Moore, and all lovers of Ireland.

The Ages of Man. Arranged by George Rylands. Heinemann. 7/6. A pocket anthology of Shakespeare, very well done and very well produced.

The Christmas Companion. Edited by John Hadfield. Dent. 7/6.

FICTION

After Many a Summer, by Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7/6. Witty and thought-provoking, and typically the author.

How Green was My Valley, by Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 8/6. A first novel and one of the most distinguished books of the year.

My Uncle Silas, by H. E. Bates. Cape. 10/6. Characteristics of Mr. Bates, and very good. The illustrations (or decorations) are excellent.

Uncle Fred in the Springtime, by P. G. Wodehouse. Jenkins. 7/6.

Rogue Male, by Geoffrey Household. Chatto and Windus. 7/6.

Let the People Sing, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 8/6. "Good Companion"-ish and thoroughly good fun with a serious undercurrent.

Secret Agent, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7/6.

To Step Aside, by Noel Coward. Heinemann. 7/6. Sophisticated, witty short stories.

Wickford Point, by John P. Marquand. Hale. 8/6.

Fiddler's Doom, by Alan Fraser. Chambers. 7/6.

HUMOUR

The British at Home, by Punch. Collins. 5/-.

Second Thoughts, by Nicholas Bentley. Michael Joseph. 3/6.

Jobsam, by Fougasse. Methuen. 5/-.

Le Sport, by Nicholas Bentley. Gollancz. 6/-.

1940 New Yorker Album. Hamish Hamilton. 12/6.

The Pick of Punch. Chatto and Windus. 5/-.

And then, of course, Christmas cards—always a bother and a joy. The British Trust for Ornithology have produced an excellent card—a woodcock by Peter Scott—and this is obtainable from Mrs. J. B. Priestley, 3 The Grove, Highgate Village, N. 6, at the modest price of 4/6 a dozen. The Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens have also produced an excellent card—a Kestrel at the Nest, by George Lodge—and this may be obtained from Dr. P. Manson-Baker, at 149 Harley Street, W.1, for fourpence each. If you get these cards you are at the same time supporting worthy organisations, and giving pleasure to bird-loving friends. For the rest, with two notable exceptions, the cards this year are on the whole undistinguished.

Raphael Tuck & Co. have a large selection, but appear to have concentrated rather too much on the "keep your pecker up" aspect of the war. The British Museum have some delightful cards, including reproductions of Chinese, Indian, Japanese and Persian paintings. A new firm this year appears in the field—Batsford's, the book publishers. "A Batsford book" is now accepted as meaning a good book most beautifully produced. If they maintain the standard they have set themselves in Christmas card production, "A Batsford card" is soon going to be generally accepted as meaning the same thing in another sphere. Their reproductions of architectural and rural scenes are very fine indeed, and the prices are moderate.

SPORTING PICTURES AT ACKERMANN'S

By JAN GORDON

IN considering pictures of a specialist kind, such as those of sporting subjects at Ackermann's Gallery, the question of "rightness" is, of course, essential. But in such a locale we may take almost for granted the accuracy of the hunting scenes, the dogs, the birds, the racing and so on, while in matters maritime the historical accuracy of Harold Wyllie rouses envy in the bosoms of naval experts.

So that the question which must be asked is "Does the artist get the utmost out of (or into) his subject?" And this depends on the art of the thing, whether, after he has properly established the central theme, he is able to use his background and accessories to enhance the emotional significance of the subject.

Thus, Michael Lyne has real feeling both for this hunt and for the English landscape. "Lady Curre's looking towards Severn Tunnel" and "The V.W.H. Earl of Bathurst" illustrate this clearly.

But in others, not content with what he has accomplished, he slap-dashes in the sky, thus distracting attention from the real matter in hand. The good control of George Wright is shown in "Going out in the Morning," his compositional facility in "Full Cry," but his coaching scenes fail to carry anything like a similar conviction.

René Berti has a gay Parisian bravura, very suitable to his subjects and happiest in the smaller pieces, such as "Pesage." But in his large works he seems sometimes to use attitudes taken from photographs, and these contrast so violently with his non-photographic methods that a disturbing shock ensues.

G. Vernon Stokes's etchings of dogs solve the problem neatly. He tints the animals but leaves the backgrounds in line and by this achieves unity of method. But both Ward Binks and Roland Green, who do feel their subjects and can suggest movement, use a pre-Raphaelite and careful composition finish for dog or bird and a totally different method with loose composition for the backgrounds, which thus fail to wed with the subjects. The result is description only. Description, too, is Harold Wyllie's highest virtue.

G. E. Lodge, in spite of a definite disunity between bird and background methods, comes much nearer than the last three to an aesthetic fusion. The effect of "A Wisp of Snipe" is a little injured by what I would consider inaccurate reflections, but in "Snipe" the arabesque of the water's edge, and in "Grouse on the Hillside" the weight of the rocks, is almost enough to balance the detail of the birds.

Reproductions from the Exhibition are given in the cover and centre pages of this issue.

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New Books

IN THE WILTSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE

Wiltshire Village. By HEATHER and ROBIN TANNER. (Collins; 10/6 net.)

The only fault to be found with this engaging and knowledgeable book is the preface of a few lines. It tells us that "the book is to be regarded as fiction rather than as local history; but, like all fiction, it is based on fact." It is not difficult to gather why this circumspect attitude has been adopted, but it is disconcerting to the serious reader when he is unable to be sure to what extent the place-names, field-names, local history, antiquities, pedigrees, family annals, records and crafts of the village or villages in question are fictional or authentic, composite or particular, precise or misleading. The value of so scrupulous a chronicle—and author and artist, both Wiltshire-born, have spent a devoted and understanding labour upon the work—is somewhat impaired by this mystification. Otherwise, the book is a model of what such a record should be.

It omits nothing—dialect and survivals of old words crafts and husbandry, seasonal rhythms and events topography and geology, architecture and vegetation, all receive their proper measure of description and appreciation, not by the method of lifeless specialisation, but with warmth of colour and all the sympathy of intimate knowledge. A book so faithful and all-inclusive as this enables the unhappy townsman, prevented by the nature of his environment from seeing below the surfaces of phenomena, to realise that the essential stability of the peasant's life depends upon interweaving it with the ageless, though not timeless, manifestations of the living earth. That unfortunate preface tells us that "Kington Borel" has changed more in the last 50 years than in the 500 before them, and then destroys the meaning of what it says by remarking that it would be foolish to call back yesterday. The profound reality of village life lies or lay in its independence of such superficial factors; it was obedient to the seasons not to the times. In a well-ordered civilisation the extinction of the fundamental crafts, such as are described in the book, would be impossible, because they are the corner-stone of human life. In destroying the husbandman the towns are cutting the ground from under their own feet.

The book is as accurate as it is informing and agreeable to read. But the folk-tale of the moonrakers is not confined to Wiltshire, as is suggested, while rick-dollies are not and never were "propitiatory offerings to the bird enemy." But these are trifles.

* * *

Refuge in the Andes. By RUDOLPH MESSEL. (The Bodley Head; 10/6.)

"Will you go to Colombia and look for some refugees who seem to have got lost in the Andes?" and the sequel to the reply in the affirmative is this book.

The first chapter, "How it started," captures the mind and creates a live expectation that the book will continue to hold fast one's interest almost exclusively, but that altitude of hope is not attained, for one's interest becomes less, and then rather flaccid.

It is a description of rather ordinary day to day happenings, and of peoples and things in general, and of countries in this search for some, a few, refugees, and one cannot help feeling a little disappointed that description of the more commonplace things of life hold the stage too much, and has the effect of rather "starving" the reader's eagerness for fine descriptions of countries and of nature, in its comprehensive sense, as presented to the traveller.

However, the reader's mind is taken to the northern portion of South America, even if the mind may feel a tinge of ennui at intervals.

The photographs, of which there is a fair supply, are quite good, though collectively not, perhaps, of absorbing interest.

* * *

Half Breed: The Story of Grey Owl. By LOVAT DICKSON. (Peter Davies; 10/6.)

Mr. Lovat Dickson can congratulate himself on having one of the rarer qualities of friendship—the gift of understanding. In this book about his friend, Archie Belaney, or "Grey Owl" Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, as he was better known to his vast circle of admirers, he builds up, with infinite patience and tact, the life story of this now almost legendary figure.

It seemed a far cry from St. Helen's Woods above Hastings in 1904 to Canada—but young Archie Belaney, already schooling himself in the elementary laws of woodmanship in those same woods, had set his mind on one goal—the backwoods of Canada, where he hoped to find his father and, most important of all, Red Indians.

Mr. Dickson unfolds, chapter by chapter, in simple language the story of this boy's life, his adventurous voyage, his first job on Canadian soil—salesman in a dry goods emporium in Toronto—his back-breaking initiation into Indian guiding, porterage and canoeing, his courtship of an Ojibway Indian girl, and eventual initiation as blood-brother of an Indian tribe. "Grey Owl," as most people already know, fought and was badly wounded in the Great War and then invalided back to England, where he married a childhood friend. His stay in this country, however, was not long, his whole being and life was bound up in the wilds, so once more he returned to his beloved Canada.

The later part of this book, dealing with his transformation from a trapper to defender of the "Little People"—the fast-vanishing beavers, and his unusual introduction to Anahareo, the Indian girl responsible for this transformation, is the most moving part of this book. Readers will need little introduction to "Jelly-roll" and "Rawhide," but it is interesting to learn that these little creatures are still alive and, by now, "Jelly-roll," later re-christened "Rosa" by "Grey Owl" is doubtless dictatress over a vast colony.

Mr. Dickson does not make the mistake of trying to lift this man on to a higher plane, or to disguise his faults and failings, he deals with them sympathetically and with such understanding that some phases of his life, which very easily might be distorted, merge into the pattern and make a complete whole.

"Grey Owl" made many good friends, each one playing a part to help him on to his eventual goal, but I think not one of them knew more about him than Mr. Dickson (although one of his friends in later life), or could have put pen to paper with such sincerity to write his biography. A fine achievement.

* * *

The World of Wings and Things. By Sir ALLIOTT VERDON-ROE. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

This is a book that will bring back memories to those who learnt to fly in the Avro planes of the Royal Flying Corps in the last war. For the author, then A. V. Roe, who made the first flight over British soil some thirty odd years ago, was the man behind these famous machines. Now the great firms of A. V. Roe & Co., Ltd., and Saunders-Roe, Ltd., are world famous.

Sir Alliott tells of his early struggles—financial as well as aerial—though the book is in no way written in an over-personal tone. Rather is it an effort, and a very successful one, to trace the evolution of the aeroplane, written by a pioneer enthusiast, whose faith and foresight have found their reward. It is well illustrated and essentially readable.

* * *

Fruit Growing. Edited by N. B. BAGENAL. (Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.; 21/-.)

In the preface Mr. Bagenal writes: "Here, therefore, is a work that will, one hopes, prove of the greatest value to the novice and even to the experienced nurseryman; to both student and instructor; indeed, to all interested in the subject of fruit growing."

It is a bold claim to say that a book is of value to the experienced as well as to the inexperienced, for there is nothing more difficult than to write so clearly that even the veriest beginner can understand and so learnedly that the old hand finds much to help him. If anyone dare lay such a claim, it is "Nick" Bagenal, for he has had an unique experience, during which he has had the opportunity of discussing fruit culture with every class and type of man and woman—from almost every clime!

At first glance the book strikes one as too bulky, and difficult to read, for the reason that the photographs are very dark, and in some cases not sufficiently clear. No one can complain, however, that the book is not complete, for it deals with the ordinary fruits that are grown in the open, and in addition such unusual kinds as bilberries, chestnuts, cranberries, medlars, sloes, and Worcester berries.

The chapter on pruning will not please some "experts," but it is a clear exposition of the facts as they are known to-day. The chapter on planning and planting is very well thought out—only those who have had to plant large acreages know the difficulties thereto. Passing on through chapters on gathering and storing fruit—marketing fruit—exhibition at commercial shows, and the control of pests and diseases, we reach the main part of the book which deals with the "Culture of particular fruits." Here the advice is as guarded as in the other chapters, and one wonders whether the work is one that the amateur will fully appreciate. So many growers prefer to have yea or nay. Those with experience, however, will revel in the clear-set problems which they will be able to solve after taking due regard of the circumstances on hand.

In every book there are errors—misplacements and "inadvisabilities"—and this one is no exception, but it must not be thought that the book is full of errors, far from it. It is an excellent guide to fruitgrowing in Great Britain and should be in every library. It is so well planned and indexed that as a reference work it should prove exceedingly useful.

* * *

The Rabbit Skin Cap. (Collins; 15/-.)

The *Rabbit Skin Cap* is told as such a tale should be told. George Baldry recalls his youth, and Miss Rider Haggard guides him gently into print. There is no setting out to please, no restraint to satisfy convention, no exalting of incidents beyond their intrinsic worth—things all prone to happen when men, or women, of letters sing unlettered persons' praises. It is a record of much that was commonplace half-a-century ago, but now lives only in the memories of a few old men and women, and will vanish with them. It is as vital to record their skill and sayings, outlook and homelife, as it is to preserve the implements of their crafts. A book like this is complementary to a Folk Museum.

How many boys could braid a frail-basket to-day? When George Baldry was a boy they made them or went without, and had little enough to fill them. Listen to this about the godsend of a sheep's head for a Sunday dinner: ". . . the pot was put on and mother made five Norfolk swimmers (dumplings) . . . telling me to look after the pot. Presently the lid lifted a bit with the steam, and I peeps in and see the sheep's head going round the pot with his mouth open like old Nick after the sinners, and only one swimmer to be seen. I thinks to myself that ther old sheep ha' gone and swallowed the other four, and if I don't look slipper he'll have the last at the rate he's chasing it, and what'll mother say then, and I runs as fast as my legs can carry me, blaring, 'Mother, come quick—the sheep's hid's goin' round the pot like old Wop and swallowed four of the swimmers . . .'" *Rabbit Skin Cap* is as chock full of these plums as a Christmas pudding.

George Baldry was not big, but he was tough. He was quick to profit by experience and self reliant. Before out of his teens he had tried his hand at half-a-dozen employments—pigkeeping, brickmaking, thatching, haytrussing, hurdlemaking—and he knew a mort about catching eels and handling ferrets. What he learned he remembers still; vivid youthful impressions, when beer swilling, strap-oil and fisticuffs were all in the long day's work. And what he remembers Miss Haggard knows well how to handle. We learned that from her last book, *I Walked by Night*, the recollections of an old Norfolk poacher.

There are many old ballads and traditional verses interleaved among the pages. They lend as bright a colour to the narrative as Edward Seago's little sketches.

* * *

A very pleasant novel of country life is *Priors Mead*, by PATRICK CHALMERS (Methuen; 7/6). The heroine—an attractive young woman—unexpectedly inherits a country house and sufficient of an income to enjoy hunting with the local pack. All the different types which go to make up county circles are cleverly portrayed and the plot is refreshingly wholesome. A thoroughly readable book.

* * *

FOR THE YOUNGER READER

The following quartet of books are entirely dissimilar, yet I suppose that they all may be said to be addressed to the young. Indeed, Messrs. Faber, who publish *The Travels of Maurice*, by ALICE COATS (at 6/-), imply, in the blurb, that the book is for nursery use.

Maurice is a rabbit, handicapped (or the reverse) by a pink suit instead of the more usual white one. His travels in Europe, Africa and Asia, are in search of a land where the clover is "always in bloom." He never finds that land, but he is none the worse off in the end. An enjoyable little book with a fascinating map (in the manner of *Treasure Island*) and lots of quite delightful pictures by, I suppose, the author.

From Methuen & Co. (at 3/6) is *Chinese Children at Play*, by YUI SHUFANG. Madame Yui is, one gathers, from the introduction to her book, by Chiang Yee, "a very charming young lady, who is always smiling." If one could make such lovely pictures as she has made, one would certainly have something to smile about. They illustrate the popular games of the little Chinese, and there is, to each game, a brief description of how to play it. Madame Yui is, one reads, well known as an athlete. Her books prove that she is also a very capable artist.

The Silent Hunter is the story of a Swedish lynx, by PHYLLIS BUROS. It is illustrated, very nicely, by Raymond Shepherd, and published by Blackie at 3/6.

"List" (which means crafty) is the name of the heroine. We meet her first with her kittens, and we see her hunt and kill for them. When her litter is able to do for itself poor List is captured by a country boy, Karl, who has been tempted by a reward from the owner of a private zoo, who wants a live lynx. Karl takes his captive down-country in a crate, but, on the way, loses his heart to List, takes her back to the wild and turns her loose. A very reasonable story, but, from a natural history point of view, a provoking one. Can one, for instance, believe that a lynx courses and runs down a hare? And is not a lynx as untameable as a Scottish wildcat? The author tells of one which lived as a household pet for 20 years.

From Sweden we pass to the South Downs and *The Wednesday Pony*. This book is also a Blackie one and it costs 5/-. It is written by PRIMROSE CUMMING and well illustrated by Stanley Lloyd.

The "Wednesday" Pony is a jolly black cob, called Jingo, who, on Wednesdays (early closing day) gets a half-holiday from a butcher's cart and goes up to the downs as the saddle pony of young Tabby and Martin. There Jingo enjoys himself as much as they do. Tabby and Martin are the children of Mr. Meade (purveyor). Tabby and Martin are for ever hoping that some day, up on the downs, they will find the fairy pony of their dreams; one supposes something of the sort that *Little Red Riding Hood in Kerry* found. They attain their dream pony in a more prosaic way than did Dr. E. de Somerville's heroine, and a very nice pony was their Pixie. But, in the end, Tabby and Martin come to the conclusion that they have had the perfect pony all the time, and that he is old Jingo's self.

This is a particularly charming little story well told and full of sound pony sense, and I have enjoyed every page of it.

FREAK MATCHES ON AND OFF THE GOLF COURSE

By E. R. TIPPLE

GOLFERS are by nature adaptable people. The fact that there is no course where they happen to be does not prevent them from playing if they are determined to get a game. Times without number improvised holes have been constructed under the most adverse conditions. For example, Mr. J. E. Laidley, finding no golf course in Egypt, put native labourers to work and achieved a course from very unpromising material. Thick bush, too, has been cleared to make fairways, marshes have been drained, and courses have been laid out even on ice in Alaska. No matter where the golfer is he will have his game, and will tend the green he has improvised with just as much care as if it were as fine as any on a first-class course at home.

Maybe it is something of this spirit which accounts for many of the freak games, some of which are recorded in the *Golfers' Handbook*. Ordinary native games can be dull at times, so that one may long for something different, no matter how peculiar that change may seem. But I wonder what prompted a golfer, Harry Dearth by name, to play a match at Bushey Hall in 1912 attired in a complete suit of armour? Such clothing would prevent that pivot of the body which we are told is important, and he must have been in danger of losing his balance when he swung his club. Little is said of this queer game except that he lost—but only by 2 and 1.

Those golfers in the army who are still stationed at home may be interested in the feat of J. N. Farrar at the start of the last war. He accepted a bet that he would not go round the Royston course in under 100 strokes equipped in full infantry marching order. He succeeded, returning a score of 94. Others at the camp, including several professional golfers, tried to equal this astonishing performance and failed.

The feats of the American, John Montague, who, two years ago, was hailed as a world beater, but who refused to participate in championship matches, must still be fresh in most people's minds. He came into prominence because of a match over one hole, which he played using a rake and a shovel, but I think the performances of his two countrymen, F. S. Smith and D. Scott Chisholm—both well-known journalists—were more noteworthy. They played together in one tournament using one club between them, and they both returned scores in the low 80's. The club was a mid-iron, and was adapted for either right or left-handed play—Chisholm playing golf "the wrong way round."

The late Captain Pennington, some years ago, played the Sonning professional, H. J. Young, a match from the air. He took up with him in his 'plane, eighty balls which were covered in white cloths to prevent them bouncing when they struck the ground, and he had to find each of the eighteen greens by dropping the balls as he flew around, each one dropped counting a "stroke." Young went round in the fine score of 68, taking two hours, but the airman, in far less time, took only 29 "strokes."

A number of matches have been played between golfers and archers. Strange as it may seem, in almost every case on record the man with the bow and arrows has proved successful. But javelin throwers have met their match on the links. F. A. M. Webster and Miss Dora Roberts, using javelins and having a mark of 2 sq. ft. on each green as their objective, once played the late Harry Vardon and Miss Gordon Robertson, who used their ordinary clubs. The golfers conceded two-thirds in the matter of distance and won by the wide margin of five and four. Webster's best throw, it is recorded, was one of 160ft.

Cross-country games frequently arouse interest on account of their sporting element. They need careful planning and usually the participants are allowed to tee up their balls before taking a stroke. Hedges, houses and ditches are apparently obstacles that these sturdy golfers can overcome with ease.

To date the longest "hole" played was between the first tee on the Radyr course to the last hole at Southerndown, Glamorgan, which measures fifteen-and-a-half miles as the crow flies. The two golfers, P. Rupert Phillips and W. Raymond Thomas, who played this hole in 1920, covered approximately 20 miles. They were wagered that they would not hole out in 1,000 strokes. Actually they needed only 608. They began on December 3rd and finished two days later. They carried with them large ordnance maps, and knowing the country they had to cover I can imagine they needed them!

In the minutes of the Royal Edinburgh Burgess Society it is recorded that in 1815 a Mr. Brown wagered a Mr. Spalding "one gallon of whisky that he would drive a ball over Arthur's Seat in 45 strokes from the Burntisfield links." Arthur's Seat—which is a high hill overlooking the Scottish capital—is 827ft. above sea level. Mr. Brown accomplished his task in 44 strokes and won his gallon of whisky.

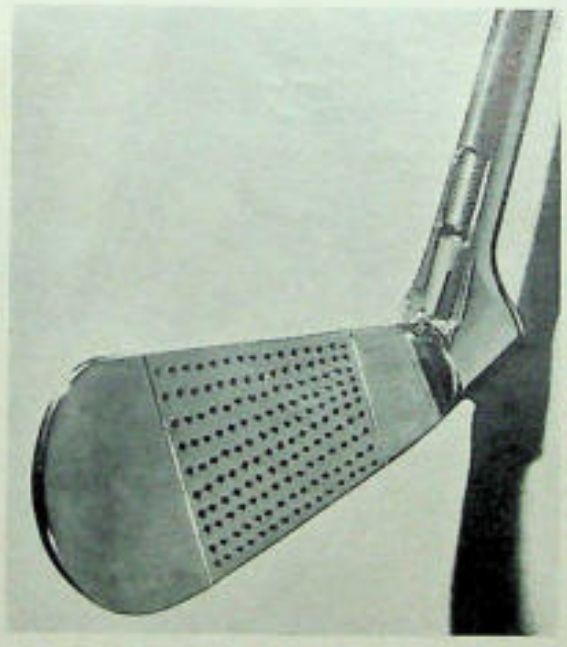
Golfers, too, have played through the streets of London, from Piccadilly Circus to the Royal Exchange, and one recalls the instance of a player starting early one morning from the City and finishing at a club in the West End inside the limit of the permitted strokes to win his wager, with apparently no windows broken and no balls lost.

The late Freddie Tait, one of the finest golfers that have ever lived, was not so fortunate in the result of one wager he made in 1898. He had backed himself to play a gutty ball in 40 teed shots from the Royal St. George's Clubhouse, Sandwich, to the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal about three miles away. He had to hole out by hitting any part of the Deal Clubhouse. He did this with his 32nd shot, the ball disappearing through a window. But the stake he won was "considerably depleted" by compensation to a serving maid, who was cleaning silver when the final shot came through the window and put her out of action and into hysterics.

SEVEN CLUBS IN ONE

IN a recent issue of the *Field* mention was made of a club with an adjustable head which made it serve for several irons. Since then we have received particulars of the "Whole-in-One" club which fulfils this function.

There would seem to be every prospect of the war conditions giving a large measure of popularity to such a golfing iron which provides no less than seven clubs in one shaft. Members of the three Services often have opportunities for golf, but, as a rule, have no facilities for stowing a full bag of clubs and in the "Whole-in-One" club the inventor's genius has provided an adjustable club with which, if desired, a full round can be played from tee to hole, even to getting out of bunkers.



THE "WHOLE-IN-ONE" CLUB AS NO. 1 IRON OR PUTTER



AS MASHIE OR NIBLICK

In both pictures the shank is cut away to show the driving screw-end of shaft and gunmetal wedge pressing on threaded end of shank

The illustrations here given indicate the simplicity of the device to unlock the movable head and alter its adjustment to the desired degree of loft, and to secure it firmly in the playing position.

By means of a *left-handed* thread at the end of the steel shaft a gunmetal wedge is driven down on to the threaded shank of the club-head to give the locked position. When this has been done, no matter how hard the ball may be struck the head cannot shift. Impact tends to tighten the wedge. Only a slight twist of the shaft is needed for the adjustment required, and a vernier indicates the number of the club (1, 2, 3, &c.). The fact that the method employed is *internal* to the club ensures perfect balance and requires only a small enlargement of the shank. In appearance the club is hardly distinguishable from an ordinary iron. All parts are rustless and no oil is needed.

The club may be obtained from leading London sports stores, and it should be appreciated as a Christmas or New Year gift.

RESULTS OF CROSSBREEDING AND INBREEDING

By A. CROXTON SMITH

MY article on the interbreeding of a basset and bloodhound, published a few weeks ago, provoked discussion when a few of us met together afterwards. One of my old friends, who remembered the experiment made by Sir Everett Millais, contended that the effects would soon wear off, and that at the end of a few generations back to one of the breeds making the outcross matters would be just the same as they were before. Expressed in mathematical terms, as the parental influence used to be before Mendel was re-discovered, it follows that very little of the blood of the breed used in the first cross, and then discarded, can remain by the fifth generation. Mendelism has demonstrated, however, that the question of inheritance is not as simple as that.

Those who have practised crossbreeding with the object of improving the stamina of a strain believe that the effects linger long after all physical evidences have disappeared. I should not care to say that there is scientific justification for such a belief. Scientists talk about hybrid vigour, the vigour that often follows a first attempt at crossbreeding. In his little work on "Heredity" Dr. F. A. E. Crew explains that "frequently the crossbred offspring are stronger, attain a larger size, mature in a shorter time than either parental stock, and not uncommonly they possess notable powers of resistance to unfavourable conditions."

But he points out that this is not invariably the case, and that "in order to obtain this hybrid vigour in any degree, it is essential that the two parental stocks shall be unrelated, pure bred, and that each shall itself be possessed of qualities that, in the opinion of the breeder and in relation to the object of the crossing, are excellent." He further mentions that the hybrid vigour decreases in subsequent generations. Unless my memory is sadly at fault, the effects of Everett Millais' bloodhound-basset cross, bred back to the pure basset, were more enduring, being noticeable principally in increased size. Those of the fourth and fifth generation that came into my hands were also more resistant to distemper, though this was a result that might not have been anticipated, as bloodhounds were more susceptible to the disease than bassets.

The effects of environment upon the constitution might very well be considered more closely by breeders, the opinion being that the blood of an animal reared far away from the home kennel is a useful refresher. There is some method in those who have occasionally bought dogs from America for breeding.

The question of inbreeding is the converse of what I have been writing. To many the practice is anathema, though I am convinced that most skilful breeders resort to it with benefit to their strains. After all, most of the famous herds of cattle were first built up on this system, and so long as it is exercised intelligently it is calculated to do more good than harm by stamping in characters that we desire to obtain.

Everything depends upon the constitutions of the animals used, for harmful points can be implanted as surely as those that are beneficial. It has to be done with great care and an intimate knowledge of the back history of the two parents; otherwise incalculable mischief may result. I cannot see any sense in mating brother to sister, as is sometimes done, for surely that gets us to a standstill, whereas the object of inbreeding is to fix characters that are usually more apparent on one side than the other.



THE HEATH GARDEN
An excellent example of what can be achieved by the judicious employment of heath

WINTER FLOWERING HEATHS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW shrubs or sub-shrubs require so little attention and afford such delightful colouring as the heaths, and those that flower during the bleakest weeks of the year are especially valuable. The tree heaths are not too hardy, but *E. carnea* in all its varieties and *E. darleyensis* are perfectly hardy. Further, these heaths, unlike most of the species, do equally well, whether lime is absent or present in the soil. Indeed, many growers assert that they do better with lime. And the foliage of heaths is always so satisfying at all seasons and, further, makes a good setting for other shrubs and plants.

Heaths are admirable for gardens where labour has to be considerably reduced. They require the minimum of attention, and in mid-winter when every other shrub looks battered the heaths remain in perfect condition. Neither gales nor torrents of rain affect them.

The first of the winter flowering heaths to blossom is *E. darleyensis*. This hybrid grows nearly 18in. high, is bushy in growth, and the flowers are rose-pink. It usually begins flowering in late November and goes on until May. Then follow *E. carnea praecox*, King George, quickly followed by Queen Mary and Winter Beauty. The time of flowering varies considerably according to the district, but in mild parts of the south-west King George is often in bloom very soon after Christmas. Best of all the later flowering hybrids is, I think, Vivelli, not only for the beauty of its flowers of the richest blood-red, but for the fact that all through autumn and early winter its foliage is a most attractive reddish bronze. Masses of it are most effective, even when not in flower.

Springwood white is generally acknowledged to be the best of the whites, but Cecilia Beale, rather more of a dwarf sort, is about a fortnight earlier. The comparatively new Springwood pink is charming.

The placing of heaths in the average garden is not easy. They are apt to look out of place in formal surroundings. In one garden I know the entrance drive is bordered with various *E. carnea* hybrids. During the bleakest weeks of the year the drive is aglow with the warm colourings of the flowers, and in summer the evergreen foliage is pleasantly restful and, unlike most edgings, requires no attention at all.

In another garden I know these heaths form the thick edgings round the rather large rose beds immediately in front of the sitting room windows. Even in winter the rose garden has a cheery appearance, and in summer the broad evergreen edgings make a most attractive foil for the roses.

My favourite amongst the winter-flowering heaths is *Erica lusitanica*. Its flowering period is longer than that of any heath, with the possible exception of *E. darleyensis*. In mild parts the first flowers begin to open, and by May the slender pale green spires are terminated with beautiful fox-brush heads of pink-tipped white flowers. The bright red stamens give an exquisite touch of colour to the snowy flowers.

The faint scent of the flowers is delightful, a quintessence of all the varied fleeting scents of wide open spaces in spring time. *E. lusitanica*, unlike many heaths, seldom makes an untidy straggling bush. It is always graceful and shapely, and the foliage in winter and early spring is a peculiarly lovely moss green.

This beautiful heath, which is a native of south-west Europe, was introduced about a century ago, and even in parts that are only fairly mild it seeds itself. But it is not a heath to expose to cutting winds, for in exposed positions the foliage suffers badly. Its hardiness seems to increase with age. *E. Veitchii*, which is generally believed to be a hybrid of *E. lusitanica* and *E. arborea*, has the same beautiful foliage, and though also rather tender it is a more vigorous grower than either of its parents.

E. mediterranea is usually listed as a spring-flowering heath, but the white form which is even more tender flowers rather earlier. In mild parts it makes bushes 6ft. to 8ft. high, and its rose-red flowers borne in such profusion from March to May are exquisite, and they are honey-scented. In spite of its name this heath is a native of inland parts of the south of France and Spain, the coastal parts of the Bay of Biscay, and Galway in Ireland. It was one of the first foreign heaths grown in these islands, and, according to Aiton, was introduced in 1648.

E. arborea was introduced a few years later. In mild parts this heath grows about 10ft. high and there are specimens about 20ft. high. Like *E. mediterranea* it flowers in March and April and the flowers have the same sweet scent. It is a rather tender plant, but it seems strange that *E. arborea alpina*, which was introduced about 30 years ago, is not more commonly grown, as it is exceptionally hardy. It is a native of the Cuenca Mountains in Spain and grows at an altitude of over 4,000ft. Like those of the type the flowers are white, and the foliage is a rich green.

The showiest of the tree-heaths is *E. australis*, a native of Portugal, introduced by the Earl of Coventry in 1769. Its rich purple red flowers produced in April and May are striking. In common with the other tree heaths it is rather tender. *E. australis* var. Mr. Robert, is a beautiful white-flowered variety.

Although *E. stricta* flowers in summer it is a charming feature in the winter garden, for the seed heads which hang on all through winter are such an attractive pinkish brown. The foliage, too, is a rich green. This heath grows about 6ft. to 8ft. high, but it has the merit of flowering when only a foot high.

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

FEW vegetables can be sown now but it is well worth risking small sowings of longpod broad beans and early peas, as the soil is warmer now than it will be in January. I have sown broad beans in my garden in Surrey on December 20th and had a crop nearly as early as sown at the end of November. On cold soils and in bleak parts, however, it is waste of time and seeds.

Crops in the open need attention. Broccoli, for instance, benefit by having pea-sticks stuck slantwise amongst them; this not only supports them in case of strong winds but affords a good deal of protection from frost. All decayed leaves should be continually removed from Brussels sprouts, spinach beet, seakale beet, &c. These yellowing leaves not only harbour pests but they keep light and air from the plants.

If any green vegetables, such as sprouts, savoys, &c., have to be brought in in a spell of severe weather it is best to gather them the day before and put them in a frost-proof shed or a cool room to get the frost out of them. Brought into warmth when thoroughly frosted they go sappy and are unfit to cook.

Certain vegetables are much better for being "frosted," notably parsnips and carrots. The taste for young carrots always strikes me as unnatural. Like all immature fruits and vegetables they have a raw flavour, whereas the mature roots are sweet and rich. The craze for lifting and storing carrots, too, always strikes me as odd. They are perfectly hardy and only taste sweeter after severe frost. There is no comparison between roots that have been just lifted and those that have been out of the ground a few days. As for those that have been out of the ground for weeks they always taste dead to me.

Formerly raw carrots were highly appreciated for their remedial value. Finely grated, newly-lifted roots are full of a sweet juice, delicious and perfectly digestible, far more digestible indeed than cooked roots. Like apples, carrots turn colour if exposed long to the air, so the roots should be grated only just before required for the table. If they have to be grated long before, cover with a plate until it is time to serve them.

Raw carrot, celery with mayonnaise sauce and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley served in cup-like lettuce leaves make an excellent mid-winter salad. Another good mixture can be made with chopped chives or Welsh onion, parsley, grated apple and grated carrots with cold horse-radish sauce. Or the grated carrots can be mixed with the minced young leaves of savoys and a little lemon juice.

I find that the easiest way of mincing any winter greens, such as Brussels sprouts, cabbages, savoys, &c., is to take the leaves directly after they have been washed and put them moist through the mincer. If the leaves are dry they come through in small, dry, and not very appetising fragments, but put through just moist they come through almost like a purée.

Raw green vegetables are more digestible than cooked, and eaten raw neither the valuable salts nor the vitamins are lost; to say nothing of saving the trouble and fuel and cooking.

Fully matured carrots take a considerable time to cook and now that fuel is such a consideration, the easiest method is to cut them in thin rings and boil them in as little water as possible in a pan with a tight fitting lid. The little liquor left should be used for vegetable soup. There is a new roaster on the market which is a combination of baking and stewing and I find this invaluable for baking large roots. We put about an inch of water in the roaster, put in the roots, and in a hot oven they cook in about half the time it takes to boil or steam them whole.

In regard to Welsh onion (*Allium fistulosum*) mentioned above, I wonder this is not more commonly grown. In spite of its popular name it is a native of Siberia and is the hardiest of all the onion tribe. It was formerly very popular with Welsh cottagers. This onion forms no bulbs, it is a perennial, and throughout winter the "grass" can be gathered for salads, &c.

Compost heaps are greatly improved by turning and if there is any spare time in mid-winter it is time well spent to devote it to this job. It is a good plan to put all the stems of the early Brussels sprouts on the site before piling the heap on it.

Incidentally, old Brussels sprouts stems can be put to good use where saladings are scarce. Put, even without soil, in any dark shed or cellar, they soon throw out young growths which are so tender that they can be used for salads. The more complete the darkness, the tenderer the growths. We find that they are best put in a cellar.

E. S. R.

MANAGING THE MARKET GARDEN

Disposal of Produce in War Time

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

FARMERS to-day are taking over many of the crops that have been grown intensively by market gardeners in the past. Because of mass production and mechanical cultivation the large-scale farmer can grow certain crops cheaply, though the produce may not be quite of such high quality. Peas produced by the twenty or thirty acres never sell at such a high price, for example, as peas grown by the half acre or in an intensively cultivated market-garden. In the former case the trade describes them as "field peas" and in the latter as "garden peas."

Despite this, crops such as spring cabbage, brussels sprouts, broccoli, beetroot and so on, are being grown by the thirty or forty acres in many of the Home Counties. They require little man-power per acre and so on a mechanised farm costs can be kept low. It has been said that a good crop of cabbages can be produced on the large farm scale for as low as £20 per acre. The small market-gardener cannot compete with this.

The small market-gardener should, therefore, aim at quality together with earliness. He can ensure this by the plentiful use of manure, high cultivation and attention to detail. He should not take more land than he can cope with adequately; capital sufficient to work five or six acres really well is totally inadequate for twelve or fifteen acres in the same branch of culture. Success may be attainable on a small area, but attempting to work a larger plot with insufficient capital usually ends in failure.

The small man will need his frames and cloches to ensure earliness. He should invest in an overhead irrigation plant, which will enable him to have his vegetables on the market any time, even during a continuous drought. He will adopt all sorts of devices for forcing, forwarding and protecting.

It will depend to a great extent on the soil and the district as to what crops he will concentrate on. On the "moss" or peaty land it may be celery. In the south-west it will probably be broccoli or lettuce. In war time, when carrots are so badly needed, a nice sandy loam will be welcomed and on this land several crops a year could be produced. Bedford has concentrated on onions, and does them well, and onions—like carrots—will be needed badly next year.

It will depend to a certain extent on the way the produce is to be marketed as to what crops are chosen. There seem to be three distinct divisions into which the business of market-gardening may be separated:—(1) The specialised growing for the cannery; (2) The growing for sale in special, and perhaps, restricted markets; (3) The growing of produce for sale by commissioned salesmen in the public markets of our large towns and cities.

When growing for the canner it is necessary to grow varieties suited to this particular industry. A definite contact should be made between the manager of the factory and the owner of the market garden, it being often customary for the former to supply the seed. On the whole, this type of vegetable culture is more suited for large-scale production.

The growing for sale in the special markets is one which often appeals to the man with a small acreage. He restricts his crops to those for which his soil and situation are best adapted. He becomes known as a specialist and as a specialist he will be soon much sought after. He may be prepared to grow intensively and thus to grow crops which the mechanised farmer can never hope to cultivate successfully. By his intensiveness he will produce the really choice crops.

He may decide to try the direct sale to shops, hotels, restaurants and private customers. In this case it may be necessary to produce a wide range of varieties, combined with uniform and regular supplies. This outlet for his produce, however, will be free of the ruinously low terms which too frequently come from a glutted market, and the grower should be able to obtain remunerative prices.

To make a success of such a venture it is advisable to have some keen young person, preferably a young woman, to develop the selling side and to be entirely responsible for it. She should interview customers and keep them satisfied, find and secure new business, and take that very important interest in salesmanship which the grower will not be able to do. He should concentrate on growing and on keeping the saleswoman supplied with all she needs.

When growing for the public markets the crops on any particular farm or market garden may be limited, the aim being to produce at stated times large supplies of those vegetables for which the land is best adapted. Crops in which bulk is small, in relation to value, or those which need not be sent to the market immediately they are ready, will usually be grown in favourable districts a long distance from markets.

Green vegetables will be grown as a rule within a comparatively few miles of the greatest centres of population, and then the produce can be conveyed to market by road and will arrive in a fresh condition. It is under these circumstances that the prices obtained for bulky green crops are the more profitable.

The grower can, under this scheme, confine his attention to the cultivation of the land and the production of the crops, but he must be just as expert in the cleansing, grading and packing. The highest prices are always obtained for vegetables that are presented in an attractive manner. He should be prepared to visit the markets from time to time and compare his produce with others. He should take the advice of the salesmen who have to sell his produce on commission.

The great drawback to this scheme is that the produce (especially in the case of leaf and stem vegetables) must be sent when ready, no matter what the state of supply and demand may be, and will thus be sold for whatever it will bring. Should the market be glutted there may be no demand at all. It is to be hoped, however, that in war-time gluts will not be allowed, and market gardeners will be so organised that they will be instructed where to send their produce if and when one particular market cannot absorb it. It is often the case, in peace-time, that London, say, is glutted with cabbages and lettuces and Manchester and Liverpool are crying out for them.

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH GRANTS.—The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society has approved grants for research totalling over £2,000, including grants for £300 to the Rothamsted Experimental Station, £200 to the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, and £300 to the Norfolk Agricultural Station for experiments on the cumulative effects on a light arable soil of various methods in the disposal of beet tops and straw.

Mr. John Evens, for 57 years a member of the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, and one of the original founders of the Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn Association, has been elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society for 1940.



MOTOR CULTIVATION THROUGH THE LETTUCE CROP
Economical on petrol and an ideal little machine for the small man

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF KEEP

The Value of Roots

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

EVEN in time of peace farmers are always faced with the problem of keep, although they may be able to purchase as much concentrates as they wish.

How much more is this problem accentuated in time of war, when we are unable to obtain all the feeding stuffs we may require, but at the same time desire to maintain just as large a head of live stock as before.

That is where we have to use our brains and our ploughs to grow for ourselves crops that will make up the deficiencies, and which will render us as independent as possible.

I feel that we may have to adopt methods which for a long time some of us have considered out-of-date because, by using these methods, we shall be able to combine the production of home-grown feeding stuffs with the production of farm-yard manure. And we need that manure, too, for we are not able to state certainly that we shall get all the artificials we have become accustomed to using, and which we need.

This time we start with a crop in hand which in 1914, and the war years that followed, we knew little or nothing about. I refer to sugar beet, and I feel confident that this crop is going to gain in popularity when it is more fully realised how many useful purposes it fulfils.

We need not go into the value of the sugar it produces, for this article is intended to deal with feeding stuffs for live stock; but there are other uses to which it makes a valuable contribution. The tops and crowns are a food upon which most classes of stock thrive, and it is estimated that the yield of tops and crowns is almost equal to the weight of beet per acre.

Moreover, it is stated by those who have put the crop to a practical test that twenty-five acres of tops are equivalent in value to fifteen acres of turnips.

Tops make an excellent feed for sheep if folded on them, or they can be carted off and fed to cattle in yards, on the pastures, or to the dairy herd.

Then, too, there is the beet pulp which, fed moist or dry as the case may be, is yet another valuable factor in the beet crop.

It may well be that many a farmer who, previously, has disliked the crop may be anxious to grow it in the coming year, not only because it is a cash crop, but because of its feeding value.

Then, too, I think we shall see a larger acreage of mangolds grown than for some years past. The mangold may be an expensive root to grow, under certain conditions, but it provides the heaviest crop of all per acre, when the land is well done and, which is *most important*, mangolds will keep in a clamp or store and are thus available for many months.

I am thinking of the much greater amount of straw that should be in the country next harvest-time as the result of the ploughing up campaign, and the value it will have towards helping out with keep, and at the same time with farmyard dung as well. Good oat straw, some rough hay, and a ration of mangolds fed to young cattle, that are yarded and not allowed to remain on the pastures all the winter, should result in a yard of dung which will help keep up the fertility of the land. To advocate yarding cattle again during the winter may seem, to some, a reversion to a method we had discarded long ago as being uneconomic, but during such an emergency as the one now present we have to reorientate our ideas.

Again, is not some of the finest Scotch beef produced on oat straw and white turnips? We have simply got to make more use of home-grown crops, and so we must turn again to the mangold, to the swede, and to the kales.

At a pinch mangolds can be folded off by sheep, but unless the case is desperate this is not the most economical way of using a crop that will keep from November to June. Cabbage is a hungry crop, needing land in the best of good heart, but it is one that we should consider.

Catch crops have the advantage of providing keep and at the same time of being off the land in time to put in another crop, and of these, where a flock is kept, tares or vetches are most popular, for, sown at fortnightly intervals, they provide a succession of keep.

Tare seed, however, is usually very dear, and also might not be obtainable to sow largely-increased acreages.

Talking to a practical expert the other day he told me of a catch crop he greatly favours, namely, a mixture of oats and peas sown in good time in March or early April, and well manured with phosphates and nitrogen. The seeding is about three bushels of oats, and one bushel of peas per acre. This can be cut for nourishing hay about the end of June, just as the oats come into ear and the peas in bloom, and the land can then be ploughed for another crop.

PRESERVING SHOOTING AMENITIES—I

By REGINALD DAVEY

ONE of the most pressing problems on an estate is the best way in which to preserve the coverts and general shooting amenities during the present troublous times. It is not so much a matter of the landowner wishing to reserve for his post-war years the pleasures to which he has always been accustomed. Few are in the happy position to enjoy their own shoots.

Nowadays it is a question of making ends meet on an estate, and the shooting rights have in many cases proved a most valuable source of revenue, producing rents of 2/6 per acre in ordinary cases, rising to as much as 10/- in favoured districts for choice shoots.

Sporting is rightly regarded as a valuable estate asset, and one not lightly to be overlooked. It is not only the keeping of a head of birds on the land. This may well be out of the question, and, after all, it takes but a single season to rear quite a large head. It is not even a matter of keeping down vermin, important as this task is when rearing and shooting is in full swing. A determined keeper can clear a most vermin-infested wood in a very few weeks, if he has little else to engage his attention.

It is, therefore, clear that a year's work will suffice to replenish the stock of pheasants and get vermin under control, and the second season after the war should see everything in full swing, if, and only if, the coverts and flushing points, but most of all the coverts, are still in good condition.

This question of coverts is the crux of the problem, for deterioration is apt to be rapid, and other nationally important calls are made on woods in war time. The other task of estate woodlands, the production of timber, is often regarded as diametrically opposed to game interests. Unless there is skilful co-ordination of the woodland policy with both interests in mind, either the keeper or the forester is liable to get the upper hand. When this happens the woods will tend to become either an unproductive pheasantry, or a birdless timber factory.

Both extremes are to be avoided, and in normal times a satisfactory compromise is readily attainable. The immediate call on estate woodlands is to make good the reduced imports of coniferous timber and pitprops, much of which is shut up in the Baltic. This places the accent upon the timber production side of woodlands, and it is but commonsense that game requirements take a back seat.

While it is highly unlikely that the Timber Control Board will press owners to fell timber or plantations which were planted for amenity purposes, and whose loss would have a serious effect upon the value of the mansion or estate, it is certain that a strict interpretation will be placed upon the word amenity. Probably it will apply to spinneys and copses near the mansion and around the park, and to shelter belts needed for agriculture. To stretch the term to cover pheasant coverts *per se* will scarcely meet with approval.

Landowners generally are responding magnificently to the call for mature conifer saw timber, and to the clear felling of young plantations for pitwood. This murder of thriving areas between 20 and 35 years old is unfortunately inevitable, the produce from thinning, even when carried out on the heaviest scale, being entirely inadequate to meet the large demand.

The cutting of mature trees is, generally speaking, unlikely to have any serious effect upon the shooting. The keeper may desire to retain them for roosting, as a rise for his birds, screen for the guns, or simply because he dislikes any form of change. These objections will not be serious, and the most likely case of a valley to which the birds resort on windy nights can be met by leaving a few trees for roosting. In a sheltered position they will not be likely to blow over, and the reduction of timber volume will be negligible.

The removal of areas of young conifers are on a different footing. The forester will hate the idea as strongly as the keeper, and between them they will hatch some pretty plausible reasons for retaining the plantations. If the owner is to come to a right decision he must be able to sift the wheat from the chaff, and not rely entirely on what he is told.

A covert is the home of the pheasant, and being a rather particular tenant he requires certain minimum conditions of comfort. First of all there must be concealment, so that he feels safe. This involves a growth of ground vegetation, found typically in the old-fashioned timber and underwood system typical of Kent and other counties. A similar condition results when light demanding trees, such as oak, ash and larch, near maturity. The openness of the canopy then admits sunlight, and as a direct result vegetation begins to clothe the ground.

But the concealment must not be too complete. He will not enter the sepulchral spruce woods typical of Continental forestry. No shade bearing species will make a covert, as witness any wood of beech or Douglas fir. Even with the right compromise between concealment and light and air, the trees, even of most open form, must not be so close together as to impede his flight into and out of the covert.

Draught is one evil which will cause immediate evacuation of a wood. As a plantation nears its twentieth year the growing together of the crowns kills the lower branches and ground vegetation, and creates a kind of tunnel, which is generally draughty. This can be prevented by previous planting of dense shrubs around the area, and when this has been done the covert value will be prolonged beyond the twentieth year, even though the item of concealment is sadly lacking.

Generally speaking the clearing of plantations of the 20 to 35 years age classes means the removal of areas whose direct value as coverts has lapsed, so that the shoot would not normally suffer. On the other hand the trees may have a value for roosting, owing to a suitably central or sheltered situation. Pheasants like larch for this purpose, but the depredations of two-legged "vermin" make it desirable that they should roost in an evergreen. Spruce and Douglas fir are excellent, owing to their horizontal branch growth. An old oak, covered with ivy, is as good as anything, and from all points of view the roosting argument is likely to be easily countered.

With more substance is the view that a plantation may act as a shelter screening a neighbouring covert from the prevailing wind. This function is very important, and to remove the whole of such an area may spell ruin to an important drive. In a case like this, if genuine, it is usually possible to fell all save a belt, perhaps 15yds. wide.

The general conclusion is that the wish to retain a fine young plantation is very likely to become father to the thought that its removal will irreparably damage the shooting amenities. In fact, this is most unlikely, and with goodwill on both sides any possible harmful effect can easily be provided for.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

BRITAIN RETURNS TO THE PLOUGH.

IN spite of difficulties, farmers are responding to the best of their ability in their task of ploughing an additional 1,500,000 acres for next harvest. Good progress is being made, although the effort is being demanded from an industry that has been facing many years of depression and whose financial resources were wellnigh exhausted at the outbreak of war. The war has already imposed on them increased costs.

It is, therefore, a great achievement that a number of countries already have in prospect the initial quota of extra arable acres for which Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith appealed. This is a tribute alike to the farmers' patriotism and to their trust in the undertaking that the country will see that they shall not suffer by what they are now doing to consolidate the "food front."

It would be unfair, at this early stage, to compare the acreage in the different counties that has been promised for additional ploughing. Each county has been given its task, but it cannot be pretended that it is uniform for all the counties with their varying conditions of soils and farming practice.

It is urgently hoped that not one favourable day will be lost in speeding the plough. But any county that is behind-hand on account of weather conditions may take heart from the knowledge that there will still be time to make up leeway in the spring.

The fact that when the farmer has done his ploughing he is still faced with the heavier cost of cropping the land only emphasises the fundamental importance of the Government's policy of ensuring to the producer remunerative prices. The addition of 4/6 per quarter for wheat and 3/- per quarter for oats grown under the peace-time conditions of 1938-39 may be regarded as a token of the Government's good faith.

The vast majority of farmers, it seems, are interpreting it in that way, for their voluntary response has been universal and very few compulsory orders have had to be served. This campaign, unprecedented in our history, to plough 1,500,000 additional acres in a single season, is moving steadily towards fruition. Yeoman England is once again playing its part.

These extra acres are essential in the national interest; but it is no less essential in the stockkeeper's own interest that he should be as independent as possible of arrivals of feeding stuffs from abroad. Therefore, although he may have



YOUNG CONIFERS
The bare stems indicate the passing of covert value

fulfilled the ploughing-up requirements of his County Committee, it should be no bar to his ploughing up even more land, if he has the opportunity, to feed his own stock.

With this end in view County Committees are now authorised to give increased freedom of cropping to applicants for the £2 per acre ploughing-up grant, and to encourage the growing not only of oats and barley for feeding but also rape, kale, roots and all fodder crops. At the beginning of the campaign it was desirable to ensure than an increase in the acreage of certain approved crops was secured; now every farmer should in addition strive to return to the practice of his fathers to make his farm as far as possible self-supporting.

Hand in hand with increased production of arable crops must go improvement of the remaining grassland so that it may produce grass food for the maximum number of stock.

FREE MARKET FOR FAT STOCK

Arrangements for the control of livestock marketing, including the purchase of the stock by the Ministry of Food, and for controlling the distribution of home-killed meat, have been under close examination, and certain adjustments are being made which will take some weeks to complete. As, moreover, the Government does not consider it desirable to introduce control during the period of the Christmas trade, it is proposed to postpone the introduction of control until the New Year.

The Government has recognised that the present system of partial control under the Maximum Prices Orders (which was only designed as an interim measure) was giving rise to increasing difficulties in the marketing of fat stock. In these circumstances, and having regard to the adequate supplies of fresh meat which are expected to be available over the Christmas season, the restrictions on marketing and the control of prices of fatstock, including pigs, were removed as from Friday, December 1st, until the date on which full control is established. This will be announced in due course.

The decision applies to all prices, both wholesale and retail. Before full control is introduced appropriate adjustments in the schedule of initial prices to be paid for fat stock, as published three weeks ago, will be made after consultation with producers' organisations. The revised schedule will take account of seasonal trends and other relevant factors.

INCREASING THE WHEAT YIELD

It is sometimes thought essential to top-dress cereals in February/March. This is still one of the most certain ways of increasing a late and backward crop—nitrogenous fertiliser applied at this time increases the number of tillers, and it must often be done if a full crop is to be obtained.

This fact, however, leads to another aspect of the matter. When a crop is already well tillered, the greatest increase in the yield is often obtained by a later dressing, say, between mid-April and mid-May. Fertilisers applied at this time increase the yield of corn without increasing the number of tillers. This is an advantage, since excessive increase in the number of tillers on each plant tends to more and weaker stem with little increase in yield.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA

BERMUDA, THE FAIRY ISLE

By DAVID CAMERON

THE oleanders, the brilliantly blue sea which changes to purple so unexpectedly, and the charming little white coral stone cottages, with the dark cedar wood and palm trees, are the most lasting impression that one keeps of a visit to Bermuda. The Irish poet Moore so rightly described Bermuda as "The Little Fairy Isle." One of the many charming things about the island is that there are flowers in bloom all the year round.

A lasting sight are the fields of Easter lilies, which are one of the few money-making products of the island. The bulbs are sold more or less to every European country, and in the U.S.A. there is a great demand for the flowers. Then there are the scent factories, the lily factory and the fidelwood factory, where the scent of the lily, along with that of other flowers, is extracted and has a ready market in the leading shops in New York. There are many other flowers exotic and simple which bloom profusely. No matter what time of year you visit Bermuda you will always find it fragrant with the scent of many flowers.

Nearly every roadway or path takes you to the gleaming coral beaches, where the water is always at a comfortable temperature for bathing and has an unusually invigorating quality. You are never more than a mile away from the sea. The tempering influence of the trade winds keep the temperature at moderate levels at all times.

Not perhaps in Hamilton, as there is too much traffic, but in other parts of the island, especially in the wooded Somerset, you will find the crimson cardinal and the blue bird, and hear their lovely songs, and also see the little chameleon peeping from a crannny in one of the low grey stone walls. There are many birds who frequent the island, but these mentioned, with the cat bird and the white-eyed vireo and a few others, are residents of the island.

The Government Aquarium, one of the most popular places to visit in Bermuda, is said to contain the world's finest collection of tropical fishes. Bermuda claims that the first penguin to be hatched in captivity was in the Bermuda Aquarium. The angel fish, shimmering with iridescent gold, blue and mauve, and the quaint little sea horses are just two of the many interesting inmates of the Aquarium. A tour of the sea gardens in glass-bottomed boats is also something that no visitor to the isles should miss. To look down into the depths of the sea and see all the wonders that are there—fish of myriad colours and lovely sea plants are sights that are rarely seen. Then there are the caves with domed roofs and thousands of stalactites and stalagmites. The crystal caves, I think, are the most beautiful, but all are interesting.

The ideal way to make the most of a short visit to Bermuda is to stay in Hamilton, at one of the many guest houses which are right down by the sea, where you can have a bedroom overlooking the sea, and at night be lulled to sleep by the gentle lap, lap of the water against the sea wall.

In the daytime, if you have a few idle minutes to do so, rest in the garden, which is usually gay with flowers and shady with cedar and palm trees, and watch the big ships, the sailing boats and the little rowing boats coming in and out of the harbour. Study a map of the island carefully so that you will be able to plan out where to go and what to see each day of your stay. Though Bermuda is only about nineteen miles in length, and about 100 miles altogether, there is a wide variety of sights and places of interest to see. An easy way of getting a general idea of the island is to go from Hamilton to St. George, in the little train that makes the round of the island from one end to the other, and then return by ferry; in this way one has a nodding acquaintance with all the parishes or "tribes," as they are called there, of Bermuda.

There are no motor cars to disturb the peace of the "Fairy Island," visitors and residents either hire or own bicycles, and the horse is still master of the traffic. You can hire a victoria, with a smiling dark-coloured driver, who may be depended on to point out to you all the places of interest as you go by, and tell you the names of the many trees that shade the winding roads cut out of coral cliffs. These trees include the native cedar, which resembles the Italian cypress, and seems able to grow out of solid rock. The scent of the cedar is very delicious; small sachets of the wood in tiny shavings make a delightful addition to the linen cupboards of the Bermudian housewife. Other trees which flourish, though not natives of the islands, are the fidelwood, a native of Barbados, and the allspice. An interesting fact about the fidelwood tree is that its leaves turn red in March and take on a fresh spring green in June, and a most delicious scent is made from its leaves. These three trees thrive in any soil, unlike some of the others which grow in the island (though only in certain soil) such as the whispering pine, the Norfolk Island pine, the monkey puzzle, the calabash and the ebony. Among the shrubs are speckled crotons, pigeon berries, the candelabra cactus, and the fragrant frangipani with its lovely white flowers.

Hamilton, the capital of the island, is a modern town with wide streets, fine buildings, shops equal to those of any European capital, and a magnificent cathedral, from the tower of which a splendid view of the town, its grand harbour, and all over the island can be obtained. St. George, the original capital, is an older town than Hamilton and has a much more foreign appearance. One of the many interesting old buildings is the church of St. Peter, where there is a three-tiered pulpit and some very beautiful old silver.

I have only mentioned a few of the interesting places and things to see in this lovely sub-tropical island, but I think that they will be sufficient to give some idea of its fascination. Bermuda's motto is "Quo Fata Ferunt" (Where our destiny leads us), and I think that it is a very fortunate destiny that leads anyone to the "Fairy Isle"—when the alarums and excursions of the present war are over.



OCEAN GARDENS

Maritime growths on the bed of the ocean are viewed through glass bottom boats



GATHERING EASTER LILIES

Easter lilies constitute one of the island's principal exports

CARE OF FARM TRACTORS

By W. G. McMINNIES

WHILE a farmer may take pride and pleasure in maintaining his private motor car in an efficient and presentable condition, he may not always lavish the same attention on his tractor and other farm implements. Yet they cost money, and his livelihood depends directly on their output of work. If the machine is held up for repairs which may be due simply to neglect in an earlier stage of its life, it is the owner who suffers. For this reason it behoves him to study and understand the details of his machine and to see that the very simple instructions that govern its care and maintenance are regularly carried out.

A piece of machinery that is properly cared for will last, perhaps, eight or ten times as long as a similar machine which has been neglected or misused—of this the ordinary motor car is a first-class example. For instance, a friend of mine and I bought a similar make of car at the same time. His was worn out and sold for a song after 10,000 miles, while mine was still going strong at 65,000—the difference was due to the fact that one car had been consistently over-driven and under-cared for, while the other had been carefully driven and regularly serviced.



LAND GIRLS AT THE WHEELS OF TRACTOR PLOUGHS

As the servicing of a tractor must be done on the farm a careful study of the instruction book will be necessary. One of the best books of the kind I have read is that dealing with the popular Fordson tractor, large numbers of which are in service all over the country. From it the following advice and information, most of which applies to tractors as a whole, has been selected as being of general interest.

To start with the importance of keeping the working parts regularly lubricated with the correct brands of oil or grease cannot be over-emphasised. Filters should be cleaned at the recommended intervals and the oil drained from the crankcase, gears and axle at the stated periods; generally given in the number of hours worked. All this is done best when the mechanism is warm and the old oil can flow more freely. New lubricant is then added.

When the crankcase has been drained it is inadvisable to flush it out with paraffin. On the other hand, the addition of ½ pint of oil to every gallon of fuel is a good thing as it acts as an upper cylinder lubricant and helps the valves to function freely. In the case of the Fordson the oil should be changed after the first 25 hours' running and then after every 50 hours' work.

One of the commonest faults in driving a tractor is to allow the engine to race. This sets up unnecessary wear and so reduces the life of the machine. For this reason when the engine is not under load its control should be set to an idling or slow-running position. For the same reason the engine should be warmed up slowly from cold and not raced up in order to secure quick vaporization by heating up the manifold. It is also bad practice to race the engine and let in the clutch suddenly when starting as this may tend to lift the front wheels off the ground. When running downhill, it is best to use a gear and rely on the governor to regulate the speed, instead of selecting neutral or proceeding with the clutch withdrawn.

In general one's policy should be to watch the tractor carefully during its early age and specially to see that all nuts and bolts remain tight, and that there are no oil leaks. During this running in period the machine should be treated with consideration, and in the event of difficulties arising with which the new owner is probably unfamiliar, it is advisable to seek the advice of the local dealer. As the tractor will have been delivered in perfect condition, the fault may be due to some misunderstanding on the part of the operator. And when a fault does develop it is a wise policy to have it put right at once instead of waiting till other faults occur. Systematic servicing is the best possible insurance for preserving the life of the machine.

Another way in which the life of the tractor may be preserved is by protecting it against the weather. It should always be covered up when left out in the open, and when it becomes scarred in service the raw metal should be repainted at once to prevent the formation of rust.

In tractors fitted with a paraffin-vaporizer a start from cold is made on petrol with the radiator blind pulled up fully. In 10 or 15 minutes in cold weather the vaporizer will be thoroughly warmed up, and the fuel control can then be changed over from petrol to paraffin. The radiator blind should be adjusted so that the cooling water maintains a temperature of at least 80 Cent. or 176° Fahr. A tendency for the radiator water to boil when the tractor is working hard in hot weather is not necessarily a sign that anything serious is amiss provided there are no leaks and that loss of water is made good.

When the engine has been running on paraffin and it is desired to stop work, the fuel should be turned off and the engine run slowly until it almost stops for lack of fuel. At this moment the petrol supply should be turned on and the engine run on it for a couple of minutes. This will obviate the difficulty in restarting as the heat stored in the manifold continues to vaporize the fuel after the engine is stopped. This causes flooding with too rich a mixture. The recommended procedure, by draining the paraffin from the system, ensures that a quick restart can be made on petrol. On the other hand, when running on petrol and contemplating a stop, slow the engine and run it for a minute or two in the idling position to cool off the valves before switching off. This action, which is equally applicable to private-car engines, will lengthen the lives of the valves.

Notes on changing engine oil have already been given, but a point not always appreciated in connection with changing the lubricant in the transmission system is that if this is postponed too long, or if too light an oil is used, the transmission will overheat and unnecessary wear will occur. Another point is that when the transmission has been drained of old oil, it is a good plan to flush it out with a little clean oil before refilling it finally.

As regards the lubrication of various points provided with nipples for engagement with a high-pressure grease or oil gun, the owner should make himself familiar with their position by studying the oiling diagram which will also give the periods at which these points should be serviced. It sometimes happens that difficulty is experienced in forcing the lubricant into the nipple which may have been damaged or stopped up with dirt. For this reason it is a good plan to have a few spare nipples available in order to replace those damaged. To neglect oiling a point because there is some difficulty in feeding it will only cause trouble in the long run.

Of special importance at this time of the year is the care of the radiator and cooling system. Rain water which is free from salts which may clog the circulation passages can be diluted in the proportion of 60 per cent. water, 10 per cent. glycerine and 30 per cent. alcohol in order to make up an anti-freezing mixture down to a temperature of 8° Fahr. Even then, in order to compensate for evaporization, alcohol must be added regularly. Naturally, if the tractor is left out on frosty nights and no anti-freezing mixture is used, the water must be drained out. Temporary radiator repairs can be made by stuffing white lead or brown soap into leaks. These should be permanently stopped by solder as soon as possible.

A few hints on the care of sparking plugs will not be amiss. When the faulty plug has been found by shorting each plug in turn with the engine running and noting the one which, when shorted, makes no difference to the sequence of the exhaust note, it should be removed, taken to pieces and cleaned with a tooth-brush dipped in petrol. Inside cleaning, it should be noted, is just as important as outside, but care should be taken not to scrape the glazed surface off the porcelain as if this were done the insulation would be affected. After assembly, the gap at the points should be set to .020 in. by moving the outer electrode towards the central one. If the adjustment is made by moving the central point there is a tendency to crack the porcelain.

If the tractor is to be laid up for some time, the engine oil should be drained out and the sump refilled with fresh lubricant. The engine may then be run for a few moments in order to distribute this clean oil. In some cases, it is recommended that a teaspoonful of oil should be introduced into the cylinders through the sparking plug holes in order to lubricate the upper cylinder walls. This may have some good effect if the tractor is not to be laid up for a long time, but if it is, my own idea is that a graphite running in compound introduced during service with the engine oil, would have more enduring effects. The engine dealt with, the radiator should then be drained and flushed out until the water comes away quite clean. Petrol and paraffin should be removed from the tanks and all points fitted with nipples given a good supply of lubricant from the gun. The tractor should then be stored in a dry place and covered with a tarpaulin. The battery should have been removed previously and sent to a service agent for expert maintenance during the laying-up period. This is a preferable plan to an attempt on the part of the owner to service the battery himself.



PEER'S DAUGHTER AND THE PLOUGH

Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of Lord Londonderry, makes a minor adjustment to the engine of a motor tractor given by the Women's Legion for the use of farmers and land owners in the Ards district of Ulster

BRIDGE

BIDDING AND PLAY

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

As a general rule it may be said that bidding mistakes are more costly than playing mistakes. This is particularly so in rubber bridge where the loss of one or two overtricks through faulty technique merely loses a few points. On the other hand, if one is in the wrong contract, however well the hand is played it may be impossible to get home. Where the standard of play is high it will be noticed that many of the swings occur because of some misunderstanding in the auction. Some difficult contracts, involving careful counting or awkward end plays will be made by only a few players, but on the whole there will not be a large difference in the points scored in play by any fairly large groups of good players. One will notice, however, that many points will be lost not only in difficult part score bidding, but by actually playing the hand in the wrong suit, no trumps instead of a suit, or *vice versa*. It cannot be too strongly urged that a player should make every effort to play the hand in the correct suit or in no trumps as warranted by the combined bidding of his own and his partner's cards. Having reached this standard he can begin to learn the finer points of play and then the finer points of the bidding. Sometimes, of course, in family bridge, one meets the contract player who has not played for several years and whose bidding is only distinguished by the lack of information given. In such cases it is usually extremely unwise to take any risks, particularly on slams, until one learns a little about the particular bidding eccentricities in which he indulges. However, in spite of every care, one sometimes cannot help getting into the wrong contract and then it is up to the declarer to use every possible artifice to make his call.

Often the only way to make a contract is to throw an opponent in the lead and hope that his return will be to one's advantage.

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

Y–Z Game and 60. A–B Love.

Y	B	Z	A
One Heart	No bid	Two Clubs	Two Diamonds
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Clubs	No bid
No bid	Double	Redouble	All pass

Z and B were the stronger players and of course were both out to score off one another. This probably accounted for the double and the final redouble, although both B and Z said they were justified on their partner's bids.

The opening lead of the King of Diamonds was taken by the Ace of Diamonds, the Ace of Hearts played and a Club led, Y's Queen being taken by B's King of Clubs. For want of a better lead, B returned a Heart which Z ruffed and led a small Club, taken by Z's 10 of Clubs upon which Y threw the 2 of Diamonds. A now led a Spade, the Queen of Spades was finessed and B took the trick with the King of Spades. B now returned a Heart, which Z again ruffed and followed by leading a Spade and finessing the 10 of Spades against A's Jack of Spades. The Ace of Spades was now led, discarding a Diamond from Z's hand and when A's Jack of Spades fell the 8 of Spades was led and another Diamond discarded, leaving the following situation:

	♠ None ♡ K, 8 ◇ J ♣ None	
♠ None ♡ None ◇ Q, 10, 6 ♣ None	Y A B Z	♠ None ♡ J ◇ None ♣ A, 9
	♠ None ♡ None ◇ 9 ♣ J, 8	

The King of Hearts was now led, Z's 9 of Diamonds discarded and since the lead was with Y, Z must make a trump trick for his redoubled contract.

In the next hand, the declarer made an initial blunder which he was very lucky to retrieve by a subsequent squeeze play.

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

Love All.

Y	B	Z	A
One Spade	No bid	Two Diamonds	No bid
Two Hearts	No bid	Three Spades	No bid
Four Spades	All pass		

B led the Ace of Clubs on which A threw the 10 of Clubs. B now led the King of Clubs and the 10 of Spades. Z, thinking that A had the King of Spades, played the Ace of Spades and another Spade, upon which B pounced with the King of Spades and returned the 9 of Spades, effectively preventing Y ruffing any Hearts. The lead of Y's last two trumps, however, squeezed B, since he could not keep both Hearts and Diamonds guarded.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to make Seven Spades against a Diamond lead by A.

SOLUTION

The first Diamond lead is taken by the Queen, a Spade led and the 9 finessed. Dummy is now entered with the Queen of Hearts and Spades led again and the 10 finessed. Since A discards it is evident that Z's trumps must be reduced by two ruffs and dummy entered at the eleventh trick, so as to lead through B, and this requires three entries in dummy. The Ace and King of Hearts are played, the King of Diamonds and a Diamond ruffed. The 4 of Clubs is led, the Jack finessed and another Diamond ruffed and finally Dummy entered by overtaking the King of Clubs with the Ace.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between England and Peru.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. A. Dulanto. (Peru.)	BLACK. C. H. O'D. Alexander. (England.)	WHITE. A. Dulanto. (Peru.)	BLACK. C. H. O'D. Alexander. (England.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	18. Q to Kt 2	Q R to K sq (i)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. B to K 3	B to K 6 (j)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	21. Q to R sq	R to K 3 (j)
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	22. Kt to Q 2	B to sq 4
5. Castles	B to K 2	23. P to B 3	P to R 4
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	24. R to B 2	P to Kt 4
7. B to Kt 3	Castles (a)	25. Q to Kt 2	P to K Kt 5
8. P to B 3 (b)	P to Q 4 (c)	26. R takes R (d)	Q takes R (e)
9. P takes P	Kt takes P	27. R to K sq	Q to Kt 2
10. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	28. P to Kt 3	P takes P
11. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3 (d)	29. Q to R 3 (g)	R to K B 5 (a)
12. R takes Kt	P takes R	30. Kt to B sq	K to R sq
13. P to Q 4	R to Q 3	31. R to K 3 (g)	R the R, ch (g)
14. R to K sq (e)	Q to R 5	32. Kt takes R (f)	P to B 5
15. P to K Kt 3	Q to R 6 (f)	33. Kt takes B	P takes P
16. Q to R 3	B to K B 4 (g)	34. R to Q B sq (a)	P to B 7, ch
17. Q to Kt 2	Q to R 4	35. K to R sq (f)	Q to K 5, ch
18. Q takes P (h)	Q R to Q sq		Resigns (n)

(a) The usual move is P to Q 2. The text-move, with the subsequent offer of the sacrifice of a pawn by 8. . . . P to Q 4, was introduced by Marshall in a celebrated game against Capablanca in the New York tournament of 1918.

(b) If 8. B to Q 5, then 8. . . . Kt takes B; 9. P takes Kt, Kt to Kt 5; 10. R takes P, P to Q 3 with a good game for Black. The best move is 8. P to Q R 4, *e.g.* 8. . . . P to Kt 5; 9. P to Q 4 (B to Q 5 is an alternative). P to Q 3; 10. P to R 3 and White has a good game.

(c) P to Q 3 would transpose into the usual line of play arising from 7. . . . P to Q 3.

(d) A recent improvement discovered by Marshall. His original line 11. . . . Kt to B 3; 12. P to Q 4, R to Q 3 is insufficient against 13. R to K 2, a move first pointed out by the late Amos Burn.

(e) If R to K 3, then P to B 4, threatening P to B 5.

(f) Black now threatens R to K Kt 5 in reply to which White cannot play P to B 3 because of the winning reply B takes Kt P.

(g) Threatening 17. . . . R to K 5. If now 17. Q takes P, then 17. . . . Q R to K sq; 18. R to K 3, Q to R 4 with a winning attack. If 19. Q takes K B, then 19. . . . R to R 6, threatening Q to Q 8, ch, and wins.

(h) Very risky. He should, instead, play P to B 3.

(i) R to K R 6 at once is a good alternative.

(j) An inferior move which allows White time to guard his K B 3 by Kt to Q 2. 20. . . . R to K 5, instead, would lead to a win for Black, *e.g.* 21. P to B 3, B takes B P; 22. Q to K R 2, B to R 3; 23. Kt to Q 2, Q to Q 3; 24. K to B sq, R to K 3; 25. B to B 4, B takes B; 26. P takes B, R to Kt 3.

(k) In the *British Chess Magazine* it is stated that when Black made his inferior 20th move he intended to continue with 21. . . . P to B 4, threatening P to B 5, but now saw that after 22. Q to Q 5, ch, K to R sq; 23. Kt to Q 2 (and Q takes B because of Q to R 6), Q to Kt 3; 24. P to K B 4 his attack would be at an end.

(l) If 26. P takes P, then 26. . . . P takes P followed, if 27. Q to B sq, by 27. . . . R takes Kt P or, if 27. Kt to K 4, by 27. . . . R takes R, and wins.

(m) Not 26. . . . R takes R because of 27. P takes P, P takes P; 28. Q to B sq. (28. . . . B takes Kt P is out of the question because of 29. R takes B).

(n) Not 29. Kt takes P because of 28. . . . Q to R 4; 30. R to K 3, K to R sq followed by 31. . . . P to B 5.

(o) This prevents White from playing P to B 4 with P to Q 5 to follow.

(p) If K to R sq, then B to R 5 followed by P to B 5.

(q) Beginning a neat combination which should, however, only have drawn.

(r) Not 32. R takes B because of 32. . . . P to B 5; 33. R moves, P to B 7, ch and wins.

(s) A fatal mistake. He should, instead, play 34. R to K B sq, *e.g.* 34. . . . P takes P, ch; 35. K takes P (not 35. K to R sq because of 35. . . . Q to Kt 7, ch; 36. Q takes Q, P takes Q, ch; 37. K takes Kt P, R takes R; 38. K takes P, R to R 7, ch), Q to Q 3, ch; 36. Q to Kt 3, Q takes Kt; 37. Q to K 5, ch, Q takes Q, ch; 38. P takes Q with a draw as the probable result.

(t) If K to B sq, then P to Kt 7, ch and wins for, if Q takes P, then Q to Q 6, mate.

(u) Black mates in two more moves.

A game from the match between Canada and Peru.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Yanovsky. (Canada.)	BLACK. Dulanto. (Peru.)	WHITE. Yanovsky. (Canada.)	BLACK. Dulanto. (Peru.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	15. B takes P, ch	K to B sq (b)
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. Q to R 5	B takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	17. R takes B	Q to B 2
4. B to Kt 5	P takes P	18. B to K 4	B to Kt 2
5. Kt takes P	Q Kt to Q 2	19. B takes B	Q takes B
6. Kt to K B 3	B to K 2	20. Q to R 8, ch	K to K 2
7. Kt (3) takes Kt, ch	Kt takes Kt	21. Q takes P	R to K Kt sq(c)
8. B to Q 3	P to B 4	22. R tks P, ch	K takes R
9. P takes P	Q to R 4, ch	23. R to K sq, ch	K to Q 3
10. P to B 3	Q takes B P	24. Q to R 6, ch	K to B 4 (d)
11. Castles	Castles	25. R to K 5, ch	K to B 5
12. R to K sq	R to Q sq	26. P to Kt 3, ch	K to Q 6
13. Kt to K 5	P to Q Kt 3 (a)	27. Q to Q 6, ch	K to B 7
14. B takes Kt	B takes B	28. K to K 2, ch	Resigns.

(a) A mistake. He should, instead, play P to K R 3.

(b) If 15. . . . K takes B, then 16. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 17. Q takes P, ch, K to R 2; 18. R to K 3 with a winning game for White.

(c) This looks very powerful—but White has a fine reply.

(d) If 24. . . . K to B 2, then 25. Q takes B P, ch, K to B 3; 26. R to K 6, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4044

By T. R. DAWSON.*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at Q R 8, Rook at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q Kt 6, Pawn at Q R 4.

BLACK (6 pieces): King at Q B 3, Rook at K B 2, Knight at K R sq, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 2 and K 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* First prize, British Chess Problem Society, 1937.

PROBLEM No. 4045

By A. NAGLER.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at Q B 8, Queen at Q sq, Rook at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q R 7, Knights at K 7 and Q B 8, Pawn at Q Kt 7.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q B 5, Rooks at K B 2 and K R 4, Bishops at K Kt 6 and K B 8, Knight at K R 7, Pawn at Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4043

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 547

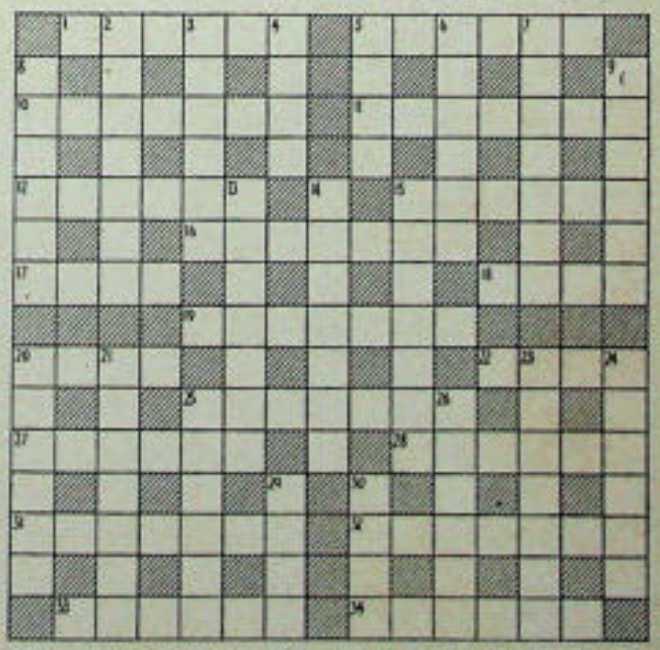
ACROSS.—1. Provides something for the batsman to take in hand (6). 5. How you should let a little of your field be left (6). 10. The prelude to a cat changing her coat (7). 11. Why lush the dazzling dog? (7). 12. This corn isn't corn (6). 15. The "truly" in "truly rural" (6). 16. Don't be gulled into thinking they have stables on the briny (7). 17. The fleet is to be found in Irish waters (4). 18. It supports Carl in the north (4). 19. Let loose the dogs (7). 20. Colloquial places of refreshment (4). 22. A race of forest stalwarts? (4). 25. A coin that is a bit over an eighth of an ounce (7). 27. Poles may often have gambled on having done this to their river craft (6). 28. Usually takes the lead in matters of training (6). 31. Where a noted race is held to reveal its own ancestry in Scottish parlance (7). 32. The beginner of an enterprise (7). 33. Cable from your liner or wire if stranded perhaps (6). 34. It was on this that Addonio rated Shylock (6).

DOWN.—2. A short fastener (7). 3. What winter does with the foliage on evergreens (6). 4. Something to put on a northern river (4). 5. A bird a note ahead of its wise colleague (4). 6. They are usually landed in Scotland (6). 7. A type of hop user who doubtless originated many fine straits (7). 8. Mere pace is insufficient in Russia it's plain (6). 9. This part of the farm shouldn't change much (6). 13. Having only a hemsh he ransacks the fowl-house for a comb perhaps (7). 14. How they'll charge me if I'm to take heirloom fruit! (7). 15. It's dreadful to find a loch needs more or less support (7). 20. An East London tree (6). 21. Such a stroke of luck may well turn its head (7). 23. There'd be a complaint if the food upset our Eastern friend (7). 24. Quite good croppers if properly set (6). 25. The knight's taken up with his plot; or what's left of it (6). 26. Certainly not the capital of Aragon (6). 29. Back the army to bring this up (4). 30. It's hot-headed in Tottenham (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 546

Published December 9th

T	H	E	A	R	T	F	U	L	D	O	D	G	E	R
H		L		A		I		E				U		O
E	I	K	O	N		G	A	T	E		L	I	A	M
W		S		C		A		T		L		D		A
A			M	O	O	R		U	N	I	C	O	R	N
N		W		U		O		C		S				T
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Making and Maintaining a Club Trout Hatchery.—Unfortunately the old standard book on the subject of trout breeding for lakes, *An Angler's Paradise*, by J. J. Armistead, is long out of print, though copies might still be had through the second-hand trade. The arrangement and management of a hatchery, however, does not differ materially as between lake and streams. Some modern books containing a chapter or so on the subject are: *River Management*, by H. E. Towner Coston; F. T. K. Pentelow; and R. W. Butcher (Seeley, Service; 15/-). *Fishing in the Making*, by L. R. Peart (A. & C. Black; 10/6); *Fifty Years on the Test*, by C. E. Pain (Philip Allan; 10/6).—*M. C. C., Kilkenny.*

Country House

Cockroaches in Kitchen.—The specimens are immature examples of the common cockroach or "black-beetle." They always frequent warm places in buildings. As to how to rid one's place of these creatures it is by no means an easy matter. A powder consisting of three parts sodium flouride and one part pyrethrum powder may be sprinkled about the haunts of the cockroaches. Actually these chemicals are the basis of most of the commercial products prescribed for these insects. There are many other methods, such as traps consisting of a jam-jar containing a mixture of stale beer and bananas (peeled) with a cardboard lid having a hole big enough to enable the insects to gain access. From the hole a stiff paper cone with an opening at the apex wide enough to enable a cockroach to enter should be suspended. Once in, egress is difficult for the cockroach. Runways should be laid from the floor to the rim of the jar to enable the cockroaches to get up. It is also worth while to visit the room where these creatures occur after everything is quiet at night and to try killing them yourself. After all, the only real way to rid one's place of these things is to kill them all, so that if one carries on a war against them in conjunction with the powder and the trap which I have suggested, successful results should be forthcoming.—*H. A., Hawnst.*

Teak Garden Seats.—The best treatment for teak garden seats is a good brushing with a stiff brush to remove all dirt and lichen. Then rub in thoroughly raw linseed oil, the boiled oil is too sticky for the job.—*R. H., Bude.*

Gardening

Veitchberries.—The veitchberry is a strong grower, making magnificent canes quite 15ft. long, and as it is semi-erect requires comparatively little support. Birds attack the fruits in the same way as they attack raspberries, *i.e.*, when the fruit starts to ripen, but not when fully ripe. They soon desist, however, and netting is unnecessary. The fruits ripen after raspberries and before blackberries, and they are not really ripe till they are a very rich mulberry colour, and come so easily off the stem that they fall almost at a touch. It is a mistake to gather any of the blackberry tribe before the fruits leave the stems easily, because this is a sure indication that they are not fully ripe and consequently the flavour is not properly developed. Unlike some berries the veitchberry has the merit of being self-fertile.—*R. B., Surrey.*

Leaf Mould.—Leaf mould is a most valuable fertiliser and can be used direct on the bed, without previous preparation. If quantity is unlimited this is certainly the best course. Usually a method of increasing bulk is desired and this can be secured by making a clamp of 3in. layers of leaf mould and garden soil. This is also an excellent way of storing the mould, and even better if filled into a well-drained pit. In each case the rain should be prevented from washing out the manurial constituents, and some form of cover is essential. Rough bracken or heather thatch is excellent, if corrugated iron sheets are not available. There is little to gain by adding artificial fertilisers to the compost, and these are best sown direct into the bed. Sunlight should be kept off the compost heap, for it causes over-rapid oxidation and loss of manurial constituents. So the aim should be to store in a dry place, away from the direct rays of the sun.—*C. B. S., Macclesfield.*

Kennel

Books on Dogs.—*The Popular Cocker Spaniel*, by H. S. Lloyd, price 5/3 post free, and the *Bull Terrier*, by T. W. Hogarth, price 6/- post free, can be recommended. They are to be had from *Our Dogs*, Manchester. We do not know of a monograph on the springers. They are dealt with in general terms in the *Sporting Spaniel*, by Mr. C. A. Phillips and Colonel Claude Cane, price 5/10 in limp cloth, from the same publishers, but the book does not contain advice on breeding and rearing.—*K. B. M., Cobham.*

Poodles.—The dogs you describe in your letter are probably what are known as miniature poodles. They are charming little pets and are very intelligent. Two leading breeders are Mrs. Campbell Inglis, 20, Parkside, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W. 19, and Mrs. Boyd, Pipers croft, Nutharst, near Horsham, Sussex.—*S. P., Bournemouth.*

Flat-coated Retrievers.—Mr. H. Reginald Cooke, Dolhost, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, owner of the Riverside Kennels, which you say you know, is the biggest breeder of flat-coated retrievers for work or shoot. Other breeders are: Mr. W. J. Pfaizeckler, The Hill, Shuttington, Tamworth, Staffs; Mrs. P. M. Barwise, Newlands Farm, Winsor, Woodlands, Southampton; Mr. F. T. Allen, Peddars Way, Headlands, Kettering, Northants; Mr. W. Cass, Vineyard, Coggeshall, Essex.—*E. H. C., Grays.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Yew Poisoning of Pheasants.—From four estates we have received for post-mortem examination the bodies of pheasants which have been picked up in prime condition. In each case the cause of death was poisoning through the birds having eaten the leaves of yew, in two cases the birds had also eaten the berries. Poisoning by yew takes place within a few hours of the leaves having been eaten; almost invariably the birds eat the yew on an empty crop before the afternoon feed. On estates where keepers hand-feed before sundown, yew-poisoned pheasants usually reveal a good crop-full of corn following after the yew leaves. Thus keepers are advised to avoid laying feed in the vicinity of yew trees, in which the birds will await the keeper's arrival. Once the yew enters the gizzard, where trituration of the food takes place, the poison is liberated and the bird is rapidly overcome, loses consciousness and falls dead or dying from its perch. Thus the bodies are usually found in the morning, and there is seldom evidence of any struggling having occurred at the site. Yew poisoning of pheasants appears from our records to be confined to the period late September to December, and to birds of the year's hatch. We do not recall finding this poisoning in old birds.—*C. J., Cheshire; M., Anglesea; J. O. H., Herts; R. F. O., Lines.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Shooting

Maximum Cartridge for Game Gun.—You could certainly use the Eley Maximum cartridge in it, firing 1¼oz. of shot, without imposing the least extra strain upon it. The only difference would be the extra recoil, which you might feel a bit if you fired very many shots, since your gun weighs 6¾lbs. With improved cylinder boring you would obtain a pattern of about 140 pellets with No. 5 shot in the 30in. circle at 40yds. This should be very deadly, being thick enough and having a reserve of penetration.—*B. H. H., Ivybridge.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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(Signed).....

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CHRISTMAS CHEER

AT this time last year we were promised we could enjoy our Christmas in peace. The authority of Herr Hitler graciously backed up this assurance. Coming after Munich it was a strange promise and one which held menace for the New Year, and we soon had the invasion of Czechoslovakia to prove that no more reliance could be placed upon German good faith in the present than in the past. Hope, however, ran high that the great message of Peace and Goodwill would prevail, despite rumours that the Spring would see Europe once more plunged into conflict.

The prophets were right in their reading of the workings of the savage mind, if out in their calculation of the period when civilisation would be called upon to defend itself against barbarism. Even at the moment when the familiar phrase was re-echoed concerning the "end of territorial demands," and Poland was being assured that no fears need be entertained regarding her security, the plans were being laid for the devastation of that country and the plots hatched for the co-operation of Russia in pursuance of a further campaign of aggression. From the constant threat of war it is not paradoxical to say the war of nerves ended with its realisation.

To-day the "Merry Christmas" on the cards and expressions of Peace and Goodwill may seem a hollow mockery. But in actual fact the last sentiments at least are not, for at no time can we pray with greater earnestness for victory over the forces of evil, or a real peace which will make it possible for nations to live in harmony and free from menace; for generations to enjoy such a peace and to evolve conditions which will outlaw war. Merriment we cannot contemplate, for it would be difficult to conceive hilarity when the youth of Britain is marshalled for battle, and a toll of life is being taken on the sea and in the air. There are many for whom Christmas day will be a sad one and to them all our sympathy must go out in their sufferings. But a need of cheerfulness is needed and it will not help the troops and the sailors to imagine those who remain at home sunk in gloom. They themselves, whatever the circumstances, will do their level best to provide a bright and cheerful atmosphere as they sit down to their own Christmas fare and share the parcels sent from home. They will like to imagine a glass being raised and a toast drunk to their good fortune and happiness round the table where they should be sitting.

There will be many at those tables who can recollect Christmases of the last war spent in strange places and under strange conditions; times when huts were hastily built and decorated with festive greenery, and the quartermaster spent the busiest hours of his life discovering where geese or turkeys could be procured or roast pork to add to Army fare. And there was always something with which to wash it down.

Not only at Christmas but at all times during war cheerfulness, whenever it is at all possible, must be the backing for the Fighting Forces. And in this respect those who control the destinies of our country can give a lead. All our courage will be needed for the men behind the guns, and next year's problems will have to be faced with resolution. So instead of fearful warnings from our politicians, let us have a breezier note of optimism for the war we are going to win and the victory of Right over Might. So far, the Ministry of Depression seems to have been working rather hard and we have actually been told we do not realise what the war means. Do not realise what it means when our sons are serving and we are all cudgelling our brains to meet the demands for carrying it on, let alone from where the savings for loans are to come? But these are all matters to be put aside and forgotten for this week-end. Meanwhile, Here's a Happy Christmas to all overseas and on the seas and may God protect and aid them.

OARSMAN AND DIPLOMAT

A ROWING Blue who has played a great part in international affairs connected with the Graf Spee is Mr. E. Millington Drake, our Minister at Montevideo. He has shown himself an Ambassador of Sport in Uruguay for he carried his rowing enthusiasm there and has taken a keen interest in the Montevideo R.C., and this year was responsible for bringing over a four to compete at Henley. This club was originally founded by an Englishman in 1874 but is now entirely Uruguayan. At Henley they were handicapped by having to row as a coxswainless four, but are formidable locally in coxswained rowing. The club won the American Cup presented by the President of Uruguay for the last two years, and hold the record of the Tigre in having won it eight years in succession. Their supporter, Mr. Millington Drake, who pulls a strong oar in diplomacy, rowed 4 in the winning Oxford crew of 1911. He rowed in the Magdalen crew which won the Grand in 1910, and was in the Eton crew which won the Ladies' Plate in 1905.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1218.)

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

RUGBY HELPS THE RED CROSS

Last Saturday, on the Richmond Athletic Ground, international stars from the four home countries combined to form two brilliantly talented teams representing England and Wales on the one side and Scotland and Ireland on the other. The match must have recalled to many spectators the historic match between sides similarly representative on the Rugby School Close in November, 1923, to commemorate the centenary of the game—or at the centenary of William Webb Ellis's "disregard for the rules of football as played in his when he "first took the ball in his arms with it," thus originating the distinctive f the Rugby game, as is recorded on the Rugby Close. That match provided some w memories, not least being the reappearan great English half-backs, W. J. A. Davies an Kershaw, who had retired at the end of the pr season. If the teams in last Saturday's match were not quite as fully representative as those of sixteen years ago, they were remarkably good for war time, and it was an excellent idea to play the match in aid of the Red Cross. For the same good cause another very attractive match is to be played on Boxing Day at Richmond between the United Hospitals and an international side gathered together by J. G. W. Davies. The Red Cross has benefited very considerably from sporting activities already. Golf, Rugby and Association football and billiards have all played their part. Could not Len Harvey and Tommy Farr be brought together in so noble a cause? They ought to fight; the promoters are willing. What about the men?

CHRISTMAS ON THE STREAMS

At the time we go to press it seems unlikely that Christmas this year will greet us with a mantle of white, which throws into bold relief the brown sedges of the river banks, and makes the slow-flowing river look almost black by contrast. Even with a green Christmas mid-winter fishing is a chilly business; but often enough the year ends with a lull in winter storms, and there is a fascination about the quiet of deserted streams, whose silence is only broken by the plop of a spinning bait as it falls behind some stranded bough where the current has scooped out a lie which any pike will favour. War conditions this year should make the pike more welcome on the table. Those who have only met with summer pike, eaten, perhaps, in compliment to some youthful enthusiast on holiday, will be surprised to find how good a dish a winter pike can make.

NICHOLAS MERBURY

(A Ballad of Ordnance)

Nicholas Merbury, first M.G.O.,
Dealt with supplies for the war,
Looked to the bombard, the bill, and the bow,
Keeping a margin of store.

Nicholas Merbury went overseas,
Taking munitions and men,
Sawyers and stone-cutters, clerks, O.M.E.'s,
Soldiers of paper and pen.

Nicholas Merbury camped at Harfleur
(Tentage was duly supplied),
Dealt with "deficiencies bound to occur"
(Struck them off strength as they died).

Nicholas Merbury, master of crafts,
Knew that a siege must be slow,
Husbanded shot, and indented for shafts,
Issued (in flights) to the foe.

Nicholas Merbury's subsequent worth
Came to a royal reward,
Two pretty ransoms, a stretch of green earth,
—These, and a name on the Board.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

[Notes on Nicholas Merbury, taken from *A Short History of the R.A.O.C.*: Nicholas Merbury, first Master of Ordnance (1414), accompanied Henry V to France, and is said to have conducted the siege of Harfleur. At Agincourt he took two prisoners. Henry V left him £100 in his will, and also made him grants of money and land during his lifetime.—ED.]

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I IMAGINE that to everybody, even to officials, whose passion for ordering other people about can be a very subtle poison, there comes a moment when a nausea of human affairs overcomes them, and they long to be anywhere rather than in the society of their fellow-beings. Now, such a moment—of frequent occurrence even in the best-regulated communities of other times, and, of course, painfully importunate in the present age of European degradation—must have a vent, and this is where country people have the advantage of the dwellers in cities. The moment comes more rarely to them, and the living earth is there about them to offer the unfailing consolation of her breast. The varieties of the living earth are infinite, and I offer this example as one in a multitude.

Five years ago a book was written by a man and his wife called *Sea Terns or Sea Swallows*, giving as exhaustive and minutely detailed an account of these exquisite creatures, of their customs, manners, courtship, parenthood, language, homes and migrations, as could be conceived possible. The chapter on language alone—and the cries of terns are remarkably harsh—suggests that the authors are translating a foreign tongue of an emotional range and flexibility that no man would be disposed to grant to the most accomplished of nightingales. When I read this book the other day, I recalled with a bitter-sweet vividness my own experiences years ago among the Common, Arctic, Little and Sandwich Terns (yes, and there was one nest of the Roseate Tern) on the shingle beaches, sand-dunes and saltings of Salthouse Marsh and Blakeney Point on the Norfolk coast.

In one sense these birds are infinitely distant from our humanity. They seem the most elemental of all birds in their familiarity with the great spaces of sea and inult primordial land, in their leisurely effortless command of the air, in their exceeding wildness, in the way their colour-tones appear to be compounded from the subtle greys and silvers of their surroundings and the dark splashes of the Suæda and marram clumps, their streamlined forms from the lean lines of the advancing waves and long level spits and spearhead promontories and straight sun-bronzed mud-channels of their summer settlements. But most of all do they appear beings of sea-spray and sand-storms and sun-splinters, in a grace and beauty that makes one think both of the end and of the beginning of the world. By this I mean that it is the beauty both of the primitive wild, the morning freshness of creation, the first glad flicker of the fire of life, and also of world-end, when the experiments in nature's workshop have at last produced the final, perfect, finished thing.

But when you have spent some time among the terns you find out (as this book did with such wonderful patience and devotion) that there is also something human about them. They are a society and have learned how to combine against aggression; they have their homes and marriages and nurseries, and they experience hopes and anxieties, affections and enjoyments just as we do.

Only their lives are so much more rhythmic and ordered than ours; their very love-flights and love-ceremonies on the shore are patterned, and every year of their lives is in the closest correspondence with the pulsings of the cosmos. Some people would say that is because they are less individualised than we are. Perhaps so, but there are compensations. They never could become the victims of automatism and anarchy together as progress has nearly succeeded in making man, whose history has been rich in individuals, but also black with servility and oppression.

These creatures belong to a different order from ourselves, neither superior nor inferior, but different. The presumption of science that we can measure these beings and tot them up like a problem in arithmetic or by a mechanical foot-rule is laughable. I once saw the terns that were making their usual hullabaloo in the air above my head suddenly sweep in unison and in a dead silence out to sea. The book I have referred to says that this mysterious action is one of fear, but that is the merest guess. We do not know; we never shall know any more than the terns know why their homes have been swallowed up one after another by bungalow settlements in the same way, though not with the same malevolent intentions, as Poland has been swallowed up by sub-brute Germany and Finland seems like to be by sub-brute Russia. Let us accept the mystery and rejoice that in this tortured world of man there are still beings who are not human—and are happy.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a discourse on etiquette in a daily newspaper: "The Guards have always won the ultimate battle. Perhaps they may yet hold for us the thin white line of the white tie and the tail coat."



With more abandon in the game—Oxford (The Greyhounds) v. Cambridge (The Sixty Club)

FROM CIVILIAN TO SERVICE RUGBY

Play Which Goes Hand-in-Hand with Work

By F. I. WATSON

WHEN war broke out in 1914 Rugby football almost ceased to exist because there was practically no one to play it. The rush to the Colours following the call for volunteers carried along with it players of all ages. Men reckoned veterans on the field of play found themselves on service alongside youths fresh from school. Elderly officials were all that remained to close the playing records and guard the names and traditions of clubs great and small all over the country.

To those of us who were of the Rugby playing generation of that time, nothing brings home the contrast between the last war and the present one more than the great amount of football that is still being played. The explanation, of course, is really simple. The enemy are not this time hammering at our gates but being penned in by what looks more and more like a siege; our man power is being wisely conserved; and the modern military machine absorbs its personnel in controlled stages, which makes for greater efficiency even if it provides less opportunity for that ebullient display of ardour characteristic of the rush to join up in the last war.

It is not this time a question of rushing to join, but of waiting, no less willingly, to be called—and in the meantime what better means of physical and moral preparation can the youth of the country enjoy than Rugby football?

Actually, there is a lot of fun in this war-time Rugby. It is a less vital game in the sense that competition is taken less seriously than it is under normal conditions; but perhaps there is some good in that, for pre-war Rugby was developing along very highly concentrated lines for a purely amateur game. One needed to be very fit to enjoy it. Now there is less of the "needle" atmosphere and more of light-hearted abandon in the club matches.

Teams are constantly changing; former players snatch the chance of a game as war service permits and new ones come in to fill vacant places. Some of the "have beens" may even be tempted to put their soundness of wind and limb to the test again along with youngsters spurred on by an abnormally early chance to shine in good company.

There was a somewhat similar mixture of maturity and inexperience when Rugby was resumed after the last war, but then we were building for the future of the game, with the old hands to guide the new. Now it is not only the game that matters. It is the spirit behind it that counts for far more—and it is the same spirit that has caused Rugby to spread like a flame through schools and clubs up and down the country since the last war.

No game provided a better record of war service in 1914–18 than did Rugby football. Though its players numbered only a fraction of its present following they were among the fittest young men in the country and distinguished themselves in all branches of the fighting services. The game now is not only more widespread but better organised in every way and able to render greater service to the combative resources of the country. If any argument were needed for encouraging the continuance of the game under war conditions that surely would provide it.

The clubs themselves are entering into the spirit of the times with commendable zest. What might almost be termed a new democracy is growing in the game. Standards are being pooled and status forgotten. Famous clubs are meeting humbler rivals on equal terms, and one of the game's great advantages, as a game, is being constantly demonstrated. That is, that players of varying skill may enjoy it together; or, as one old player put it, the rabbits need not spoil the fun for the tigers provided they take care to keep on-side.

As time goes on and more young men are absorbed into the Services, many clubs will no doubt find it increasingly difficult to put even scratch teams into the field. One remedy might be temporary amalgamations among them. But the difficulties of the clubs in this respect should mark only a transition from civilian to Service Rugby.

In the last war there were comparatively few opportunities for men on service to play Rugby. For one thing, active service then meant *very* active active service, and the need for military training at high speed left little scope for organised games. For another, the number of Rugby players was far less than it is now and teams were not easy to gather together. Nor was sport within the Services organised as efficiently as it has been since.

Conditions this time are entirely different in every respect. It is safe to say that already almost any Service unit could produce a Rugby team or two, and the methods of training and warfare so far pursued do not seem inimical to a fair share of leisure for playing. Indeed, it seems important to consider how the energies and spirit of men on active service in conditions of waiting and watching like the present may best be maintained, and Rugby football suggests itself as a pre-eminently suitable means.

These are, of course, early days in the development of the vast machinery of Services activities and those in authority in peace-time have shown such ready recognition of the value of sport in the life of the Forces that they may be depended upon to continue that wise policy in war-time. The men who, in the last war, went "over the top" dribbling a football as they advanced became a tradition. They were a symbol of the unquenchable sporting spirit of British youth and perhaps of restricted opportunities for satisfying it in other ways.

Since those days the development of Rugby football in the Army and the Navy has been equalled by its growth in the Air Force, which since 1920 has taken its place in the triangular tournament between the Services that has annually been played on the Rugby Union ground at Twickenham and almost invariably produced play of the most glorious type. It is a question now whether there are not more Rugby players in the Air Force than in the Army and one can imagine with what keenness the extension of matches between units of the two Services would be welcomed.

It may be fantastic to translate the dribbling of a football by men going "over the top" into the grounding of a Rugy ball over the Siegfried line, but it is at any rate an ideal worth fostering.



THE OLD BERKELEY FIELD MOVING OFF NEAR SARRATT, WITH YOUNG RIDERS IN THE VAN

A DAY WITH THE OLD BERKELEY

By ROBERT COLVILLE

SOFT, warm rain fell throughout the night before the Old Berkeley Hounds met at the Bedford Arms in Chenies. Early in the morning the clouds appeared to be breaking up a little, but by the time hounds moved off the sky had become a solid grey once more, rain was falling steadily and the idea that foxes would be underground, and that scent would be poor, could not be regarded as being mere unjustified pessimism.

Some kale fields outside Chenies—one of the prettiest parts of Buckinghamshire—which are generally a certain find proved to be blank, and a canter alongside showed us how heavy the going was likely to be. The Mount also failed to produce a fox, and hounds were taken to Clutterbuck's Gorse—a long and straggling covert. There they put up a fox and an enjoyable burst of some fifteen minutes followed. They hunted him towards Dawes Common and Church End, and then made for Scrubs, where he was lost. The pack was now taken on to Beechen Grove and from here the bitches hunted a fox to Loudwater and back to Micklefield Green.

Later in the afternoon they found in Micklefield Great Wood, and, while one could not be certain, I think the chances are that this was the same fox. However that may be, he gave us a really good gallop, which the heavy going did little to destroy. Scent had obviously improved, and hounds hunted in the direction of Chandler's Cross, where they turned right-handed for Welwyn Grove. Soon after we came to more open country and so to Croxley Green, where the fox was lucky to get to ground as hounds certainly deserved to kill.

Although the day was far from spectacular it was full of interest and enjoyment, as a day spent among woodlands so often is. In the morning there was practically no scent anywhere, and certainly there was none on the grass. Yet hounds worked capably and with enthusiasm, and whenever Mr. Barratt had to lift them hit off the line again with great skill. There were nineteen-and-a-half couples of hounds out, and they gave us a really interesting day.

There is always one consolation in such a day, and that is that one has more opportunity of seeing the country. The Old Berkeley territory is largely pasture, though where we were hunting, in the uplands, there are large beech woods, with their convenient absence of undergrowth, and a good deal of plough. There are pleasant and winding valleys, and sometimes, on emerging from a wood, there is an impressive spectacle of rolling pasture and plough. Surprisingly little road work—in view of the country's proximity to the Great Wen—is encountered, and the chief obstacles met with are stake and bound fences, with some awkward stiles, so that a clever horse is necessary. Wire is an occasional menace, as David Griffiths, the kennel huntsman, recently found to his cost.

The day was made memorable for me in another way also, for Mr. Barratt very kindly mounted me on Middleham, who, with his companion Middleton—also out—is so well known at Olympia and Richmond. Middleham gave me a superb ride, and Mr. Barratt showed me the silver model of Middleton which has been made out of the innumerable cups he has won. It was as pleasant as it was unusual to see two such famous and successful show hunters being regularly hunted.

My impression of the pack, as a result of the day's hunting, was that they were a good hunting set with some good-looking hounds among them. I had a further opportunity of seeing them more closely next morning, when David Griffiths showed them to me in the kennels at Coldmoreham, just outside Amersham. Since the country is long and narrow these kennels are naturally far from some of the meets. Before the present war this difficulty was overcome by a special train, but this has now, of course, had to be given up.

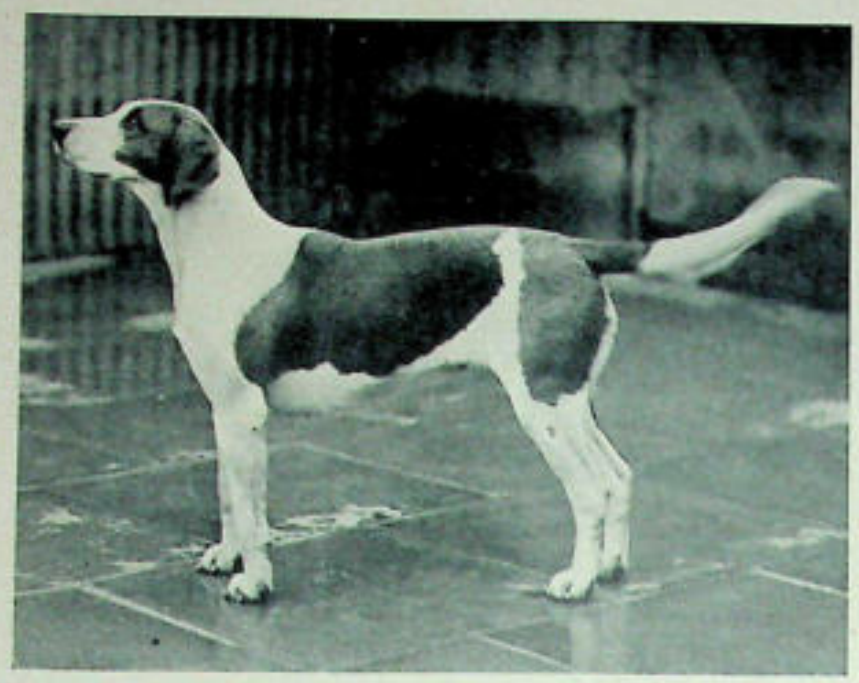
Precisely what hounds first hunted the present Old Berkeley country it is now impossible to say; but probably the best hounds were those which were purchased from the great Squire Osbaldeston, when he gave up the Pytchley country, by Mr. Combe. These hounds—among them were, of course, many of Lord Monson's breeding—were later taken to the New Forest by Lord Southampton. After a period, during which the Old Berkeley was divided, the country was once more united under the Mastership of Mr. Harding Cox. He built up a magnificent pack from Belvoir,



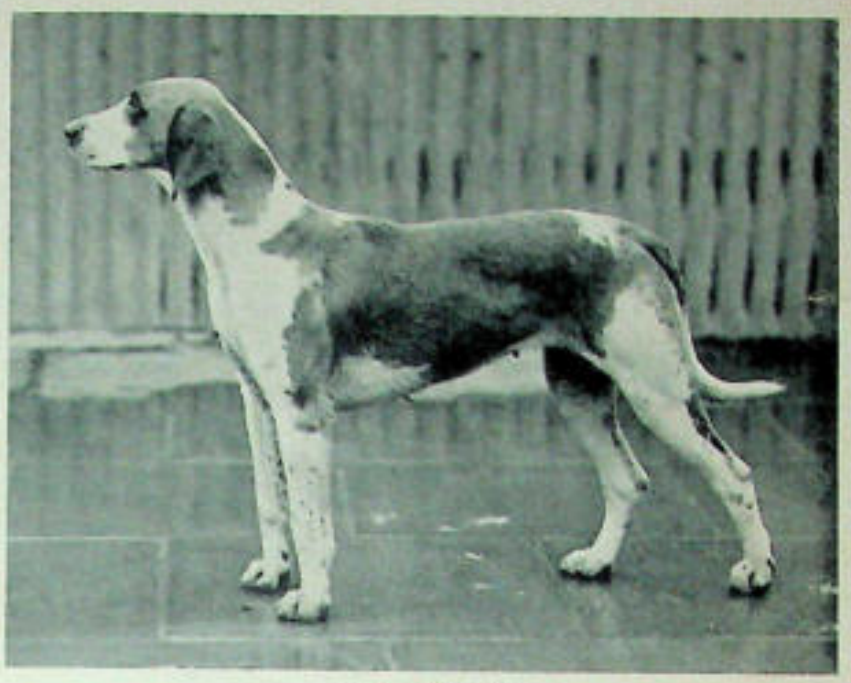
MR. STANLEY BARRATT, WHO HUNTS HOUNDS, CROSSING THE CHESS
From 1931 until last year Mr. Barratt was in sole command



MR. W. C. DEVEREUX, WHO JOINED MR. BARRATT IN 1938, TALKING TO GROUP CAPTAIN BEAUCHAMP, M.C.



A SECOND SEASON BITCH
Desperate, by Enfield Chace Lawyer '35—Delia '34



A GOOD FOXHUNTER
Gratitude, by Warwickshire Vaunter '30—North Cotswold Grayling '31

Blankney and Brocklesby blood, and also introduced a certain amount from Lord Waterford's hounds. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the difficulty of finding walks began to be apparent, and many draft hounds came into the country.

Mr. Barratt hunts a pack wholly consisting of bitches, and relies to some slight extent on draft hounds. The obvious difficulties arising from this situation seem to be well overcome.

The young hounds were, I thought, and as far as one can tell, exceptionally good. Gladness, a first season bitch by Cambridge Gordon '32 out of Golden '34, is a well-made hound with good neck and shoulders, and a grand worker. Two sisters who are good-looking and promising are Whimsey and Winifred, by South Oxfordshire Painter '35 out of Witty '34.

A second-season bitch I liked was Desperate, by Enfield Chace Lawyer '35 out of Delia '34, and there were four admirable sisters by Puckeridge Hemlock '31 out of North Cotswold Grateful '31—Graceful, Graceless, Gretchen and Gretel. These were excellent hounds, well made and good workers, and it must be remembered that no hound can be too good for the peculiar difficulties of the Old Berkeley country.

Some of the hounds—of which there are 30½ couples—belong to the country, and others, the two couples just mentioned among them, belong to Mr. Barratt. Gratitude, by Warwickshire Vaunter '30 out of North Cotswold Grayling '31, is a nice light coloured bitch and a good hunter. Her sister Gravity seems a little on the light side.

Two draft hounds which appealed to me were Chalky and Chaplet, by Kilkenny Chieftain '29 out of Portman Virtue '34. Regarding the pack as a whole, I should say that it is an excellent example of the type of pack which is bred and assembled in the first place for its working qualities, never forgetting the desirability and obvious possibility of combining show standards with the first object.

The history of the Old Berkeley Hunt is a long and distinguished one—starting with the times when the Earls of Berkeley hunted the country from Berkeley Castle to Charing Cross, a fact which was recently commemorated by the appearance of the Old Berkeley Hounds in the Lord Mayor's Show. Several immortal names come to mind—Harry Oldaker, the brilliant whipper-in, Mr. Combe, Squire Oslaldeston, the Earl of Lonsdale, who hunted the country for 20 seasons from 1842, Mr. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, whose family has such a great foxhunting name, and Lord Chesham.

The present joint-Master, Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, joined Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake in 1930, and was in sole command from the following year until 1938, when he was joined by Mr. W. C. Devereux. Mr. Barratt hunts hounds himself and Mrs. Barratt acts as Field Master. The kennel huntsman is David Griffiths, who was with the Enfield Chace in Major Smith-Bosanquet's time, and the second whipper-in is Jack Packham.

The pleasure of a day with the Old Berkeley is not confined to its great traditional atmosphere, which is commemorated by the orange livery of the Earls of Berkeley. Mr. Barratt and Mr. Devereux carry on this tradition in a truly splendid manner, and although the war has necessarily affected the Hunt in some ways it is still flourishing and successful country.



THE OLD BERKELEY HOUNDS ABOVE CHENIES



THE "LITTLE RED ROVER" BREAKING COVERT FROM CLUTTERBUCKS

SAFETY IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

The Gun is Always Loaded—in Theory

I SUPPOSE there are few people who shoot regularly who are unacquainted with the verses which begin "Never, never let your gun" and end "All the pheasants ever bred won't repay for one man dead." At the same time it seems doubtful whether training in the rules of safety is so strictly enforced as it was in the days of our fathers. Then it was no uncommon thing for a junior who exhibited the least sign of carelessness to be sent straight home, or for an adult to be admonished by the host for a similar offence. No figures can ever be given, or facts adduced, to prove one state or another. It is a case of general impression essentially.

Not very long ago a keeper said to me "I don't think Mr. So-and-so has done much shooting, has he?" and I knew at once why he said it. For we had both noticed the same thing. Mr. So-and-so smoked a pipe and when he relit it he would raise his right arm on which he was carrying his gun so that the muzzle was pointing at somebody. This happened in between drives when we were all standing together. The keeper's surmise was quite correct, but there was no excuse on such grounds, of course. The question of safety demands continual attention, whatever the circumstances. But it is often by such habits that a shooter will unwittingly give himself away, though he may be careful enough to remove his cartridges before getting over a hedge and generally in other ways conform with the recognised rules.

Indeed there seem comparatively few people who neglect the cardinal precautions. Guns are unloaded before fences or obstacles of any kind are tackled, as they are before being put down during lunch and after shooting. Obviously dangerous shots are seldom seen to be taken. Low birds are not followed across the line. It is rather when the immediate prospect of danger is absent that vigilance may be relaxed. For instance, the case stated above occurred after a drive and when, no doubt, all weapons were empty. But then it is a cardinal principle that a gun should at all times be treated as if it were loaded. In other words, a gun must be looked upon as always dangerous.

Another little way in which guns are made to cover people is when a cartridge bag is being slung or unslung from the shoulders. The shooter becomes temporarily preoccupied and in the process forgets all about the front that his gun muzzles are covering. Again, when putting a dog on the lead or stooping down to pick up a bird or when just looking for a bird, a pair of barrels may be seen pointing dangerously. The fact that no cartridges are in them does not lessen the offence. Such things seem to show that so long as the active business of shooting is in progress, the question of safety occupies a front place in the mind of the sportsman. But when this period of intense concentration is over, he may be inclined to relax and forget that his gun is at all times a source of danger.

There are times when great care has to be exercised to avoid covering somebody. If one is standing talking, for example, surrounded by guests, keepers and beaters, and has occasion to change the position of one's gun from under the arm to over the shoulder, it may be none too easy to carry it out without bringing the muzzle in line with some portion of a human being. It may even be necessary to keep the gun under the arm until the crowd has dispersed.

Talking of carrying a gun over the shoulder brings to mind the fact that this can be made a dangerous proceeding. So long as the butt is held properly down so that the muzzles are kept pointing really skywards or almost vertical, there is no safer position, for if a charge of shot should be let loose there is nothing with which it can connect. I often wonder what would be the effect of shot, discharged from a gun under the arm, striking the hard surface of a road. It would be distinctly unhealthy for persons or dogs in the immediate vicinity, not to mention the owner of the gun. But to return to the point. If a shooter allows his arm to extend when he has his gun over his shoulder, the muzzles will be brought into a very dangerous position. For they will then be at about head level in relation to other persons. And what makes matters worse is the fact that the guilty party will be blind to what is going on behind.

Of course, when a gun is carried in this position it should preferably be placed so that the top of the breech rests on the shoulder. In this way the bend of the weapon assists in keeping the muzzle in a safe position. The only other way that should be adopted is to place the gun so that the side plate of the locks forms the point of contact. This is not so good, but if the hobbing arm is kept down it will be safe. The really dangerous way, and which should be avoided, is to put the gun so that the under part of the body action rests on the shoulder. For, apart from the position of the arm, the bend of the gun will cause the barrels to point very little above the horizontal. It is a thoroughly bad position, being both unsafe and lazy, and it is usually the sign of a careless or inexperienced shot. Actually the best position is also the most comfortable one and the most workmanlike.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the habit of carrying a gun in the crook of the arm. It is a most reprehensible practice when in company and any one guilty of it should be warned. Men who shoot a great deal alone are apt to get into this way, though, under any circumstances of sport, it should never be encouraged. The habit, too, of carrying a gun at the trail, though safe enough under some conditions, can be dangerous. It only needs for the shooter to face another way to bring his muzzles in line with a pair of legs or perhaps the head of a dog. Provided, of course, he alters the angle so that the gun is pointing downwards, all is well. But a gun does not balance so satisfactorily like this.

When actual shooting is in progress the question of the safety of different shots is one of supreme importance. This indeed is the time when unremitting attention must be paid to what may be a matter of life and death. There is really only one sound principle upon which to work. It is that no shot must ever be taken when there exists the least doubt as to its safety. This means that at any ordinary day's shooting a number of chances will have to be left. However well managed a shoot may be, however well placed the guns, however well shown the birds, there are bound to be some of the latter at which fire must be held. On a big day, when a lot of game is about, the matter is not nearly so tantalising as on a small day, when every single head makes a real difference to the bag. And when the odd woodcock or other welcome variety, offering a pretty chance, has to be let off, it is indeed hard luck, but such is the fortune of sport. It often happens too that a bird is missed because it could not be taken at the most suitable time.

When walking-up the percentage of birds that cannot safely be fired at is usually smaller than when driving is the order of the day. For then there is the beating line to be considered as well as the firing line. Partridges coming low frequently cannot be taken in front. Even when beaters are a long way off the very fact of firing in their direction is enough to put one off. At the earlier pheasant shoots, when birds may be getting up and flying low in any direction, particular care has to be taken. A stop may be lurking in a hedge or at some point away from the rest of the party and has to be considered in addition. Rabbit shooting gives plenty of scope for accidents, especially as regards dogs, but a low bird may be just about head level and can be the most dangerous and damaging kind of shot.

After a drive and during the pick-up, every shooter should unload his gun. With the party scattered about and constantly changing position, the most dreadful accidents can occur if shots are fired at game that is flushed when a search is being made for lost birds. Nor, unless a field is being deliberately walked out, should shots be taken at game flushed between drives, for tactical as well as precautionary reasons. Only when a drive is in progress can one know just where everyone is.

It should be the duty of a host or head-keeper to explain the allocation of every stop or other person who may be temporarily out of view of members of the party. Particularly is this precaution important when shooters are present who are new to the ground. There may even be a house behind a belt of trees and unknown to a newcomer who is totally ignorant of the lie of the land and the shape and extent of its coverts. "SCOLOPAX."



A SECTION OF A PICTURE PUBLISHED IN THE *FIELD*, WHICH HAS AROUSED SOME CRITICISM FROM READERS, AS WELL AS THE TAKING OF A STRAY PHEASANT BETWEEN BEATS

DOCTORING DOGS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

IN looking back into my early ventures in the art of dog breeding I can now, many years after that apprenticeship was served, recall some of the advice that was given me so liberally. As a beginner, it was difficult for me always to sift the chaff from the wheat, but, at any rate, I had enough sense to analyse the credentials of those who desired to act as my mentors. Supposing they had theories about the best way in which to breed champions, I asked myself what had they done themselves in this direction, arguing that if a theory did not work for the man who advocated it it was no use to me. This was a matter in which one could judge by results.

It was not so easy to ascertain the value of the prescriptions offered for the cure of the various ailments that appear in every kennel, no matter how well conducted it may be. All my friends were not as naive as the man who wanted to preside over the accouchement of a bull bitch, his reason being that he ought to know as he had lost dozens at such times. When people come to me for assistance in their troubles, unless the case happens to be as simple as worms or ordinary eczema, I tell them to consult a veterinary surgeon, pointing out that the method of treatment may be simple, but that making a correct diagnosis is the reverse. If we were sure of our diagnosis any work on the diseases of dogs would inform us what to do.

Anyone who reads about canine ailments will soon appreciate that almost identical symptoms may be observed in complaints that differ widely, and that the drugs suitable for one would be harmful for another. Just how dangerous amateur diagnosis may be was brought home to me by a paper read by Major Hamilton Kirk, before a division of the National Veterinary Medical Association, and published in the *Veterinary Record*. He was, of course, addressing his professional brethren and not the public at large, yet even to them he was led to remark that "diagnosis is admittedly the most difficult problem with which the veterinary surgeon is confronted."

Taking first such an ordinary, everyday occurrence as vomiting, he pointed out the error of assuming, as is often done, that this is a sign of gastritis. "Emesis is a symptom that accompanies so many other diseases that it is highly dangerous to assume that the stomach is primarily the seat of the trouble. . . . It is not a matter which can be dismissed lightly merely by giving a purge and a gastric sedative. If the veterinary surgeon is to prove his ascendancy over the quack (to whom the dog has probably already been taken), he must make a systematic examination." Then he proceeded to refer to quite a number of diseases that might cause vomiting.

Another class of ailment, which in the opinion of Major Kirk seems to lend itself to easy mal-diagnosis, is skin disease. When a case is well developed and typical there may not be much room for error, but there are early and transition stages which defy accurate diagnosis by inspection alone, and for which nothing but the microscope can produce reliable results. In some stages eczema and scabies have conditions in common, the pustular type of follicular mange might be confused with acne, the dry or squamous type of demodectic mange might be mistaken for the dry form of eczema or for ringworm, and so on. Dyspnœa, or difficulty in breathing, may be grouped under six main causative headings, and pleurisy may be mistaken for muscular rheumatism. "Quackery gives birth to nothing: gives death to all things," is a saying of Carlyle that may be wrenched from his meaning and applied to the present subject.

DAMS OF DERBY WINNERS AND THEIR SIRES

The Influence of Mares on Winning Lines

A FRIEND who sold a young maiden mare at the December sales was endeavouring to prove to me that she was worth very much more than had been bid for her in the open market. She had won races; her dam was a meritorious winner and had produced other winners; the female line was in fact full of excellent running blood.

"Of course," he said, "it was her sire which put people off," mentioning the name of a stallion who, though he has had many winners of moderate class, has never been fashionable and has always stood at a low fee.

Then my friend produced a carefully compiled document to support his contention that the young mare's breeding on her dam's side made her very desirable as a potential matron, irrespective of her sire's comparatively humble standing. He made a list of the dams of Derby winners for the last 25 years, with the sires of those dams and this tabulated information was, I thought, of sufficient interest to copy. It reveals not only that most mothers of recent Derby winners have been be daughters of sires without claim to classic distinction, but that several of these famous matrons were got by horses who were never fashionable or notably successful as stallions. Here is the list as far back as 1919:—

Derby Winner	Dam	Dam's Sire
Blue Peter	Fancy Free	Stefan the Great
Bois Roussel	Plucky Liège	Spearmint
Mid-Day Sun	Bridge of Allan	Phalaris
Mahmoud	Mah Mahal	Gainsborough
Bahram	Friar's Daughter	Friar Marcus
Windsor Lad	Resplendent	By George
Hyperion	Selene	Chaucer
April the Fifth	Sold Again	Call o' the Wild
Cameronian	Una Cameron	Gainsborough
Blenheim	Malva	Charles O'Malley
Trigo	Atlasi	Farasi
Felstead	Felkington	Lemberg
Call Boy	Comedienne	Bachelor's Double
Coronach	Wet Kiss	Tredennis
Manna	Waffles	Buckwheat
Sansovino	Gondolette	Loved One
Papyrus	Miss Matty	Marcovil
Captain Cuttle	Bellavista	Cyllene
Humorist	Jest	Sundridge
Spion Kop	Hammerkop	Gallinule
Grand Parade	Grand Geraldine	Desmond

Of these Derby winners, two were from Gainsborough mares. He was a war-time "Triple Crown" winner and a great stud success. Of the other nineteen in my list there are only two other maternal grandsires of Derby winners who themselves won the great race—Lemberg and Spearmint.

Others whose stud successes were not surprising, in view of their race-course performances, were Chaucer, Bachelor's Double, Charles O'Malley, Cyllene, Gallinule and Desmond, though Chaucer's successes were gained chiefly in handicaps after he had won the Ginerack as a two-year old. Bachelor's Double was a brilliant handicap horse, winning the City and Suburban, Royal Hunt Cup, and the Kempton Park Jubilee. He also won the Atlantic Stakes at Liverpool and a total of £10,537. At stud he commanded a fee of 400 sovs. for several years and gained a high reputation particularly as a sire of good brood mares.

Phalaris, destined to become one of the greatest stud forces of modern times, was of handicap grade himself. The most valuable of the races he won was worth £877 at Windsor.

Marcovil, maternal grandsire of Papyrus and sire of Hurry On, won races of moderate class until his final success in the Cambridgeshire.

Sundridge and Friar Marcus were brilliant sprinters and that they should have contributed as grandparents to the production of Derby winners may not be regarded generally, with surprise.

Stefan the Great, was thought by some to be the weak spot in Blue Peter's pedigree, and as that has been so effectively disproved it can be passed with no other comment than that Stefan the Great (by the Tetrarch) won the Middle Park Plate as a two-year old.

Stronger support to my friend's case is afforded by By George, Call o' the Wild, Farasi, Tredennis, Loved One and St. Hilaire. The last named was included in his list as the maternal grandsire of Pommern, a war substitute Derby winner (1915). Here are the brief records of these stallions:—

St. Hilaire (by St. Simon).—Won once at two years. In training for two further seasons but did not win again.

Loved One (foaled 1883).—Won £1,847 in stakes. His fee for the mating which produced Gondolette was 19 guineas.



W. A. Rouch

TREDENNIS, SIRE OF BACHELOR'S DOUBLE AND MATERNAL GRANDSIRE OF CORONACH

Tredennis.—Maternal grandsire of Coronach and sire of Bachelor's Double (maternal grandsire of Call Boy). Never won a race.

Farasi.—Won twice at two years. Ran ten times at three years and won once (£300). Ran four races unsuccessfully as a year-old. Total winnings £1,014.

Call o' the Wild.—Won one race worth £425. Fee in 1921 48 sovs. He sired a few winners of small races.

By George.—Won £3,405 at two years, but did not score again in two more seasons. Went to stud at a fee of £9 19s., raised later to 49 sovs.

Doubtless each of these moderate racehorses possessed inherent qualities which played their part in the Derby triumph of his grandson, and no doubt someone can now produce reasons why the distinction they have gained was not surprising and might have been predicted.

When my friend's young mare has produced her Derby winner I shall be happy for once to hear those imitating words, "I told you so."

I will say this for his argument: I would much rather have a brood mare by a second class or unfashionable sire out of a quality mare from a good winning line, than one by a highly-bred fashionable sire out of a mare who never won, and coming from a family with a poor record on the female side.

Yeoman.



STEFAN THE GREAT, SIRE OF THE DAM OF BLUE PETER



W. A. Rouch

BACHELOR'S DOUBLE, SIRE OF THE DAM OF CALL BOY

GETTING THE BEST FROM LEGERING

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

EXCEPT, of course, for the pronounced summer-feeders, it is to autumn and winter that the coarse fisherman looks to reap the cream of his sport in the way of bigger "bags" and more individual big fish, for natural fodder is then scarcer and fishy appetites are keener. In this connection, it will, I think, be fairly generally conceded that the more likely way to lure fish of class—big roach, chub, bream, &c.—is by means of the leger. And yet, in actual practice, are legering methods adopted as widely as their recognised "taking ways" warrant? And, again, I suggest, do those anglers who do leger, do so conscientiously?

Firstly, as to wherein lie the merits of leger work.

Legering allows of the presentation, in a comparatively natural-looking manner, of a bait lying motionless on the bottom. Fish—in the main, wary and shy, especially the big chaps, for that is why they are big!—are surely more suspicious of a bait suspended at one constant depth, with float tackle rising immediately above, and, in "still" water, motionless: conditions under which fish have more time to weigh up whether or not they really want the bait, or whether there is anything "fishy" about it.

Their suspicions, however, will not be aroused to anywhere near the same extent in streamy waters, for here the bait is being borne along, though suspended on float tackle, by the current in a comparatively natural manner, for, be it remembered, it is but natural for fish to look for, and intercept, food being so borne along or in process of descent to the bottom. There is, too, but little time to weigh things up. An "escaping" bait, it must be seized quickly.

Similarly, we have the attraction of a slowly-sinking and hence still more natural initial presentation of a bait in "still" or sluggish water, the tackle being but lightly shotted, the nearest part of the "loading" distant from the hook a couple of feet or so away, or even farther if employing a "self-cocking" float.

But, out-and-out legering proper gives rise for still less fishy suspicion in "still," sluggish, or fast-flowing waters, for the bait itself, motionless, lies innocently on the bottom, seemingly still less connected with any alarming tackle (and leger tackle, in fact, can thus be stronger). And it is right on the bottom that fish, especially the big chaps, go grubbing and rooting about for food. A shifting bait, too, is especially detrimental to sport with such fish as carp, bream, &c.

Turning now to "practical politics," there are many occasions when, apart altogether from the merits of leger work as compared with ordinary float fishing, the leger is obviously indicated. For instance, to get a bait to areas otherwise (bank-fishing) unfishable, such as under overhanging trees, long distances out in very streamy waters, when operating in strong tidal waters and weirs, the method will enable one to fish a quieter eddy with fast water interposing, places where, though belied by a comparatively smooth surface, there actually is a stronger or troublesome under-current, or when it becomes too dark to see the float. Still another occasion is in very windy weather, when it is either too strong for, or it is preferred not to use, an Antennie float. Similarly when operating in very deep waters, where some anglers would prefer to leger rather than use a "Slider" float.

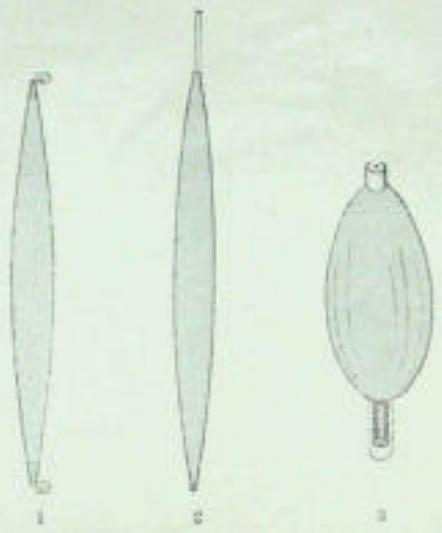
Admitted, legering entails a little more patient inactivity, for which reason some anglers get side-tracked into confining their efforts more to ordinary float work, whereby, meantime getting sport or diversion among smaller fish, they likewise hope to get bigger stuff from time to time.

Even so, they could, in fact often do, simultaneously float-fish and leger, though in such case, with the leger rod tucked away down in a rod-rest, what ought, theoretically, to be a good double-chance, often results in concentration being keener upon the actual job "in hand" and for some of the leger bites—bites in all probability from fish of class—being missed. And, of course, though probably not to the same extent, vice versa. Successful, simultaneous, operation of two rods, in fact, calls for quite a high standard of divided attention (with odds in favour of the cross-eyed!). So much so that if fish are right on the feed, especially during, say, that last precious pre-dusk hour, would it not, I suggest, often be more remunerative to give one's whole undivided attention either to one rod or the other?

Observation shows me, too, that many anglers seem to look upon a leger outfit as something to be flung out indiscriminately, as far away as possible, with but little regard for whether the bait be presented within the more normal "lie" of the sought type of quarry. The rod is laid down, partly out of sight. If it catches fish, well and good. If not, no matter, the float-rod will doubtless pick up a few, and though these may be small, somehow that initial keen desire for fish of class has waned. Like certain pike-fishing livebaiters, the angler, having wiped his hands of his livebait or legering outfit, soon settles down to his float-fishing and, except maybe for an occasional side-long glance at the "bung" or leger, or periodic examination, renewal or change of bait, his livebaiting or legering activities often remain confined more or less to the self-same position hour after hour.

And such methods, I suggest, do not constitute conscientious or proper legering. I would repeat, legering tactics have not won such general esteem for nothing. They are the more likely way to take fish of class. Legering, to get the best out of it, should surely be a job in itself. So, where swims are adequate, why not attempt to get the best out of legering by periodically moving on to fishy pastures new, seeking to find fish, and not—Mahomet and the Mountain!—leaving fish to find the angler?

Anyway—keep smiling!



TYPES OF SLIDER FLOAT

1. Torpedo float of balsa with porcelain rings at top and bottom. About 8½ in. long by ¾ in. at greatest diameter. 2. Torpedo float of balsa, of same dimensions as No. 1, but with hard celluloid tube through centre. Top of tube left long to make antenna. 3. Egg-shaped float with copper tube through centre. Tube prolonged at bottom and opening cut to allow of threading line through lower bead. Beads set in top and bottom of tube

SLIDER FLOATS

THE sea angler, who does much midwater fishing from the shore, has to rely on a float in order to get the bait just where it is wanted. Owing to the depth at which it is often necessary to swim the lure, for such fish as pollack and mackerel, the float has to be of the slider pattern. When bites are very determined and bold, as, for instance with pollack in spring, the egg-shaped type of cork serves well. A piece of copper tube down the centre of such a float, with a glass bead set into each end, gives very satisfactory results, and the cork runs up and down the silk line with great freedom and lack of friction. Now, though the egg-shaped cork does well enough for vigorous biters, it is not so satisfactory in the case of shyer fish, such as mackerel in clear quiet water.

Here a tapered torpedo-shaped float, 8in. or 9in. long and about ¾in. at its greatest diameter, will be found much more satisfactory. The top stands well above the water, thus making it easy to see, while it is so sensitive that the slightest pluck will take it under. These thin tapered floats cannot have a copper tube down the centre, as the length would make it too heavy. The alternative is a tube of hard celluloid, through which a silk line will run with a fair amount of freedom, though not of course in the frictionless way it does through a bead ended metal tube. A great many anglers use these long, thin, celluloid tubed sliders, and find they function sufficiently well; but at times when slimy weeds are drifting about wisps cling on to the line and prevent its running freely through the tube.

An alternative is to whip a tiny porcelain ring at each end of the float, so that the line runs on the outside instead of through the centre. As the bore of the ring is greater than that of the celluloid tube it is necessary to have a loose bead on the line above the float, so as to be able to keep the stop small. For this latter there is nothing better than a bit of bright coloured wool; this will run through the red rings with great freedom, but is stopped by the bead.

Balsa is an excellent material for slider floats; it is very easy to cut to shape, is strong and lighter than cork.

There are mackerel fishers who devote a great deal of ingenuity to their sliders, making them of all kinds of light wood, including willow and elder. On the whole balsa is by far the most satisfactory material. If desired, the stiff celluloid tube can be made to project 2in. or 3in. above the top end of the float, thus making an antenna, and still further increasing sensitiveness. These long tapered sliders, with either a porcelain eye or a tube, have a great advantage in that there is nothing for the line to catch round. If the porcelain eye is not right at the tip the line is liable to foul the float when casting against the wind. When made of balsa the float is so light that nearly the whole of the weight can be put into the lead at the top of the trace, thus helping everything to function smoothly. The strand of gay coloured wool can be seen to run along the top of the water, until stopped at the top of the float, thus indicating that the bait has gone down to where it is wanted.

As regards colour, green body, scarlet top and a white tip is generally satisfactory. Orange also shows up well, while in certain lights black is easy to see.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

COURSING GOES ON

By A. CROXTON SMITH

COURSING is one of the things that may go on without interfering with military necessities, and the three or four big meetings that have taken place have met with a success that was unexpected. There are difficulties, of course, mainly associated with transport, it no longer being possible to take dogs by car from the South of England to Lancashire, for instance, and the long journey by train is not likely to do them any good. But for all that the Waterloo Cup has been fixed for Feb. 14th to 16th.

Local dogs from reasonable proximity have been forthcoming to fill the lists at meetings, which is perhaps an advantage as it encourages the smaller owners to have a shot. I see no reason why a certain number of field trials for gundogs should not also be held. Championship meetings would be another matter, as it would not be right to offer this honour where competition would inevitably be restricted.

If it had not been for the war coursing men would have looked forward optimistically to the present season. From the 58th annual volume of the *Greyhound Stud Book*, which is compiled by Mr. Sydney H. Dalton for the National Coursing Club, I gather that last season, though interfered with by severe weather, was an improvement upon its immediate predecessor, which suffered considerably from outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease. The number of entries in the current *Stud Book* do not differ to any great extent from those of recent years, reaching 10,100 registrations, of which 4,562 were re-registrations. Breeding is represented by 1,271 litters, which is only 47 fewer than last year.

It will be remembered that from September, 1938, the new rule came into force, under which it was made obligatory for detailed markings to be recorded of all greyhounds at the time of registration and re-registration. Concerning the working of this rule, so far, Mr. Dalton writes: "Generally speaking, it has operated smoothly and is now in thorough working order. May I, however, use this preface as a medium for drawing the attention of owners in general to the necessity for accurate and complete records of markings to be shown on the diagrams on the registration forms? This is especially important at the time of naming puppies, and it will, I feel sure, be realised that inaccurate or incomplete markings, submitted at the time of naming, must inevitably lead to difficulty in establishing the identity of a greyhound when subsequently a transfer of ownership is required, with consequent delay in the issue of certificates."

Although this desirability for precise means of identification may not be as urgent among coursing greyhounds as it is among those engaged in track racing, a rule is a rule and must be observed. The early distrust of the racing track seems to have died down, and some of the smaller meetings now actually put on a stake occasionally for track dogs. When the new sport met with so much opposition from coursing men, I remember the late Lord Dewar explaining to me why he thought this attitude was unreasonable. Before racing came it was impossible to dispose of unwanted puppies at remunerative figures, but another story had to be told when a demand set in for racing dogs.

MECHANISED TRANSPORT AND ANIMAL TRANSPORT IN FRIENDLY RIVALRY



THE FAMILIAR PACK HORSES OF THE LAST WAR CLIMBING A STEEP BANK WITH A LORRY TAKING A GRADIENT IN THE REAR



THE G. S. WAGON WITH THE MULES HAS A HELP OUT FROM A TRACE HORSE WHILE THE PACK TEAM LOOKS ON



THE DISPATCH RIDERS COMPETE. THE MOTOR CYCLIST SEEN ON THE LEFT MAY FIND THIS WATER-SPLASH EASY, BUT THE HORSE CAN TAKE DEEPER WATERS. ON THE RIGHT ARE CAVALRY AND A MOTOR CYCLIST TAKING A STEEP SLOPE

CAN A CUCKOO SWIM? *By E. A. R. ENNION*



NOTHING ESCAPES HER EYE

I LEFT the house in the grey light before dawn. The way to the fen was by a long, straight drove, strung with mist in the cool sweet air of the morning. Larks were singing by the time the head of the drove was reached. The cuckoos were calling, but the hedge birds not yet stirring. For the first mile sloe and sallow and hawthorn bushes lined the drove and the ditches were nearly dry. Presently blackbirds began to slink down and hop bemusedly along the path. Whitethroats started purring: I saw one, dark and draggled with dew, carrying a large white butterfly about—the first find of the day, picked from its sleeping-place by a bird as sleepy as itself.

Further along the drove water half-filled the ditches and the bushes petered out. Meadowsweet and brambles took their place, mingling with fen flowers—comfrey, loosestrifes, hemp-agrimony—and outlying reeds. As the water level rose the reeds grew taller. They choked the ditches and invaded the rough grasslands on either side, almost smothering a wooden bridge that gave entry to the fen itself. This was the frontier between drove and wilderness; it was a point of honour to be there before sunrise, no matter what the season.

On these spacious mornings there was time to linger on the drove and watch the sedge warblers rise singing from the bushes. They flew up and tottered down with wings and tail spread but working aimlessly. This loose-knit falling and the scurrilous chatter are characteristic of the bird. Reed warblers do it too, but in a gentler, less extravagant way. The two bird's territories overlapped along the drove. Sedge warblers built their nests in the meadowsweet and tangles of the more open spaces; reed warblers chose intervals where reeds grew thickly enough to please them. They scolded more softly than the sedge-birds. Their song was not so jerky; the notes were purer and, like their plumage, more subdued. They had no dusky arrowhead pattern down their backs and no clear cream eyestripes. The russet above and the buff below were less distinct; the colours merged by virtue of an overlying tinge of reddish-grey not present on a sedge warbler.

Over the bridge the reeds carried all before them. Five hundred acres lay in a triangle between two fen lodes. There were pools of open water in the foreground. Beyond these reeds stretched to the flat horizon in one vast, unbroken sheet, more green than brown with all the new spears bursting into leaf.

Two to three feet of water—more in places—lay beneath. It was possible to move about if the lie of the submerged paths and ditches were known; even then a ducking was no unusual event. A close, uncannily quiet place without a landmark. Vision was limited to some 10ft. whichever way you looked. There was no bird life in the depths, only the criss-cross of stems and the waving plumes for company. Even the starling hordes which roost there for the first half of the winter (until frost strips the reeds too bare for comfort) avoid the middle and cluster round the waterways and clearings. The birds live round the fringes.

The first reed warbler's nest was easily found. The choice is limited before the new reeds have grown up. A thick clump on the outskirts of a reed-bed, or along a water-lane, is chosen for the site. There must be strong stems three or four years old, growing close enough together to transfix the nest; and these must be surrounded by a sheaf of new leaves at least 4ft. high for concealment. In June, those conditions would be fulfilled in countless places, but by mid May only a few met the requirements. In late seasons nests are often built among the reed-mace stems which offer protection earlier than reeds. Mosses and feathery waterweeds lie exposed at the base of the reeds as the water dries up, and these are woven into late nests built over shallow water.

The nest I found was entirely a product of the reeds. Strips of old leaves formed the cup and bound it to four stems. Fine shreds stiffened the walls and its lining came from the plumes. A nest so deep and compact that the stems it was anchored to could be bent nearly down to the water without spilling the eggs. It was a complete insurance against wind. The chief danger was from a roving magpie or a carrion crow.



ANOTHER PAGE FROM DR. ENNION'S SKETCH BOOK

One nest was accidentally overthrown while I was reed-cutting. The birds were dancing round me but, despite my care, had concealed their nest too well. I reset it by entwining the supporting reeds with those of another cluster ten yards away. Three eggs were fished up and replaced. The pair accepted my apologies, and, a fortnight later, three young reed warblers hopped out. They had grown and feathered at an amazing rate and were expert at once in slipping about the reeds. It was amusing to watch the old birds sidling down the stems—sliding down banisters, one in each foot—to feed them.

The cuckoo is the arch-enemy of reed warblers. She sits by the hour on the high willows and nothing escapes her yellow eye. Many nests are victimised but not all the young cuckoos fly. A nest built to carry a fairy and four eggs for ten days—and four little mites for eight days more—won't always stand up to the weight and wriggling of a young cuckoo for a month. There is no other perch until his wings are competent and sometimes the nest begins to slither down the stems. I have found his lordship at the bottom sitting on a pancaked nest. But that was where the water had receded as the summer days went by. What happens when the reeds stand in deep water—can a cuckoo swim?

THE STORY OF MANKA

MR. DENYS WATKINS-PITCHFORD in his *Manka, the Sky Gipsy* (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 7/6) gives us the life story of a wild goose. It is the first time, in all the huge volume of animal literature, that a wild bird has been chosen to fill the important position of hero in a full-length book. Manka, an albino pink-footed goose, makes a remarkable hero for a truly remarkable book.

This is a bold venture on the part of the author. We know from his *Wild Lone*, which was the story of a Pytchley fox, that he knows wild life intimately and that—more important still in this class of literature—he can write about it graphically and excitingly without stepping outside the bounds of natural probability. But a good many people know a great deal about the fox; very, very few know anything about wild geese, and even then a good deal that they do know is based upon conjecture. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford does know a great deal about wild geese—enough to admit, I feel sure, that he knows very little—and he has used his knowledge based, not upon conjecture, but upon personal and close observation, to write a life history, which, if it does contain much that is conjecture—and that is inevitable—does not exceed anywhere throughout the book the limits of natural probability. And that is a triumph in itself.

Manka actually lived. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford has seen him—and so have I, or another just like him. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford has put this bird into places and districts which he has actually visited and knows well, and I rather think I know many of them myself. All this, then, might be called fact, is at any rate based upon fact, and, if the human characters are fictitious, they bear a life-like resemblance to human characters I have met in the wild shore-wise places.

The story takes us from the mountain tops that are ever white and the frozen seas of the far north to the quiet marshes and deserted estuaries of our own coasts. Every detail of Manka's life, and of his struggle, a life-long struggle, against man and against the elements, is told convincingly and in beautiful, compelling prose. I think, myself, that the author has got as near to the mind of a wild goose as man will ever get—and I personally was absorbed from start to finish and put the book down with a feeling of satisfaction that I rarely feel when I have read an "animal story."

But Mr. Watkins-Pitchford is more than an author, more than an extremely good observer of nature in the wild—he is an artist of no mean ability. He illustrates his own book. His woodcuts are beautiful and full of life and atmosphere.

Personally, I think this is a better book than *Wild Lone*—the best book of its type I have yet read or am likely to read. B. V.-F.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Only a skeleton party supported these hounds when they met at Allington, although this is usually one of the most popular "unfashionable" appointments. However, transport considerations are all-important, and the soldiers who usually swell the Saturday following had been attracted to the Quorn. Members of the Allington shoot previously reported such a number of foxes in the coverts that it seemed likely they would be embarrassingly plentiful: however, no doubt the foxes had put their own construction on the gathering in the village and made off to quieter quarters.

It was difficult to find one, after an idler in the privets had been killed, but Moss and Plumbs then held a proper sort of fox, who proceeded to give a red-letter hunt. This part of the country is renowned for its lavish scenting qualities and, with the aid of all the rain which had fallen recently, hounds had a great advantage, so proceeded to make the best possible use of it.

First they went away across the wide and well-known fields towards Normanton Thorns, then turned to the right over a delightful "pocket" of pasture, which lies between that covert and the village of Long Bennington. It was first class enjoyment to jump the fence on the crest of the slope and to see the pack in formation speeding away over a nice line as enjoyable as any in Leicestershire. At times the going was, of course, very deep, but, as the fox was probably headed on the North Road, hounds turned back and gave the labouring horses a chance. The hitches were soon going again and crossed a line which our absent friends will recall with watering mouths. First the big Normanton Covert and then the little one seemed to be the goal, then the spire of Bottesford loomed nearer, but hounds swung to the left, and with a determined note in their voices hunted magnificently on as if for Allington. Just short of the Rectory they caught this stout fox, with full honour and glory to all concerned. The huntsman had every reason to be delighted with the performance, and it was only a pity that more followers had not been there to admire and enjoy it. UNBRIDLED.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A small field were treated to a good gallop with the only fox found after meeting at Circourt Bridge. They struck a line close to Challow Bone Mill, but the fox had been gone some time. Nevertheless the pack hunted slowly but surely, aided by a holding scent; and crossing the Wantage road pointed for West Challow. Swinging right-handed, almost up to Childrey Brickworks, they crossed the Childrey road, and at an increasing pace ran well over Mr. Carter's farm to the canal below Sparsholt.

Turning from the village they went along, holding Sparsholt Copse on the right, into Kingston Spinnies, then pushing him out reached Fawler village. The fox was evidently turned here and hounds checked. His line was soon recovered, however, and Uffington reached; then turning right-handed, and crossing Conaton Farm, the fox went into Uffington Gorse. Hounds hunted him once round and pushing him out killed on the canal bank, after fifty minutes, including a point of four-and-a-half miles. J. R.

BRAES OF DERWENT.—A good day's sport was recorded from the Sandyford Cottage fixture on December 9th. Hounds found a leash of foxes in Sandyford Plantation, one going away over the Riding Mill Road with one-and-a-half couples after him. But the main body were hunting another in covert, whom they pushed away into Healey Big Wood. Making a big circle round this great woodland, they forced him out on the east side, back through Sandyford Plantation, and over the Riding Mill Road into Broomley Fell. Going away from here at the bottom end to the Wheelbirks Lane, the fox went on up the hill to Fotherley, bore sharp left to Fotherley Gill, and passed Wheelbirks to the Hindley Road; there he was headed and viewed over the Scales Cross Road. Hounds hit off his line and ran on into Fort Plantation, going away up to Linderagg, where there were some big earths, which he evidently did not know about.

The fox ran alongside the covert to Kipperlin, making a sharp right-handed turn across the point-to-point course to Watch Hill. He made a circle round the hill, came back over the Scales Cross Road to Wheelbirks, turned sharp left-handed up to Fotherley Gill, and doubled up and down with hounds close at him, but he just managed to get to ground in a drain. He was bolted and killed, after a good hunt of 70 minutes.

Hounds had a three mile jog to draw the far end of Healey Big Wood, and with a greatly improved scent ran hard through this big woodland, going away at the east end to Sandyford. Just skirting the covert they crossed the Healey Road for Lingy Field Farm, and leaving this on the right pointed for Buildings Wood. They turned sharp to the left past Davidson's Farm, over the Riding Mill Road, and with a grand cry ran through Fotherley Gill to the Scales Cross Road, where they checked. Hitting off the line near Three Bridges they ran on beautifully into Fairley May Gill, and at the far side turned back to Three Bridges, where the first fox had gone to ground. This one was headed back up the hill nearly to Linderagg, came back over the Apperley Dene Road to Wheelbirks, and crossing the drive was marked to ground after a capital hunt of 45 minutes. B. D.

CARMARTHENSHIRE. There is no change in the Hunt staff, except that the Master has been recalled since the "outbreak," and has taken two of the hunt horses with him. Phil Davies, now in his 49th consecutive season with these hounds, is hunting them as he did through the last war. He is fit and well, and has accounted for more than the average number of foxes. Fields are very small, as all members seem to be on service, and the majority of the usual large "farmer fields" have not taken up their horses from grass, as they are short handed on the farms. The pack has been reduced to 23 couples and if reductions are necessary below that hounds will be sent out to walk with farmers.

The Carmarthenshire have stuck to the same old strains of foxhound, be they called Welsh or English, since 1839, and every effort will be made to maintain them throughout the war. These rare old musical hunting strains could never be collected again if they were once lost. C.

CATTISTOCK.—Last week's sport was above the average for this season so far. Hounds had a brilliant day from Eversholt Station on the 4th, when they spent the better part of the day in Blackmore Vale country, and useful sport on the other two days on which they were out—Wednesday and Saturday. Gosden tells me that, in his opinion, sport suffers seriously in that it has been impossible to "cub-hunt" the outlying coverts properly; the result being that foxes do not run as they should, but are inclined to seek safety by skulking in covert and refusing to face the open.

On December 11th, hounds met at Little Minterne, and I would have gone more than twice as far gladly for the mere sight of that veteran sportsman, Captain Gerald Digby, R.N., who was in the field that day. He will be 81 in a few days, and I do not believe that there are many sportsmen in England who enjoy a day's hunting with foxhounds more. It is almost 30 years since I first made his acquaintance one cold March morning at Wynyard's Gap, in the days before all the world had gone mad, and I hope that I may hunt in the same field with him for many more.

Hounds found their first fox in the Minterne gardens, but were unable to drive, because scent was anything but good. However, a holloa soon took us up the slope, and we galloped down the ridge, which overlooks the Cerne valley, toward Cerne Abbas. But the fox was not enterprising and within a mile he had turned back, retracing his steps towards Minterne, to bear right-handed over the road to Clingers. There scent apparently improved, as hounds were eventually able to roll him over in the bracken on the northern slope of Mount Silver.

On the Wednesday hounds met at Tatton Cross in the Friday country, and a nice field, including the Master, saw hounds find a brace in Wetmore, close by. Settling to the line of one, they went away over the road, through Tatton Copse and Culverwell (where they swung right-handed), re-crossed the road, and drove on through Tanacre to Wann's. Here the fox turned back and sought shelter in Tanacre, after a nice 35 minutes. Possibly it was a fresh fox who went away a few minutes later, and running past Fleet Lodge set his mask down the coast for Wyke Regis. Near Chickerell he turned inland and retraced his steps, leaving the Chickerell brickyards on his right and running back past Fleet Lodge to Herbury, where hounds hunted him up and down the gorses for 20 minutes. This hunt, although it covered no great point, was over a line of country which I have only seen the Cattistock cross once before in the eleven seasons I have hunted with them. Though wire has crept into some of it, it still affords nice galloping. Hounds should have killed this fox at Herbury, for they had hunted him diligently for almost two hours. Luck, however, was against them, and they were holloaed away on a fresh fox by some well-intentioned but ignorant member of the field. LINCOLN.

CROOME.—The day from Stonehall Common was damp and scentless. Cold, relentless rain descended almost from the start, and effectually washed out every vestige of scent, though, curiously enough, hounds were able to run better in the last quarter of an hour than they had done the whole day.

Lord Coventry hunted hounds, and at Kempsey Common a fox was soon away. He ran a ring through Pirton Gorse and Pool Covert back over the Park Farm and, on reaching the common again, hounds hunted the whole length of this then bore right-handed to Stonehall Common. Scent was catchy in the extreme; they would run for a few yards, then they threw up, hit off a faint thread of scent, and carried it a little further, then checked once more. They managed to puzzle it out inch by inch to Littleworth Allotments before a holloa on the Stonehall Road set them going for Stonehall Fields, but it was not long before the field found themselves back at the inevitable Kempsey Common, where one hour from the find they appeared to have lost their fox altogether.

A few moments later, however, a fox was viewed away from the gorse pointing westward. Whether or not this was the hunted one I can not say, but at all events a brace was now on foot and hounds divided. The main body of the pack doubled back over the common to the Nash and pulled their fox down in the garden.

They found again in some kale at Pirton, but this proved to be an unenterprising fox, who escaped underground after running two or three fields. Scent had by now vanished into thin air, and although they hunted a fox across the intervening field from Barnes's Rough to Severn Bank, there was no trace of scent in covert, so at length the unequal struggle was abandoned. Followers were to be granted a gallop before going home, however, for there was a fox in Woodley's Brake, and though he lay low for as long as he was able hounds drove him out at last, over Mr. Nixon's plough, where scent was very cold, to Kinnersley and the Kennels.

The Menagerie was obviously his objective, and on reaching there hounds were hard put to it to hunt him at all. After some ten or fifteen minutes in covert, however, they got going in the open again, and settling down fairly close behind their fox ran well as if for Kinnersley, left-handed to the Belt and the old hunt stables. We had a nice line of fences, and for about a quarter of an hour enjoyed the cream of the day. Time and again foxes have been lost in the vicinity of the hunt stables, and have never been located, but this hunt ended in the discovery of their sanctuary, which proved to be an unknown drain running beneath some trees at the edge of the Belt. It is an impregnable place, and once there a fox is safe from his pursuers, but at any rate it is satisfactory to have found its whereabouts. D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—I was puzzled on the morning of December 11th as to whether I should meet the Cattistock at Little Minterne, or the South Dorset at Buckland Newton, less than two miles away. I finally tossed a coin to see which it should be—tails South Dorset, heads Cattistock—and it came up heads. About half-past one, when the Cattistock had killed their first fox, and were trying to find a second, who should appear in the middle distance but a South Dorset Hunt servant. He recognised me and asked: "Are any of our hounds here, sir? The Master is just over the hill; we ran into that little covert just over the road; I think our fox is to ground there." I told him that I had seen two couples of his hounds, and galloped in the direction in which he pointed; but just as I caught sight of them the fog descended on us all, and hunting was at an end. I met a lady on the road, who told me that the South Dorset had had a good hunt.

On the Thursday, hounds met at Higher Waterston, where Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman entertained the field before hounds moved off. It was a mild damp morning, with hardly a breath of wind stirring, and scenting conditions were excellent. The pack found their first fox half a mile from the meet, in Muston Copse, and ran for six minutes as fast as I have ever seen hounds run in my life. At the end the fox found temporary sanctuary in a rabbit hole in a bank. The second fox, roused in a root field of Mr. Lovelace's, ran to Dole's Wood, where he tried to beat his pursuers by twisting and turning in the rough pasture nearby; but he, too, eventually sought shelter in a rabbit hole, and was added to the South Dorset tally, which is rapidly assuming good proportions. The field that was out meant going, and when Captain Wellesley-Wesley found a stout fox near Pat Castle, they settled down to ride across the lovely country to the eastern slope of the Piddle Valley. Hounds drove on over the Cheilbourne Road, past Piddletrenthide to Redlands, and then swung left-handed above the village through Tenant's Gorse, and past New Copse to the Boundary Road, which they crossed into Cattistock country. The Master, knowing that there were rabbit-trappers in that territory, wisely stopped hounds at this point, at the end of a 50-minute hunt, which ranks as the best I have had this week.

It is a pleasure to watch the South Dorset Hounds hunt, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to the Joint Masters to be able to provide sport at this time. A. H. H.

Essex Hunt Driving Club.—Circumstances and weather permitting, a meet for horse-drawn carriages of any description will be held at Hatfield Heath on Sunday, December 24th, at 11.30. This will be followed by a short drive of about three miles. For those who care to bring with them a picnic lunch accommodation for this and stabling will be available at the end of the drive, so as to make a break before making the drive home. In order that a few arrangements can be made, will coachmen intending to take part in the drive, or requiring such accommodation kindly notify Col. S. F. Gosling, M.F.H., Hillsboro', Harlow. Please bring a halter and horse rug and feed. A collection will be made for our sailors engaged in mine-sweeping.

Garth.—Owing to the war, the joint masters, Lord Northesk and Miss Effie Barker, have reluctantly handed in their resignations, and the country has been taken over by the committee, who have appointed Colonel and Miss Barker to act for them.

From their Roebuck, Binfield, fixture, on December 11th, an excellent day resulted. Finding immediately in Stokes Farm, Shore, hounds ran fast over Bean Oak Farm, pointing for Wokingham, but turning sharp right-handed the Ashridgewood Point-to-Point Course was crossed at a fast pace. Mr. Henry Bowyer's good fences being much appreciated. Swinging to the left by the house, the pack crossed the Bell Hill road, and made a big left-handed circle over Mr. Fifield's farm, before being run out of scent by the main Reading-Wokingham road. It had been a fast twenty minutes.

Another fox from Stokes Farm withybed took much the same line, before being marked to ground on the Point-to-Point Course. From Ashridge Wood hounds pushed a fox straight out towards Bell Hill, but being headed on the road turned right-handed over Broad Common Farm, crossing the lane into Haines Hill Park. Crossing the road, they ran through Sorrel Wood and over Park Farm into Billingbear home covert, where hounds checked slightly for the first time. Up to this the pace had been fast. Running on more slowly across Billingbear Park, Beech Wood was reached and, scent improving, hounds pushed their fox through Pond Wood and Tippins, until they were run out of scent at Monks Alley. With only the hunt staff, acting master and one member of the field left, this fast 45 minutes ended a good day's sport, where hound work was of the best. G.

Hertfordshire.—This Hunt is carrying on for the season on a reduced scale. Hounds are hunting two days a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—and the meeting time is 10 o'clock. They have had an average cub-hunting season and have been showing good sport since they have been allowed to go. Their best day so far was on December 6th, when the fixture was the "Speed the Plough," Barton, and those who made the long journey were well rewarded. Scent was poor in the morning and little was done with foxes in Cain Hill, and Cainhoe Park.

As hounds were drawing Long's osiers an outlier was disturbed from a hedgerow by some people shooting. Samways soon had hounds on his line, and after crossing the Gravenhurst Campton road the fox ran as if for Cainhoe.

This stout-hearted fox scorned the shelter of this large covert, however, and swung away right-handed towards Campton. Leaving this on his left the fox recrossed the road, ran through the Osiers and the Square covert, and led to the top of the hill by Meppershall Village. Here hounds started to run fast into the Shillington Vale. With Shillington on their right, they crossed Rosehill Farm and maintaining their pace ran on to Holwell. There was a long check here, and after a clever cast by Samways beyond the Pirton-Hulwell road, the line was recovered. Hounds could now only hunt slowly and were defeated close to Oughton Head, having made a five-and-a-half mile point. The time was 90 minutes, and as hounds ran the distance was some nine miles. M. J.

Quorn.—It does one good to see the fine work being carried on in these hard times, and what a difficult job it must be keeping the "ball rolling" until this ghastly business is all over. Foxes are plentiful, hounds having up to December 12th thinned them down by 46 brace. The pack was made up of a beautiful young lot of hounds, and the tragedy of it was, like everywhere else, the times compelled the putting down of several couples. However, we must be thankful that the sport is being so well held together for better times, and that its job is being so well done in keeping foxes down.

The meet on Friday (December 8th) was at Mr. Burton's farm at Kirby, and an old fox was found in Sanham House garden. Pointing for Great Dalby, he turned left-handed under Eye Kettleby, and went to ground on the outskirts of Melton Mowbray after a fast 30 minutes. A short hunt then took place from Ashby Pastures, by Cream Gorse to Rotherby Spinnies, when the fox beat them.

The best was to follow, after hounds had roused a fox at Dale's Hill. He led them at a fast pace through Brooksby Spinnies over the brook, and then swinging right-handed they left Rotherby Spinnies on the right, and just missing Cream Gorse continued to run fast up the valley. Leaving Kirby Village well on the left the fox continued on to where the G.E. Ry. line crosses the Leicester main road from Melton, and was marked to ground, in the very same earths that had given safety to their previous fox earlier on.

The Army was well represented when a large field met hounds at Widmerpool New Inn on the Saturday, and a capital 45 minutes was enjoyed, over a grand line, with a fox found in the Curates and eventually lost at Old Dalby.

On Tuesday, after meeting at Newtown Linford, a brace of foxes were killed in Ley Wood, making the total to that date 46 brace, ten being accounted for in the last ten days' hunting. Later hounds had a nice ring with a fox from Beaucliffe, over the road by Blackhill Farm, and right-handed over the Sheepshead Road. The fox ran on over the plough to the Beacon, where he again went to the right over the Woodhouse Road, leaving the Windmill on the left. Making his way back by Maplewell Hall he went on through Blake's Hay into Ley Wood, where he was eventually lost, after affording a nice hunt. S. R.

Tedworth.—The war time difficulties of the Committee are great, but have to some extent been met by reducing the pack to little over 20 couples, and the staff to skeleton proportions, while hunting days are now two a week instead of three. With only one horse out each for Will James, and his hon. whipper-in, Mr. Tom Baker, junior, hounds have to go home early. Certain farmers are nobly foraging the few horses at the kennels, and other kind friends are providing turn-outs for the remainder not required.

There was no opening meet, and in the interests of poultry keepers, methods which normally are only considered orthodox during cubhunting, have been followed until lately. Although this is not a country which lends itself to much holding up and scent has been moderate, nevertheless hounds have killed over 20 brace of foxes up to date, which is at least up to the average when hunting three full days a week. They have been let go since the end of November, and helped by a decided improvement in scent have hunted really well.

The few who turned out in a snowstorm at Wilcot Cross Roads had their just reward in the course of the day. The withybeds at Sharcott did not hold, being practically under water, and there was further disappointment after finding at North Copse Draycott, through hounds having to be stopped at West Stowell from going into the hills which were enveloped in fog. Compensation, however, was forthcoming on reaching Tawsnead, one of the most certain finds in the country. After several foxes had gone away hounds settled on to the line of one who, after pointing for Draycott, turned right-handed under Picket Hill to Woodborough Withybeds.

Crossing the canal, he led through Frith Copse to Wilcot Manor, where he ran through the Sanctuary and Lady Ernest St. Maur's gardens. Hitting him off beyond, hounds left Hare Street behind and hunted nicely over the Pewsey Old Golf Links to Little Bristows, crossing the canal to Stowell Park, where they could make no more of it among the farm buildings. The time was about 70 minutes, and although slow at times there was much good hound work.

From New Mill, on the 9th, foxes were difficult to find after several days' heavy rain. From the Secretary's Gorse hounds went away on good terms, and scent serving well drove hard across Sunnyhill Farm and behind Mr. Cattern's house to Bromsgrove, where the fox was viewed close in front. Pushing him through the top edge of the covert hounds ran to the left of Clay Copse, as if for Clench Common, but swinging half-right to the Hangings behind East Wick rolled him over after 30 minutes at top pace. Clench Common and the Rainscombe Coverts were blotted out by thick fog, and had to be left, so a return was made to the Pewsey Vale. Hounds got going again from the Secretary's Covert, and ran much the same line as before to Bromsgrove, beyond which they had to be stopped owing to the fog.

Will all followers of these hounds please bear in mind that in war time it is more important than ever, in the interests of our good friends the farmers, to close *all* gates, avoid doing any unnecessary damage by riding over growing crops, and that "larking" on the way home over hunt jumps, gates or anyone's farm is at all times unpardonable. Any accidental damage to gates, &c., should be reported immediately. Hark Forard.

Tynedale.—Hounds met at Chollerford on December 11th and roused a fox in Woodcock Wood. They went away close at him, then ran through The Styden and to the military road, where they checked. The fox ran the road for about 500yds., and quickly hitting off the line the pack went on through Tower Tye and over the Fourstones Road into Carr Edge. Without dwelling they hunted into the Newborough Quarries (a Haydon stronghold), and after circling the Quarries ran up to Newborough Hall. The fox made a sharp turn back here and went through Maggie's Dene to Greyside Fell. Hounds slipped across the Fell at a good pace and marked to ground just short of the military road, after a good hunt of 55 minutes.

Another followed from Errington Wood into the Haydon country. Going well away hounds traversed Carr Edge into Newborough Quarries and continued on through Maggie's Dene. Up to this point it was a similar line to the first hunt. They then pointed west through Miss Mary's Dene and hunted on beautifully beyond the Settling Stones Mines for Grindon, where they were stopped after an excellent hunt of 50 minutes, with hounds many miles from their kennels. T.

Vixe.—Saturday (December 9th) saw hounds at the College Arms. Quite a fair field was out, including some soldiers. A fox found in Blackwater went away to Cranes and Morgastons, then came back again to Blackwater, before making for Grassey Copse and Beaurepaire. For two hours and ten minutes hounds stuck to their fox with a catchy scent, and hunted him round Cranes, Blackwater, Grassey Copse, the Gulleys, Beaurepaire and Pepper Wood, Folkets. He went away from Cranes through the corner of Pepper Wood, out by the Home Farm, and hounds coursed him across the big ploughed field, pulling him down not 10yds. before he reached the Gulley, an exciting finish to a good hunt. I hope the soldiers enjoyed themselves.

Another fox found in the Beaurepaire withybeds ran over the cricket ground to Blackwater and to ground in Cranes. The terrier soon bolted him, but he went to ground again as quickly as possible in the earth by the Home Farm. Hoof On.

IRELAND

Limerick.—On Friday (December 8th) Creeve's Cross was the fixture. Craggard held a fox who, unfortunately, was headed and went to ground. Meadesfort held, and hounds coursed him for two fields and caught him. A second from here went away over a nice line, through Coolcappagh, passing Flavins to Riddlestown and Arlament. Then the fox bore right-handed back into Riddlestown demesne, where hounds killed him. The next hour before dusk was spent with ringing foxes round the Riddlestown area, till it was decided to call it a day.

On Monday hounds were at Ballysteen. The early part of the day was spent with ringing foxes on Ballysteen, two being marked to ground before the Hunt moved further afield. A first-class hunt ensued from Neville's Gorse. Leaving Ballynorth on the right, a good fox from here kept a straight course past Melltown Lough to Castletown-Waller. Hounds were close behind him on the demesne here, but crossing the Dromore Road he faced the open once more. Heading first as though for Ballynolan, the fox then turned right-handed, passed Pallaskenry on the left, and continued through Milltown to Ballymacourtney, where he went to ground. This was a good hunt of one-and-a-half hours, hounds hunting beautifully. L.

Tipperary.—The sky once more threatened rain at the Bannixtown fixture on December 9th. Hounds disposed of an outlier on the way to draw Ballinards Wood. A fox was soon afoot in Spike, but scent was bad, and he was hunted slowly to Peppardstown House, back through Spike, and towards Ballinards Wood, before a heavy storm washed out the line.

As usual there was a large field at New Inn on the 13th. The day was still and grey, but a blue haze and a falling glass did not promise a great scent. At Kelly's Bashful hit off the line of a fox who had slipped away unobserved. Hounds hunted well to the main gate of Outragh House, and up to Outragh Cross, where they were defeated on the road. The pack was taken back to Marl Hill and found at once. Close to their fox they ran across the main road and down to Halley's, where scent failed. Finding again in Rockwell, they went fast through Dogstown to Racecourse Hall, where they turned left-handed towards Dangan Dargan. Unfortunately cattle foiled the line, and it was only with considerable assistance from Mrs. Masters that they managed to run on slowly to the left of Saddler's and towards Knockroe, before being forced to admit defeat after making a three mile point.

T. C. V.



SNIPE SHOOTING IN THE UNITED PROVINCES
The coolie carries his rifle on the chance of a shot at big game

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

THE Imperial sandgrouse are the mainstay of trans-Indus small game shoot. They come to water soon after the rising sun has warmed the stony plains on which they rest at night. It is often difficult to hit off their line if a river is their objective, for they alter their drinking place from day to day; but if it be one of occasional pools in an almost dry bed they come in hundreds to that which has a shallow edge and shelving bank, and their chuckling call will be heard long before they are seen flying in from all directions. Before the sandgrouse arrive flighting duck sometimes give good sport, and a walk down-river when the sandgrouse shoot is over will provide snipe from marshy reedbeds close to undercut banks, and a bittern (wonderfully good eating in the cold weather) be flushed out of them; while the return walk along the top of the bank will often result in a bustard and a few partridges. All these I have bagged in a couple of hours in Baluchistan and Sind.

But the cream of it is in the United Provinces. Go early to a tank and first there will be the duck; ten minutes shooting at these and then a rest, and they will come back and fly round again. At a quarter past nine the sandgrouse come to drink—not the big imperial this time, but the common, painted and spotted; smaller birds, but providing excellent shooting. After that the snipe round the edges of the jheel, and then follow up the channel which fills the tank in the wet weather, and have a go at the teal which have hidden in little pools under overhanging bushes. Very likely peafowl will also be flushed, and there is nothing better than a peahen, four days hung, for a Christmas dinner.

If in Bundelkhand it will not be far to another tank, where the tall trees on the bund hold green pigeons and there are blue rocks raiding the threshing floors or harbouring in the depths of the wells, while the walk between will often give a chance at blackbuck and chinkara, and the dry ravines furnish many a quail and partridge. A most pleasant country for a Christmas shoot and during the first two months of the year.

At the end of February the more southerly duck move north again, as the heat increases, and March will see the snipe spending the mid-day hours under bushes near the jheel, whence they are often shot in drives in Madras. In Bengal the paddy will be full of them just before it is cut, and the most notable Indian bags have been made under such conditions; though, to my mind, the strain of avoiding peppering some ryot working in the fields, who invariably ducks down as the guns approach from afar, then bobs up again just in line with a bird when they are near, is too great a set-off against any number of rather sleepy snipe to make a possible record bag enjoyable in the getting.

Round Peshawar, in May, the snipe may be found under cotton bushes round a jheel, but such shooting is devoid of all the pleasure of a frosty morning and the quick rise and getaway of the longbills from a half-frozen marsh, with the cries of the wheeling lapwings as accompaniment to their harsh "Sea-u-ap."

In March the duck may be found crowded in the smaller rivers near Rawal Pindi, awaiting favourable weather for their next great flight over the mountains to Central Asia and Siberia, and it is curious that more than two-thirds of them are drakes, while the proportion is reversed when they arrive in September and October. Some few of these duck, though none of the teal as far as I know, stay on right up to June, and they do not seem to be pricked birds, though none of them breed, except such residents as the spotbill and the nukta.

But a wet and windy March may hold up the duck in the north, and great bags be made if they are hit off rightly. Over six hundred duck in two days to two guns is the record as far as I know, and that was near Peshawar in March, 1905. This does not take into consideration the bags made by a dozen guns or more in the Maharajah of Kashmir's preserves, which have run to over two thousand in a day.

Let all who take up shooting in India have a dog to help them. Spaniels and Labradors do well in the hot weather as long as they have water to bathe in; even the mali's little tank in the garden is sufficient, and they are priceless companions for trips after big game. Cockers are a little small for India, and liable to get tired out quickly in a deep jheel, while sore feet are often the result of a day after chikor or other partridges.

Training a youngster is great fun, and if his master wishes to try out the pup there are field trials held every year in Northern India.

One amusing story is told of these. Rivalry was very keen between two neighbouring princes, and the last four dogs in the stake were being given deciding runs, two of them belonging each to these rivals. The retriever belonging to one was sent for a bird and could not find it in some 18-in. grass, and the owner and handler suggested that it was a runner and had gone before his dog was put on to it.

Judges and competitor walked forward to try and find the bird, and two spectators noticed that His Highness stopped suddenly and began directing the efforts of others from one particular spot without moving from it. The bird was not found and H.H.'s dog was given another trial, so the line began to move forward and the two spectators went to where H.H. was just starting on again. He had been standing on the bird!

Scent on hard ground baked by the sun is almost wanting, so do not be surprised if your dog fails on most runners, and be careful of letting him go into water which may hold muggers. Also many sportsmen forget that the sun is very hot, especially for a black-coated Labrador, and that an extra water-bottle should be taken for every canine helper. A keen dog may go on working in the heat until it drops from exhaustion in the shade of a bush or rock, and I have known two such cases where it did not recover and the owner lost a valued friend.

There is hardly a spot in India where a scatter-gun is not good value, and even the hours of duty may be pleasantly enlivened by its use. In October, 1914, I was in charge of the Burma central wireless station at Bassein, in the Irrawadi delta, and the nine-hole golf course ran right round it. When things were slack the clubs and a gun could be taken along, a few holes played, and the golf varied by the pursuit of the little flocks of golden plover always on the course. Then, not half a mile away, was a shallow tank, and in an hour's break from the routine of examining such messages as "Love and kisses to daddie" for treasonable matter, or listening for the telefunken of the Emden, I have collected a dozen snipe and half as many plover.

From the permanent snow-line to the seashore there is hardly a district in India which does not afford some employment for the gun; and, with a dog to help, I am not sure that it does not give better fun than the rifle.



A MORNING'S BAG IN PATIALA STATE
2 house grey partridges, 1 hare, 1 grey crane, 1 demoiselle crane and 2 blackbuck

The Horse on the Road Again

THE ART OF HANDLING THE REINS

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. LAMONT, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

In last week's article Brigadier-General Lamont dealt with steps to be taken in putting a horse into harness, and in making vehicles and harness which had been long in disuse ready for the road again

NOW that horse transport is forced upon a large number of the community, the art of driving should be seriously attended to by all those who are adopting, or who are intending to adopt, this means of progression. Of course the old hands are in their element, they have been "coachmen" from their youth up, but the younger generation have it all to learn.

Hanging on to a pair of reins, one in each hand, getting to the journey's end any old how, provides neither credit to the "conductor" nor comfort to the horse. Those who know will shake their heads, smile derisively, but more in pity than in anger. Is it not advisable to try to do the thing properly, if it is to be done at all? For driving, even a single horse, is an art, can be a great source of pleasure, and is not difficult to acquire if a few simple fundamental principles are well digested and put into practice. Unlike riding the "independent seat" is provided, ready made, therefore the "coachman" has only to occupy himself with the smooth performance of his animal, and the completion of his stage at that pace best suited to his horse or horses with the minimum of distress.

It must be assumed that the harness fits correctly, that the trap or carriage is the right height and therefore suitable to the hands and niches of the horse or pony. No animal can possibly go comfortably or give of his best unless these important details receive minute attention.

* * *

For the purpose of this article we will presume that the horse is properly broken to harness and so only requires proper handling, and start with single harness. The primary consideration is that the horse should go nicely up to his bit, which means that he is well into his collar or breast harness. The bit must therefore be exactly suitable to his mouth and temperament, and also to the driver's "hands." A bearing rein is neither necessary nor desirable. Personally, except in very exceptional cases, I never liked a snaffle for harness work, preferring a driving bit, either straight, half moon, or, better still, the universal Portsmouth reversible Army bit.

The fitting of the curb chain, as in the riding bridle, is all important, and the selection of the cheek, middle or bottom bar is again a question of mouth and hands. The horse must be neither behind nor in front of his bridle. A talk with the saddler, and the examination of driving bits in his shop or as illustrated in his catalogues, will prove of the utmost value.

Before getting up it is all important to inspect the fitting of the harness, unless the "coachman" has harnessed up himself. I have actually seen a dog-cart brought round with the off side trace a hole longer than the near side one. The bit should be "felt" to test the fit of the curb chain. In the old days some cunning old ostlers at inns, where horses and traps used to be put up, would leave a few tail-hairs in the crupper, if the driver was absent-minded or stingy in the matter of the tip. Even with well-mannered horses this state of affairs generally produced a good kicking match.

If all is well, or any defects are adjusted, the coachman takes the reins, from the near side terret, into the left hand, separated by the first and second fingers, moves back level with the step, adjusts the reins so that he has an equal feel of both sides of the horse's mouth and mounts quietly into the trap. He settles himself comfortably on the "box," tucks the rug round him on both sides if he is alone, or if a companion is to sit alongside he tucks in his off side one, and folds the near side over his knees ready for said companion. He then re-adjusts his reins, shortening or lengthening them from the front, not by pulling them through from the back, and takes his whip up out of its socket. It is one of the unwritten laws that no passenger must ever get up until the coachman is settled on the box. The signal is the taking up of the whip.

It has often been advanced that driving a saddle horse spoils its mouth and balance. That may be so if a driven horse is allowed to lean on his bit, go all on his forehand, and/or be put to a heavier load than he is well master of. I have driven hunters, hacks and polo ponies, single, pair, tandem and four, and have never found any deterioration due to harness work.

Now for the position of the hands, which is of the utmost importance. It proclaims the finished coachman and betrays the inept.

Fig. I.—The left hand, wrist slightly bent, near side rein over first finger, off side rein between second and third fingers, both reins down the full of the hand, pinched and prevented from slipping by the third and fourth fingers. The thumb is lightly pressed against the near side rein, but in conjunction with the first finger can be used, say, to hold the whip if the right hand is otherwise engaged. The two fundamental principles are:

(*a*) There must be an even feel on both sides of the horse's mouth.

(*b*) The reins must not be allowed to slip.

The left hand must be in the centre of the body, about level with the third waistcoat button counting from the top. Higher than that is definitely "swanky," lower is on the sloppy side. The whip hand should be a trifle to the right and a shade higher, the whip pointing to the left front. The hand in this position, about 6in. to 8in. in front of the body, maintains nice contact with the mouth, the bend of the wrist provides elastic give and take, similar to the top joint of a fishing rod.

Fig. II.—To incline to the left turn the thumb over towards the body. Obviously this movement tightens the near side rein and at the same time eases the off side rein. As soon as the necessary amount of incline has been produced the return of the hand to the normal feels the off side rein and straightens the horse.

Fig. III.—To incline to the right turn the thumb away from the body, which movement brings the third finger nearer the body, so tightening the off side rein and relaxing the near side rein. To straighten resume the normal.

Fig. IV.—To turn to the left. Advance the right hand on to the near side rein, say 6in. in front of the left hand. Holding the whip with thumb and forefinger, take hold of the near side rein with the third and fourth fingers, at the same time advancing the thumb and first finger of the left hand to ease up the near side rein a trifle. Then actuate the near side rein by turning the right hand back down; this movement is most important, as it turns the whip point forward, whereas if the right hand is simply drawn back the whip will seriously interfere with the hat, and/or face of anyone sitting alongside and, in addition, tends to pull the rein out of the left hand. While the right hand is in operation the left hand advances a trifle to ease the off side rein, but must be ready to steady that rein if there is any tendency to cut the corner.



Fig. I. Near side rein between thumb and forefinger. Off side rein between second and third fingers, both reins pinched by third and fourth fingers, must not be allowed to slip



Fig. III. INCLINE TO THE RIGHT. *Turning the little finger towards the body actuates off side rein. Thumb pointed forward eases near side rein as required. Whip hand standing by ready to assist if necessary*

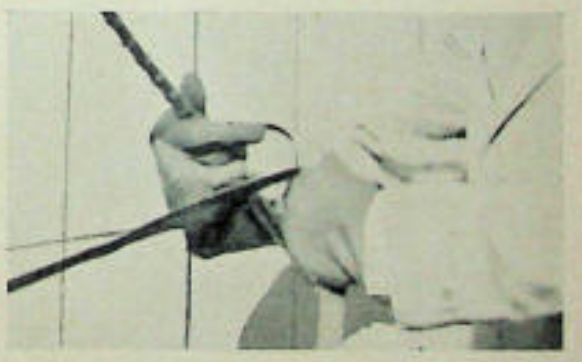


Fig V. TURNING TO THE RIGHT. *The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop in the off side rein, thus this rein is not pulled out of left hand. Near side rein is eased as required*



Fig. II. INCLINE TO THE LEFT. *Turning the thumb towards the body actuates the near side rein. This movement automatically eases off side rein. Whip hand standing by ready to assist if necessary*



Fig. IV. TURNING TO THE LEFT. *The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop in the near side rein, thus this rein is not pulled out of the left hand. Off side rein is eased as required*



Fig. VI. SHORTENING REINS. *Little finger of right hand between reins. The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop on both reins, which can be absorbed by the left hand as required*





A SMART TURN-OUT WHEN THE DOG-CART WAS POPULAR, AND A PAIR ON THE NEWBURY ROAD TO-DAY

Fig. V.—To turn to the right the right hand actuates the off side rein exactly as in Fig. IV, the left-hand co-operating by advancing a little at the same time, ready to steady the near side rein if required.

In both turning to the right or left, provided the reins have not slipped, the withdrawal of the right hand and the return of the left to the normal "straightens up" as soon as the corner has been safely negotiated.

If going at any pace slow down before reaching the corner. With a two-wheeled trap the wheels should be nearly opposite the corner before the turn is commenced. With four wheels it can be more gradual. The whip must, of course, be held out to warn traffic. There must be no last-minute grab with the right hand; well in time the right hand must be advanced, gently laid on the required rein, ready for necessary action.

For inclines, if the turns of the hand, *vide* Figs. II and III, are not sufficient, owing to lack of mouth sensitiveness, the right hand must be employed as per Figs. IV and V.

Fig. VI.—To shorten both reins. Advance right hand, place fourth finger between the reins and grip them. Release the hold of the left hand, slide it forward along the reins as required. It should never be found necessary, driving single, to bring the right hand right back behind the left, as when shortening your leaders in a team.

To shorten the near side or off side rein use the right hand as per Fig. VI. For the near side advance the left hand the required amount, open up the thumb and absorb the number of inches necessary into the palm of the hand. To shorten the off side rein again advance the left hand, keeping the thumb well pressed down on the near side rein, loosen the grip of the third and fourth fingers, slightly open the second and third fingers and absorb the required amount of the off side rein, then tighten up left hand grip, and remove the right hand from the reins.

Sit well up; nothing looks so bad as a crouch over the reins. Do not look at the reins, keep the eyes on the road and on the horse. When turning or inclining it is quite unnecessary to move the hands to the right or left; the reins pass through the terrets; therefore the pull, or feel, on the reins are in a straight line from the mouth to the terret.

In order to become proficient in the handling of the reins as above, so that there is no fumbling or looking, it is essential that serious practice should be undertaken, with the reins attached preferably to spiral springs or elastic, and with a whip.

The seat should be considerably higher than an ordinary chair, to approximate a driving box. Select a nicely-balanced whip.

When driving, it will be found that a horse will make his turns much more easily and smoothly if, instead of a hard continuous pull on the rein on the turning side, it is gently actuated just as the leg on the turning side starts to come forward, eased as that foot comes to the ground, and actuated again as the leg is coming forward. If a horse does not react properly, probably being "one sided," he should be well put through his lateral flexions and driven on the long reins until both sides of his mouth are equally responsive.

It must be remembered that we are now dealing with a 1 h.p. vehicle. Always move off at a walk for a few paces, break into a gentle trot with a touch of the whip just in front of the pad, the reins being eased. Never "pull the bell," *i.e.*, tug the reins as a signal to go on. Alas, how often do we see this aid! Gradually increase the pace to a nice steady trot. Ten miles an hour is very much "all out." Eight miles is a good fast trot. Six miles is a medium to slow trot. Never over-drive your horse. Walk up the hills. If it is steep passengers should get out. Start down-gradients nice and steady. It is well to train your horse to the voice. "Go on," "Whoa," is sufficient, but do not keep chatting to him. The whip drawn across the back close to the pad, or applied on the shoulder, should produce acceleration which must be quite gradual, never jerky.

When pulling up the process must be gradual. Reduce the pace, measure the distance by eye, and come to a halt exactly at the spot required. Nothing looks worse or is so disconcerting to the passengers than a halt with a bump.

Similarly it is very bad driving to pull up "stunt," in the case of a traffic block. Stopping and starting takes quite a bit out of a horse; a good driver senses any condition on the road which will necessitate a halt if pace is maintained. He therefore slows down, judges his distance, then accelerates and "takes his opening." Of course, some road hog who has wangled petrol, probably on "work of national importance," may cut in. Well, so be it; but you can always record your opinion.

In the good old driving days, it was only necessary to swing the whip lash round in a circular motion to indicate you were going to stop. Nowadays this signal would not be understood; therefore the whip hand should be well raised and held up.

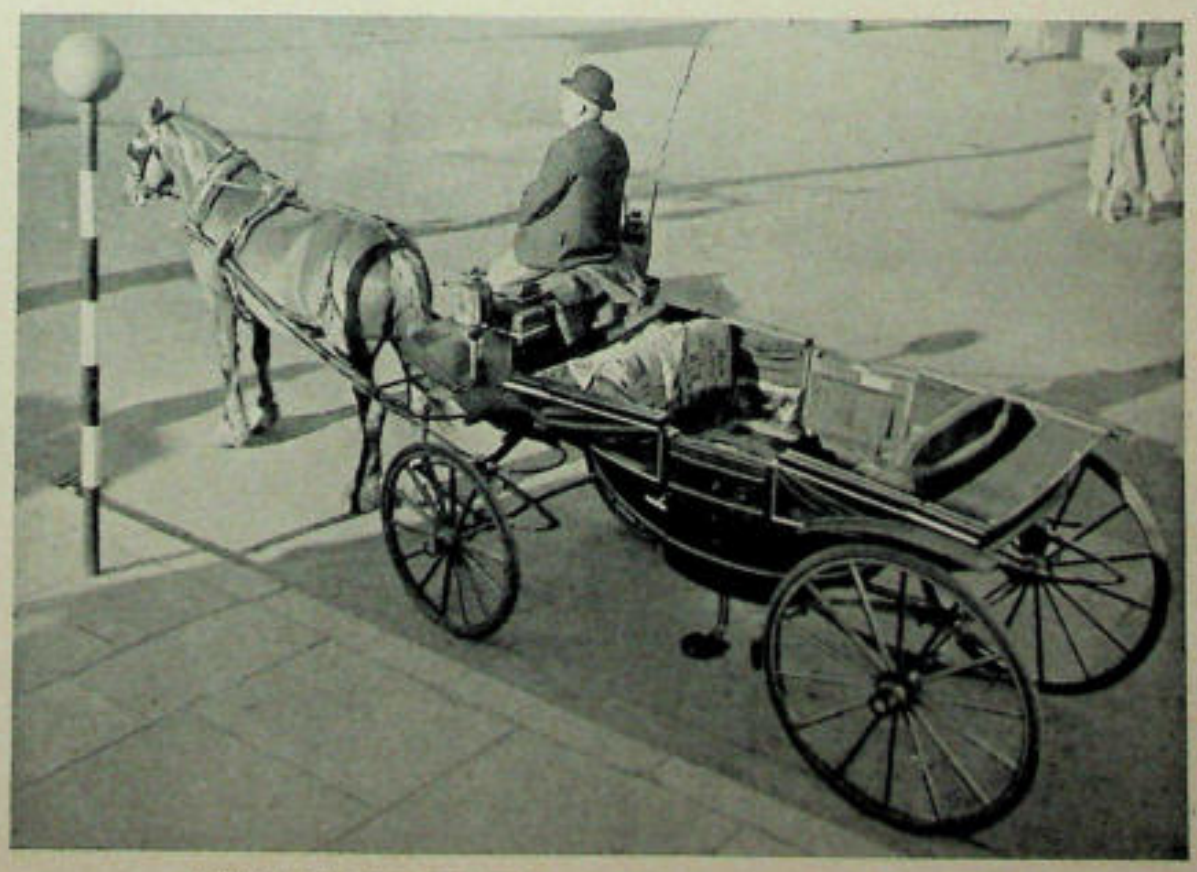
To sum up, the art of driving may be defined as driving a horse or horses so that they go cheerfully, happily and comfortably, that they do their journey and come home neither distressed nor done up, and are fit to come out day in and day out all the year round.

All the care and efforts of the best horse-master in the world can be stultified by a bad coachman. Therefore it is of primary importance carefully to study "time and distance" and start in good time. Maintain a nice steady pace. Neither drive long nor far until the horse is fit and thoroughly collar hardened. Be careful not to drive a horse "over his water," watch for symptoms, pull up and let him stale.

With two wheel vehicles adjust the seat according to the load, so that there is practically no weight on the shafts; with a "tub" cart adjust the passengers. Going downhill sit back; a heavy weight on the tugs may produce a stumble or bring a horse down. Particularly in hot weather never miss an opportunity of giving a drop of water. A few good swallows on a journey help a lot. Be very careful about shoeing; have a word with the farrier. Frog pressure is all important. There are several good non-slip pads, efficient and helpful on to-day's roads. Watch for corns. Never bring a horse home hot, on the homeward journey do not push him. Even drop your hand on to your knee and let him walk the last bit on a loose rein.

After the motor car the horse will appear woefully slow, but this defect is counterbalanced by the pleasure derived in handling the animate in contradistinction to the inanimate.

So, as it has been said, "Be to his virtues ever kind, and to his faults a little blind."



A CHANCE FOR THE CABBY WHO HAS NO PETROL COUPONS TO WORRY ABOUT

A VISION OF PAN BY THE RIVER

By ERIC TAVERNER



IN these out-of-season days memories are apt to crowd upon the angler, memories of pleasant times and high endeavours. One such recalls to my mind a vision of Pan by the river. "I hear," a friend had said to me one day, "that there is still one trout left in the Isle of Wight. You'd better try and catch it; and I think you'll probably find it at Carisbrooke."

The Twenty-Ninth of April dawned with gentle rain falling on the chestnut leaves just outside my bedroom window. Breakfast discovered me with a strong desire to go in search of that last trout, of the existence of which I could scarcely bring myself to believe. Desire soon gave place to a deep conviction of adventure awaiting me—a feeling so strong that I walked out on to the sea-wall to look at the weather. It was fine, if overcast. The urge to seek this high adventure became irresistible. And what a journey it was in air clean and sweet after rain! How cool was the south-east wind that smelt of woods full of primroses and violets and whispered of modest anemones! Here and there hung great sprays of wild cherry. Cuckoo called from an elm tree under the downs and willow-wren greeted me as I passed. Trout or no trout, the spring was everywhere. What else could matter?

Local enquiries had convinced me that the clear chalk stream of Carisbrooke held no trout and that Medina was a more likely stream; medieval Medina, the Middle River, that almost divides Wight into halves with a straight cut from Catherine's Down to Cowes. Much is tidal and a busy waterway: the rest is a sluggish stream, ill-used or just neglected, often stained a dirty orange by washings from road and gravel-pit.

That part of Medina to which I had been directed I knew well from the road. There never meandered—almost movelessly—a water less likely to hold trout. Commonsense described any trout it might contain as poor in condition, possibly the ill-favoured survivors of happier days dragging out a dull existence. Yet, some instinct forced me to go on. At the worst, I was on the high road to adventure. There might, after all, be trout.

Close to the point where the high road from the east enters Newport there is a flour-mill that draws upon the river for its power; and near to the top of the millhead is a sluice through which water spurts out into a brick-revetted hatch-hole. The sea was at low ebb. I could see the stream below the hatch trailing away out of sight and passing beneath the arches of overhanging trees and under a distant bridge—no more than a tenuous trickle on its way to join the estuary. Below the sluice alone was there depth of water where a fish might lie.

As choice of pattern appeared of little moment, I thought a large Alder with woodcock wings would serve as well as any other fly. After a few casts I tightened on a fish, which, later, proved to bear a close resemblance to a sea-trout. On either flank there were just two red spots and no sign of finger-marks, until the silver deposit had been rubbed off. Was this a true sea-trout or a trout that was enjoying the best of both waters, salt and fresh, by living as an estuary trout?

Whichever description may have been true, it had certainly been feeding on river shrimps, which suggested the wisdom of putting up a large, hackle March Brown. But, in the course of searching through my fly-book, I came across an artificial shrimp that had long been lying there in idleness—a lure worth a trial at such a place, although I had always thought it far too orange in colour to imitate a crustacean, normally sandy grey and mainly translucent. Trout, however, often see similarity where we see only differences.

Just then the sun obligingly shone between parted clouds and allowed me to see into the depths of the pool, as the Shrimp was searching every corner. It seemed to be completely void of fish. But, when I exchanged the Shrimp for a March Brown, fish appeared from unsuspected hiding-places—shadowy forms that rose towards the fly and flashed brilliantly in the crystal-brown water as they turned away from the fly whenever it dragged against the current.

A fish of about three-quarters of a pound accepted the March Brown with confidence and I played it to a standstill. Surely a sea-trout, this time? There are the silver flanks and black spots. But the wall was high and the net-handle too short, even though I lay down and, digging in my toes, endeavoured to reach the water. The fish gave a violent kick of protest and went back to its tideway feeding.

As I scrambled to my feet, I saw sitting upon my sleeve a dun midge with a slate-grey body. A plain hint—but I let it pass, for about ten minutes earlier a friendly gardener had told me how I should find some better fishing upstream, which my optimism had pictured as a piece of fair water peopled with hatching duns and fish busily feeding on them.

A short walk up the road brought me to the entrance of another flour-mill, which a sign-post revealed to my astonished eyes as one bearing the name of Great Pan Mill. Great Pan! Was he here, too? A thousand thoughts assailed me—Elizabeth Browning's haunting lyric—the enchantment of *The Crock of Gold*. I checked myself. In the ripening hours of a spring morning upon a strange river angling is a serious business. The full enjoyment of those thoughts must wait—if wait they would.

I passed quickly through the mill and, climbing the railway gate, stumbled and tripped over ill-spaced sleepers—the dusty smell of new-ground flour still lingering about my senses. All the time I was struggling to turn my back upon the beckoning call, upon the irresistible presence, of one who "is nearly a god."

Beside the railway-line stretches a long water-meadow, where grow king-cups and purple cock-flowers; and countless teazles, gaunt and brown, mark the course of the river in springtime. I walked across the meadow to the waterside and searched with a March Brown every likely place without the slightest symptom of success, without as much as seeing fly or fish. I covered all the water right down to the point where the withy-bed barred further progress. All the time the music of that poem floated through my head; and I fished as in a happy dream.

I returned to the railway-line and found a narrow, water-logged path through the withies, leading to the angle of the river that the gardener had so hopefully described. There the river bent first to the right and then to the left, before hiding itself in a tangle of overgrown alders; while its margin was fringed with tall, brown grass and the dried-up stems of the last summer's figwort.

A first survey of the water was not encouraging. It was moving solidly and was very turgid. There was no sign of fish or fly. I went down once with a March Brown, laid down the rod with the fly hanging in the river and, sitting down on a tussock, began my lunch. Everything was bathed in sunshine. I heard the rising note of an early bumble and its falling away, as the bee turned on a new course. A chaffinch sang in the osier-bed with the virtuosity of a willow-wren. And, then, far away in the distance I heard—or was it my fancy?—I heard the call of a pipe. "Sweet, sweet, sweet, O, Pan, piercing sweet by the river!" And the warmth of intense happiness spread over the countryside.

Time and trout became of little moment; but a tiny insect dragged me back to reality. It rose from the water and alighted on my knee. Like a flash there darted into my mind the last words I read the previous evening, before turning out the light. "Olive floss-silk ribbed with golden twist—wings from the palest feather of a young starling—legs, a pure dun hackle"; Ronalds' dressing of the golden dun midge. Few fishermen carry any such pattern; but the magic of Pan guided my hesitating fingers to a Rough Olive I had tied sometime that winter and dubbed it with paleish olive seal's fur.

At the first cast and just as the fly swung round into midstream, a trout swirled at it. At the next cast, the fly was taken very close to the far bank. I tightened at the flash; and a soundly-hooked trout made off downstream at a tremendous pace, pulling the line through grasses and overhanging bushes in an alarming way. I held the rod-point as low as I dared and prayed that the dropper-fly would not get foul of any snag; but the power that directed the midge to my knee stood at my back then and throughout the whole day.

Half a score of trout rose to the same fly and none that were fairly hooked got off. But pulling home the hook was a delicate matter, for the fish came up very subtly. There was a slight humping of the water, a shallow ring, a flash, or a barely perceptible crinkling of the surface of the water, to indicate that one of them had come up for a look and had, perhaps, signed off with its tail, as it went off in search of something better.

In the lower part of the pool, however, I did not encounter a single offer. Two pale wateries sailed down scatheless. It would have been a waste of the short feeding-period of a Spring day to stay there any longer; and the head of water above Pan's own mill was still to be fished.

I returned to the tussock to rescue the remains of my sandwiches from the "curiosity" of ants, and walked downstream. A little-used path turned aside and led through a wire run full of distressed hens, across which I moved with the guilty stealth of a marauding fox, and soon afterwards brought me again to the millhead. Here the middle of the water was untenanted, but I found two trout willing to take the fly that pitched right under the distant bank, where it was margined with sedgy grasses. Four brace to the Rough Olive, as the clock in a neighbouring church-tower struck four. High time to reel up; the first swallow of the day went up the river.

As soon as I had reached the main street, I met a man. "It's exactly between the times of the 'buses," said he. "Then I'll go by the high road until one comes my way," said I. And as I walked the word, "Great Pan Mill" rang through my head. I had seen his mill. I had heard his pipe. Had he, then, once sat by Medina, "high on the hill, while turbidly flowed the river"? Nonsense! I whispered to myself, half ashamed at such extravagant thoughts; this is the twentieth century; we are anglers in the modern sense. Will Brown, of Black-Horse Alley, is gone these two hundred years; and any tackle-maker will sell you fifty different patterns for a single occasion. Midland Jack is proud to beat Norfolk John by half-an-ounce.

And yet—is fishing no more than the catching of fish? Do we care no more for the spirit of the river? Every man has to make his own choice. Did not Pan himself say to Brighid, as they sat together on the hillside: "Everyone must come to me of his own free-will; you must come to me, because you want to"? Men say that Pan has gone far away to teach other shepherd-girls their proper trade; and yet for some of us his presence still lingers wherever he stopped to cut a reed from the riverside and, sitting on a tussock, with his shaggy legs crossed, played on his pipe till the whole world danced and sang.

My reverie was rudely broken by the arrival of the 'bus, full of stolid market-women. But, as soon as I reached home, I turned to that page in Ronalds and read, "it seems to require a warm day to disengage itself from its nympha. No fly is more abundant, especially in showery weather, and just after rain. On such occasions very great sport may be had with it." That was the prose of it! but, as I leaned out of my bedroom window that night and listened to the rain falling on the chestnut leaves—oh! so softly—I heard again the echo of that distant pipe; and my heart was filled with happiness as I thought of that vision of Pan by the river.



From the picture by Simone Hoerdt, reproduced by permission of the British Museum

THE HOG AT BAY

"Experience has shown me . . . that firearms are not to be depended upon when going on foot (where the ground is unrideable) against a wild boar. The spear and sword are the least likely to fail."

BIG GAME HUNTING IN INDIA, 1838

Pastimes of a Cavalry Officer Who Speared Bear on Foot

WHILE on a visit to an Indian State I came across a small book, published in 1859, entitled *The Wild Sports of India*, by a Major Shakespear, an officer of cavalry and a pre-Mutiny commandant of the "Nagpore Irregular Force," who, during over 27 years' Indian service from 1834 onwards, hunted every species of wild game in India. Of special interest was his partiality for the sword as a hunting weapon. He explains:

> "Since meeting with an accident out hog-hunting I always on horse-back carried a sword so that should my spear break I can finish my hog, and sometimes, if expecting any desperate work, when on foot also. . . . The sword is the queen of weapons."

Also:

> "Experience has shown me . . . that fire-arms are not to be depended upon when going on foot (where the ground is unrideable) against a wild boar. The spear and sword are the least likely to fail."

Again:

> "I have laid open the brain of a wild boar with the sabre, exposing it for five or six inches."

Furthermore, he not only sabred pig (besides sticking them) but sabred other animals as well, including a panther. For this particular pastime he recommends a blade 39in. long and slightly curved.

He was an ardent admirer of the Arab horse, and for hunting he kept a "shooting horse or galloway" (*i.e.*, a small horse). One such Arab he possessed, only 13.3 hands high, proved itself a very highly-trained, courageous and active animal. It had to be, to do the work expected of it. Thus his master would use his horse to gallop close up to, and round, any savage animal and so mark it down until the Indian hunters came up with his rifles. On one occasion he speared and killed a panther off horseback. However, it was chiefly for recovering wounded animals that he employed his shooting horse. What this extremely dangerous work implied of the horse's qualities and training is exemplified by an occasion when the author, while riding him shot a wounded panther in the act of springing at him; and by another instance when a wounded panther rode on the horse with him "somewhat in the fashion in which ladies and gentlemen used to ride pillion."

The wild boar, the author considers, was not the only animal which was to be stuck; for he lays it down that "bears if found on rideable ground are [also] to be killed off horseback with the spear." He, himself, had only stuck two, but a friend of his had speared a great many in this way. He remarks, however, that it calls for exceptional courage and spirit in the horse, because:

> ". . . horses which are not in the least afraid of panthers and wild hog do not like to go up to bears. As long as the bear is running away from them they seem not to have any fear, but when he turns to charge, he is such an ugly brute, shaking his long hair, roaring and snapping with his teeth, that a horse will rarely go up to him, especially alone."

A very noticeable change, other than that, of course, in weapons, which has occurred in the hunting of large game in India, relates to the employment of dogs. They are very seldom used nowadays, but in the author's time their use was common enough for baying a wounded animal, be it bear, boar, tiger or panther, and they proved their value time and again. In India the "sporting dog" has not been generally employed. Until the introduction of field trials dogs of high breeding, whether country bred or imported, were not in many places considered to be able to stand the climate. Major Shakespear kept country-bred terriers of English stock. They could be readily replaced because the British soldier in India bred them in the barracks. There was, however, a mastiff he had of which he writes in the highest terms as being a really fine and noble specimen of a courageous dog, worth its weight "in silver." It could always be depended upon, he says, to recover wounded big game. And of his dogs generally he gives many instances of their amazing pluck and daring spirit. For example, his favourite "panther dog" on one occasion three times closed with a wounded panther, and although beaten off at first eventually rolled over locked with the animal. The same dog, in another encounter with a panther, sustained between 40 and 50 wounds. The brass band and the steel spikes of his collar were divided and marked all over with the panther's teeth.

Panther, he remarks, when on the few occasions they are found on rideable ground, can be speared though it requires not only an active and courageous horse, but also a very keen spear. The loose skin of the panther renders it very difficult to run him through except at full speed and with a finely pointed spear, because the point is apt to go round the body between skin and flesh. Consequently the animal is not disabled from making his spring. Should he spring and you find yourself in his grasp, then "your hunting knife in his heart is the most likely thing to relieve you." Quite!

He commends spearing bear on foot as a very favourite sport of his, and one which yielded him excitement enough for any sportsman. To his keen chagrin, because it was a method that appealed strongly to his sporting instincts, he had only one opportunity of spearing a bear this way. He

> "always held the opinion that two determined and courageous men, in the habit of looking danger in the face, can spear and kill on foot the biggest bear that was ever bred in India."

This is what he has to say on the subject of sabreing wild boar:

> "Sabreing, that is cutting them [the wild boar] down, is not easy; but using the point is, I think, both more easy and effective than the edge. Why the sport has never been attempted in Europe I cannot conceive. I should suppose that in the forests of Germany there must be . . . glades and open spaces where a horse could catch a hog and a spearman kill him; and I have often wished that . . . one of the jolly old barons would be good enough to mount me to try to kill the sanglier. I think I could do it without hounds or carbine."

His book, which is written in a modest and convincing style, certainly persuades one that if anybody could have done so, he could have.

NILGHERRY.

BILL BARWELL'S BOXING DAY

The Story of the Sixth Stand

WHENEVER anybody tells me that a story is "founded on fact" I always marvel at the slenderness of the base that can carry so imposing a structure. Nevertheless this story *is* founded on fact. It is only surrounded by an essential, and in war-time, almost a becoming camouflage, because despite the changes of our changing world the law of libel remains immutable.

Bill Barwell was a well-known East Anglian poacher. Had he Appeared in the dock he would have been called a "Raffles." By that it is inferred that he had a pleasing manner and address, wore a clean collar on occasion, and was more or less at home in any society. He had been a guest, invited and uninvited, in a number of not unimportant houses.

Bill poached to a large extent for the love of getting away with it: he also poached because he liked shooting. But let it not be thought that he did not poach for hire, because he was a master of disposing of other people's game. There was, for instance, the prosperous establishment ridiculously close to Piccadilly Circus.

The local police of course knew all about him. The main run of them kept him within reasonable bounds. The indolent played live and let live. While the young and zealous breathed threatenings and slaughters till they got tired of it. There was one young hero fresh from a course at Birmingham, who very nearly had him. For one late October morning Lord Markover's head keeper, the redoubtable Mr. Amos, arrived bright and early to say that there had been a raid on his feeding ride during the one brief interval since the summer when every back was turned and every ear closed, and though the damage could not be calculated, he reckoned by the trail of feathers left behind that not less than ten brace were gone. Further, Simmonds, the under keeper, sent in hot pursuit on a bicycle, had been just in time to see Bill disappearing into his coal house with an ominously suspicious sack over his shoulder.

The young policeman thereupon hid himself behind the hedge on the other side of the road, and waited there for no less than three and a half hours, during which time his sojourn was rewarded by the sight of the baker's van arriving and by the departure of Bill's two children for school. He scrutinised them carefully — he had read his Scarlet Pimpernel—but there wasn't as much as a tailfeather about them.

At 10.30 a.m. Bill's wife came over to the hedge and said Bill was afraid he would catch cold and wouldn't he come in and have a cup of tea. Assuming the air of one whose normal function it is to survey the heavens from a rank ditch, he declined.

Half an hour later Bill emerged bearing a sack which he placed in the back seat of an ancient car, which then emerged, not without a suggestion of asthma which even a home-made brassiere round the bonnet could not deaden, slowly, from Bill's gate. It was the moment for the Majesty of the Law to unfurl itself in full panoply. "I'd trouble you to let me look in that bag." "Certainly." It was full of brussels sprouts.

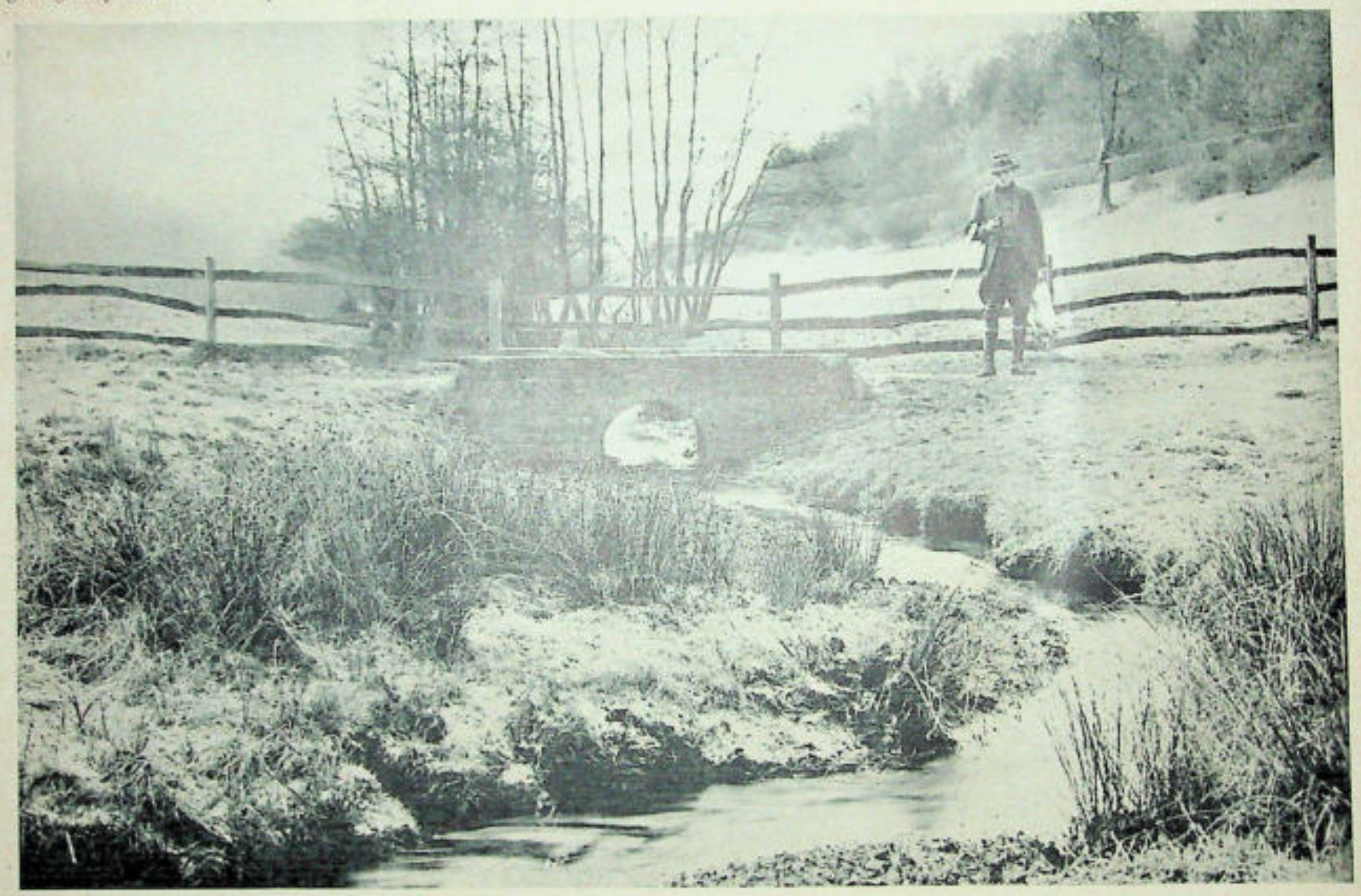
It was not till sometime later that it was found that the baker's van had been the unwitting remover to the station of some "chickens for London." The zealot realised that his study of the Scarlet Pimpernel was not close enough.

About three years ago Lord Markover was shooting his coverts on Boxing Day, the first time through. Those who were lucky enough to be asked usually expected to kill some three hundred-odd pheasants on the first day, and good high birds at that considering it was a flattish country. The last stand on the first day brought back the leavings of two earlier drives into their home covert. Five guns were normally placed down the length of the covert and the sixth was out of sight of them round the corner. If the stopping was good he was out of luck that gun: if it wasn't a nice lot of old cocks would break away high on his side.

On this occasion a roll of white strips a hundred yards long had been placed down the side of the covert, and young Geordie Waite, the postmaster's son, was put beyond it with a flag the size of a blanket. Beyond him, all snuggness and shooting stick, was one of Markover's City friends and his loader. He was the outside gun. It was getting dark, and there would be just enough light to finish the day satisfactorily.

Just as the beaters began tap-tap-tapping through the wood a voice called out "Geordie, Mr. Amos wants you back with the line." ("I could have sworn it was Bert Simmons" he said afterwards.) Geordie went. A minute or two later that outside gun's loader noticed the stop flaps being rapidly rolled up and idly wondered why. Then an underkeeper hurried up, touched his cap respectfully, and said "I beg pardon, Sir, but will you go to the far end of the covert and walk down with the beaters. All the guns have had to move up one."

Almost at once the rise began. The five guns in front did pretty well, but it was soon clear to his Lordship that the stop on the far side of the covert was extremely inefficient: that his City friend was getting the lion's share of the shooting: and that most surprisingly, judging by the number of high birds that were crumpling suddenly above the tree tops, he was beginning to shoot a great deal straighter than his wont. Lord Markover was not displeased: he was by nature a kindly and hospitable man;



A COUPLE OF RABBITS BEFORE BREAKFAST ON A FROSTY DECEMBER MORNING
(From a photograph by E. W. Tattersall)

while he could not forget that he was going to ask for some advice about his Randfonteins after dinner.

The drive came to the end, and not a minute too soon, for there was no longer the light to do justice to *phasianus colchicus*. The guns began to congregate after the manner of guns on the first day discussing their day's sport. (On the second day they are discussing what to give the keeper.) In a minute or two they were joined by our City friend. He was looking a little glum, though smiling bravely through it all, after the manner of those whose school tie teaches them that Its Only A Game.

"Well, old boy," said Lord Markover, "You had a good stand there, anyway."

"Well, not exactly. I would have if you hadn't moved me up, but James got all those high birds."

"Moved you up? never moved you, or James either."

The evidence took a great deal of sifting; and re-sifting. And it was no more pleasant at the end of the process than at the beginning. I don't know who liked the conclusions least, Lord Markover or Mr. Amos. But Bill Barwell certainly had the best stand of his life by practising the arts which make a great general: common sense, cunning, audacity and a thorough knowledge of local conditions.

M. T. S.

THE PIED FLYCATCHER IS FEARLESS

By FRANK A. LOWE

THERE are four species of flycatchers in the British list, two of which are regular summer residents the other two passage migrants, the one species having been noted only on five occasions and the other scarcely more than 50. Of the two resident species the spotted is to be found in practically all districts, though in varying degrees of abundance, whereas the pied flycatcher is distinctly local, occurring in considerable numbers in certain favoured areas of Wales and the English Lake district.

Probably the deciding factor as to which particular parts of these localities should be occupied by pied flycatchers is the presence of running water. In one lakeland dale, where numerous rivulets follow a stony course down a well-wooded slope, there are certainly no less than a dozen pairs nesting within a square mile.

In this same valley a single garden of a few acres holds half a dozen pairs, and when sitting by one nest I have seen two males perching in the same tree at the same time, while a third not more than 20yds. away entered a nesting box. Pied flycatchers take to nesting boxes quite readily, and in very favourable circumstances one might almost say that the species is colonial. They will nest as close to houses as tits, and one can watch them quite as easily.

In this respect the pied is like its commoner spotted congener, in most others its behaviour is very different. One can guess to a nicety where a spotted will alight after hawking a passing insect, for nine times out of ten it will return to the same perched on the tyre of a cycle parked against a garage wall.

If I have ever seen a spotted flycatcher moving about the ground I do not remember the occasion, yet pied flycatchers will settle on the ground readily enough and do not seem averse to doing a part of their foraging there. Birches and oaks are probably the birds' favourite trees, but where fruit trees grow near they will flit from oak to apple without prejudice.

Incubation is undertaken solely by the hen, her mate feeding her assiduously at the nest throughout the period. He is a devoted husband as a rule, although individuals have been known to possess two wives, and I have heard of one case where a cock had two hens occupying the same nest box simultaneously. This happened in a garden much favoured by flycatchers, and my informant has both a great knowledge of these birds and unique opportunities of observing them.

I have already inferred that this species shows a singular fearlessness of people, but when the eggs are due to hatch the birds suffer a temporary nervousness. I became aware of this while watching at a nest low down in an oak tree, which contained eggs much incubated: the hen returned in a few minutes, but instead of entering the hole she hovered a moment before it, then shot off into the next tree. This happened several times in the space of twenty minutes or so, until I transferred by attention to another nest with newly hatched young. The owners of this nest showed no hesitation about entering even when I stood close by without any attempt to conceal myself: the nervousness had passed with the accomplishment of hatching.



COCK PIED FLYCATCHER

The duty of feeding is shared by the parents, but when the young are small the cock pays more visits than the hen, for she will spend short periods brooding. Even when the hen is foraging the cock does not immediately stop feeding her, for on occasions I have seen her fly to him as he returned with a bill full of insects. With drooping wings she would flutter on a twig before him, and he would yield up his cargo to her entreaties. Sometimes she would eat this food herself and sometimes carry it to the nest.

Watching birds at close quarters one sees the food distributed, after which the nest is cleaned up, the old birds carrying off any excreta which might foul the nest. When working on twites I learned that the old birds often swallowed the excreta, and I suppose they would disgorge it away from the nests. More recently I saw ring ouzels employ the same method of disposal, so what I thought was a peculiarity of the twite was not a peculiarity at all. One cannot see what takes place inside the breeding holes of pied flycatchers, but although I saw the adult birds take food to one hole hundreds of times over periods of several hours, I did not see any excreta carried away until the young were well grown.

Although these birds are so friendly disposed towards others nesting in close proximity one cock is occasionally seen to drive off another. When a real source of danger threatens they are exceedingly brave in defence of the nest, when the hen can be quite as aggressive as the cock. A hide is not really essential for watching flycatchers, but in order to get a particularly close view of them I fixed up a tent very near to a box containing a nest. This gave me a most unexpected interlude. A red squirrel came towards the box while both old birds were away foraging; as he drew near the returning flycatchers swooped down at him like furies. They pecked and chivvied him unmercifully, until he decided he had no option but to beat a hasty retreat. He ran from tree to tree still hotly pursued, and the last I saw of him was a flash of red disappearing into the wood with two diminutive but exceedingly irate flycatchers giving him a very uncomfortable time.

Shortly after this display of bravery the hen came to the nest with a strange cargo—a short fat earthworm, which squirmed between her mandibles. Although I had spent many hours with the birds, I had never seen earthworms offered before; whether it was acquired by accident or design one cannot tell, but the youngsters never got the chance to sample it, for after flitting about the tree for a little while the hen swallowed it herself and went off to get what turned out to be a mixed load of flies and caterpillars. The bulk of this mass of insects is alive when taken into the nests; from such close quarters one can plainly see the loose ends twisting about at the sides of the bird's bill.

During the breeding period pied flycatchers remain very close to where the nests are situated. They seem to be able to find an endless supply of food within a few yards, probably due to the proximity of the water, where innumerable flies are hatched. After the young are fledged and out in the open it is not long before the entire family leaves the vicinity of the nursery, and those lucky people who have pied flycatchers in their lakeland gardens must find them strangely empty when the confiding and conspicuous birds pass on their way.

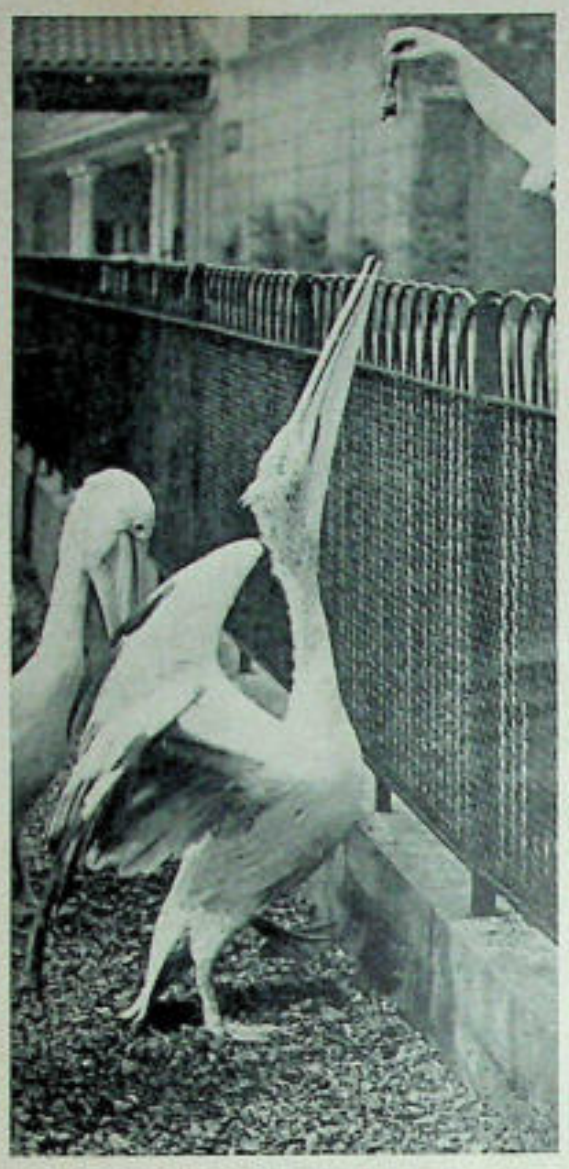


COCK PIED FLYCATCHER HAWKING IN A BIRCH TREE



HEN PIED FLYCATCHER APPROACHING THE NEST WITH A LARGE WORM

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE. The engagement is announced, and the marriage will shortly take place, between Lieutenant Ian K. MacRosty, The Black Watch (R.H.R.), only son of Captain and Mrs. James MacRosty, late of "Pittachar," Crieff, Perthshire, and Nesta, younger daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Maguire, of Eastbourne.



A TIT-BIT FOR THE PELICAN

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE Zoological Society of London, during the hundred years in which it has been open to the public and Fellows, had, until the present year, never closed except on Christmas Day. This unbroken record has been unfortunately spoilt by Herr Hitler, who caused the Zoo to close for a fortnight at the beginning of September. In normal times, however, Christmas Day is the only one on which the animals get a rest from their friends. Only half the normal staff of keepers is on duty and all they have to do is to make their charges comfortable, clean their cages and feed them. The feeding of the animals at the Zoo is, next to the wages bill, the largest single item of expenditure.

About from £12,000 to £15,000, or rather over a tenth of the Society's annual receipts, are devoted to purchasing food. Some of the items are extraordinary. Over 100 tons of horseflesh are needed every year; every ten monkeys consume a ton of monkey-nuts. Fruit is the most expensive item.

Though it has to purchase vegetables and seeds to the extent of 91 tons of hay and 5 tons of birdseed a year, items such as a quarter of a million bananas (or to be exact, 244,649 last year) occupy by far the largest proportion of the budget.

Fish is another expensive matter, particularly with the difficulties of distribution during the war, and some of the birds, like pelicans, are being persuaded to take to a meat diet.

As might be expected with a collection of animals of widely different tastes, some of the foods required are, to say the least, peculiar. The Society uses 6½cwt. of meal-worms each year and 49 pots of a proprietary patent food. This last is for the humming birds. It is mixed with honey and condensed milk and goes into the little pots which can be seen hung up from branches in the central aviary in the Bird House. The pots are specially made with an open tube from which the birds can sip as they hover in flight.

Sugar cane is another interesting item; the Society requires this for many of its ungulates and other vegetable-feeding animals, and gets it from Madeira. Bamboo, so necessary for the giant pandas, comes from the warmer and moister parts of Britain. Regular supplies arrive each week from Wales, and from Devon and Cornwall.

Before the war started the Society was making careful plans to grow a stock of eucalyptus in the Isles of Scilly and the south of Britain so that in the future it might be able to keep the interesting little Koala bears from Australia. It is to be hoped that these plans will be able to come to fruition.

With the evacuation and the consequent drop in the Zoo's public, extra supplies of food have had to be given to certain of the animals to make up for those which would otherwise be given them by the public. In times of peace, when the season was in full swing, many of the bears on the Mappin Terrace received hardly any supplies from their keepers, since they got plenty from the numerous visitors. On Bank Holiday and other days when there were large crowds the keepers were very often hard put to it to prevent their charges from suffering from over-feeding.

In the old days the public used to offer most incongruous articles of food to the animals. Lions were offered grapes and practically every animal was offered paper bags. One ostrich, which died some ten years ago, was found at the post mortem to contain nails, safety-pins, screws, coins, pieces of cloth and all sorts of foreign bodies. It had quite clearly suffered from the experimental tactics of the public, based on what they had heard of the omniverous capabilities of the ostrich.

It is a happy fact that such cruel, though no doubt unwitting, acts are no longer common at the Zoo, and that aided by the facts given in the Guide and by notices all over the Gardens, the ordinary visitor now tends to give the proper food to the proper animals.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

TURKEY on Christmas Day has nothing like the same hoary tradition as lamb on Easter day. It came into fashion at about the same time as the crinoline, but whilst the crinoline was merely a passing craze the turkey became a well-rooted gastronomic habit which has so far resisted the alarming menace of smaller numbers in family, to say nothing of the apparently never-ending rise in the cost of turkeys. Of course, the turkey was known and relished long before early Victorian days in England, but it used to be eaten earlier in the year, before it had had time to grow legs like those of a channel swimmer. Many Christmas Turkeys are, like many early Victorian houses, very handsome but too large. The Christmas turkey is invariably a roast turkey and a very fine bird it looks as it is brought to table for all to admire before its white, meaty breast is carved and served round. But there are other ways to cook a turkey than roasting it, and there is better meat on its bones than the breast; the darker meat from the legs and back is not so dry and it has more flavour.

In the United States, where Turkey Day is Thanksgiving Day, a month earlier than Christmas Day, the fact that the best part of a turkey is its imposing size is so universally recognized that what matters most is the stuffing that goes into the bird; there are ever so many different stuffings recommended for giving the turkey a richer flavour, some being simple enough, such as chestnut and rice stuffings, but others are of the liver-teasing order; such as the Creole stuffing, which includes, *inter alia*, chopped uncooked oysters and pâté de foie gras.

An excellent way to cook a turkey is to deal with it as one would a chicken fricassee, cutting it up in pieces and stewing them very gently in a cream sauce with small onions and mushrooms, in the manner which cookery books describe as *à l'ancienne*. Another very nice way to serve a turkey is to boil it, after its breast bone has been removed and a good, solid and somewhat rich stuffing introduced, and then to glaze it and serve it cold, with a well-dressed salad. It has also the great advantage of relieving the work in the kitchen on Christmas Day.

Here are two menus for Christmas Day, morning and evening, worthy of the blessed message of peace on earth to men of good will and good appetites.

Luncheon.

Natives
Boiled Turbot and shrimp sauce
Roast Sirloin of Beef and vegetables.
Christmas Pudding.
Fruit
Chablis with the oysters and fish.
Château Claret with the beef.
Port with the pudding and dessert.

Dinner.

Giblet soup.
Cold Boiled Turkey en Aspic.
Batavia endive salad.
Mince pies.
Fruit.
Sherry with the soup.
Champagne with the rest.
Cognac after the meal.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets have become highly selective. Speculative business is curbed by cash dealings. Many are, however, combing markets for securities likely to show price appreciation. It is readily admitted that a fair volume of such business is passing.

Purely investment stocks are largely left alone for the present. No major war-time borrowing by the Treasury is expected until the early spring of 1940. Encouraging response is, however, afforded by the offer of new Savings Certificates and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds. The securities have made a definite appeal to small investors.

In markets commodity and metal shares have been most popular. There is extensive buying of tin shares, for instance, on home account. Buying orders for Australian base metal shares has been coming from the Commonwealth. That class of buying is usually worth following.

Rubber shares are coming into the Stock Exchange picture. There has been keen buying of the commodity, largely on American account. The price rose to over a shilling a lb. for the first time since April, 1937.

Then Egyptian land and oil shares have been closely followed at rising prices. Others have been directing attention to South American Government bonds and the shares of British owned public companies operating in the Argentine, Brazil and Chile.

There is undoubtedly scope for talent in markets at present. Every operator must, however, be prepared to take risks. Market sentiment must be governed very largely by news from the war front. Adverse war news can have a most detrimental effect upon market conditions. The operator must be prepared to take the rough with the smooth.

Many, I find, take an optimistic view of future conditions in Brazil. The Brazilian Government has paid no interest on its large external debt for some years. Trade conditions in the country are definitely improving. Keen demand for Brazilian primary products clarifies a somewhat chaotic foreign exchange situation, which may lead to some partial interest payment on Brazilian debts.

That is why speculative investors are buying Brazilian Government 5 per cent. 1914 Funding Loan at a price around 24. If Brazil resumes payment of some interest on the bonds a higher price would be warranted.

In tin shares keen activity has been seen for some while. All control in the tin market has been removed. Producers are permitted practically unrestricted output, and the Ministry of Supply has withdrawn its order of a maximum price of £230 per ton for tin in London and the Straits.

The price of tin promptly shot ahead. The metal has been changing hands in large quantities. Producers are already showing the effect of the new conditions by increased dividends. A security such as Tronoh Mines 5/- units standing around 20/9 seems worth speculative attention.

In 1938 this company managed to pay 15 per cent. in all. Up to now 5 per cent. has been paid on account of the current year. Two years ago the units were standing at practically 38/- each.

The same applies to rubber. Rubber growing is now a payable proposition. Production at present is 75 per cent. of standard, to be increased to 80 per cent. of standard for the first quarter of next year. On a 75 per cent. production and a price of over 1/- a lb. all producers see a good margin of profit.

A share such as Tebrau, with estates in Johore, is a reasonable proposition. I believe we shall see much better prices for rubber shares in the early part of the New Year. Tebrau has an issued capital of £165,000 in £1 stock units. They are valued at 29/- each.

Its financial year ends on June 30. The dividend last year was 5½ per cent. Rubber shares are being bought on the probability of substantially increased dividends and better conditions in the industry, and recent dividends are ignored as market factors.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, are anxious to raise 2/6 a week for a helpless old man of 82. He was a traveller, and as each of his firms were hard hit in the bad times, none are able to help him now. So after his board and lodging is paid for he has nothing for the bare necessities of life. Please help us to provide this for him; it cannot be for long.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE USE OF VENISON

SIR,—Since the outbreak of war I have been investigating a scheme founded on my own experience for putting venison to the best use. The Government Departments which might have been interested have so far been too busy to be approached for consideration of individual ideas, which led me to explore the matter as a personal enterprise.

Owing to the many restrictions, the difficulty of obtaining plant, etc., these investigations show that it cannot be dealt with in that way. If the war went on long enough to bring about a real meat scarcity such a venture would doubtless prove profitable, but for the present it would need to be nursed into maturity. It is more a matter of making use of our deer as a national asset, likely to improve permanently the market for venison, and as such I think it comes within the scope of a Government undertaking.

We are aware that there is very little market for unprepared venison—*i.e.* carcasses. Apart from prejudice, people do not know how to cook it, and it is too late now to educate them. This is particularly the case if carcasses are to remain unskinned for several days, and unless stalkers take the utmost care in cleaning them. Venison will not stand any abuse at all. It should be treated just as mutton is treated, yet one sees carcasses dumped at railway sidings, exposed to rain, and finally put into cold storage. Thus this sensitive meat is abused as no other meat would be, and we wonder why it is not popular beyond the limited circle of those who have used it all their lives.

Compare these existing methods, with their attendant risk, wastage, and transport difficulties, with the method I am about to suggest, whereby every part of the deer, including the bones, would be converted into compact, nourishing, and very palatable food, which would tend to increase the value of venison for all time, rather than destroy it for good. Government assistance to such an end would be warrantable even if there was no war, and it is not a question of heavy outlay which the tax-payer would be called upon to meet, but rather of a small factory to develop a small and comparatively local output, to be permanently valuable to the Highlands.

In Canada some years ago, the autumnal epidemic of deer carcasses was in excess of transportation facilities to the rail head. These carcasses were stewed down to pulp at a bush station, and the pulp was shipped out in barrels to the mining camps at the rate of four or five deer to the barrel. All kinds of game, including bear, squirrel, and woodhare, found its way into the stew, which nevertheless was most palatable, and it had a ready market for the making of stews, rissoles, and soup. In this country it is not a matter of venison or no meat at all, but rather of serving up our venison in such ways as will overcome existing prejudice, and establish a permanent market for it.

If you approve, sir, I would therefore suggest that you use your influence to bring about the establishment of a small Government factory for the preparation of venison as a cooked or prepared food. The equipment necessary is not great, nor the labour required, compared with output, and I have a fair idea as to overheads.

Venison can be served up in many attractive ways as a cooked food. One of these is as jellied venison, similar to potted head, but delicately spiced and flavoured. The shapes can be of any size, as a luncheon counter meal for one, or larger. The shapes can be re-heated to make a stew, used as stock, or as rissoles. The meat is cut from the bones of the freshly-killed deer. The bones only are first stewed down to a rich stock, in which the cut meat is gently stewed, herbs, seasoning, vegetables, etc., being added. The same process affords the making of rissoles, rolls, etc., or the uncooked meat can be shipped out as sausage meat.

Since the supply of venison would practically cease with the cold weather, the plant might then be turned over to the making of other foods, and in any case the time is unquestionably appropriate for eliminating the custom of shipping out rank, unskinned, and unsavoury carcasses, and of making a clean job of it on the spot, thus establishing a permanent outlet for our deer.

Yours faithfully,

Bradleys Hotel, H. MORTIMER BATTES.
South Queensferry.

KANGAROOS AND YOUNG

SIR,—In your issue of December 2nd, "The Zoo in Winter," you mention the early days of a young wallaby or kangaroo.

In 1931 I spent nine months in West Australia, north of Roebourne. My spare time was spent hunting kangaroo, and I got to know their habits very well. The rifle I had was a single shot Martini shooting a long .38 revolver bullet, so I had to get within 100yds. to kill.

In the flat open country stalking was very difficult and interesting, but more than once I have seen a "Mammy" kangaroo when startled pick up her youngster with both front paws and dump it head first into her pouch with small ceremony. I see no reason, therefore, why she should not pick up the newly-born kangaroo and drop it in her pouch. When newly born they are very helpless and immature, and I should think it much more likely the "Mammy" drops the youngster into her pouch rather than it finds its own way.

We always tried to get the old "Buck" kangaroo of a party and never shot a "Mammy" except in error. After shooting a kangaroo you skinned him and cut off his tail. The hide makes good rugs and is exceptionally strong leather while the tail makes very good soup, very much like ox tail soup. The largest tail I remember getting weighed 19lb.

Yours faithfully,

Parkfield, H. M. CRANKSHAW.
Moseley, Birmingham.



A CASCADE WHICH DISAPPEARS
(See letter "Another 'Bottomless Pit'")

SHOOTING DANGERS

SIR,—As an old regular reader of your paper, I venture to comment upon your cover to the issue of December 2nd.

Doubtless it is a very well reproduced copy of a smartly taken photograph, but I am more concerned with the incident, one which I have always looked upon as both an unsportsmanlike and dangerous practice.

I carry a shot in my ear now, received several years ago, and also marks on my legs on another occasion. I have seen guns refuse to carry on because of this same habit of those who are too keen to get the last hen pheasant, or perhaps a hare or rabbit, when the drive was over. I have always thought it extremely dangerous, too, for the beaters, and have severely censured those shooting with me for doing so. Perhaps I am wrong.

I think it might be very interesting to hear the views of others, who perhaps are more modern than I am after 50 years of shooting game.

Yours faithfully,

Barnston Hall, H. B. TURNER.
Dunmow.

SIR,—In the picture on the cover of the *Field* of December 2nd an incident comes out perhaps with greater interest than the one noted at the foot of page.

Two of the loaders are carrying guns pointing at the legs of some of the party!

Dangerous guns remind me of a happening many years ago. I was a guest at a partridge shoot and arrived rather late. I passed down behind the line until I came to the head-keeper and asked him for my position. He replied "You will be the last gun on the left," then he whispered in my ear: "But keep your eye on the next gun to your right as he has already let off his gun twice accidentally."

At lunch-time my friend the keeper remarked to me: "What's happened to you missing those birds?" I replied: "Well, I simply obeyed your instructions and kept my eye on the next gun and not my own and also my hands were a bit shaky."

"I'm sorry," he said "I should like to have taken his cartridges away and it wouldn't have made any difference to the bag."

"No," I replied, "unless he got you or me." I never saw that gun again at shoots thereabouts.

Yours faithfully,

Moulin, R. ARTHUR MOSSMAN.
Pitlochry.

KEEPING PEDIGREE DOGS

SIR,—During the last war the majority of dog breeders reduced their kennels to such an extent that after the war was over there was considerable difficulty in resurrecting the breeds. There may have been exceptions, but since my experience is confined to gundogs, I dare not write of other breeds. The reduction of kennels was due to the fear of food shortage, the lack of competition and the fact that purchasers were not inclined to come forward.

Another war has broken out and although I am aware that it is an impertinence on my part to suggest a remedy for what happened between 1914 and 1918, I should like to remind breeders of pedigree stock that they have done wonders in the last 20 years, reviving strains with great diligence and under difficult circumstances. It would therefore be advisable to continue breeding economically, keeping perhaps two of a litter, and if shortage of food occurs, as it may do, there should still be enough to support the choicest animals, which will eventually form themselves, or, if the war continues longer than one hopes, through their progeny, provide the nucleus for reviving breeds.

One difficulty is apparent. Sentimentality over the old favourites should, if possible, be reduced, so that they may not interfere with the progress of the younger generation.

During the time when shows are not permitted the judge is no longer arbiter, and in consequence the breeder must rely on his own judgment and, if possible, the unselfish co-operation of his rivals. One does not wish to face the situation of 1918 again, with depleted kennels and no guide to breeding form.

Yours faithfully,

Hurtwood Edge, IAN RANKINE.
Ewhurst, Surrey.

ANOTHER "BOTTOMLESS PIT"

SIR,—The narrow chasm, near Evanton, Ross-shire, through which the small Auldgrande River flows, resembles that of the Eldon Hole, shown in your issue of December 2nd. Probably a stream formed the Eldon Hole in ancient times.

The Black Rock photo shows the Ross-shire chasm where it emerges into the open, but it does not show the actual pit, which is a dark hole into which the upper cascade, shown in the photo, disappears. An awesome roaring sound comes from this pit when the river is in flood, and the cavern was supposed to be a sort of side entrance to Hades.

An extremely wicked lady of those parts ("The Lady of Balconie") once made a compact to deliver herself body and soul to "Auld Clootie" at the entrance to this chasm, at a given date. The lady kept tryst with the Old Gentleman and was accompanied by a chaperon, her governess companion. Bad as the Lady of Balconie was, she had a care about household matter, for, before entering the Stygian gulf, she turned round and threw her household keys to her devoted companion. The keys fell on a rock, and they must have acquired weight through supernatural contacts, for their marks are imprinted on the rock where they fell to this day.

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie,
Perthshire.

BIG GAME TROPHIES WANTED

SIR,—We are collecting a number of big game trophies for the mess of a very sporting regiment moving to new permanent headquarters. If any sportsman who is disposing of his collection or any part of it would care to let me have particulars, we are sure he would find his trophies have a home where they will be looked after and appreciated. We should, perhaps, mention that this firm has no financial interest in the matter whatever.

Yours faithfully,

166, Piccadilly, ROWLAND WARD, LTD.
London, W.1.

A LANCASHIRE PILGRIMS' WAY

SIR,—Although the Pilgrims' Way between Winchester and Canterbury is almost universally known, not quite so many people realise that there were other ways used by the pilgrims in other parts of the country during mediæval times.

One of these crossed the mid-Lancashire moors about a mile to the north of Holcombe village and was used by those religious devotees who made their way northwards to Whalley Abbey.

The accompanying photograph shows an inscribed stone on Holcombe Hill and it is reputed to stand on the line of this old route. The inscription on the stone reads: "Nothing is known of the removal of the ancient cross, but its massive socketed foundation stone remained here until August, 1901."

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.
Bolton-le-Sands,
Lancs.

WAR AIMS

SIR,—The sentiments of your splendid article on War Aims will be applauded by all those who took part in the last war, and had the mortification of seeing the politicians throw away all that the soldiers gained.

Most of us have realised all along that some politicians have learned nothing from the last war, but it comes as a shock to us to hear that we are not fighting the German people, and that there must be no "redrawing the map," or other corrective measures by which victors normally strive for future security. Field-Marshal Lord Milne's speech stands out as plain sense amidst a flood of sentimental nonsense.

The Defence of the Realm Regulations make it a serious offence to proclaim opinions likely to hinder our war effort. I can imagine no greater "damper" than that applied by leading politicians telling the English people that they must for the second time fight Prussian hooliganism, with no hope of seeing either their money back or the hooligan jailed!

Yours faithfully,
H. R. WAITING.
36, Church Road,
Richmond.

CLASSICS OF HUNTING

SIR,—The article in your October 14th issue on hunting and its literature by General Higgins interested me very much, as it bears out my contention that the great majority of present-day beaglers and foxhunters do not bother to read any of the classics of the sports they follow. In my own hunt, which is a private pack with some 25 members, I know only two who have even heard of Jorrocks, much less Beckford or Somerville. It seems a shame that these giants of the field are not given their due attention, and I am going to make it obligatory for my whippers-in to read at least these three masters. I shall also include Captain Otho Paget's excellent book on the *Art of Beagling*, and *Hunting*, by the eighth Duke of Beaufort.

I was depressed to read of the havoc the war is producing in the packs. We of course expected that they would have to be reduced, but hardly to the extent mentioned in your columns. I for one would be glad to enter into negotiations with the Master of one of your packs and see if we could not work out a way of taking over a few couples for him for the duration of the war. I think, moreover, that other Masters here might be willing to do the same thing, and it might be possible by this method to save some valuable hounds for the strains. There are some 30 registered packs in this country.

Yours faithfully,
PHILIP K. CROWE.
Master of the Kingsland Beagles.
Forest Ridge,
New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A.



WHERE STOOD AN ANCIENT CROSS
(See letter "A Lancashire Pilgrim's Way")



A CHAPEL BY THE CLIFFS
(See letter "A Pembrokeshire Hermitage")

A PEMBROKESHIRE HERMITAGE

SIR,—The recent letters of Messrs. S. Moorhouse and G. B. Wood regarding hermitages at Knaresborough and Warkworth, prompt me to send a picture of St. Govan's Chapel, in Pembrokeshire.

The tiny church, which is tucked away in a cleft between towering limestone cliffs, measures but 20ft. by 12ft., and, according to legend, was the hermitage of St. Govan, a contemporary of St. David, who at one time was an Irish abbot, but who spent his last years in solitude here.

At the end of the chapel is a little bell cote and it is said that at one time a silver bell hung here. This was stolen by pirates who took it away to sea. However, a great storm arose and wrecked the ship, and the bell was washed back to the Pembrokeshire coast. Eventually, one great wave hit it with such force that it was embedded in the cliffs, and for many years a rock near the chapel was said to give out a metallic ring when struck. Unfortunately this rock has disappeared, for no one has been able to find it in recent years.

Yours faithfully,
H. HAMER.
Marton,
Blackpool.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of December 2nd, under the above heading, Mr. Macintyre states that a grouse will eat bell heather, bracken and bumble bees. If this is so then these acquired tastes are surely peculiar to Kintyre, where both grouse and their natural food are scarce.

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

SNIPE SHOOTING IN KASHMIR

SIR,—In November, 1937, I wrote to you about a very fine shoot His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir had had on his snipe jhil at Anchar, near Srinagar.

On that occasion His Highness picked up 122 snipe to his own gun. Last year he improved on this and picked up 66 couple. Shooting recently—to be exact on October 5th—His Highness accounted for 67 couple. There were three guns, one of the others being His Highness the Nawab of Palanpur. In Kashmir snipe are frequently driven and this is the kind of shooting which His Highness prefers. The birds come over very fast and give grand sport, as every type of shot is offered. 134 driven snipe is a fine pack up by one gun. On a shoot of this kind some 40 shikaras (small flat-bottomed canoe-like boats) and about 100 beaters are employed.

Yours faithfully,
R. G. WREFORD.
Srinagar,
Kashmir.



SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS ABOVE A KASHMIR LAKE
(See letter "Snipe Shooting in Kashmir")

EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF CLUBHOUSE

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

THE history of the gradual growth and evolution of the golf clubhouse offers fascinating material to those interested in the beginnings of the game. Detailed research into any question of golfing origins is usually rendered difficult on account of the frequent unreliable character of the sources at one's disposal. The position is complicated further through the disappearance of so many vital links into those convenient "mists of antiquity," and, in the end, certainly has often to give way to probability.

It is refreshing, therefore, to find occasions when this state of uncertainty is minimised by facts substantiated by reliable evidence, and, as a result, I can describe something of the known primitive beginnings of many of our famous clubs.

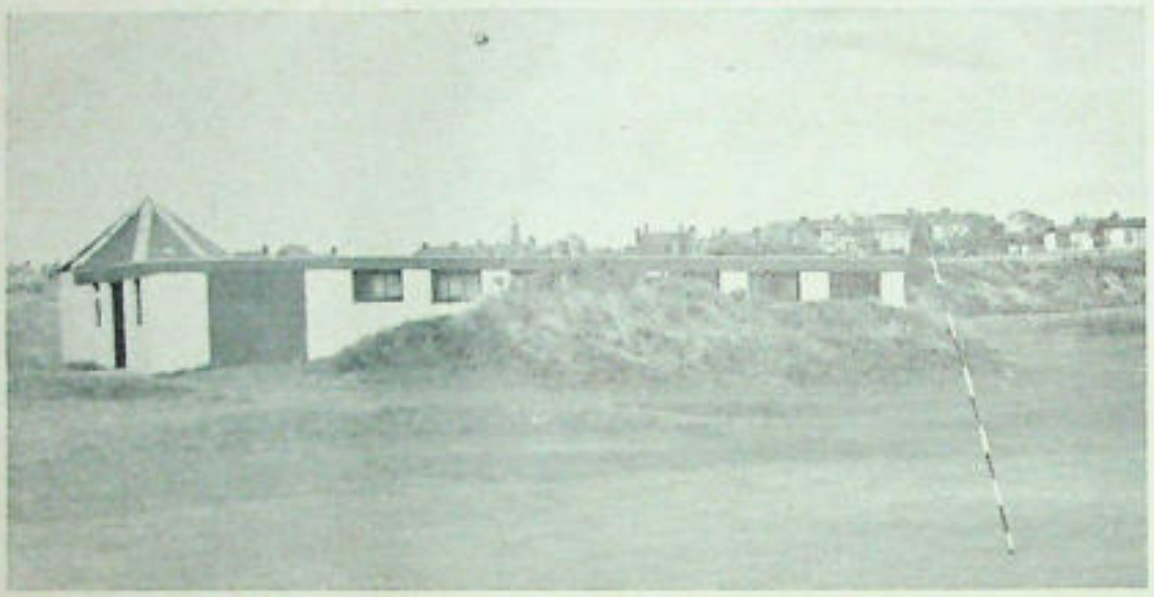
Oddly enough my introduction to one of the earliest meeting-places for golfers was quite by accident. Whilst upon a few days' visit to Edinburgh I was invited by Captain Thurston to lunch with him at the Bruntsfield Golf Club. I was delighted at the prospect. It had long been my intention to visit this stronghold of Scottish golf, which, according to one document, was in existence as long ago as 1761. Moreover, to a mere Sassenach, the story of the founding of this club is steeped in Scottish atmosphere.

I then explained gently to the driver that we were about a hundred years late in arriving at this particular locality, but would he mind taking me to where I wanted to go. After some enquiries we eventually arrived at the present Bruntsfield, where my experiences were greeted with considerable hilarity.

This old custom of making nearby taverns as golfing headquarters must have been a very happy arrangement, judging by the records. The connection of Mrs. Forman's establishment with the Musselburgh Club is but one instance. It must have been a rare sight to have seen this almost Dickensian character dispensing liquid refreshment through a hole in the wall. It helped to lure the Lords of Session away from their places on the Bench at three-forty-five to enable them to catch the four o'clock train for Musselburgh!

Other examples come readily to mind. Hoylake, in those early days, was centred at the Royal Hotel, which is but a stone's throw from its namesake, the testing Royal Hole. About the same time, the favourite meeting place of members of the Royal St. George's Club was in the Bell Hotel, which is quite a long walk from the course.

The Royal Isle of Wight Club can claim to have been founded at a luncheon party given at the Royal



THE OLD LUNCH HOUSE AT PRESTWICK
Members partook of refreshments here brought by the landlord of the Red Lion Hotel

According to the traditional version, it occurred when the memory of Prince Charlie and the Rising of 1745 still kindled the fire in men's veins. One of these smouldering brands fell into the midst of an erstwhile happy company of golfers and caused a minor upheaval, and as a result the Bruntsfield Links Golf Club, or Association, as it was then termed, came into being.

It was with such thoughts that I set out. Upon naming my destination to the taxi-driver I noticed a puzzled expression pass over his face, but, as he asked for no further particulars, I assumed it was the poor fellow's natural expression and forgot all about it. To my surprise, however, we headed for the centre of the city and soon plunged into a most depressing network of gloomy streets. I hailed the driver to ascertain if he was sure of his way. The reply was apparently in the affirmative for our course remained the same. Finally, we stopped. The driver opened the door and announced that he had arrived.

I gazed around; we still appeared to be in the heart of the city. "Where was the course?" I enquired. "There," came the reply. I turned to where he indicated and saw what seemed to be a stretch of disused ground over which one or two odd creatures with mashies and dubious-coloured balls were aimlessly meandering.

Somewhat shaken, I looked again and then espied behind some trees a small hotel bearing the name—Ye Olde Golf Tavern—with the date 1456 alongside. Then I realised where we were. Technically, the driver was correct. This bare piece of ground tucked away in the centre of the city was the original Bruntsfield Links, and this tavern was no other than the celebrated "houff" that played such a prominent part in the beginnings of so many famous Scottish clubs.

Here it was that a Mr. Scott had backed himself to drive a ball in forty-five strokes over that volcanic stump in the distance called Arthur's Seat, and failed in the attempt; and where a Mr. Brown had taken up the challenge, performed the feat, and won a wager of a gallon of whisky—all of which was doubtless consumed at this very tavern.

Spithead Hotel by that pioneering sportsman, Captain Jack Eaton. This last-named hotel became so popular with the members, and their numbers increased so rapidly, that another storey had to be added, and even this accommodation was later supplemented by a private room built on by the members.

The first meeting of the Prestwick Club was held in the Red Lion Hotel on July 2nd, 1851, when 57 of the 60 originally invited attended and elected Lord Eglinton as their first captain.

These meeting places, however, served only as temporary measures. It was soon found that separate and independent accommodation was necessary. Even at Prestwick, during the Red Lion days, a change was introduced in the form of a lunch house. I was taken to see this interesting relic by Major MacBrayne this summer.

It now serves as a toolshed, but at one time it must have been a common sight to have seen the landlord of the Red Lion arriving with a basket of beer on one arm and a pannier of bread and cheese on the other for the members' lunch. A truly picturesque arrangement that went on until a clubhouse was eventually built at a cost of £758.

A similar process of development took place over the oldest seaside golf course in England, namely the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! At the outset it was decided that the hiring of a room in Beer's Farm was sufficient for their needs. Its main object was the storing of clubs so as to save members the trouble of carrying them up the hill to the village. Then when membership began to increase the need was indicated for more comfortable accommodation.

Their first headquarters was a bathing-machine which was duly dragged out to the first tee by coastguardsmen and was used for the storing of food and drink. This was later replaced, first by a tent, then by a marquee. These were taken to the first tee on a handcart pulled by Bryant Andrews and his son, Philip—a method which was improved as the club became more prosperous by the introduction of a donkey cart!

Finally these temporary structures were abolished and the club gloried in the erection of an iron hut by the Pebble Ridge, and Bryant was appointed as steward.

Four illustrations of these early days can be seen framed in the present clubhouse. They depict in amusing fashion the thrills and spills of an adventurous foursome, and in the background we catch a glimpse in one of the iron hut, and, in another, of the lonely-looking tent pitched on what looks like a desolate waste.

Another example of these early structures is to be seen at that supremely natural course, Island Malahide, where after being ferried over by Vincent O'Brien, who has been doing this for over 40 years, I found the history of the club's progress in three buildings. The first was a small primitive shack; the second was little better, although slightly larger; whilst the third represented the present phase.

Usually these first homes have some good story connected with them, but few are so choice as the one associated with the original small hut which served as a clubhouse for Formby members. According to tradition a bottle of whisky was always kept on the shelf bearing the following inscription: "A moderate go, 4d."!

Looked at now in retrospect it can be seen that the gradual evolution of golf clubhouse construction follows in close detail the tracks of architectural advance in other spheres. None of our architectural monuments of superb beauty have been the fruit of a single mind and advance has only been won after years of experimentation.



THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH "HOUFF" ASSOCIATED WITH THE BEGINNING OF MANY WELL-KNOWN GOLF CLUBS

New Books

A CAVALCADE OF SPORT

Sporting Spectacle. By WILLIAM FAWCETT. (Methuen; 12/6.)

To think of England is to recall the quiet peace of the countryside rather than the bustle of industrial centres, and to think of the country is to bring to mind those sporting pursuits which are inherent in English tradition. And so, when we read William Fawcett's book *Sporting Spectacle*, we capture something of the spirit of England, and see a cavalcade which stretches on down the centuries, from the early days of the stage coach and highwaymen, through the vicissitudes of hunting and racing to the present time.

To gather together in a composite volume much that is best and most interesting of fact and legend of the turf and the hunting field is no mean task; but Mr. Fawcett has achieved it, partly by research but largely through his own knowledge of a subject which to him is something more than of passing interest.

For this reason it is when we reach that part of his book where he dips into the great store of this knowledge that we derive greatest pleasure; and it is in these chapters that he plays upon the chords of our own memories. One does not need to be a "horsey" person to enjoy this book, for even those who know most, or imagine they do, can always learn something, and there is much here of hunting history, custom and tradition, and of the turf, that is news to most of us. And it is not the least of the pleasures of this work that one can say, not infrequently, "well, I never knew that."

Nor is it all fact leavened with legend and anecdote; there is shrewd reasoning, sympathetic understanding, and sentiment of the right sort. We see that with the passing of the years much that was, shall we say, crude, in hunting and racing ways, most of that which was cruel, and all, or nearly all, that was dishonest in racing, has given way to a finer and better understanding. Throughout the ages, though other times have meant other ways, the traditional English love of the horse has remained, and this work of William Fawcett's serves to remind us, if such a reminder were necessary, that such a noble creature is deserving of the best at our hands.

* * *

Wanderings in the Peruvian Andes. By Dr. A. M. RENWICK. (Blackie; 10/6.)

In taking up this book one rather hopes to find that the author had woven into it a description in detail of the civilisation of Peru before the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century, and before Christianity had been brought to the country. One cannot think of Peru without remembering the account of that attractive form of civilisation, with its high standard of moral law, and its amazing ingenuity in industry, and its highly commendable measures for obviating poverty. Before that civilisation, which was developed by a once barbarous race and continued until the Spanish conquest and the introduction of Christianity, we must bow, and as the Chinese say: "When you bow, bow low." Had the author of *Wanderings in the Peruvian Andes* entranced his readers with a survey of the accomplishments of that ancient race who felt the urge to rise higher, his record of wanderings would, one ventures to think, have worn a garment of richer texture, and have reached the heart and soul of the reader, and qualified it for a place on the top shelf for travel books. As it is, it is a book recording impressions descriptively written of an interesting tour in an interesting country. In that capacity the book justifies itself, and it should be stated with full generosity that the supply of plates is bountiful and beautiful. With more "soul" in the description of the beautiful, more rapture, the appreciation of this interesting symposium of travel would be on a little higher plane.

Those interested (and they must be numerous) in Peru with its immensity of space, spaces of silence yet with a presence, and with its mountainous scenery will find much in this book to impress their minds.

* * *

Fleet Street Goes Racing. By PERCY SWAFFER. (Hutchinson & Co.; 12/6.)

We are so accustomed to studying the racing pages in the daily papers that we have come to take them for granted, and few of us ever spare a thought for those whose task it is to compile those pages and to give us so much accurate information every day. Mr. Swaffer has spent many years "behind" the racing pages of different papers, and in *Fleet Street Goes Racing* he has an enthralling tale to tell of the gradual evolution of those pages, and of the changes which from time to time come over them.

The story of the racing pages of the Press is the story of racing itself, and of the trend of public opinion and of public sympathy. In this book one is able to discover for the first time why it is that detailed descriptions of individual races have been dropped from the Press, and also to find out the reasons which underlie many other things which everyone has remarked, but which no member of the public has ever been able to explain.

Mr. Swaffer tells the story of the Press and of racing, and he blends the two with such skill, and flavours the mixture with so many interesting side-lines about horses, people and institutions, that the result is a book which must be of equally absorbing interest to the man who is interested in racing, or in the Press, or simply in his fellow men. This book can be recommended to anyone, except the man who wants to borrow it, for it is certain that it will never be returned; it is a book which, once it has been read, will be kept in a convenient place for reference, and this will be greatly facilitated by the index which is so thoughtfully provided.

* * *

The Blaze of Noon. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. (Secker & Warburg; 7/6.)

It has the ring of an autobiography rather than a novel. Louis Dunkel disengages Sophie Madron from self-haziness and a Cornish quarryman—a delicate wooing threatened only by the coming of Amity Nance. All plain sailing until you find that Louis is a blind masseur, Amity a physically attractive deaf-mute, and Sophie a ward with a somewhat unchaperoned past—and present, for that matter. The story runs lightly along, never too insistent to sidetrack its burden—the struggle, and triumph of a man who had every nobility but sight. He writes in the first person with incisiveness and frank conviction. Here is no blind man's bluff, but a relentless rejection of sentimental plea and suppression of all matter and incident normal to ourselves but irrevelant to him. Elizabeth Bowen, in her foreword, says, "this book, by knocking away devices, by moving behind the known terms of reference, looks like and, I think, is, the beginning of something new." We are agreed about that.

* * *

A Man in the East. By MAX RELTON. (Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 10/6.)

In the title of this book the author, Mr. Relton, has admirably summed up his attitude to his own travels; here he is just A Man in the East, and inside, under a picture of himself with a tiger which he has shot, he is M.R. with Tiger. Nowhere is there any "I" or "My," Mr. Relton is, in his own opinion, just A Man whose opinions and achievements are neither greater nor lesser than those of any other Man. This complete absence of self-importance is a necessary adjunct to a book which is, admittedly, a facetious description of what was, nevertheless, a very interesting journey; it is also a quality which, by reason of its rareness among authors, is at once delightful and refreshing.

Mr. Relton sets out to entertain his readers and this he succeeds in doing throughout his 287 pages, but he also manages to interest them, and to shed some illuminating sidelights upon that very complex subject, the Sino-Japanese War, and all that it means to China.

The first half of the book is the most interesting because in it Mr. Relton is dealing with China, where he has lived for two-and-a-half years, while in the later sections he is dealing with Indo-China, to which country he made but one short excursion, in the course of which he was not able to gain a very deep understanding of the country or of the people who inhabit it; but the entertainment value is maintained throughout and the reader can be certain of many a quiet chuckle as he turns the pages.

At the end of the book the more serious undercurrent, of which there have been many glimpses, finds expression in a few quite admirable pages, which are devoted to a comparison of the lives, hopes and aspirations of the city dweller at home and the man who spends his life in strange countries; an illuminating study of something by which many people have been struck upon their return from abroad. The pictures are so good, and were obtained at the expense of so much trouble, if not to say subterfuge, that it is a pity there are not more of them.

* * *

Vinegar and Brown Paper. By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

"Vinegar and Brown Paper"—with the addition of a little pepper—was, one reads, years ago considered an efficacious cure for toothache, but only one of these ingredients, viz., pepper, seems to have any connection with Mr. Carstairs first novel dealing (not with dental troubles) but the private and professional lives of eight London glamour girls. The author's knowledge of the off-stage conversation and behaviour of these gorgeous creatures is astounding, if he can be accepted as a reliable authority on the subject. This book is light and quite amusing, if you are easily amused.

* * *

Home-Grown Timbers. (Second Edition.) FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH LABORATORY. (H.M. Stationery Office; 2/-.)

At a time when inevitably many square pegs are sitting uneasily in round holes a second edition of this comprehensive work is doubly welcome. Highly technical and of especial interest to manufacturers and timber merchants, the handbook is one that every landowner, agent or farmer will find invaluable. It gives reliable data of the various properties of our native timbers, forming a sound basis for deciding which species can replace others for a special purpose.

Interesting facts emerge. Yew is more durable than oak. Beech, hornbeam and sycamore absorb creosote more readily than poplar, willow or sweet chestnut. All boards split more readily along the radial than the tangential plane. Elm of straight grain is more easily cleft than oak.

Each of our native species receives full description from the point of view of seasoning, wood bending, durability, insect attack, preservative treatment, working qualities and uses.

A most valuable book for all concerned in any way with trees, and one that has proved so popular a second edition has become necessary in less than two years.

* * *

Flame. By MARY MASON. (*Country Life*; 5/-.)

As one may suppose, this is the story of a dog.

Flame is, of course, the name of the hero. Flame is "a dog without a heart." We meet him as a yearling, when his owner, who must go abroad, parts with him. The story tells how Flame, the once heartless, develops his affections, becomes as sentimental as he is beautiful, wins on the bench, brings about a reconciliation between two old friends who have quarrelled (sahibs both), and (in a most unsetterly manner) attacks and overthrows the gipsy who has assaulted the small boy who is now his master.

This book is somehow unconvincing as the study of a dog of character, but it makes a very agreeable story for the schoolroom, and the author has a love of the country, of country days and ways, and a gift of description which is pleasant.

The illustrations by George Thomson are good; one or two of them extremely so.

* * *

Silent Flight. By ANN C. EDMONDS. (*Country Life*; 5/-.)

The story of Jane and Brian, twins, who by perseverance, the good fellowship of a glider club and the spur of mutual rivalry achieved their ambition—a metamorphosis through grub and chrysalis stages in a surprisingly short time to full-winged flight. It is written clearly. There is no palisade of technical terms; they creep in one at a time almost unnoticed, until the reader is taking them in his stride. And, by the same token, feels himself rid of the ground and looking with Jane and Brian down the long cloud-streets of a vivid, silent world. For such is the author's wizardry. In bright, straightforward prose, she lifts him up into the gracious company of kites and sailers soaring and circling in their airways between the clouds. Nor does she let him forget that these rewards of flight are not won without hard work and long waitings for right weather on the ground.

Patrick Nicoll's delicate pencil drawings of gliders in cloud-swept skies are the ideal illustrations for the book.

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CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN spite of the war there will, I imagine, be few houses without our traditional Christmas decorations. Formerly not only were houses adorned but streets, too. The more extreme Puritans objected to all decorations and once during their regime decorations in the streets were forbidden by law. But, as one member of Parliament observed "The English do hate to be reformed," and in spite of the law decorations appeared as usual. Nor is it likely that the War will deter us in these days.

Ever since Druidic times the holly, or "holy tree," our finest native evergreen, has been associated with that season of the year when the days begin to lengthen, a symbol of hope. In the woodlands when all else speaks of decay and death, the vivid splendid foliage of the holly lit by its brilliant berries is the true symbol of life. It is small wonder that holly figures so largely in the old carols:

> *"Though winter blasts blow ne'er so high*
> *Green grow'th the holly,*
> *Green grow'th the holly;*
> *So doth the ivy;*
> *The God of life can never die,*
> *Hope! saith the holly."*

Our native holly can hold its own with any foreign species, even with the striking Japanese *Ilex latifolia* with leaves almost as large as those of *Magnolia grandiflora*, and generally regarded as one of the finest Japanese evergreens that can be grown in these islands. Another interesting Japanese holly is *I. crenata Mariesii*, the rare dwarf form of *I. crenata*. It is small leaved and has black berries. This holly is suitable for the rock garden. Fortune introduced *I. cornuta*, one of the most curious of the Chinese hollies. It has almost rectangular leaves and very large red berries, which are, however, not freely produced.

I. pedunculosa continentalis, the Chinese form of a remarkable Japanese species, was introduced by the late Mr. E. H. Wilson. The leaves are about 4in. long, but its most striking characteristic is the fact that the berries hang on stalks almost an inch long, which makes them look almost as though they had been artificially suspended. One of the most famous species is the Paraguayan holly (the source of "maté," the tea drunk throughout South America) which cannot be grown in these islands.

Mistletoe in pagan times was regarded as even more sacred than the holly. It is our only native parasitic shrub and as such, apart from its beauty, has always attracted attention. To the Druids it was a mysterious shrub and to the modern scientist it is still in many ways a mystery, for many of the secrets of the mistletoe remain to be discovered.

Why, for instance, does mistletoe grow so freely on apple trees and so seldom on the pear? There are a few famous mistletoe pears in the country, but though efforts have frequently been made to sow mistletoe on pear trees, in no known case has the plant developed further than mere germination.

Again, some mistletoe plants are unisexual and others are bisexual. On the oak mistletoe grows extremely rarely, and perhaps this accounts for the Druids' veneration for mistletoe oaks. There are very few mistletoe oaks in the country, the most famous, perhaps, being that at Eastnor Park, near Ladbury. Mistletoe is curiously capricious in regard to the localities where it grows. In Essex, Worcestershire and Herefordshire it is common, in the North very scarce.

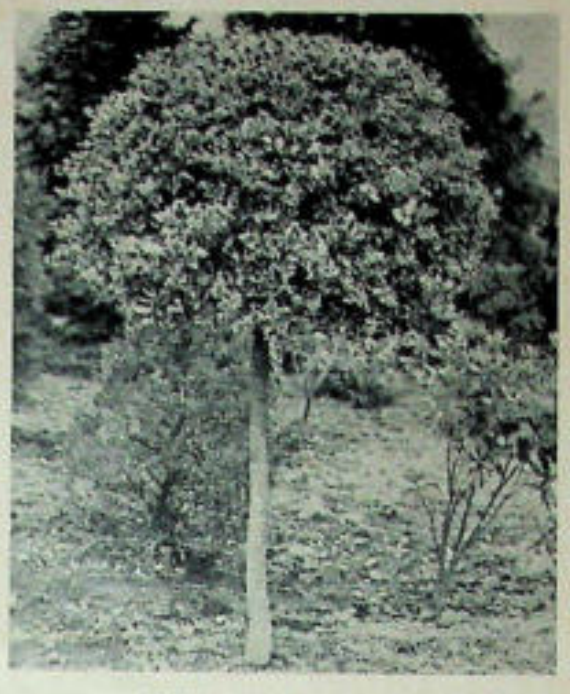
The custom of kissing under the mistletoe affords yet another problem. The custom is unknown in any other European country and the origin of the custom in this country is unknown. Owing to its association with pagan rites mistletoe was forbidden in church decorations, yet formerly it was the custom in York Minster for the priest to place a branch of mistletoe on the altar for the Christmas festival. The origin of this custom, too, is unknown.

Even the origin of the name "mistletoe" is uncertain. Some authorities say it is derived from "mistel" (different) and "tan" a twig (*i.e.*, different from the tree on which it grows). Other authorities derive the word from mistl (bird-lime) and tan (twig), in reference to the custom of using the berries for making bird-lime. The Celtic name of mistletoe was gue, "the shrub of shrubs," i.e., the best of all shrubs.

Ivy in mediæval times seems to have been regarded as the sinister rival of holly. Some of the varieties of our native ivy are singularly decorative, particularly the small-leaved kinds with dark purplish berries. They are perhaps most attractive when grown in shrub form. The Canary Island and Persian ivies are the most decorative of all the varieties it is possible to grow in these islands. The variegated form of the Canary Island ivy, with its bold dark green leaves, silver and white round the edge, is one of the handsomest of evergreens. The Persian variety has leaves nearly a foot long and about 4in. broad. The Himalayan ivy is conspicuous for its berries, which are usually yellow but sometimes red.

Various other evergreen shrubs are very useful for indoor decoration at Christmas time. For instance, *Leptospermum scoparium* var. *Nicholsii*, with its reddish purple sprays of dainty leaves, is charmingly distinctive. It is hardy only in the extreme south, however. *Cassinia fulvida* (syn., *Diplopappus chrysophyllus*) grows in almost any soil, is perfectly hardy, and is a gay evergreen, for even in mid-winter the yellow of the young shoots is suggestive of spring. The cassinias have a heath-like appearance, but unlike so many heaths they are not resentful of lime.

The silver variety *C. leptophylla* is not so popular, for its silvery appearance is not so attractive in winter as the green and gold of *C. fulvida*. The humble *Euonymus radicans variegata* has most attractive foliage for picking.



ILEX REGINA NIGRA AUREA
"Ever since Druidic times the holly has been . . . . a symbol of hope"

All these shrubs afford delightful foliage sprays for the bowls which we all enjoy filling with the stray flowers still to be found in the garden, even in mid-winter.

THE CURRANT TRIBE

BOTH the black and red currants are amongst the invaluable small fruits, and there is still time to plant them provided the weather remains open. Black currants are particularly useful not only for jams, jellies and puddings but also for various other confections.

It is useless to plant black currants on poor shallow soil, and heavy soil is almost equally unsuitable. They need a well-worked and liberally fed soil. In preparing the site for them, heavy ground needs lightening with well-decayed manure, wood ash, &c., and light soil has to be enriched with these manures.

Black currants, like gooseberries, flower very early and therefore need a site where they are sheltered from cutting winds and where bees are likely to visit them. In some gardens with every care taken in the preparation of the soil they fruit badly and it is usually due to lack of insect pollination. This is especially the case with that first-rate variety Boskoop Giant. Black currants are nearly always grown in bush form; they should not, however, be grown with a "leg," but with the branches rising from soil level. As cordons they are not at all satisfactory.

It is best to buy one- or two-year-old plants and these usually fruit their second season. They need firm planting, but the top fibrous roots should not be more than 3in. below soil level. Cut out all weak branches before planting. The first pruning is done in very early spring before the buds swell, and, in the case of newly-planted bushes, every branch should be cut back to two or at the most three buds.

Established bushes are treated differently, for black currants bear their fruits on the branches made the previous season. Consequently, the whole object in pruning them is to encourage the production of young growths from as low as possible and old branches need cutting out altogether. Pruning established bushes ought to be done as soon as they have finished fruiting and not left till autumn.

The only other attention these fruits need is to be kept well hoed. This is not merely to remove weeds but to conserve moisture.

It is most important to spray black currants with a lime-sulphur wash from the time they are cuttings. This should be done when the leaves begin to unfold. It is the best preventive of big bud, attacks by aphis and other troubles. The usual strength is one gallon of lime-sulphur to 13 gallons of water, but some varieties need a weaker strength, and when buying new varieties it is advisable to ask the nurseryman the strength they require.

Nowadays it is usually only the black currant fruits that are used, but the leaves can be used for making delicious syrup. To make it boil 1lb. of white sugar with half a pint of water to a syrup. Then add a pint of black currant leaves and simmer for fifteen minutes. Cool and strain. When quite cold add the juice of three lemons and half a pint of whipped cream. Serve in individual glasses, decorating with a teaspoonful of black currant jam in each glass.

Black currant cream made with honey is good. Rub 1lb. of black currants through a sieve, mix the pulp with two heaping tablespoonfuls of honey and three of cream. Mix well and then fold in the whipped whites of two eggs. Serve in glasses.

Recipes for black currant jams and jellies are to be found in most cookery books, but the best I know is a jam made with black currants, cherries and raspberries. If necessary bottled cherries can be used. The proportions are 1lb. of black currants, 1lb. of cherries, 1½lb. of raspberries and one pint of red currant juice. The jam is made in the usual way, but 1lb. of sugar must be allowed to every pint of the liquid.

Red currants are chiefly of value as a cooked fruit, but some modern varieties are so good that they are fit for dessert. Unlike black currants the red variety flourish in the bleakest and most wind-swept parts. They succeed in almost any soil provided it is not water-logged, but full sun is essential. Again unlike black currants they do well in cordon form, though bushes are the most satisfactory.

It is important not to plant them too deeply. The top roots should not have more than 2in. to 3in. of soil above them. After planting the main shoots should be cut back to half their length. In subsequent pruning the object is to keep the bushes well open in the centre and the branches evenly spaced. Therefore, in the autumn cut back the young growths that will have grown during the summer from the branches shortened at planting time.

Those intended to make main branches should be cut back to half their length and all unwanted shoots to two buds. This pruning should be done every subsequent autumn. Always cut back to a plump bud, for if a branch is cut to a poor bud it may die back. With older bushes it is a good plan to cut out one old branch every year to make room for vigorous young growth.

Cordons are treated in exactly the same way, i.e., cutting back all growths on each branch to two buds and shortening the leading shoot or shoots by a third. As with bushes, always cut back to a plump bud. In parts where birds attack the currant bushes badly it is best to postpone pruning till February, or even March in cold parts. After the leaves have fallen red currants should be sprayed with a 5 per cent. solution of a tar-oil wash.

Of the white currants the sweetest is Bar-le-Duc, the variety so commonly grown in France and from which the delicious Bar-le-Duc preserve is made. The fruits are a soft yellow. The largest fruited variety is Transparent, but it is only a moderate grower. Pink currants look pretty, but the flavour is only fair.

E. S. R.

FARMING IN WARTIME—THE PLOUGHING-UP CAMPAIGN

These notes are from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

CONDITIONS in this country of soil, climate, farms and types of farming are so variable that generalisations are apt to be misleading. Therefore, in surveying the progress of the ploughing campaign a truer picture can be given by dividing Britain into districts and presenting a brief account of each.

Norfolk, universally held by those who live in it to be the premier arable county of England, has made remarkable progress in the task deputed to them by the Minister, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith. Helped by the traditional skill of its farmers and farm workers and with good leadership from the county committee, Norfolk already has not only made arrangements for ploughing the additional acreage assigned as its first war-time task, but now hopes considerably to exceed it.

In spite of the heavy demand on labour in this county for lifting the sugar beet crop and other seasonal work, there is one district where 47 per cent. of the scheduled grassland has been already ploughed and 27 per cent. actually drilled with wheat.

Suffolk also has its quota of extra arable acres promised. In common with many other parts of Britain, the whole of this effort has been voluntary. In fact, it has been the universal experience over the whole country that compulsion has been almost unknown, although never before in our history have we attempted a ploughing campaign in a single season on anything approaching this scale. Suffolk farmers also are in many instances exceeding the quota asked of them and the reduced supply of feeding stuffs is leading to an additional campaign to render every farm self-supporting.

More Sugar Beet

Farmers are being asked to grow an additional 53,000 acres of sugar beet this year; that is, an increase of about 15 per cent. on the 1939 area of 337,000 acres. There is good reason to expect that the extra acres will be forthcoming, for the 1940 contract offers the growers an increased price that works out at 4/11 per ton of beet in an average year. There is also the undertaking that prices will be reviewed in the event of increased production costs not taken into account when the contract was drawn up.

But the beet crop is also important for its contribution to animal feeding stuffs. The tops—often underrated in food value—are almost equal in weight to the roots, and this year the crop has yielded about 350,000 tons of dried pulp (and molasses), which growers have got back from the factories on favourable terms.

Helping The Smallholder and Crofter

The reduction of the minimum area eligible for the Government ploughing-up grant announced by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith in Parliament on December 7th, will enable many smallholders and crofters to make a further contribution to the food production campaign.

Probably an additional 75,000 to 100,000 acres in the United Kingdom may now be brought within the scope of these grants. In many ways the smallholder can obtain an even greater benefit than the large farmer by growing as much of his own feeding stuffs as he can under present conditions. The freedom in choice of crops for the newly ploughed land that can be exercised by the county committees will be particularly useful to the small farmer in this respect.

Guaranteed Price For Rye

The Minister also announced a system of price insurance for rye introduced on the same lines as that for oats. The standard price will be the same as that for oats and the rate of any subsidy payment that may be payable will be calculated by reference to the average price of oats if satisfactory market prices for rye cannot be collected.

This means that rye will be subsidised, if market prices make a subsidy necessary, on an acreage basis. The farmer growing an average crop of rye can count upon a guaranteed return equivalent to 9/- per cwt.

Rye is particularly well suited to light sandy land, such as is found in the Eastern Counties, and on these soils it is often the safest and most productive grain crop. It needs little manure, and is less liable to damage by wireworms than other cereals. Early sowing is strongly recommended, but it can be sown up to the beginning of March.

At present the United Kingdom acreage is only about 18,000, but at the end of the last war it was over 100,000. Rye is used for making some breakfast foods and can be used, if necessary, for bread, but its chief value is for feeding livestock. In composition it is similar to wheat, but it is more liable to cause digestive disturbances, and should not be fed until it has had time to condition in the stack.

It may be fed cooked to horses up to half their ration. Ground and scalded for pigs it may be used to replace one-third of the barley meal. Not more than ¼lb. per day should be given to sheep. With poultry it should be confined to feeding adult stock, and its safety limit for laying stock is reached when the grain ration contains one-fifth rye. The straw has practically no feeding value.

Pigs Find New Homes

It is hardly necessary to reiterate that the need to reduce imported rations for pigs by at least one-third does not involve a reduction of a similar amount in our pig population. There can be few people who ever expected such a thing would happen. Even the individual farm where the bought rations are reduced by one-third will not have to reduce its pigs to that extent. But it is encouraging to find a strong demand for weaners, general throughout the country, reflecting the reinstatement of the pig on general farms, allotments and cottage gardens. He has disappeared from too many of them.

Specialist pig farmers who find it necessary to reduce their head of stock will naturally look to this market. More general farmers are acquiring a few pigs each and the newly-formed Small Pig Keepers' Council is already receiving a most encouraging send-off. So far there is no prospect in sight of weaners being a drug on the market.

Owners of large numbers of pigs kept intensively may be faced with the immediate difficulty of how to keep those that are not wanted until they are sold. Probably the most satisfactory way out is to replace half the normal cereal ration by boiled potatoes supplemented by boiled swedes or other vegetables. The pigs will take about a month longer to deliver the bacon, but they will get there.

Artichokes For Pigs

Artichokes are normally grown for human consumption but in war-time they are often worth cultivating as food for stock, especially pigs. The tubers contain rather more water but also slightly more protein than potatoes and, on the whole, are of very similar feeding value.

As a crop artichokes possess several advantages; like potatoes, they respond to good treatment but they can also be grown successfully on poor, light, gravelly or peaty soils. They are able to resist drought and are remarkably free from insect and fungoid pests. They may be lifted, like potatoes, in autumn or left in the ground to be forked out as required during the winter. Frost does not injure the tubers if they are allowed to thaw in the ground. They may be grown in odd corners or on waste land.



FORDSON TRACTORS ARE PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE LAND CAMPAIGN

Continued wet weather has hampered ploughing everywhere, but in Essex, as might be expected by those who know the heavy character of its land, the results have been particularly unfortunate. Large areas of such land normally seeded to wheat have not been planted. The need is all the greater, therefore, to concentrate on spring oats and barley that will come in for the 1940 harvest.

But Essex has special problems that have nothing to do with the weather. There are vast areas of thousands of acres of London clay that went back to grass both in the depression of the 'nineties and after the last war—in such districts as the Dengie Hundred, Great and Little Wigborough and where "Tolleshunt" and "Layer" are picturesque prefixes to parishes whose agricultural story is not so pretty.

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When lifted in the ordinary way enough small tubers will normally be left in the ground to re-establish the crop in the following year. For pigs they are believed to be more suitable in the raw than in the cooked condition. Consequently pigs, especially sows and older pigs, may in suitable circumstances be left to harvest the crop for themselves. Such harvesting is useful for brood sows owing to the exercise obtained in the labour of rooting the tubers out.

Planting may be done in autumn or in spring. As a rule the land is ploughed, ridged and manured as for potatoes. Tubers may be spaced 18ins. apart in rows 30ins. apart. From 12 to 15 cwt. of sets per acre will be required. The weight of crop obtained is generally somewhat less than that of potatoes. On the other hand, expenses would normally also be less.

Village Rat Clubs

Although National Rat Week is over, there is little need to stress the fact that every week should be rat week on farms suffering from these pests.

Enlightened private enterprise has resulted in Rat Clubs being formed in some villages, where so much per tail is paid for all rats brought in to one person appointed to count the tails and then burn them.

Here a private word of warning might be given. It is advisable for farmers in neighbouring districts to agree the rates of payment. In one known instance a halfpenny per tail was being paid in one county and a penny per tail in the next. Quite an export trade in rats' tails suddenly sprang up from one county to the other.



A FLOCK ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS, NEAR ALDWORTH

MANAGEMENT OF THE FLOCK

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

TO those who love sheep, it is good news that the Minister of Agriculture seems to realise to the full the important rôle they can play in the campaign for increased food production at home.

This was a point I have frequently stressed in these columns because, having had much to do with sheep all my life, I have been convinced that the sheep can produce meat from grass with a modicum of concentrated foods in a far cheaper way than any other animal.

As this is the case, I welcome the suggestion, made by the Minister that farmers should increase their sheep stock by breeding from old ewes, which in the ordinary course of events they would draft out, and by taking a crop of lambs from their ewe lambs.

Personally, I would far rather do the former than the latter, unless I were lucky enough to farm on really good land.

As a rule each year sees an exodus from the flocks of the full-mouth, or regular draft ewes. They are generally sold at the recognised shows and sales of the particular breed to which they belong, and they are usually purchased by someone who intends to start a flock, and buys these ewes because they are known breeders, and are generally the cheapest age to buy, or they are purchased by someone who intends to cross them with a ram of another breed, and for the production of fat lambs, when both dam and lamb are sold out as fat.

Now, it is a well-known fact that there are more lambing casualties among the young ewes which come down with their first lamb, than with any other age, and it seems to me that to take a crop of lambs from ewe lambs is to ask for a still greater rate of mortality than one experiences from the young ewes.

There are, of course, governing factors which cannot be ignored, i.e., the size of the breed, and the type of land upon which the flock is kept.

We recognise the fact that grass-ewes, and especially the half-breds, or the Border-Leicester-Cheviot cross, are possessed of such inherent fertility, and are such heavy milkers, that even the ewe lambs can be looked upon as being able to breed and feed a lamb, while amongst the arable sheep those kept on the best land attain growth and maturity that cannot be looked for in ewe lambs of the hill or mountain breeds.

From this it follows that one would never risk taking a crop of lambs from a mountain breed, or from a down breed kept purely on downland grazing.

Thus, I would never risk putting my ewe lambs to a ram unless they had access to plentiful keep, and I should always mate them to a ram lamb, giving it not more than 50 to 60 ewe lambs to serve.

In the ordinary course of events in-lamb ewes have to look after themselves until about a month before lambing, when they will get a certain amount of trough food and hay to steady them before they go out on the pastures. I have seen excellent results from feeding in-lamb ewes on sugar beet tops, and after they have been exhausted on dried sugar beet pulp, but when it comes to ewe lambs I hold that they require really good feeding to promote their growth, build up constitution, and provide them with sufficient food, not only to maintain themselves in this respect, but to provide the essential nourishment for the lamb they are carrying.

As a matter of practical farming politics I dislike the idea of breeding from immature animals which have not yet achieved their own maximum of growth, but I realise that the present emergency demands a big sacrifice in preconceived ideals, and so we must steel our hearts, and put the ram lamb in amongst our ewe lambs. In doing this I suggest that, having regard to the exceptional circumstances the first, and best, fold on our crops must go to these ewe lambs, and that when they are safely in lamb we must remember that we have to stimulate their immature milk yield, and so trough food must be fed to them, such as crushed oats, bran, or a mixture of linseed cake and bruised peas or crushed beans.

I also think that the best fields of old turnips should be held back for them, for old turnips spell milk, and I have found that, try as you will, you cannot get these "baby" ewe lambs to milk well. Just another tip: when the ewe lambs come to the lambing pen—and they should be put to ram last of all the breeding sheep on a farm—the shepherd should be instructed to stay with them every night, for when they come to lamb it will be found that there will be more need of expert sheep midwifery than in any of the other ages of breeding ewes. We expect losses, and it is up to us to prevent them where possible.

To swing from sheep to another subject might it be suggested that the farm teams should be kept up to scratch. There is an immense amount of work falling on the cart horses this month. On many farms they still have to plough, although I always say to use horses for ploughing, unless under exceptional circumstances, is a waste of horse power, but even where the tractors plough and sow the land horses are most generally employed in harrowing it and rolling it, and at the same time they have to cart the corn from the threshing machines, and they are generally employed in carting dung on to the land, or helping in moving the sugar beet. They want consideration, and I suggest they are only getting it when their weekly ration is in the neighbourhood of 2½ bushels of oats and a truss and a half of hay, sound seeds mixture at that, or even to the extent of two trusses per week. Bed them up well, groom them efficiently and they will serve you well.

POULTRY ADVISORY COMMITTEE.—The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has appointed Capt. Guy Clifford, a Lancashire poultry farmer, and vice-president of the National Poultry Council, and Professor T. J. Dalling, Professor of Animal Pathology in the University of Cambridge, as additional members to the Wartime Poultry Advisory Committee recently set up to give advice on matters affecting the interests of the poultry industry under war-time conditions.

EXEMPTION FROM WAR RISKS INSURANCE.—The Board of Trade has issued an Order which excludes from the scope of the War Risks Insurance Act a number of agricultural products while still on the farm. A previous Order had exempted the great bulk of these products, when so situated, from the operation of the scheme; but a few, including milk, butter, cheese, eggs and wool, remained insurable. Insurance of these was compulsory if their total value at any time amounted to more than £1,000, but this figure was rarely, if ever, exceeded, and insurance consequently remained voluntary. Farmers have not, in fact, availed themselves of the facilities, and it has been considered unnecessary to retain any distinction in regard to different classes of agricultural produce.

PRESERVING SHOOTING AMENITIES—II

The Ideal Covert

By REGINALD DAVEY

TIMES of enforced economy are not those for suggesting costly or extensive improvements. At the same time, even with depleted resources, much can be done to prevent that general falling into decay which is so much to be deplored. Last week a general picture was given of a covert as seen through the eyes of its principal tenant, the pheasant, whose modest requirements are sunlight, concealment and freedom from draught.

Oak, ash and larch woods provide the right admixture of light and concealment, for after about the 40th year the crowns become widely spaced and green vegetation appears. From planting up to the 20th year conditions also are good, but from the 20th to the 40th year the intensity of the competition causes a closing of the canopy and the death of all ground plants.

Many excellent coverts of this age are driven every season and always yield a good crop of birds, for the reason that the owner has had the foresight to provide marginal cover. This can take the form of any fairly dense growing evergreen shrub, preferably backed by two rows of firs. Rhododendron proves unsurpassed for this purpose on sandy soils, laurel and privet on clays or silts, yew and juniper on chalk. For the outside trees Austrian pine is excellent on all soils, but its unrelieved blackness is better cheered with an admixture of lighter foliaged species.

Few estates will be left entirely devoid of labour in the woods, and the question will be the best manner in which to employ what is available. The addition of marginal cover to plantations that are approaching their 20th year is a task that either woodman or keeper can undertake, if need be, single handed.

When a wood begins to grow dark, and the ground vegetation and scrub shows signs of disappearing, the covert value will decline rapidly unless something is done to allow the scrub to survive. The needful task is to thin the wood, removing the suppressed and badly shaped trees that are crowding the better shaped dominants, and, incidentally, let in the sunlight. The heaviness of the thinning, the number of stems removed, is controlled by species and fear of wind damage. For a wind firm species like oak, ash or larch growing on a deep firm soil, a very heavy thinning need not cause apprehension.

From a timber production point of view a heavy thinning should be followed by pruning side branches of trees up to timber height. This should be done before the stem reaches a diameter of 6in., and if there are many live branches to be removed it may have to spread over a few years.

Thinning, both for the game and timber production, is a task that a restricted staff can undertake, provided the trees to be cut are marked by someone who understands. One advantage is that the produce will rather more than pay the labour bill.

The biggest question that owners are likely to have to face is the clear felling of their young conifer plantations, between the ages of 20 and 35 years for pitprops. On some estates this has resulted in 40 or 50 acres of land being suddenly bared and ready for replanting, an almost impossible undertaking in present circumstances.

It is fortunate that if we provide the correct conditions most of our timber trees will reseed themselves naturally. Oak, ash, beech, sycamore and Scots pine are widely known for natural seeding. The method was explained in the *Field* (November 18) but it depends upon the exclusion of the rabbit, who will eat all young seedlings, with the possible exception of sycamore.

The rabbit is the one point about which both woodman and keeper always agree. Both would like to see him exterminated. Both are in normal times too busy to give him the undivided attention that is needed to achieve that end. That it can be done was demonstrated on a 1,000 acre estate in Sussex, the method adopted having been explained in detail in a previous article (November 11th). Surely a woodman or keeper could not be better employed than in ridding the woods of an unmitigated pest, whose only virtue is that he keeps the grass rides neat and trim.

Once the rabbit is exterminated, and the danger points on the estate boundary protected with wire netting against fresh inroads, all the bare spaces in the woods will begin to clothe themselves with young trees in great profusion.

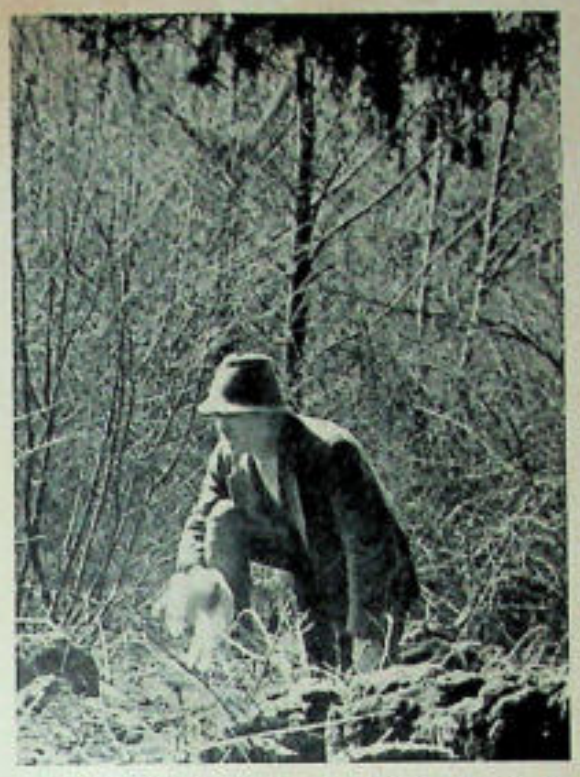
In most cases the crop will be dense enough to overcome weed growth, but in places and for easily damaged species like ash, it may be advisable to cut the weeds for two years, so as to let the trees get ahead. Oak is the one tree that benefits from the stimulating effect of being overtopped by weeds, and should not be brushed, unless it is choked with grass, a pest that no tree can survive.

It is most fortunate that trees will seed naturally, saving an outlay of £10 or £12 per acre, and calling for rather less after care than an ordinary plantation. Were this not the case there would surely be but little hope for the private woodlands in this country, heavily cut over now for the second time within a quarter of a century. This reclothing is well worth the effort of bringing about, for, apart from timber production, it is the only way to replace the missing coverts. After three years growth the covert will be usable, meanwhile providing valuable nesting space.

The design of flushing points and their siting in relation to coverts is too wide a subject to discuss now. Suffice it to say that the ideal arrangement is for the covert to connect with a flushing point, so arranged that the birds will be directed to fly back into the covert from which they have just walked. This cannot always be secured, and even when it can there may be involved a rather long walk for the birds. In this case the going should be made as easy as possible.

The object of the covert, so far as driving is concerned, is to allow the pheasant to walk forward unimpeded by too dense growth, but so concealed that he can feel that he is not seen by the beaters. The more distant parts of a covert can, with advantage, be slightly more open and easier walking, so that the birds may not be tired unduly and tempted to fly or break out at the side.

For these distant parts the ideal to aim at is ten-year-old sweet chestnut. As the flushing point is approached the covert will become slightly more dense, but only in the flushing point should flying be preferred to walking.



RIDDING THE WOODS OF AN UNMITIGATED PEST

IMPORTANCE OF TESTING FARM SOIL

By HILARY WHITE

SOIL analysis is a long and tedious operation and it is doubtful if at the end of it the results achieved are really worth while. At the present time the county council authorities are offering to analyse soils gratis, as part of the War Agricultural Committee's work. If every farmer takes advantage of this offer the provincial soil chemists will be kept very busy, and it may be months before the answers arrive!

On most farms normal methods of manuring do keep up the fertility, particularly where heavy dressings of farmyard manure are given. Sufficient attention, however, is not paid to liming, and it has been said that 60 per cent. of the arable land in this country suffers badly from lime deficiency.

Farmers often imagine that because a soil has a limestone "base" or origin, or because a soil is over chalk, that there is no need for lime, and so they never attempt to give such applications. The fact that fields are crying out for lime is not sufficiently apparent to them, and routine work may go on from year to year without their remembering to give the lime application in January or February, or whatever month may be considered right and convenient.

Lime deficiency, of course, varies tremendously from field to field. It can easily be as high as 4 tons per acre in the worst cases; it often reaches 2 tons and it may be as low as 4 cwt. It is when it exceeds 10 cwt. per acre that reduced crops result, and that the artificial manures applied can never be used to the greatest advantage by the plants. This latter statement is particularly true in the case of the members of the cabbage family—sprouts, cauliflowers and the like—swedes and turnips, sugar beet, barley and clover.

Most market gardeners recognise the desirability of applying lime to land that is to grow a cruciferous crop. Arable farmers as a whole realise the need of giving lime to land that is planned for a beet crop. There are, however, other sensitive crops than these, and it ought to become the routine practice on every farm and market garden to test for acidity.

There are various methods of carrying out such testings actually on the field. The taking of representative soil samples back to the farmhouse is never popular, but a testing on the field that gives immediate results is not laborious. There are various methods of doing this, the hydrochloric acid test, the thyocyanate test and the easiest of all, that carried out with a special soil "indicator."

In the hydrochloric acid test a small quantity of soil should be placed in a cup and a little water added. The whole should be stirred together until all the air has escaped. Hydrochloric acid should then be added drop by drop, and if an effervescence is seen and heard the soil contains sufficient lime, and in fact a good deal of lime. It is not, however, a perfect test because some soils are neutral or very slightly acid, and these would not cause an effervescence. Despite this they would not really need liming. (Concentrated hydrochloric acid is usually sold at the chemists as spirits of salts.)

Thyocyanate is definitely poisonous and has to be used with the utmost care. It is usually supplied by the chemist as potassium thyocyanate in an alcohol solution. In this case it is important to take a small quantity of *dry* soil and roughly three times the quantity of the thyocyanate liquid. The two should be shaken together in a bottle or test tube, and afterwards the colour of the liquid should be examined. If it is red, there is a serious shortage of lime; if pink, only a moderate deficiency; and if yellow or no particular colour, lime is not needed.

The easiest method, without a doubt, of telling whether soil needs lime or not is by the use of an indicator set which can be purchased from most chemists. One is made by the British Drug Houses and the other, known as the Soilometer, is made by Messrs. Baird & Tatlock.

The liquid supplied as a reagent is bluish green in colour, but directly it comes into contact with acidity of any kind it turns yellow, bright orange or red. The yellow colour notes a slight lime deficiency, the orange colour a moderate deficiency, and if the liquid turns bright red then the soil is very acid.

All that has to be done is to place a very small quantity of the soil—either moist or dry—on to the little saucer or dish provided in the set. A little of the indicator is then poured on, and the two are allowed to remain in contact with one another for a few minutes. The porcelain dish should then be tilted somewhat so that the liquid runs away from the soil and gathers in the channel provided for the purpose.

Here it can be examined for colour and it is the colour that decides the amount of lime to be applied. With the soil testing set is supplied a little chart or explanatory leaflet which gives instructions as to the pH and the amount of lime necessary.

The farmer has to remember that when taking a sample of soil from a field, in order to estimate acidity, it should be a typical sample, and not a portion from one corner of the field only. It is always better to walk over the field, picking up teaspoonfuls of soil from various parts, and then to mix these together so as to form what can be called a representative sample. It may be advisable to take another sample from 8in. or 9in. down, i.e., to the normal depth of ploughing. If a top and bottom sample are taken the soils concerned should be kept separate and tested separately.



MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE, JERSEY
Once impregnable, now a museum of many of the relics of Jersey

SOME QUAINT MUSEUMS

By MANSFIELD HORN

COLLECTING something or other seems to interest most people. Manhole covers or match-box lids will be found treasured somewhere; and these museums are not all to be found in the big cities. In fact some of the most interesting are found in more or less remote places, and some of the objects in them should find pride of place in the best museums in the cities.

I have been to museums in the Channel and Scilly Isles, Wales, Scotland and in most English counties. Some of these have been small collections; some have been large, but they are all the more interesting because of their individuality.

At Portland, near the Pennsylvania Castle, a residence built by the Governor of Portland, is an old cottage Thomas Hardy made famous. It was the home of "Avice," the heroine of *The Well-Beloved*. Dr. Marie Stopes, a resident on Portland, bought this cottage and presented it to Portland. The garden now contains numerous fossils found when excavating for Portland stone, while smaller exhibits are in the building. The fossils seem in strange contrast to a modern miniature bridge in the garden.

Not far north of Portland is Cranbourne Chase, near Blandford, and here is the collection started about 1880 by General Pitt-Rivers, known as the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Farnham. Part of the grounds were designed as pleasure gardens, with an open-air bandstand and theatre, ancient temples, some buildings re-erected after use at exhibitions, and the remains of the Larmer Tree. This tree is said to have marked the meeting place of King John when hunting and was known to have been in leaf as late as 1894. Now an oak grows where this elm used to be, little remaining of the original tree except small pieces of bark. The keepers in these grounds wear a uniform claimed to be over 1,000 years old in design, the uniform of the Cranborne Chase keepers, who had many fights with poachers in protecting the deer then roaming on the plain.

About two miles away is the Gypsy School, so called because it was used until 1855 for the purpose of teaching gypsy children. Original notebooks and attendance books have been preserved, but there are fewer gypsies now. These school buildings have been converted into the Farnham Museum, containing a miscellany of articles, including peasant costumes and furniture from Brittany. There are collections of locks and keys through the ages; finds in the neighbourhood of Cranbourne Chase and Salisbury Plain featuring the various types of pottery; skulls and models of excavated graves; pottery from abroad and tools of the Stone, Iron and Bronze Age from home and abroad; a wealth of agricultural implements with the development of the plough illustrated; and weapons of tribes, dried heads collected by head-hunters, figures from Easter Island, and a number of bronzes.

This museum has a small resemblance to the Abbey Folk Park Museum, New Barnet, as it also tends to show developments through the ages, and it possesses many quaint vehicles. The New Barnet Museum claims to be the only Folk Park in England, and owes its inception to Father J. S. M. Ward.

At Tresco, in the Scilly Islands, is a fine collection of figureheads from vessels wrecked in the vicinity, together with anchors and a German mine. They stand in the tropical gardens, the climate allowing plants to be grown there which in other places in this country could only be kept in hot-houses.

Many stories are told about these wrecks. One of them concerns the local parson who took off his cassock as he walked to the church door, and told his congregation there was a wreck, adding, "This time we all start fair!" On the previous race to a wreck he had been late. On St. Mary's is the Druid's Chair and Sun Rock, a relic of the ancient people who once lived on these islands, which have now become a centre of the early flower industry.

The Channel Islands have several museums. The situation of that at Mont Orgueil Castle, Gorey, Jersey, is probably the most attractive of any museum. Over 310ft. above sea level this castle now houses the arms of the peoples of Jersey, together with old armour and other relics. Perhaps the chief feature of this museum is not so much its collection as its beauty, and its pleasant situation overlooking the entire island. In St. Helier, the chief town, another museum deals with Jersey and its history much more fully, and in Guernsey, among other museums, is one which has for its chief theme the relics of Victor Hugo who lived at Hauteville House.

Victor Hugo used to write standing up at a desk in a room upon the roof. Numerous treasures include a blue china salt-cellar, valued at 15,000 frs., said to have been the work of a pupil of Michel Angelo. Collecting oak seemed to have been Hugo's hobby, and there is a Garibaldi bedroom which the General never visited. Among the tapestries are some fine Gobelins.

Chastleton House, near Chipping Norton, is not very far from Sulgrave Manor. Sulgrave was the original home of the Washington family, and is now also a house for the collection of Washington relics, and is much visited by Americans on account of this. Chastleton House, built in 1603 by Walter Jones, on land bought from Robert Catesby, the conspirator, has as the chief treasure the Bible which Charles I used on the scaffold. There is some fine panelling and plaster-work, and a set of pewter said to be the largest in England. Tapestries and furniture, embroideries and portraits are also to be found in this house which has been kept as near as possible to its original state.



TRESCO, ISLES OF SCILLY
Figureheads from wrecked ships adorn the pillars of this museum

A collection of stocks, whipping-post, pillory and ducking stool can be seen near Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, but these look too good to be true! There are other museums in the neighbourhood which doubtless are better known to lovers of the bard.

At Hardwick, Notts, is Hardwick Hall, "with more windows than wall," a house with some of the finest tapestries and old furniture. Contrasting with this immense residence is the smallest house in Great Britain on Conway Quay, N. Wales, where an old sailor used to live. There are only two small rooms—so small, in fact, that people are only allowed to go in the house one at a time.

Of the numerous pieces I have seen which should be treasured for all time is one at the Grosvenor Hotel, Shaftesbury, Dorset. This is the "Chevy Chase Sideboard," representing the battle of Chevy Chase which took place on August 10th, 1388. It was carved from solid oak by Gerard Robinson and took fifteen years to complete. It is said he went mad after the work was finished. It seems a pity that such a very fine specimen should not be stored instead of being used daily. The amazing detail workmanship of this has to be seen to be believed. The artist has even captured the expression on the faces of the combatants in the six scenes represented. Museums are legion. Their appeal varies according to taste, but most of them represent the work of a lifetime on someone's part.



PORTLAND MUSEUM, DORSET
The garden contains numerous fossils including fossilised tree trunks

TRAINING THE LAND ARMY

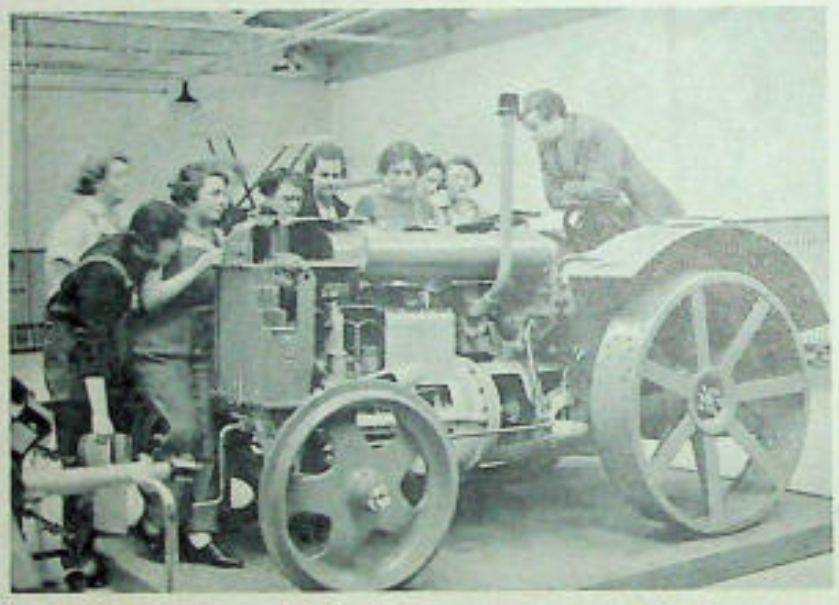
By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and as often as possible, an article on travel.

ALL over the country the throb of the tractor bears witness to the great new offensive of our land army. In its way, it is just as much an indication of national effort as is the hum of aircraft, the rattle of machine guns, or the whirr of the factory.

And under the attack of thousands of tractors, whole countrysides are changing their dress from green to brown. To-day, perhaps, a great sweep of pasture sprawls on to the skyline. To-morrow it has changed its coat for a richer, more rugged covering. The tractor is the tailor who has cut this new pattern so cunningly, quickly and economically with ploughshares for his scissors, and the national emergency as his guide to fashion.

With commendable foresight the Government had built up a big reserve of tractors during the pre-war period, and was able to place them on the land when war broke out. The next problem was to man these machines, for which purpose the women's land army came into existence. Their work is to fill the places of the younger men as they are called up from the country, besides creating a new force to carry out the cultivation of the millions of acres to be brought under the plough during this winter.



UNDER INSTRUCTION
Members of the Women's Land Army listen to a talk on the principles of the Fordson Tractor

While a tractor is a simple enough piece of mechanism to run and maintain many volunteers have not sufficient mechanical knowledge to ensure the most efficient results. For this reason a training centre has been started at Boreham, in Essex, where the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering has been placed at the Government's disposal.

The Institute is housed in an old and imposing mansion on the main Chelmsford—Colchester Road, about three miles from Chelmsford.

The ground floor includes a large conference room fitted with ciné and other equipment, dining-room and electrically worked kitchen. The west wing has a reception room, changing room, showers and toilet accommodation in addition to a large recreation room. An exhibition hall, lecture rooms, library and offices occupy the first floor.

Adjoining the east courtyard there is a recently erected workshop covering 5,000 square feet in area. It is completely equipped for servicing tractors and implements and includes a motor-driven forge, acetylene welding plants, hydraulic press, compressed air plant and working sectional models of engines. The agricultural machinery in use are a combine harvester, ploughs, harrows, power-driven binder, mower, cultivator, and manure spreader. For practical work on the land there are also four standard and one row crop tractors.

The women pupils are drawn from all classes and occupations. A few hail from the country, but most of them come from the cities where they have been employed as clerks, secretaries, typists and shop assistants.

During their training, which lasts four weeks and is of an intensive kind, the women receive a Government grant of ten shillings a week for pocket money, their board, lodging and instruction being provided free. Upon taking up a job on a farm their pay will be 28s. a week, while their board and lodging will cost about 14s. a week.

The hours of instruction extend from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., with a show of films, lantern slides and discussions on most evenings. There are lectures, too, which deal with such subjects as the care, maintenance and operation of the tractors and the various implements used on a farm.

After mastering the theoretical side the women don overalls and start their practical instruction in the workshops. Here they are taught not only to strip and re-assemble a machine, but also how to effect repairs and diagnose faults. Thus in the event of a tractor in service suddenly beginning to spit or splutter these Ford Institute women will not have to stand by and wait helplessly for a man to put the trouble right. They will do the job themselves and enjoy doing it. The same kind of practical work is also carried out with power-driven machinery and other instruments that they will encounter during their service on the home front.

Having mastered all these technical details they are then instructed in the actual handling of the tractor. This is perhaps the high spot of the whole month's teaching. May be, the tractor seat seems a bit hard after the well-padded cushions of an Austin, Morris, Ford or Standard car, and perhaps her perch on the throbbing monster with its great steel-tyred wheels may not seem so secure as in a ten horsepower saloon, but even then there is a memorable thrill about this new kind of driving, this making of patterns and lines that the machine draws so neatly over the rolling fields.



LEISURE MOMENTS
One of the simply furnished but pleasant rest rooms at the institute

The initial practices take place on a special trial ground and once these are mastered the pupil proceeds to the farm for practical ploughing.

Here it is interesting to pause for a few moments and watch the women, comparatively new pupils, ploughing stubble with the aid of Fordsons and three furrow ploughs, hitching up, setting and driving. Each does her job with commendable care and precision, cutting straight furrows with short headlands. After a spell at this work the instructor turns them over to the work of cultivating and harrowing which is again attended with good results.

Despite the need for compressing the course into a short space of time, the claims of recreation periods have not been forgotten. The provision of games rooms and a library in the mansion have been considered already and in the evenings after work there is always plenty going on there. The living quarters, although simple, are airy and health giving, affording very much the same sort of accommodation that the pupils must expect when they take up their jobs in reality. Some of the pupils live in modern cottages built for the Institute in the village, while others are accommodated in a jolly old Essex country house, which had been brought up to date.

The Institute was in action before the war when the advantages of machinery for use on the farm and the need for familiarising the farmer and his labourers with its control, care, and maintenance became obvious. It was understood from the beginning that the degree to which mechanisation might be substituted for horse power and man power was necessarily a problem to be settled by each individual farmer who, once having learned of the machine's possibilities, could size them up in reference to his own activities and local conditions. It was therefore never the object of the Institute to force wholesale reorganisation and mechanisation on the farmer, for it understood that in many cases such a course would be impracticable and inadvisable.

But to-day it is generally accepted that farmers can benefit by some form of mechanisation and that proper instruction in the theory and practice of power driven machinery would be of inestimable benefit to all those who directly or indirectly win their living from the cultivation of the soil. For this reason before the war the Institute ran regular fortnightly classes of instruction not only for farmers themselves but also for their sons, managers and workers. Courses were also organised for students at Agricultural Colleges which did not possess the same facilities on the spot. At certain times of the year courses of longer duration were also organised for students and those holding scholarships granted by the Ministry of Agriculture or County Authorities. A small fee, ranging from £3 upwards, was charged for the fortnightly courses which dealt with such subjects as the design and construction of the tractor, its practical operation in such matters as gear-changing, loading, choice of implements, its lubrication, care, repair and fault finding, the correct hitching, loading and setting of implements, the design, construction and use of the latest power driven farm machinery such as combine harvesters, grass and grain driers, and the Row Crop tractor. Besides this, students were instructed in the use of the forge, small petrol and oil engines, shop tools and mechanics as applied to the farm. Altogether a very comprehensive and well worth while curriculum.



FROM THEORY TO PRACTICE
Students test their knowledge with a tractor in the fields

BRIDGE

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

I SHALL be concluding this series at the end of the year and in these last two articles I propose to discuss the answers to the Christmas competition.

1. Score Game all. Z deals and bids One Heart; Y Two Hearts; Z Two Spades; Y Three Spades; Z Four Spades. A B pass throughout. A holds S A, 2; H 9, 8, 7, 6, 2, D K, Q, 2; C Q, J, 10. What should he lead?

Answer: 9 of Hearts.

On the bidding Y has probably Five Hearts and Four Spades and Z Three Hearts or possibly Two Hearts. B should be able to ruff an opening Heart lead or a second Heart lead when A takes a trump lead with the Ace of Spades. Full marks were awarded to any competitor who led a Heart.

2. Score love all. Z deals and bids One Club; A One Heart; Y Three Clubs; B No Bid; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds; S Q, 8, 7, 2; H A, Q, 10, 9 4; D A, 2; C 4, 2. What should he lead?

Answer: 10 of Hearts.

Since Z bids Three No Trumps he should have the King of Hearts. However, Y may have three Hearts to the Jack in which case the lead of the Queen of Hearts would present Y-Z with a second stop. The lead of the 10 of Hearts will guard against this and if B has a Club trick and two Hearts the contract should be defeated by two tricks.

3. A B love. Y Z game. Z deals and bids One Spade A No Bid; Y Two Hearts; B Three Diamonds; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds; S K, 10, 5, 4; H 10, 9, 8; D Q, 7, 2; C 10, 9, 4. What should he lead?

Answer: 2 of Diamonds.

This is the standard lead, from three to an honour, to break up any double guard such as K, J, 4 in Z's hand. With such a holding in Z's hand, the lead of the Queen of Diamonds would give Z a second stop in Diamonds.

4. Score game all. Z bids One Spade; A Two Diamonds; Y holds S K, 2; H K, J, 8, 2; D K, J, 8, 2; C A, 10, 2. What should he say?

Answer: Double.

On Z's opening bid there should be no doubt about the double; a penalty of at least 800 is likely. The only excuse for bidding Three No Trumps is an extreme distrust of partner or a pressing need to catch the last train.

5. Score game all. Playing Culbertson, Z bids One No Trump; A No Bid. Y holds; S 4, 2; H 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2; D 5, 3; C 2. What should he say?

Answer: Four Hearts.

This was a very easy question to those who knew their Gold Book. With the No Trump bid showing a 4-3-3-3 distribution and at least four honour tricks, the response is automatic with an eight card major suit. Three Hearts would be forcing and two Hearts gives an entirely incorrect picture of the hand.

6. Score game all. Z deals and holds; S A, J, 8, 2; H K; D A, Q, 7, 2; C K, Q, 4, 3. What should he say?

Answer: One Diamond.

This is quite a straightforward example of a prepared bid. The simple rule of bidding the suit below the singleton gives the correct answer.

7. Assuming that in problem 6 Z bids one of a suit, A doubles, Y and B pass. What should Z say and why?

Answer: Redouble.

It is obvious that B has made a penalty pass and that the Diamonds are stacked against Z. He therefore makes an S.O.S. redouble, asking Y to bid his longest suit.

8. Score Love all. Y has S Q, 6, 5, 4; H A, K, 3, 2; D A, 10, 2; C 8, 6. Z has S A, K, 9, 8, 7; H Q, 8, 6; D K, J, 3; C A, J. Z is playing the hand in Six Spades, the opponents have not bid and A leads the King of Clubs, taken by Z's Ace.

(a) What card should Z now play and why?

(b) Assuming the trumps break 2-2, how should Z play the hand?

Answer: (a) A small Spade.

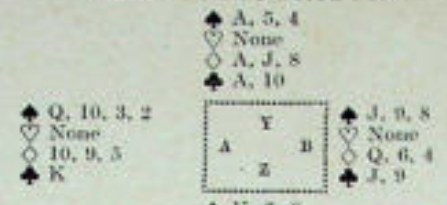
If the four outstanding Spades are in A's hand a Spade trick must be lost. If, however, the four Spades are with B, the safety play of a small Spade will enable Z to avoid losing any Spade tricks.

(b) Although all the competitors did not notice the above safety play most competitors spotted the elimination play which would make the contract of Six Spades possible against any distribution. However, many competitors seemed to consider it beneath their dignity to mention the possibility of the Hearts breaking. The correct answer should be on the following lines.

Trumps are extracted in two rounds and the Queen, King and Ace of Hearts played. If the Hearts fall 3-3 a Club discard is taken on the thirteenth Heart and the Diamond finesse guessed. This will give twelve or thirteen tricks according to the failure or success of the finesse. If the Hearts do not break evenly, the fourth round is ruffed and the lead thrown with the Jack of Clubs. Whichever opponent takes the lead will have to play either a Diamond, giving Z a free finesse, or a Club, giving Z a ruff in one hand and a discard of a losing Diamond from the other.

Next week I shall discuss the play of the two hands illustrated by problems 9 and 10.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The above problem is one of the many fascinating deals from G. Coffin's "End Plays." Z to lead and make all eight tricks against any defence by A-B.

CHESS

STAHLBERG'S PLAY

The following game, from a tournament at Oslo last July, is a good example of the enterprising play of the Swedish master G. Stahlberg.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Lundin.	WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Lundin.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to R 5	B to K 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	28. Q to B 3	K to B 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	29. P tks P, ch	Kt takes P (*j*)
4. Q to Kt 3 (*a*)	P to B 4	30. P to R 4 (*j*)	R to Q sq
5. P takes P	Kt to B 3 (*b*)	31. R takes R	Q takes R
6. Kt to B 3	Kt to K 5	32. P to K Kt 4	Kt to K 2
7. B to Q 2	Kt takes B (*c*)	33. P to K B 5	B to Q 2
8. Kt takes Kt	Q to R 4 (*d*)	34. P to R 5	B to B 3
9. P to K 3	Q tks B P (*e*)	35. B to B 4, ch	B to Q 4
10. K Kt to K 4	Q to Q R 4	36. Q to Q 4	Q to Q R sq
11. Castles	P to B 3	37. P to K 4	B takes B
12. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to K 2 (*f*)	38. Q tks B, ch	K to B sq
13. kt to Q 5, chs	P takes Kt (*g*)	39. Q to Q 4	Q to B 3
14. Kt takes P, ch	K to Q sq	40. P to Kt 5	Q to B 2
15. B takes P	Q to B 2	41. K to Kt sq	Q to R 5
16. B to K 2	P to K Kt 3	42. P to K B 6	Kt to B 3
17. Kt to Kt 3	B to K sq	43. Q to Q 5 (*m*)	Q to B 2
18. P to K R 4	P to Q 3	44. K to R 2 (*n*)	P to Q R 4
19. P to R 3	B to Q B 4	45. K to Kt 3	Kt to Q sq
20. K R to Q sq	Kt to K 2	46. P to K 5	Q to B 2
21. B takes B (*h*)	Q takes B	47. K to B 4	Q to K sq
22. Kt to K 4	Q to B 2	48. Q to Q 6, ch	K to B 2
23. Kt takes P	B to Q 2	49. Q to B 7, ch	K to Kt 3
24. Kt tks P, ch	K to B sq	50. Q to Kt 7, ch	K to B 4
25. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to Q sq	51. Q tks P, ch	K tks K P (*o*)
26. Kt takes R	K takes Kt (*i*)	52. Q to K 7, ch	Resigns.

(*a*) Q to B 2, keeping control of White's K 4, is more frequently played nowadays.

(*b*) 5. . . . Kt to B 3 is a good alternative, *e.g.* 6. P to Q R 3, B takes B P; 7. Kt to B 3 (if White's Queen went at B 2, he would, instead play P to Q Kt 4, after which Black's Queen's Knight would be out of play), P to Q Kt 3; 8. B to Kt 5, B to Kt 2; 9. P to K 3, B to K 2, to be followed by Kt to B 4 with about an even game (Eliskases v. Botvinnik, Moscow tournament, 1936).

(*c*) The alternative Kt takes Q B P has gone out of favour.

(*d*) The usual—and, we think, better—move is B takes P.

(*e*) 9. . . . B takes P; 10. K Kt to K 4, B to Kt 5 would give the position which actually was reached after Black's 10th move. If, instead, 9. . . . B takes Kt, then 10. Q takes B and Black has nothing better than 10. . . . Q takes Q. He has then difficulty in developing his Queen's side, while White is a pawn ahead and has two open files.

(*f*) After 12. . . . B takes Kt; 13. R takes B, Q to B 4; 14. Q to Q sq, White would get a strong pressure along the open file.

(*g*) A very good move.

(*h*) 13. . . . K takes Kt is, we think, to be preferred, although after 14. Kt takes B, ch, K to K 2; 15. Kt to B 2 White would have a very good game.

(*i*) Fine play.

(*j*) White has now four pawns for his piece.

(*k*) Not P takes P because of the reply R to R sq.

(*l*) Beginning the advance of the pawns.

(*m*) Not 43. Q to Q 6, ch because of 43. . . . Q takes Q; 44. P takes Q, Kt to K 4, to be followed by K to B 2 and P to K R 3.

(*n*) The King now advances to join in the fight.

(*o*) If K takes Kt P, then Q to K 7 and wins for, if Q to R sq, then P to B 7, ch.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A good game by Capablanca.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. Y. Mikenas. (Lithuania.)	WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. Y. Mikenas. (Lithuania.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. P to Q Kt 4	P takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. B takes P	Kt to R 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. Kt to K 5	B to K sq (*g*)
4. Q to B 2	Kt to B 2	17. P to B 4	P to Q Kt 3 (*h*)
5. Kt to B 3 (*a*)	P to Q 4 (*b*)	18. Q to Q 3	R to Q sq
6. P to Q R 3 (*c*)	B takes Kt, ch	19. P to R 5 (*i*)	P to Q Kt 4 (*j*)
7. Q takes B	P to Q R 4 (*d*)	20. P takes P	P takes R
8. P to Q Kt 3	Castles	21. R takes Q	P takes Q
9. B to Kt 2	P to K 3	22. P takes P, ch	B takes P
10. B tks Kt (*e*)	Q takes B	23. R takes B	Kt to Kt 4
11. P to K 3	B to Q 2	24. R to B 2	R to Q 4
12. B to Q 3	K R to B sq (*f*)	25. Kt takes P	R to K sq
13. Castles (K R)	P to R 5	26. R to B 5	Resigns.

(*a*) Best. If, instead, 5. P to K 3, then 5. . . . P to K 4; 6. P to Q 5, Kt to K 2; 7. Kt to B 3, B takes Kt, ch (not P to Q 3 at once because of Q to R 4, ch); 8. Q takes B, P to Q 3; 9. B to K 2, Castles; 10. Castles, Kt to K 5; 11. Q to B 2, P to K B 4 with about an even game (Krees v. Dr. Alekhine, Dresden tournament, 1937).

(*b*) The usual—and, we think, better—move is P to Q 3, preparatory to P to K 4.

(*c*) 6. B to Kt 5 is a good move here. If, in reply, 6. . . . P takes P, then 7. P to K 5, the continuation 7. . . . Q to Q 4; 8. B takes Kt, P takes B; 9. Kt to Q 2, P to Kt 4; 10. P to Q R 4 being good for White.

(*d*) Preventing P to Q Kt 4 and threatening to fix White's Queen's side by playing P to R 5. An alternative line of play is 7. . . . B to Q 2; 8. P to Q Kt 4, P to Q R 4; 9. P to Kt 5, Kt to R 2; 10. P to Q R 4, P to B 3.

(*e*) B to R 4 is a good alternative. With the text-move White parts with one of his two Bishops, but the one he retains has more scope than Black's.

(*f*) Beginning an attack on the Queen's side, but it develops very slowly.

(*g*) B to Kt 4 is better.

(*h*) This move, preparatory to P to R 4, is too slow. Black should, instead, play Kt to Kt 4.

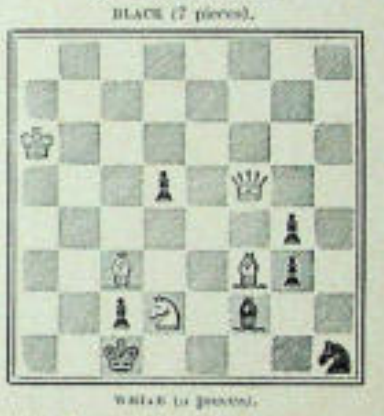
(*i*) Beginning a decisive attack on the King's side.

(*j*) Presumably Black relied on this move in conjunction with 18. . . . R to Q sq since now White cannot play B to R 2 because of Q takes Kt. But Capablanca has in readiness a neat combination which leads to a winning end-game.

PROBLEM No. 4046

By G. HEATHCOTE.*

BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Observer*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4044

1. B to Q 8 (threatening 2. R to Kt 7). If 1. . . . P to B 3 or P to Kt 3, then 2. R to Q B 3, &c. If 1. . . . P to B 4 or P to Kt 4, then 2. R to Kt 5, &c.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4045

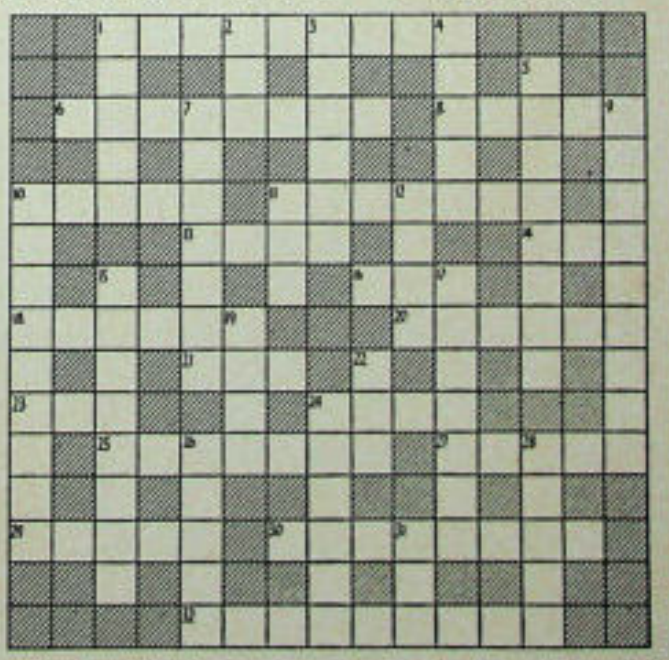
1. R to Kt sq. Any move; 2. Q or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 548

ACROSS.—1, A useful dog, though ever coming in last (9). 6, Hay meals should be provided for this dog (8). 8, The late Charlie Chan (5). 10, "In a ——-nighted December" (Keats) (5). 11, One of the spaniels (7). 13, This is what you are now reading (4). 14, "Men —— rightest when they shoot in jest" (Dryden) (3). 16, This is only part of a dog (3). 18, What her cel could do to her shoe (6). 20, Horatio speaks of the cock's "lofty and shrill-sounding ——" (*Hamlet*) (6). 21, Dr. John Brown wrote about this dog and his friends (3). 23, "If I can't pay, why I can ——" (Heywood) (5). 24, A grating sound, such as the breaking of a spar (4). 25, A dog that can be confused or inept (7). 27, Heathen (5). 29, The man who does the washing in India (5). 30, This is a big dog to get upset at a small (8). 32, Honey drag is the stuff to give this dog (9).

DOWN.—1, The end of a rope could be passed through this steward (5). 2, "Full many a gem of purest —— serene" (Gray) (8). 3, A shoeing to seize inside (6). 4, A geometrical figure that might be described as a square pushed out of shape (5). 5, A variety of 1 across (8). 7, Not an aristocratic dog, as the mixed strain of our shows (7). 9, This dog will readily be spotted (9). 10, A rude bonbon of course makes the dog confused (9). 11, At regular intervals this young animal is seen in the 11 across spaniel (4). 12, A water trench, constructed by exploding the atom (4). 15, The speed hog changes his ways, and becomes an intelligent dog (8). 17, A dog of similar breed to 7 down, with pep in its make-up (7). 19, "Rivulets hurrying through the ——. The music of doves . . ." (Tennyson) (4). 22, "Give every man thy ——, but few thy voice" (*Hamlet*) (3). 24, Try ale (anag.) (6). 26, This is put on cakes (5). 28, This protection could be a drug (5). 31, "I have much —— to know myself" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (3).



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

SOLUTION TO No. 547

Published December 16th

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Billiards

Playing a Shot.—(*a*) First decide what position you have to hit the object ball. (*b*) then decide where you have to hit your own ball. (*c*) Get your cue in the proper position to do (*a*) and (*b*). (*d*) Now make the stroke with your eyes fixed on the object ball. (*e*) Do not move until well after the stroke is made.—*J. B., Harrow.*

Farm

Soil Testing.—British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N.1, supply for six or seven shillings a small pocket-size soil-testing outfit called the B.D.H. Soil Testing Equipment. Its basis is a bottle of litmus dissolved in alcohol, and when poured over a small piece of soil gives a colour varying from blue (alkaline) through green and yellow, to orange (acid) and red (very acid). Most soils are of the green-yellow-orange range. Yellow shows a deficiency of the order of 10cwt. or 15cwt. per acre of calcium oxide, while orange means a ton per acre.—*M. F., Devizes.*

Kennel

Tapeworms.—(1) Unless the dog is badly constipated there is no need for a preliminary purgative. (2) The dog should be fasted for at least 24 hours before giving the worm medicine. (3) If segments of tapeworms are still being passed ten to fifteen days after the first dose a second dose should be given.—*C. R., Southampton.*

Faulty Retrieving.—All dogs do not mark a bird when it falls. You say yours marks the first of two that are shot. When he has delivered that wave him in the direction of the second. He evidently wants some help. As to the faults in the water: As soon as he has picked up a bird, encourage him to come in at once so that he will not drop it and go after another. Do your best to bring him in promptly. With patience you should be able to improve his work.—*E. K., Alton.*

Miscellaneous

Preservation of Fox Head.—We think the best preparation for preserving a mounted fox head is "Insect Death," which is manufactured by Messrs. Rowland Ward, Ltd., 166, Piccadilly, London, W.1.—*E. M. L., Dundee.*

Wine Trade Directory.—Messrs. Harper's Wine and Spirit Gazette, of 8, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3, publish *Harper's Directory and Manual of the Wine and Spirit Trade* (price 15/-), which, we think, should meet your requirements.—*H., London.*

Naturalist

Tail of an Otter.—The tail of an otter is generally referred to as the "rudder." Some people call it the "pole," but we believe that the majority of Masters of Otter Hounds do not approve of this term.—*J. L. F., Priestown.*

Green Slime in Pool.—Green slime inevitably forms on the sides of a vessel containing stagnant water. The usual remedy for swimming pools is to add copper sulphate crystals or lime, both of which sterilise the water and prevent the slimes gaining a footing. For water required for drinking purpose in an aviary we imagine that neither of these methods would be suitable, though we have never seen a dead bird in or near a public swimming bath. Also a dressing of from two to ten parts of copper sulphate to one million of water by weight is effective against green slime, the strength within the limits depending upon the species of algæ concerned. This strength does not kill fish, so presumably birds will be safe, but if you have any wading birds you must remember that much of their food will be destroyed and you must increase their rations accordingly. Get your chemist to work out the dose carefully, after giving him the size of the trough, and begin with the smaller dose, increasing gradually until you achieve the desired result. If you are still in doubt, write to the London Zoo, giving them the dimensions of the pool.—*I. K. D., Newbury.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Breast Abscess of Pheasants.—A correspondent forwarded the bodies of two cock pheasants which he had shot. In each bird there was an abscess, about the size of a hazel-nut, in the centre of the breast. The abscesses were filled with yellow-coloured cheesy matter. The bodies were in prime condition. Our correspondent stated that he had shot several pheasants with similar abscesses of the breast; but he had not observed them in hens. A similar type of abscess is sometimes found in poultry as a result of pressure from the perch against the keel-bone. Possibly the lesion in the cock pheasants may have resulted from wounds due to fighting. If the abscess is cut out the carcass would be fit for cooking for human consumption.—*F. N., Norfolk.*

Zinc Poisoning of Aviary Birds.—The cause of death of a budgerigar and of a red-fared lovebird from different aviaries was due to zinc poisoning. Usually this form of poisoning is due to the birds nibbling at pieces of solder on the wire of the aviary or cage, or on metal fittings and utensils. For example, the soldering on some of the seed pots, trays, swings and "playthings" which are procurable for aviaries are imperfectly finished, so that the soldering is left rough. Perforated zinc should not be used for the windows of aviaries, since the broken or rough edges are liable to be picked, particularly by the smaller parrot tribe of birds and by finches. Seed trays are sometimes surfaced with zinc or lead sheeting; and if this is corroded or split the birds will pick at the jagged edges. Zinc or lead poisoning is usually the cause of a relatively slow and fatal illness of some two to four weeks' duration. Gradually the affected bird becomes listless, goes off its food, loses flesh and appears to be "tied in the mouth." To prevent this not uncommon fatality, jagged edges or soldered joints and surfaces of metal used in the aviary should be filed smooth or covered. It is advisable occasionally to go over the wire of an aviary with the eye and fingers; corroded or broken joints can then be repaired.—*X. Y. Z., London; C. C., Birmingham.*

Feed and Cover for Ducks.—Useful artificial feed for duck are barley, crushed oats, wheat, acorns and boiled potatoes. Opinion is divided as to the practicability of planting aquatic plants that will provide natural feed. I.C.I. say not, but another knowledgeable person, Mr. Lucey of the Surrey Trout Farm, thinks that something can be done. The difficulty with duck is that they will punish any weeds growing tidily in the shallows, and only the deeper growing sorts, which you do not want for your fishing, survive. On a peaty lake only the rather useless water milfoil (*Myriophyllum spicatum*) will grow strongly. If there happens to be a strong gravelly bottom you might try water lakewort and water lobelia, but as an experiment, the plants being of very local occurrence. For general duck use you cannot beat American pond weed (*Elodea Canadensis*) and the broad-leaved pond weed (*Potamogeton Natans*), but they will spread and be a nuisance for the fishing. In practice you cannot combine duck and fish. You must decide between them, or else confine the duck to one or two lakes. For shelter and cover, duck seem to like reeds as well as anything, and if your lakes are not well supplied in this respect it would be worth while introducing bullrushes and Norfolk reeds. In all probability your local nurseryman will be able to supply or, at any rate, tell you where you can secure supplies, but if you have difficulty we suggest an inquiry to the Royal Horticultural Society. American rice grass does not possess any special advantages, so far as we can ascertain. We should sow the seed in a moist, sandy silt, and transplant the young plants to the water's edge.—*C. B., Lymington.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

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Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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KEEPING THE SEAS

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound aboard one of His Majesty's ships with officers of the Royal Navy. Mr. Winston Churchill, when broadcasting on the glorious exploits of our cruisers and submarines, said: "The present satisfactory position in the naval war is due to the care and conduct of operations by the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, and also to the Naval Staff at the Admiralty, of whom Rear-Admiral Phillips is the Deputy-Chief."

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HOME FOOD PRODUCTION

JUST before the adjournment of Parliament the Minister of Agriculture described the results of the Government scheme for ploughing up 2,000,000 acres of rough or worn-out grassland before next summer as "inspiring."

In the last war it took four years to complete an equal task. In this case the importance of British agriculture was realised well in advance, and plans to restore the fertility of pasture land were set in motion some time before war broke out. It is of no use now pointing out the folly of policy that allowed our agriculture to decay. The *Field* has pointed that out often enough in the past. We were stressing the importance of a policy remarkably similar to that now being pursued by the Government three years ago. We hope that when this war is over the same mistakes with regard to British Agriculture will not be repeated. It does not matter how industrialised we become—and we are unlikely to become any more industrialised (indeed, as mechanisation spreads we are likely to see a lessening of our own industrial output)—agriculture will remain our most important industry. Be that as it may, we may feel with some confidence that after only three months of war, measures to produce more food from our own soil have been taken in good time.

But even when these 2,000,000 acres have been ploughed up—and that should be accomplished before next summer—much more will have to be done. We are in no position yet to slacken off. The amount of arable land in this country at the beginning of 1939 was more than 2,000,000 acres less than it was in 1914—a sufficiently biting comment on the domestic policy of every Government since 1918—and this, bad enough in itself, must be related to a considerably enlarged population and a greatly reduced merchant fleet. There are to-day in this country some millions of acres of land which are now yielding but a fraction of what they once provided in the way of food for our men and women, and feeding stuffs for our animals. We cannot slacken off. We have yet much leeway to make up on 1914, and we shall need in this war all our resources, of which agriculture has been by far the most neglected, and for the longest time. It was good, therefore, to hear Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's announcement of another ploughing-up scheme for the year after next spring.

Last year we imported 7,500,000 tons of animal feeding stuffs. Now we have got to economise drastically both in shipping and in foreign exchange. The more the farmer can grow, therefore, on his own land to provide for his own stock the better for the nation. But the farmer must have a reasonable return, and this reasonable return must be provided in such a way that there is not at the same time a large increase in prices. The Government plan for taking control of the whole output of the land should cover that.

We have in the past been very critical of Government policy with regard to British agriculture. The justification for our criticisms is to be seen in the steps now being taken, in themselves an admission of gross neglect in the past.

It is with all the greater pleasure, therefore, that we welcome these plans. They should, if carried out to the full, provide the corner-stone of a properly balanced agriculture, which is the essential for a strong Britain.

THE NEW YEAR

THE year that is passing will not be regretted by any one of our readers. Yet it is difficult to look forward to 1940, as—only twelve short months (and what months) ago—we looked forward to 1939. War, rationing, restricted petrol, heavier income-tax, rising costs of living, the black-out, and boredom—these things do not make for a Happy New Year. But we must look beyond the immediate drabness and hardship. Out of all this mess and sorrow and worry something must arise, for that is the way of the world. From this war must come Peace. Who is there who does not hope—and live in that hope—that this will happen in 1940.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1254.)

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

IDLE HANDS

In the first weeks of the war the popular Press, presumably representing popular opinion, broke into a diatribe against the Ministry of Information, the B.B.C., the evacuation scheme and the black-out. The first three of these means of filling up space seem of late to have fallen into abeyance in favour of a concerted attack on every aspect of the black-out. One responsible journal wrote of this necessary precaution as the modern counterpart of Milton's Hades. Are we then to believe that the majority of the citizens in the richest—and among the most intelligent—countries in the world are reminded only of the first book of *Paradise Lost* by evenings spent in their own homes? Can they really find no lasting delight in the quiet perusal of favourite passages of literature read in happier days? It is true that we have no Hazlitt. Is the art of conversation quite dead? We have, of course, no Jane Austen. Does nobody play the piano or other instruments? Bach produced an orchestra from among members of his own family. There is much talk of the future world which it is hoped to raise from the ashes of the present conflict. It will certainly not rise like the phœnix, and if we have really been pursuing ephemeral pleasures which have reduced England's homes to a likeness of Hades, surely it is time we took on our lips and in our hearts the words and resolve of the principal occupant of that region and considered

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.

THE NATIONAL CHESS CENTRE

British chess life, although for the past 35 years admirably organised by the British Chess Federation and its subsidiary units, has always lacked a national home. Now this want has been removed by the recent opening of the City and National Chess Club on the sixth floor of the John Lewis building in Cavendish Square. This new centre is being run under the auspices of the John Lewis Partnership, but the British Chess Federation has the option of taking it over if it should become a flourishing concern. It is to be hoped, therefore, that as many chess-players as possible will support the venture. They will find at the centre every comfort in luxurious surroundings. The club is open on Saturdays from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. and on other weekdays from 2.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. R. H. S. Stevenson at the club. We should add, in conclusion, that the credit for this new enterprise, which will, we think, prove of great value to British chess, is due to Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, the chairman of the John Lewis Partnership and a strong chairman of the John Lewis Partnership and a strong supporter of British chess activities. He deserves the hearty thanks of all interested in the game.

SALMON ANTICIPATIONS

Now that Christmas is behind us, tackle cupboards with their jumbled—and, alas, often rusty—contents should come in for a better share of their owner's attention than some of them have received this two months past. With the New Year almost upon us there is only a fortnight before the earliest salmon rivers open their season, and though few men have the chance, or even, it may be, the inclination, to fish them, it is a reminder that the close season has passed its zenith, and that in fishing as in less peaceful pursuits, success comes oftenest to those who are prepared. News of the early season will be awaited with interest, for we shall get none till the fishing starts. Of recent years salmon have shown a tendency to run later in the spring than heretofore. Fish which sought the streams in December now delay their arrival till the year has well started, and even February salmon have been scarce at times. Is this a growing habit or shall we, this year, see a recurrence of the early runs?

IT WAS MOST PEACEFUL

It was most peaceful in the long narrow wood
Running along beside the railway line.
I wished to be alone there and I was,
Though I could not be lonely. All the trees—
Some larch, but chiefly young beech—were quite calm,
And dazzling white spots lingered on their boles
And on the ivy covering the ground
Between them. No hot train went rumbling by
The steep banks massed with comfrey, pink and blue
Flowered, an occasional black bumble bee
Hanging in one small bell—a heavy clapper,
Too large and too content to make a sound.
Not even a ring-dove hollow voiced implored
Taffy to take *two* cows, *two* cows, *two*.
The wood was very silent, and I walked
Quietly there, and dreamed with the still trees.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF ever I hear anybody talking about the New World that statesmen are never weary of building in the air, I feel I should like to fell him with my blacksmith's hammer, which unchristian sentiment must be excused, partly from the extreme provocation and partly as a consequence of this present New World that inculcates these thoughts of violence. Have we not had enough of the New World created by the Industrial Revolution, but that we should be still at the old game, so fashionable between 1914 and 1918, of pulling Utopias out of a hat?

The New World constructed in 1830 is drawing to a close for the reason that, carried to its logical extremity, it is falling to pieces. The keynote of this New Age has been the swallowing of little businesses, small properties, individuals making their own way, and country folk plying their skilled crafts by brigand combines, corporations and vested interests. Yet we profess surprise that Goliath Germany does precisely the same thing to David Poland and ogre Russia to little Jack Finland. But it does not occur to the statesmen, the amateur Utopians (particularly the socialists) and H. G. Wells, the arch-Utopian, that, instead of "babbling o' green fields" of the future, like Jack Falstaff on his deathbed, we might look back to the green pastures and still waters of the past.

So, restraining myself from grasping the blacksmith's hammer, I go and visit his smithy instead. Is he not the very emblem of personal skill, independence, security and contentment, the things that make life worth living? The blacksmith that I know is the son and grandson of a blacksmith; he had a brother, now dead, who was a blacksmith, and his sturdy black-haired, rosy-cheeked son, is now his father's apprentice. What heart-easing stability and continuity are here! and what do I want with new worlds when here is the old one, so stable and secure and tenacious that, without horses to shoe, or gate-irons, whippletrees, paddles, tines, chains, hinges for field-gates, middle-staffs for wagons, tyres for the wheels, and a hundred other odds and ends for the farm to make any more, this blacksmith still survives in the midst of an age that has no use for him!

What is more, he brings the past, when such men were of account in the world, complete and entire into the present with him, for all the world like a gipsy caravan travelling from place to place. That is to say, he works in the forge that his grandfather did, and like his grandfather before him he heats his irons under the same great shouldered chimney-stack in the middle of the stone floor, and within the walls hang with hammers, tongs, shovels, horseshoes and innumerable other objects of his craft, that our new world regards as old junk. Four generations of blacksmiths have kept the home fires burning at this smithy against the hosepipe of progress.

A few doors away in the little market-town lives an old shepherd of over 80. His father and grandfather, they too were shepherds and, what is more, all three generations used the same sheep-bells and "sharped" their shears with the same whet-stone. All the arable on which he folded his sheep is now weedy, undrained grass roughage at a time when the need for home-grown food is more insistent every day. Further on lives a basket-maker and *his* line goes back, ultimately to a Breton ancestry, for at least three centuries, basket-makers all.

But the New World we live in preferred shoddy foreign baskets and now he makes them no more. Still further on there is a large open courtyard, with a big chestnut in the middle, piles of shavings beside it, and a grand old William pear growing up against the gable-wall of a Georgian house. Here lives a hurdle-maker whose father was a hurdler, and he in turn was the son of a hurdler. His mother planted the chestnut tree and bore seven children in that same house, and the present hurdler is training his son to be a hurdler after him. One of his workers stayed with him from the age of 12 to 64 and is still alive, the sexton of the church.

All these examples of what the Old World was like occur within a square mile, and yet the New World we live in, which has done its damnedest to take their livelihood from them, to break up the family continuity and to turn their sons into machine-minders, clamours for a yet newer one. This New World longs for a way of life that will give it contentment, security, independent work and a good home, and when it is there in front of its eyes it refuses to look at it. But he who spurns the cheese on his plate and cries for the moon, because he thinks it a better and bigger one, will come off as he deserves with an empty belly.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily newspaper:

"The French 26,500 ton battleship Dunkerque, with her light 13in. guns, was also stated to have been waiting."



THE ESSENCE OF GOOD SHOOTING

Swing and Footwork the Basis of Success

WHENEVER the question of how some problem should be solved is discussed, it is natural that a certain amount of criticism should be provoked. Especially is this the case in regard to shooting at moving objects. For here is a matter that cannot be reduced to a cut-and-dried basis to the extent that target shooting can be. It is impossible to say just exactly what has to be done in every case. For wing shooting, as our American friends call it, is an art rather than an exact science.

However, there is a base which is common to all shotgun shooting, and it has several times been mentioned in this paper. It is the principle of footwork; footwork that allows the requisite body movements to conform with the flight of the bird. Hence the expression of "being on" a bird has come into use. It means being in unison with it, moving with it, keeping in step with it, as it were.

Such are the general principles which underlie all successful shooting. The majority of shooting people realise this, though there are some very fine performers who have never stopped to analyse what they do. It may be because they get so much shooting and so much other active sport that they do not have time to think deeply about it. At all events, they are always vague about what they do and can never seem able to help in elucidating a knotty point. To them shooting is a kind of knack that one can either do or not do and that is all there is to it. Obviously such will not be interested in any attempt at analysing shooting actions.

But among the greater number who appreciate the general principles of the game are yet many who seem to fight shy of any attempt to reduce to some definite description the actions required for dealing with various shots. As soon as details of the different movements are set out, they at once begin to feel that they run the risk of being turned into some sort of an automaton. And, naturally, any such an idea is unattractive. For freedom of action, unramped style and elasticity mean more than half the battle, and anything that may seem to limit or restrain such things is not to be encouraged.

This is how it appears to them, and since it does it is but natural that they should feel as they do. They will contend that it is no good talking of footwork and balance when so often one has to take birds from all sorts of uncomfortable stances, if they can be called stances at all. It may be in a boat, lying in a narrow pit waiting for geese or with one or perhaps both feet immersed in a bog; it may be clambering up some rock-strewn hillside or in the narrow confines of a pigeon hide. What of all this talk of shooting positions, then? Does it not savour of just pure theory? Has one to enter the shooting field with a head crammed with details of foot and body movements? One might as well be on the barrack square! And, anyway, even supposing there is something in it, how can one remember to do the right thing at the right time on the spur of the moment? Surely it is best to keep a clear head and not to worry, to go out and shoot away and trust that things will work out with the balance on the right side!

This is certainly a common-sense way of looking at the matter, and were it not for the fact that certain people habitually miss certain shots and the general standard of shooting is not very high, it might be as well to let "sleeping dogs lie" and refrain from probing into the whys and wherefores. But because some men can shoot well without ever bothering their heads about footwork, swing and all the rest of it, does not mean that shooters are just born. And there is quite a bit of evidence to show that even the giants of the past, those veritable knights of the trigger, took steps to study as well as practise their job. I firmly believe that many a man could improve his scoring, good though it may be, by applying himself at times to some of the problems. Nobody, after all, is a 100 per cent. efficient.

Certainly in the case of the ordinary performer there is good reason to encourage study. By all means let a beginner get all the practice he can in the field. In any case it is only by being constantly in the field that he learns sufficient lessons to enable him to analyse the whole process of shooting. Upon such practical experience—much of it bitter experience—is founded the ability to set out in detailed form the fundamental movements necessary for the different shots. Of course, it is neither always possible nor always essential to carry out to the letter precise steps on each and every occasion, as though one were presenting arms! The last thing to encourage is any idea of stereotyped drill. But it will be found that certain foot and body movements are at the back of all successful marksmanship, and where the circumstances are such that they cannot easily be performed, efforts have to be made to carry them out as well as may be.

Herein lies some of the difficulty of sport. Here is the reason for the need of physical fitness and bodily activity. Where the gun is happily placed on firm, flat ground and has opportunity to carry out in comfort the movements necessary, say, for high overhead birds, he is lucky. This should be reflected in extra good scoring. Where he is not so fortunately placed he can hardly expect to reach the same percentage of kills to cartridges. The point is that, however he may be placed, he has in some way or other to adjust the body so that the appropriate swing can be given to the gun. Some men being especially active and supple are able to succeed where others fail. But suitable gun swing is essential, whatever the circumstances. Some may seemingly perform that swing with greater ease and less effort, but swing they must. And to a greater or lesser degree footwork is at the bottom of it, for footwork facilitates the proper freedom that the body needs to make the swing. In a confined space or in an insecure stance footwork may be reduced almost to the mere bracing of the muscles, but it still remains the basis of success.

"SCOLOPAX."



I BEGIN LIFE ON A FARM

By S. P. B. MAIS

Mr. Mais, famous as a broadcaster, and the author of many books on the English countryside, begins life on a farm and does not apparently find it quite what he expected. The opinions expressed in this article are, of course, Mr. Mais's own. We wonder how they will strike "Field" readers

I NEVER thought that the time would come when I should agree with Touchstone, but there is a shrewdness in his judgment of country life that I had overlooked until I came to live it.

> "Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious."

In a word the country is a grand place to visit, but a sorry place to live in.

Perhaps my plunge was too sudden, or the country that I find myself in too remote.

At any rate I now sympathise with the evacuated Birmingham expectant mother, who was found screaming "Blast the country. I'll go dippy if I see another green field."

Immediately on the outbreak of war, obeying the urgent injunctions of the Ministry of Something, I offered my services to the nearest farmer in the village where I was staying. He expressed neither pleasure nor surprise. He sent me to stook a very large field of recently-cut barley. I spent the greater part of a very hot week with my wife in that field, uninterrupted by the farmer or anyone else.

We received neither encouragement nor thanks. Virtue, however, was distinctly its own reward. We were taken out of ourselves. We were usefully occupied. We had a Minister's word for it that we were helping to "prosecute" the war.

But if that farmer's lack of courtesy is typical, I am not surprised that so few volunteers were forthcoming to lend a hand on the land.

Then came my war work.

It entailed going to live on a very remote farm, but not to work on the farm.

For many years I have gone up and down the country lecturing to audiences of every sort in towns, advising them always to stay on farms in their summer holidays and if possible to shake off the city fetters permanently and live on a farm. It seemed to me eminently desirable, though I had never tried it for myself since my early childhood, when I was brought up on my grandfather's farm. Even on holidays I had not stayed on farms, though I always envied those of my friends who took my advice and came home with glowing accounts of their life on this or that farm. Consequently, I viewed with a good deal of pleasure the idea of settling down on a farm, even if I were to take no part in its life. It was held out to me as a very exceptional farm, in that it boasted both a bathroom and a telephone, as well as indoor sanitary arrangements.

On my first view I was not impressed. It lay in a hollow below a small church, a group of thatched cottages, and its own outbuildings. It was white-washed. The windows were small, the walls thick, the rooms low-ceilinged and the accommodation for my books and papers scanty beyond belief.

But the bed was comfortable and the food plentiful, well cooked and excellently served. The whole house was spotless. What smells there were came from a pig below my study and my own Corgi, whose good breeding manifested itself in a desire to roll in manure which is easier of access than I had believed possible. Before I moved in I formed plans of riding over the moor, even of following hounds on off days.

There have been no off days, and the only available horse has run a nail into her foot. I have neither heard nor seen a hound.

Judging from the fact that the words "Air Raid Warden" are written on our gate, and that the small children who trek two miles to the nearest school have to carry their gas masks to and fro daily, you might imagine that we are in the very thick of things. This is not quite the case. The nearest station is over two miles away, and is served by four trains daily, mainly to convey dead rabbits and live sheep.

The nearest inn is four miles away, the nearest shop eight miles away. The post arrives at 10.15 and the newspapers are left at the cross-roads, about half a mile distant, at 2.30. Passing traffic is so rare that everyone knows from the time of day or the sound of the engine just who it is, the laundry, the stores, or the butcher, each calling once a week. There used to be a weekly bus on market days, but that luxury has been stopped. We are completely self-sufficing except for drinks and these have to be fetched in the farm car on market days.

I had not realised until I came here how the tempo of the day is ruled by the ducks. Theirs is the first voice I hear in the morning, and the last noise I hear before going to bed.

They occupy a triangular green patch in front of my window and they give me my cue to many activities. Their loud quacking reminds me that some one is pumping water from the well, and they hope against hope that some of the overflow will come their way. It passes down a drain just the other side of their fence, and desperately they strive to push their beaks towards the delicious nectar, but always they are frustrated. Water makes ducks thin, and these ducks are being fattened for my delight. There were ten. I had grown quite fond of them, when I saw the farmer's wife march over the grass plot, eye them with an expert eye, and suddenly separating one from its companions, carry it off to its doom.

I suppose I shall become hardened in time to the sight of one's more delectable dishes strutting about proudly as these cockerels do, or waddling about comically as these friendly ducks do, but at present I prick up my ears when the cackling or quacking of the single bird becomes unduly strident, imagining that it is in its death-throes for my sake. I shall certainly arrange to be away when it comes to the turn of the pig to be sacrificed.

I imagined that when I came to live on a farm I should spend much time in the lofts and stables and granaries. My dog does, my daughters, aged eight and three, do, but I have had no opportunity at all yet to find out what is the extent or kind of my host's stock.

I hear the swish of the milk hitting the sides of the bucket in the early morning, so there must be cows, and there is full evidence of their passing in the yard through which I have to push my bicycle every morning, but my departure and the cows' arrival have not so far synchronised. The cows are not obtrusive as the turkeys are. I have always hitherto regarded the turkey as a menacing creature.

My three year old, whose first visit to a farm this is, has other ideas. Armed with a big stick, she drives them forth in all their Sultan-like pride from the parts of the yard that is not by right theirs, and she staggers forth with a dish of provender at the appointed hour to give them their meals.

"To get the whole world out of bed,
And washed and dressed and bathed and fed
And at day's end to bed again
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain."

The whole of this farm seems to concentrate on getting fowls and ducks and turkeys and geese out of bed in the morning, fed and back to bed at night.

In the lanes on my way to work I meet an occasional labourer, his only cloak against the moorland rain a ragged sack, homing after seeing the cows back into the field. Every day I pass the hedger some few hundred yards nearer the farm, and I repeat to myself the lines of Monk Gibbon:

"All is so clear to them,
All is so plain,
These who go home at dusk,
Along the lane."

I am less inclined to believe this than I used to be now that I have had an opportunity of seeing some of these dusk-travellers at fairly close quarters.

There is that batch of seven unkempt village schoolboys loitering home, thinking out fresh tortures for the even smaller girls who dare not pass them and so are kept "creeping like snail unwillingly from school" even more slowly behind them.

They are let out of school at 3.30 in order to get home in the full daylight. When I pass them at 4.50 they are not half way. Night descends with a suddenness that makes me glad to draw the blinds and pull the curtains, shutting out the bats and rats. Lighting is something of a problem. Candle-light sounds romantic. It is not very helpful to read by or to light up a bathroom. It is definitely unsuitable for shaving. The torch must be used sparingly as batteries are almost impossible to replace. I find my hand feeling automatically for the switch, and cursing. And at bedtime the rustlings in the wall and the padding of the feet along the floor of the long loft overhead that runs along the whole length of the house, drives sleep further away than I had expected. Silence does not always induce repose.

Some day I hope to explore the surrounding country, but so far I have had to content myself with remarking on the fine display of ferns in the high hedges, the fecundity of the rabbits, and the curious fact that the stone with which the lane is metded is mauve while the stone with which the walls of linhay or barton are built is a pure Westmorland green.

I would not say that this life is conducive to good imaginative, creative work. It ought to be, for everyone works better in quietude than in clamour. But the country air lacks stimulus. The atmosphere is subdued and sad. The slow speed at which people approach me along the lane gives full time to prepare a bright conversation, but after the friendly greeting which I find comforting there seems little more to add than a statement about the direction of the wind, and a prophecy (certain to be falsified) about impending rain.

I should not say that my wants are extravagant. I like to hear passing footsteps without knowing to whom they belong. I like an early and regular postal and newspaper service, I like electric light and constant hot water. I like the possibility of "letting up" once a week by dining out or going to a play or a "flick." I like the prospect of sudden unexpected lively companionship. Above all, I like a stimulus to work and here it appears to be completely lacking. I have written creatively in trains. I find the rhythm of the farmyard less inspiring. The slowing-up of the tempo of life seems to affect the tempo of my writing.

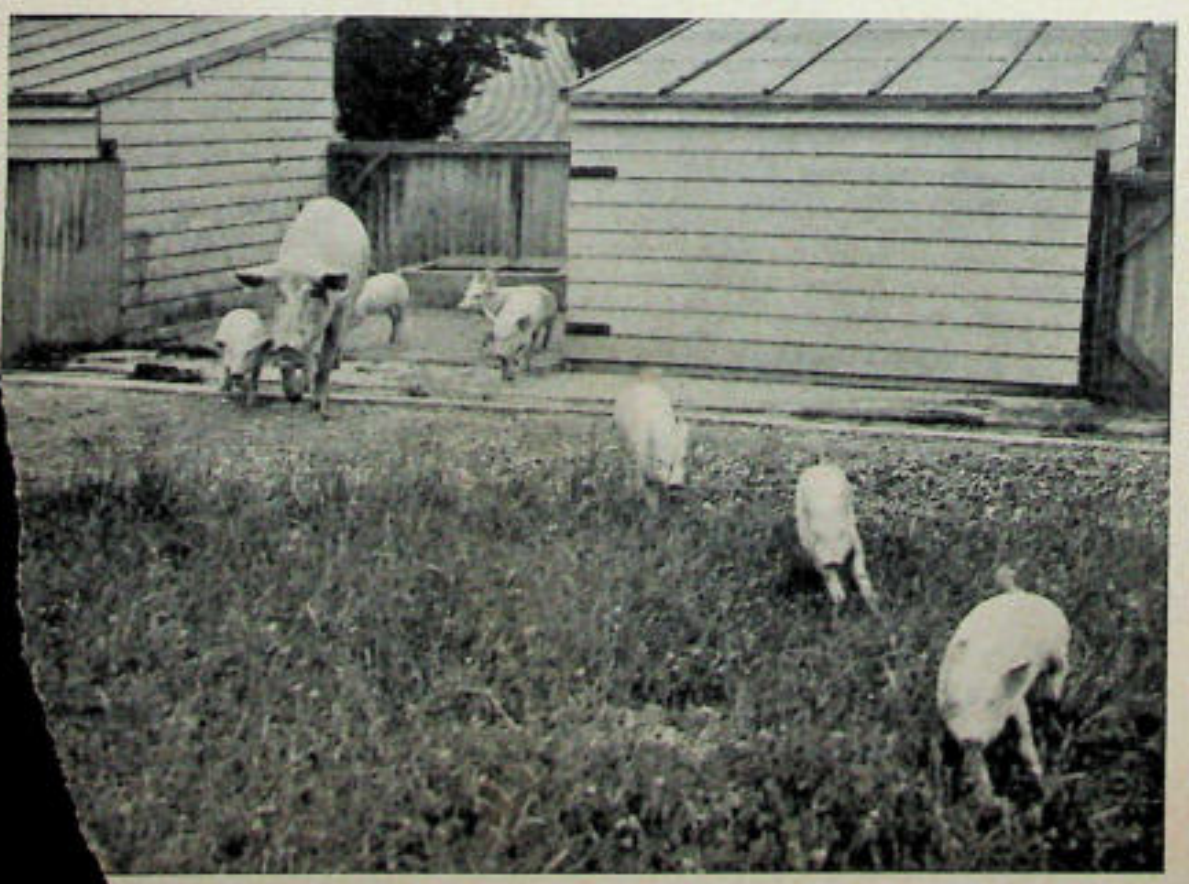
Not that I am blind to the beauty of the surrounding woods and streams. It is only that this beauty seems to be sleeping if not dying unless you can share it with cheerful companions.

Rupert Brooke's indictment of the girl who came swishing through the woods, invading the sanctity of his solitude, is proof enough that he was himself only in these woods for the day. Had he become, as I have, a resident, he would have pined for any interruption, any distraction. This life is making me realise the value of amenities and cheerful companionship. I am willing to sacrifice quite a lot of beauty and quietude for electric light and an amusing dinner party.

And as soon as all this fury is over, my work here done, and I am permitted to return to the town, I shall probably romanticise this life and long for a return to the days when I turned and lived with the cows. But the bardic life like war is best in retrospect.



"THE TEMPO OF THE DAY IS RULED BY THE DUCKS"



"...HALL CERTAINLY ARRANGE TO BE AWAY WHEN IT COMES TO THE TURN OF THE PIG"



AND YET HE LOOKS HAPPY ENOUGH



THE DREAM THAT FAILED

By FRANK WALLACE

CAPTAIN JOHN SORREL (pronounced "Sawl," more because its owner thought this sounded rather grander than for any other reason—"Old Huguenot stock, you know!") was one of those hard bitten he-men with black eyes who liked having his own way. Not that he, by any means, always got it. His sister, Miss Janet Sorrel, who kept house for him was actuated by a demon of possessive jealousy which caused her to keep a very strict eye on his doings, and effectively did away with any chance he had of calling his soul, or anything else, his own.

She was not above opening his letters and he had not a nook or corner which was exempt from search at any moment. This feature of their daily life not unnaturally embittered a disposition which could hardly have been described as sweet at the beginning. Her great fear was that he would get married, which accounted for the constant surveillance to which he was subjected. She could very nearly, but not quite, read his thoughts.

As is not uncommon with unimaginative men, once he had got an idea into his head he so dwelt on it to the exclusion of everything else that it became an obsession. He had one possession which his sister could not get at, and this was what, in the privacy of his own thoughts, he called his "dream lady." A married woman, who was certainly no better than she should have been, had once, many years before, told him that he was good looking, and he had never forgotten it.

His "dream lady" frequently told him so, but then she had never set eyes on him. Captain Sorrel's idea was "catch 'em young and treat 'em rough," which may perhaps have accounted for his singular lack of success in finding a mate. Such an attitude is scarcely the best to adopt as a prelude to adventure. His "dream lady," it may be mentioned, had grey eyes, a wide and tender mouth, golden russet hair, and long and slender hands.

It was just after breakfast, and Captain Sorrel turned to his wardress. "Well," he remarked, "I must be hitting the trail."

He was one of that type who are always "hitting the trail." After a "quick one" with his pals he "hit the trail." Where he hit it did not seem to matter much. A few moments later he emerged from the house a rifle slung on his shoulder, a glass on his back, and a stick in his hand. His sister poked her head out of the window "Where are you going?" she queried.

"On the hill" replied her brother. "Dugald told me last night he saw a very good eleven pointer beyond the little loch. I'm going to try for him before those people over the march hear he's there."

He went up through a small birchwood, gold and yellow in the blaze of autumn to where the bracken made great splashes of red and bronze against the dead heather. Presently a little loch came into view below him, making a picture which would have delighted the heart of a lover of Nature, but Nature hardly entered into the scheme of things so far as Captain Sorrel was concerned. He was out for a stag, or rather *the* stag, for stags of any size were rather rare.

He ran his black eyes over the scene, then stiffened, for only a quarter of a mile away he saw movement. Well screened from view, he had taken care of that, he put his rifle on the ground, drew out his glass and steadied it on his stick. Several hinds were at once magnified into life. For some moments he watched them but could see no stag. Then a flicker of light brought his glass to rest on a small ridge of rock. The grey object which might have been a dead branch moved, and a still more careful examination revealed it as a stag's horn with three good points on the top. Restoring his glass to its case the stalker picked up his rifle and disappeared.

Meanwhile, from beyond the burn which twisted and turned between little meadows yellow now with autumn grass, dells still green with ferns and mosses on which the golden sequins of the dying birch leaves made a carpet, another stalker, this time a lady, was making her way.

As she came to the edge of a knoll she, too, stopped, and taking out a glass proceeded to subject the vicinity to a close scrutiny. Presently, too, her glass remained motionless, focussed on the same area, though from her point of view it presented rather a different aspect, as had been Captain Sorrel's. She, then, after a short pause repeated exactly his actions and disappeared.

For a considerable period nothing happened; then from behind a knoll about four hundred yards from where the deer were feeding a small grey object showed. Five hundred yards distant another small brown spot, with a hint of gold in it, appeared. Behind was the little loch and to the left the burn sang and laughed between steep banks, where some duck swam lazily in the reeds.

Just as these separate movements took place a great grey stag on a sudden stood up above the hinds. Giving a loud roar he paced slowly towards them. As he drew near one of them raised her head. The stag stopped and looked at her. She took a few steps away from him. The stag advanced. She took a few more steps. The stag followed. She broke into a trot; the stag into a gallop. Straight away from the watchers the chase continued, the hind keeping well ahead.

As she turned, like a collie with sheep turned the stag. In and out among the peat hags they went until at last the hind having got well away from her pursuer trotted sedately back to her companions. Then occurred one of those things which stalkers always hope for but which so seldom happen. The stag, with raised head, watched her, then, lowering it, he made straight for the burn which defined the march. He was well over a quarter of a mile from his hinds when, suddenly stopping, he gave a spring, dashed madly forward and collapsed in the burn.

A loud crack at almost the same moment came to the ears of the male watcher. The hinds bolted past him, scattering wildly as he rose to his feet almost in their path. Muttering expletives, his face black with fury, he cautiously made his way to the march. Reaching the bank of the burn he peered over. Just below him lay the stag and bending over it with a knife in her hand was a slim, girlish figure. As he watched she gave an ineffective jab at the animal's neck.

Captain Sorrel's expression, though still pretty grim, relaxed: "You seem to be having trouble," he said.

The girl whipped round, presenting a startled face to the onlooker, as the knife dropped from her hand.

"Oh! what a fright you gave me," she gasped.

Captain Sorrel's expression again changed. Not to put too fine a point on it he goggled. His jaw dropped and for an appreciable pause he just gaped. For here she was, his "dream lady"! She certainly presented an attractive spectacle. Her face was flushed, her golden russet hair was in delightful disorder, her mouth was parted to show a row of little white teeth and long and slender hands, destitute of any adornment, were clapsed in front of her breast.

"Oh!" she repeated, noting the onlooker's expression, an expression to which, it may be added, she was not entirely unaccustomed, "What a fright you gave me! I didn't know there was anyone there." There was no doubt whatever that Betty (for that was the name of the young lady) was, at times, an absolute little devil. She was, to start with, small, which always tends to bring to the fore that "poor little woman" feeling in the heart of the protective male. "Poor little woman" they say, blowing out their cheeks and puffing at their moustaches. "They don't understand her!"—"they" being anyone, male or female with whom the object of their solicitude is brought into contact, from a husband to "in-laws."

Captain Sorrel's heart sang, if so entirely an unmusical organ could be said to do any such thing. Anyway, red in the face he plunged forward, picked up the knife and muttering "Allow me!" proceeded to bleed and gralloch the stag.

"Oh! how clever you are" exclaimed Betty, gazing down at him "and so clean. I mean," she added hastily, "you've done it so cleanly. Hardly any of it happened when I tried!"

"Gad!" though the gallant Captain, "I'm making an impression. By gad, I am." He tucked the stag up comfortably, displaying his undoubtedly good figure to the best advantage during the operation. "Strike while the iron's hot" he thought.

"Your people can get him in all right now" he said awkwardly. "A jolly good head. I wonder if you'd mind if I came over and measured it. Rather interested in heads."

"Oh! do," said Betty. "When'll you come? To-morrow's Saturday. Come on Sunday. We're sure to be in in the afternoon."

"Not bad looking" ran her thoughts, "but pretty grim. It's rather fun anyhow."

"Confound it" thought Captain Sorrel, "I wonder who 'we' is? She might have asked me to lunch." Aloud, still goggling at her, he said, "Thanks awfully. Love to . . .": "Like any lovesick boy!" as he thought to himself angrily after they had parted. He turned to watch her growing smaller in the distance. She *had* got a good figure!

To say that Captain Sorrel thought of nothing else during the next two days is no under-statement. He grumpily told his sister on his return that he had had no luck. "No luck!" sang his unmusical heart. Nor did he tell her where he was going when he set out on Sunday afternoon, after announcing in no uncertain manner that he was not going to accompany her to church. Time enough to tell her anything when it was all fixed up. For that he might fail to "fix it up" never entered his head for a moment. He had found her at last!

When he reached Kinravoch he suddenly realised that, so stunned had he been, he had never even enquired his divinity's name. He rang the bell and when the maid appeared stammered out "Is anyone in?" "Captain Sorrel?" said the maid. "That's me" he gulped. It was all right. She had told them he was coming! She must be looking forward to seeing him. He was shown into a pleasant room, bright with flowers. The door opened and he whipped round. Only a man!

The latter came forward holding out his hand. "My name's Gratton" he said. "How are you?"

The door opened again before he could say more and *she* came in. "I think you've met my wife" said Gratton.

GRAND NATIONAL CONDITIONS CHANGED AGAIN

ENTRIES for the Grand National will close on Tuesday next, January 2nd, and the great race, fixed for Friday, April 5th, will be run at Aintree. Anywhere else it would not have been the Grand National, a fact which was ignored by those who talked about running it at Newbury. All that could have been done was to give a somewhat similar title to a new substitute long-distance steeplechase, like "The War National," as the race run at Gatwick in 1917 and 1918 was named. The corresponding event in 1916 was called the Racecourse Association Chase. In the first year of the last war, the Grand National was duly run at Aintree and won by Lady Nelson's Ally Sloper, trained by Aubrey Hastings and ridden by Jack Anthony.

The conditions of the coming Grand National contain several alterations from those which governed the race last March and the war is not responsible for all of them. Mr. Bulteel, the clerk of the course, told me many months ago that he intended to change the minimum weight to 10st. 3lbs. Last season it was 10st., after being at 10st. 7lbs. since 1931. Before that date it was 10st. for a long time. In 1919, 1920 and 1921 the bottom weights carried 9st. 7lbs., while the minimum for many years in the last century was 9st. and horses have carried less than that in some Grand Nationals. For long the top-weight has been 12st. 7lbs., but, by a new rule of the N.H.C., it need not now be more than 12st. in steeplechases of 4 miles or upwards.

Mr. Bulteel's new minimum of 10st. 3lbs. is a deliberate compromise. A bottom weight of 10st 7lbs. is now thought to restrict the range of weights a little more than is desirable, and a minimum of 10st. has been found to inflict the necessity of severe wasting on many riders and to cause some of them to use saddles lighter than the arduous task demands.

The first Grand National is usually taken to be the race won by Lottery in 1839, though it was called the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase. In 1843 the title was changed to The Liverpool and National Steeplechase and it then became for the first time a handicap. The present name dates from 1847.

To anticipate anyone who does not accept Lottery's Grand National as the first of the series, I may add that I am well aware that in each of the three preceding years a steeplechase of considerable interest was run annually in the vicinity of Liverpool and that these events were undoubtedly the forerunners of the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase promoted in 1839 "under entirely new management." The racing committee for this new venture included the Earls of Derby and Sefton and the family association with the Liverpool meetings at Aintree is still actively maintained. The present Lord Derby and Lord Sefton are stewards and the greater part of the course, including the ground on which the stands are built is still leased from Lord Sefton.

In 100 years the conditions of the Grand National must have been altered in one way or the other at least 100 times. It is surprising, when one comes to think of it that it should have been thought necessary to "fiddle" every few years in this way with the conditions of an event of ever-increasing popularity, but I suppose it can be argued that many of these changes were made to good purpose and that the world-wide fame which the Grand National has achieved is due in large part to the wisdom and foresight of those responsible for them.

GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS

THEN IN SILK——



EVAN WILLIAMS
Won on Royal Mail in 1937. Now a gunner



ROBERT EVERETT
Won on Gregalach in 1929. Serving with the R.N.V.R. as a sub-lieutenant. In the last war he had two years afloat as a midshipman



T. CULLINAN
Won on Shaun Goilin in 1930. Also with the Gunners

W. A. Rouch

A remarkable group of four other Grand National winners appeared in the *Field* of December 2nd showing Cullinan with three other winners in uniform. Sub-lieutenant F. Furlong, who gained a family triumph on Reynoldstown in 1935; Lieutenant Fulke Walwyn, who won on the same mount in 1936; and Bruce Hobbs (in the Yeomanry), who won on Battleship in 1938. Incidentally this corrects the dates of their victories, which were misprinted in the December 2nd issue.

There have been alterations to the course and some of the obstacles—stone walls, banks and much plough had to be negotiated in the early days, and there are still many racegoers who can recall when the last obstacle was a flight of hurdles. The course was all grass in 1885 and the last alteration of any consequence to it was effected in 1888. A shorter line from the Canal to the winning post was adopted, and I am wondering if it was then that the flight of hurdles was abolished. Perhaps some reader knows when that obstacle disappeared. That the value of the race should have changed greatly from time to time is not surprising, and with it the amount subscribed by owners in entries and forfeits. Owing to the anticipated effects of the war, the management has greatly reduced its liability in respect to the race next April compared with Grand Nationals of recent years, when the executive added £5,000, or £4,000 to the sweepstakes made by the owner's forfeits, the maximum forfeit on these occasions having been £100 each. The Grand National of 1929, won by Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's Gregalach, was worth the record sum of £13,000 to the winning owner. Last March, when there were fewer entries and a smaller field than in some years, the value to the winner was £7,284 10s.

The race which closes next week will not be a sweepstake. It will be a "plate" of £5,000 out of which there will be £500 for the second and £250 for the third. The fourth prize, which has been provided out of the stakes for many years past, has been dropped. An owner's liability is 10 sovs. to enter, 50 sovs. extra if left in after January 30th and an additional 40 sovs. if left in after March 26th, so the cost to run will still be £100. The executive take all the entry fees and forfeits, and the winner's share of the plate, after deduction of his own £150, will be £4,150, which will still be much more money than the race was worth before 1919. It was a plate when Jerry M. won in 1912, and the winner's share was just under £3,000. The sum of £100 was allocated then to the breeder of the winner.

——NOW IN UNIFORM

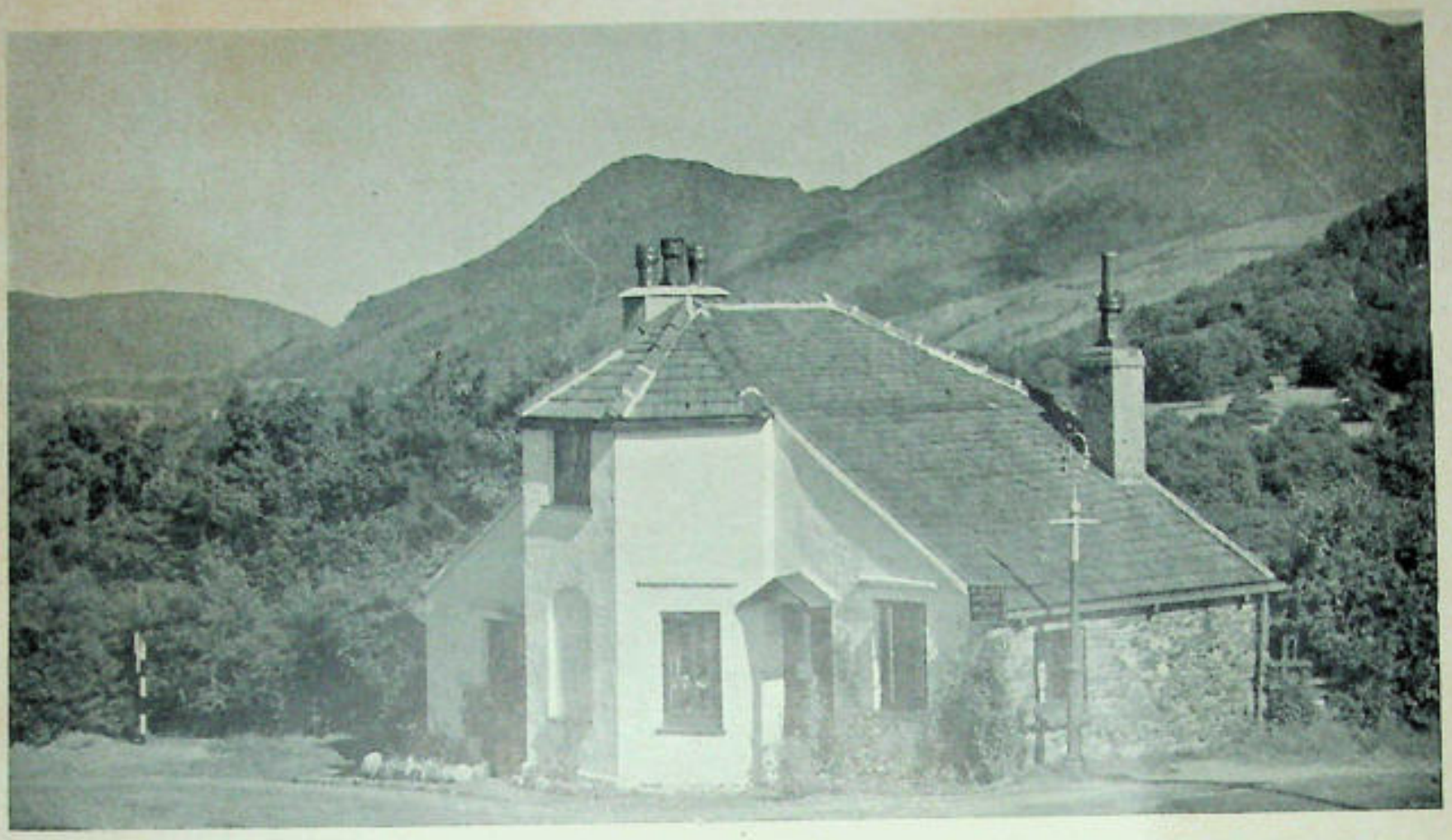


TED LEADER
Won on Sprig in 1927 and serving with the Forces

One of the most important changes in recent years was the introduction of a qualification for entry. This was another step to try to keep out bad horses and to reduce the number of runners after the huge fields of 1928-9 and 1930-1. When Gregalach won in 1929 there were 66 starters. When in 1935 Reynoldstown gained the first of his two Grand National victories, the number of starters had fallen to 27. By this time no horse could be entered unless he was six years old and upwards and had, at the time of entry, been placed first, second, or third in a steeplechase of three miles or upwards, worth not less than £200 to the winner, or in a steeplechase of any distance at Aintree, or have won any steeplechase to the value of £500 to the winner (selling races excepted).

For the race next April, any horse which has won or been placed in a steeplechase of three miles or upwards of a value of 80 sovs. to the winner is now eligible.

YEOMAN.



A PICTURESQUE SPOT
The old turnpike house at Keswick, Cumberland, with Skiddaw in the background

DAYS OF THE OLD TOLL GATES RECALLED

By M. LOVETT TURNER

FROM the days when ancient trackways followed the outline of hills to avoid the mire and swamps below, to the days when Macadam brought out his method of making roads, about 1816, mud was the bane of the traveller. Had the roads made by the Romans two thousand years ago been kept in better repair, the story of English road traffic might have been different. It is said that Cromwell captured 900 Royalist horses when he found them abandoned and stuck fast in the mud.

When the only way of travelling was on horseback winter rains checked, but did not deter, the traveller from arriving at his destination, but when waggons and carts took the road, leaving deep ruts and holes in their wake, sad indeed was the plight of the wayfarer. Roads were little better than broad ditches, and so ill-defined that it was not unusual to find people floundering through fields and by-lanes. It was a common occurrence for coaches to be overturned, and riders and their steeds drowned during the winter rains.

Even as late as the eighteenth century Daniel Defoe speaks of a devout lady, who went to church on Sundays drawn by a team of six oxen—and not one too many to judge by the description of roads in those days. Little, however, seems to have been done to improve even the main roads. Some bequests were left by wealthy landowners for the repair of bridges, and various public bodies were held responsible for the roads in their vicinity.

Although as early as the middle of the seventeenth century toll was charged on the road between London and York, little improvement resulted. It was the sudden foible of the fashionable world to stay at our inland spas that produced the first real effort to safeguard travellers. Beau Nash raised the large sum of £18,000 to improve the roads leading to Bath, but it was either inadequate or misspent, for many were the complaints of the condition of the roads in that district for long afterwards.

In 1727 the first real attempt to improve matters was made, and turnpike trusts were established to collect tolls with which to keep roads in repair. As toll and turnpikes increased so did tricks to outdo them flourish. Field paths were eagerly sought, or one man would keep the gate keeper in conversation while others rushed the gates, leaving the unfortunate man gaping and furious. There never lacked a gay youth who would set his nag at the gates, clearing them and waving a merry "good-day" to the outraged keeper!

In spite of these drawbacks the office of toll-keeper was eagerly sought, for it could be a paying occupation, as little of the money paid was spent on the upkeep of the roads. The toll-gates were a great annoyance to the traveller and an expense to countryfolk coming in to market. Even Sam Weller, senior, was heard to say that he would quit the cheery life of the stage coach to "keep a pike," in order to avenge himself and his wrongs on the travellers who had annoyed him!

These attempts to improve the condition of the roads did not spread over the whole of the country. In 1743 Lord Hervey wrote to Lady Mary Montague complaining that the roads grew more rough and tedious as he left London; adding "I know of no turnpikes to mend them."

Gangs of youths and roughs took advantage of the general feeling against turnpikes. After destroying one on the borders of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, which was not replaced, they soon became a menace to the whole district. Calling themselves Rebekahites, after the blessing bestowed on Rebekah, which ran "Let thy seed possess the gates of them which hate thee," this gang, dressed in long white garments, with their faces masked, made systematic attacks on every toll-gate they came across.

Rousing the toll-keeper by ear-splitting blasts on trumpets of cow horn, and by gun shots, they would take out all his furniture, cut the posts to the ground and chop up the gates. Then the toll-house



SARK TOLL HOUSE, DUMFRIESSHIRE
First building in Scotland over the border from Carlisle

itself was unroofed and either burnt to the ground or levelled, leaving the unfortunate occupant in sole possession of the debris.

This went on until, in 1843, an old woman of seventy was shot dead for calling out that she knew the names of her persecutors. The coroner's jury, either terrorised or else in sympathy with the rioters, returned the preposterous verdict that "The deceased had died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation; but from what cause is to the jury unknown."

After this flagrant miscarriage of justice a commission was formed to enquire into the alleged hardship entailed by toll-gates, and gradually they were banished from the roads, leaving only a few private roads and bridges where toll is still paid. The pretty little toll-gate houses became private homes, and many remain to this day.

Perhaps the most fearsome of these gate houses is the one on the London to Bath road, between Newbury and Hungerford. It has a most grim and business-like appearance, something between a Norman castle and a moated grange. In contrast to this are those at Marshfield, Gloucester, and Stanton Drew, Somerset, with only the iron hasps and marks of the gate posts to tell what was their duty in the olden days.

A table of tolls payable is retained at Tueton Bridge, but as it was drawn up in 1881 no mention is made of the motor car. Perhaps it is fitting that it is classed to-day with the stage-coach, landau, barouche, phaeton, chaise, hearse and other delights of our grandparents. Few things seem to have been missed, even persons riding upon horse or beast are included, but not the homely dog!

To give an idea of the weight—for heavy vehicles were charged at so much a ton—weighing machines were erected at the side of the toll gates. A particularly handsome one is still standing at Soham, Cambridgeshire, and looks like a second cousin to a windmill. Few walking beneath it to-day think of the times when everything had to pay toll for the benefit of passing along the king's highway.

Bridges erected by private persons still pay toll, though the roads are clear. There is a charming little toll-gate house at Kerne Bridge, Herefordshire, where recently children who had to pay a penny a day in order to get to school went on strike—or their parents did—but the dispute was settled by the local education authorities, who now pay the toll.

A toll-gate that seems to have "stolen the thunder" this year is at Burrow Bridge, Athelney. Although set in the midst of Somerset's smooth and well-tended land, it has little to attract the notice of the average tourist until the gate-keeper comes to collect the toll. The bridge was built 125 years ago, when fifty men raised £2,550 for it—a large sum but a good investment, as it has paid five per cent. ever since. The last bond was redeemed this year, so that in 1940 the bridge will be free to all and sundry.

Habit is strong in Somerset. At the auction for its tolls, held in a Langport posting house, the same hour glass used in 1814 appears, bidding proceeding as the sands run out. The last bidder holds the tolls for the coming year. Even then the glass has to be turned three times before the bargain is complete. This year the sum realised was £1,725 as against £513 in 1925.

Toll-gate houses have a charm of infinite variety. Perhaps the one at Ashton Gate, on the Weston-super-Mare road from Bristol, is the most original of them all. Redminster Gate, Bristol, still possesses a house that rivals a cubist drawing for angles and corners. It must have been practical for there is a clear space all round it—though perhaps due to the widening of the road and not to the foresight of its builders.

The most romantic of the toll-gate houses is undoubtedly that at Sark, Dumfriesshire, though anything less romantic than its appearance is hard to find. It is the first building over the border and a deadly rivalry exists between it and the famous Gretna Green smithy. It boasts that 10,000 couples have been united in its "marriage room" since it was built in 1830.



WEIGHING MACHINE AT SOHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Introduced after 1740, machines like the one here depicted, were used for assessing tolls payable by heavily laden wagons



AT KERNE BRIDGE, NEAR GOODRICH, HEREFORDSHIRE



THE OLD TURNPIKE, WHICH GAVE ITS NAME TO ASHTON GATE, BRISTOL





A MEET OF THE GRAFTON, AT WICKEN, NEAR STONY STRATFORD
Left: Lord Hillingdon who is acting Master while Lord Cadogan is serving with the Army. Right: Colonel Cross and Miss Douglas Pennant.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Sport has been good and hounds have run so consistently that it is difficult to select the days most worthy of comment. The dog pack have not had a mention this season so far, but the way they ran, after meeting at Ingoldsby, puts them high in the honours list.

There was a misty drizzle on the Friday of their visit to this fine wild part of the country, which has a lot of Belvoir history woven into its woods and turf, but the resulting haze was certainly not of the scent-spoiling sort. The size of Ingoldsby Wood, the first draw, usually causes delay in getting a fox to leave and the density of the undergrowth often makes his discovery difficult. However, no sooner were hounds in covert than they forced their fox away and within ten minutes he was off on the Boothby side with the huntsmen and his charges close in his wake. Over the road and through Boothby Little Wood they screamed, without the shadow of a pause, pouring over the fields to the left of Humby Wood. The pack ran just as fast as they possibly could to Ropsley Rise and did not even require attention in this great stronghold. Breaking out again over the Bridge End road they reached Londonthorpe before the huntsman had cause to help them.

He hit off a line over the High Dyke to Welby village, through Welby Hazels and on to Ancaster Quarries, whose numerous excavations are a huntsman's despair. Though it is certain that by now the original fox had exchanged with a friend, the hunt was by no means over, for it went on round a big ring by Oasby to Heydour Southings, where a considerable pause was not unwelcome to those who had survived the expedition. Another substitute was probably roused here, to be hunted more slowly back to Ancaster, which ended a splendid day. There had been perpetual motion for two and a half hours, with a seven mile point. UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—From the meet at Barrow Cross Roads held recently, hounds started an enjoyable day's hunting. There were at least a leash of foxes in Ilchester's Gorse, and hounds soon settled on one who pointed for the vale, but swung right-handed, between the Barrows and the railway line, to be lost near Hazelgrove. On returning to Ilchester's Gorse another fox was hunted over a nice line to Nightingale Copse and Yarcombe, before turning left-handed into Hazelgrove Park, where scent failed. Little could be done with a fox from Babcary, but from Lytes Cary hounds scored a good hunt, by Cogbury and through Urgashay, as though for Chilton Cantel. The fox was apparently headed near Speckington, turning back to recross the road through West Camel village. He continued by Parson's Steeple to Yarcombe, from which covert he was hunted through Annis Hills. Hounds were stopped near Cogbury as horses had had more than enough.

After meeting at Halsey Arms on the following Thursday, little could be done with foxes at Short Wood. From Ranksborough Gorse hounds ran well by Warry's to Buchshaw, and thence over the Cuundle brook to Butterwick, where fresh foxes intervened. This was a point of four and a half miles over a nice line.

On the Saturday, from North Cheriton hounds were taken to the withybed, and finding at once ran at a good pace by Tinker's Lee and Horsington Marsh, almost to Coombe Throop, where the fox, being headed from the railway, turned back to be lost near Marshbarn Farm. Returning to Grove withybed hounds hunted a second fox to ground near Gould's Farm. After one had been chopped in Rodgrove another fox from this covert ran by Shaw Hill, and turned right-handed near Sandley Tunnel towards Kington Magna, but recrossed the Buckhorn Road, to be hunted through Quarr and the gardens of Shank House to Cucklington, where hounds were stopped after another hard day.

B. V. H.

COTSWOLD.—Meeting at Queen Wood a short time ago, these hounds brought off a good hunt, with a six mile point, over a hilly line. Within a few minutes of drawing three or four brace of foxes were quickly afoot. This is usually the case, as Queen Wood is a favourite dwelling place, being sheltered from the wind. A travelling fox was soon away, and with a good start he ran up the hill over Drypool Farm where hounds checked, but soon righted themselves. They ran through Puckham to the Firs, then sank the valley to the Brockhampton Road. Crossing Syreford Farm they hunted on to the railway and over the Stow Road to Lawrences' Gorse, where the fox was accounted for. C.

COTTESMORE.—December 11th saw hounds stopped for the first time this season at Castle Bytham owing to fog. From Owston village on the Tuesday they were unlucky. The pack went well away with a fox from Owston Wood and crossed Witheotes, where the fox was headed so returned to Little Owston. He crossed over into Big Owston, and going away on the Knossington side was hunted up to Hawes Gorse, where the pack marked to ground, having run well for fifteen minutes in the open.

From Hambleton on the Thursday hounds had an excellent day; scent was good and they ran fast all through the day in two enjoyable hunts. They found at once in Hambleton Wood and were soon running hard to Gibbett's Gorse. The fox did not delay here, and crossing the Swash Brook reached Lax Hill covert. Leaving this hounds ran at a great pace back over the brook, and leaving Gibbett's Gorse on the left just touched Hambleton Wood to pass through Hambleton Hall demesne. Holding the Church on the right they crossed the Egleton Vale, and killed in the open close to Lax Hill, after a first rate gallop of one hour.

Owing to the wet it did not seem likely that Burley Fish Ponds would hold, but they sheltered a brace. One crossing the Oakham Road left Catmore on the right, and hounds ran fast straight across the Egleton Vale to the outskirts of Hambleton Village. Holding this on the right they ran almost to Barnsdale Wood, before turning through Armmey, and leaving Half Moon Spinney on the left entered Hambleton Wood. The time taken was 37 minutes and hounds had run fast all the way. Masses of dying bracken in the wood saved the tired fox, as scent petered out altogether. And so ended a good day's sport and a hard one on horses.

FOXY.

CROOME.—Scent this season has been far from good, and the north-east winds which have lately swept the country have done nothing to improve it. Saturday (the 16th) found us at Drake's Broughton in dull December weather. Only a small field followed hounds to this first draw at Broughton Coppice. A quick find resulted in a twisting hunt of half an hour or so, during which the fox employed his zig-zag tactics throughout, crossing and recrossing the railway, running to the Bow Brook above Walcot, and finally returning whence he came.

After spending some time in covert hunting in Broughton Coppice, under entirely scentless conditions, hounds were taken by way of the Brickpits to Lodge Wood, where they found again. Jack Partridge, who runs the terriers, followed a fox away for Cattleeroft Farm, but after a short gallop had to leave him among the vast acres of Tiddesley Wood, where hounds were stopped. Deerfold held the next fox, who at 12.25 broke across the road to Blaythorn, where there was a check, but information was brought to Pavitt that he had been viewed going into Mill Rough. There hounds put him on the move again, but scent faded out beyond Whittaker's Laurels. On returning there, however, they suddenly opened up in a grand chorus of music which put fresh life into all, and it was not long after this that the pack got going in the open.

Now followed the *bonne bouche* of the day, when for half-an-hour followers were galloping with the cold wind in their faces, and had several awkward places to negotiate before reaching Stonebow. The fox had been seen to cross the main Worcester-Pershore road for Hand's Brake, and hounds hunted the line up the brookside to the Great Western Railway, on the far side of which they began to bear right-handed towards the Tag. At Stonebow they threw up momentarily, which was lucky, for a train passed at that minute and it was but a short while later that the pack was streaming over the railway, making for Drake's Broughton. Their fox had turned above the Bow Brook to recross the main road to Lodge Wood, beyond which scent failed after one hour's hunt.

D. M. M.

TYNEDALE.—December 16th proved to be a good scenting day, when hounds met at Carr Hill. Some time was spent in Cochran-Carr's Whin, and a brace of foxes were killed. Then hounds were quickly away with a fox from Hollywell Dene, and ran fast towards Shawell, they next turned to the left with Aydon Dene on the right, making a straight line nearly to White House Whin.

Just short of the covert they turned west towards Halton Castle, completing the circle back into Hollywell Dene. Going on, hounds divided just opposite Aydon Castle, one lot, with huntsman and a few of the field, running straight through Aydon Dene and Shawell. Crossing the Corbridge-Stagshaw road they left Stagshaw House on the right, to go on through the Pot Holes. The pack checked under Sandhoe, when pointing for Beaufront, and were stopped.

In the meantime the rest of the pack, with the master and the majority of the field, hunted a fox up to Aydon Village. When the pack was united in Aydon Dene they put up a fox who had evidently done some work, and caught him in the second field. Finding at once in the Kennel Whin, hounds ran north at a great pace, and crossing the military road almost reached Little Whittington, just short of which they divided. A few couples raced straight into the cream of the country, while the main body swung back over the Watling Street as if for Stanley Wood. Re-crossing the military road they crossed Stagshaw Common for the Stagshaw House grounds, where the run ended.

Another good day's sport followed the meet at Swinburne South Lodge on the 18th. Finding at

(Continued on page 1234)

THE ENFIELD CHACE AT HATFIELD WOODSIDE



HOUNDS IN FULL CRY, THROWING A TONGUE



TED COX, THE HUNTSMAN WITH THE PACK, ENTERING HATFIELD PARK





LEFT: MISS JOAN HENDERSON, ONE OF THE JOINT MASTERS. RIGHT: BELVOIR BLOOD FOR THE ENFIELD CHACE KENNELS



MOVING OFF FROM THE MEET MR. F. RUSSELL-DORE, JOINT-MASTER, LEADING WITH SIR FRANCIS FREMANTLE, M.P., AND MISS ELIZABETH BENNETT

once near the drive gates hounds ran at a great pace to the river west of Chollerton, which the fox had crossed, and were stopped. With a fox found in the Whins near the Sanatorium hounds hunted past the Dukes, over the Crags, and through Pity Me and Ripley Hill, then swinging right-handed by Colt Crag reached Little Swinburne.

Turning back again through Colt Crag and Folly Moss, they left Little Swinburne to the west and ran north to the Hallington Water Works, going on through the Liddell and the Stables covert. The fox was viewed just in front and they ran back through the Liddell, by Five Lane Ends, and across Middle Farm to Erring Burn. Hunting alongside the burn to the Watling Street hounds had to be stopped as it was growing late. This had been a capital hunt of one and a half hours. When hounds were running through Folly Moss a few couples killed a fox on their own. There was a great scent in the morning, but it was not so good in the afternoon.

T.

IRELAND

SCARTEEN (THE BLACK AND TANS).—On Monday, December 11th, these hounds were at Kilfanish Gate. It was some time before they found on a hounds ditch, south of the main road. Crossing the Ballycahill road, hounds ran almost to Rathanny house, but the fox being headed turned sharp left-handed over the Cansoque river, going on through Ballycahill and over the Knocklong-Elton road. Hounds marked him to ground, close to the railway near Elton.

Knocktoran, the next draw, provided a good fox, who was found at the back of the house. Running across the Elton-Ballinvreena road, he went perfectly straight over a grand line of country almost to the hill of Knocklong. Before reaching it, however, he turned sharp right-handed over the famous Black Ditch, and ran on, still over lovely country, through Mitchelstowndown and over the Morning Star river. Hounds, still running hard, crossed the Tipperary-Kilfinane road and ran up almost to the village of Glenbrohane.

Here they were at fault, for the first time, on the upper road near Glenbrohane village, but soon hitting it off continued up Shevereagh Mountain. Sticking well to their fox hounds brought him down again almost to Glenbrohane and turning right-handed by the Chapel hunted towards Ballinalacken. After going a short way, the fox set his mask once more up the mountain and hounds had to be stopped as horses could not face the hill again. This was a good hunt over a fine country.

On December 14th the Hunt met at Derk and had another good day. In the home covert a fox at once ran straight over the road by the front gate, and on for Newtown Ellard. Leaving it on the left hounds ran towards the hill of Rahard, as if Cullen was their point; but before reaching the road they turned sharp back right-handed towards Sarsfields Rock. Leaving it on the left they crossed the Ballyrusty-Pallas road, and ran on almost to Garrydoolis, but turning right-handed again faced Knockderk. Before reaching it, however, they turned right-handed into Derk Covert where the fox had been found.

Though making only a large circle hounds ran hard the whole time, and covered a distance of roughly four miles. After hunting in the covert for some time they put their fox out, and running through the laurels at the back of the house pointed for the screens near the road, crossing there into Woodville. Not delaying here hounds went on to Crosse, through Newton Ellard to Ballyrusty Church, and crossing the road killed their fox a few fields beyond the Church. This was a good fifty minutes from the second time the Hunt left the covert.—S.



A MEET AT CHAGFORD
The Master, Major A. C. Arden, followed by the kennel huntsman, Tom Bunch

THE MID-DEVON HUNT

A Fine Pack in a Very Rough Country

"CURATE wanted for Moretonhampstead. Must have a good voice and be a good horseman as he will be required to act as Whipper-in to the Mid-Devon Foxhounds."

Such were the requirements of the Rev. W. Clack, M.F.H. in 1840—sufficient evidence of the standing in the community of the Mid-Devon Hunt 100 years ago.

The Mid-Devon country covers the centre of Devonshire of which Nimrod had rudely written a few years earlier: "Devonshire is certainly the worst hunting country I ever was in. Yet, strange to say, there are more hounds kept in it than in any other three counties in England."

Now the fox is hunted two days a week, on one day on the north-eastern part of Dartmoor and on the other on the cultivated land to the east. In Mr. Clack's time, both fox and hare were hunted as foxes were few, and Dartmoor, as a hunting ground, was not properly appreciated.

The great name in the history of hunting in Mid-Devon is Bragg of Furlong, a family now no longer represented in the district. Their hunting records going back to 1604 were destroyed when their house was burnt down early in the present century.

The modern history of the Hunt begins with the Mastership of Mr. George Bragg in 1793. In 1822, Mr. Bragg gave his hounds to the Rev. W. Clack, who was joined by Colonel Stephenson in 1825, and the joint-Mastership continued until the hounds were sold in 1857. Then Mr. Thomas Westlake hunted the country with a pack of large harriers until 1865, when he took over the neighbouring South Devon country in which his Mastership is regarded as the golden age.

In 1865 the country reverted to the Bragg family, the brothers William and George getting together a private pack. In 1869, Mr. William Bragg died and Mr. George Bragg carried on alone for 20 seasons in spite of twice losing his whole pack through rabies.

It was in 1878 that Mr. Bragg decided to hunt fox only. He was followed by a number of Masters for a few seasons each, of whom, perhaps, the most noteworthy is Mr. Gilbert Spiller, well known to-day as an active all-round Devonian sportsman. Mr. Spiller hunted hounds himself and showed excellent sport. Finance was always a problem in this remote provincial country, and the prosperity of the Hunt ebbed and flowed with the resources of the Masters at the time. In 1902-1904, Mr. Loraine Bell, who had the loan of a part of Eggesford country, hunted regularly four days a week. In the first two seasons of the Great War, very remarkable sport was shown by Mr. Frank Collings, then landlord of the Three Crowns, Chagford. Mr. Collings kept one horse and ten couple of hounds on a total subscription of £175 a year. He hunted the country two days a week and, especially on Dartmoor, hounds were quite frequently running all day. It would hardly have been possible in an enclosed country to do much with so small a pack but on the open moor, a small pack is sometimes an advantage, provided that the huntsman knows where to find a fox. This was Mr. Collings's especial talent. A stranger would be mystified by a conversation between him and Mr. Tom Hext of the Warren Inn: "Where be 'im lying to?" "Roundabout." "Outalong roundabout?" "Aiss," followed by a jog across the open moor to the only spot in miles of waste where a fox was lying.

Even the modest guarantee of £175 became too much of a burden, and the Hunt was given up in 1917. For several years the country was hunted by the South Devon, but that Hunt, with an enormous home country, was not able to devote more than one day a week to the Mid-Devon country.

The demand for the revival of the local pack became insistent, and in 1936 the interregnum came to an end. The present Master, Major A. C. Arden, collected a pack of draft hounds and hunted most of the country on loan from the South Devon; the Hunt being known as the South Devon (North). With no cubhunting and a scratch pack of hounds, it was a great achievement by him and Mrs. Arden, his whipper-in, to kill ten braces of foxes in a country where, in some places, hounds had not been seen for 20 years. He had many days of good sport; perhaps the most striking being almost the first when he took out thirteen-and-a-half couple, whose names he hardly knew, a draft just arrived from Cottismore and killed two old dog foxes in the open.

In 1937, by an arbitration award of the M.F.H. Association, the country was formally handed over to the Mid-Devon Hunt, and the old blue collars were worn again at a special meet on May 1st. In the next season 20 braces of foxes were killed, a record for the country; an indication not only of the efficiency of the present establishment but also of the difficulty of catching foxes in this very rough and hilly country.

Last season the previous record was broken by the end of February. With less than usual disturbance by weather, there had been a succession of first-rate days. One of the best hunts was a nine-mile point in two hours from Lovaton to Steps Bridge, where it was thought that the fox was drowned in the River Teign.

The subscription list is headed by H.M. the King who is the largest landowner in the Hunt. There are few rich residents, and though finance is not the anxiety it once was, it is still a matter of constant care. Every village holds an annual Hunt ball, which contributes to the Hunt funds. The regular field includes many farmers and the members of a very flourishing pony club.

The hounds were collected from a number of kennels, principally the Brocklesby and the Cottesmore. The latter have a great deal of Berkeley blood, and Major Arden in building up his pack worked on the line which has been so successful in the case of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and others.

Last season was the first in which a home-bred entry had been put on. The previous summer 400 enthusiasts attended the first puppy judging for 25 years, and when the Master paraded the pack in the ring, the cheers would have blown the roof off the tent at Peterborough.

The best type of hound for the country in Major Arden's opinion is a hound with all the qualities—nose, tongue, drive, speed, stamina. The most important point of conformation is that the shoulder and feet must be natural. On the open moor hounds run as fast as they do anywhere; the in-country has small enclosures and big hairy banks, and hounds need plenty of drive to get on after their fox. There are some big woodlands like the Forestry Commission's plantings at Fernworthy and the five-mile chain of the Moreton Woods on the banks of the River Teign, in which hounds without plenty of tongue would be hopeless.

The most difficult task for hounds in this country is a hunt which starts on the good scenting moorland and goes on to the bad scenting in-country. Although very rough, it is because of its variety a lovely country in which to build up a pack of hounds, especially as all the natives take a keen interest in the process.

M. RYAN.

"SIX-PUN'-TEN"

By J. IVESTER LLOYD

The Mare with but a Single Fault

THIS is the true story of a hunter mare, and if your conception of such an animal includes nothing which could be bought for less than 100 guineas, then it will not amuse you. At a sale in Brighton she was knocked down to my father for £6 10s.

Handsome, and without a fault that the eye could find, she was sold without a character. Even then, the price seemed ridiculous; but perhaps it was because few bidders had turned up on such a bitterly cold day.

The first sign of trouble came when, on the way out of Brighton, bound for the cottage near Devil's Dyke, the mare declined to enter a certain street. No sort of persuasion by my father, or by a small crowd of grinning urchins, would induce her to go that way until, somewhere near by, a hurdy-gurdy luckily, because "Six-Pun'-Ten" was most unwilling to leave hounds.

In hacking her about the lanes mother discovered the mare's fault. She had a strong distaste for known roads and, while she would step out with the best on a fresh route, there was always the greatest difficulty in getting her along a path which she had once trodden. But she had a great love of music and of anything connected with hounds, and only for these things would she willingly cover the same ground more than once.

Mother set out for a meet and, after a few yards, "Six-Pun'-Ten," deciding that she had been in that particular lane rather too often, jibbed. Whip and heel would not alter her decision and, at last, she had to be reined back all the way to the cottage. This got her started, but my father had my father said that he had an idea, and went into Brighton on his cycle, "just to work it out," he said.

On the day that "Six-Pun'-Ten" was to show her paces she was even more "nappy" than usual, and needed a closer acquaintance with the whip than the mere sound of its cracking before she would start at all. Then father covered a mile-and-a-half, walking behind and assuring mother that all would be well. At the end of that distance, he said that, having played his part, he could go no farther and, sitting by the roadside, he lit a pipe.

At that moment, from round the corner, came the jangling sound of a hurdy-gurdy and the mare almost danced the remaining half-mile, carrying herself as if she had never been sold for less than 100 guineas. This time she fetched a tenner from her delighted new owner, and an Italian organ grinder duly received a fee of five shillings for playing his instrument in front of two empty cottages until the deal was clinched and "Six-Pun'-Ten" had trotted out of sight and sound.



HINTS ON EQUITATION

Remember not to study the manual when mounted, since you may be reading page 37 (para. 4) whilst the horse is demonstrating page 82 (para. 5)

struck up. The Italian who turned the handle earned my father's gratitude for, at sound of it "Six-Pun'-Ten's" head went up, her ears pricked, and she stepped out with all dislike for that street apparently forgotten.

The cottage near Devil's Dyke had no stabling, but the mare was bedded down with plenty of clean straw in a warm outhouse. Mother, to whom she was a present, would probably have taken her in the cottage itself had there been room, but, with the table, a chair or two, a barrel of October ale and three couples of beagles, the single room was full enough already.

On the following afternoon, the wind which swept across the South Downs, bringing with it a hint of Channel spray, bore another sound besides the screaming of the gulls. Rising and falling in cadence, but coming ever nearer, was the music of running hounds. This brought my parents out of their cottage to stare into the keen wind. Soon they saw the pack streaming along the skyline, followed by a small field.

A whinney from the outhouse made them look round, and they saw "Six-Pun'-Ten's" head at a window which was set so high in the wall that she could only reach it by standing on her hind legs.

Within a short space of time the mare was saddled and bridled and led out of her stable. Her gaze was ever towards the high downs and she had to be firmly held while mother mounted. Then she was away up the narrow lane and through a gate which, fortunately perhaps, was opened by a farm hand. It was obvious that she had been schooled on the downs, for she had nothing to learn about crossing that country.

She slid confidently down the steepest slopes, partly on her hocks, while her rider knew enough to sit back and let her have her head. So they came up to hounds, run out of scent, just as the Master was giving the word for "home." Luckily the road taken by the pack ran close by the cottage, to walk behind, cracking a whip at intervals of 20yds. until they heard the clip-clop of horses jogging on, and a whipper-in's "gently there." Where the lane joined a road, the pack came in sight, the mare jibbed no more and father took his whip home.

A fox, roused in a small spinney in a cleft of the hills, went away at once and hounds came out of a covert to a ringing holloa and a tuneful "rattle" on the horn. They drove along on a grand scent, their voices echoing across the downs.

On her six-pound-ten's worth of horseflesh mother found herself well in the first flight. A young thruster on a blood 'un offered to give everyone a lead over an ugly place, but his expensive mount refused, and it was "Six-Pun'-Ten" who showed the field her heels as she sailed over with little apparent effort.

When that fox was rolled over in a farmyard, after 50 minutes of the best, there were only three up, besides the Master and the first whipper-in, and one of them was my mother.

The little mare gave her many another good hunt, but always there was that difficulty in getting her started for the meet, when father and his whip had to play their part until she could see a scarlet coat or a hound.

At the end of the season my parents decided to leave Sussex. "Six-Pun'-Ten" had to go, and she was offered "cheap to a good home." A woman replied and, judging by the letter, here was an obvious "good home" for the mare, so everything must be done to get her into it.

It was arranged that the would-be purchaser should see the mare on a by-road about two miles from the cottage. Here was a problem. "Six-Pun'-Ten" knew that road well; there would be no scarlet coats and no hounds to make her step out, and the sight of a man walking behind cracking a whip would "crab" the deal at once. However,

LINES TO JULIA, A PUG

I know a pug called Julia,
A Pug-nosed Pug is she—
And don't you know how truly a
Proud thing a Pug can be?
Her pride she cannot smother
When to walk abroad she goes,
For she never meets another
With an Adjective for nose;

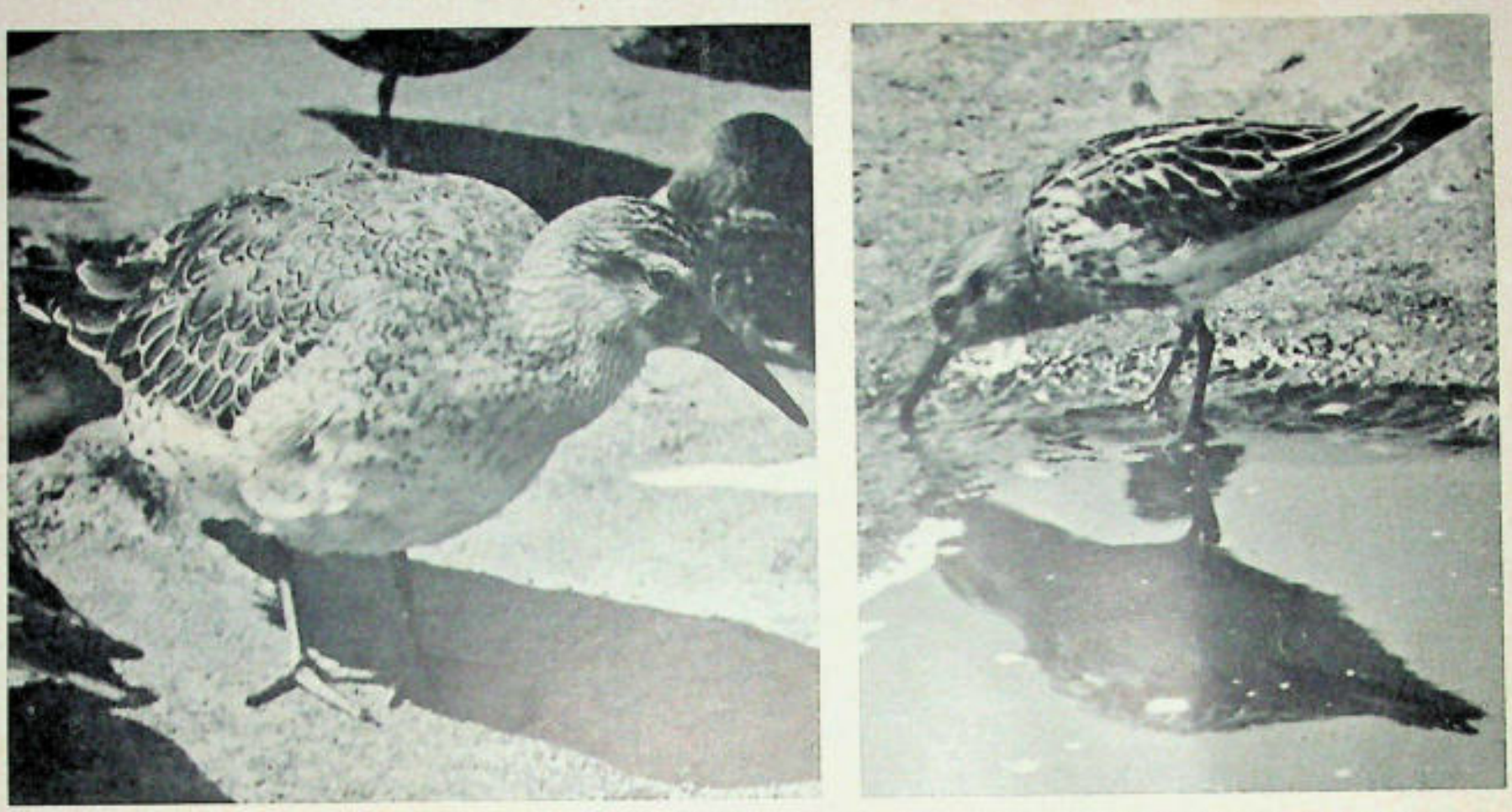
She's met a Gold Retriever
And a Setter, surnamed Red,
And once she met The Belvoir
On the road near Woodwell Head;
She's met a prize Dalmatian
And a Sheep-Dog on the Downs,
And a champion Alsatian,
But their noses all were *Noses*;

She's met, in any number,
The Fox-Terrier, as well
As the Cocker and the Clumber
And the Springer Spaniel;
She's met, most prone to tragic tiffs,
The White Bull Terrier;
But none of them had Adjectives
For noses, anywhere;

But Julia, but Julia
A Pug-nosed Pug is she,
And, therefore, see, how truly a
Proud thing can Julia be;
Her pride she cannot smother,
In a Pug-nosed snort it shows,
For she never meets another
With an Adjective for nose.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

BIRD LIFE BY THE SEASHORE: KNOTS, DUNLINS ANI



LEFT: CLOSE-UP OF A YOUNG KNOT. A TRULY REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH. RIGHT: A DUNLIN FEEDING, HIS HEAD IN CONSTANT MOTION AS HE DABBLES HIS BEAK IN THE POOL.

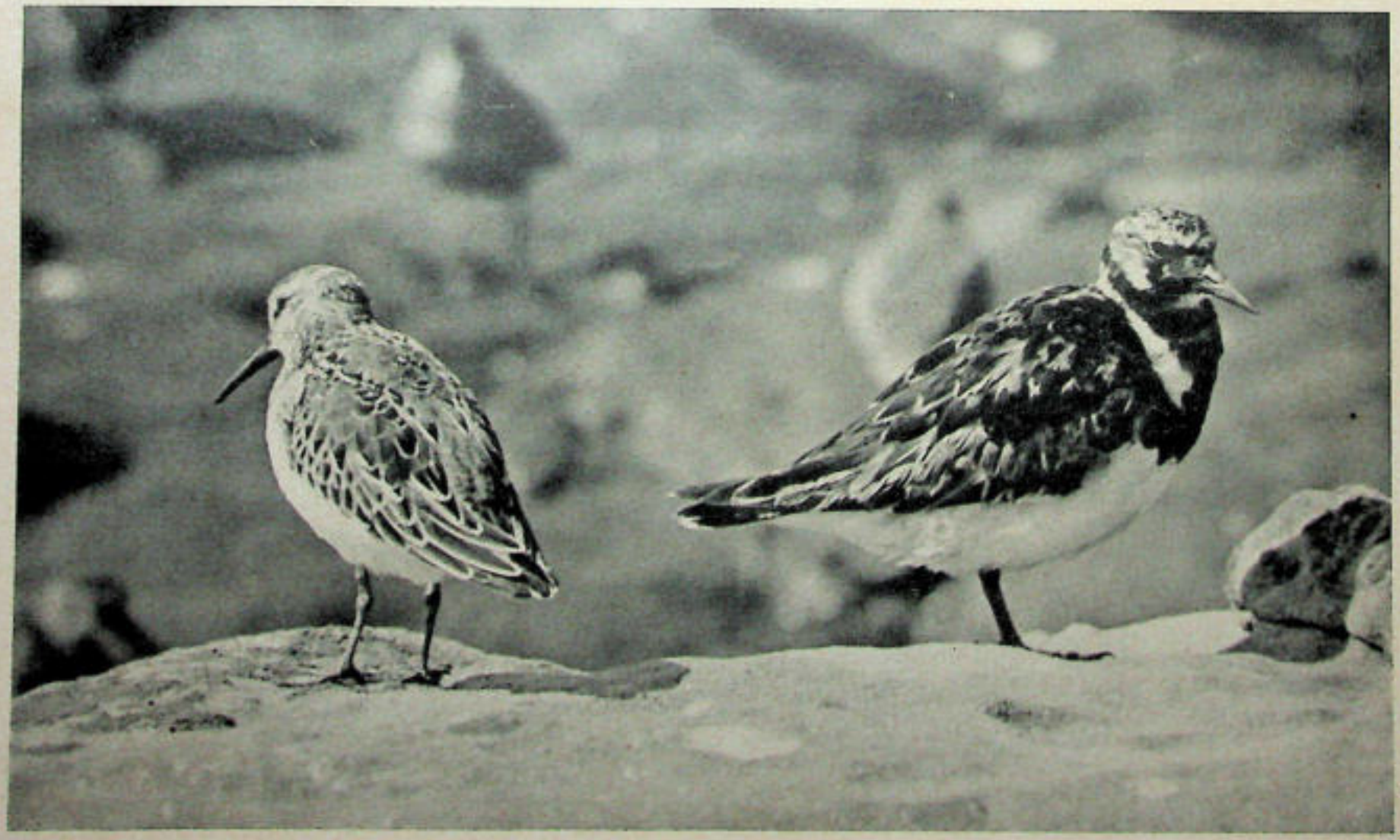


THE VANGUARD OF THE AUTUMN MIGRATION ASSEMBLES ON THE ROCKS. KNOT AND DUNLIN PHOTOGRAPHED IN AUGUST

TURNSTONES PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUY B. FARRAR



"BRAKING" AT THE END OF A FLIGHT. A SEPTEMBER STUDY OF KNOT ALIGHTING. THE KNOT IS AMONGST THE MOST PRODIGIOUS OF BIRD TRAVELLERS, BREEDING NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, AND WINTERING AS FAR SOUTH AS CAPE COLONY



TWO NORTHERN MIGRANTS: A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF A TURNSTONE AND SANDERLING



CHILEAN EAGLE

RARE ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

ONE of the most important duties of the Zoo—and indeed one of the most obvious—is that of housing and exhibiting rare and curious creatures of the animal kingdom. It is this duty that is specifically mentioned in the terms of the Society's Royal Charter, under which it has worked for over one hundred years. And for all of this hundred years this policy has been faithfully followed.

Three years ago Mr. David Seth-Smith wrote an article about Zoo rarities, in which he pointed out how carefully the Zoo had applied itself to the task of obtaining the rarest and latest animals. He pointed out, too, that up to 1936 the Zoo had not yet had specimens of the giant panda, the bongo or the giant forest hog. It is pleasant to be able to record that since then all three of these extraordinary animals have been shown in the Society's gardens.

An important task which can only be fulfilled by zoos, particularly those of the park type, is the maintenance and breeding of animals which are on the verge of extinction. Perhaps the best example of such an animal is Père David's deer, which, never common, is now extinct in its native Chinese haunts. The only herd left in the world is now on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Woburn, and if it was not for the existence of this estate there would be no Père David's deer left alive.

Similarly, all the world's white-tailed gnus are in close confinement and it is doubtful if they number two hundred. Those at Whipsnade are breeding successfully, a fact which augurs well for the future of this interesting species.

The remnants of the once numerous European bison are all in zoos and parks. On January 1st, 1938, Dr. Jan Zabinski, the Warsaw zoologist, calculated that the pure-bred individuals of this species numbered no more than 97.

The giant panda was only discovered by Père David, who also discovered his deer, in 1879. It arrived at the Zoo in December, 1938. The giant forest hog discovered in the Kenya forest in 1910, and later found to be present also in the forests of the Belgian Congo, arrived in 1937, and so did the bongo, which comes also from the forest region of Kenya and from parts of the Congo.

The bongo is the largest of the forest antelopes, and is a fine example of adaptation to such a habitat. Its vertical stripes and the disruptive pattern on its legs serve to conceal it. Its large ears help it to distinguish its enemies in conditions where sight is of little use, and even its horns are laid back so as to afford little resistance to its passage through thick vegetation.

There are still some interesting mammals that the Zoo would like to have. Perhaps the most primitive of all, the duck-billed platypus, has never been in the collection, and in fact has only once been kept alive in a zoo outside Australia; a specimen lived for about 90 days in America a year or two ago. The problem with regard to keeping the duck-billed platypus is mainly one of food, though Australian zoologists have now developed a technique which enables them to keep examples for years.

The Koala bear, like the platypus, will prove difficult to import. Apart from the Australian protection regulations, the problem of food is equally difficult. The Koala has been kept in the London Zoo on one occasion; the specimen lived for several months.

In Africa are two creatures which have never yet appeared in the gardens. Both of them are extremely rare, and both come from the Congo. One is that amazing Lemurine creature, the Awantibo, a nocturnal animal of incredible rarity. One or two collectors have made attempts to secure live specimens, but so far it has eluded them. The other is the Congo peacock, described within the last decade from specimens which had lain in a museum for some years labelled as ordinary Indian peacocks.

The discovery of this bird was of great interest to students of geographical distribution, for it is the only member of the pheasant family to have been found in Africa and is separated from its nearest relative by the Sahara and other natural barriers hitherto thought to be impassable. Live specimens of the Congo peacock have now been secured for American zoos, but the London Zoo will have to wait until after the war before it gets its chance. Nevertheless, it has recently secured one or two very rare birds.

Most spectacular of these is the Quetzal of Central America, a trogon, sacred to the Aztecs and characterised by the brilliant green plumage of the male, which has tail feathers longer than its body. The specimen in the Bird House to-day is rapidly approaching full plumage.

Nearly two years ago Mr. F. Shaw Mayer, the well-known collector, brought an Orange-wattled Bird of Paradise back from New Guinea. This is so rare that I can find only one previous account of the bird in the literature. Unfortunately, the specimen died after rather over a year in the collection. More recently Mr. Shaw Mayer has discovered an entirely new species of Bird of Paradise, quite closely akin to the beautiful kind known as Princess Stephanie's; the main point of difference is that the tail feathers of the new species are over three feet long in the male.

I have just learned that Mr. Shaw Mayer is returning to the East Indies and it must be hoped that he will be able to find out more details of this curious bird, which lives many miles inland in difficult country.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

MOST professional cooks have flat feet but no imagination. It is not their fault; merely professional deformation. They are all day on their feet and their attention is so entirely given to the securing of immediate results that they cannot let their mind wander into unexplored fields. But where most professional cooks fail, others have a better chance of success, whether amateur cooks or not, who have vision, the right disposition and a lively interest in what they eat and drink.

Of the many good resolutions for the New Year there is one which you have probably overlooked, and yet one that you and your friends would be all the better for, did you think of it and stick to it. In these troublous and worrying times we must take greater interest in what we eat and drink, not spending more money but more imagination upon the choice of our daily meals. And this is the good resolution for the New Year which I commend to all. Let us try, if only once a week, something quite new, something that we have never tasted before, even if it happens not to be better than, if as palatable as, what we have been enjoying for years and years. What sense is there in this? Firstly, that there may be and, in fact, we know that there will be, in war time a shortage of just those foods which are the most popular—bacon and eggs, for instance. Secondly, because when you eat something that is quite new, it is not merely your sense of taste that is aware of it and puzzled by it; the newcomer causes some stir below the belt also, and it is responsible for a freer flow of gastric juices, just as any new form of exercise brings into play muscles which, when never used, just run to fat and lose their elasticity.

There is no shortage of cookery books and no difficulty whatever in getting new recipes to prepare all manner of foods that we hardly ever hear of, good as they may be, not so much fish, poultry, game and vegetables of unusual names and rarely to be bought in shops, but those "heads, tails and innards" which most butchers find difficult to sell because nobody wants them, chiefly because nobody knows of them. In order to help their readers introduce greater novelty into their daily meals, the *Field* has made arrangements for the *Curation Book*, issued by the Wine and Food Society, giving hundreds of suggestions for unrationed dishes, to be sent free, *during January*, to any of the *Field's* readers who will apply direct to the Wine and Food Society, 6, Little Russell Street, London, W.C. 1.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets have now settled down to cash dealings. There is not the same freedom in dealings as was the case under the fortnightly accounts. Under existing conditions comparatively little business has an exaggerated effect upon security values.

The amount of stock available is by no means excessive, especially in the more popular securities. There is frequent delay in the delivery of securities purchased. That, however, does not penalise the public in any way. Once stock has been purchased the buyer is entitled to all dividends which accrue, and he can always dispose of the security on his transfer receipt.

I find most dealers taking an optimistic view of the future. Just at the moment there is very little business in British Government stocks. That is nothing unusual at the end of a year. The market is, however, less active than is usually the case.

That is due to a disposition on the part of the banks and other big financial houses to keep resources as liquid as possible to meet any demand upon their resources under war conditions. It is highly probable, however, that renewed interest will be directed to the Funds with the turn of the year. I find most dealers in the market perfectly content to wait for a return of business.

There is a probability that early in the New Year the Treasury will be coming forward with large new loans for war purposes. That in itself is likely to stimulate interest in the Funds. The general belief is that prices for Government stocks will be higher in the early part of 1940 than is the case to-day. Naturally a good deal must depend upon the character of the news from the war fronts.

There are also hopeful anticipations concerning the home railway market. Principal interest is directed to the terms on which the Government will take control of the railways for the war period. It is accepted that the railways are operating far more successfully to-day than was the case twelve months ago.

No weekly traffic returns are now published. It is, however, known that revenue has been largely augmented. Much traffic has been diverted from the roads to the railways partly as a result of the black-out and petrol rationing.

It is most difficult to estimate dividends on railway stocks for 1939. A great deal must depend upon Government terms of control. It is accepted, however, that the stocks which received full dividends for 1938 will again receive full distribution for 1939.

Consequently, a security such as Southern Railway 5 per cent. preferred ordinary, now standing around 54½, is regarded as a promising purchase. The same applies to London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. first preference stock, with a price around 58½. The Midland 4 per cent. 1923 preference is more of a speculation at the price of 41½, although many seem prepared to purchase the security as a speculative investment.

Opinions concerning industrials are much more divided. It is recognised that the extra taxation imposed under the Supplementary Budget is eating deeply into divisible profits. This is made perfectly plain in annual reports. Most concerns are able to show increased profits, but in many instances dividends are reduced as a direct result of larger taxation.

Some sections of industry have naturally been seriously hit by the war. London catering companies for instance have experienced a very bad time. Taking trade as a whole, however, the experience is quite satisfactory, but there is that overhanging dread of taxation.

Associated Portland Cement £1 ordinary are a persistently drooping market. The price is now in the neighbourhood of 61s. It is believed that this very important concern is operating successfully, but there is virtually no support for the security because of taxation fears.

This security is regarded by many as an attractive purchase around the present price. Few are, however, prepared to take the taxation risk. Tobacco shares have also halted in their upward movement. The recent report of Carreras Ltd. proved conclusively that taxation has been making heavy inroads into divisible profits, and there is, therefore, some uncertainty concerning future dividends on Imperial Tobacco as well as British American Tobacco ordinary stocks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE COTTAGER'S PIG

SIR,—The cottager's pig must return to its sty. To-day there are hundreds of empty sties all over the country. Moreover, something more tangible might be done to link the allotment movement with the spread of producing bacon pigs as a national necessity. In certain areas, where piggeries could be conducted without creating a nuisance to nearby residents, allotment holders could at very little expense erect their sties and raise a considerable amount of green meat for their pigs. A garden or allotment is so closely allied to the feeding of pigs that the surplus or residue from each is helpful, either way you look at it.

As a war-time measure, certain authorities waived their bye-laws as to keeping pigs within a certain distance of inhabited dwellings, but as pig housing is so different nowadays, public authorities, working in conjunction with the Pig Board and the veterinary surgeon, could easily evolve ways and means of skirting round the presuming "nuisance" caused by feeding and raising pigs in rural and urban areas.

Pigs to-day can weather almost any kind of condition, and, given a tolerably clean bed—he never makes a mess of his—and a dry bed, he will thrive well, even if his sty does not admit his roaming about. Yet he should have air and proper ventilation in his sty. Free drainage of the sty is an essential, hence it should have a gentle slope. The floor must be kept perfectly clean. The roof of a sty should always be impervious to rain and frost. It should be made of something that renders the interior neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer. If corrugated galvanised iron is used an underlining of straw will keep out both frost and sun. This lining must be removed frequently and burnt in case it harbours vermin.

At times a pig will display the propensity for scattering his bed around the sty and squatting himself on the bare floor, instead of resting on the dry litter which has been provided for him. Such display of "cussedness" can be prevented if he is given something in his sty to snout and turn over.

Green food and roots raised on the allotment will appeal to him when he is in this exuberant mood.

Years ago, the fact that a cottager or villager possessed a well-tilled garden, and had a pig or two in his sty, gave him a sense of ownership that is lacking to-day. In spite of what the authorities behind the allotment have done during the last few years to increase the spread of pig producing, the present time calls for a united effort of both our rural councils and the leading societies in order to maintain the country's need in this time of emergency.

Yours faithfully,
Sunnyside, Cromford Road, G. BARTON.
Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

CROWS AND RABBITS

SIR,—With regard to Mr. J. T. Gracie's report of having twice in one week disturbed carrion crows from a rabbit, which had been eaten away between its head and shoulders, I have come across this many times in Perthshire and Inverness-shire, but more often the victim was a mountain hare.

I have never doubted that the animal was first attacked and paralysed by a stoat, the crows driving the stoat off, or perhaps finding it injured as the stoat left it. Had the crows been the initial aggressors, I think their work would have been obvious by the removal of the eyes of the victim, and next they would probably have attacked the abdomen, as they do in the case of a dead hare or rabbit.

It is very doubtful whether, unaided, crows could stop a fit rabbit or mountain hare.

Yours faithfully,
H. MORTIMER BATTEN.
New Club, Edinburgh.

EGG COLLECTING

SIR,—I congratulate Mr. Moray Brown on his admirable letter, and especially on his way of egg collecting, which, though harmful, is at least a step in the right direction, and whereas I like his subject "Bird Protection," I heartily disagree with him on several points. To begin with, I cannot possibly see how anyone can justifiably claim that the egg collector or the learner photographer do no harm to the bird life of Britain. Does he honestly imagine, I wonder, that his learner photographer disturbing a nesting bird, or a studious egg collector robbing a rare species of her clutch, improves or increases bird life?

I have definite knowledge to the effect that the crested tits nesting at Abernethy were robbed of clutch after clutch, year after year, until the eggs were almost colourless, and, if allowed to hatch, the offsprings weak. I suppose our learned ornithologist, in his defence of egg collecting, denies that this is bad for the numbers of crested tits in Scotland! I am sure no one can call that bird protection.

I will take as another example of the bald futility of the statement, "it is not collectors, egg collectors, photographers (or learner photographers) who are to blame for the decrease in numbers of certain species," the fact that after many years' absence of a nest of the species, a reeve laid a clutch at Hickling in Norfolk in 1907. An ardent egg collector disposed of the eggs (if he had taken one he would have still done harm), and the ruff has not again nested in Norfolk to this day.

As for his saintly gamekeeper, who allows the kestrel to nest outside his door, I heartily wish there were more of his kind, but I think the fault of game preserving lies in the master, not the man.

I may seem narrow-minded, but I hope not quite so much so as those who think that a hawk (whatever species) must be shot, and every egg collected. As for the shooting of owls of any breed, I think it disgraceful whatever the circumstances, and the same applies to hawks.

Yours faithfully,
Bradfield, Berks. A. D. H. RIVIERE.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF BULL ELEPHANTS

SIR,—In the Luangwa Valley in Northern Rhodesia it is not uncommon to find the marks made by an elephant lying down on its side, perhaps to sleep. One may in one day see perhaps several such marks. I cannot remember seeing any mark made by a cow elephant, but all were made by big or biggish bulls, and almost invariably these bulls had



A THIRD BROOD?
(See letter "Skylark Nesting in October")

lain down on a slope or against an ant heap, so that the shoulders were higher than the feet.

In October, 1937, I followed a large bull elephant from a native garden. At about noon I saw that a second and smaller bull had joined the large one. At about 1 p.m. I saw in front of me in burnt savannah country two large mounds. We approached closer and saw that they were two elephants lying apparently asleep. The large bull lay further away from me, and I decided to walk round the two elephants and to shoot the bull in the top of the head. We, my bearer and I, passed the two elephants about 40 paces to our left, and moved round to a position from which I commenced to get to close quarters. We had to proceed rapidly because the wind was uncertain. As I began to move closer the big bull stood up on its feet and was plainly suspicious, and had probably heard the drumming of our feet.

I shot it and again a second time, and not till I had fired both barrels was the small bull able to get to its feet. Then it promptly became offensive and drove us away for some distance, making short rushes in our general direction and endeavouring to locate us.

When I passed the two bulls lying down the smaller one lay on level ground, with its head to the north and legs stretched. The trunk lay along the ground, the eyes were open and the elephant appeared dead. The large bull lay exactly parallel to the smaller one but, with the head in the opposite direction, and so close that the soles of its feet were almost touching those of the young bull. Its trunk was repeatedly moving about on the ground. When the big bull got to its feet it did so very rapidly. One moment I saw it apparently asleep and next moment it was on its feet. The small bull when it awoke drew in its forelegs and gave a great roll or hurch on to the forelegs, after which it rapidly hoisted itself to its feet.

The big bull had a foul and suppurating wound in the base of the right tusk, and it occurred to me that it had lain down on its right side to ease the pain and irritation and that the small bull had copied its senior.

Yours faithfully,
Nyasaland. NYASA.

BUTTERFLIES IN A SEPTEMBER GARDEN

SIR,—I have been wondering whether anyone besides myself would write to the *Field* to report far more butterflies about than usual during last September.

This was my experience here, and during the first three weeks of that month my garden, which is always a good butterfly haunt, was simply crowded with certain sorts.

One morning I counted 28 commas in the garden in the space of ten minutes, fourteen of them were on a short row of *Aster Bessarabicus superbus*—together with fifteen red admirals, some peacocks and painted ladies, and the colour contrast of their shapes against the brilliant purple blooms was remarkable. Another morning I counted the following eight varieties on one bush of buddleia—painted ladies, red admirals, peacocks, commas, small tortoiseshells, one brimstone, one large white, and one meadow brown.

I had two large inroads of painted ladies, nearly all newly-hatched, judging from the brilliant condition of their colour and the down on their wings, and I frequently saw between 20 and 30 of them at one time in the garden. Red admirals were with me for three weeks in definitely larger numbers than I have ever seen in my life. Peacocks were well above the average, and commas of the second hatch unusually so, though I have this variety every year.

There were even more small tortoiseshells than usual, but I looked in vain for any colour variations among them. The only variety I missed was the clouded yellow, of which there were a large number in 1938, and one pale clouded yellow—a female.

All visitors to my garden commented on the numbers flying about every day, and I do not suppose I shall ever have the luck to see so many again in my lifetime.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. O. D. LUCK.

SKYLARK NESTING IN OCTOBER

SIR,—The nesting of the skylark late in October is sufficiently rare an event to merit notice, and I thought the following account would interest your readers. On Tuesday, October 17th, 1939, a farm worker crossing a stubble field on New House Farm, Simonswood, West Lancashire, flushed a skylark off a nest with three eggs. My friend Mr. Richard Gregson, who farms the land, would not believe him until he himself had seen the bird on the nest. He immediately got into touch with me, and a regular observation has been kept on the nest and sitting bird. On Sunday, October 22nd, I took this photograph, the bad weather conditions necessitating a time exposure. Despite this, the bird had been sitting through hard night frost and heavy mist and fog. On the morning of October 22nd I had been hoping to do some photography from the hide by the nest, but the fog had no sooner lifted than the first drizzle of the rainstorm that followed came on. The record was examined by a number of members of the Merseyside Branch of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, which is compiling an Ornithology of the Liverpool area.

The autumn song of the skylark was slightly early in this district this September, and I presume this October nest is a third brood. House sparrows were carrying straws for building purposes in a nearby shippon across the moss, and young barn owls were still being fed in another barn not far away; but these are regular autumn nestings, whereas we have no record of so late a skylark's nest after so much frost and fog.

Yours faithfully,
Wavertree, Liverpool. ERIC HARDY.

OLD SHOOTING STOCKINGS

SIR,—While their friends are knitting or waiting for supplies of wool many of the men in my Balloon Squadron are finding their turn of duty on the winches at night very chilly.

A supply of old shooting stockings would remedy this, and if any of your readers could spare a pair or two, they would be very gratefully received by me and immediately distributed to the men.

Yours faithfully,
Wilderness House, D. A. J. BUXTON
Ongar, Essex. *(Wing Commander).*



A SCRUM (COMPLETE WITH DOG) IN AN EXHAUSTING CLIMATE, AND SOMETHING A BIT LESS STRENUOUS
(See letter, "Rugby and Golf by the Palms")

RUGBY AND GOLF BY THE PALMS

SIR,—Here are some pictures of typical English games—being played under typically un-English conditions. The Rugby match under the coconut palms is at Tulagi, the capital of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. Tulagi's total white population of about 50, including women and children, does not provide sufficient for two complete Rugby teams, so a proper game is only possible once every six weeks, when the regular mail boat from Sydney puts in. Play only starts in the late afternoon, when the sun has gone down, and is a pretty exhausting business in the heat and tremendous humidity of the Solomons climate.

The golfers are on the nine-hole course at Kavieng, administrative centre of New Ireland, and the most northerly settlement in the Territory of New Guinea; less than 3 deg. from the Line. Despite almost daily tropical downpours Kavieng's links are playable nearly every day, as the green is on a bed of decomposed coral which drains off in less than an hour. The course is an excellent one, and plays in and out a grove of coconuts which provide some hundreds of natural hazards.

Yours faithfully,

14, Linlithgow Road, S. A. PEARL.
Toorak, Melbourne.

SAFETY AND SPEED

SIR,—I should like to draw the attention of the writer of your Motoring Page to the case of Baker *v.* Longhurst (reported in "The Times" of June 22nd, 1932, or in 2 K. B. 461), in which Lord Justice Scrutton said:

"If people who rode motor cycles went at such a pace on dark nights that they could not pull up when they saw something they must take the consequences of their negligence. There might have been a pedestrian there who was not required by law to carry a light or (as in the New Forest) there might have been cattle. People must go at such a speed that they could pull up within their range of vision."

Speaking on similar lines on November 8th, 1920, Mr. Justice Rowlatt in Page *v.* Richards and Draper, said:

"If there is any difficulty in the way of his seeing—like a fog, for instance—he must go slower in consequence."

May I suggest that for the words "like a fog, for instance" should at the present time be substituted "like a black-out"?

Yours faithfully,

Great Driffield, THOS. HOLTBY.
East Yorks.

UTILISING THE GAMEKEEPER IN WAR TIME

SIR,—The younger keepers have gone, or are going to join the fighting forces, but the older ones, men who were out in the last war, are staying in their situations for the present, but are uncomfortably feeling that they ought to be busy at food production.

Service on home defence may give an outlet to a few keepers, but there are plenty of non-producing town-bred civilians, of mature ages and with a knowledge of soldiering, who can guard bridges; while the keeper, with his specialised knowledge of trapping and netting rabbits, not to speak of poultry rearing and farming, can be made more useful about the home estate than he would be as a member of the R.D.C. or other purely working corps.

It may take some time for rabbits to reach the prices they did reach during the Great War, but reach those one-time prices they will, if the war should last as it threatens. Some keepers whom I know got five shillings per couple for rabbits during the Great War, and were informed by their employers they paid for their wages best of all the estate employees.

There is nothing in law to prevent a gamekeeper contracting to kill a farmer's share of the rabbits as well as the estate share, and in fact that was done on some estates long ago. The idea was to rent the farmer's right to catch rabbits from him. This is a civil contract, and cannot be legally enforced, but in practice no need is found to call in the aid of the law, and farmers are pleased to get a sum of money down and have their rabbits well killed.

The younger rabbit-killers as well as keepers will reach the fighting lines in due time, but the older keeper can keep his eyes open when work of any kind is in progress on the estate, and if he is not as active after poachers as in his youth, his presence on the ground, and his past reputation, at least act as deterrents.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

THEIR TEMPORARY ABODE

SIR,—For many years past, during November, two white swans have arrived at West Bay, North Berwick, where they stay for three to five weeks. This year they brought a family of eight young swans with them. There is much speculation on where they come from and where they go to.

Yours faithfully,

North Berwick. J. C. H. B.



"THIS YEAR BROUGHT THEIR FAMILY WITH THEM"
(See letter, "Their Temporary Abode")

men will carry on at home, and, as in the last war, the old estate keepers will accept smaller wages to do harder work.

Keepers all know about the care and management of live stock. They can rear pigs and poultry, and can do a bit of gardening, and most know something about forestry, so that an active elderly keeper is really a war-time asset on any estate.

Some of our home parks are being ploughed up for wheat growing at the present time, and an old keeper can supervise such work as well as another. Examining one such old park, after it had been ploughed lately, I found out that its prior draining had been scamped, the drains being made so shallow that the plough had displaced the tiles. The old

WHITE PLOVER

SIR,—When after a flock of golden plover last week there were two white ones among them. I have never heard of white golden plover. I was not able to secure one for my white game birds' collection on this occasion, but hope for better luck another time. I am still short of a white partridge and should be very grateful for one.

Yours faithfully,

Bradshaw Hall, HENRY M. HARDCASTLE (Colonel).
Bolton.

[White varieties of golden plover have, of course, been reported before.—ED.].

WHEN IS A CHARGE?

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter by ".577" "When is a Charge?" of September 23rd. I am sure he is correct as regards the general bearing of a beast which means mischief and intends to attack deliberately, but the novice will not always recognise the symptoms. I do not consider, however, that any animal, even a man-killing elephant, is really dangerous to approach within one thousand yards.

I do not think that he will deliberately stalk one or more human beings from even half that distance. But of course his exact whereabouts are generally uncertain!

As regards the question of a lead projectile. No white hunter in Africa ever uses any rifle except an H.V. Only a small amount of lead can be exposed in an H.V. projectile. Even then accuracy suffers. The hollow-capped bullet can be very deadly, but often fails unaccountably at both buck and carnivora.

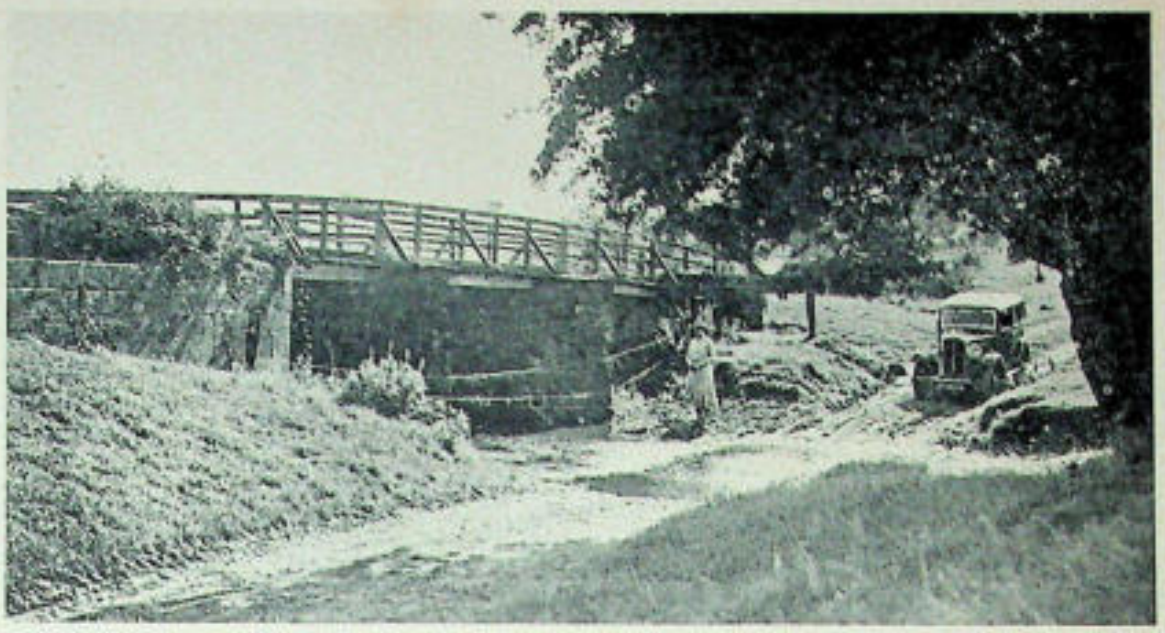
Speaking with some experience, I would advise your younger readers, who hope to hunt dangerous game after the war, to provide themselves with a usual proportion of blunt-nosed solid cartridges for whatever rifle they may fancy.

The game scouts of Uganda and Tanganyika, who control the increase and depredations of all destructive game, are issued only with solid ammunition for the .404 Mauser rifles with which they are armed. I know that the results obtained by them are excellent in proportion to the rounds expended.

".577" admits the necessity of the solid bullet against elephant and rhino. I would add buffalo most definitely to the list, and I have also found the solid bullet of the .318, the .404, and the .470 effective and consistent against lion and tiger.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. MARRIOTT.

Rift Valley Sports Club,
Nakuru,
Kenya.



NEAR STOKE DRY BUT WILL SOON BE VERY WET
See letter "Doomed to Drowning"

DOOMED TO DROWNING

SIR,—The picturesque old footbridge over the Eye Brook near the village of Stoke Dry, of which I enclose a photograph, will, before the winter is over, disappear beneath the waters of a reservoir which has just been constructed by damming up the valley of the stream. When constructed it will supply water to the town of Corby. It is some two miles long by half-a-mile wide, and will contain 1,700,000,000 gallons.

Yours faithfully,
Leicester. F. LUMBERS.

MARKED WOODCOCK

SIR,—A keeper presented me with a left leg of a woodcock (*scolopax rusticula*) shot in the second week in November near Tweme Minster. It's right toe had been clipped. If any reader uses this form of marking gamebirds perhaps he would be glad of this information, and we should like to know how far it has come.

Yours faithfully,
K. SCHOLEFIELD,
Clayesmore School. (Clayesmore Bird Club).
Tweme Minster, Dorset.

PORBEAGLE OFF CORNWALL

SIR,—A little while ago Messrs. George and Robert Mitchell landed a large shark here caught in their drag nets. I identified it as a porbeagle by the lateral keels on either side of the body near the tail and by the teeth formation. The fish was 8ft. long, and as it is of rare occurrence I thought it might be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,
Cadgwith, nr. Helston, JOHN TUNNARD.
Cornwall.



WITH THE SIGNAL ALWAYS SET AT "ALL CLEAR"
See letter "The Ghost Station"

THE GHOST STATION

SIR,—At Newland, in the Forest of Dean, there was once a station between Colebrook and Redbrook which was closed down during the last war. It presents an extraordinary sight to-day, with the track and platforms overgrown with grass, and the right of way reserved for chickens, geese and turkeys, while the station offices serve as a farmhouse. I enclose a picture of the scene. The railway lines were uprooted to provide metal for armaments.

Yours faithfully,
Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

A SPORTS GROUND UNDER THE PLOUGH

SIR,—The Government's campaign for putting land under the plough is not sparing the West Country sports ground, shown in the accompanying picture. There are three acres to be planted with potatoes for the spring, and with a yield of 8 tons per acre a crop of 24 tons is expected. In this instance it might be debated whether the cultivation of the ground outweighs the advantages derived from it as an aid to physical fitness.

Yours faithfully,
Bristol. F. R. W.



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION?
See letter "A Sports Ground under the Plough"

New Books

FLOWERS OF YESTERYEAR

Old-Fashioned Flowers. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. (*Country Life*; 15/-.)

THE modern demand for either a collection of species or a border which is "a riot of colour" has eliminated many of the old-fashioned flowers in which nurserymen in the past took such pride. Signs are not wanting that we are on the eve of a revival, if not of their popularity at least of their appreciation by more than the discerning few. To those who wish to collect the old-fashioned flowers Mr. Sitwell's book will be both a delight and a valuable work of reference. Modern nurserymen may, indeed, be encouraged to learn what is at present a sadly neglected art.

Not surprisingly, auriculas are Mr. Sitwell's favourites, and his chapter on this subject would convert even those remarkable people who can walk with unseeing eyes past florists' auriculas into lovers of these strangely beautiful flowers. It is, perhaps, not odd that in the early nineteenth century auriculas were the recreation of Lancashire and Cheshire folk, particularly the miners and weavers of the former county, for auriculas have always appealed to country folk, perhaps because people who live very close to the soil are usually deeply appreciative of rare beauty.

The old border auricula Dusty Miller was once a universal favourite, and though it cannot compare with the stage auriculas it is amongst the most charming of old-fashioned flowers. The red and yellow kinds are still obtainable, but Mr. Sitwell fills this reviewer with envy by mentioning a blue and a purple Dusty Miller. The former, if a true blue, must be enchanting. As for the green-edged stage auriculas and their exquisite mealing, they are, to quote Mr. Sitwell, "completely incredible."

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the old primroses and polyanthus. The double primroses may be disappointing, always excepting Madame Pompadour; but the charm of the freak primroses and cowslips, of which Parkinson wrote, is irresistible. On the rare occasions when they are exhibited at R.H.S. shows they invariably attract a small but knowledgeable number of folk, who always end by discussing whether the true double green primrose exists. I, for one, agree with Mr. Sitwell that such a primrose, whether it exists or not, has nothing but its rarity and ancient origin to recommend it.

This book abounds in pleasant old-fashioned names, and why is it that modern nurserymen seem to have lost the art of bestowing really attractive names? The name that I found most pleasing is that of one of the old pinks—St. Phocas's nosegay. St. Phocas is one of the patron saints of gardening. It seems a pity that his name should be associated with only one plant, and that a pink which has apparently disappeared from cultivation.

* * *

Random Recollections of an Essex Sportsman. By THEODORE CHRISTY. (Benham & Co.; 3/-.)

It is only natural that someone who has had an interesting and varied life should either wish, or be persuaded by his friends, to write an account of it, but, unfortunately, the living of such a life does not necessarily equip a man with the facility for recording it. Mr. Christy has done much, but he has not that happy knack which would enable him to bring the past to life.

He begins by deploring the use of the first person singular, and says that he does not wish to compete with a friend of his who contrived to write the word "I" fifteen times on one page of his book. Such good resolutions are not kept and only five pages later Mr. Christy goes away out in front with no less than eighteen on half a page!

There is too much in this book, which is a pity, because trifles are allowed to obscure much that is of interest and has definite value as a record of the not-so-distant past, and a departure to Leicestershire, which the author admits is fiction, is to be deplored, because it attributes to that much-maligned district many faults of which it is most certainly innocent.

The book is illustrated with photographs and has been laid out in paragraphs which, although excellent on the large pages of a periodical, make for confusion on these small pages.

* * *

Ups and Downs. By COLIN DAVY. (Collins; 10/6.)

One does not have to be a good listener to enjoy the type of conversation which is carried on over the port and cigars after an excellent dinner; at that time of the evening a sense of well-being pervades the body, and the ear is particularly attentive, the memory particularly keen; one reminiscence leads to another and the ball of conversation is kept rolling without any effort. At times such as this comforts create an atmosphere which is favourable to the story-teller, they are among the most delightful which life has to offer.

Thus may the body affect the mind, but to reverse the process is not easy and it is only very rarely that a man is found who can, by his conversation, create that feeling of ease, comfort and interest which is usually associated with good wine. Major Davy is one of these rare people, he is always interesting and never boring, and, which is equally important, he is very easy to listen to.

His latest book is a model of the art of omission: to read it is more akin to listening to a conversation than to reading a book. Throughout the history of his racing career there runs a strain of informality which is usually found only among friends of long standing. There is no attempt at heavy documentation, there are no long excursions into past history, no going off the track to drag in famous names, just a plain straightforward account of the little things of an eventful life, interesting and genuine.

Any amateur rider with the experience of racing in England, India and Egypt which has fallen to the lot of Major Davy cannot help but be interesting; but it is more than interest, it is atmosphere, which makes one want to chip in every now and then with some story of which one has been reminded, the atmosphere of an outstanding and charming book. Let us hope that this book will achieve its object in providing the author with an opportunity to continue his riding career, and so lead to another book. All those who contribute to his next horse in this way will be well repaid, even if they are so foolish as not to back that horse when it does make an appearance on a racecourse.

* * *

Viper's Progress. By MARY MITCHELL. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 8/6.)

Miss Mitchell is already well-known from her other books, one of which is *A Warning to Wantons*; the same theme which is suggested by that title may be taken as the moral in *Viper's Progress*. The reactions of the three men, Armand, Henri and Paul, to Catherine's outlook upon life form the basis of an absorbing and able series of character studies.

At first, the long drawn out treatment of the more sordid aspects of life, and the almost complete lack of action, seem to indicate a love of them for their own sake, but when one has read about half the book one realises that this somewhat lengthy and not altogether pleasant preamble is necessary for what is to follow. As the story unfolds and more characters are drawn into it the action intensifies and the contrasts between the protagonists are thrown more into relief; this process is continued up to the last chapter and one is left marvelling at the result and Miss Mitchell's undoubted ability.

The book is a consummate achievement in character drawing and in the ingenious inter-weaving of themes to produce the contrasts which are necessary to show so clearly and so sympathetically a cross section of society.

* * *

Country Relics. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Cambridge University Press: 15/-.) *The Sweet of the Year.* By H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Chapman & Hall: 7/6.)

Mr. Massingham is the acknowledged champion of the England that was, of the arts and crafts and husbandry of an English countryside now expiring in the stranglehold of mechanisation. In his garden in Buckinghamshire he has built a museum, and in this he houses an excellent collection of the tools that once helped to make this country great. The first of these two books deals largely with these relics, and is noteworthy not only for the beauty of its prose (there is no finer writer of English prose living), but also for the amazing—indeed unique—fund of knowledge contained within its covers. The second book—like the first, it contains much that has appeared already as "A Countryman's Journal" in the *Field*—is concerned not only with the England that is past, but also with the England that is passing. Here, too, is prose unequalled and knowledge second to none. England as a whole could do with more books of this type.

* * *

Death of an Argus. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.; 8/-.)

Herr Munson, one-time leader of the local Nazi Bund, died in peculiar circumstances upon an East African farm, but so far as the story is concerned he might just as well have died anywhere else. Black servants are always convenient adjuncts to a detective story because of the way in which they will say in evidence just what their employers have told them to say, and in this respect Miss Huxley's natives run true to type. Beyond this, the setting of the book has little or no influence upon the story and the characters are such as might be found in any part of the world.

All of which implies that this is a somewhat nondescript sort of story; nothing in it matters very much, there is little local atmosphere, and no attempt at a serious portrayal of the characters of the protagonists. Two more or less straightforward deaths are complicated by a series of gruesome sidelines, which are subsequently justified by a rather bogus piece of psychological reasoning, and the police eventually arrive at the correct solution by a series of extremely fortunate guesses. Nevertheless, the book is eminently readable and will provide excellent entertainment in such places as warden posts, because it will not matter very much if the reader is called away in the middle, and he may be glad of an opportunity for escaping from that kind of conversation which some women think that men indulge in when they are on their own, rather forced and plentifully interlarded with wisecracks which do not crack.

* * *

Animal Stories. Chosen, arranged and in part re-written by WALTER DE LA MARE. (Messrs. Faber & Faber, Ltd.; 8/6.)

There must be many people for whom the name of Mr. de la Mare is almost synonymous with those enchanting tales that have delighted us ever since our nursery days. In this new book the author has lost none of that charm of personality and delicacy of touch which has endeared him to so many. Even a long preface does not detract from the tales which follow; in fact, it is as good as anything in the book.

These are not new tales, they are the old ones which have been told and re-told in the mountains and the forests since the beginning of civilisation itself. In the course of the centuries all that is unnecessary has been abandoned and now the fewest possible words remain, but what words—so clear and so happily chosen that each little scene which is depicted is alive and true to the last detail. That which has been for so long the heritage of the country people of all lands must needs be true if it is to live; the scene is true and if the happenings do appear perhaps a little fanciful what of it? Does not the author tell us that what is real need not be actual—it is all in the mind of the reader?

The innate vitality of these stories which has kept them alive for so long is quite sufficient to ensure that they will never die; to all those who love the dying, star-clustered moon, the pounding of breakers upon distant rock-bound shores and the first pale streaks of dawn over the forest, these tales will come as old and trusted friends, for such people have the minds to appreciate them, and when they have seen the book

> And read it o'er, then they will say
> Their money is not thrown away.

* * *

Climbing Higher. By ELIZABETH YATES. (A. & C. Black; 2/6 net.)

Countless children will look forward to joining Michael and Meredith Lamb in their latest adventures. Last time they were in Switzerland, and now their uncle—a man with a wholly remarkable confidence in their ability to evade sudden death—takes them to Iceland. Here they see much of the scenery on horseback, climb several mountains by the most difficult path, and, in spite of it all, return home safely. The background to these travels is a really sound knowledge of Iceland, its customs and inhabitants. And if we ever get back to normal travelling again some of the extremely sensible remarks might well be taken to heart by an audience larger than the author's immediate public.

* * *

Banners in Asia. By W. L. RIVER. (Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 8/6.)

The basis of any journey, great or small, must be the questions of time and distance, and, however much research into other aspects of that journey is necessary, these two questions will always remain as the most important. It is a pity therefore that Mr. River did not spend some short while in the country when preparing his book; had he done so he might have been able to assist in the driving of bullocks or sheep to market, and if he had had this experience it is more than likely that the course of his book would have been materially altered. As it is, he asks us to believe that the Torguts could have covered 500 miles across the snow-bound steppes of eastern Europe in the depths of winter, with 5,000,000 beasts of all sorts, in a period of less than fifteen days.

An extensive bibliography, an interesting historical note and two glossaries go to show the immense amount of work which the author has put into his study of this stupendous but little known episode of history. To a certain extent he has been successful in creating for himself the atmosphere of a country to which he has never been, but he has not been able to re-create the personalities of the protagonists. The principal character, Sabutai, speaks not with the mind and tongue of an eighteenth century Torgut warrior, but with those of Mr. River, who, under the cloak of history has put forward his own version of a common sociological theory of proved impracticability.

In this book we find a modern theory masquerading in the fancy dress of the eighteenth century; since the clothes are "original" it is perhaps not surprising that quite often they fit but ill.

* * *

The Temple of Costly Experience. By DANIELE VARE. (Methuen & Co.; 7/6.)

What strikes one immediately on reading this book is the fascinating way in which the atmosphere of China and the East is interwoven with the lives of characters which are mostly European. The author seems to possess an uncanny power of interpreting Chinese things and anyone who can do this is well worth reading. There is humour and tragedy and intriguing characterisation. Some of the characters have already appeared in *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* and *The Gate of Happy Sparrows*. The present book is a worthy successor and is likely to cast a spell over the reader until the last chapter is reached. There is not a dull page.



THE PRICKLY PEAR IN SICILY

INSECTS VERSUS PEST PLANTS

The Problem of Controlling Noxious Weeds

By E. F. LINSSEN, F.Z.S., F.R.E.S.

MUCH has been written about prickly pear cacti: of the speed at which they spread over the world, as well as of the remarkable successes that have attended the control measures adopted.

The spreading of these *Opuntia* cacti—reaching the phenomenal rate of 1,000,000 acres infestation per annum during its climax in Australia—originated from plants introduced as ornaments and curiosities. The main pest, *Opuntia inermis*, was introduced to Australia as a single plant in a flower pot, one hundred years ago. Such spectacular facts have, of course, a very general appeal, not just restricted to agriculturists, and have caused quite a furore of writing, but these successes in Australia have quite masked the efforts made to check prickly pear in other countries, notably in India and Mauritius.

The cacti have, therefore, had the stage all to themselves, and relatively few people know anything of the many other species of weeds that have invaded different parts of the world. Government experts, however, have had to tackle these problems in a variety of ways, finding themselves faced with much greater difficulties.

These other weeds can, like the prickly pear, render land useless, and in addition the poisonous properties of some are dangerous in the extreme to cattle. The problems concerning such noxious plants are naturally more especially confined to grazing land and to parts of the world that are not over populated. Here the usual cultural, chemical and other methods of control are normally impracticable, on economic grounds; even such control methods—where it is possible to adopt them—have often been found to be inadequate, and the alien weed has been able to continue its invasion and colonise land to the extent of rendering it useless.

The control of prickly pear was brought about by introducing various insects that feed upon it. By carefully excluding the natural predators and parasites of these insects the latter have been enabled to breed unchecked. The multiplication of insects under such conditions is enormous, and has been the means of destroying the cacti at an extraordinary rate. In New South Wales twenty-five million acres have been cleared by this means.

The question one naturally asks is why not adopt the same means for controlling other noxious weeds? Everything seems to point in this direction: insects are particularly conservative in their choice of food plant, and in many cases will die rather than adapt themselves to a strange food. The feeders have been gratifyingly voracious, and have confined their welcome attentions to the *Opuntia*, that have proved such a veritable scourge.

However, we must remember that insects whose plant-host is the prickly pear are unlikely to transfer their feeding habits to other plants. The cacti have such peculiar characteristics, such as the resistant skin, the acrid juices with which they are endowed, as well as other specialised properties, both physiological and morphological, that such insects would find other plant tissues entirely foreign to their requirements and could not adapt themselves to the different physical and chemical attributes.

There are many orders of cultivated plants that are closely related to weeds and which do not present such fundamental differences. It is, therefore, extremely dangerous to introduce an insect to control a pest plant that belongs botanically to a group of economically important plants that are closely related to it. Such risks are considered to be too great, for many insects are known to feed on several species of plants, normally confined to one genus, and from necessity they may transfer their attentions to such plants which constitutes a great risk to agriculture. Even so, a noxious weed, belonging to a group of cultivated plants, may be morphologically highly specialised, and the insect that attacks it in its native habitat will in all probability have evolved an equally specialised mode of life. Insects that feed upon leaves do not, however, show such peculiarity, and it may be expected that they would transfer their attentions to the leaves of plants related to their natural host-plant. The notorious Colorado beetle of North America, *Leptinotarsa decemlineata*, transferred its appetite from the American deadly nightshade or buffalo burr (*Solanum rostratum*) to the potato, spread at the astounding rate of 88 miles per annum, and has even crossed the Atlantic. From France it is infecting neighbouring countries.

Leaf eaters are, therefore, regarded as the least satisfactory insects with which to conduct experiments for finding a suitable controlling agent, but root and stem borers, internal seed and fruit eaters, fall into quite a different category. Such insects are more intimately adjusted to their particular host-plant, and there is much less likelihood that they will attack even closely related plants.

There is an added advantage presented by these specialised feeders. Plants show a remarkable vitality of recovery, even after they have been completely stripped of all their leaves, but damage caused internally to the stems and roots is much more likely to prove fatal than other forms of attack. Other specialised feeders that attack seed-pods, for example, are also very useful for preventing pest plants from spreading further. Gorse or furze (*Ulex europæus*), a native of Europe and North America, has become a pest in New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania, in spite of the fact that it is useful as a hedge shrub, and when young is relished by sheep. It spreads mainly by the bursting of its seed-pods. As furze is not entirely injurious an insect was sought that would confine its attentions to the seeds, and so prevent spreading by seeding. In England and France there is a small weevil, *Apion ulicis*, which inserts its eggs in the young pod, the larvæ destroying all the seed. This is one of several insects that has been imported in large numbers into New Zealand and is proving successful.

WILD DEER OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Damage to Crops

IN spite of the publicity which has been given in the Press and elsewhere, it still seems the general impression that the wild deer of the British Isles are found only in Scotland, on Exmoor, and in the New Forest. Actually, deer of some sort can be found wild in most wooded districts of England. Unless moved by hounds or beaters, however, they are seldom seen, because they do not show themselves much, except in the mornings and evenings when they are feeding.

The roe deer of the south of England are seldom a serious inconvenience to farmers. Fallow, on the other hand, if allowed to increase, can be a very serious menace to arable crops. Corn may be left until nearly ripe, then in one night a herd descends on a field, leaving it patched and pillaged by the morning. Mangolds, stored in clamps against the hard days of February and March, can very soon be reduced to an untidy mess by marauding deer, long before they are needed by the farmer. Such conditions are bad enough in the piping times of peace; during a war, when everything possible is being done to increase the arable area of England, they are intolerable. Ordinary rules of sport cannot apply to such conditions, and any method consistent with humanity of keeping down the deer is legitimate.

It is possible, however, for people to kill venison cleanly and safely with the rifle, and at such seasons as will yield meat in the best condition, thus helping to reduce the nation's meat bill. The alternatives to the rifle are the shot gun or the noose, both of them repugnant to sportsmen, and cruel. In the hands of a careful man a rifle is not dangerous; deer are seldom seen in flat open country where people are about. The shot gun in the hands of an enraged farmer inflicts many a painful wound, and often kills at a season when venison is hardly fit for human consumption, or orphaned fawns may be left to starve to death. It seems a shame to shoot a buck with horns in velvet, but, from the larder point of view, it is better than killing one after the rut, when the meat is unfit for the larder.

The best time to kill a buck is just before or in the early days of October; then they are fat and in prime condition. Does can be killed up to December, and, if the rifleman is knowledgeable enough to be able to pick out a barren doe, even later; but that is not easy. When a deer is killed it should be at once gralloched, the importance of which has already been emphasised by writers in the *Field*.

Now for my stalking ground. It is a stretch of woodland of low-limbed oaks and golden bracken, and much alder wood on the boggy land below; it is three miles long under a southern slope and was much favoured, they say, in olden days by King John. Around it is some arable land, but mainly rough grass, much of which will soon be ploughed up under war emergency measures. The deer having increased beyond reasonable numbers, the owner asked me to reduce them. Having borrowed and tested a rifle I began operations in September, but with no success, since the bracken was still densely green and the deer were difficult to spot. Moreover, in those warm evenings there were too many adders about for my nerves. To be successful in still hunting one must move slowly and keep a very sharp eye around for deer; when on a summer stroll in these woods it is possible to see and kill as many as a dozen basking adders the knowledge is apt to cramp one's style.

On the evening of October 6th I knocked over a nice solitary buck, but he got away before I could give him the *coup de grace*, and in spite of following up his trail until dark, I lost him. Next morning I finished the poor beast off. He had a nice head of about 30in., and weighed clean 197lb.—a very fine beast and as fat as butter. On the morning of the 14th I killed another solitary buck, just as it was getting light enough to shoot in the morning, weight 165lb. Subsequent mornings yielded a small fighting buck of 145lb. By the 18th the rut was in full operation. Once I heard three bucks roaring at the same time; it is not really a roar, but a grunt rather like that of a discontented boar, a sound not heard from great distances, particularly when there is a breeze through the trees. Stalking to these grunts is not so easy as might be imagined.

The next week gave me two good bucks, one of 180lb. and the other of 182lb. and antlers 36in. long on the outside curve. This latter was an older buck than the rest (all of whom had four teeth), since he had been through the six tooth age and had two broken teeth.

When one has shot a deer the problem is to get it home. Dragging 13st to 14st. through wooded country is no joke; ponies are not trained to carry them as in Scotland, so the only thing to do is to get them on to a hard road and then load them up on to a trailer.

KOTTOR.

THE POOR MAN'S TROUT FISHING

Memories of a North Devon Stream

By M. LEYBOURNE POPHAM

SOMEONE once asked me where a few weeks' inexpensive trout fishing could be obtained and I immediately thought of North Devon.

The name may recall long and sometimes dull reaches of the Taw or Torridge. Actually, I have in mind a more exciting little stream in the heart of "Poor Man's Country," the Lyn, which comes down off Exmoor. It is smaller than either of the rivers that flow into the sea together below Barnstaple, but it has the captivating charm that only moorland streams seem to possess.

Lyn trout, too, are modest in size, but it would be hard to find their equal in cunning and gameness. Most of the water is under the jurisdiction of the Brendon and Lyn Fishing Association, which has its headquarters at the Stag Hunter's Inn, at Brendon. It is here that when the season comes round the fisherman must go to get his ticket, costing about 10/- a week, which allows him to fish approximately five miles of the river from the right bank.

The Association's water is magnificently kept. Especially during the past two years have improvements been accomplished in the form of path-making and bank clearing. Some may think that the river has received slightly too vigorous a "pruning," but even so, you have to combine rock climbing with fishing when on the lower reaches. But do not grumble at this penalty; the beauty of the valley attracts folk other than those with rods, and the rockiness of the fisherman's track persuades the majority to keep to an upper, smoother path.

Occasionally enthralled onlookers stop and ask questions, such as, "Where's yer float?" or "Do they bite when you catch them?"

Some prefer to recount fishing stories of their own. A friend of mine was told last year by a man to whom she was showing some trout, "I know a bloke what caught a large one of those. It had a pointed nose and great big teeth!" Never before have I heard of our little glistening trout being confused with the predatory pike! Usually, however, one is left to enjoy the many delights of the river alone.

There are pools black with depth, rock strewn "rapids," stickles, small falls and deep stretches of slowly-flowing water. But even with variety such as this, I suppose everyone develops a liking for a particular part of a stickle or pool.

There is one spot I never can resist. Encouraged by the knowledge that in this stream the takeable fish of any size often lie in rough water, I must always cast into those comparatively quiet areas below large rocks in a fast-running stickle. It was when doing this for the first time, I discovered a snag which I have only recently overcome. Simple enough it is to throw a fly into the tiny "pool," but another matter to prevent it being swept away at once by the current.

Casting from over the shoulder, I tried a longer line than was necessary to reach the pool, "checking" the fly so that it fell gently in the right place, with a certain amount of slack line in the water. That did not work, as even with the slack there was an immediate drag on the fly.

Eventually, by casting horizontally over the water (in any case the best method on this stream), it was possible to throw a line roughly in the shape of a reversed question mark, thus, ʔ, the upper tip of the curve representing the fly, and the stroke the rod. The result of this simple and satisfactory method, very possibly not by any means new, is that the fly sits up in the pool perfectly for a second or two before being dragged away.

As Exmoor's climate is so temperamental, choice of tackle presents something of a problem. It is really unwise to travel down already equipped with flies and casts. A far better plan is to wait until at one's destination, when the water may be studied at leisure before deciding on what to buy.

Spates occur at odd intervals during the summer, but the nature of the stream is such that surplus water quickly passes down. On one occasion when I was on the river, the water was quite low and crystal clear. All right for dry fly, but hopeless for the few who preferred to fish wet.

In this clear water it is essential to use 4x cast, or even 5x if possible. Personally, I use nothing finer than 4x, partly on account of the severe strain imposed when hooked up during casting (a frequent happening, I must admit), and also for the fact that I find no matter how expertly a fish in rough water is played, it manages nine times out of ten to fray the cast on rocks and stones.

Flies are a matter of personal preference and experience. I like them small, though in broken water it is easier to use a fly with a size 3 hook. Size 1, however, is my choice whenever possible, and when practical, sizes 0 and 00 are quite successful.

After a few hours' rain on low, clear water, that Devon favourite, the hare's ear, kills as well as any. When the water is up and a little coloured, a coch-man, tupp, or almost any light-hackled fly will give some grand fun. Other good dry flies for the Lyn are blue upright, yellow badger, coch-y-bondhu, pheasant tail and black gnat.

If ever you go to fish this river, make Brendon your headquarters. You have below the village about two-and-a-half miles of twisting, tree-clad valley; above the village, the river is bordered by meadows, and is far less rocky than down below.

Should you stay at the Stag Hunter's Inn, you will be able to obtain from Mr. Totterdell, the proprietor, permission to fish Ashton Water, the name by which about a mile of river above the top end of the Association's water is known. Then how lucky you will be, for this reach is little fished. There are some big trout in it, too.

K·L·G

AND

MILES PER MINUTE

1 MILE A MINUTE IN 1899
BY M. JENATZY DRIVING AN ELECTRIC CAR — NO PLUGS REQUIRED

2 MILES A MINUTE IN 1906
BY MR. MARRIOTT DRIVING A STANLEY STEAM CAR — NO PLUGS REQUIRED

3 MILES A MINUTE IN 1927
BY THE LATE SIR HENRY SEGRAVE DRIVING A SUNBEAM USING K.L.G PLUGS

4 MILES A MINUTE IN 1931
BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING A NAPIER-CAMPBELL USING K.L.G PLUGS

5 MILES A MINUTE IN 1935
BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING HIS ROLLS-ROYCE USING K.L.G PLUGS

6 MILES A MINUTE IN 1939
BY MR. JOHN COBB DRIVING A RAILTON CAR USING K.L.G PLUGS

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POLO PRODIGIOUS WITH FIVE A SIDE

Great Days in India in the Nineties

WHEN I arrived in India in 1895 it was to help plant tea, and this I had to do in an out-of-the-way corner of Cachar. Modern Moffussil India knows little of what was accounted normal in these bygone days. The young planter who got a bungalow with windows was lucky. Many were bamboo and thatch erections, with square holes cut in the mud-plastered wall, which could be covered only by a panel of bamboo plaiting, slid along a cane. As my pay was 150 rupees a month, and it was laid down I must keep a pony, the bungalow was good enough. A deep verandah could be added all round at small cost, and, if dark within, it was comparatively cool.

The pony had to be a lad of all work, and serve for play as well. During the rains we got no polo, but from late October until the middle of April we hoped to play once or twice a week. Not to play at all was counted bad, because mustering all we could, it was difficult to complete two sides.

We were not far from Manipur State, and our polo took its tone from the game played on the princes' ground in Imphal, the State capital, with modifications. There the Manipuris played on anything higher than a hassock, but we aimed at about twelve hand. The Manipuris had no goals. They scored by driving the ball over the end line, and almost any number could play on a side. This was going out, and when I joined our club we played five a side, and with goals.

It must have been a brave sight when those armies of little horsemen careered up and down the ground. Think of the noise of hooves and rattle of equipment. As things stood we could not always find ten Europeans, even with stray civilians, engineers, forest planters and policemen all lugged in. So we had to employ two Manipuris as professionals. These attended on playing days. The senior got two rupees and the junior, of course a relation, one rupee. Besides, they supplied ponies, sticks, balls, bridles, and other things, but the last proved their undoing.

At stick play Manipuris were adept. They made their own of local canes, and set the head on at a wide angle. This permitted a much longer stick than would ordinarily be used on an 11-hand pony. The ball was hit from far outside the stirrup. They could all lift it into the air, and using both hands stand up in their stirrups and swipe the ball again before it touched the ground. This and the handiness of their tats turning on a four anna bit, made them hard to compete with. The bridle and short rein were made of Manipuri cloth, dyed red and blue, and decorated with coloured pom-poms of wool. The rein was so short it lay on the neck for the two-handed stroke. With bare feet they held the stirrup side pinched between the big toe and the next, and they urged the pony by a leather quirt, looped on the wrist. Their saddle flaps were turned back to protect their knees when riding off; especially necessary when playing with those in field boots.

Those were great days, and they passed all too soon. It was the housekeeper touch did it. The most important player was a burly individual of 18st. With the sturdiest of ponies, his progress down the ground was ambulatory. But it did not matter. Whenever he paused to get breath the chief professional would land the ball beside the fat one's stirrup, for the professionals' sister was the housekeeper. We all got tired of this, and worked a club meeting to bar Manipuri professionals, and soon after that our heavyweight gave up playing. The consequences might have been dreadful if he had had to ride for the ball.

Those primitive days have gone. The club keeps its old name, but plays on a full-sized ground and owns a palatial club house. The ponies are all about 15 hands. Still, they share one old trouble. Although the members all arrive in cars, there is still a dearth of players. In spite of the average rate of pay having trebled there are too few ponies. The youngsters buy cars first, and ponies later if they are so inclined. Many are not. Perhaps the professional player will return.

R. G. B.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, Jan. 30th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, 114 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

REAPING THE RIVERSIDE HARVEST

Household Articles Made from Rushes

By JOAN ROBESON

FROM out the River Windrush, one of the loveliest and loneliest of all the rivers flowing down the little valleys of the Cotswold Hills, a Burford, Oxfordshire, woman finds a profitable spare time hobby. For more than 20 years Mrs. E. Search has harvested its rushes and worked them into fascinating and useful articles.

She has chosen for her "show room" the front parlour of her home at The Leaze, and here a various assortment of floor mats, table mats, baskets, chair seats, and trays may be seen. There is, too, a little cane work and a few articles fashioned from sea grass; the latter obviously not a "home" product.

The chief employment, however, is with the rushes, and Mrs. Search delights to recall how once an order for a set of doll's house mats was followed by another for 200 square feet of floor matting! The work demands a great deal of patience and energy, and Mrs. Search must be given credit for an excess of both, especially as she never received any instruction in the art. Her friends say she can copy any design from the barest description and produce an identical article. She says herself "all my experiments come to something."

The very first venture was a small mat to place underneath a flower pot, and it found its way to an exhibition of work organized by the local Women's Institute. Since then she has exhibited much farther afield, and some of her work has been shown in Canada.

There is, apparently, little of the competitive spirit abroad in Burford; no one else has taken up the work, although the Windrush is one of the few rivers in that part of England producing rushes suitable for use. Quite a flourishing industry is, however, carried on with rushes cut from the waterways in Norfolk, where scores of people are kept constantly employed.

The work is hard, dirty, and moreover evil smelling in the process of cutting and drying out the rushes. They are cut during July and August, when they are bright green and in full flower. They become rotten and useless if allowed to stand any later. The best rushes are those of 9ft., or even 10ft., in height, anything less being of little practical use. Only the finest can be used, as they are apt to crack and break in twisting. Immediately after cutting the preliminary drying process commences. First, the rushes are laid out on the ground in a dry place, preferably a large shed, and as far away as possible from the dwelling house owing to the peculiarly rank and pungent smell arising from their green state.

When thoroughly dried they are collected into bundles, tied together, hung up, and forgotten for the next five or six months. This waiting period is essential to allow the rushes time to mellow and ripen for working. Before being used they have to be soaked in water to make them soft and pliable. As so many months elapse between harvest and fruition obviously a sufficient supply must be cut at one time to ensure enough working material left over until another harvest is ripened for use.

Each summer, Mrs. Search, her husband, and a few friends gather the rushes from the river by the wagon load. It is an extremely dirty, not to say filthy undertaking, the men frequently standing up to their waists in water, and their feet deep in sludge and mud.

Unfortunately, this little self-made industry is virtually at a standstill this winter owing to the action of the Thames Conservancy Board cutting out all the weeds and rushes from the river last summer.



CUTTING THE RUSHES

The work is hard and dirty, the men frequently standing up to their waists in water



MRS. E. SEARCH AT WORK AMONG SOME OF THE ARTICLES SHE HAS MADE

GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDENS, SINGAPORE

DECORATING Government House at Singapore, requires more than 20,000 flowering plants in the course of a year. Flowers are changed twice a week, and about 100 pots are required to beautify the porch and rooms every day. This constant supply necessitates a continuous cultivation of new plants in the nurseries of the Botanic Gardens. Plants which survive longest in the interior of Government House are palms, and these begin to change colour after a month or two.

Care is taken to make the domain one of Singapore's beauty spots—as well as a pleasant retreat for the Governor from official duties. Sir Shenton and Lady Thomas are keen horticulturists, and take great pride in their grounds. They are fond of the English type of garden, with its crazy pavements and herbaceous borders, and like the brightest of flowers around them. Violets are the personal favourites of Lady Thomas, gardenias those of the Governor.

The water garden holds pride of place in the grounds. Planted in 1935 it has crazy paving pathway, dwarf growing plants, and lily pool.

In the House nursery artichokes, lettuces radishes and watercress are grown—some for consumption and some for experiment. There are also banana and other plants of good varieties. Fifty gardeners are employed in the grounds.



THE WATER GARDEN HOLDS PRIDE OF PLACE



ONE OF SINGAPORE'S BEAUTY SPOTS

PRESENT-DAY BALL *versus* THE GUTTIE

Cotton and Compston (with gutties) Meet Taylor and Braid

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

IN estimating the passage of time by the changes effected in it, the year 1848 seems a far-off time indeed. Why this date, you may ask. Well, to golfers it is of considerable importance. It marks the dawn of a fresh epoch in the game—the arrival of the gutta-percha ball. Prior to this golfers played with the feather ball which, from all accounts, must have been very unsatisfactory. Its durability left much to be desired.

All this was changed, however, by the arrival of the guttie ball, which completely revolutionised the game. A perusal of the early records describing the methods of production show that its embryonic state was of primitive simplicity, and an excellent mental picture of this period can be captured from the recorded description of Allan Robertson and Tom Morris making these balls in the former's kitchen, and then selling them through a window by the corner of Links and Golf Place.

A wide gulf of change and progress separates us from those days, and the guttie is now merely a



J. H. TAYLOR, WHO WON THE OPEN ON FIVE OCCASIONS —THREE TIMES WITH THE GUTTIE

dusty museum relic. Yet next month this span of years will be bridged, and for one day the guttie will return to the scene of its former triumphs. It will figure in a Red Cross match over the Royal Mid-Surrey course when Henry Cotton and Archie Compston will play it against the present-day balls of J. H. Taylor and James Braid. The golfing world is naturally delighted at the magnificent results attending these charity matches by Cotton and his fellow-professionals, but it is an added pleasure to think that these two famous veterans are thus able to make their contribution in the twilight of their distinguished careers.

The present generation of golfers have been denied the privilege of watching these old masters in action at the height of their fame. Instead, we have had to be content with reading and listening to accounts by others of how these men made golfing history with the guttie and later the Haskell balls. Now, as a consolation, the opportunity presents itself of watching two of our modern experts trying to tame the ball of their predecessors.

It will be extremely interesting to see how they fare, and the result is by no means a foregone conclusion for the younger men. I should imagine that the Cotton-Compston partnership will step on the first tee at the shorter odds, but their lack of playing experience with the guttie is a factor that cannot be overlooked. As it is, the scales are tipped in their favour mainly through the enormous difference in their opponents' ages. The Braid-Taylor combination can be reckoned to put up a stout resistance, but it is quite likely that the toll exacted by Anno Domini will decide the issue.

Braid at sixty-nine can look back upon an amazing record. At the outset his parents were strongly opposed to him taking to golf as a career, and so for a time he found employment in a London store. But even then, the golfing urge would not be denied. On his half days Braid took part in sundry exhibition matches over courses round about London, and it was mainly due to one of these that he obtained his first golfing post. He arranged to play against Taylor, and, to the surprise of the public, finished level with his formidable opponent.

In his prime Braid was a law unto himself and well did old Andrew Kirkaldy say of him: "There goes that greyhound; he is taking his putter while we are struggling with our brassies." He shares with the late Harry Vardon the distinction of winning his first Open championship at Muirfield, and in Braid's case it came the year before the rubber-cored Haskell was introduced. Thus he only registered one success with the guttie, his other four successes being crammed into the brief space of ten years.

That first Open victory came during a time of national stress and crisis. The Boer War was being waged and the ranks of golf had suffered a heavy loss through the death in the fighting line of Freddie Tait. Braid marked his success in a unique way by giving his eldest son the middle name of Muirfield. At the age of forty he won the Open for the fifth time, and so just failed in his attempt to equal Vardon's total. He now holds a world-wide reputation as a designer of new courses and reconstructor of old ones; in fact, his fields of operations have been so extensive that it is something of a novelty to visit a course that has not at some time or other undergone Braid treatment.

Just as Braid was the mighty driver and Vardon the supreme iron player, so Taylor was the mashie player *par excellence*. His ability to cut the feet under the ball inaugurated the era of lower scores. He set himself a higher standard in all approach shots, and instead of pitching for the green, as most golfers of those days were content to do, and the present average golfer still is, he always pitched for the pin, with the result that, time and again, he only required one putt to get down.

Taylor's golfing nursery was among the rolling sand dunes of Westward Ho! and this famous seaside course can thus claim to have taught the first English winner of the Amateur Championship and the first English winner of the Open in the respective persons of Mr. Horace Hutchinson and J. H. Taylor. Seeing that both these men learned their game over the same links one would have imagined a common similarity in style, yet strangely enough the opposite proved to be the case to a marked degree. In all, Taylor has five Open successes to his credit, and of these three were registered with the guttie, and it seems a pity that in this coming match we shall not be able to see him playing once more with this old ball.

Perhaps later on we may have the pleasure of watching a foursome between Taylor, Braid, "Sandy" Herd, and Ted Ray, with all four playing



ARCHIE COMPSTON, WHOSE TENDENCY TO HIT DOWN ON THE BALL MAY PROVE A HANDICAP WITH THE GUTTIE



JAMES BRAID (LEFT) AND HENRY COTTON, WHO BETWEEN THEM HAVE WON THE OPEN TITLE ON SEVEN OCCASIONS

the guttie. The ideal venue in the South would be Walton Heath, whilst the dose might be repeated over a Scottish links such as the Royal Burgess course at Barnton. We should then be able to see how these veterans handle this none-too-responsive ball. Such a match would prove both instructive and interesting to the onlooker, and should be particularly popular in the North.

My reason for making the last assertion is based upon the memory of a similar match played not so very long ago over the old Musselburgh course. My friend, Mr. J. B. Mathieson, and three other club members decided to play a match with guttie balls over the original nine-holes lay-out. The foursome was supposed to be private, but somehow the secret leaked out, and much to the embarrassment of the players, the greater part of Musselburgh's golfing public turned up to watch the fun.

Scotland's interest in this forthcoming match at Mid-Surrey has been shown in practical fashion. The guttie balls that are to be used have been presented by a Perth golfer and were made in 1902 to commemorate the Coronation of King Edward. For this Cotton and Compston ought to be thankful as some unkind donor might have sent guttie balls as first used. These were rolled by hand and unpainted, their tiresome trait being a tendency to duck violently when driven. It was noticed, however, that as soon as the ball became dented and cut through use this ducking ceased. As a result a form of recessing in moulds was introduced which successfully steadied the flight of the ball.

A recent clubhouse discussion revolved round the question as to whether Cotton or Compston will fare the better. I unhesitatingly backed Cotton. Not that I have a Cotton-complex, but because I feel that his style will enable him to gather the ball in the air more naturally than Compston, whose tendency to hit down on the ball will prove somewhat of a handicap. Both men are powerful hitters and it will be interesting to see if they rival the prodigious distances which Braid obtained with the guttie.

Incidentally, I came across a reference to the driving powers of these early golf balls in a Minute of the Glasgow Golf Club dated April 11th, 1786. The ball in question was of the feathery variety and the entry read as follows: "We, John Dunlop and C. Corbett, at the request of Matthew Orr, Esq., now in London, attend this day at the Golf House to witness John Gibson strike five teed balls towards the first hole in the green, which done, the day being mild, with little or no wind, we measured the distances as follows: 1st ball, 182 yards; 2nd, 194; 3rd, 186; 4th, 201; 5th, 201. A rising towards the hole, about 140 yards off, prevented running. J. G. asked to strike off the 1st to the 2nd hole, on nearly a level for 200 yards, when there is a gentle declivity, drove a distance of 222 yards."

Judged by present-day standards such figures with a feather ball make excellent reading. It now remains to be seen what our present champions can register with the guttie.

FELLING AND HAULAGE OF TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

Previous articles of special interest to owners of woodlands published in the Field, have been as follows: "Restocking Private Woodlands," November 11th and 18th; "The Country needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd.

WHEN timber is sold the owner is invariably sought out by the keeper, and asked not to allow the fellers in the woods until after February 1st, or at the earliest January 1st. It may be that the wood forms an essential rise for some drive, in which case the request is justified, but usually the keeper fears that the operations will drive away the pheasants. Not a single case is known where this has occurred.

A classical instance is that of an owner who turned a deaf ear to the keeper's request, and found that the pheasants, always sociable birds, were actually incommoding the fellers by sitting on the timber haulage gear and had to be dislodged.

Apart from the loss of an essential rise, or the loss of a few birds if any of the timber fellers prove unable to resist temptation, work in the woods will not drive away the birds. But it should not be allowed to continue too late in the day. It is no matter if a bird is dislodged from its roost a little early in the morning, but if it is unsettled at night it may not return. The maxim for timber fellers in coverts is "Come as early as you like, but leave half an hour before sundown."

This question of when timber may be felled is one of great importance this winter. If our home woods are to make good the reduction in imports, owing to the closing of the Baltic, felling of mature conifer stands must proceed apace. This can only be achieved if felling starts at once and proceeds steadily until the spring. Gangs of skilled fellers are limited and they need full-time employment to meet the call.

From March to July, when the pheasants are nesting, strange men are not desired in the woods, and it is reasonable to exclude them, but this will not deter felling which should be completed before March.

Most sales of timber fix a time within which the trees must be cleared. It is helpful to know what is reasonable. A man can fell 100 cu. ft. in a working day. The week is calculated as five days, allowing for wet days, when felling is liable to be dangerous. Fellers are paid 10— per 100ft. measured over bark for felling conifers, removing and burning branches. For hardwoods the price is 12 6, while 5— per cord is paid for cording up the limbs.

Thus, if the owner sells a wood estimated to contain 10,000 cu. ft. of timber, the bark and any wastage of defective stems must be added back in order to arrive at the figure upon which the fellers will base their charges. The gross volume may well become 13,000 cu. ft., feller's measure; and the wood will take 130 man-days to fell. A gang of five will thus be able to fell and trim out the trees, and burn or cord the top, in slightly over five weeks.

If the trees stand by a hard road haulage will start when the fellers are about one-quarter through, and will carry on, finishing later. A good load for tractor and timber wagon is 200 cu. ft. With good clearance, and up to a four mile haul to the station, a set of tackle will make two journeys a day. Allowing for wet days, four may be taken as the working week.

Haulers charge on the basis of over bark measure, as do fellers, so the 13,000 cu. ft. will take eight weeks to clear. Assuming ideal conditions the whole task can be carried out in twelve weeks, but in the case of hardwoods the cordwood will have to remain until sold, but can be stacked out of the way.

If the trees lie back away from the road, and can be reached only by a woodland ride, passable only in frosty weather or during the summer, then the hauling schedule cannot be adhered to. With modern tackle, and the use of the winding drum, much can be overcome in an emergency, but costs naturally rise, and the value of the timber is depressed.

The principle of the winding drum is to haul the trees from where they lie to and on to the wagon, and then, if the ground is bad, for the tractor to attach the line to a tree root or anchor and haul itself over the bad place. Once over it lowers its anchor and hauls its load on the drum. This dot-and-carry-one kind of progress enables extraction from almost any situation, but it is very slow.

For trees lying beyond an arable field after harvest clearance will be the only possible solution. In this case a year will be a proper allowance for clearance. For trees by a hard road three months is a fair time limit.

The time for payment is another matter of concern for the owner. Some firms of timber merchants make a practice of paying cash before cutting, but the more usual custom is for 10% to be paid on signing the contract, and the balance six months later. A method of anticipating the balance is to secure a bill payable in six months and discount it at the bank. When dealing with the Timber Control payment is normally made on the signing of the contract, subject in some cases to a discount.

Contract for sale should require the buyer to fell the timber in a workmanlike manner, doing no avoidable damage to the other trees. A penalty of double value for cutting trees not included in the contract is usual. When a wood is not completely cleared it is impossible to haul out the trees without some superficial bark damage to those that remain. A few of these trees will also have some branches broken in the felling, and it is not practicable to insist that no damage whatever shall be done to the trees that remain. It is fair to make the buyer responsible for avoidable damage, and, in particular not to fix blocks to growing trees.

The general principle on the subject of damage is that the buyer shall have facilities for felling and removing the trees, without being responsible for the normal consequences of this operation. Thus, if he clears down a drive he may create potholes. If he crosses a field he will form ruts. This is all unavoidable.

The buyer should be shown the route to be used for clearing, and it should be marked on a map attached to the contract. If he deviates from this route then he will be liable for any damage that he does. He will also be responsible for any damage done and which he could have avoided by exercising reasonable care, even though he uses the allowed clearance route.

To make the buyer liable for all damage, whether avoidable or not, is neither fair nor likely to result in a satisfactory bargain. But there is one thing that is important. It is that all men should be properly insured against accident, a fairly high rate of premium applying to tree felling. In the case of a sale outright the buyer would be liable for an accident, but if he is lent estate men the question may arise as to who is actually employing them. On the other hand, if the merchant's men stop and carry out work for the landowner the same difficulty may arise.



SIX TONS OF TREE TRUNKS AND A STIFF PULL FOR A TEAM OF NINE HORSES

"GREEN PEACE"

A Garden of Fragrant Leaves

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

OUT-of-the-way names of houses, especially of small houses in remote parts of the country have always fascinated me, "The Laughing Stock," "Puck's Cottage," "A Box," "Little Bo-Peep," "The Silent Pool" and "Gallow's Gore" are amongst many that come to mind, but the one I like best is "Green Peace."

For years the name has lingered in my mind, and I think it suggested a garden of "green peace" I am making now. The modern fashion for a garden is a "riot of colour," "a blaze of splendour" and so forth, but to my thinking there is a great charm about a green garden, especially a green garden of fragrant leaves.

A garden in which there are "greens" of every hue, from the silvery green of lavender and santolina to the purplish green of red sage and the deep sea green of rosemary and green fretted with gold and silver such as the variegated thymes; and foliage ranging in form and texture from the feathery charm of fennel to the rough handsome leaves of clary and the softness of mullein.

My "Green Peace," a small plot about 60ft. by 30ft., is enclosed with a hedge of sweet briar, but this hedge is not clipped in the usual way. The graceful branches are 12ft. high, fragrant through the season, starred in summer with lovely pink flowers and all through winter hung with scarlet hips like fairy lanterns. Sweet briar hips are so acid that unlike other rose hips they are left untouched by birds. All round this enclosing hedge is a bed about 5ft. wide and it is planted informally with rosemary, lavenders of all sorts, hyssops, santolina, sages, sweet cicely, fennel, angelica, clary, lovage, apple mint, alecost, the camphor plant, winter savoury, rue, tansy and southernwood.

Some of these are seldom to be found in modern gardens. My visitors are usually particularly interested in alecost, or costmary as it was sometimes called (incidentally this is the only plant so far as I know dedicated to Mary Magdalen), the camphor plant, sweet cicely, lovage and apple mint. Alecost grows about 4ft. high, spreads rampantly, and has fragrant, pleasantly flavoured leaves which we often add to salads.

The scent of camphor plant leaves is indistinguishable from camphor. This plant, too, spreads rapidly and the flowers are daisy-like. Sweet cicely, as both Gerard and Lawson recorded three centuries ago, is one of the slowest of slow growing perennials. A plant about six years old with its huge silky fern-like leaves about 5ft. high is lovely and the scent of the leaves, though sweet, is not unsuggestive of anise.

Lovage in good soil grows 7ft. high and has handsome, much indented, polished leaves, with a scent suggestive of a sweet pear and parsley combined. The old apple mint is, to my thinking, quite the most decorative of the mints, and it is curious it is so seldom grown. This, too, grows 7ft. high in mass with its woolly foliage and pinkish-grey flower heads is delightful.

There are various lavenders, ranging from the stately Walhampton Giant, which grows quite 4ft. high, to the midgets, such as *L. nana atropurpurea*. White flowered lavender, which was Queen Henrietta Maria's favourite, is here. With its pearl-like flowers and exquisite scent it is, indeed, a gem amongst lavenders. Although perfectly hardy it is apt to die out after its third year and should, therefore, be propagated by cuttings taken every two years.

The taller lavenders associate well with southernwood, or lad's love, as cottagers used to call it. This is one of the most deliciously scented of all the artemesias and throughout the summer the bushes are huge masses of feathery green. It needs drastic pruning to within 15in. of the ground, and if left unpruned grows straggly. Walafred Strabo, the ninth century monk-gardener, described it as having "well nigh as many virtues as leaves."

The centre of my garden of "Green Peace" is a camomile lawn which is mowed and rolled just like grass, has a pleasant scent and remains a bright emerald green through the most severe drought.

Why camomile lawns are not more popular in this country is a mystery to me. A large stretch of one of the lawns in the garden of Buckingham Palace is planted with camomile, but of all the thousands who walk on it at garden parties I wonder how many are aware that they are not walking on a grass lawn.

In the centre of this lawn is a circular patch with a sundial. The sundial is set on a large stump of elm with its rough bark left on. The sundial dates from the reign of Charles II, with an inscription I have never seen quoted in any book on sundials.

"O Blessed Solitude,
O only Blessing,
Solitude is my Paradise
And the City a Prison.
The Crown is the work of our hands.
God be with us.
Long Live Charles II."

All round the base of the sundial grows that vigorous upright thyme, *T. fragrantissimus*, one of the most attractive of all the thymes.

MID-WINTER SALADS

IN most houses at this season salads are not very varied, and this is a pity, for apart from the fact that raw vegetables are rich in vitamins, and none of their valuable salts are lost as in cooking, a well-arranged salad bowl is a decorative feature and makes what might be a dull meal more interesting.

As a nation we make too little use of raw root vegetables for salads. Grated raw carrots are full of their own natural juice and are delicious. Cooks are too fond of mincing instead of grating. Threepenny graters can be obtained at most cheap stores, and are invaluable, for grated roots are better than minced, as anyone who has tried both methods will acknowledge. Carrots, for instance, if grated, are moist, but put through a mincer rather "gritty." Turnips, beet, radish and swede all grate to perfection, but grated beet is so pungent that very little can be added to a mixed salad.

We find Hamburg parsley invaluable for mid-winter salads, and why this delicious root vegetable is not more commonly grown is incomprehensible. It makes roots the size of parsnips and is so hardy that it can be left in the ground all through winter. In the last severe winter we were lifting ours right up to early March and the foliage, which is much coarser than that of the parsley commonly grown, was nearly as abundant as in autumn, even after heavy snow.

When cooked the flavour is not particularly attractive, but the roots grate to the consistency of ground nuts and have a nutty taste. We have them with mayonnaise sauce. Incidentally, the skin of this root vegetable is a creamy white, and so fine that there is no need to pare it before grating. As with all root vegetables most of the health-giving salts are both in and immediately under the skin.

Jerusalem artichokes grate easily, but they turn colour so quickly that they look very unattractive. Any root vegetables should be covered if grated more than half an hour or so before serving.

Many of the green vegetables grate well, especially cauliflowers and firm Brussels sprouts. I discovered accidentally a better method, however, of adding the coarser green vegetables. They are impossible to grate, and if put through a mincer in the usual way come through in rather tough little bits. But if put through not dry, but just wet from being washed, they come through in a moistish but not really thin purée, and are excellent to mix with grated root vegetables.

Raw green vegetables are extremely wholesome, but most of the goodness is washed out by the ordinary methods of cooking.

Salads appeal to the eye, and even in mid-winter they can be adorned with edible flower petals. We use stray rose petals, rosemary flowers and marigold petals. Variegated kales, too, make a most pleasing surround. Too often these kales are grown in well-cultivated soil, with the result that they are scarcely variegated.

To secure brilliant colours they should be grown in the poorest soil, and it is a good plan to cut off the tops before the most severe weather sets in. Deprived of this protection the shoots are much more richly coloured. In fact, the poorer the soil and the more exposed the position the better the colouring.

It is surprising in how few gardens herbs are grown for saladings. We use quite twenty, and a tablespoonful of finely snipped-up herbs is an excellent addition, either to a mixed salad or to sprinkle over a more or less plain lettuce salad. Even in mid-winter there are plenty of herbs available for salads.

Self-sown chervil seedlings (and chervil never fails to sow itself abundantly) remain green all through winter. French cooks appreciate this herb at its true value and no *bouquet de fines herbes* is complete without it. All the evergreen herbs can be used through the most severe winter, notably sage, thyme, winter savoury, lavender and rosemary. Many people do not seem to realise that the leaves and flowers of the two last named are edible. They are pungent and aromatic.

We even use tiny snippets of rue, but the flavour of this evergreen is so strong that only the smallest quantity can be used. The old-fashioned apple mint remains green and in perfect condition for six to eight weeks after spearmint is just bare stems.

Apple mint never suffers from rust. It is a rampant grower and in good soil grows quite 5ft. high. Epicures say it makes the best mint sauce, and we use it for this purpose, but the average cook takes some persuading to abandon her conservative ways. Ours has long since abandoned opposition to our eccentric demands and is now keenly interested even in new experiments.

Welsh onion we have grown for years, simply for mid-winter salads. For the rest of the year it is forgotten, but in winter when the grass of chives is not available the grass of Welsh onion is green and abundant, and gives just that touch of onion flavour without which no mixed salad is complete. This hardiest of all onions is so hardy that after weeks of snow the foliage remains green. It is a perennial, though it can be raised freshly every year from seed. It makes no bulbs.

With trouble lettuce, chicory, endive and corn salad can be had all through winter. I was sent by a French friend the seed of a self-folding endive which he hopes French seedsmen will take up. It is first-rate, but so far it has only "self-folded" in our garden in a rather half-hearted way.

Chicory is perhaps the easiest salading of the above-named to have even in mid-winter. On a commercial scale it is forced by elaborate methods, but for small supplies all that is necessary is to take half-a-dozen or so of the roots, cut off the tops and fit the roots rather tightly with a little soil into a wooden box or 8in. pots. On no account must the roots be injured. In complete darkness and in a cellar with central heating the leaves will be ready in about a fortnight.

E. S. R.

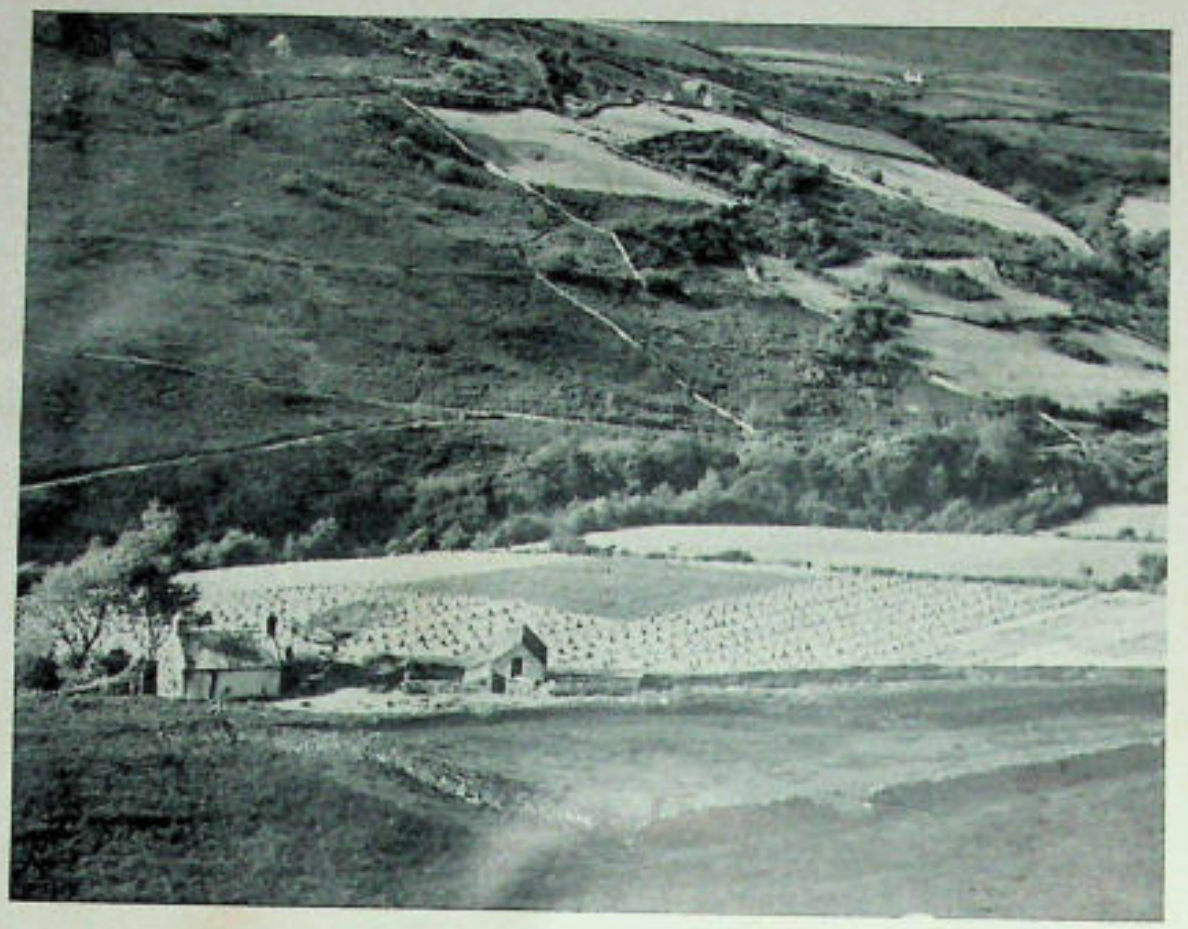
THE GARDEN IN WAR-TIME

ONCE again the garden, no less than the farm, is called upon to take its share in the production of food in a great national emergency. Those who remember the conditions prevailing in the years 1914–1918 will recall the successful efforts then made to increase home supplies of vegetables, and the appeal recently made by the Minister of Agriculture to "Dig for Victory" will doubtless meet with the fullest measure of support from those who have, or can acquire, suitable ground. It is essential that the resources of the garden be employed methodically and to the fullest capacity, and to those who may be undertaking such work *Sutton's Amateur's Guide in Horticulture*, 1940 should prove of great assistance.

In a foreword to the book Messrs. Sutton call attention to the desirability of ensuring a succession of vegetables throughout the greater part of the year, and as an aid to this end they publish a comprehensive table of sowing and planting times which should prove of much service. Further, the well-classified and descriptive lists of vegetables and salads will render easy the task of cropping the ground to best advantage, whatever the size of the plot to be cultivated, while this information is supplemented by brief cultural notes on most of the principal subjects. It should not be overlooked that profitable gardening implies the use of the best strains, in which connection it may be said that the stocks raised and distributed by the Reading House have a world-wide reputation for reliability in cropping and superior table quality.

Although under existing conditions the vegetable garden must necessarily receive first consideration, the wide usefulness of flowers and their cheerful influence in times of stress should not be forgotten. In our hospitals, especially, gifts of cut flowers will doubtless be very welcome. It is pointed out that flower gardening, if intelligently undertaken, need not result in any serious outlay, and fortunately there are many delightful subjects which may be grown in the open or in the unheated greenhouse at a minimum of cost and labour. Indeed, the floral section of the Guide offers a remarkably wide choice of species and varieties suitable for almost every purpose for which flowers are wanted, all of which may be grown from seed. There is also an extensive list of garden tools and the several sundries needed for the successful upkeep of the garden.

Not the least attractive feature of the Guide is the large number of illustrations, almost every page containing one or more excellent pictures. We understand that regular customers of the Royal Seed Establishment will shortly receive a copy, and others interested in gardening may obtain the book on application to Sutton & Sons, Ltd., Reading.



A HILLSIDE FARM IN WALES

BRINGING BACK THE LOST ACRES

Tackling the problem of the Hill Farm

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

ALL classes and conditions of farmers have their war time as well as their every day problems to solve, but the combination of the two have set them a somewhat tangled skein to unravel.

Especially is this the case with the hill farmer, and by this title I mean the man who is farming some 500–1,000 acres of poor thin land on the chalk, where, in all probability the major portion of the land has gone to rough grass and has been used for sheep farming on the ranching system, and only a few of the best fields have been kept under the plough.

Very frequently these farms are sorely infested by rabbits who will destroy not only the few crops that can be grown, but will also denude the farm of every blade of grass within their reach that grows upon this hungry soil.

At one time, when arable sheep paid their way, and when the expenses of growing crops for their consumption and the cost of their shepherding were not out of all proportion to the returns made from the flock, such farms as I have in mind grew very useful crops of cereals and sheep keep, together with seeds mixture, hay, and, very frequently, good sainfoin, and the problem of farming them reasonably well was not too difficult.

However, during the past decade, there has been no encouragement to the hill farmer to keep the sheep fold going, in order that he may grow cereals no one wants, except at cut rates, or to breed lambs that have to be sold below the cost of production. Thus, on many a farm I know well, the arable sheep have been replaced by grass sheep, and a dairy herd (often on the Bail system) has been installed, which means that the grassland, rough or good, is dressed by the cattle as the Bails move on, and is kept in fair heart. On other farms grass sheep have shared the wide expanse of grass in company with large bunches of young store cattle.

Utilising this type of land in such a fashion a living has been made. Now the emergency is such that portions of these farms must again play their part under the plough. This presents a rare puzzle, especially to the man who is limited in the amount of capital he has at his disposal.

Fortunately, cropping orders are now very elastic and are so wisely designed that the best use can be made of the land without fear of effort being wasted (so far as human effort is concerned). Thus, a farmer who has such land to consider has not been compelled to sow wheat whether he liked it or not. I am only giving what is my personal opinion of the best way to treat such land, conditions being as they are, and if no arable sheep are present on the farm. I think the best and most useful way in which such land can be cropped to help the nation, and to give a return to the farmer is to plough it, work it to a fine tilth, and drill barley in the spring, or if too large an hereage is being put in during a limited period of time, to plough and press the land, and broadcast barley.

With no sheep available the manures required would be basic slag and potash salts, for such land as I have in mind would hardly show lime deficiency on analysis. Barley will be badly needed by brewers, by pig and livestock breeders, and whereas such land, in its present condition, would not grow a paying crop of wheat, it is practically certain to yield up to six or seven sacks of barley to the acre.

This should pay for doing. Barley on this light land should be a far better paying crop than oats, for much of the land will not grow a good sample of white oats, which are those chiefly in use to-day, but if it were not desired to put in all barley, and so avoid having all one's eggs in a basket, I would sow good spring black oats, for in these days anything that can be fed to livestock will help to eke out supplies. The best fields could be seeded with clover, but—only the best. Then, if there was a good take of clover there would be an assured hay crop the next year, and aftermath upon which sheep could be folded if possible, or which could be ploughed in when oats or wheat might be sown.

The advantage of barley on such land is that if manured with potash salts and basic slag the crop would only exhaust one-third of the manure in the production of one crop, and thus a man could take barley, in this time of emergency, twice or even thrice in succession.

Granted that the bulk of the barley could be sold off at a decent price, there would be tail barley and the straw left behind, and here would be an opportunity for keeping yarded cattle to produce dung for the land, or to yard pigs. It does seem to me fairly obvious that the poorer soils that cannot produce a really paying crop of wheat should be allowed to produce just as much feeding stuffs for stock, or barley for brewing as possible. It will all be needed, and these soils can play quite a useful part in the national agricultural economy if treated in this way.

I have only briefly outlined an emergency policy for such land. To farm it on a long term lease is quite another matter and, so far as I can see it, demands three year clover leys, the use of tares, oats and peas, rape and turnips, trifolium, Italian rye grass for grazing and ploughing in, and a gradual return to stocking such farms in the natural way—a ewe flock; but then I think so highly of sheep, and must not try to force this idea upon my fellow men, who may not possess the same regard for them.

DIGGING FOR VICTORY IS HEALTHY

Enemies and Friends of Plants

DIGGING is one of the healthiest operations there is, and owing to labour shortage in gardens many a garden owner will be offering to help with the spade work and do his digging for victory.

Double digging can not only be health giving and vital to the success of the garden, but it can also be extremely interesting. A look-out should be kept for the "denisons" in the soil and much can be learned from their study.

There are no "neutrals" in the soil. Insects there are either enemies or friends. Friends naturally should be encouraged and treated with care, but enemies should be given no quarter.

Naturally, it is most important to be able to recognise a beneficial insect from a pest. Unfortunately, beginners often destroy creatures that they ought to leave alone. Worms, for instance, are definitely beneficial, while slugs of course are not. Frogs and toads should be encouraged and so should beetles, those long oval insects up to ½in. in length, which may be of a striking metallic colour or black with a violet sheen. The Devil's Coach Horse beetle is another friend. This is black, large and active, and can easily be recognised by its peculiar habit of "cocking up" its head and tail simultaneously.

There is one friendly slug, known as the Testacella. It is a dirty yellow and may be from ¾in. to 2¼in. long. It always works underground and feeds largely on soil pests. It cannot fail to be recognised, for it has a small, flat shell growing along its back.

Much reference has been made to the Glow-worm during these black-out days! It is definitely helpful and so are the larvæ of the Lady-birds, the "night lights" as they are called. These latter are shaped like tiny little brown "alligators." They feed on all kinds of plant bugs.

Two insects that are often confused are the millipede and centipede. The centipede is a friend and kills large numbers of soil pests. It has a flattened body and each segment of its body has one pair of legs only. The millipede's body is round, and the first four segments of its body has one pair of legs and the remaining segments have two pairs each. The centipede is yellow-orange and similar in colour to the millipede, except that the latter when young is whitish-grey.

Millipedes when young and old can do a great deal of harm. They damage the roots and stems of plants and often become a serious pest in the greenhouse. When young they are about ¼in. long, but when fully grown they are usually just over an inch. To eliminate them whizzed naphthalene should be dug into the soil at the rate of 1oz. to the square yard, and early next spring it is possible to trap large numbers of them in portions of carrots buried just below soil level, these being spitted on a stick so as to be removed easily.

The wire-worm is sometimes confused with the centipede for it is of an orangey yellow colour also. It can easily be distinguished from the centipede or millipede for it has short legs on the first three segments of the body *only*. Its body is *very* tough and wiry (hence the name) and it is difficult to kill by squeezing.

Slugs often burrow down deeply into the ground during the winter to escape being killed by frost. They are, however, often detected when digging. Eggs may be found also. These are round, transparent, jelly-like and glistening white. They are usually about three times the size of a pin's head, though they may be slightly larger. If the baby embryo have started growing inside the eggs are opaque and yellow. They are usually laid in groups of from four to fifty.

Where slugs or their eggs abound a mixture consisting of equal parts of finely divided copper sulphate and hydrated lime should be dug in, at the rate of an ounce to the square yard. This mixture will kill any slug that comes into contact with it.

P. F.

PIG CLUBS.—Although the newly formed Small Pig Keepers' Council has hardly had time to begin work, it has already received several hundreds of letters from people anxious to lend a hand in increasing our supplies of pig meat.

Enquiries have come from farmers and farm workers, wealthy suburban residents, miners from the Welsh valleys, large country houses, tenants of small urban houses and innkeepers. Some are already members of pig clubs and would like to see their clubs expand; others want to form a pig club; others desire to know how to go to work to keep a pig or two at the bottom of the garden or in some outbuildings. All who want advice or help in starting a club or keeping a pig are invited to apply to the Council.

PEARS PREFER PROTECTION

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

FEARS have been expressed again and again that apple planting in this country has been overdone. Naturally, these fears are not substantiated in war time, when imports from America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand are reduced to a minimum, owing to the need of transport for war material. But in normal peace time the thousands of acres that have been planted during the last ten to fifteen years have made a great difference to the apple trade, and it is feared that prices may tend to be yet lower when the younger orchards really come into bearing.

Pears, on the other hand, show no tendency of over-production. It has been said that there are ten times as many apples grown in this country as pears. The pear, then, occupies a very small position in the nation's fruit-growing industry. There is no reason, however, why it should not be more grown—especially as there is a definite demand for the fruit.

One of the snags is, of course, that pears will not grow anywhere. They ask for a deep, well-drained, medium loam such as the "brick earths" found in the Sittingbourne and Faversham districts of Kent. The climate should be temperate and this is why pear growing often succeeds near a river or the sea, where the expanse of water keeps the temperature from sudden changes. Planting has been carried out successfully in varying districts, even as far north as Acton Bridge in Cheshire.

Pear plantations do need protection and it has been shown at the East Malling Research Station that artificial shelter afforded by hop lewing (hop canvas) has lessened the force of the wind and increased the crop. In the experiments it was demonstrated that the greatest crop was on the sheltered south side of the tree. The reason that established plantations crop more heavily is thought by many people to be because of the natural shelter provided by the larger size of the trees.

A sheltered situation will, therefore, give the best results. Not only will the blossom set better when the trees are protected but the fruit will not be blown from the trees, nor will the trees themselves suffer from exposure to strong winds.

Frost holes should be avoided for pear blossom is very subject to frost damage. Low-lying land is not ideal either for a similar reason, and nor are shallow soils over chalk or gravel or the cold, half-drained clay soils.

The saying, "He who plants pears plants for his heirs" is not true to-day, for the quince stocks bring trees into bearing early. For the commercial orchard the Angers Quince or Quince A would seem to be the most suitable, though for cordons or trees grown in a limited space, on the Fuseau system, for instance, the Quince C stock is to be recommended.

Unfortunately, it has been found that there is some incompatability between the scion and root stock when certain varieties of quince are used. This incompatability is demonstrated by the fact that the trees remain stunted and small, or else they may grow normally and then in a high wind the tree will snap at the original union of the stock and scion.

This makes it important for the fruitgrower to insist that the compatible quince stocks are used, now classified as A, B, or C. Even then there are some varieties of pears such as Williams bon Chrétien, and Dr. Jules Guyot which show a certain degree of incompatability, and so these should be "double worked." The variety Beurre d'Amanalis should be grafted on to the quince and in a year the Williams or Dr. Jules scion can be grafted on to the d'Amanalis. The East Malling Research Station can supply fruitgrowers with a list of varieties which they have found to do best when double worked.

When planting pears it is necessary to consider cross-pollination. Even the so-called self-fertile varieties do better when there are other kinds nearby. The self-sterile varieties naturally need the pollinator, and the system known as the one in nine, is ideal. It allows for the maximum number of the main variety, and yet every tree has a pollinator next to it.

Planting can be carried out any time during the winter and the younger the trees the more quickly will they become established and acclimatised. It is better to plant maidens in the case of cordons, pyramids, Fuseaus and bush trees, and for half-standards or standards, two-year-olds. Bush and pyramids will need to be 12ft. apart always, cordons 2ft. apart in the row, and Fuseaus 6ft. apart between rows and 3ft. apart in the rows. Pears should always be planted shallowly so as to prevent roots growing out from the scion. Scion rooting is very common with pears, and can quickly ruin the dwarfing effect of a quince stock. The union of the stock and scion should always be at least 4in. above the soil level. Many nurserymen graft or bud the stocks quite high up these days, for this reason.

There is no more popular market pear at the present time than Conference. It is a variety liked by the public and is a regular cropper. Under the ordinary spraying routine it is quite resistant to scab. It has been said that Conference will never be overdone. They sell well all over Great Britain and in Ireland, too. It is important to have pollinaters for this variety, for though they will make no difference to the weight of the crop, they will to the shape of the fruit. Self-pollinated Conferences are often deformed and ugly looking.



A FINE CROP OF WILLIAM PEARS

Laxton's Superb is a good early pear and is suitable for the summer trade in seaside towns. Williams bon Chrétien is always in demand, and though it is subject to scab, this can easily be controlled by lime-sulphur spraying. Fertility, though not such a good quality pear as the other two, can be a paying proposition, especially when thinned. It is said to be the best dry weather pear. Pitmaston Duchess is a large pear, and can prove quite profitable. It is preferred on some markets to others. Dr. Jules Guyot is the only other variety that has really proved a commercial proposition. It is a free and regular cropper and does well year after year. It is not a good quality pear, but the public buy it because of its "good looks."

MAINTENANCE OF THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

ONE of the economies that may easily be practised, as a result of shortage of labour owing to the war, is likely to be the leaving down of the herbaceous border for another year or two. Those who replanted their borders last autumn and winter are indeed fortunate, for they have nothing to fear for two more seasons, except in the case of one or two plants, such as the *Chrysanthemum maximum* (the ox-eyed daisies), and some of the more rampant Michaelmas daisies. Herbaceous borders, however, that have been down three years already may suffer unless everything possible is done to prevent deterioration in plant stocks.

Fortunately there will always be, in a big flower border, plants that prefer to remain undisturbed over a long period of years. The Japanese anemone is an example, as is the peony, the lupin and the double gypsophila.

Even though it may not be possible, or advisable, to renovate the whole border, certain portions of it will undoubtedly need immediate care and attention. The large clumps of Michaelmas daisies, solidagos, helenimms and phloxes should be dug up and replanted *in situ*, after they have been split up into four or five smaller portions, and the inner portions of the clump thrown away. It is this centre part that is the original plant and is by now exhausted and useless.

It is always impossible to replant in the border all the portions of the clump that has been split up despite the fact that the centre has been disposed of. The over-plus that remains should either be planted in a special border for cut flowers for the house, or should be given away to those less fortunate. After the clumps have been removed it is advisable to fork over the ground deeply, and to add at the same time a complete fertiliser with an organic base (such as a good fish manure) containing nitrogen, phosphates and potash in the ration of 1 : 3 : 2. This should be applied at the rate of 4oz. or 5oz. to the square yard.

Firm planting is essential and to ensure this it is better to tread the soil down moderately before planting, and again after planting, than to stamp vigorously around the plants when in position, having planted them in loose soil.

It is our duty to do everything possible in war-time to stop the wane in quality, and by tackling certain portions of the herbaceous border each winter it will be possible to keep up the quality, without necessitating the employment of a great amount of labour. This is the kind of work that the garden owner should be prepared to carry out with interest and intelligence.

Certain perennials, like the pyrethrums and perennial scabious, should be dug up and replanted immediately after flowering in the summer. Others, like the oriental poppies, the globe thistles, the gaillardias and border phloxes often provide the best stock if root cuttings are taken, instead of carrying out the ordinary plant division.

These cuttings may be the length of one's middle finger and may be placed perpendicularly in a compost of sandy soil in a frame. If they are covered with ½in. of a similar light open compost, and the soil is kept moderately moist, young growth will soon appear. The frame can then be ventilated freely and in the spring a nice, vigorous young plant will be ready for putting out in the border again. In the case of the phloxes it is usual to lay the 2in. root cuttings horizontally ½in. deep.

To ensure quality it is advisable in the case of some perennials to raise plants every three years or so from seed. This method of propagation is to be recommended because it is inexpensive. Seedlings are always more vigorous and freer from diseases than are plants propagated vegetatively.

It is possible to save small batches of seed from the best of the old plants or to obtain new seed from a fresh source so as to ensure variety. The inclusion, for instance, of the Russell lupin section into a flower border would be welcome. Perennials that can be raised successfully from seeds include anthemis, columbines, foxgloves, gaillardias, coreopsis, geums, hollyhocks, blue poppies and sweet williams.

The seeds can be sown in a sheltered position in the open during the summer-time. There is no need for the soil to be rich so long as it is finely divided and porous. The seedlings should not be allowed to become overcrowded and so should be thinned early. The rows should be regularly hoed and kept clean of weeds. The young plants thus raised may take their place in the herbaceous border in the following season.

In the last war there tended to be a general decline in quality and vigour all round in fruits as well as flowers, and it is to be hoped that these notes will serve to encourage all garden owners to keep up, by these means, a high standard in war-time.

ANOTHER WAY WITH RABBITS

An account was recently given of how Berkshire is tackling its rabbit problem. This is how Hampshire is going to work.

The County Committee have drawn up a list of 140 expert rabbit-catchers who are prepared to work on terms that the Committee lay down. When cases of rabbit damage are reported, particularly to young growing wheat, the occupier of the adjoining woods or land where the rabbits are numerous is requested to take steps to reduce their numbers.

These notices are promptly followed up, and if the Committee is not satisfied that the action taken is effective, some of the official rabbit catchers will be put in to do the work on the Committee's behalf.

The Committee have suggested that the price of rabbits should be maintained at a satisfactory level by arranging for the freezing of surplus rabbits in winter for release in summer.

* * * *

In reply to a Parliamentary question on the subject of pigeon shoots, the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, said he would gladly draw attention to the need for the exercise of care by pigeon shooting parties in order to protect homing pigeons.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KHYBER

By PATRICK TURNBULL



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

A RIFLEMAN OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER

FROM the earliest days of the history of the world, when the tales of the fabulous wealth of India first roused the lust of greed and conquest in the hearts of warlike but comparatively indigent peoples the Khyber Pass has always been considered as the easiest route by which to cross the mighty mountain barrier which protects the North-west and Northern frontiers.

Through the arid Khyber marched the forces of Alexander, the Macedonian, before sweeping down over the Indus as far as Lahore, the conquering Moguls, and the invincible Tartar hordes of Genghiz and Kubla Khan. Later, the Khyber witnessed the tragedies of the British retreat from Kabul, and it is doubtful whether there is any other mountain pass in the world which could tell a similar tale of invading armies, of battles, of ambush, massacre and bloodshed, or whether one could tread an inch of its precipitious and stony way without stepping on a spot where, at some time or other of its troubled history, a man had not met a violent death.

Seen from the Indian side the range of mountains barring the Northern horizon, through which runs the cleft of the Khyber, presents a distinctly hostile appearance. It is cold and blue, like steel. There is no sign of vegetation or of any relief from the granite hardness of the steep rocky slopes, so that, no matter what the season, the mountains, shimmering in a glaring sun or frozenly outlined, seem to be the mirror of the soul of the warlike and merciless tribes who inhabit their unfriendly wastes.

From Jamrud Fort, some nine miles north of Peshawar, usually known as "the gate of the Khyber," the road crosses the stony desert country and loses itself in the foothills. It seems to the naked eye to terminate abruptly, but, on carrying on from Jamrud, it strikes right into the heart of the range, and, as soon as the first piece of rising ground is reached, begins to climb upwards in a steep series of hairpin bends, until on looking back it can be seen curling down like a huge grey snake to the vast expanse of the plains, which stretch southwards and spread to a limitless limpid horizon.

To stand for a moment looking down into the distant India is extremely impressive, for so in the long dead past must the great conquerors have stood, conjuring in their minds the dreams of the untold wealth ahead, which should be despoiled by their lust-maddened soldiers, and open to them visions of a luxury almost unimaginable.

From this vantage point the road drops to the massive fort of Shagai and then to the famous Ali Masjid gorges.

These gorges are not only dangerous for motor traffic by reason of their repeated succession of blind corners, but form at the same time an almost ideal spot for an ambush or a hold-up. The road is bordered on one side by a sheer wall of rock, from whose summit it would be a matter of great ease to let fall a boulder on any passing traffic, and on the other by a sharp drop to the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, and, although during the daytime the pass is supposed to be perfectly secure, I must confess that it was always with a sigh of relief that I left the gorges behind me.

Flat country, as though one were traversing the bowl of an enormous crater, prevails as far as the important military garrison stronghold of Landi Kotal, and from then on it is again a mountainous and winding road which leads to the smaller post of Landi Khana and the actual Afghan frontier.

Landi Kotal is extremely interesting in that it is a typical frontier post.

A strong barbed wire defence surrounds it through which none may either leave or enter between the hours of sunset and sunrise. Even in the daytime vigilance must not be relaxed and any parties leaving the protection of the wire must be armed.

These precautions are extremely necessary owing to the very warlike nature of the tribes who inhabit the frontier regions.

Actually, the Khyber is not in Indian but in tribal territory. Only the road itself is British. The villages on either side and the tribes owe no allegiance to the British or Indian Governments, and, provided they do not attempt to interfere with the posts or the traffic on the road, the tribesmen are at liberty to do as they please.

Probably the North-west frontier tribesman is the most bloodthirsty individual in the world. War, plunder, the vendetta are the very breath of his existence.

Since the soil is poor and unproductive, rather than break his heart trying to eke out a miserable existence by the labouring of the inadequate cultivated patches at his disposal, the average tribesman prefers to let his neighbour work and then, by robbery and murder, reap the benefits of his toil.

In such a way the innumerable blood feuds, so rife in tribal territory, are started, and these feuds, whose law is summed up by the motto "a life for a life," endure for generation after generation, until one or other of the warring families has been exterminated.

It can therefore be understood that on the Frontier a modern rifle is worth its weight in gold to a tribesman, for in a country where every male child is taught to shoot almost from the cradle, and is an expert marksman, the possession of an accurate weapon is the surest guarantee of preservation. So deadly, in fact, are these family vendettas, that I have often heard it stated that the average life of a tribesman is about thirty years.

Living under such circumstances only the physically perfect survive, with the result that the average Shinwari, Afridi or Zakka Khel is a remarkably fine specimen of manhood, almost immune from the effect of hardship and fatigue; he is impervious alike to extremes of heat and cold, can march between 50 and 60 miles in a day in the most mountainous and difficult country, at the same time existing on a diet which any European would consider starvation.

There are several tribal villages on either side of the road between the Ali Masjid gorges and Landi Kotal which afford interesting examples of small communal life.

Each village is, in itself, a strongly fortified post, proof against a surprise raid. A high wall, conveniently loopholed, surrounds it, pierced only by a single and very massive gate, while a typical feature is the round watch tower, constantly manned both by day and by night, and from which, when times are quiet, the watchmen indulge in sniping practice in order to combat the dullness of everyday life.

The women of the villages, dressed always in black robes, are not often seen, but they have a reputation for the most ferocious cruelty, and it is they who, armed with knives, coldbloodedly follow in the tracks of their menfolk in time of war, in order to mutilate the enemy wounded who are foolish enough to allow themselves to be taken alive. It will be remembered, perhaps, that Kipling gave excellent advice to anyone who should be so unfortunate as to be disabled without hope of rescue.

I noticed, however, that whenever the women did venture outside the village walls an armed guard always accompanied them, and that if they went any distance for such tasks as the gathering of wood, the surrounding hills were picketed in order to make doubly sure against the risk of a surprise attack.

But the tribesman is not the only enemy against whom the troops in the garrisons of the Khyber Pass have to fight. If less dangerous than the Afridi sharpshooter the weather is a more constant source of worry and a very predominant factor. In few places can such terrific extremes exist between the seasons.

During the summer months the temperature rises to well over a hundred degrees in the shade, the only difficulty being, as has often been remarked, that there is no shade. The rocks are absolutely devoid of all vegetation, and during the daytime become so hot that it is almost impossible to touch them with the naked flesh. The sun beats down pitilessly, and to be exposed to its rays is a torture, so much so that, in the hottest season, even the hardy tribesman does not care to venture out of the protection of his hut.

No less severe is the winter. Snow frequently falls in Landi Kotal itself. The surrounding crests and ridges are all snow-capped, while the higher ranges to the north and the distant giants of the Safed Koh wear a continual white mantle. The winds have a bitter intensity, unequalled in my experience, which frequently made me wonder whether I was in Siberia and not in India. So cold is it, in fact, that troops, accustomed to the long winters of England, find their powers of resistance taxed to the utmost, and cases of pneumonia are not uncommon.

Yet, despite the arid unloveliness of the Khyber, there is a fascination undeniable in its grandeur, a fascination which grows upon one, and so takes root in the imagination that after a time the gentler scenes of beauty seem tepid and insipid. The rugged power, the sense of hidden menace so often to be found in the typical Frontier scene, has a peculiar dignity and majesty, nowhere more apparent than in the historic Khyber Pass, which must needs appeal to anyone who still can see something of the adventure of life, and appreciate the gallant fight of one of the last barriers formed by both primitive man and nature against Western civilisation.



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

A NATIVE CARAVAN IN THE KHYBER PASS

ON DOING OUR OWN WORK

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE immense advance in the servicing of cars that has been achieved in the last few years has made us owner-drivers casual and lazy. We can get the chassis lubricated quickly and efficiently by means of specially designed plants in a matter of half-an-hour. We have our sump drained, flushed and refilled as regularly as clockwork. We rely on other people to see that the battery, gearbox and axle are all topped up, and that our tyre pressures are correctly maintained. We never think of soiling our fingers even to do such a simple task as setting the plug points or adjusting the brakes. Why should we, the trained experts at the garage will do all these jobs so much better themselves and their charges are not exorbitant? In many cases, of which the Ford Company is an outstanding and pioneer example, there are fixed prices for the various routine jobs and whether you are at Land's End or John o' Groats they are all the same.

But the time may be coming when the necessary expert labour and advice for servicing may not be as readily available. And then if we wish to keep our cars in good condition we shall be thrown back on our own resources. Those of us who have graduated through the hard school of practical experience from the days when we had to mend punctures on the roadside will be better off than more modern owners to whom the mechanism of a car remains a box of tricks which, luckily for them, seldom fails.

For the benefit of those who may soon have to do their own car maintenance let me say at once that the time and possible discomfort they endure in so doing are well spent. For a motor car is a valuable piece of machinery and deserves to be cared for properly. Unfortunately for the present-day owner the modern car is not as easily owner-serviced in some ways as its predecessors. Firstly, being built much nearer the ground and with its wings more closely and widely enveloping the wheels, accessibility to various parts is impaired and in extreme cases a pit or ramp may be needed in order to reach certain parts that require routine attention. In the second place access to some parts is more difficult than it was on cars of an earlier vintage, this being due to a general change in design in which one part may be made to combine the functions of several others.

The best way to set about this business of looking after your car yourself is to study the instruction book as thoroughly as possible. Some months ago I acquired a car of extremely unorthodox design. I knew practically nothing about its details of construction or its care and maintenance. There was no agent within eighty miles of my home who was familiar with the car's peculiarities. So the only thing to be done was to master the technical side of the thing myself. Then at any rate I should be able to go to a garage man anywhere in the country and not only tell him but also show him exactly what I wanted done in the way of care and maintenance.

The first thing I did was to spend some time in the service department at the factory. I told the expert there to service the car thoroughly and stood by while he did so. I got down into the pit when he did. I poked my nose under the wings and aprons when he was making adjustments there. I accompanied him on the road both on his original fault diagnosing trip and also on his final passing out runs. And I made notes of the things he did and where the various parts requiring attention were situated.

This time was well spent and when reinforced by a careful study of the instruction book and oiling diagram enabled me to instruct the same mechanic at my local garage in the proper way of servicing an unusual piece of mechanism. But it did something more. It enabled me to service the car myself should circumstances arise to prevent me employing a mechanic.

Let me give you some hints on how best to set about such work. Start with a clean car and then you will not get in such a mess as you otherwise would. See that the garage floor is clean, too, because you are almost certain to have to get under part of the car sooner or later. Wear an overall of some sort and gloves of some kind if you don't want to ruin your finger nails. If you cannot work in gloves then an old tip is to fill your finger nails with soap scrapes before you start work. In any case it is a good thing to have a tablet of motor soap in the lavatory for use after work.

Sometimes I have serviced the car on a lawn and then my preparations include the laying of a tarpaulin on the ground. For small jobs requiring a minimum of grovelling one can use one of the car mats or a coconut mat.

Having charged the grease or oil gun with the recommended brand of lubricant, and this is important because different parts of the chassis require different sorts of lubricant, clean up the faces of the nipples with a brush soaked in paraffin. This prevents the gun forcing dirt into the nipples. Sooner or later you are almost certain to come up against a nipple which will not take its ration of oil or grease. Either it is stopped up or the oil leaks out somewhere between the nipple and nozzle of the gun. For this eventuality the experienced owner will have armed himself with a few spare nipples and will save himself much time and trouble by fitting a new one in place of the faulty one.

Generally it will be found that leakage is due to the edge of the nipple having been damaged by a blow. Failure to take the lubricant on the other hand may be due to the interior mechanism of the nipple having been upset by some foreign body. In using the gun, pumping should be continued until the lubricant squidges out from the bearing. This is important because it shows that the lubricant has not only reached its bearings but has also driven out before it impurities such as water and dirt. It is a good thing if the car has been out in dirty weather or been travelling over flooded roads to grease up as soon as possible, for the water will have entered the bearings and if left there will set up rusting, with its attendant dangers. In some designs one nipple is used to supply several bearings either by piping or by passages drilled in the mechanism itself. An universal joint is a good example of this. In such a case the pump must be operated until the lubricant overflows from each bearing supplied by the nipple. It is not sufficient to stop pumping as soon as it comes out from its immediate bearing.

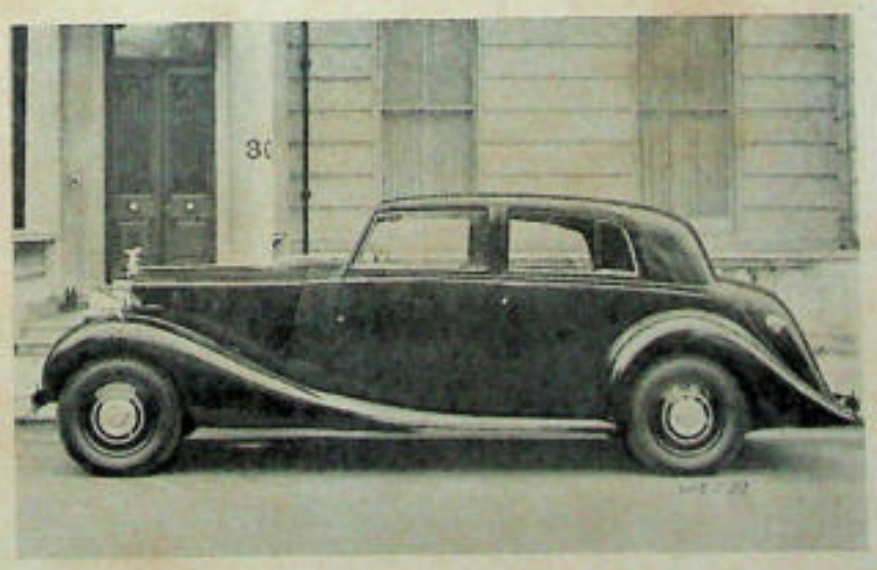
Perhaps the most vital parts of a car requiring regular greasing are the swivel axles and steering joints. To do this job effectively, the car should be jacked up by the front axle so as to take the weight off the bearings. The steering wheel can then be turned from lock to lock to ensure the penetration of the oil into every corner. Spring shackle-pins, where not fitted with oilless bushes, should also receive special attention. Nor should the road springs be forgotten, for if they are neglected they may be the cause of many unsuspected squeaks. Road springs are best treated with a spray applied between or at the side of the leaves when the weight has been taken off them by jacking up the chassis. Another part, often neglected, is the starter pinion. My car suffered from this neglect at one time with the result that pressing the starter button produced an unwilling response and some grumbling from the pinion. A few drops of fine oil soon put matters right and starting regained its earlier ease.

Two more points. In these days of black-out the utmost braking efficiency is all-important, and a foot or two saved in an emergency stop may make all the difference between a fatal accident to yourself or someone else. So the maintaining of braking efficiency not only as regards stopping power but also in respect of evenly balanced application is a duty that every owner should have carried out. Most instruction books give details of how to take up the brakes and when these have been carried out it is quite a simple matter to test the car on the road and see that it responds properly to the controls. As an example of what not to do I quote a friend of mine who recently had her brakes re-lined and told me that they were squeaking badly in consequence. They certainly did and as she drove off on a 90-miles' trip I felt sure that one of the rear brakes would seize up owing to over-heating long before she reached her destination.

The other point concerns a detail to be considered when laying up a car for a period and especially during the winter when there is so much damp about. The experts have told us that in order to prevent the ill-effects of acids on the cylinder walls it is advisable to remove the sparking plugs and spray fresh engine oil on to the cylinder walls. It is also suggested that fresh oil should be used in the crankcase. But as the effects of the oil spray on the cylinder walls will not last for ever and it is a bore to keep on doing this job more than necessary, a more permanent cure may be effected by using colloidal graphite in some form or other. It can be introduced with the petrol during the pre-laying-up period of driving or sprayed into the chamber, or, in the event of the cylinder head being raised for decarbonising, smeared direct on the walls.



SUPER SNIPE HUMBER SPORTS SALOON



SPECIAL BARCLAY-DESIGNED FOUR-DOOR SPORTS SALOON

LATEST DESIGNS IN SPORTS MODELS

AMONG the attractive models for the new year is the Humber Super Snipe Saloon (26.88 h.p.), priced at £445, which is an improvement in design and comfort even on the high standard which the Humber models have always maintained. This is one of the range of new 1940 models which were prepared for this season's programme prior to the outbreak of the war, and the keynote of the new Humber range is quality.

With this particular model steel disc wheels are supplied as standard, and the abolition of running boards adds to the distinction of its general appeal. Like the rest of the range it embodies the very latest ideas in engineering and comfort and is a particularly fine looking car with coachwork of craft.

Another recent and striking model is a new Wraith, specially designed by Jack Barclay, Ltd., 12 & 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1. A four-door sports saloon, it was built by James Young, Ltd., and mounted on the latest 30-h.p. Wraith Rolls-Royce.

BRIDGE

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

SOLUTIONS (*concluded*)

9. Score Love all. Y deals; Y has: S J, 6; H Q, J, 8; D A, K, J, 10; C A, J, 6, 2; Z has: S Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3; H 4, 3; D Q, 7, 4; C 5. The bidding has gone:

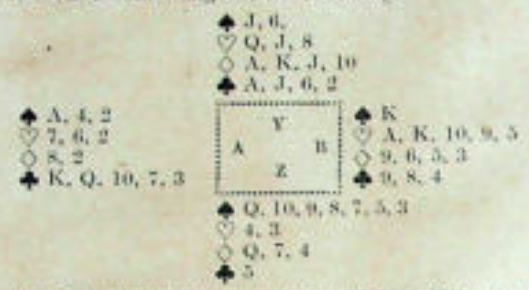
Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	One Heart	One Spade	Two Clubs
No bid	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Spades	All pass

and the following cards have been played:

A	Y	B	Z
8 ♢	K ♢	5 ♢	4 ♢
2 ♠	6 ♠	K ♠	3 ♠
2 ♡	8 ♡	K ♡	8 ♡
2 ♢	10 ♢	6 ♢	Q ♢

How should Z play the remainder of the hand and why?

Answer:—For this deal the probable distribution of the cards is something like the following:—

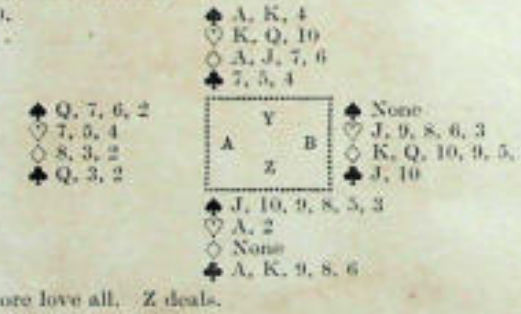


On A's lead and subsequent play of the 2 of Diamonds, he is marked with an original holding of a doubleton Diamond. B certainly has the Ace of Hearts and probably three more. At first sight it would appear that Z has only two Spades and two Hearts to lose. However, if the distribution is as indicated, a Spade lead will be taken by A's Ace, a Heart played, taken by B and a Diamond returned, giving A a ruff. The problem therefore is to prevent B getting the lead before A's trumps are extracted.

It is accomplished by throwing a "loser on a loser." This neat play is not very well known and is not often met in practice, but is nevertheless very interesting.

Answer:—Z leads the 5 of Clubs upon which A will probably play the Queen and the Ace of Clubs is played from dummy. The Jack of Clubs is now returned and assuming B does not cover, a losing Heart is discarded. A cannot now put B in to get the Diamond ruff and Z will make its contract.

10.



Score love all. Z deals.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Diamonds	Double
Four Clubs	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Spades	All pass

A leads the 8 of Diamonds. How should Z play the hand?

The problem in this hand is to avoid losing a trump trick to A and not as one competitor put it, "to play the hand so as to be only one down." The play required was described in the *Bridge Magazine* as the Grunewald Coup and has been analysed under the title "Forced Coup" in G. Coffin's *End Plays*.

The general sequence of play should be as follows: The Diamond lead is ruffed and the Jack of Spades led and taken in dummy with the King of Spades, a Diamond is ruffed, the 10 of Spades run and the Ace and King of Clubs played and the Ace and King of Hearts played. Two Club discards are taken on the Queen of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds and the following situation is reached:—



On the lead of the Jack of Diamonds Z discards the 9 of Clubs and must make the two tricks. The coup can also be effected by taking one round of trumps less. This method was adopted by Mr. Allison of Cork.

The standard of the entries in this competition was refreshingly high. Over half the competitors obtained higher than 60 per cent. and the best five entries obtained over 90 per cent.

COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS

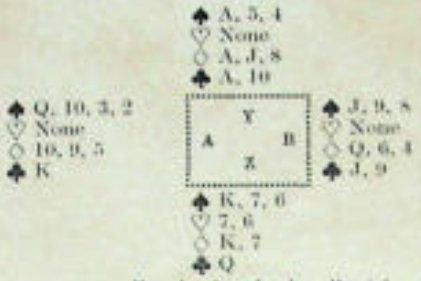
The prizes for this Competition have been awarded as follows:

C. I. ALLISON, Mallow Club, Mallow, Co. Cork, Eire.
J. N. BECKETT, Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W. and MRS. ERIC STANTON, The Vicarage, Skipton Bridge, Thirsk, Yorks.—1½ guineas each.

W. BENNETT, Higher Dunsalter, Thorverton, Devon.
F. BOLTON CARTER, Glenavon, London Road, Leicester and MAJOR ROUSE, R.A.M.C., No. 7 General Hospital, B.E.F.—½ guinea each.

In concluding this series of articles, I would like to thank my readers for the many interesting letters I have received. Many of the enquiries and proposals have been of considerable value in gauging the trend of readers' interest and consequently in preparing articles.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts trumps. Z to lead and take all tricks.

SOLUTION

This pretty ending is taken from G. Coffin's book *End Plays*, and he calls it the Barco squeeze from the writer who discovered the hand.

Z leads a Heart and A and Y discard a Spade each. B, squeezed in three suits, also discards a Spade. Z now leads his other Heart and A is squeezed in three suits.

CHESS

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from this year's Russian Championship Tournament, shows a strong attack by White.

(*Indian Defence.*)

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

(a) This is not frequently played but seems quite good.
(b) If B to Q 2, then Kt to K 5.
(c) Preparatory to a demonstration on the Queen's side which seems premature. A better line, pointed out by Lilienthal in "64," is 8. . . . Kt to B 3; 9. B to Q 2, P to K 4, after which White has nothing better than closing the centre by 10. P to Q 5.
(d) Played to prevent P to K 5.
(e) Black should, instead, play 14. . . . B P takes P, *e.g.* 15. P takes P, P takes P; 16. Q takes P, Q to Q B 4.
(f) Black is in too great a hurry to attack on the Queen's side. He should prevent Kt to B 5 by playing 15. . . . P to K Kt 3, even though that move would weaken his King's side.
(g) A powerful move, threatening Q to Kt 5.
(h) If 19. . . . P to K 3, then 20. Kt takes P (Q 6). If 19. . . . Kt takes P, then 20. R takes Kt, R takes R; 21. Q to Kt 5, P to Kt 3; 22. Q to B 6, P takes Kt; 23. B takes P, ch, K to B sq; 24. B to Kt 6, ch, and mate in two more moves. If 19. . . . R takes P, then 20. Q to Kt 5, R to K Kt 3; 21. Kt to B 6, ch. If 19. . . . Q takes P, then 20. Q to Kt 5, Kt to R 4; 21. R to B sq followed by 22. Q takes Kt. The best move is played so that Black can reply to 20. Q to Kt 5 with 20. . . . Kt to K sq. If, with the same purpose, 19. . . . K R to K sq, then 20. Q to Kt 5, Kt to K sq; 21. Q to K 7.
(i) If, instead, 21. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 22. Kt takes P, then 22. . . . R to K 2.
(j) Stronger than Kt takes P at once.
(k) Black has no really satisfactory move.
(l) If 23. . . . Q takes B, then 24. Kt takes R, Q to Kt 4; 25. Kt takes P, B takes Kt; 26. R takes B and wins.
(m) A good move.
(n) If 25. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 26. Kt to R 6, ch, K to R sq; 27. Kt to B 5 and wins. If 25. . . . Kt to K 5, then 26. R takes Kt for, if 26. . . . Q takes R, then 27. Kt to Q 6, ch and wins. If 25. . . . P to Q 7, then 26. P takes Kt, Q takes P; 27. R takes R, ch, R takes R; 28. Q takes Q P and wins.
(o) If 26. . . . K to R sq, then 27. P takes Kt, R to Kt sq; 28. R to K 7 and wins.
(p) Threatening Q to R 6, ch and mate next move. If now K to Kt sq, then P to B 7, ch and wins, or, if, instead, R takes R, then Q to R 6, ch followed by Kt to Q 6, ch.
(q) The Queen cannot be saved.

EUWE v. LANDAU

The second game of the recent match between Dr. Euwe and Dr. Landau (*Field*, December 4th).

(*French Defence.*)

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

(a) This transposes into a variation which is considered to be rather in White's favour. P to Q B 4 is the best move.
(b) Alternatives here are P to Q Kt 3 and P to B 4.
(c) If, instead B takes P, then Castles (Q R) with good attacking chances for White.
(d) Beginning a combination which turns out badly. He should, instead, play 13. . . . P to K R 3 and after 14. B to R 4) 14. . . . B to Q 2. If at once 13. . . . B to Q 2, then 14. B takes Kt, B takes B; 15. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 16. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 17. Q takes P, ch, followed by 18. Kt takes B.
(e) Best. If, instead, B takes Kt, then R to Q sq.
(f) Better than K takes P.
(g) If B to Q 2, then B to B 5, preparatory to B to Q 4 and K to Q 6.
(h) If B to Q 2, then K to Q 4, preparatory to B to K 5.
(i) White now threatens K to Q 4 followed by B to K 5.
(j) This forces a win in a few moves.

PROBLEM No. 4047

By O. WURZBURG.*

WHITE (6 pieces): King at K B 4, Queen at Q B 7, Rooks at Q B sq and K Kt 4, Bishop at K Kt 2, Pawn at Q 5.
BLACK (8 pieces): King at K R 7, Bishops at Q 6 and K Kt 8, Knight at K R 2, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 3, K 5 and Q B 7.
White to play and mate in two moves.
* *American Chess Bulletin*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4046

1. Kt to B 4 (threatening 2. Kt to R 3). If 1. . . . B to B 4 or 1. . . . K to Kt 8, then 2. B to Q sq, &c. If 1. . . . P takes Kt or 1. . . . P to Q 5, then 2. Q to Q R 5, &c.

A HUNDRED BRILLIANT GAMES.—We have received for review a book of 100 pages, containing a selection of 100 brilliant games of chess, most of them played by masters. Fine specimens of the play of Dr. Alekhine, Pillsbury, Blackburne, Tchigorin, Marshall and many other distinguished players are given. Nearly a quarter of the games are examples of the Kieseritzky Gambit. The notes are by Mr. P. Wenman, an ex-champion of Scotland, from whom the book, *One Hundred Chess Gems*, can be obtained at 643, Wells Road, Bristol, 4. The price is 3/6.

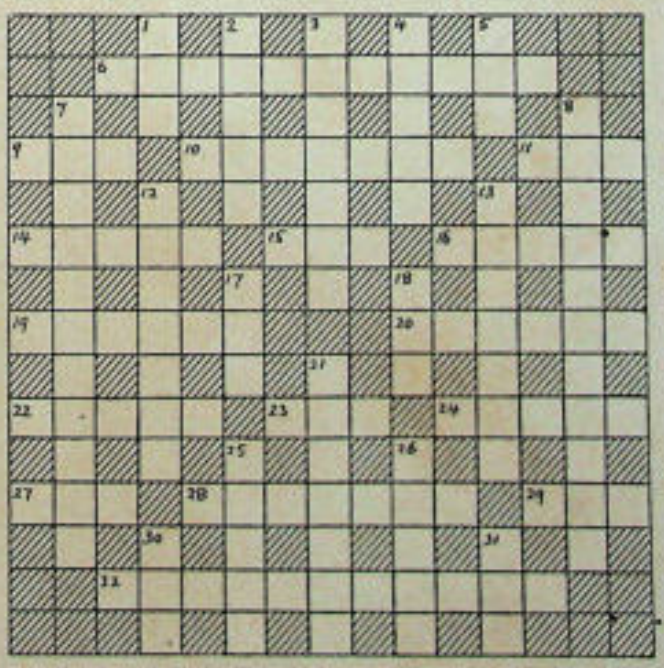
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 549

ACROSS.—6, The province of the *Field* (11). 9, Ovum (4). 10, This dog sips ale (7). 11, Scatter seed for a pig (3). 14, Sign of deduction (5). 15, The tail of a donkey (3). 16, Spear (anag.) (5). 19, Firearms are not required for this shoot (6). 20, The god of 7 down (6). 22, A ship has swallowed up a Scottish river—the means of holding it together in fact (5). 24, After dark this container is transformed into a bird (5). 24, Remove an article from vest to produce a Scottish loch (5). 27, Twisted (3). 28, Domestic fowls (7). 29, The cold spell in Venice (3). 32, Fixes terror (anag.) (11).

DOWN.—1, Large snake (5). 2, These birds frequent marshes (5). 3, Country houses with farm buildings, entirely flooded by a river (5). 4, Rose and I in some confusion (5). 5, A girl from Nevada (3). 7, The Home Front first line (possibly) (11). 8, This tree is not found in a mine or on the shore (6, 5). 12, These birds are of American origin, though their name suggests otherwise (7). 13, Species of the genus Erica (7). 17, The end of 28 across (3). 18, Fatherless pacha (3). 21, Duck (7). 25, One of these animals, if placed before 19 across, produces the bird mentioned in the clue to 25 across (5). 26, This cereal evidently contains a good deal of moisture (5). 30, Half of the meadow (3). 31, Mineral containing metal (3).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 548

Published December 23rd

		R	E	T	R	I	E	V	E	R		
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI. Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Damp Walls.—You must first discover how the moisture gains access. It may be: (1) By capillary attraction from the ground up the substance of the wall; (2) By rain penetrating through the face of the wall; (3) By water penetrating from above, generally in the case of parapet walls or defective gutter. Sign of (1) is dampness appearing first at floor level and rising upwards to a height of 4ft. or so, terminating in a wavy line; (2) brings patches of dampness or a general dampness on a wall surface; (3) generally produces dampness starting at ceiling level and extending downwards. Your house you describe as destroyed with damp, which indicates that probably two or possibly all the above influences are at work. Remedies are: for (1) insert a damp-proof course of two courses of slates bedded in cement. For (2) an external application of an impervious substance, pudlock cement or boiled linseed oil or some proprietary preparation like Snowcrete or Duxbax. (3) requires a cement flaunching on top of the parapet wall to throw the water off, insertion of a slate damp-course as low as possible above the roof timbers, and treatment of the exposed brickwork as for (2).

In the case of an old house with very thick or stone walls, the insertion of a damp-course may be impracticable. In this case the damp can be kept from penetrating by an internal application of pudlock cement rendering, bitumen preparation, boiled linseed oil or Dussol. Although the water will not penetrate, almost as much damp will appear on the wall as beads of condensation water. This effect is even more pronounced when a wall is proofed both externally and internally, the imprisoned moisture eventually dislodging the rendering.

Applying these principles to your case I should advise the following: (a) If you can, insert a slate damp-course right round the house, and not forgetting interior walls. If you cannot, there is a remedy. It consists of inserting rows of atmospheric syphons supplied by British Knapen Ltd. These syphons were used successfully on the Palace of Versailles. (b) Get a builder to examine your rough-cast rendering and point up any cracks. Then dress it with boiled linseed oil, Snowcrete or Duxbax, and repeat every three years. (c) Flaunch, insert damp-course in and treat as (b) any parapet walls and chimney stacks. (d) Save yourself the cost of the central heating system and spend the money on curing the dampness. A dry house does not feel cold, and you may be satisfied with cheaper means of heating, perhaps an anthracite stove in the hall. (e) Do not waste money on treating the interior surfaces of walls, except as a last resort.

You should get a copy of the book *Damp, Dry Rot, &c.*, from British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex. This firm specialise in damp-treatment and send a representative to advise for a fee of 4 guineas. If you require a more unbiased opinion consult a qualified surveyor, who will charge about 10 guineas for a report. Your trouble is clearly beyond tinkering with by a local builder, and you can easily spend money to no effect. The addresses for the various substances are: Snowcrete (Snowcrete, Rotherhithe New Road, S.E.16). Syphons (British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex). The "efflorescence" is the salts dissolved in the soil moisture, which becomes evaporated on the wall surface and leaves the salts behind. The trouble will disappear with the cure of the dampness.—*L. H.*, Ilminster.

Gardening

Right Time to Lime Soil.—Lime can be applied at any time provided the ground has not been manured within a month. It is customary, however, to manure heavy soils in autumn, and lime them in spring and to manure light soils in spring and lime them in autumn. If manure is put on light soils in autumn it is apt to be washed down below the level of the roots of the next crop by the autumn and winter rains. Slaked lime is used on heavy soils and either carbonate of lime or hydrated lime on light soils.—*J. M. R., Isle of Wight.*

Attack on Lime Trees.—There is little doubt from your description that your lime trees are infested by aphides, a common pest on these trees. They are minute in size, soft bodied, and fairly long-legged. Aphides or "plant lice" are provided with a curiously constructed beak for sucking the juice of plants. The secretion of which you complain is emitted from two prominent tubes, near the tip of the abdomen, called honey tubes. It covers the leaves, and is known as "honey-dew"; later it turns black and mouldy. Bees and ants are very fond of it, and use it as a substitute for nectar when that is scarce.

During summer the young aphides are produced viviparously, and are "budded" off at such a tremendous rate (the young quickly breeding again) that the number from one female and her descendants often number millions in a few weeks. You do not mention the height of the lime trees in question, but if the top can be reached by spraying, you have an easy remedy. Use a tar distillate, half a gallon, 3/6, would make twelve gallons of solution. It is sold under various proprietary names, such as "Kerbskillegg," "Mortegg," &c. It should be applied in a forcible spray before the buds burst. The later the spraying is done the better the result, the eggs becoming more vulnerable as their hatching season approaches. If grass is growing under the tree avoid over-saturating it or it may be browned. Applied annually, the effect would be cumulative.—*M. B., Scone.*

Shooting

Right to Shoot Rabbits.—The answers to your queries are as follows: (a) As the sporting rights are reserved, the tenant himself and one other person only can kill ground game with firearms under the Act. In this case, as presumably the latter is not a member of the farmer's household nor in his ordinary service on the land, he must be bona fide employed for reward. Under these conditions the rabbit-catcher mentioned, who must have the tenant's authority in writing, can shoot, but he cannot have any other person to shoot (except the tenant). (b) No, but he can authorise others, as above, to kill.—*E. K., Pickering.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis in a Red Squirrel.—A female red squirrel, which had been found dead on our correspondent's lawn, had died in a very emaciated condition owing to the infection of its bowels by the germs of coccidiosis. It is a common fatal infection of wild rodents.—*H. B., Kingswood.*

Streptococcal Septicæmia of a Muscovy Duckling.—The owner's letter accompanying the body of a Muscovy duckling, about eight weeks of age, reported that the parent birds produced a first brood of seven which died after several weeks. Having been assured that their death was due to their having been allowed to go on his pond, the owner kept the second brood in a wired enclosure. Of this brood three died suddenly when about seven to eight weeks of age. The cause of death of the bird sent for examination was a germ infection known as streptococcal septicæmia. This disease is met with occasionally among fowls and water-fowl, both domesticated and wild.

In birds which withstand the disease for several days, swelling of the joints commonly occurs; the swollen joint may discharge a blood-coloured glue-like fluid; sometimes the swelling extends along a leg above and below the joints. The more rapidly fatal cases usually die of pneumonia. The probable source of the germ infection in this case was the site (a pen or coop) in which the young ducklings were brooded. Unless thoroughly cleaned out every day the rearing pen or coop becomes insanitary very rapidly, and insanitary housing is the usual source of the disease among domesticated stock in this country. Pens should be moved on to clean ground daily.—*S., Suffolk.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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AN UNPRECEDENTED WAR BUDGET

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SIR John Simon's Emergency Budget has brought home most forcibly the colossal cost of waging a war. Less than a month following the outbreak of hostilities extra and staggering taxes have had to be imposed upon the nation.

Last April Sir John estimated expenditure for the current fiscal year to next March at £1,322,000,000. Even then the weight of the Defence programme was pressing. Now expenditure for the current year is estimated at a figure little short of £2,000,000,000. The magnitude of this figure can hardly be appreciated.

Revenue from taxation, temporarily at least, has taken the opposite path. The Chancellor based his Budget last April on taxation revenue around £942,000,000. A change over from peace to war has upset calculations. Public income has dwindled. Revenue from taxes on the April basis is unlikely to exceed £890,000,000.

There is, therefore, a serious deficit. The Chancellor has been unsparing in making good the shortage. He himself has described the proposed increases in taxation this year as "fierce."

Income tax is raised to the unprecedented high level of 7s. 6d. in the £ for a full year. The basis for the current fiscal year is 7s. in the £. There are additional taxes on tobaccos, wines and spirits, and sugar. In addition, there is a new Excess Profits Tax and higher Death Duties.

During the current year to next March the Chancellor expects to secure an extra £76,500,000 by the increase in direct taxation. From drink, sugar and tobacco he expects an extra £30,500,000 this year. Such additions are estimated to raise the revenue to within measurable distance of £1,000,000,000. It leaves another £1,000,000,000 to be raised by borrowing.

It is readily conceded that everyone in the country is prepared and even anxious to provide the finance necessary for the prosecution of the war against Nazi aggression. At the same time the sudden and steep increase in taxation was a decided shock. A more gradual addition to taxes had been expected.

In the City it was thought that the Chancellor would recognise disorganisation in trade during the initial period of the war. He has decided otherwise. Not only is income tax raised, but the relief given married men with families is reduced. This latter decision might well be reconsidered.

There is a measure of compensation to wage earners who find their income reduced as a direct result of the war by 20 per cent. or more. There is no relief, however, for those who depend on income from investments. Here is a section of the community which has been heavily penalised for years past.

The Budget shock was tempered to some extent in the City by a reduction in Bank Rate from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. That helps those running businesses on borrowed money. The Treasury benefits directly from Bank Rate reduction. Temporary borrowing on bills is cheaper. Of even greater importance is the necessity for long-term borrowing on terms as cheaply as possible.

There is some £1,000,000,000 to be found by direct borrowing; that is assuming the Chancellor's expectations from increased taxation materialise. It is a colossal task, but one which should not be beyond the capacity of the nation. The assistance of every member of the community will be needed. Any savings possible when taxes have been met must go towards the new loans.

The severity of the Emergency Budget will inevitably be felt in every home in the country. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Chancellor has arrived at a wise decision in imposing such heavy burdens at the outset of the war.

Already there are complaints. It is stated on behalf of the brewery trade that the view apparently held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that beer, although it is to cost a penny a pint more, would continue to be consumed in the present quantities is altogether too sanguine.

It comes at a time when many thousands are suffering from pay cuts. The extra penny on the pint, it is claimed, will put beer beyond the reach of millions. The inference is that the Chancellor has allowed himself nothing for future emergencies.

OVERDONE

THE following is quoted from the *Timber Trades Journal*:—"There is a widespread movement, as we anticipated last week, to check and modify the first effects of war legislation. . . . One of the many early statements of policy laid it down that the Government would rely upon the natural decline of non-essential trades to release resources for expanding rearmament. Instead of relying upon any natural shrinkage, however, steps were in fact taken to destroy artificially a large part of our trade, essential as well as non-essential . . .

"We confess that we were taken by surprise when, without any warning, Government Departments produced, ready made, some 40 Acts of Parliament designed to put us on a war basis. Both Parliament and people were, at first, gratified at this wonderful display of preparedness, and Parliament, having high matters of policy to deal with in a hurry, very naturally passed almost without comment legislation which in other circumstances would have needed years of debate and amendment.

"In 1914-18 we had the celebrated D.O.R.A. and we are not yet wholly rid of her totalitarian ways. September 4th, 1939, will be remembered as the day when the elderly Dora gave birth to 40 little Doras, causing every business and professional man, as well as every worker, to wonder whether he would ever be allowed to function again. The widespread nervousness arising from this litter of legislation is evidenced by the dividend announcements of the past fortnight. Headed by no less an institution than the Prudential Assurance, large numbers of companies have cut or passed their dividends. These dividends in every case refer to periods closed well before the war clouds burst and reductions are justified only on the ground that the businesses are threatened by the greed of the departments to control and even conduct as much as possible of the work of all of us.

"War brings its injustices, they are among its minor consequences, but let us be sure so far as we can that they arise from the exigencies of war and not from the ever-present desire for bureaucratic expansion. The Commodity Insurance Scheme is a typical sample of the workings of the bureaucratic mind in fields beyond the range of its comprehension. Six per cent. per annum is a charge of 10s. per cent. to the concern which turns its stocks as rapidly as once a month, but it means perhaps as much as £25 per cent. to better-class or slower-moving commodities. Many a business has, within the last few days, paid out a compulsory levy at a rate in excess of its annual profit.

"The business man has to remember that this is only one of a thousand provisions contained in the 40 little Doras, and he is forced to enter a clear and definite protest. That protest will not be made from motives of self-interest, but by responsible citizens of the State in the interest of the State. We are determined to win the war and we do not, therefore, want right at the start to handicap ourselves by unnecessarily throwing away the very sinews of war."



THESE ARE POLICE AND THE SCENE IS LORD'S

In a match played between the War-Time Police and the St. John's Wood Police, the latter scored 76, and the War Reserve, who are seen taking the field, 164 for three. Among them will be recognised J. Thom, L. Compton, Robertson, W. Harrington, D. Compton and Price. Harrington took five wickets for 31. Robertson scored 59, Frank Lee (Somerset) 48 and Denis Compton 22.

". . . QUATIT UNGULA CAMPUM"

A comprehensive book of the horse.

Hoofbeats. By (WARREN T. HALPIN. Edition is limited to 1,550 numbered copies for sale. (London: Hutchinson.)

SELDOM during the last few years have I seen a book which has delighted me more. Mr. Halpin has produced a great number of drawings and an equal number of comments, and there is complete common sense and satisfaction in every line and every drawing.

The subjects cover polo, hunting and steeplechasing, and there is a suitable introduction to each. Mr. Stewart B. Iglehart writes on polo, and pays a tribute to the value of team work and to the value in international play of more or less standardised rules.

Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, the President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, contributes the hunting introduction. After some historical remarks these golden words occur: "The *spirit* which actuates true hunting people is the essence of this real sport . . ."

The foreword to steeplechasing comes from Mr. William Du Pont, Jun., and I was very interested to read what he says about the course at Aintree: ". . . the very small take-off, together with the drop to the landing side, combine to cause a great many spills." Only the other day I was talking to a friend who had ridden over some of these jumps, and he remarked on the eternity of time it seemed to take to land after passing the top of the fence.

And what is one to say of the drawings? They are perfect in execution and in the manner in which each one sums up some important moment. In the polo section we see Pete Bostwick trying for a backhand. Captain H. C. Walford in action. Vital moves, such as the pass and stealing the ball, are shown with uncanny insight of the right moment at which to illustrate.

The hunting section begins with the Meadowbrook moving off, and the next drawing is of a lady riding side-saddle. Mr. Halpin's comment draws attention to the number who ride side-saddle at Dublin. The picture "Going to the Meet" is fine, and one entitled "Brambles and Thorns" is perfect.

The steeplechasing is equally good, and it is perhaps the best tribute to Mr. Halpin's work to say that it is easy to sit over his book for many evenings and allow his drawings and comments to recall to the mind many a happy occasion caused by the beat of faithful hooves.

ROBERT COLVILLE.

WAR-TIME NOTICES

THE INSTITUTE OF THE HORSE AND PONY CLUB.—A shortage of grooms may occur owing to men being taken for Army service. In order to assist Masters of Hounds and owners of private stables it may be possible to fill these places by ladies holding the Instructor's Certificate of the Institute of the Horse. All ladies holding this certificate and available for employment at the present time are therefore invited to register with the Secretary, Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, without delay. All those registering will be put in touch with employers as applications for their services are received. Private employers, hunt stables and riding establishments wishing to employ these ladies should apply to the Secretary, Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, 66, Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1, who will be pleased to forward the names and addresses of ladies holding the Institute's instructor's certificate who have registered for this description of war work.

NATIONAL FITNESS COUNCIL.—The offices of the National Fitness Council for England and Wales will be closed from Friday, September 29th, 1939. After that date correspondence should be addressed to The Secretary, Board of Education, Alexandra House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

DORSET RETRIEVER SOCIETY.—The Committee have decided, for various reasons, not to hold the Field Trials this season.

THE SPANIEL CLUB.—The Club have decided to cancel the Field Trials fixed for November 16th and 17th, 1939.



LILIES MAKE ONE OF THE FINEST DISPLAYS IN THE SUMMER GARDEN

The Country House

LILIES FOR AUTUMN PLANTING

IN view of the Government's desire that, so far as possible, the normal life of the nation shall continue, it behoves everyone to continue placing orders with nurserymen whenever possible. A leaflet issued by the R.H.S. reminds garden owners, that if, owing to lack of orders, many nurserymen are compelled to close their businesses temporarily, it will be many years after the cessation of hostilities before they will again be in a position to supply as before the war. For stocks on a large scale take years to raise.

Most people will avoid the more expensive plants, but in regard to Lilies, for instance, there are many cheap kinds that can be planted in autumn. English grown bulbs are obtainable now, but imported bulbs do not arrive usually till December and January. English grown bulbs are far the cheapest in the long run, for they have plenty of roots, are, as a rule, free of disease and, unlike imported bulbs, they have been freshly lifted and, consequently, do not suffer a severe check.

Certain points should be borne in mind in planting the bulbs. All Lilies need perfect drainage, and each bulb should be placed on a thick layer of sand and surrounded by sand. Not only does this afford extra drainage, but it protects the bulbs from mice and even wireworm. It is also an excellent plan to lay the bulbs on their sides because this prevents moisture collecting in the scales. The easiest Lilies are the cheapest, notably the Tiger Lily, the Martagons, *L. Henryi*, *L. Hansonii* and *L. Chalcedonicum*.

The Tiger Lily, once such a favourite in cottage gardens, is amongst the few Lilies that are ideal for the herbaceous border, for, unlike the majority of the tribe, it does not resent the heavy manuring essential for the border. Possibly this is the reason why this Lily did so well in cottage gardens, for cottagers have always enjoyed feeding their plants. Of course, the manure should not actually touch the bulbs. Even now the Tiger Lily is cheap, the finest form (*L. t. splendens*) costing only 6d. each. It is a vigorous lily, growing at least 4ft. high, with handsome foliage, and its orange red flowers spotted purplish black are produced in late August and September. It should be planted 7in. deep and in a position where the lower part of the stem is shaded from sun. This Lily is one of the oldest cultivated flowers for, in both China and Japan, it has been cultivated for food for at least a thousand years. It is curious that in both those flower-loving countries, Lilies have always been regarded as a source of food and not cultivated for their beauty.

The Martagons are the commonest of all the European Lilies, and the type is also a native of the large parts of Asiatic Russia. In many gardens it seeds itself. For instance, in the wilderness garden of St. John's College, Cambridge, it is a sight when its pinkish-purple flowers are in bloom in masses. The lovely white form is one of the most beautiful of all Lilies. The grandest form *L. m. dalmaticum*, which grows nearly 6ft. high, is both scarce and expensive. All the martagons like a stiffish soil enriched with plenty of leaf mould, but, as described above, sand should be put under and over the bulbs at planting time.

The old Scarlet Martagon or Scarlet Turks Cap Lily (*L. chalcedonicum*), was called "Turn again Gentleman" by cottagers in my childhood. It is one of the oldest Lilies grown in our gardens, for it was introduced in Elizabethan times. It likes a stiff soil, but is not resentful of lime, and succeeds either in full sun or part shade. The bulbs should be planted 4in. deep. This Lily blooms in July, and against a background of greyish foliage such as the handsome leaves of *Bocconia cordata* it makes a striking picture. The Scarlet Martagon, is resentful of disturbance and rarely flowers its first season.

Then there are the two yellow Lilies, *L. Henryi* from China and *L. Hansonii* from Japan. Both are amongst the most easily cultivated species. *L. Henryi*, which sometimes has as many as 20 flowers on a stem, has blooms of the palest orange yellow with golden stamens and a pale green line down the centre of each petal. It should be planted 8in. deep. This Lily succeeds in sun or part shade, but does best in part shade, for in full sun it is apt to fade badly. I recall a nut walk planted with the Lily and the effect was delightful. It is stem-rooting and benefits, therefore, by the shade of neighbouring plants. *L. Henryi* flowers in August and September, and is sometimes grown in cold greenhouses, but unless shaded in flower it fades badly.

L. Hansonii is closely related to *L. Henryi* but flowers in June. It is indeed amongst the easiest and loveliest of June Lilies. By many it is regarded as the queen of yellow Lilies. Fine specimens have ten and twelve flowers on a single stem. Like *L. Henryi*, *L. Hansonii* has to be planted 8in. deep and needs good loam enriched with plenty of leaf mould. *L. Hansonii* is a very long-lived Lily. At Kew the same plants have flowered profusely for nearly 30 years.

E. S. R.

R.H.S. AUTUMN SHOW.—The president and council of the Royal Horticultural Society have decided to hold an autumn show in the society's hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 24th and 25th. The special features of this show will be ornamental trees and shrubs worth growing for their autumn effect. There will also be exhibits of fruit and vegetables. Whilst the society is anxious to increase the production of these, it desires to draw attention to the fact that it is not in the national interest to eliminate the ornamental side of gardening. Next spring flowers will probably be doubly welcome, and it would be a mistake for amateurs not to plant bulbs this autumn, while shrubs and flowering trees will save expense on labour and upkeep.

SEASONING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

IF we are to avoid the mistake of using unseasoned timber, as in 1914/18, it is of paramount importance that mature conifer plantations should be felled this coming winter. Felling in excess of 1,000 cubic feet calls for the consent of the Timber Control (c/o Postmaster, Bristol); but the restriction of our large imports of softwoods makes a heavy call upon the privately-owned woodlands in this country.

The advisability of widespread felling, with adequate seasoning as the object, depends upon the facilities available. Oak can lie in the woods indefinitely without harm, but Scots pine would be ruined in a winter, if it is not under cover. The question also rests upon the degree of seasoning required. Four years' air drying will be needed to make oak really thoroughly seasoned. Twelve months is more usual and, particularly for soft-woods, is entirely adequate. Special kilns provide very rapid seasoning, but kiln-dried wood is never equal to the air-dried article. The over-rapid extraction of moisture leads to warping and cracking.

The usual organisation is to fell timber in the winter, saw it during the summer and use it from Christmas onwards. The yard would thus contain always a year's supply and the unconsumed portion of the previous sawing.

This should clearly be the aim during the present crisis, so that all timber seasons for about three months in the round and nine months or more when sawn. To achieve this it would involve the felling this winter of two years' supply, and the sawing next summer of the same double quantity. Whether the Timber Control will sanction this procedure is a matter not yet decided; but it is obviously needful to make the utmost use of the accommodation available.

Apart from special woods, such as ash, which is first quartered for seasoning, sawing can take place as soon after felling as is convenient. For ordinary purposes there is no need for the merchant's practice of sawing first into plank and then at a later date into scantling. If the owner knows the sizes required, and he can easily ascertain them, he can saw direct from round to scantling. So far as softwoods are concerned it is advisable to saw them into the sizes usually imported, 4 ins. by 2 ins. being by far the greatest consumption.

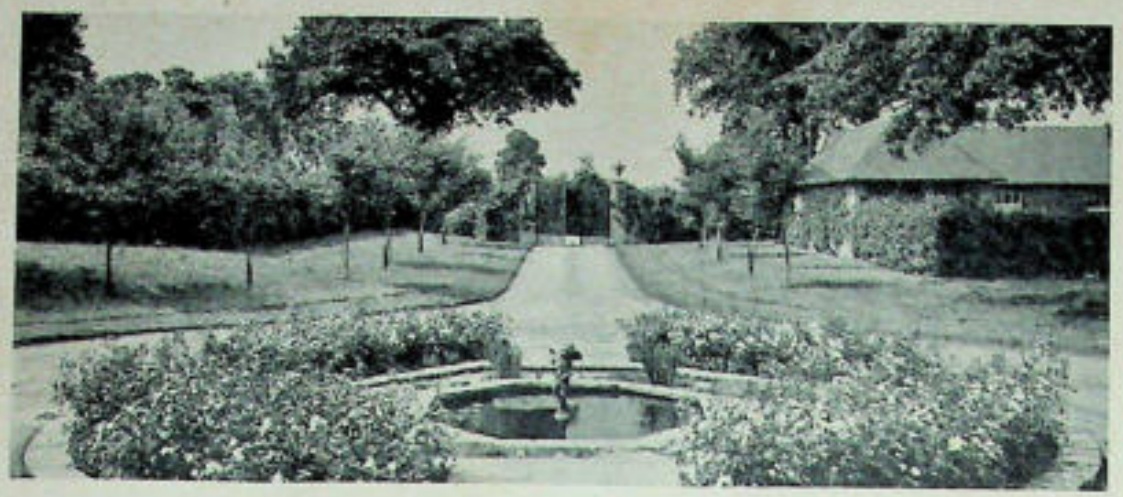
Not all timbers need storing in a building and if they are there should be plentiful ventilation, if need be bricks being removed every 10 ft. in the footings. Oak seasons best in the open and benefits rather than otherwise from rain, but corrugated iron sheets are required to keep off the sun which causes warping and cracking. Sweet chestnut can be dealt with in the same way. Ash, beech, elm and Scots pine ought to be under cover, as rain will cause decay. Larch can be stacked in the open, provided the sun is kept off with corrugated iron sheets.

The essence of stacking timber efficiently and in minimum space is an orderly plan, and there should be a resolve to keep the different sizes in separate piles and with ample room for loading vehicles to pass down the lines and stand by each pile. This cannot always be arranged for timber stored in buildings, but it can be arranged that any size of timber can be reached and loaded without interfering with other piles.

The method of stacking is important, as many excellent systems exist which involve an undue waste of space. For all piles there should be a firm base of short lengths of timber placed 2 ft. or 3 ft. apart and perfectly level in all directions. For boarding, the planks are laid on the bed and each row separated by thin laths placed vertically and exactly above the base timbers. A free air circulation is thus assured, and no warping can take place owing to the weight of the boards above. For easy stacking boards of different lengths are best stacked separately, as it is wasteful to attempt to saw all boards the same length.

For stouter timbers of the 2 ins. by 4 ins. type and larger no laths are needed. The same firm and level bed supports the lowest layer, each piece being separated by an inch from its neighbours on both sides. The pieces in the next layer are laid to span the spaces left, so that the end of the pile presents a honeycomb appearance. Stacked in this way seasoning is excellent and space occupied is a minimum.

Owing to their smaller size, pit props season more rapidly than timber. If barked and stacked in a drying wind four weeks will dry the timber sufficiently. If conditions are not so propitious several months may be necessary. Pit props are usually stacked in a field near the wood from which they were taken, and adjoining a hard road. It is unusual for them to reach the saw yard.



" METAL GATES, WHICH ARE LIGHT IN APPEARANCE, ALSO NEED SUBSTANTIAL POSTS, AND BRICK OR STONE ARE GENERALLY THE MOST SUITABLE

GARDEN GATES

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

SIMPLE things, gates! But what a variety there is among them, and what a difference the right gate makes to the look of any property.

At the Royal Show this year one of the most interesting sections was a competition for gates of different types. There were gates in oak and in teak, in a remarkable variety of designs, varying from the simple field or cottage gate to the most elaborate self-closing structure.

In the details of design gates vary enormously, as in their general proportions, and selection of designs is a matter of personal taste. In the matter of proportions each gate must be chosen according to its setting. If it is an opening in a fence, there must naturally be some connection between the height of the fence and the height of the gate, between the style of the fence and that of the gate too. If a gate is used in a living hedge, allowance must be made for the height of the hedge when mature.

New gates constructed at the same time as new fences are easily matched to their surroundings. If a new gate must be added to old fencing it needs a little extra care in the choice of a type that will quickly sink into the general picture.

The chief materials used for gates are oak, teak, and metal. The small cottage can take a gate of painted deal or pine, and often this type of gate is best painted white. The paint must be renewed annually, but with this small attention, and provided the posts are sound, the gate will last well. White paint, in rural districts, has the advantage that it is easily seen at night.

A gate of oak or teak needs no paint. In fact I saw a cleft oak gate in the antique section of the Royal Show which was still sound after 45 years' service! Oak, left entirely untreated, weathers to a lovely silvery shade, while teak needs nothing more than an occasional rub with boiled linseed oil to keep it in perfect condition.

Gates on large properties are usually made to order. Where dual gates are required, for foot traffic as well as for cars, they should be in the same material, and with a similarity of design.

A good gate maker is a genuine craftsman, and is worthy of his hire. For instance, where a gate entrance is on a slope, the swinging of the gate has to be adjusted to give a clearance, and this is a matter for the expert—not for the odd job man.

Posts for gates must be sound, too. The inexperienced gate maker often allows a gate to be slung on posts that are too slender. A gate 3ft. 6in. wide should have posts at least 6in. square, and the butt ends should be buried in concrete for security.

Metal gates, which are light in appearance, also need substantial posts, and brick or stone are generally the most suitable. The makers of these and of any gates will usually supply posts and fix the gates if they are in the vicinity, but where gates are brought from a distance the best way is to get a local builder to do the work.

Where access is wanted to a garage on small property, and the gate is also used by pedestrians, a pair of gates with central stop is economical. The stop is best when hinged so that it falls level with the drive surface when both gates are opened.

Plain oak gates, straight at the top, or curved upwards or downwards, close boarded, or of 2-in. pales, the pales pointed at the tips, or cut level with the top bar, crossed in diagonal or square fashion or built into various patterns—these are the general variations of oak gate, and they constitute a sufficient variety for any owner to find a style suited to his particular property without exactly duplicating every other gate in the district.

Oak gates can also be made to match with pergolas and arches in the garden, with square trellis, woven boards, and so on.

Teak is made up in most of the same designs as oak, and in durability there is little to choose between these woods: both can be considered almost everlasting.

The modern smithy does not make much money shoeing horses, yet I know at least one smithy where six anvils are fully employed all the time—making wrought-iron gates and other garden necessaries. The design for wrought-iron gates, like that for wooden gates, is first worked out on paper. It is quite a feasible proposition for wrought-iron gates to be made to order, sometimes from old family designs. Sometimes the name of the house can be suggested in the metal design.

Metal gates have a particular use—to divide one part of the garden from another, especially where a wall or a thick yew hedge form the general partition. The thin filigree of metal and its decorative character are loved by landscapists; moreover, the open metal gate allows the architect his ideal of a vista from the garden into the distance.

A novel gateway is the oval form. I was discussing this with a maker lately, and he told me it required a great deal of experimental work before these gates could be made to swing properly. They are very delightful, however, and as a finish to a sunk or Dutch garden they can hardly be beaten, or an oval opening can be constructed through a wall.

It is important to specify, when ordering metal gates, that they should be treated with black non-rust material.

It is doubtful whether any form of gate adds so much interest to a garden as does a lychgate. Instinctively one feels that there is something out of the ordinary about the property.

Lychgates cannot, however, be used everywhere—no doubt this adds to their interest—as they are only suitable for foot passengers in most cases. Made on a scale large enough to be used by any vehicles they are apt to lose their charm, though an arched entrance on this scale is quite attractive.

The park entrance gate usually takes the form of a wide central gate used for car traffic and one or two side gates used by foot passengers, the two side gates being desirable where there is occasionally a good deal of foot traffic, as, for instance, where park grounds are used for fêtes.

A swing gate of the "Exit only" type can, in such a case, be used on one side and an ordinary gate on the other, if circumstances make this desirable.

It has, of course, only been possible to review the various gate types very briefly here, and owners who can contemplate additions of this kind to their property will do well to send for catalogues and peruse them carefully before placing any orders with artists, craftsmen or dealers. There is definitely a right and a wrong gate type for any position, and those accustomed to make and choose gates are generally the best judges of what is right and proper on any given site.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Buying Fruit Trees and Bushes

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

IT never does to be niggardly and parsimonious when purchasing fruit trees or bushes. After all, they are going to be in the garden for a large number of years, and everything depends on their being true to name and type. To save a shilling or two on the purchase price may mean great disappointment in the long run.

The best trees are naturally to be had from the best nurserymen, and we would advise readers to consult the catalogues of the following firms: Messrs. Rivers & Co., of Sawbridgeworth, Herts; Messrs. George Bunyard, of Allington Nurseries, Maidstone, Kent; Messrs. Laxton & Son, of Bedford; Messrs. H. Merryweather & Sons, The Nurseries, Southwell, Notts; and Messrs. George Pyne, The Nurseries, Topsham, Devon.

It is important, in the case of top fruit, to choose the root stock as carefully as the variety. The work of the East Malling Research Station has shown that root stocks have a very definite influence on behaviour of the varieties which are grafted on to them. It is the root stock which controls not only the vigour and size of the tree, but the earliness at which it comes into bearing and the eventual cropping capacity also.

Root stocks also have an effect on the keeping qualities of apples and pears. They affect not only the size of the fruit, but the colour also, and many gardeners state that they make a difference to the flavour, though this has never, as yet, been proved experimentally.

The stronger growing stocks may be used for the weaker growing types and the weaker types of stocks for the vigorous varieties that tend to come into cropping late. Strong stocks are needed for standards and half-standards, and weak stocks for cordons and bush trees.

In the case of apples, the very vigorous stocks are represented by such types as Malling XII, Malling XIII and Malling XVI. The use of these ensures strong-growing trees and first-class anchorage roots. The vigorous stocks are represented by Malling I, which has good anchorage roots, but usually makes too big a tree for the small garden. Malling II is the best semi-dwarfing stock and is used principally for bush trees, while Malling IX is the best very dwarfing stock, and brings trees into cropping almost immediately. It is most suitable for cordons and for bush trees, but its root system is such that even bush trees grown on it need staking.

In the case of pears, there are two main stocks, the wild pear and the quince. The wild pear stock is used principally for standard and half-standard trees and the quinces for cordons, bush trees and pyramids. The quince stock, Malling A, produces good anchorage roots and much fibre, while Malling C may be likened to the Type IX stock for apples, as it is very dwarfing in its effect and brings varieties into bearing early.

It is difficult to guarantee that all pear varieties will make a satisfactory union with the quince stocks. It may be necessary, therefore, to purchase trees that have been "double worked," but the nurserymen will attend to this.

With plums, the most dwarfing stock is, perhaps, the common mussel, which is a specially useful stock in bringing into cropping early varieties that tend to delay producing fruit. Myrobalan B is, on the other hand, the best stock for half-standards and standards and in the case of varieties that tend to be weak growers.

Unfortunately, there is not the same classification in the case of cherries. At the present time it may be said that for sweet cherries the best stock for standards and half-standards is Gean, and for Bush trees and "fans," the layered Mazzard. With sour cherries Gean is used for the standards, but for the bushes, &c., Mahaleb may be the best. Research workers seem, however, to think there is some doubt about Mahaleb (and its predisposition to disease) and so layered Mazzard may be used for sour cherries also.

Firms that specialise in the raising of fruit trees have a name to live up to, and they can, therefore, be trusted to produce healthy trees and bushes true to name. It is, however, quite a good plan to pay a visit to the nursery and to select the plants required. Naturally, those who go early tend to get the best plants, but an order placed right away can be relied on producing first-class material.

It is a mistake to insist on old trees. They are more difficult to transplant, in addition to being more expensive. A two-year-old will give the best results, and will have the advantage of being able to grow and develop before it settles down to fruit.

Standard trees may, of course, be three years of age, fan trees four years old and espaliers the same age. Cordons are best planted at two years of age also.

MOTORING STANDS STILL—BUT WHAT FOLLOWS?

By W. G. McMINNIES

IN the twinkling of an eye the terrible stimulus of war has switched the nation's brains, energies and finances from the pursuit of culture and commerce to the awful business of killing.

And so for a period motoring, as we understood it a few weeks ago with all its allied interests, has come to a standstill. The great factories whose output of cars had beaten all records this year and in several cases had reached 1,000, 2,000 and even 3,000 cars a week, shut down all this work with swift decision and instantly set about reorganising their resources in machinery and skilled man power with the single object of prosecuting the war. New models planned to appear at the Motor Exhibition were laid aside, costly press and publicity campaigns were cancelled, and agents were left to do the best they could with their present stocks.

But while the immediate future looks pretty grim, it is not out of place to consider the future. How may a few years of modern warfare affect motoring when peace comes again? The possibilities of the order that may develop from the present chaos and be felt in every detail of our lives are both varied and intriguing. Just for a moment cast your mind back to motoring conditions in 1914. True, we thought our cars most civilised conveyances in those days. Yet as far as my memory serves there were few completely covered-in cars, lighting relied on acetylene gas, a good 12 h.p. car cost £350, front wheel brakes were practically unknown, and individual springing and easy change-gear systems had still to be perfected. Even the methods of painting and plating the bodies of cars in 1914 were destined to be replaced by the use of cellulose and chromium ten or twelve years later.

In those days quantity production employing the use of moving bands and tracks for the conveyance of units and parts past carefully-planned and placed gangs of fitters was still a dream in the mind of the production engineer, while the conception of selling a family saloon for the sum of one hundred pounds or of this country ever supporting some two million motor cars would have given even Mr. H. G. Wells a shock.

As regards road construction and design we had just emerged from the dust period when a single motor-bicycle popping along the chalky highways of Wiltshire could raise a column of white powder a mile long to envelop the hedges and trees and invoke the curses of all right-minded country folk. In those distant days there were no motor roads, coaches or bypasses. Wireless was in its infancy, a science less understood than television is to-day. Aeroplanes existed as crude constructions of ash, wire and fabric, and their owners were obviously "cranks." More interesting still is the fact that the film industry was still unborn which in the light of present experience makes one wonder how people spent their evenings twenty-five years ago. Life must have been much less sophisticated without cheap world cruises and tours, Leica cameras, ciné Kodaks, colour film, night clubs and the B.B.C.

Time marches on, the scars of war are healed and peace once more prepares the path for progress. First, let us consider the car. Will post-war design take up the threads as laid aside on the third of September, 1939? Or will the need for restarting car production *de novo* encourage manufacturers to jump the slow intermediary stages of development and achieve at one bound new and better designs? Hitherto, of course, the conservation of the public taste and its dislike of anything too advanced in appearance or technical detail, coupled with the very heavy outlay in plant that an entirely new model necessitates, has prevented rapid and revolutionary advances in motor-car design. And so the manufacturer proceeds cautiously and economically, altering a bit of his car at a time. In extreme cases we find that the best modifications he can announce may consist in a new type of radiator grill or a better method of housing the luggage or spare wheel.

So the problem is clear: Shall we, when the present trouble is over, see 1940 models reappearing in post-dated form or will brand-new vehicles specially designed to meet post-war conditions welcome our car-starved eyes?

Those words "post-war conditions" will probably supply the dominating influence in our future car design. What those conditions may be none can tell. One thing, however, is certain, we shall all be immeasurably poorer, and for that reason we shall need cars that are even more economical to run and maintain than the vehicles we have to-day. One of the ways in which a greater degree of economy may be obtained is by a reduction in weight which in turn may be achieved by more compact design. And in the attainment of this more compact plan we may be forced to adopt revolutionary changes in the layout of the car's components.

Then of course there is the question of alternative fuels. It may be that the devastations of war, the burning of oil wells, the sinking of tankers and so forth, may make petrol practically unobtainable for civilian purposes when the conflict is over. Whether satisfactory alternatives in the form of alcohol or derivatives from coal will be available by then remains to be seen.

Round up with a general consideration of post-war motoring conditions is the future disposition of the populace as between the town and country. Should air raids make it impossible to live in a town, except underground, or destroy whole cities, the post-war civilisation may prefer to spread itself out in a safer, healthier and better-planned existence in the country. Should this come to pass, the need for cheap, frequent and quick transport will be more important than ever. And following naturally from this possibility will be the need for a complete revision and modernisation of our road system. In the great wars of the past roads have played an important part. The Roman roads in this country bear witness to this and on the Continent the roads built by Napoleon's armies, sometimes in face of the most tremendous natural obstacles, show what can be achieved in an emergency by organised labour on an immense scale.

In what other directions post-war progress will develop none can foretell. But if its ramifications are at all comparable with what has been achieved between the years of 1918 and 1939 then indeed the age of miracles must be at hand. Even were the average man asked to suggest some directions in which the present facilities of living could be improved he would have to think hard after he had enumerated such achievements as dead safe and silent flying, television for all, perfected colour photography, weather control, simplified and labour-eliminating cooking, the rigid abolition of every slum in the country and the attainment of a much higher standard of personal health and hygiene on the part of a large number of the less fortunate members of our community.



RATHER HARD ON THE CAR

One method adopted to cope with transport difficulties

PETROL PROBLEMS

THE R.A.C. have issued the following helpful particulars concerning petrol problems: The introduction of petrol rationing has increased considerably the risk of car owners and motor cyclists running out of petrol, and thus being stranded on the road. In order to assist any of its members who may thus inadvertently be stranded from this cause, the R.A.C. is extending its "Get You Home" Service to cover such cases.

Should a member run short of petrol and still have current coupons in his possession, the R.A.C. will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, but not, of course, for the petrol. In cases where he runs out of petrol and has no coupons left with which to purchase a new supply, the R.A.C. will pay the cost of towing the car home or to a garage. Where it is not necessary to tow the car, then the club will pay for a conveyance to the nearest station or the member's home.

It should be appreciated that if a car owner or motor cyclist has used all his current coupons and has run out of petrol, it will not be possible for him to buy even a gallon to get him home, and he will have to arrange for his vehicle to be towed in and garaged until his next month's allowance of petrol is available. In all cases the maximum distance either for towing, carriage of petrol or conveyance, is five miles each way, it being felt by the club that when members are stranded because of shortage of petrol the stoppage is almost certainly to be within a mile or two of the motorist's destination. The scheme is being put into operation experimentally until the end of the year. Should it prove of real service to members, even to the extent of relieving their minds of the anxiety of being stranded without any chance of getting further petrol supplies, then it will be continued until such time as petrol rationing is dispensed with.

Reports which have appeared in the Press during the past few days of convictions for "petrol hoarding" have caused considerable alarm to many people who took the precaution to lay in a small store of petrol before the rationing order came into operation.

The R.A.C. has received a large number of communications from motorists who have stored petrol asking if they are liable to prosecution. The club states that provided the provisions of the Petroleum Act, 1928, and the regulations made under that Act, are complied with in all respects it is not an offence to store petrol for private use, although, of course, once existing private stores are exhausted it will be impossible to replenish them whilst petrol rationing remains in force.

The postponement of the petrol rationing scheme has given rise to a certain amount of misunderstanding regarding the duration of the period covered by the first book of coupons. The R.A.C. has ascertained from the Ministry of Mines that, despite the postponement, the first book of coupons is intended to cover the full four weeks, i.e., from September 23rd to October 22nd. The validity of the second book of coupons commences on October 23rd, and lasts until November 22nd.

BRIDGE

"MISFITS"

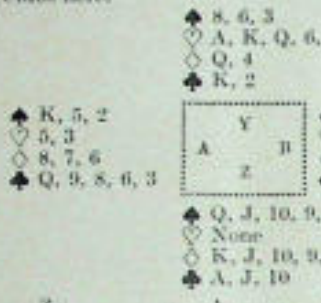
By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

OCCASIONALLY one has the misfortune to run across a hand in which one has no support for partner's suit or suits, nor has partner any support for one's own suit or suits. These misfits occasionally play well in no trumps, but more often than not play better in a suit. The inherent weakness of a resultant No Trump contract lies in the lack of entry cards to lead from one hand to the strong suit in the other.

Holding a strong hand which, however, includes a void, singleton or two small cards in partner's suit, the bidder should always be very chary of immediately forcing the bidding. He should immediately be on the look-out for a misfit and try to keep the bidding as low as possible to avoid reaching the wrong or too high a contract. With selfish partnerships, misfit hands usually give disastrous results. Each bids his own suit, or suits, higher and higher and the opponents sit tight, with the balance of each suit. The bidding usually finishes with a series of doubles and a large penalty. Thus:—

Z	A	Y	B
One Heart	No bid	One Spade	No bid
Three Diamonds	No bid	Four Clubs	No bid
Four Hearts	Double	Four Spades	Double
Five Diamonds	Double	No bid*	No bid
No bid			

* An unusually obstinate bidder will even venture Six Clubs here.



Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Two Hearts	No bid
Three Diamonds	No bid	Three Hearts	No bid
Three No Trumps	No bid	No bid	No bid

Playing approach forving with a good partner, there is no need to force on Y's hand and therefore the first response was Two Hearts.

Z had an unpleasant choice for his third bid. In a suit contract he could see probably Two Spade losers, a Diamond loser and a Club loser. If his partner had Spade support there should be a game in Spades, but if he had Diamond support there might be only Four Diamonds. Z therefore chanced his luck and tried for the awkward contract of Three No Trumps.

The lead of the six of Clubs was taken by the ten of Clubs and the two of Diamonds returned. In actual play this was taken by the Ace of Diamonds and a Club returned which made things easy for the Declarer, since Three Hearts, Four Diamonds and Three Clubs gave him Four No Trumps.

However, if B had refused to take the Queen of Diamonds, the play of the hand would have been extremely awkward against good defence.

The immediate consequence of refusing to take the Ace of Diamonds is that Z has no direct entry into his own hand other than by overtaking the King of Clubs with the Ace. On analysis it will be found that any attempt to take two or three Heart tricks establishes the setting tricks in Hearts, provided the opponents defend correctly.

So long as the hand with the long Clubs has not the Ace of Diamonds and has only one of the two top Spade honours, the hand can be made by the following line of play, but I am not certain that it does not savour of double dummy play.

A Spade is returned from Y's hand and B's best defence is to play the Ace of Spades and return a Club. Another Spade is played from dummy. If A takes it Z can make nine tricks by setting up the Diamonds. If A refuses to take the trick, Z puts B in with the Ace of Diamonds. A Heart return and Z takes three rounds of Hearts, gives A a Spade and Z must make the remainder of the tricks. A Club return by B and Z makes the contract with three Clubs, Two Spades and Four Diamonds.

It will be noted that although the hand presents considerable difficulty in No Trumps, a Four Spade contract can be made with ease against any defence.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	Y
One Heart	Two Clubs
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

A leads the 5 of Diamonds. How should B defend the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z	Y
One Club	One Diamond
One Heart	Two No Trump
Three No Trump	No bid

A leads the 5 of Spades. How does B defend and why?

SOLUTION

It is obvious from the bidding and the strength of B's hand that Z holds the balance of strength and the only possibility of beating the contract is to establish Two Spade tricks in A's hand. However, if B plays the Ace of Spades, and returns the Queen of Spades, Z will hold up the King and effectively shut out A. If's correct play, therefore, is to play the Queen of Spades. Z will not dare to hold up for fear of a lead through his King of Spades.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the first round of the Premier Tournament.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) A well-known position arising from Sämisch's variation (1. P to Q B 3) has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) If P takes P, then Q to R 4.

(c) Loss of time (see move 15). He should, instead, play Q to B 2 to supply the necessary protection to his Queen's pawn as a preliminary to P to K 4.

(d) White has now the better game.

(e) R to B 3 is, we think, to be preferred (see moves 26 and 27).

(f) This move leads to very interesting complications.

(g) If, instead, 31. . . . B takes Q, then 32. R takes R (K 8), followed, if 32. . . . Q takes R, by 33. R takes Q, K takes R; 34. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 35. P takes B or, if 32. . . . Q takes B, by 33. R (K sq) to K 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 34. Kt to B 4, ch, in each case with advantage to White.

(h) If, instead, 35. B takes Kt, then 35. . . . P takes B; 36. P takes B, R to B 8, ch; 37. K to B 2, P to Kt 6; 38. R to K 2, R to B 7; 39. Kt to B 5 (if K to K sq, then R to B 8, ch), R takes Kt gives a difficult end-game in which Black has good drawing chances.

(i) A good move.

(j) If K to K 3, then Kt to B 7, ch, followed by Kt takes P.

(k) A mistake. With 41. . . . R to Kt 3 Black can force a draw, *e.g.*, 42. P to Kt 3, R to R 3; 43. P to R 4, R to K B 3; 44. P to B 4, R to Kt 3.

(l) White is now a pawn ahead and his King is in a good position supporting the passed pawn. The remaining moves were: 43. . . . K to K 2; 44. R to K 2, ch, K to Q 3; 45. P to Kt 4, R to R 6; 46. K to K 4, R to R 8; 47. R to Q B 2, R to K 8, ch; 48. K to B 5, R to K 2; 49. P to Kt 5, K to Q 4; 50. R to K B 2, R to B 2, ch (if K takes P, then R takes P, followed by K to Kt 6); 51. K to Kt 4, P to Kt 3 (if 51. . . . K takes P; 52. K takes P, K to K 6, then 53. P to Kt 6); 52. R to Q B 2, K takes P; 53. R to B 6, R to Q Kt 2; 54. P to B 4, K to K 5; 55. R to Q 6, R to K B 2 (if 55. . . . K to K 6, then 56. P to B 5, P takes P, ch; 57. K takes P, R to B 2, ch; 58. K to K 5 followed, if 58. . . . R to K Kt 2, by 59. K to Q 5, R takes P, ch; 60. K to B 6, or, if 58. . . . R to Q Kt 2, by 59. K to Q 5); 58. R to K 6, ch, K to Q 4; 57. R takes Q Kt P, K to B 4; 58. R to B 6, R to Q 2 (if R to Q Kt 2, then P to Kt 6 since Black cannot play R takes P because of R takes R, followed by P to B 5); 59. P to Kt 6, K to Kt 4; 60. R to K 6, K to B 3; 61. K to B 3, K to Kt 2; 62. K to K 4, R to K B 2; 63. R to K B 6, R to K 2, ch; 64. K to Q 5, K to B 3 (if R to Q 2, ch, then K to K 4); 65. K to Q 6, R to K 5 (if R to K sq, then R to B 7); 66. K to B 7, R to K 2, ch; 67. K to Q 6, R to K 5; 68. K to Q 5, R to K 2; 69. K to B 6, R to Q Kt 2; 70. R to K 6, R to Kt sq (if R takes P, ch, then K to Q 7, and wins. If, instead, R to B 2, then R to K 8, threatening R to R 8, ch); 71. K to B 7, R to Kt 2, ch (if 71. . . . R to B sq, then 72. P to Kt 7, ch, K to R 2; 73. R to K 7, R to Q Kt sq; 74. R to Q 7, R takes P, ch; 75. K to Q 8 and wins); 72. K to B 8, R takes P; 73. K to Q 7, K to Kt 4; 74. R takes R, ch, K takes R; 75. K to K 6, K to B 4; 76. K to B 7, Resigns. A very interesting end-game.

AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTACK

In the following game, from the 1938-39 Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, some faulty play by Black allowed White to obtain an advantage in position. On his 18th move he started a King's side attack which speedily proved irresistible.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. G. S. A. Wheateroft.	BLACK. R. Spitz.	WHITE. G. S. A. Wheateroft.	BLACK. R. Spitz.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q R to Q sq (g)	Kt takes Kt
2. P to K B 4	B to B 4	14. R takes Kt	B takes Kt (h)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	15. R takes B	Kt takes Q P
4. P to B 3 (a)	Kt to K B 3 (b)	16. B takes P, ch	K takes B
5. P to Q 4	P takes Q P	17. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3
6. P takes P	B to Kt5, ch (c)	18. P to B 5 (i)	R to R sq
7. B to Q 2	B takes B, ch	19. R to R 3, ch	K to Kt sq
8. Q Kt takes B	Castles	20. R (R 3) takes R, ch	K takes R
9. B to Q 3	B to Kt 5 (d)	21. Q to R 3, ch	K to Kt sq
10. Castles	Kt to B 3	22. R to K R 4	Q to Kt 3, ch
11. Q to Kt 3 (e)	P to Q 4 (f)	23. K to R sq	K to B sq
12. P to K 5	Kt to K 5	24. P to B 6	Resigns.

(a) The most promising line of play for White in this opening.

(b) An alternative here is P to B 4.

(c) Not good. He should, instead, play 6. . . . R to Kt 3 in order to get some pressure on White's centre. If, in reply, 7. Kt to B 3, then 7. . . . Castles, or, if instead, 7. B to Q 3, then 7. . . . B to Kt 5; 8. B to K 3, Kt to B 3.

(d) An inferior move. 9. . . . P to B 4 is preferable. If, in reply, (1) 10. Castles, then 10. . . . P takes P; 11. Kt takes P, Q to Kt 3; if (2) 10. P to K 5, then 10. . . . Kt to Q 4; or, if (3), 10. P to Q 5, then 10. . . . R to K sq.

(e) Taking advantage of Black's 9th move.

(f) This is played so that he can reply to 12. Q takes Kt P with 12. . . . P takes P. However, 11. . . . R to Kt sq is better.

(g) Threatening 14. Q takes Kt P. If at once 13. Q takes Kt P, then 13. . . . Kt takes Kt; 14. Kt takes Kt, Kt takes Q P; or, if, instead, 13. Kt takes Kt, then 13. . . . P takes Kt; 14. B takes P, B takes Kt followed by 15. . . . Kt takes Q P.

(h) A bad move which brings White's King's Rook into action. R to Kt sq is better, but Black would have the inferior game.

(i) If, instead, Q takes Kt P, then Q to R 4, threatening to win by Q to K 8, ch followed by Q to K 6, ch. To the text-move, which threatens R to R 3, ch followed by R (Q 4) to K R 4. Black has no adequate reply. If 18. . . . Q to K 2, then 19. R to R 3, ch, K to Kt sq; 20. R (Q 4) to K R 4, Q to B 4, ch; 21. K to B sq, Q to B 8, ch; 22. K to K 2 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4034

By G. CRISTOFFANINI.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K 6, Queen at K R 5, Rooks at Q B 3 and K 7, Knights at Q 3 and Q Kt 3, Pawns at K Kt 2, K B 3 and K B 6.

BLACK (12 pieces): King at K 6, Queen at K R 4, Rooks at K R 3 and Q R 5, Bishops at Q Kt 4 and K Kt 8, Knights at K R 5 and Q Kt 5, Pawns at Q 3, Q 4, K B 4 and K Kt 4.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Sachs Mabsle*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4033

1. B (Q 7) to Q 8. Any move; 2. Q, R, B, Kt or P (dec. Kt) mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

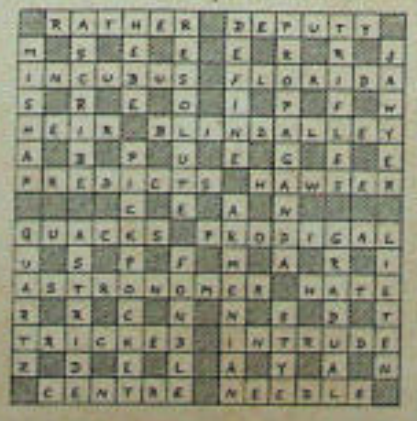
CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 537

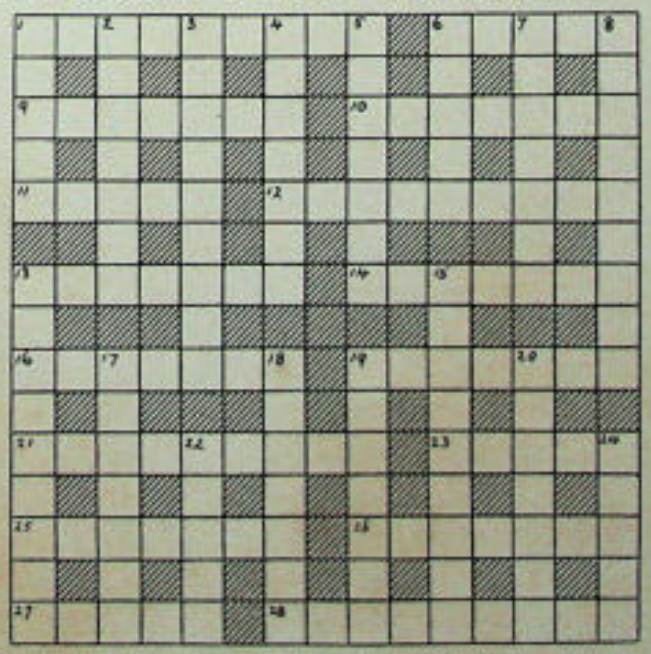
ACROSS.—1. Stephen on the wireless (9). 6. Short cheeks (5). 9. This may result in 17 (7). 10. A constituent of camphorated oil (7). 11. This is to the north of Palestine (5). 12. I sent rope (anag.) (9). 13. A hand for which one should be grateful (7). 14. One who is proposed (7). 16. Keep under (7). 19. Small remaining quantity (7). 22. Firmly persuaded (9). 23. A genuine letter (5). 25. Treason (anag.) (7). 26. A Downing Street pudding (7). 27. Absolute (5). 28. One who does not agree (9).

DOWN.—1. It is unpleasant to be out of these (5). 2. The red one is a butterfly (7). 3. Story (9). 4. "Never morning wore To ——, but some heart did break" (Tennyson) (7). 5. Ancient tough (7). 6. Frisky movement in the water (5). 7. You, he or me (7). 8. Tentmates (anag.) (9). 15. These make good law (4, 5). 15. "He nothing common did, or mean, Upon that —— scene" (Marvell) (9). 17. A sorry exhibition (7). 18. Seducer (anag.) (7). 19. Another anagram of "seducer" (7). 20. A giant's to be found here (7). 22. It's nearly winter (5). 24. Machine supplying the power of movement (5).

SOLUTION TO No. 536

Published September 30th





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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

ENCOURAGING reports of the Government's plan for increasing food production through a War Agricultural Committee in every County are coming in. Some of the extra 1,500,000 acres are already being ploughed, and the arrangements as a whole are working smoothly, although naturally there are problems to be solved.

In most of the counties sub-committees have been appointed in the different districts so as to make full use of local knowledge, and in at least one county there is a sub-committee in practically every parish. The 1914–18 mistakes of ploughing land that never could grow a wheat crop are being avoided. Each county has been given its quota of fresh land that must be put under the plough, and practical farmers are supervising its selection.

There are some farms where an existing system of balanced farming makes them almost self-sufficient for feeding their considerable head of live-stock. The local committees will be unlikely to interfere drastically with such enterprises that are making so full a use of the land. Others, for instance one-time arable farms put down to grass to maintain a big dairy herd fed on imported rations, present a greater difficulty. It may seem a little hard to such a farmer if he has to plough some of his grass.

The local committee will deal in a practical way with such problems, but if the farmer has to plough it should not be forgotten that even if there were no ploughing-up scheme he might now have to bring some land into cultivation (without £2 per acre subsidy) or sell a large number of his cows since imported feeding stuffs may be no longer available in unlimited quantities.

Machinery for ploughing is another of the "snags" on grass farms, some of which have no ploughing tackle at all. But, from reports coming in, contractors seem to be going a long way towards meeting this difficulty, and one of the interesting things that the war has brought to light is the number of very small farms with a tractor that could not possibly hope to work anything like full time in normal circumstances. The owners of these are showing great willingness to plough for other people when their own work is done.

Work for the Furrow Press.

On most farms there are forgotten implements lying idle. The ploughing-up campaign will bring some of them into use again. If there is a furrow press on the farm it will be wanted this autumn to follow the plough and consolidate the turf that is being ploughed in. Farmers are advised to get these presses in order if they need repair. Any farmer who has a spare press will probably find a ready sale to the local agricultural engineer.

Using Surplus Grass.

First-class hay is not likely to be too abundant next year, and in any case it is important that farmers should think of making their farms as self-contained for feeding stuffs as possible. The flush of aftermath, or surplus grass, is particularly marked this autumn, and it is not too late to turn it into silage. No elaborate apparatus is required. The site chosen should be flat, level, hard, sheltered and conveniently situated. The smallest useful size is 12ft. by 12ft., and stacks of 15ft. by 15ft. to 15ft. by 18ft. hold 40–50 tons. The molasses solution that is added during stacking to the freshly-cut grass is made by adding 40lb. of molasses to 30 gallons of water and stirring until liquefied.

To make the stack, first spread an even layer of grass 1ft. thick. Pour evenly on it 6 gallons of the solution (a piece of tin 8in. by 6in. in the spout of the can helps even pouring). The next layer is only 6in. It is spread and well trodden down, especially at the edges, avoiding all lumps and pockets. Six more gallons of the solution are evenly poured on it. Similar layers, 6in. at a time, are trodden and treated in the same way until the stack is 6ft. to 7ft. high, great care being taken to keep the sides absolutely upright. This is the first stage, and it ought to be completed in a single day, certainly in under two days.

Final stages. The stack is left for 36 hours while the material heats to 100–115 deg. F. The practical test for this is not to be able to keep the arm plunged in it for more than a moment. If the material is very wet, another 24 hours may be needed to let it heat up.

The heating and settling cause the stack to sink to about 4ft. high. Further layers are spread and treated with molasses until a further 6ft. is added, when the stack is left another 24 hours for heating up. Building is continued on alternate days until a height of 12ft. to 14ft. is reached. If more material is still available, heavy objects, such as wooden baulks, laid evenly on the top, will assist settling.

The completed stack must be sealed. This is done by covering it with old bags, then ploughing three or four furrows round it and throwing the loose earth on top of the stack. The stack must be covered with a dome of soil 2ft. thick in the centre and 1ft. at the outside edges. If a wagon is drawn up beside the stack and the earth first thrown into it, it will be easier to get the earth on top of the stack. Both weighting and sealing should be done not later than twelve hours after the spreading of the last layers, otherwise top and outside wastage will be excessive.

The silage will be ready in six to eight weeks, and will keep sound for at least nine months. To use it, remove the earth from a section 1 yard square, scrape away the shiny top and outside and cut the daily requirement with a hay knife.

The feeding value of 2lb. to 2½lb. silage = 1lb. hay; 5lb. to 6lb. = 10lb. roots.

Safeguarding the Wheat Yield.

It is of particular importance at the present time to dress seed wheat to prevent bunt. Seed already dressed can be obtained from a large number of seed merchants, but seed saved from the farm must be dressed by the farmer himself. The old methods of steeping or sprinkling with a solution of bluestone or formaldehyde are reasonably effective if carried out correctly, but by far the most efficient materials to use are the modern mercurial powders. They do not reduce or delay germination as wet treatments are apt to do and dusted seed, unlike moistened seed, can be stored without being injured. Since dusted seed does not swell, no change in the rate of sowing is necessary.

For those who do not purchase their seed ready dressed there are machines specially designed for dressing seed with these powders, and they can be bought from £2 upwards. They may be made at home for treating small quantities out of any barrel or box that can be rotated like a churn. They must have baffle plates or some device inside to make sure that seed and powder are thoroughly mixed during the three minutes or so of turning.

The practice of spreading the grain on a hard floor, scattering the powder over it and then turning three or four times with a shovel is not to be recommended. The man turning the mixing apparatus should wear some kind of mask to avoid inhaling the dust during long periods of grain treatment. A wet cloth will serve the same purpose in a rough and ready way. Treated grain must not be used for animal or human consumption.

Loose Smut.

All corn growers are familiar with the few black, smutty ears that are noticeable as soon as the ears emerge from the leaf sheaths. They have nothing to do with bunt. They are the result of infection with loose smut, a disease that cannot be controlled by the powers mentioned or by any other chemical. Wherever possible, seed should be selected from crops that are free from loose smut.

Seed oats should be disinfected with one of the organic mercury compounds on the market. These prevent smut and also control leaf spot, a disease carried by seed that injures the leaves and so reduces yield, sometimes very markedly.

The Fertiliser Position

The Agricultural Departments have been in close touch with the Ministry of Supply regarding the fertiliser position. At this stage it is impossible to forecast accurately either the extent or nature of the demand, because the crops which will be grown on the increased arable acreage are not yet known. It has, however, been suggested to distributors of potash that until further notice they should restrict sales of potassic fertilisers, as such, to half the quantity supplied to each customer at the corresponding period last year. Manufacturers of compound fertilisers have been recommended to reduce the potash (K_2O) content of all compound fertilisers so that, generally, the total quantity of potash used in the manufacture of compound fertilisers does not exceed half the quantity so used last season. The intention is that, in each district, the supplies available shall be reserved for those crops and soils most in need of potash.

Stocks of phosphates will also have to be used economically so as to produce maximum results from the supplies available. To achieve this, it is recommended that all stocks of high-grade phosphate must be reserved for dissolving; that lower-grade North African phosphate should also be reserved for dissolving, for application to grass on acid soils in the wetter districts or for inclusion in compound fertilisers destined for crops which can make good use of this source of phosphate, such as turnips and grass in certain districts; and that ground phosphate should not be included in fertilisers destined for such crops as potatoes and grain.

Generally, with superphosphate and all compound fertilisers it is important to save transport costs by making the plant food content as high as possible. Existing stocks of phosphate are of a high grade and the superphosphate made from them will be correspondingly high in phosphate content; farmers, by using a smaller quantity of these higher grades, will be able to apply the same amount of plant-food per acre as in the past. It will be understood that the above recommendations are intended to lay down general lines of guidance and not hard-and-fast restrictions; special cases will have to be dealt with on their merits.

Farmers will appreciate that under war conditions they may not be able to obtain fertilisers exactly similar to those they used last year. The busy season for distributing fertilisers—namely, February, March and April—puts a strain on transport even in peace-time. Farmers who can keep fertilisers in a dry condition are earnestly asked, in their own interests, to assist the Fertiliser Control by intimating to their suppliers their willingness to accept delivery of supplies as and when this can be arranged, without waiting until the usual delivery months.

The Ministry of Agriculture will shortly issue a special Bulletin, *Food from the Garden*. Its price will be 3d. or 3½d. post free from any bookseller, or from H.M. Stationery Office, at the following addresses: York House, Kingsway, W.C. 2; 120, George Street, Edinburgh; 26, York Street, Manchester; 1, St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast. A free leaflet condensing the advice given in the Bulletin is obtainable from the Ministry of Agriculture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Country House

Filtering Well Water.—It is not easy to make any detailed water treatment recommendations without a fuller analysis of the well water. It is assumed that the figure given of 23.7 grains per gallon refers to sodium chloride as such. Although the potability of such a water may be a matter of personal taste, this is actually not an excessive saline concentration, and there are treated waters in some municipalities in which the sodium chloride content is as high as 28 grains per gallon. This water is used for household and drinking purposes without any complaints or ill effects. Possible treatment methods would be of two kinds: (i.) Chemical treatment, (ii.) distillation. With regard to (i.), the Permutit Company, Ltd., of Permutit House, Gunnersbury Avenue, London, W. 4, have developed commercially the new synthetic resins used in a sort of zeolite process, in which the chlorine in sodium chloride would be replaced by some other radical. It might be worth while consulting this firm, but it is doubtful whether the consumption in this instance would warrant the capital expenditure on a treatment plant of this kind. Distillation would probably be the most practical method. Any of the following firms should be able to supply a suitable small evaporating unit for this purpose: Royle's, Ltd., Irlam, Manchester; Hartley & Sugden, Ltd., Sundial House, 356, Euston Road, N.W. 1; Meadow Foundry Company, Leicester; and Messrs. G. & J. Weir, Cathcart, Glasgow.—*R. S. K. E., Crowborough.*

Hunting

Carlisle Otterhounds.—The chief river hunted by these hounds are the Eden, the Caldew, the Esk, the Eamont, the Irthing, the Petterill, the Liddle, the Lowther and the Waver. The Hunt was founded in 1863, and the best centres are Appleby, Carlisle and Penrith. Hounds meet on Mondays and Thursdays, and you may get all other information from the Secretary, Mr. H. S. Glaister, 52, Castle Street, Carlisle.

Treatment of Saddlery.—If you wish to store your saddlery in a dry room for the winter, you should first of all give all the leather a liberal application of saddle soap, and all the steel parts one of vaseline. You will find that this preserves the whole thing as well as any other method.—"Bruce Wells," *Lisca.*

Kennel

Wilful Pekingese.—In all probability it is not the harness, but the lead, to which your Pekingese objects. You could get him used to the harness by letting him wear it indoors. Many puppies turn awkward when first introduced to the restraint of a lead. Put it on him in the house and play with him, trying to make him think it is a game.—*Mrs. A. McW., London.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis of Young Game-birds.—Since our previous report on coccidiosis among pheasant chicks we have diagnosed the disease in twelve samples of pheasant poults, two partridge chicks and two samples of chicks from poultry farms. This germ infection of the bowels usually attacks chicks about two to three weeks of age and may spread over the rearing field; less commonly it appears about the time poults are turned to covert. The usual symptoms of the disease are ruffled plumage, watery eyes, drooping wing, lameness and diarrhœa. The appetite is usually retained until the chick is too weakened to search for its food. The droppings of such chicks contain the germs of coccidiosis, which are spread to healthy birds through contamination of the ground and food. Obviously, diseased chicks are not likely to benefit from treatment and should be destroyed. The remainder should be fed for three weeks on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of milk powder, or of 2 per cent. molasses. Also, as a tonic, 2oz. of sulphate of iron should be added to each gallon of drinking water. The coops should be moved on to clean patches of ground daily; the patches of used and infected ground being sterilised by burning twitch or straw over them. At the close of the season the field should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and should not be used for rearing or for poultry for a period of two years.—*M. H., Norfolk; E. S. S., Montgomery; A. M., Suffolk; J., Berks; C. B. A., Sussex; C. H. M., Durham; W. S. F., Wilts; A. H., Leicestershire; P. R. G., Kent; F. H. B., Hereford; K. J., Ayrshire; E. C., Norfolk; J. A. P., Notts; C. H. B., Norfolk.*

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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THE HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON, JOINT-MASTER OF THE OAKLEY

Miss Lawson-Johnston, who is the youngest daughter of Lord Luke, was Field-Master and Joint-Master of the Oakley last season. She will continue to share the Mastership with Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill and cope with the problems of the forthcoming season

WHEN YOU NEED
A DRINK-
YOU NEED A
HENNESSY
★★★ BRANDY

THE FIELD
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A PRESSING PROBLEM

IF life were reduced to bare essentials but four things would be needed—food, covering, heat, and shelter. But even the most primitive societies have desired something more than this, and as our modern civilisation has been built up we have surrounded ourselves with a host of things which we consider necessary to a cultured existence. Creative endeavour has expressed itself in art, music, literature and scientific achievement; in the desire to have beautiful homes and gardens; in the effort to improve conditions and raise the standard of living. True, some of the efforts have been misdirected and, as Mr. Massingham would point out, in departing from simplicity the last state has often been worse than the first. Science, misused, far from aiding us, has plunged us into misery. But whatever defects there have been in our system it has worked none too badly and would have been improved. In the increase of production and spending power each member of the community would have bettered his conditions. Countries in Europe profited by the same process and would have continued to do so had no drag been placed upon the wheels.

It is an intriguing occupation to take any article around one and endeavour to count the number of individuals through whose hands it has passed and in doing so has provided a livelihood for each of them. Were a newspaper selected for such an experiment, the task would be a difficult one and reveal a host of occupations. The people concerned would have to include the staff running the paper, those dependent on the offices housing it, compositors, printers, block makers and their supply services, camera makers, the manufacturers of intricate and heavy machinery, and those dependent on them, the paper makers, the ink makers, lift manufacturers, lorry makers, train and steamship services, distributors, agents, newsvendors, and the firms providing motor-cars for transport. This is but a sketchy outline, the services employed are legion. And so it is with everything else. We live on one another in a highly complex organisation.

It needs but the savage to preach a doctrine of destruction, the vandal who has put the clock back in his own country and robbed it of every cultural influence, to put a spoke in this wheel of progress, in order to unbalance the whole of its delicate machinery. Nazi-ism and Bolshevism have in common the aim of destroying for their own ends a civilised system of living which it has taken centuries to construct. We have to fight in order to preserve it. A nation's energies must be directed into new channels, those which will provide the necessary armaments for the battle and at the same time furnish the essentials of life for its people. Formerly an ever-widening circle of activities contributed to the happiness and amenities of life: that circle has to be contracted to include in the main those who are in the fighting forces, those who provide the weapons and those who provide the food.

In such a process it is inevitable that many at first will be left outside that circle and among them most important members of the community; that vast and nebulous body which we refer to as the middle classes will principally be affected. They are the people who have contributed to every measure for social improvement, who have never asked for benefits themselves or have even been entitled to receive them; the people who have never been dependent upon Governments but upon whom all Governments have depended. It is now, when new ordinances are issued every day and when fresh restrictions are imposed, that their interests must be safeguarded. This is the problem which demands the greatest concentration on the part of Ministers. It is a time when the leaders of this country cannot afford to live in a world of their own. There has been promise of absorption. But absorption will take time. And what of the interim? Clichés will not win this war and of all wastage that of man-power is the worst. Criticism is easy and the Government has a great task in front of it to bring about the victory that will assuredly be ours. But there are facts to be faced and in our opinion one of the sternest at this moment is the need to adjust burdens in such a fashion that it will be possible for the man who is first hit to carry on and help provide the sinews of war until such time as it may be necessary to enlist his services in other directions.

HUNTING AND THE WAR

THE first few weeks of the war have passed, and the various hunts all over the country have been busy making adjustments and devising ways and means of carrying on. Many hunt horses and some belonging to individuals have been requisitioned, a great number of hounds have been put down. In many cases the Master or Secretary has been called up, and a vast number of the members of hunt staffs have left for national duty.

Yet hunting is so far carrying on, and we think that it is very important that it should do so. The debt of gratitude which the nation owes to the hunting world as the supply of horses for an army which had been sadly and foolishly robbed of its trained horses is the subject of comment elsewhere in this issue. Light horse breeding can continue if the responsible authorities make up their minds that it should, and a steady supply of horses can be maintained.

Both the War Office and the Ministry of Agriculture have so far encouraged Masters of Hounds to believe that hunting would be continued this season with their approval. The Remount Department has carried out its undertaking to leave a sufficient number of horses to enable hunts to carry on, and the Ministry of Agriculture has stated that there is a sufficiency of hound feed for the present.

The confidence which was instilled by these assurances was slightly shaken recently when Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith announced in the House of Commons that the Government had the desirability in mind of imposing certain restrictions on hunting. What these restrictions would be it is idle, at the moment, to guess. It may be that certain agricultural areas are to be closed, or that the supply of oatmeal is to be curtailed. But we may venture to hope for two things. One is that some definite policy will be laid down at once, in order that hunts may know their position exactly. The other is that the Government will realise, before reducing hunting activities in any drastic manner, what an enormous number of men and women are dependent on the sport for their livelihood, and that to take any action resulting in their wholesale dismissal would mean a very great increase in unemployment from which there is no immediate hope of release.

This season will naturally produce its own problems, and much good humour will be necessary on everyone's part if it is to proceed at all satisfactorily. Yet we believe that it will have its compensations. As regards hounds, it may be possible to use some sort of trencher feeding principle and to kennel parts of the pack in various parts of the country, thereby avoiding the use of the hound van.

And we think it will not be unpleasant once more to set out at the crack of dawn for a long hack to the meet, enjoy a really good day and then the long hack home again. Who knows whether we may not return to a really Surtees atmosphere and pass the night in discussion in some tavern far from home, and ride back early the next morning? It seems a very much better prospect than rushing home in a car in time for a rubber before dinner.

It is inevitable that those who, for various reasons, can no longer—or not yet—take their places with the fighting services should occasionally feel a twinge of conscience in the hunting field when they remember the men whom they used to see there and who are now enduring the dust and heat of battle. Such an emotion is, we think, unjustified. If we cannot yet take any active part in the struggle, it is our duty to preserve that England for which the war is being waged.

PROPAGANDA MACHINERY

The Ministry of Information, as originally embodied, is dead; and the country as a whole, and Fleet Street in particular, breathes more freely. But the Ministry of Information still exists. Just exactly what it is going to do in the future is not clear. Lord Macmillan has made a statement, but the position is not really any the more clear for that. It does seem, however, that the Ministry of Information is going to have a good deal to do with propaganda.

Propaganda is one of the most forceful weapons of modern warfare—in the long run, perhaps, the most forceful. Good propaganda may well win a war; bad propaganda may very well lengthen a war immeasurably. One wonders, naturally, who is going to write this propaganda.

It is not work that can be done easily and without experience. It is not work for retired civil servants, or even active civil servants. Income-tax inspectors (retired), pension officials and so forth know absolutely nothing about propaganda—and should not have anything to do with it. The same applies, with equal truth, to gossip-writers and sporting journalists. This is work for really experienced journalists who have also some executive experience. The old Ministry of Information included 43 journalists. The new must contain at least that number of men who are capable of putting over compelling propaganda.

Propaganda, too (the fact seems to have been forgotten lately) consists of telling the truth persuasively. The truth is not always pleasant, but a propaganda machine that conceals the unpleasant the while it stresses the pleasant defeats its own ends. Lord Camrose will certainly know that. We can only hope that the advice he will offer will be accepted.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

THE other day, being wearied out with the weight "of all this unintelligible world," I dropped on my way back from hospital into a minute limestone church whose lofty early English lancets had often attracted me. The site had been chosen with that intuitive grasp of right relationship to the mouldings and conformation of a particular piece of land, which was part of the genius of the old builders, a faculty of placing wholly lost since the Industrial Revolution.

The stone village stood on a steep little hill and flung off branches or twigs from this stalk on either side of it, just where it reached the crest of the hill. The village shape was that of a cotyledonous seedling, and the church was built at the point of intersection between the stem and the paired lateral leaves. The obvious position?—then it is a pity that speculative builders and District and County Councils have not developed a sense of the obvious.

The visit was worth while, because inside the church was a number of carved bench ends, the like of which I had never seen before. The oak of each end had been split, and figures in pairs—crowned heads, grotesques, comedy animals, village characters, comely women with broad fillets round hair and forehead—had been carved upon these double projecting pieces.

This was a pleasant curiosity, but it set me thinking about other village church interiors I had seen in the course of years in many different counties. I thought of the rood-screens in the broadland churches of Norfolk; of the marvellously intricate font-covers of Ewelme and Edlesborough in the Chilterns; of the exquisite hammerbeam roofs of March and Chatteris in Cambridgeshire, in which a multitude of angels with outspread wings uphold the corbels of the profusion of carved wood-work at Croscombe and elsewhere in Somerset; of other fanciful, fairy-tale bench ends in Devon, Rutland and East Anglia; of the beam-carvings in some of the porches of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire churches; of the witty, satiric, dramatized miserecords in the choir-stalls of many a country church, notably the scenes of husbandry at Ripple in the Midlands and of many and many another wood-carving in villages either forgotten and sinking into ruin, or so transformed by suburban invasion that their former natives would not have recognised them.

I began to realise how extraordinarily tenacious and full-blooded and incomparably rich this tradition of wood-carving in churches had been. It came to its full flower in the fifteenth century, but it was not brusquely interrupted by such upheavals as the Reformation, the Tudor Enclosures and the suppression of the Guilds which ended the Gothic tradition of church-building. Even in the eighteenth century, the tradition of wood-carving in churches survived, though ecclesiastical architecture was nothing but a sentimental memory in the studied creation of artificial ruins. It finally vanished in the Industrial Revolution, which killed the artistic capacity of the English people as a whole, just as surely as the Puritan Revolution killed its diffused power of song-making.

Wood-carving of the Renaissance and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in no sense a new turn of the English genius for the arts. It was simply a prolongation or rather adaptation to meet new demands of the Gothic spirit which handled wood with a touch inspired. Who were the carvers who could so combine satire and realism with spiritual aspiration, who filled a world of wood with angels of heaven and bulbous-nosed comics who had their heads in the clouds and their feet so firmly upon the good earth, who worked with such gaiety, exuberance, richness of imagination and wonderful craftsmanship? Dust of dust; bare a name has survived the corrosive of time. In other words, they were the ordinary villagers and small townsfolk scattered over the length and breadth of the land. They were the common people. When I came out of the church, I remembered the world as it is. I remembered the war, but I saw that it is not only a crusade against the foulest system that ever disgraced and crucified humanity, but also a judgment and a warning most bitter. Humanity will win it, but unless we English create from the winning a world in which it shall be possible once more for men to walk with their heads in the clouds and their feet on the good earth, we lose it in the spirit. That faculty has been lost for a hundred years; it is high time it were recovered.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday paper. "Magpies will be arbiters of fashion. A white tail shows well in the dark. A peacock would be no use at all; the merest rabbit would do better so long as it was running away and showed its scut. One can use almost any white device on a dress—save, perhaps, the most decorative—a feather."



THE LAW AND THE LANDLORD

A Simple Explanation of Legislation

IN the first week of the present War Parliament passed nearly all the legislation which was spread over three years from 1914. It is difficult to grasp the scope of what has been done, and hopeless if we muddle ourselves with details, but a broad summary may help to appreciate what the House took on trust from its Law Officers.

First, there is no general moratorium of debts as in the last war. It was thought that the effect on trade and general economic life would be too disturbing. Instead we have the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. The broad effect of this Act is that a creditor who has obtained judgment in the Courts, or a landlord who has the right to distrain, cannot do so without leave of the Court if the contract or tenancy was made before September 2nd.

You may bring your action in the ordinary way, but before you enforce judgment you must get leave. The Court *may* refuse leave if it is of the opinion that the debtor is unable to pay immediately because of circumstances directly or indirectly attributable to any war in which His Majesty may be engaged. If a tenant is called up for military service, the Courts will protect him if he *cannot* pay, but he cannot escape all liability if he can pay some of the rent. But if a civilian sees fit to evacuate to a fresh district, there is nothing in the Act to relieve him from the liability to pay rent for the house in which he had been living. This Act applies, with slight modifications, to Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Then we have the new Rent Restrictions Act. All property owners are more or less familiar with the "control" of the letting of their premises and raising of rents under the former Acts. The scope of the new Act is so wide that 98 per cent. of the houses in the country are now controlled. The test under the Act is *rateable value*, not the standard rent. The following are controlled: those in the Metropolitan Police District with a rateable value on April 6th, 1939 of £100 or less; those elsewhere in England and Wales with a rateable value on April 1st of £75 or less; those in Scotland with a rateable value on May 16th of £90 or less. It applies to houses built, or to be built, even if not let.

Houses controlled by the Act are not decontrolled if the landlord obtains possession. Houses decontrolled under the old Acts are recontrolled if within the limits of the new Act. The Act does not apply to houses let furnished, or let at a rental which includes payment for board or attendance, or off-licence premises. Under the Act a landlord is restricted as under the old Acts in turning out a tenant, and he cannot raise the rent of a house let after September 2nd if it comes within the scope of the Act unless there is an increase in the rates payable by the landlord, or unless he spends money on improvements (not repairs) or structural alterations, or improved fixtures or fittings.

Of great importance to property owners and tenants is the Landlord and Tenant (War Damage) Act. Most leases do not refer to war damage. But by law, if a tenant had contracted to keep the property in repair he had to do so, and pay the rent, if the premises were damaged or even destroyed by acts of the King's enemies. This doctrine goes back to the days of the Civil War, when a tenant refused (in vain) to pay the rent because he said Prince Rupert and his cavaliers had occupied and ruined his house. Under the old law, if there was no covenant to repair, neither landlord nor tenant was responsible for making good damage or destruction. Under the new Act neither landlord nor tenant is liable to fulfil a covenant to repair, if the damage is war damage.

With regard to property *which is not agricultural*, the position is roughly as follows. If premises are damaged by war, the tenant may claim either to disclaim the lease or retain it. If he seeks to disclaim it, the landlord can either let him go, or hold him to it. If he holds him to it, the landlord must repair the premises as soon as practicable, and no rent can be charged until the property is repaired. If the tenant wants to retain the property, he must repair it himself. There are special provisions for sub-tenants and ground leases into which we need not now go.

But a word should be said about agricultural and mining leases. Neither party is liable to repair war damage, but a tenant has not an unqualified right to disclaim the lease. If premises under such a lease are made unfit by war damage, the tenant may apply to the Court, and the Court may determine the lease or lower the rent, as appears just. This Act applies in spite of an agreement to repair war damage, if the agreement was made *before the damage was done*.

Compensation is the next point dealt with by Parliament. Land may be taken by the Government for their own purposes. Even if entire possession of the land is not taken, the Government may want to execute works on it. If they want the land they cannot be prevented from taking it, but compensation must be paid. If the Government take possession of land, they will pay as compensation the rent which a tenant would pay under a lease whereby he had to pay tenant's rates, taxes, repairs and insurance. They will also pay the cost of making good any damage they do. If the land is agricultural they will pay also the sum which an incoming tenant would pay in respect of previous cultivation and growing crops. If works are done on the land, but the occupier is left in possession, then the Government will pay any lessened value of the land due to the work, and at the end of the period they will pay compensation for any permanent decrease in the value of the land.

If housing property is damaged, and the owner will not repair it, the local authority may do so if it can at a reasonable cost be made fit to live in, *and* lack of houses in the district makes repair desirable. The cost of the repairs can then be recovered from the owner.

Lastly, if property (or land) is damaged by war, such as by bombs or anti-aircraft fire, a claim should at once be made to the local authority or the District Valuer. The damage will be estimated, and *may* be paid, partly or in full, after the war. No payment will be made in respect of such damage until the end of the war.

The above is a brief survey of the legislation likely to affect property owners in the country. It is as fair and comprehensive as could be expected under the circumstances, and the Government is to be congratulated on bringing it into operation so soon.



IT IS IDLE TO STRIKE A NOTE OF REGRET, BUT THE PICTURE OF A QUORN FIELD IS EXPRESSIVE OF DAYS THAT WILL BE MISSED

HUNTING FACES ITS DIFFICULTIES

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THE production of a Hunting Number this season on the usual scale has been frustrated. The majority of Hunts have settled down to some general working schemes details of which have been published in the *Field*, but, in a great many cases, these cannot be more than tentative and liable to revision. Should the war continue for some seasons, there are bound to be many more changes and committee meetings.

We had, as usual, prepared a list of hounds with particulars of Masters, Secretaries and so on for publication at this season. The outbreak of war made three-quarters of the list inaccurate at once, and the changes are yet far from complete and cannot be permanent. As the season advances and the war makes its own demands, there will be further changes in Mastership, new Secretaries and alterations in the hunt servants. Further horses may be requisitioned and more hounds may have to be put down.

In these circumstances, the publication of such a list as we had prepared would be futile. Later on in the season, when things have become as settled in the hunting world as they are likely to be during the coming years, it may be possible to publish some form of list. In the meantime, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Secretaries of Hunts both in this country, in Europe and in India for the promptitude and care with which they replied to our questionnaire.

It is, of course, idle to strike a note of regret at the present time, for there is plenty to be done. But it may not be out of place to say something of what the *Field's* plans for this season were. We had hoped to include every form of hunting and to publish accounts of outstanding reports from every part of the country. Arrangements had been made with correspondents in almost every hunt for this purpose. I myself had hoped to have the privilege of hunting with staghounds, foxhounds, harriers and beagles and of dealing with their hounds in detail. The wonderful hospitality with which I have always been met on these occasions in the past is one of my most pleasant memories of the hunting world and of my time as Hunting Editor. We had also hoped to give some idea of hunting in America, India, Palestine and Iraq.

These plans must be shelved for the time being. I hope it will be possible to record from time to time what is happening all over the country during the war. The knowledge that the image of war was continuing was, in the last conflict, of great consolation to those who were experiencing the sterner battle, and I am confident that it will be the same now.

The manner in which hunting is to be carried on this season must vary with each hunt. Any remarks and suggestions must keep this fact in sight—" and with this sword shal I sleen envye."

Hounds and hunters are of equal concern at the moment. We hope and believe that there is no need to envisage an England without hunting when we have won the war. Few hunts will be able to keep all their hounds, and there will be practically no breeding during the war. It is very much to be hoped that consultations have taken place between various kennels, so that excellent strains may be used again later. It is the hound list, with its evidence of home and foreign blood, which should decide which hounds are to be put down.

An excellent suggestion was made to me the other day to the effect that it might be possible to introduce, in some parts of the country at all events, the practice of trencher feeding. The idea might be worth consideration by those who will possibly be faced with the necessity of a further reduction in their packs.

Of the question of hunters and hunter breeding generally, it is difficult to write with restraint. It is useless to recall now how the *Field* has constantly pointed out the folly of selling our fully-trained war horses to foreign powers for a mere song. Now it has been found that horses are necessary after all and hunt stables and those of private owners are being searched for suitable horses, and the price paid is, on the average, three times the sum obtained for the regular horses. No one wishes to be captious at a time like this, but the whole thing may be summed up and regarded as a great pity. Both horses and men are untrained.

But hunting men and women may take consolation and a certain amount of pride in the knowledge that had it not been for their sport there would have been extremely few " civilian " horses to requisition. They may also reflect that had more assistance been given to the vital industry of hunter breeding there would have been considerably more.

It is very much to be hoped that the necessity of future right horse breeding will continuously be present to the minds of the Remount Department.

Many problems are likely to arise during the season as to the exact conduct of hunting. I believe the killing of foxes should be regarded as being of paramount importance, and the purely sporting aspect of hunting should be relegated to the background. Many otherwise abominable practices—such as heading the fox—will become the order of the day.

And here another question crops up—that of getting hounds to remote meets in the hound van



SOME OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL STILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING HOUNDS AT WORK

on a limited supply of petrol. Yet hounds arrived at meets before the motor hound van was thought of, and there can be no doubt that ways and means will be found. There appears to be no reason why the hunt horses should not be hacked to the meet the day before hunting and quartered in some neighbouring and friendly stable. But without doubt there remains the fact that in a large country there is the danger that it may be extremely difficult to hunt parts of it with anything like regularity, with a consequent increase in the damage done by foxes. Where this proves to be the case the Master will, it seems to me, have to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement with the farmers in these parts of his country.

It is impossible to generalise on the position of the farmer. In a great many cases he will not be able to make any very great claims on the hunt funds. But wherever possible—and a good many hunts have found it to be so—funds such as that devoted to poultry damage should remain open to the farmer for as long as can be. For hunting is now more than ever dependent on the goodwill of the farmer. And the farmer will probably lose a lot of money in the way of hunter breeding and of forage.

What exactly will happen to agriculture it is very difficult to say. The desirability—to use a mild word, for were not superlatives exhausted before the outbreak of war?—of increasing the amount of home-grown food was stressed by the *Field* months ago. Yet little has been done in the last few years, and only the other day a film was being shown in London, which asked the question, in all seriousness, whether we should grow more food in England. After presenting both views, the film left the impression that there was no need.

But whatever the view taken elsewhere, there can scarcely fail to be a great increase in the number of market gardens, poultry farms and allotments—and it is of the first national importance that this should be so. This may conceivably very much curtail the activities of hunts near large towns. It is also possible that some sort of Government control may be exercised over all agricultural land. How Whitehall would view hunting would remain to be seen. In fact, generally speaking, the relation between hunting and farming cannot be defined until the position of the farmer becomes more clear.

It is bound to be, from every point of view, a most difficult season. A great deal of goodwill, forbearance and accommodation is called for both from those left in charge, from those who are lucky enough to be still able to hunt with them, and from farmers. The one fact to keep in mind is that hunting must go on. Both as regards the future supply of horses for the army and because to stop hunting would simply add to the number of unemployed and would increase financial distress all over the country without any compensating gain, this great national sport and industry must not be allowed to lapse.

FITTING THE RIDER TO THE HORSE

By R. ANSELL WELLS

NOW that we are at war there can be very few people who are not in some sort of trouble or another; we are all faced with the necessity for completely altering our outlook upon life and of making the best of the conditions which have been forced upon us.

For many the outlook can hardly be considered hopeful, and the events of the past few weeks will have given many of those whose business it is to buy and sell horses much to think about. However, it is not with their present difficulties that I propose to treat in this article, but with the aspects of the trade which are inseparable from it in peace time and which are rarely, if ever, appreciated by the general public.

If there is one thing which is more important than any other in a dealer's business it is to suit the horse to the client. This may sound rather elementary, but it is, for all that, by far the most difficult problem with which the dealer is faced. He knows his horses, but in many cases he has but a very superficial idea of his client, and people seem to have an infuriating desire to buy the one horse which they will not like when they get it home!

Unless the client has purchased horses from the same source before the dealer will have but little idea of the man or woman with whom he has to deal. If he is wise he will have made all enquiries that he can as to the capabilities of the person concerned, but even then he will have to rely very largely upon the impression which he can gain in the course of seeing his man try one or two horses in a paddock. Upon his ability to make a correct estimate may depend his reputation as, if the horse which is eventually purchased does not suit the new owner, however good that horse may be, the name of the man from whom it came will be rather less than mud.

In the majority of cases those who are looking for horses must ride at least six before they buy one. There have been in the past, and are sure to be again, those whose boast it is that they have hunted so many days a week for half the season or more on horses which they have had on trial, without ever purchasing one; the reputation of such people usually precedes them, and anyone with any sense need bother no more, he should know what to do.

Nevertheless, the genuine would-be purchaser is entitled to a fair trial before making up his mind, and it is one of the drawbacks of a dealer's business that the more inexpert the buyer the more horses must he ride. There is no need to elaborate upon all the horrors which are inseparable from having to let a variety of the worst kinds of horsemen ride one's best horses, or upon the ways in which different horses will react to bad riding, and the hours of patient nagging which are necessary to restore a horse to his normal form after even half-a-day's hunting with a "mug" in the saddle, but there is another side to the question which is presented by the varying methods of efficient horsemen.

The greater part of a dealer's business lies with the average foxhunting men and women, and his horses have therefore to be schooled in such a manner as will be likely to appeal to those average people. Experience has shown that the average person will buy and will like a horse that requires just so much riding and no more. Such a person likes to feel that he or she is, to some extent, responsible for the day's outing and does not want to be a complete "passenger," but is, at the same time, all too willing for the horse to disregard the instructions which are given should those instructions prove to be wrong or to have been given at the wrong moment!

Horses, if they are to suit the majority of people who come into the yard, which, after all, is what they are there for, should be well-mannered and, when they see a fence, should cock their ears and take just a little bit of a hold. To every rule there are exceptions, and to this rule of the general requirements of the foxhunting public there are those exceptions which are to be found at both ends of the scale.

There is the "bruiser" who likes his horse to take charge every time he sees a fence; this, by the way,



THE STORRINGTON FOOT BEAGLES CARRY ON. HOUNDS ON THE MOVE AFTER A MEET AT PEPPERING FARM NEAR ARUNDEL

may be a sign of lion-like courage, or, on the other hand, it may be due to a desire to have a horse which, by this habit, will supply just that little extra bit of dash which is left wanting by a failing nerve. At the other end of the scale we find the careful and meticulous expert who likes to do it all himself; he is usually a fine horseman who rarely has a fall, and when he does is the first to blame himself and not the horse; but he has to give the whole of his attention to his horse and seldom has any to spare for hounds or other aspects of a day's hunting.

The dealer can, as a rule, only effect a sale if his horse carries the prospective purchaser in the way in which he likes to be carried, and it is often very difficult to suit all the possible and impossible kinds of people, however good one's horses may be. In the course of a short trial in the paddock the horse and the rider will not have time to adjust themselves to each other, and if a more extended trial is given in the hunting field it is all too likely that the rider will, in his efforts to get the horse going as he likes, completely upset it, which will necessitate a course of schooling afterwards; it does, however, offer a much greater chance of a sale, although the risks are enormously increased.

Having regard to the type of horse which the average person likes, it is easy to see that some of the worst offenders for upsetting horses are those who ride them on a loose rein at everything which comes in their path; they may be, and often are, good horsemen, but their methods do not fit in. It is also very important to know how these folk ride before making a selection of horses which are to be offered to them, as the following story will show. The story is quite true, and concerns an American who came over to Leicestershire on his first visit to England.

As is so often the case, the tales of his prowess which preceded him across the Atlantic were grossly exaggerated, and an all too enthusiastic friend, having turned down a well-schooled but somewhat uninspired hunter, selected an animal which was a genius over a country, but took a very fair hold. The result was, as might have been expected, that the animal arrived back in the yard at 1.45 p.m. to be followed by an exasperated American at 2.15 p.m.

Having been conveyed willy-nilly through 350 people for three-quarters of an hour or so in the morning, he was spluttering with rage and vowing vengeance upon all who crossed his path. Such was his temper that anything that was said only made matters worse, and he departed. Two days later, when the shame of that first appearance at The Chase was beginning to recede into the background, the dealer called at his hotel when he knew his man would be in. The result was that he sold the American six horses, and became a great friend of one whose only fault was that his tastes had been wrongly interpreted.

Such are a few of the troubles and trials which beset the dealer in horses in the course of his normal peace-time routine; he has many more besides, very many more, but they are more readily appreciated than those I have mentioned, which, because they arise from the customer himself, are such as he can hardly be expected to think of. With things as they are at present, it is hardly likely that many of us will be buying horses from dealers or anybody else, but when we do start once more, will it be too much to expect that some at least will try to remember that they themselves are the dealer's greatest trials, and that, after all, it may not have been his fault?



HUNTING AND ITS LITERATURE

By BRIG.-GENERAL C. G. HIGGINS, C.M.G., D.S.O.

IT is possible, I suppose, to enjoy fox-hunting without ever having read any of the classics on the subject; to be a votary of Venus without ever having sung her charms with the poets; to indulge in terpsichorean revels unaccompanied by the strains of music.

But this, surely, is rather a rough way of going through life, and not to be commended to those who want to get the best out of it.

Never can I stand outside a covert, on foot or horseback, when hounds are working up to their fox and listen to their single whimpers gradually swelling into a mighty chorus, without recalling those lines of Somerville:—

> "See! How they range
> Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
> They cross, examining with curious nose
> Each likely haunt. Hark! On the drag I hear
> Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
> More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth."

But, when Sergeant Horsefield in the celebrated Jorrocks trial wanted to awake the feelings of the jury to the thrills of the chase, he preferred to quote Shakespeare:—

> "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once
> When in the wood of Crete they bayed the bear,
> With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near,
> Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder!"

He was right. No nobler lines on the chase have ever been written, and they so excited Mr. Jorrocks that the Commissioners again had to threaten to turn him out of Court.

Probably few people will dispute that at the head of the list of classics on the sport of fox-hunting come the works of Somerville, Beckford and Surtees.

In the early spring of my military career, I and my contemporaries knew them by heart.

Beckford and Surtees have been my faithful companions through two wars and one honeymoon. Probably, had we devoted the same attention to our "Combined Training" and "King's Regulations," we might have risen to greater heights in our profession.

But as shells and bullets for ever put an end to both the hunting and soldiering of those I am thinking of, it matters not now.

As a survivor and having hunted a little ever since, I do not regret those early years of study of the works of those great writers.

And what a remarkable bond of union this knowledge forms between those who worship at the same shrine!

I call to mind many years ago attending an official dinner party at Simla—a form of entertainment I have never been fond of. I found myself to be the youngest and least distinguished guest of the party. On my right sat the Keeper of the dusty archives of one of the great Indian Provinces; on my left, a Government Treasury official. Neither of these gentlemen appeared to take any interest in me of any kind. Early on in the evening, therefore, I came to the conclusion that if I was going to get through the long entertainment without harbouring homicidal or suicidal thoughts, I must call Bacchus to my aid with all the freedom permitted me.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the situation changed. A waiter handed me some mince. I refused it, remarking to my left-hand neighbour, "I likes to chew my own meat." Immediately, the great man became human. "Ah! I see you know your Jorrocks." I did, there was no doubt about that. Now we were two enthusiasts together, and that evening which had started in gloom and distrust ended in joy and friendship.

I find it difficult to believe that the great majority of those people who have never read Beckford and Surtees can appreciate to the full their day's hunting, or observe the endless factors in nature which may affect scent in the course of the day. Does it ever occur to many of them to note the behaviour of birds, sheep and cattle and countless other things which may give a clue to the line their fox has taken? Do they ever speculate on the probability of their fox having been coursed by a dog at certain times, when without any apparent cause, scent which has been good, suddenly fails?

But Beckford will tell you about all these things in his *Thoughts on Hunting*, and read in his language, you will never forget them.

"Never had fox or hare the honour of being chased to death by so accomplished a hunter. He would bag a fox in Greek, find a hare in Latin, inspect his kennels in Italian, and direct the economy of his stables in excellent French." So wrote someone of this accomplished man many years ago.

A famous M.F.H. has also written, "No man or woman ought to be allowed in the hunting-field until they have read and thoroughly digested *Thoughts on Hunting*." I fear he would have a very small field behind him, if this was put into force now. In these days of Pony Clubs, one might add the word "children" to his remark, for long after many of the things that children are now taught at their clubs have been completely forgotten. Beckford and Surtees, to their everlasting benefit, would remain indelibly fixed in their memory, had they read them when young. And when they were grown up, did they know their Beckford, I think that, perhaps, there would be less of this constant stream of uninformed criticism which now circles round a huntsman's head.

And perhaps, too, we should cease to be regaled with those stories of a "perfectly marvellous hunt," when, if the truth be known, it was a complete double circle, and the marvel consists in having jumped twenty fences, forwards and backwards.

Surtees' characters can never die so long as hunting exists, and they can all be seen to-day in any large hunting field. For human nature never changes and the reactions of man to partnership with the noble horse seem to remain immovably constant.

Still to-day "some come to see, others to be seen; some for the ride out, others for the ride 'ome; some for happetites, some for 'ealth; some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt." Barnington and Jawleyford and all the Files and Fossets are with us to-day, and who has not seen that "last fumigating piece of conceit" cast up at the meet?

I must confess that about a year ago I suffered a great shock to my pride in the matter of my knowledge of that great book *Handley Cross*.

A certain paper had advertised a "Jorrocks Competition" with cash prizes. I looked upon it as cash already in my pocket. Every quotation in the set paper I knew and could give chapter and verse for. I checked and rechecked them over and over again. Only one slight doubt came into my mind, Pigg's abominable dialect had to be translated into English. I have always disliked reading any kind of dialect and all through the long years when I have taken up my *Handley Cross* I have never bothered to do more than get the general sense of what Pigg was saying. Now I had to give a literal translation of every word.

Determined not to let years of study go unrewarded for such a trifling omission as this, I wrote to a learned professor of languages hailing from Pigg's own country and asked him for his interpretation of Pigg's strange dialect.

Courteously he sent it. I did not like it when it came, and yet thought I must trust the professor. He lost me the prize, and my faith in professors living in Canny Newcassell has vanished for ever.

For those who can only read modern writers, Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* is a post-war classic. Fine hunting in fine English. There is, also, some wonderful hunting in *Sporting Prints*, by G. March-Phillips. Here again, there is not a false note anywhere to jar.

Probably most people will agree that for outstanding descriptions of hunts both *Facey Romford* and *Mr. Sponge* are superior to *Handley Cross*.

But many of the most attractive pages in the books of Surtees deal with all the former sights and sounds seen and heard on the road when going out and returning from hunting. These rides did, in truth, form one of the charms of hunting in the pre-war days.

Alas! they are gone for ever. For those rare people who hack both ways now, the time thus spent can only be described as a nightmare by day and a peril by night.

But who of my generation can forget some of those rides home along the lanes and by-ways of the English countryside in the company of some trusted friend or fair companion?

The horses shoulder to shoulder, and, with every step they take, romance and the twilight creeping on. Oh! for the lanes of England once again and close by one's side, the long graceful lines of a fair English girl set off by a faultless habit and crowned by a silk hat.

Now must youth, if he dare, ride with her on the straight and glittering tarmac road, hemmed in by impossible kerb stones.

Gone are the shadows and darkness. Instead, dazzled every minute by the blinding glare of the monster headlamps, and no longer able to ride beside her, his squinting eyes now fall, as like as not, on the back of her schoolboy coat, round thighs and—dare one write it—"hunting" cap. But no matter what they wear, they are all brave, very brave, when hounds run.



THE OLD BERKELEY GOING INTO COVERT AFTER A MEET AT COLESHILL WATER TOWER, NEAR AMERSHAM



W. S. BROWNLOW, MASTER AND ACTING SECRETARY OF THE ETON BEAGLES



MRS. BARRATT (FIELD MASTER), WITH MISS ROSEMARY BARRATT AT THE MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY



THE ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES CARRYING ON THOUGH WITH A REDUCED PACK

HUNTING DURING THE WAR

ALBRIGHTON.—This pack is carrying on, but 21 couples of hounds have been destroyed and five Hunt horses requisitioned. The Master remains in office and has a reduced staff under him.

BERKS, SOUTH.—Sir William Mount and Mr. J. G. King have both been called up, as also has been Mr. R. Palmer. The country has been taken over by the committee. Mr. Eric Palmer and Mr. Geoffrey Palmer are acting Masters on behalf of the committee, and are to hunt on Mondays and alternate Thursdays and Fridays. A number of hounds has been destroyed, and about half the Hunt horses have been bought by the authorities. So far there has been no change in the Hunt personnel. Scent has been bad. Litters are about the average, there being rather more in the Monday country. An average number of cubs have been accounted for.

CURRE'S, LADY.—Hounds are carrying on during the coming season as far as possible. The pack is being reduced by seven couples, and so far 20 horses of the Hunt have been requisitioned, but only enough are being kept for carrying on the Hunt. Mr. W. H. Fox, the joint-Master, has rejoined the Army, and the breeding of hounds is being supervised by Captain Forsyth Forrest in his absence.

DEVON, SOUTH.—Hounds, reduced to two days a week, were out on sixteen mornings during August and September, during which eight brace of cubs and a badger were accounted for. The young entry are doing well, a draft of three-and-a-half couples from the Percy being as good as their looks. Cubhunting started on August 15th with two rather scentless mornings amongst the Stover cubs. Two moorland days followed with a more helpful scent, and the month closed with useful work amongst the cubs of Yeatt and Gurrington. The best day to date came from Rowden Gate on September 12th, when a Blackaton Bog fox piloted hounds by the Cators to Corndon Common and thence down the Jordan valley to Lizwell Wood. Taken back to Blackaton Bog, a brace of cubs was accounted for. As regards arrangements, the intention is to carry on as long as possible. A number of hounds has been put down, and it is hoped to hunt two days a week, as already remarked, till further notice. Half of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned. There are no changes in the staff, except that Albert Haines comes as whipper-in *vice* E. Blatchford. The Hunt will continue to be run by a committee.

FERNIE.—Hounds are cubhunting two days a week, with Peeler hunting hounds. It is hoped to continue hunting during the season if possible.

PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND.—The Hunt has been carrying on with the cubhunting as usual. Very satisfactory mornings have been recorded, and large numbers of cubs killed. The Misses Wilson are carrying on, with Welsh as huntsman, and are adapting their arrangements to cope with war conditions.

VINE.—Owing to the generosity of Sir Stuart and Miss Ralli, who becomes Master in the absence of Mr. Fox on active service, it has been found possible to carry on the hunting of the Vine country for the coming season on Tuesdays and Saturdays, as usual, with a skeleton pack and staff, and drastically cutting down all kennel expenses. Thanks are also due to those members and subscribers who have made the above decision possible by paying, or promising to pay, their subscriptions whether they themselves are able to hunt or not. Under the circumstances, the Hunt committee much regrets that it will be impossible to pay out the usual fees to the keepers for finds, litters and stopping, and also that it will be impossible to meet the poultry claims. H. Gould will hunt the hounds, with Major H. C. Booth as hon. whipper-in, and Mr. H. G. Watson, Sawyer's Lands, Silchester, continues as hon. secretary.

WOODLAND.—As Major J. S. Judd has joined up since the outbreak of war, Mr. H. Wynmalen, the joint-Master, will carry on alone for the time being. It is hoped to keep hunting going one day a week (Saturdays), with an occasional by-day (Wednesdays) with a reduced pack of sixteen couples. Jack Beck will hunt hounds, with Mr. J. D. Parmiter and S. Fancourt as whippers-in. It is hoped that as many followers as possible will continue their support in order to help the Hunt through a difficult time. Cubhunting has been successful, with an excellent supply of foxes and hounds showing great form. It is hoped, therefore, to be able to show good sport, notwithstanding the drastic reductions made in kennels and stables to ensure economy.

YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH).—This pack will carry on two days a week instead of three. About one-third of the pack has been destroyed, and six of the Hunt horses have been requisitioned so far. Up to the time of writing there have been no changes in the staff.

SCOTTISH HORSE BEAGLES.—On Saturday, September 30th, this newly formed pack, loaned by the Eton Beagles, met somewhere in "Scotland" beside a famous beech hedge on that delightful estate owned by an officer of the regiment. Hounds were hunted by Lieutenant Douglas Nicholson, with Lieutenant R. Campbell-Preston and Captain Maurice Cox whipping-in. (This hunt staff is better known hunting hounds in peace-time.) The field consisted of twelve officers and 60 troopers of the regiment, also fifteen A.T.S. (women). At first hounds had trouble with a surfeit of hares, but in another area a good hare was pushed out of a large root field. Going towards the river, hounds ran with a great cry along the bank and killed after a fast hunt.

YEARLINGS FOR THE NEWMARKET SALES

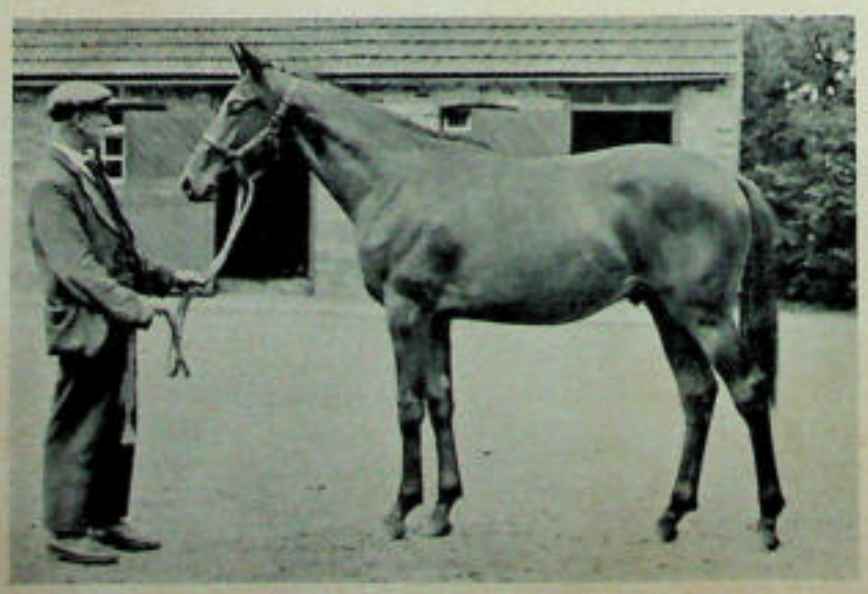
Next week sees the resumption of racing on a war scale at Newmarket, and the yearling sales should arouse great interest among breeders. Below are some representatives of four famous studs



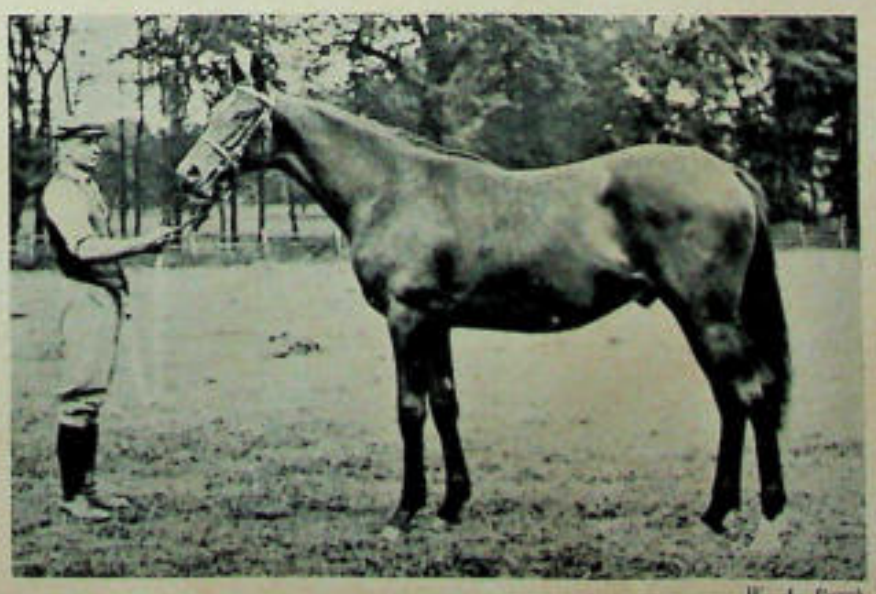
BAY COLT BY GAINSBOROUGH—PERCE NEIGE
From Lady James Douglas's Harwood Stud



VALDARIAN, BAY COLT BY TIBERIUS—HAINTONETTE
From the Sezincote Stud



BAY COLT BY BAHRAM—APPLE RING
From Captain J. B. and Lady Moyra FitzGerald's Walton Manor Stud



W. A. Rouch

BAY COLT BY COLOMBO—FUTURITY
From Captain J. Farr's Worksop Manor Stud

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN FOX

By RICHARD CLAPHAM

THE English Lake District with its high fells, crags, rocks, scree-beds, and heterogeneous rough going, hardly fits in with one's preconceived idea of a hunting country, yet it provides grand sport for those who are willing to forego riding and follow hounds on foot.

Certain of the mountains, such as Helvellyn and Seawfell, rise to a height of over 3,000ft., while many others are well above the 2,000ft. mark. These fells comprise a country of rocks and crags, deep ghylls and watercourses, with scree-beds strewn broadcast beneath the taller cliffs. The latter are seamed and intersected with ledges, known in local parlance as "binks," on which is often found a luxurious growth of heather or blackberry. It is on these snug, well-sheltered ledges that the mountain fox loves to make his kennel. Protected from the wind, with a wide view of all the ground below, Reynard curls up to sleep away the daylight hours.

The true hill fox is a big, long-legged, grey-backed customer that often weighs as much as 20lb. The Ullswater Foxhounds once killed a 23-pounder on Cross Fell. Roughly speaking, the average dog fox weighs about 15lb., and the vixen 13½lb., but these weights are often greatly exceeded on the fells.

In his habits the mountain fox differs little from his relations in the Midlands. During the day he makes his kennel at a high elevation, but when the sun begins to sink he leaves his bed and turns downhill in the direction of the dales.

On the bare, open fells his chief food supply consists of beetles, frogs, field voles, and occasional carcasses of dead sheep. In order to capture more substantial fare like rabbits, hares, grouse and other game, he is compelled to travel long distances to the low ground. He also eats a certain amount of wild fruit, but, above everything, he likes beetles.

The latter are extraordinarily plentiful on the fells in summer, and the foxes eat thousands of them. Occasionally he falls from grace by killing lambs in spring. Every season a certain number of lambs are worried by foxes, and when this happens the farmer sends for the local hounds to put paid to the marauder's account. After killing a lamb, Reynard often bites the tail off before he carries the carcass away. When his night's hunting trip is over, he wanders back at daybreak to his kennel far up the fellside, and curls up amongst the rocks, or on some favourite ledge in the face of a crag.

To-day foxes are plentiful on the lakeland fells, and they afford capital sport for the five packs of fell hounds which hunt the district.

Owing to the exigencies of the rough and precipitous going on the fells, the hounds comprising these packs are of a different type from those you see in the Midlands. Heavy hounds can't stand the work, and very soon knock themselves to pieces. When you come to think that the fell hounds often have to chase their fox across the steep slopes of mountains like Helvellyn and Scawfell, you can understand that weight soon tells a tale.

What you want for fell hunting is a light-built hound, standing 22½in. or thereabouts in height, with hare feet, oblique posterns, and sloping shoulders. Such a hound gives an impression of lightness, activity, and pace, coupled with wonderful stamina; in fact, exactly the type to cope with the dangerous crags and general rough going to be found on our lakeland fells. The majority of these fell hounds are light-coloured with white predominating. The advantage of being light-coloured is that you can see them against the dark background of the fell when they are a long way off. Their huntsman being on foot cannot keep up with them, but if they give plenty of tongue so that he can hear them, and show up clearly when they are in sight, he is able to keep in touch until they kill their fox or run him to ground.

When it comes to hunting the mountain fox, the mode of procedure is different from that in the Midlands. There are no coverts on the fells into which you can throw your hounds with the certainty of a find. Instead, a fox may be lying anywhere, and in order to find him hounds must first pick up a drag, otherwise the line left by Reynard during his previous night's feeding expedition. The huntsman casts off his hounds on the fell, and they immediately busy themselves searching for a drag.

Having picked it up, they proclaim the fact by throwing their tongues in no uncertain manner, and away they go. If you are fond of hound work there is no prettier sight than a fell pack working out all the twists and turns of a drag.



GONE TO GROUND IN A SLATE QUARRY

At last the line leads them to the vicinity of where their fox is lying. Should he be in the face of a crag and think himself safe, he may wait until hounds are almost on top of him, otherwise he may steal quietly away and so get a good start. Even if you can't see them, you can tell when hounds have unkennelled their fox by the change in their cry. The steady music of the drag becomes a wild, full-throated chorus as they strike the line where he has gone away.

Hounds soon leave the huntsman and the field behind, but their cry can be heard at a long distance on a clear day, and even if they get out of hearing altogether, the huntsman has a pretty good idea of where to make for. By constantly listening and watching for the movements of other followers who have joined in, or those of sheep, fell ponies, &c., you can generally keep in touch and eventually come in sight of hounds again, either running or marking their fox to ground in one of the numerous big rock-earths or "borrans" as they are locally called. There are times when you can see almost the whole of a run from the fell top without moving more than a few hundred yards. While it pays as a rule to climb out to the top, there are days when people down below get the best view of a hunt.

Weather is often the fell foxhunter's bugbear, especially mist. The latter blankets your view, and tends to muffle sounds so that the distant cry of hounds is difficult to hear. Wind, too, often makes hard work of it, for it sometimes blows so strongly on the high tops that you cannot face it.



A FELL HUNTSMAN AND HIS TERRIERS

Should there be snow on the ground, both fox and hounds leave their footprints in it, and these will give you your direction. Hounds can often run hard in soft snow, and as they are longer-legged than their fox they may kill him very quickly in the heavy going. The fell hounds regularly hunt in the snow, but when the latter is crusted and hard, and icicles are hanging from the crags, it becomes too dangerous to take hounds out.

Earth-stopping is, of course, impossible on the fells, and a hunted fox can get in almost anywhere. To the credit of the breed be it said, a very good percentage of them refuse to go to ground and are killed fairly and squarely in the open. The big rock-earths or "borrans" consist of masses of piled-up boulders which in some cases cover a lot of ground. Beneath them are endless deep subterranean passages. Rubbish heaps of disused slate quarries are often occupied by foxes. Some of these "borrans" are impregnable places.

In order to bolt foxes from these earths you require first-class working terriers. They must be hard, never-say-die sorts, because a big hill fox can deal out severe punishment to a terrier, especially if Reynard holds the upper position, as is usually the case. In spring, when lamb-worrying is going on, a fox that gets to ground must either bolt or face the terriers. If he doesn't bolt his shrift is generally short. Hounds hunt for the benefit of the farmers as well as for sport, and a lamb-killing fox is a criminal that deserves the death sentence.

During the regular season hounds meet about 9 a.m., but in spring when they are out after the lamb-worriers they meet at daybreak in order to take advantage of the dew before the sun gets up and dispels the scent.



HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS IN HEAVY SNOW



WATCHING HOUNDS ON THE FELL ABOVE

EXPERIENCES WITH SYNTHETIC GUT

By A. COURTNEY WILLIAMS

HAVING enjoyed the opportunity of testing this new substance for a longer period than most anglers in Great Britain, my experience of it for salmon and trout fishing may be of some interest to others.

Nylon has been evolved in the U.S.A. after many years of experiment and the expenditure of a vast sum of money. A bi-product of coal, it is destined to be utilised in the manufacture of "ladderless" silk stockings. The fisherman, however, is more concerned with it in that stage of its manufacture in which it closely resembles silkworm gut and is technically known as polymeric monofilament synthetic gut.

It has been marketed in this country under several names: "Monofil," "Monoflow," "Millflex," &c., and already a large number of anglers have tested it, but the great majority have yet to appreciate its merits; possibly they classify it in their own minds as another type, possibly a superior type, of what is commonly known as "gut substitute," which is a Japanese product consisting of silk thread core covered with glutinous matter. On handling Nylon one discovers that it is smooth and round without the flats and weaknesses common to the natural product. Its elasticity will also be apparent. The strength of Nylon is almost the same, size for size, as the best silkworm gut: in no case is it less, and in the finer sizes it is rather stronger.

When the cast is unwound it lies almost straight, and this combined with the fact that it does not require soaking before use, enables one to start fishing immediately without those usual preliminaries, which although small in themselves cause an irritating delay to those of us who are impatient. Synthetic gut can also be knotted in a dry state, or, to be correct, it must only be knotted when dry or the knot may draw.

On the whole it makes up into excellent fly casts although, being rather less "steely" than silk worm gut, a 3X or 4X point may blow back a little on the water when fished against a wind. This, however, is only apparent when casting into a stiffish breeze. The difficulty can be overcome by using a cast with a steeper taper than customary, say, a stout to 2X, medium to 3X or extra fine to 4X.

Nylon is less visible than gut (there being less glint), and it gives much more "life" to a wet fly. A well-known Scottish angler tells me that this latter point is most marked and has resulted in his getting much larger catches than formerly. A synthetic cast with a natural gut point seems a possibility, but the two materials do not appear to "marry" well, and the result is not as satisfactory as one might expect. My experience with this type of mixed cast is small, and I intend to test it further before coming to a definite conclusion.

An occasional complaint is that the knot slips at the eye of the hook, and consequently one leaves flies in fish. Personally I use an ordinary over hand knot (putting in an extra twist for safety, and not cutting off the projecting end too close to the end), and so far I have neither been broken by or lost a fly in a fish.

It seems likely that this trouble occurs when changing a fly and a new knot is tied in the wet cast. The remedy is to dry the point thoroughly before attaching the new fly. A more serious criticism is that the 4X synthetic gut sometimes breaks too easily. On the other hand, the majority of users appear to find it quite satisfactory, and the trouble may perhaps be more fairly attributed to the heavy handedness of the fisherman than to any fault in the gut, although one cannot entirely rule out the possibility of some occasional manufacturing fault. One experienced angler assures me that he has lifted a 11lb. dead weight on 8X Nylon—a remarkable tribute to its strength.

The greatest merit of synthetic gut would appear to be its quite amazing durability. It does not fray, swell or split, and retains its nature far longer than even the best natural gut. Personally, I have had nearly 40 good trout, nearly all of them over a pound, and many around the 2lb. mark on the same "Monoflow" cast. Eventually the 3X point was replaced, because with frequently snipping off the fly it had become too short, but the remainder of the cast was just as good as when first used.

The wearing qualities of synthetic gut were even more evident when salmon fishing. A friend of mine killed over 20 fish this spring on a 5/5 Monoflow cast, using it both for prawn and fly on a rocky river. The fish averaged about 15lb. each. He tells me that this cast shows little signs of wear and expresses the opinion that no silkworm gut could possibly have stood up to such a severe test.

Whether Nylon will deteriorate and become brittle with age like natural gut remains to be seen, but in view of the way in which it retains its nature when in use this would appear to be unlikely. This possibility should be very pleasing to fishermen if not to those who sell tackle. The price of the synthetic material is a little less expensive than the best Spanish gut in the finer sizes, and considerably so in the heavier sizes. As an example a 3yds. Monoflow or Millflex cast in the heavy salmon (3/5) size costs but 3/- against about 14/- in natural gut. These figures, of course, are pre-war.

In America it has been claimed that the artificial product is vastly superior to silkworm gut. Startling as this suggestion may at first appear, and admitting that there is still a lot to be learnt about Nylon, when one considers its many undoubted advantages, one wonders whether the claim is as fantastic as it may seem. In view of my own limited experience of the synthetic gut, I should hesitate to commit myself as regards trout casts, good as they are, but I feel pretty sure that for salmon, sea and probably coarse fishing, it will eventually take the place of silkworm gut.

In this country Nylon has been handled by the I.C.I., and for angling purposes marketed by some of the large tackle wholesalers. At present it is all imported from America, although it was hoped (within the next two years) to be able to produce in England as well.



TO A TROUT STREAM

A rippling gravel-bedded stream,
Through which at times white pebbles gleam,
A low cascade to aid its flow,
And feed the sparkling wave below,
An alder bush beside the fall
To shade the stream with leafy pall,
And bending boughs to kiss the wave,
And tender trailing foliage lave,
A certain haunt of lusty trout;
No angler there success could doubt.

He came; he saw the lovely place,
Complete with nature's fairest grace,
His angler's heart with joy was filled;
And gladdening hope his spirit thrilled,
A cast, a rise, a strike, a swirl,
A mighty rush, a leap, a whirl,
A pause, a dash, a spinning reel,
A fight for life 'gainst angler's zeal!
A gallant fish, a deadly foe—
A tale that all true anglers know!

T. H. CHETWYND.

"HANDS" AND PATIENCE

"DISTOFFER'S" workmanlike article in your issue of August 26th, under the heading "Pointers from Three Instructive Trout," tempts me to wander into words in describing similar experiences which entirely endorse "Distoffer's" valuable conclusions, and, like his, must be of great comfort to others similarly placed.

The first experience was encountered when a salmon, not far short of the 30lb. mark, in a fast run rose to a No. 2 Kilroy Black and Blue (*i.e.*, Blue Charm) with a great boil in a howling S.W. gale. I was astounded to realise it was to my own fly, but the gusts were so boisterous that it was impossible to keep in touch with one's efforts, as the outfit was all too inadequate for such conditions, viz., an aged 10ft. steel centre Hardy dry-fly rod, greased line and 2x gut.

After many attempts to outwit the S.W. cross-wind gale, the fly fell where I thought it might have the first time; again there was the same big boil, a carefully timed tauten up and "contact." After a fairly beetle time the fish took charge and made downstream. It was necessary to run in the opposite direction to gain a plank bridge over a carrier leading to a high railway embankment, when the run was at last checked, and, after half an hour, there was every chance of a successful ending, when the fish went into a thick weed bed.

This did not worry one too much, as it had often happened before, but the cardinal mistake made on that occasion was keeping too taut a line on the fish, the pressure being augmented by the gale. After 20 minutes spent by two friends, in bombarding the weed bed with railway ballast, the hook came away, and it was impossible to tell at what period the fish transferred the fly to the toughish weed with which evidently it had filled its mouth.

Had I read "Distoffer's" article, the ending, I feel sure, would have been different.

This 10ft. rod and 2x gut have accounted for scores of fish up to 25lb., on greased line, nor can I remember one instance of the 2x gut breaking, because one cannot exercise any great pressure with such gear, the great aim being to keep in touch with your fish even when weeded. Then, of course, your position is downstream, and the fish will free itself and be ready for gaffing in an hour or more, if you are by yourself.

The failure of this policy of "staying with" your fish led, some five years ago, to a major catastrophe, when quite unexpected contact was made with a big salmon, whose first run beat anything one has experienced in a fast river in Norway for almost incredible speed. This occurred in a fairly slow running river in Dorset.

Again the cardinal mistake made was the use of far too much pressure by "walking-up" the fish many times to get him out of the swift water of the big hatch-pool into which he had run. After an hour and a half the hook flew into the air, but had one been content to "stay with" this fish for even four to five hours, a different tale could have been told, as Colonel Noel Llewellyn, who has fished all over the world, saw this fish in the bright sunshine in fairly shallow water two days before, and he and the late Rev. T. Fillcul, who also saw the fish the week after, put it down as nearer 70lb. than 60lb. Both of these fishers had had a life-long experience and were capable of giving an expert opinion.

This fish was hooked spinning with very different gear from the greased line outfit, consequently one was able, unfortunately, to put the maximum tension on the fish the whole time until the hook-hold gave.

Flyfishers' Club. PISCATOR IN PURBECK.

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU



THE LINCOLNSHIRE HILLS

By GWENDOLINE C. HAMILTON

AN article once written by the late Mr. E. V. Lucas, in which he declared that he had made a delightful discovery of a (to him) hitherto unknown English county, decided me to explore it. His enthusiasm over Lincolnshire, and conversations with various friends who assured me that "very few people ever visited it, but only went through it on their way to Scotland or Yorkshire" made me doubly eager to go there.

It sounded so strangely attractive in pre-war days of crowded roads and traffic-laden villages. Alluring mental pictures of solitary straight roads and undisturbed wide marshes arose in my mind: limitless flats and fens and dykes, windmills and wind-tossed rushes called to me. I could enjoy that atmosphere of calm and infinite distance which Holland gives, without the risk of a rough crossing from Harwich: but it would perhaps be best to borrow a guide book and buy a map of "the least-known county" as it is, after all, the second largest in England.

Then, and not till then, I must admit did I realise there were lines of hills and wolds from 500 to 1,000 feet running through Lincolnshire, and rising abruptly from the low flat land which does, of course, make up a good two-thirds of the county. And not only hills and rolling "downs" or wolds (for there is really hardly any difference between them), but immense expanse of level grass-land, root crop and rich red-coppery earth. I seemed to have left the modern world behind me. Except for one or two tiny daubs of distant red and green, which betokened farms and homesteads, the picture was much the same as it had been when the Plantagenets and Tudors reigned. A few more and far better kept roads, of course, more frequent bridges, dykes (and, perhaps, cleaner dykes), but otherwise no sign of any life or movement save the calling of sea and land birds and the leisurely "cropping" of cows and sheep.

In just such a setting as Tennyson describes it I came upon "Locksley Hall," austere, gloomy and remote, as his words painted it, and then as now "the curlews were calling—calling over Locksley Hall!" The hackneyed and familiar lines echoed in my brain as I gazed upon the scene and listened to the wind blowing landwards off the sea which is less than two miles away.

"'Tis the place, and all round it as of old the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland-flying over Locksley Hall,
Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts."



LOCKSLEY HALL, THE SCENE OF TENNYSON'S POEM

lovely leafy villages, spreading trees, woods and roads which run up and down steep, sudden gradients. In fact some of the most fascinating parts of the county reminded me of an enthralling switch-back railway, diversified by winding, twisting lanes and unexpected villages, just as old and tree-shadowed as many famous ones in the more-sought-after southern counties.

No county that I have ever been in has such quick and acute contrasts. For in less than half an hour's ride, and sometimes in a few minutes, a long, high ridge of hills merges suddenly into the traditional flats and woods, winding lanes and pretty villages have given place to limitless marshland and huge grazing fields swept by a strong sea wind.

To a great number of the public, who in peace time have been eager to get north to the Yorkshire moors or Scottish Highlands, there are only the long arterial roads near Doncaster to Selby. All along this route, which runs sometimes in Yorkshire and at others in Lincolnshire, the county seems an interminable stretch of monotonous, featureless, market gardens and potato fields; with at intervals farms piled high with market baskets and dotted with stooping and industrious "pickers."

No wonder that the county is sometimes described as awfully dreary, flat, and commercial, for this particular route is nothing but a succession of prosperous busy market gardens and occasional "new industries." But leave the main roads for the Wolds or the marshes and the coast and there will be found a new world and yet an old one, for there is very little changed. Here, the hurried march of centuries has stopped and there is an immediate feeling of wide-stretched illimitable loneliness and peace.

As I made my way over the perpetual little marshland bridges which span the great dykes—many fifteen to twenty feet deep, often filled with high brown feathery rushes—and gazed over the

Occasionally, after miles and miles of this fertile, windy loneliness, one finds a little oasis of trees and gardens and comes upon a village full of cottages, flowers and beauty. Some of these are a sort of island suburb to the little coast resorts, where many people have realised how wonderful the long firm sands and sand dunes of this flat coast can be for children and for bathing.

It seems as if Lincolnshire had inspired many poets, for at my first sight of the magnificent lines of the famous Boston "Stump," rising in its architectural splendour right out of the surrounding marshes, Jean Ingelow's well-known verses occurred to me.

They were written about the great rising of the river Lindus on the coast in 1571, when miles of country were then inundated, and many lives saved by the ringing of the Boston Steeple bells which always played a tune called "The Brides of Enderby" when any danger threatened.

When clouds and evening darkness began to obscure the distance their words returned with a poignant realisation of what a flood out there could be with the limited communications of the Middle Ages; and no wonder "when the Ringers ran by two by three" that the Old Mayor climbed the Belfry Tower and urged them to do their best—

"Pull! if ye never pulled before
Good ringers pull your best quoth he."

This is no country to be in on dark foggy nights, for the roads are narrow and the dykes a sheer drop of many feet on either side. But I can see now what so many artists have assured me that it is indeed a country to paint, with its wonderful sweeps of sky and wide horizons. Clouds here seem to assume a new meaning and beauty. It is a country of space and colours laid on with a firm and unhesitating hand; a country of primitive values and peace and rich red prolific earth.



CLEANING OUT THE STABLES

FROM THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY

IT is impossible to estimate the far-reaching effects the general exodus of town children to the country will eventually have on their character and outlook on life. The quiet peace of the countryside after the roar of traffic in towns, and the fresh air unpolluted by fumes from factories and cars, should have a lastingly beneficial effect on their health of body and mind. Good country food and fresh milk in place of tinned produce, and plenty of exercise in the fields, will go far towards eliminating the harmful effects of town life, street games, and constant visits to badly ventilated cinemas.

Undoubtedly, too, contact with animals is a valuable factor in the development of a child's character, giving self confidence, and teaching silent lessons in patience, kindness, regularity and self-control. Farmers and teachers in charge of evacuated children would do well to consider the example of Odam Hill Children's Farm, in North Devon, where a new plan has been devised to overcome the difficulty of accustoming the children to country life. Each child is encouraged to take a special interest in one animal, and, under proper supervision, groom it, feed it, and, in the case of goats, do the milking morning and evening.

Most town children have a natural fear of the larger farm animals, and so at first they are only asked to help with harmless creatures such as chickens, ducks and little pigs. But later they take their turn with the goats, and finally help in the stables with the cows and horses. With these larger animals a certain amount of care and common-sense must naturally always be exercised.

Children will soon realise that milking cows is a task for grown-ups only, but they will be delighted to help with the feeding of the calves and other odd jobs. When they learn that the cowsheds and stables are actually the homes of the farm animals, they are only too ready to clean them out.

Many of the children now in the country for the first time have probably never before realised that the milk that they get every morning in bottles is produced by cows. Of course, the newspaper story of the child who said at breakfast the first morning on a farm, "This ain't an egg—it ain't got 'Danish' on it," may not be true, but it does go to show how wide the gap is between town and country. A personal experience of the funny mistakes town children can make was a remark overheard recently at Odam Hill, when a little girl called tassels on a goat's throat the animal's "pedigrees"!

H. NEWMAN.



A CONGENIAL JOB

TEACHING TOWN CHILDREN TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES IN THE COUNTRY



ODAM HILL CHILDREN'S FARM



A GOAT MILKING EXHIBITION

This farm in Devonshire is not the sort one expects to find. It is a modern building planned for affording the maximum light and air. The girl in the foreground of the second picture is an expert milker and now has an important job in teaching the town children to milk. The herd is being enlarged to supply milk to all the evacuees and make them self-supporting



WEIGHING THE MILK



TWO EXMOOR PONIES MUCH IN DEMAND FOR RIDING LESSONS

A careful record is kept of the milk obtained from each goat, morning and evening, and entered in the Odam herd book



GOATS IN THEIR STALLS WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS



A BED-TIME STORY FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Looking after animals gives the child valuable lessons in patience, kindness, regularity and self-control. As will be seen, the younger ones are ready for sleep after a day in the open air



AFTER FEEDING HER FAMILY THE HEN WENT ALL BROODY, SLACKENED HER FEATHERS, AND SETTLED DOWN ON THE NEST



A CLOSE-UP VIEW IS NEEDED TO REVEAL THE BEAUTY OF HER STREAKED PLUMAGE

THE REED BUNTING

By GUY B. FARRAR

DOWN in the water meadow with its tall clumps of dark rushes, its masses of yellow kingcups looking like a hoard of miser's gold, the green sword blades of iris leaves springing from wet places where forget-me-not grows, a small brown bird with a conspicuous black and white headdress may often be seen in May clinging to a swaying stem, or perched on a rotting post.

His anxious call of "chit," an oft-repeated alarm signal, tells us that this male reed bunting has a nest containing eggs or young hidden in a tuft of nearby rushes, or amongst the long rank marsh grass. If we approach too close to the actual site both birds will fly anxiously round us in narrow circles, alighting every few moments on a low bush or reed clump. At one nest I watched and photographed in North Lancashire the hen performed the broken wing act every time I approached, a purely instinctive action as she was quite fearless, returning to brood the youngsters as soon as I entered the hide.

At another nest the cock resolutely refused to brave the eye of the camera although his wife was the tamest of the tame. I believe he supplied her with food for the young so frequently did he return with insects or larvæ. When the hide was removed he at once resumed his paternal duties.

The reed bunting nests I have examined have always been close to the ground, but never actually on it, a foundation of bents and moss being lined with finer grasses and, in one instance, a little horsehair. The clutches of four or five eggs have always been buffish brown with streaks and speckling of very deep brown, but considerable variations do occur. Nestlings are covered with sooty black down, their rose pink mouths having pale yellow flanges. They are very susceptible to sunlight, and must on no account be allowed to remain exposed for long periods on a sunny day. If either of the parent birds begins to act as a feathered parasol, shielding the chicks with outstretched wings, it is a warning to cease photographic work and cover up the nest for an hour or so.



PERCHED ON AN OLD POST, PATIENTLY WAITING HIS TURN TO FEED THE YOUNG

At this North Lancashire nest a curious incident occurred, a second female kindly deciding to lend a hand with feeding the young. Unfortunately, the rightful owners were both at the nest when she arrived. A regrettable scene then occurred between the two hens, green caterpillars being scattered in all directions, the youngsters losing their dinner.

Both the cock and hen reed bunting brood the young. At another nest I watched the male brooded persistently, his wife bringing the bulk of the food to the nest. If they chanced to arrive together she always fed first, while he, perched on an old post, a caterpillar in his beak, patiently waited his turn to visit his family.

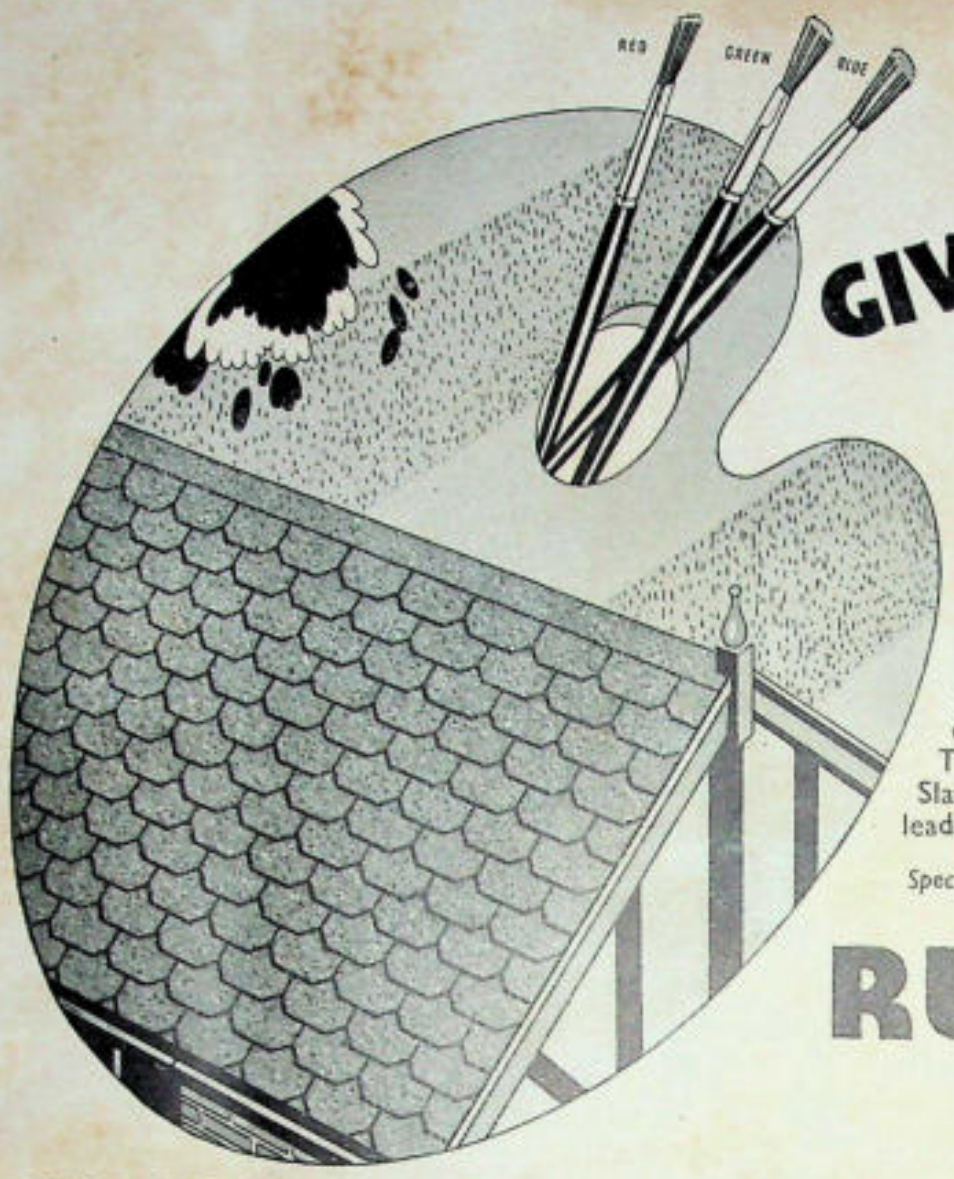
Except, perhaps, for the male yellow wagtail, a golden vision in early spring, I regard the cock reed bunting as being the most beautiful and interesting summer resident of our water meadows. The mahogany and buff patterning of the hen, her buff eye stripe and throat and dark moustachial streak, make her almost as attractive as the male, but a close-up view is needed to reveal the beauty of her streaked plumage.

Reed buntings are well distributed throughout the British Isles, but in spite of being common, there are few birds that give more pleasure either to watch or photograph.





LEFT: THE HANDSOME MALE AT THE NEST. RIGHT: SHIELDING THE YOUNGSTERS FROM THE SUN'S RAYS, THE FEMALE ACTING AS A FEATHERED PARASOL



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THE USE OF THE REVOLVER

By Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. LEE, I.D.F., V.D.

(Late Instructor in Pistol Shooting, Burma Division).

HUNDREDS of young officers are on their way to the front. They have been supplied with a very efficient service revolver. But perhaps for the most of them a hefty stick or a half-brick in a stocking would give more confidence. Not because these implements would be of much value in a mortal struggle, but because the revolver has never come their way; it would be little better than an inferior club. Before the Great War it was fashionable to affect contempt for the sword and revolver. Whether this attitude has changed time alone will show.

After the war and up to 1936 political prejudices laid a great strain on those who felt the need of training in the use of knightly weapons. Now the "Dick Turpins" over the Maginot Line will not, with old-fashioned courtesy, invite "Monsieur" to fire first. For better or worse the battle is joined. May I then, offer these few notes, the result of long experience? Perhaps they may help a few whose knowledge of a difficult art is a bit sketchy, by putting them on the road to help themselves.

Should anyone doubt the value of a revolver, I invite such to look up the *Field*, 1904. There he will see reproduced a target which would do credit to a rifleman. It was shot by W. O. Raven at a 5-in. bull at 50-yds. with a target revolver; of six shots, five would have struck a threepenny piece. The new service revolver is of .38 calibre, it is lighter and better balanced than the .45, but whether it has the same stopping power remains to be proved.

Anyone who for the first time handles one of these weapons need not dismount the action, it is sufficient for him to know how it works.

Revolver shooting is partly a matter of natural aptitude, but much more of constant and intelligent practice. No two weapons shoot exactly alike, and until you know its shooting you can have no confidence in your revolver; you must test it as you would a rifle. Do not at first hold it with one hand, but sit on the ground and shoot at a 3in. bull at 20yds. just as you would in the "sitting position" on the rifle range, or you may use a rest (not a rigid one) until you can put all your shots into the 3in. bull. If they will not go there, as a rifleman you will know how to correct the sighting by the use of a small flat file, which must be used carefully, and the shooting tested after each application.

Now fix up a sheet of brown paper or cardboard 5ft. high and 2ft. wide, on it put a black bull's eye, circular and 10in in diameter. Stand ten yards from this target; if right-handed with the heels about a foot apart, the right toe more or less pointing to the target; the body not quite sideways to the bull, but with the left shoulder brought slightly forward until you have your standing firm and comfortable.

Now, laying aside the pistol extend your arm and point with the fore-finger at the bull. You will find that you cover the bull every time. That is the whole secret of instinctive pistol shooting. Take up the pistol and push it direct on the mark, just as you did your finger.

By shifting your grip, which should be loose, you will soon find that the foresight comes on to the bull. You are already a revolver shot.

Now load up with some live rounds, cock the trigger, point as you did before and fire. If your shots go wild, close up to 5yds. and stay there until all your shots begin to gather in the centre of the brown paper, never mind about the bull, try to get your perpendicular line correct.

Having once sighted your revolver, using it as a rifle, held in both hands, do not further trouble about bull's-eye target shooting. It only falls to the lot of a few to become a first-class target shot with deliberate aiming. That is a young man's game with success mostly achieved in the heyday of youth when the nerves are under full control and the health unimpaired. Rifle shooting is on a different plane altogether. So let me urge you not to specialise in deliberate aiming. There must be no dwelling on the aim. That would spoil all and give your friend the enemy time to get in his shot first.

When you find yourself centering your shots practise advancing on the target and firing at a word of command. Vary the sport by walking over rough ground like the snipe-shooter, firing perhaps with one foot in a hole and the other on a bank.

Get a friend behind the bank to lift a tin-can on a stick, and shoot at it on sight, a known time exposure is useless, and results in "poking." Next, stand with your back to the target and fire without a pause. Then ask your obliging friend to roll a hoop covered with brown paper first to right then to left. Here, again, there must be no conscious aiming over the sights, you should be turned away until the hoop starts its run. Fire on the turn.

Practise! Practise! that is the secret, when the chance of a deliberate shot presents itself, think of your revolver as a miniature rifle, use it with both hands as a rifle or prop it on a rest, a walking stick, a tree branch or your left arm; your duty is to hit not to try to rival the Bisley target shot, to whom this counsel does not apply.

Do not imitate the "cow-boy" of the pictures; and bring down the pistol from over your head; that



EX-ROYAL MARINES IN THE POLICE FORCE AT REVOLVER PRACTICE

The barrel is pushed forward and fired and not brought down from over the head as done by the "cow-boy" of the pictures. That method obscures the mark and wastes precious time.

way obscures the mark and wastes precious time. Just push the barrel forward and fire; I can assure you that a high degree of accuracy can be got in shooting from the pocket level. Indeed the quickest is made from the right-hand jacket pocket if that be wide and easy to reach. Eschew fancy holsters.

An automatic shoots at twice the pace of the double action revolver, which makes constant practice with the double action very advisable. To learn the exact moment when the trigger will fall is a knack, but for war work is worth all the target work put together. One last word, if you have to shoot, choose the widest part of your target's anatomy; and get your shot in first.

DOGS FOR THE ARMY

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

SO far nothing has been done by the military authorities about starting a school for the training of dogs for the Army, and I am unable to say if anything of the kind is likely to occur. The Great War had been in progress for nearly three years when Colonel Richardson was put in charge of a War Dog School at Shoeburyness. The country was well combed then for suitable animals, and in a little over a year more than 600 had been sent to the front.

The experience gained then showed that nothing smaller than an Airedale terrier answered the purpose. The other terriers, though alert enough for sentry duty, at any rate, never seemed to overcome their natural propensity to loiter on the way, if sent with messages, to investigate anything interesting that might cross their path. It is absolutely necessary to have dogs that will attend to their business without wasting time over other preoccupations.

Roughly speaking, war dogs may be used for sentry and guard duties, for carrying messages, and for assisting the Red Cross in finding wounded men. As guards and sentries they are incomparably superior to men, their faculties of seeing in the dark, hearing and smelling being so much more acute.

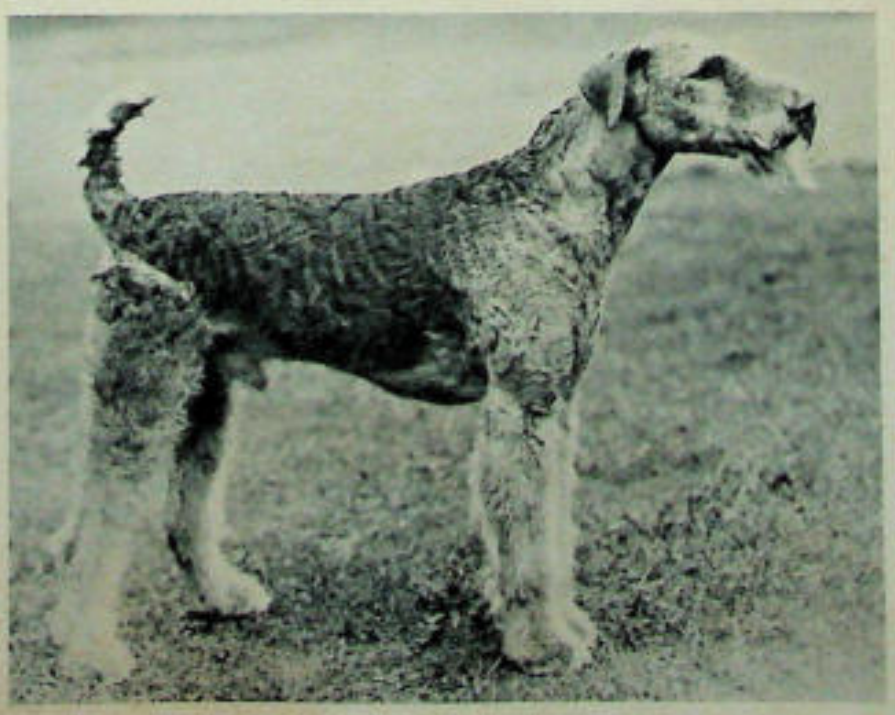
In his book *Forty Years with Dogs* Colonel Richardson relates how he visited the French army in the Vosges, intent on discovering what the war dogs were doing there. He gives some instances of their uses. On one occasion it was believed that an enemy listening post was within near range of the French lines, but it could not be spotted. At night, however, a sentry dog on duty soon sensed that strangers were about and began growling. Having indicated the direction of his suspicions it became possible for the soldiers to clear up the nuisance.

At another part of the line as many as seven sentries were captured by the Germans in a week. This annoying contretemps was stopped when dogs were posted with the sentries. Instances of this description could be multiplied without number. Dogs for this purpose have, of course, to be taught not to bark but merely to growl. Guard dogs, on the other hand, are required to give the alarm vociferously. They can be used as the custodians of magazines, aerodromes, arsenals and other places to which the public have no right of access. Where the building or dump is not very large a wire can be stretched round the place and the dog attached thereto.

There must be many places in this country at the present time that would be all the better if guard dogs were stationed at them. Training for such work would be almost of an elementary character if the right sort of dogs were obtained, such as Alsatians, Labradors, bull mastiffs or Airedales. The act of giving the alarm would come naturally to them if they were once made to understand what they were expected to do.

The training of dogs to carry messages must necessarily be of a more elaborate character as they may have to leave an advanced post for Brigade Headquarters several miles away, and they must be taught to take cover and be as secretive as the poacher's lurcher. This often has to be done under heavy gunfire, and many a sorely wounded dog has struggled home, intent upon performing his duty before everything else.

In the last war one handler told, without striving after literary effect, how Jim did record time. "The journey he did used to take a man one hour and ten minutes, and Jim did it in twenty-two minutes, through barbed wire entanglements and a large number of batteries. I noticed that when he got near home that some of the gunners tried to draw his attention, but he took no notice and came straight to the pill-box where I was billeted."



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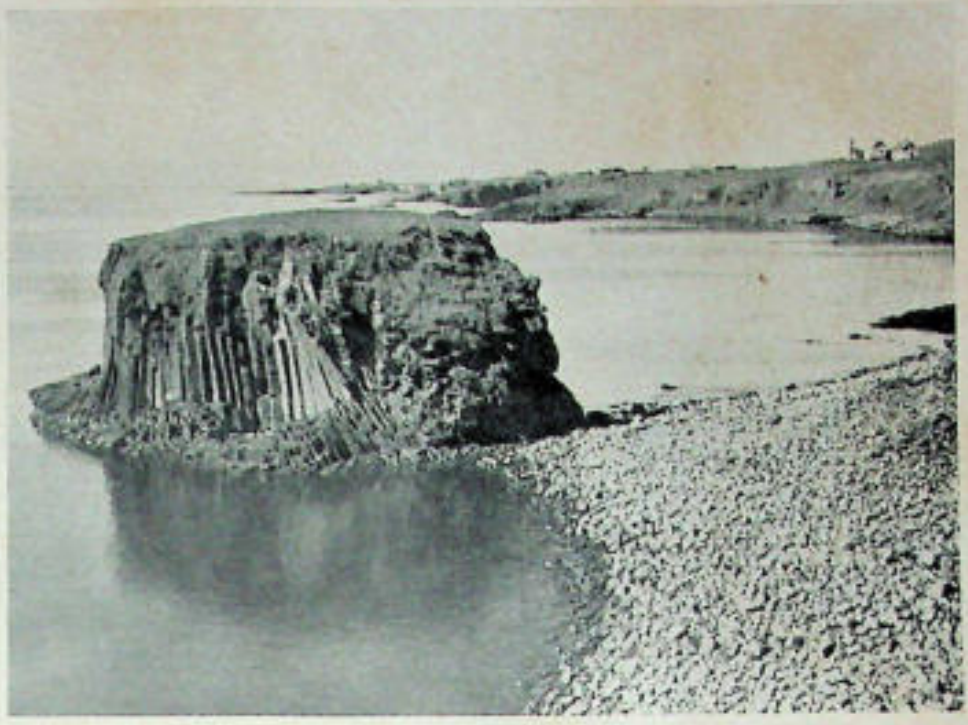
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GRIMSEY: A NORTHERN BIRD ISLAND

By L. S. V. VENABLES

GRIMSEY is a small island to the north of Iceland and is situated immediately on the Arctic Circle. Other than for spectacular basalt-column cliffs on the west side and for the fact that one usually crosses the Arctic Circle at least twice when one goes for a walk, it is remarkable also for such points as being the most northerly gannet—and the most southerly little auk—breeding place in the world and also, curiously enough, for the very high standard of Chess as played by the islanders.

On July 10th, 1939, we arrived at Grimsey on the little monthly post-boat which we had caught in Mùsavik, a fishing village on the north coast of Iceland. The hospitality with which we were received was as great as in any other of these isolated northern places—the island, so to speak, was ours for the asking. We shouldered our packs and walked through the little village round the bay; the track winding through the wood and rough stone cottages with green turf roofs. We were conducted into one of the outlying cottages and immediately two girls produced a large and excellently-cooked meal for us. We were then led to the schoolroom (not used during the summer months) and told to make ourselves at home. As the only piece of furniture was the master's desk it did not take long to settle in. Each man merely unrolled his blanket on the floor and we were then free to explore the island.

The gannets nest a few hundred yards north of the Circle; a long way beyond their usual breeding range. This outlying colony, which consisted of some twenty pairs, used to be situated on a large stack off the north-east cliffs, but in the earthquake of June 2nd, 1934, most of this fell down. When a party of English ornithologists visited the place on July 6th of the same year they found only one occupied nest left, though 46 adults were flying about.

When we got there on July 10th, 1939, we found 45–46 nests situated on a group of wide ledges on the cliff immediately opposite the remains of the stack. By lying down straight above the colony and looking over the cliff-edge it was possible to pick out "the most northerly-nesting gannet in the world."

Other species go to make up a vast bird-community on these cliffs. Some thousands of Brünnich's guillemots were incubating eggs or brooding newly-hatched chicks on all the typical ledges. Here and there the browner back and narrower, unmarked beak of a common guillemot could be seen but they were quite a rarity in this big colony of "auks"—that is to say, Brünnich's, common and black guillemots, razorbills and puffins. The rest of the cliff-bird population was made up of fulmars and kittiwakes. These were both very numerous and were to be seen sitting on eggs or small young around all the suitable places.

Along such northern cliffs as these the whole place seems to be solid "bird." The cliffs are covered with them, the sea is covered with them and the air between the two is thick with birds flying to and fro. On Grimsey, though by no means the most spectacular, the deception is helped by the vast cloud of arctic terns that hangs screaming over the flat top of the island the whole time. We were interested in the distribution of the breeding birds on this grassy heathland (snow bunting, meadow pipit, white wagtail, golden plover, dunlin, snipe, redshank, ringed plover and phalarope), but our data were obtained only after a most uncomfortable time with innumerable terns constantly doing their best to scalp us.

I believe that I was the only member of the party to have blood drawn by these attacks but we all got pretty tired of the constant screaming and buffeting and, incidentally, of the numerous direct hits registered by the guano!

As to the phalaropes mentioned above, most of the red-necked were nesting in a magnificent expanse of cotton-grass towards the south, but we frequently saw grey phalarope (strikingly handsome in their red summer dress) feeding on the seaweed-covered rocks, though we did not find any signs of breeding.

The Grimsey little auks nest in the cliff-foot boulder-tangles at two places: Básavik, north of the Circle, and Flesjar, south of it. We frequently visited these places by day, but saw no birds until July 14th. On this day a Norwegian gun-boat, the Fridtjof Nansen, offered to take us off at 4 a.m. the next morning.

It did not seem worth retiring to our hard beds for so short a time, so we walked up to the north of the island instead for a final look round. When we got to Básavik we were delighted to see ten little auks standing in a row on the top of a rock. We lay about among the boulders, and eventually were watching thirty flying around and coming into the rocks with their "chins" bulging with food for the young.

They were most immaculate-looking little birds and were very pleasant to watch, either hopping from rock to rock with swollen "chins," or rapidly zig-zagging over the sea in close formation crying a quiet, high "tit-tit-tit-tit."

We found one of the young among the boulders looking like a little powder-puff in its grey down. Its sheathed primaries, however, were just appearing.

Quite why the Grimsey little auks should only be active at night I do not know as, of course, in that latitude it is light all the time during the summer. No doubt if we had gone down to Flesjar we should have seen those birds also but we had no time before getting aboard the gun-boat which was taking us south to Iceland again.

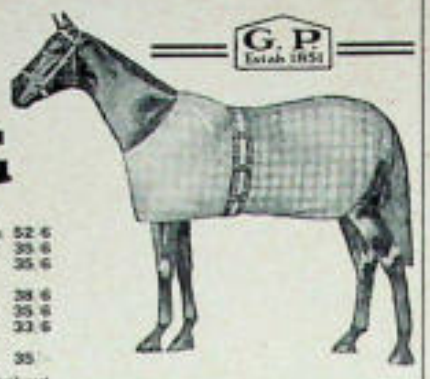


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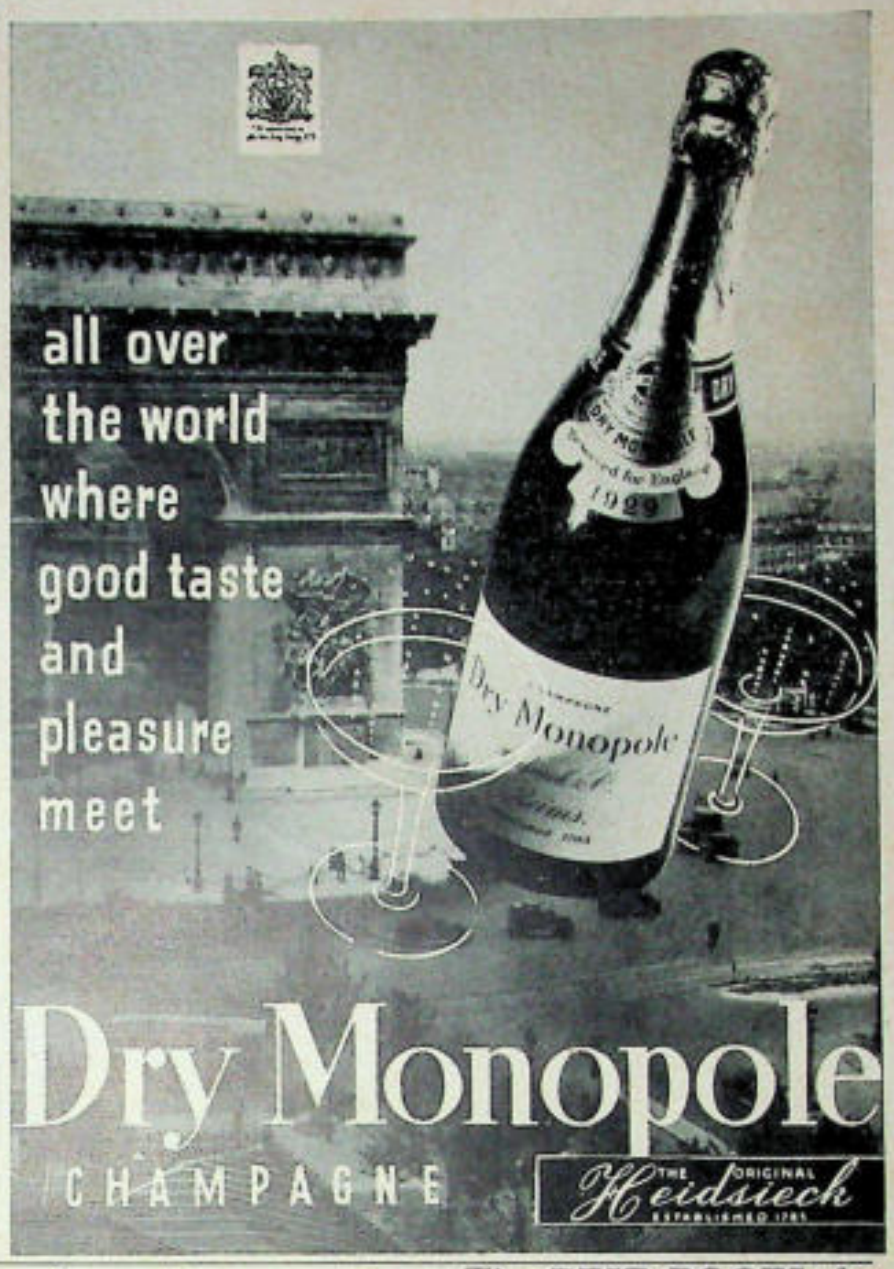
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THE EARLY REGATTA SEASON

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

THE 1939 season, so far as class racing and the annual regattas are immediately concerned, has been as varied—and as full of incident—as any that can be remembered this side of 1914; that other ominous landmark in this troubled century.

Starting at Burnham-on-Crouch the first week in April, the season opened well, with generally fine weather; for which, however, many masts were exacted in tribute later on. Though international shadows loomed in the background, by the time the first of the regattas was due these seemed to have lapsed somewhat into abeyance; and the happier international note, struck by the arrival of Mr. Vanderbilt and his 12-metre Vim, put the prospects for a good season at set fair.

However, before the Twelves took the centre of the picture the early part of the season was in full swing. At the outset, considerable discussion was prompted by a suggestion, born on the Clyde, that for the first time in history the important events of the yachting year should be sailed "for love"—*i.e.*, that prize money should be done away with.

This met with some support, especially among the smaller clubs, who sometimes find themselves in a considerable fix when prize-fund subscriptions fall short of the advertised prizes, and the deficit has therefore to be made up by the club concerned. The matter was discussed at length by the Council of the Y.R.A., who eventually decided that no action should be taken by them, and the position, therefore, remained unchanged. However, the movement was reflected by a reduction, in many cases, of prizes offered, and—since the acceptance of money prizes, however immemorial the custom, is undeniably difficult to reconcile logically with the amateur status of the sport, and of owners taking part in it (surely, yachting is alone amongst sports in this particular respect?)—it is probable that the full effects of the "no prize movement" have yet to be felt.

This early part of the year saw a number of seasonal events sailed by the very small fry: the 12- and 14-footers. Continuing as they do, in restricted degree, throughout the winter, the dinghies spring fully armed into the fray as soon as the summer season itself has started. On April 15th the Webster Cup for International 14ft. Dinghies was won by F. C. Knife's Effort, under the flag of the Tamesis Club; whilst the Henley Challenge Trophy for 12-footers was won on April 22nd by A. W. Macdonald's Farandole. The Shackleton Trophy (International 14ft.) was won on May 20th by N. Moore's Melita, in the waters of the London Corinthian S.C., at Hammersmith.

Amongst the milestones of the early season must be noted the first appearance of the International One-Design Class (Royal Corinthian Y.C.) at Burnham, the first race being held on April 29th. This class was first mooted a year or two ago, and one or two boats were then bought by Burnham yachtsmen. The 6-metres were on the top line at Burnham last year, but this year no Sixes were sailing, the International One-Designs having been adopted in their stead, a fleet of four boats.

Another feature of 1939 has been the increase in inter-club, inter-'varsity and, in some cases, international team races, usually sailed in one or other of the smaller One-Design types. Too numerous to mention in detail, this type of event has taken an increasingly large place in the programmes of a large number of clubs all round the coast; and the universities, notably Oxford and Cambridge, have been very active in this respect throughout the season. These team races play a valuable part in making the season "go," particularly where the smaller and less ambitious clubs are concerned, and provide also a useful opportunity of widening a helmsman's experience in types of boats foreign to his club.

Whitsun found the season really getting into its stride, for the Solent season then opened with the first of the Solent Club's regattas, that of the Castle Y.C., held at Calshot on May 26th and 29th.

On the 27th, the Royal Yacht Squadron's starting guns announced the first of their seasonal regattas. The Broads yachting season also opened officially at Whitsun, the Oxford and Cambridge Sailing Society sailing team racing against Broads One-Design owners on Oulton Broad, but suffering defeat by the home team.

In the 12-sq. metre Sharpie world, the Itchenor Quart Cup was won by the Dutch boat Ducky-Wucky (C. A. den Tex) on May 25th, whilst another boat of the same nationality, T'Geufje (B. E. Ott) secured the Duke of Connaught's Trophy by a very short head indeed. On the Thames, the "A" class Rater Ulva (W. R. Preston) carried off the Muir Cup for the Whitsun meeting of the Thames S. C. and Minima Y.C.

With June, began the series of big coastal regattas, which, however, brought no diminution in the number and variety of lesser events. The premier class—the 12-metres—were tardy in starting their season's battles, and the first big regatta, that of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C. at Lowestoft took place on June 3rd without them. However, the occasion was marked by the visit of a German team from the Seglerbund am Wannsee Verein, which—in International fourteens—took on a British team, containing, among others, such redoubtables as John Winter and Stewart Morris. The home team won by 30 points to 11.

In the Solent an Oxford University Y.C. team, also sailing fourteens, defeated the Island S.C. on the same day by the narrow margin of 1pt.



MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT'S VIM AND SIR WILLIAM BURTON'S JENETTA

On June 10th was sailed the eagerly-looked-forward-to first race of the 12-metres, on the first day of Harwich regatta. Two of the four new British Twelves—Jenetta, owned by Sir William Burton and designed by Alfred Mylne, and Tomahawk, owned by T. O. M. Sopwith, and designed by C. E. Nicholson—met Harold Vanderbilt's Stephens-designed Vim; last year's British champion Trivia (V. W. MacAndrew), and Evaine (C. R. Fairey) completed the fleet.

Vim, leading the field from soon after the start, sailed a fine race, but was disqualified by going the wrong side of the Cliff Foot buoy; and the prize went to Trivia.

On the second day at Harwich Vim made no mistake and took first prize, showing in unmistakable manner that—unless there were any surprises hidden in the other two new Twelves which had yet to be tried out against her—the English yachts were up against a challenger of the first water.

Four more firsts were to fall to Vim in succession after this, until, at Ramsgate on June 20th, Tomahawk engaged her in a luffing match, which eventually resulted in Evaine taking first gun.

In the meantime Southend Week had run its course, marred by somewhat persistent rain and by the poor showing of the Y.R.A. Handicap classes. There had been one or two rather (from the point of view of the number and variety of entries) scrappy races at Harwich, between the Blue Peter, Diadem and Noreen (with Erivale entering the lists, and taking the prize on the 10th), but at Southend, Noreen (H. M. Crankshaw) had a sail-over as the only entry. There were small local handicaps, and the usual number of One-Design events (in which the Velsheda Challenge Cup for the Southend One-Design classes was won by Maybrook (G. Baker), but aside from Noreen, the first big yachting festival of the year remained unsupported by any "heavy class" save the Twelves.

Concurrently with this an event of another kind was taking place, a long way away and in a foreign country, but forming part of the British yachting season nevertheless. This was the International contest, sailed in 30 sq. metre "L" class boats (a modification, slightly less "extreme," of the well-known Swedish "Thirties") on Lake Thun, Switzerland, between a British and a Swiss team. Stewart Morris, Peter Scott and David Wilson, forsaking for once their favourite dinghies, were the British helmsmen; and after a series of six races, sailed by three boats from each team, Great Britain's luck, which has been singularly high in International events this year, both at home and abroad, came out on top; largely owing to the sparkling helmsmanship of Morris, the English captain. Great Britain won by 1,589 points to 1,387; which, allowing for the somewhat astronomical figures attained under the system of point-scoring employed, represents a fairly narrow margin; certainly, the issue was in doubt until the last race.

The season henceforward crowds thick and fast. Storms descended upon the third day of Ramsgate regatta, and blew away the programme; Ormsay, the new British Twelve, designed by C. E. Nicholson for A. C. Connell, lost her mast the previous day, as did Caribs (A. Moy), the latter sailing in the handicap event.

The first day of the Dover regatta was likewise a *dies non*, and regatta week in "the straits," usually a very pleasant half-way period between the East Coast festival and the start of the South Coast and Solent season proper, was badly reduced in scope.

Bourne End week, which may be regarded as the height of the up-river season, began on June 19th, and though it, too, brought its crop of dismastings and capsizes, was carried through to a successful finish. All the small fry—the various dinghy classes—compete here, while of course the queens of the up-river season are the "A" class Thames Raters; craft of ancient vintage, of the Linton Hope era, the youngest of them thirty years old—yet, with their lofty masts, providing extremely fast and exciting sailing, especially in such narrow waters.

In this class Ulva (W. R. Preston), the oldest of the fleet, won the Wakefield Cup, and only just yielded to Estelle (E. M. Richardson) for the Queen Victoria Challenge Cup.

The Fury Cup, for National 12ft. dinghies, was taken by Riot (B. S. Wood), whilst the H. Scott Freeman Cup, for the International fourteens, fell to Velocity (T. Simpson)—her seventh consecutive win.

There was now a few days' pause in the sequence of Y.R.A. regattas, while the boats made their way to Plymouth for Plymouth Week; and the round of Solent Club regattas continued unabated.

The International Metre Classes in the Solent have been especially strong this year. The 8-Metre fleet had two fresh additions, both Swedish boats; one was Iskareen (R. Tree), designed by Olin Stephens, and with her narrow "ultra-modern" sail plan and cambered deck, something of a miniature Vim. The other was Christina (ex Bjderem), owned by the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers; a boat that had already made a name for herself on the Continent. These two took a little while to tune up on the Solent, but when they found their form began to figure with almost monotonous regularity in the prize list.

Amongst the 6-Metres, the biggest fleet for years—in fact, one thinks, the biggest ever—took the water; whilst the Q class (ex 6-Metres) was also in unusual force.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CUCKOO AND ITS EGGS

SIR,—Your correspondent "Ruby" asks what can have been the cuckoo's object in entirely robbing a nest? This nest of the wagtail contained the full complement of eggs, and they were probably sat upon for several days.

A nest in this condition is of no use to the cuckoo, so she robs it to force the owners to build again. In our garden we have three pairs of robins. One of their nests is usually used by the cuckoo each season. When the cuckoo arrived last spring this particular nest contained five young just hatched. Two days later the cuckoo pulled the nest to pieces and the young were thrown outside. In less than a week the robins had another nest, and when this contained three eggs the cuckoo removed one and laid her own in its place.

Mr. Ernest E. Johnson, in his letter in the *Field* of September 2nd, says this fact that the cuckoo destroys nests is the "grand finale." Why is it that persons who have a very superficial knowledge of the habits of certain birds contradict those naturalists who have made a life study of them? There have been so many instances of cuckoos robbing and destroying nests that it is futile to deny them.

Also why do so many insist on the old-fashioned theory that the cuckoo deposits her eggs in nests with her beak or feet. Although the beak theory has been in existence for about two thousand years, there is not a single authentic instance of anyone having seen a cuckoo perform such a feat. On the other hand, competent observers have watched cuckoos lay direct into the nests of seven different species of fosterers on over one hundred occasions. The whole performance has also been filmed and photographed many times. Notwithstanding these incontrovertible facts, numbers of people without a shred of evidence to prove them bring forward the most fantastic theories about this interesting bird.

Yours faithfully,
Leighton Buzzard. OLIVER G. PIKE.

THE MENACE OF RATS

SIR,—On all hands it is agreed that food production and conservation is a national concern of the most paramount importance.

With this outlook of immediate urgency before our eyes I venture to invite your co-operation in regard to the danger which will surely threaten should the nation neglect its duty to destroy rats and mice.

The Rats Act enjoins upon each and every one of us that we should help the Government to keep down that most dangerous and wasteful of marauders, the rat, and ceaseless vigilance is just as necessary to rid ourselves of an enemy that costs the country approximately £70,000,000 per annum to feed as is necessary to combat any other known plague.

That rats and mice are a plague apart from their destructive habits was abundantly proved at the time legislation aimed at their elimination, or else the Act would never have passed the House of Commons.

Now is the time for every individual householder to initiate a crusade of rat and mouse destruction, and for the farmer to placard his barns with "Kill that Rat" for it is a Government decree that these vermin should be destroyed, but, it is common sense and self interest that should enforce it.

Yours faithfully,
The Institute of Micro-Biology. A. MOORE HOGARTH, *President.*

MOOSE AND ELK

SIR,—I have just seen the comment of my more learned brother on my letter regarding the moose and elk which you were good enough to publish. I fear that, like Miss Fannie Squeers, he "pities my ignorance and despises" me; but I will try to bear up.

I am so far gone in sin that I shall continue to call the great American deer of our Rockies an elk, as I have done for more than 75 years, and my learned brother can call it whatever he pleases, as he will do, anyhow.

The question raised by my note was not of nomenclature, however. My learned brother thinks the elk a degenerate moose; I think it a different species. The *Field* has no room for futile discussion of that.

The works on palæontology—a bully word!—call the giant deer sometimes dug up in the Irish peat mosses an elk.

The only time I ever heard the term Wapiti was from a Cree guide in Manitoba, who told me with a sardonic grin—it is a mistake to suppose the Amerindian has no sense of humour—that an English hunter told him to call the caribou or wild reindeer by that name; and added, "Englishmans always so nice about teaching peoples."

My more learned brother has reason to regret that Mr. G. Lyttleton Rogers is only a name to him; I had supposed that all English sportsmen took cognizance of what went on at Wimbledon, where the genial and giant Irishman is far more than a name.

Yours faithfully,
51, Hamilton Place, New York City. THOMAS J. JOHNSTONE.

TREES AND THE LANDSCAPE

SIR,—Reading "A Countryman's Journal" this week gives rise to the thought that Sir Daniel Hall is not alone in choosing unfortunate illustrations. Mr. Massingham's objections to joint stock farming are illustrated by what he calls the Teutonisation of our woods by the Forestry Commission. The fallacious arguments of the Friends of the Lake District, including the red herring about Herdwick sheep, are restated in a manner that would make Dr. Goebbels envious.

Yet I fancy that Mr. Massingham will be one of the first to appreciate the food that our timber ships, released owing to the pitprop reserves in our state forests, are able to transport from overseas.

But let us be quite clear that for silvicultural reasons there are not now and will never be in this country, large areas of the dark, dense and silent spruce forests associated with Germany.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

NESTING OF REED BUNTINGS

SIR,—I saw a statement recently that reed buntings remain in the nest for a fortnight after they are hatched. Perhaps therefore, observations made on two nests last year may be of value: I cannot find the nestling period mentioned in any book of reference. On May 8th, I flushed a cock reed bunting from a nest containing five eggs. On 15th, the cock was again on the nest and the young were hatched and sparsely covered with black down; from previous experience I judged them to be a day and a half old. On May 20th, the hen reed bunting was sitting, and although still very small, the nestlings were penning. On May 23rd, I visited the nest intending to photograph the old birds feeding the young, but two of the nestlings had already left and the remaining three followed soon after I had entered the hiding tent.

On June 20th, within a few yards of this nest, there was another containing four eggs. I think it was a second nest of the first pair, I had not seen another pair in the same area. Early on July 2nd two of the eggs had hatched out and the remaining two were chipping. The young were minute and naked. On July 7th, they were penning, and late on July 11th they all left the nest. I should say that nine and a half to ten days was the normal nestling period.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, Windermere. CATHERINE M. CLARK.

TREATMENT FOR MANGE IN DOGS

SIR,—I was surprised at Mrs. Bradbury's letter, published in the *Field*, recommending Odyline for the cure of follicular mange. This product, made by Bayers, Ltd., is, of course, fairly generally used by veterinary surgeons for the treatment of sarcoptic mange, but the opinions I have heard expressed by veterinary surgeons as to the treatment of follicular mange have never included this product, although in the majority of the cases referred to it had been used for sarcoptic mange. So far from follicular mange being easier to cure than sarcoptic, it is, I believe, generally held in the veterinary profession that follicular mange is very much more difficult to cure, and some authorities recommend the destruction of the dog rather than embark on a lengthy and possibly futile attempt at cure. Is it possible that the diagnosis, particularly difficult in the case of follicular mange, was at fault in the cases of cure referred to by Mrs. Bradbury?

Yours faithfully,
The Old Cottage, Bank Mill, Berkhamsted, Herts. J. F. BLEASDALE.

WATER IN DESERT LANDS

SIR,—The map of the Libyan Desert in your paper of Sept. 16 shows five oases, in which artesian wells give a good and constant supply of water, while the Italians are making reclamations; yet there is no mention of reservoirs.

Salt lakes also appear to exist in these deserts, like those in the interior of Australia, which itself is in the nature of a giant "Atoll," with a barrier reef of coral remaining off the north east coast which is part of a fertile ring of land, with the dry bed of an old lagoon sea in the centre like other and smaller "Atolls" in the Pacific Ocean. Apart from reservoirs for storage of fresh water some artificial limitation of water might in time make the smaller lakes fresh.

In California there appear to be giant centrifugal pumps in action to clear low lying land of water, and these might quicken the flow of water through at least some smaller lakes by way of experiment when they would become centres of settlement for emigration.

Yours faithfully,
Newtown Park, Co. Dublin. JOHN H. BURTON.

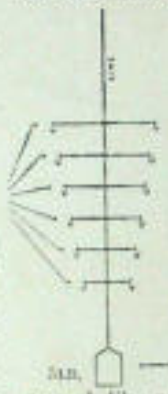
TENDERFOOT LUCK

SIR,—One often hears of "tenderfoot luck," but I think that my son put up a very fair record this summer when on his first occasion of fishing for salmon, on the Namsen, he brought home a cock fish of 41lb., and a week later he caught his second fish 43½lb. This, I think, will take some beating?

Yours faithfully,
Bramcote, Notts. N. GERVIS PEARSON.

HERRING ON ROD AND LINE

SIR,—The second incident related in Mr. John R. R. Smith's letter (*Field*, August 5th) is not so rare as he appears to think. A bare white hook is more deadly than a "cuddy" fly, and should Mr. Smith again find himself on a West Highland loch when herring are "in" I can assure him that the rig-out shown in the accompanying sketch will fill his boat with herring in a very short time.



The weight is thrown overboard, and the line run out until the weight touches bottom. It should then be hauled in rapidly, letting the weight rest on the gunwale (outside boat) and the herring flicked off. Repeat *ad nauseam*! For the ladies' sake I had better add that herring can squeak like a mouse.

Yours faithfully,
Perthshire. .577.



We cannot tell a lie..

We hate to admit that Lillet possesses *tonic* value . . .

So many drinks claim to do you good that we hesitate to tell you that the pure juice of the grape and aromatic herbs from which Lillet is made are of real benefit to you.

You have only to savour the fresh flavour of Lillet to realise that those Frenchmen know the nicest way of taking Mother Nature's pick-me-ups, so, allons enfant de la patrie . . . demandez un gin and Lillet and . . . Cheerio!



LILLET

5/6 *a bottle*

Agents:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
16 Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3

REMOVED AND RENEWED

SIR,—In your issue of October 21st you illustrated the oaken skeleton of an old house being carefully demolished on the Chelmsford—Witham road. Hearing that it was reborn as a perfect replica of its previous existence, including the Jacobean staircase, moulded beams, barrel ceilings, &c., I took the enclosed snapshot and trust it may be of interest to your readers. It is now on the Chelmsford—Braintree road, near St. Anne's Castle.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. HAMILTON-ADAMS.

Kennel Club, Piccadilly.

A QUEER SEAT

SIR,—With reference to the letters on "A Queer Seat" by Mr. King and Mr. Wood, the third chair is here, at Trebartha.

We agree with your conclusions as to its comfort. It appears to have been built on the principle of the Eastern torture of impaling.

Yours faithfully,
A. F. HOPE RODD.

Trebartha Hall,
Launceston.

(The seats referred to are made of antlers.—ED.]

EXPLAINING OUR CAVES

SIR,—I thought you might be interested to hear that the British Speleological Association is having an unique museum formed at Cragdale, Settle, West Yorks.—the Association's headquarters. The museum is stocked, of course, with many beautiful varieties of stalactites and stalagmites, and other formations found in our caves and potholes, but the Association's recorder, Mr. E. Simpson, is not content with that. Visitors shall understand why such beauty is being created underground, as well as see the beautiful formations themselves.

Accordingly, a striking feature of the museum is its scale models which "explain" some particular cave system. The accompanying photograph shows such a model. Made by one of the Association's Derbyshire members, it is a plan of the noted Peak Cavern in that county, the main cave and its offshoots being cast in plaster.

The frames which intersect the cave at intervals represent the various faults in the rock. By examining this accurate model, therefore, one is able to see how the Peak Cavern was formed. Every fault has played its part and, as is clearly demonstrated, wherever several faults "meet" or "cross," there is generally a large chamber in the cave, due to the action of water which enters through the fissures between the different faults.

Leeds. G. B. W.



RECONSTRUCTED WITH THE ORIGINAL MATERIAL
(See letter "Removed and Renewed")



OF COCK PHEASANT AND BANTAM HEN PARENTAGE
(See letter "Pheasant Crosses")

PHEASANT CROSSES

SIR,—Your correspondent "English Pheasant," whose letter appeared in your issue of September 9th, will be interested in the enclosed photograph. The bird is a cross between a cock pheasant and a bantam hen and is now two years old. It flies like a pheasant and is quite free, coming to the house each day to be fed. In size, shape and colour it resembles a cock bird.

Yours faithfully,
ELIZABETH HIGGON.

Scolton,
Haverfordwest,
Pembrokeshire.

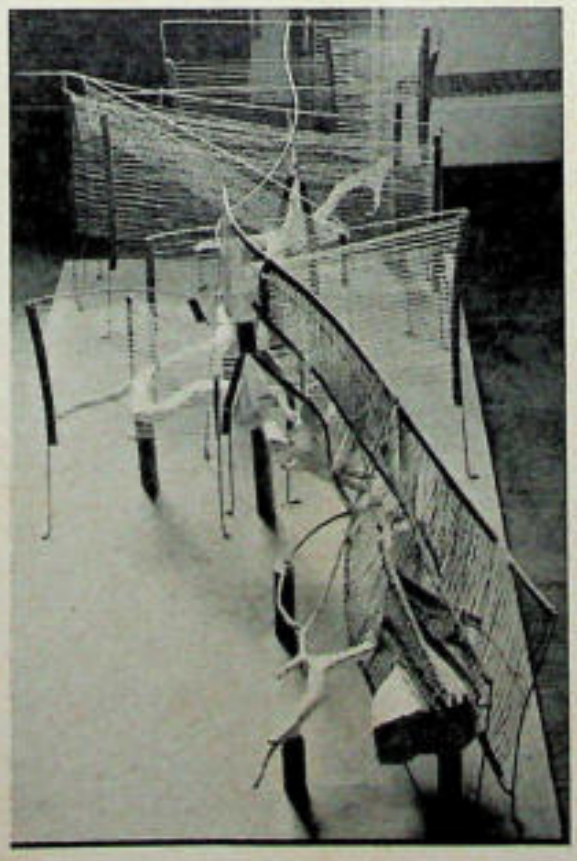
SIR,—In reply to your South African correspondent, "English Pheasant," may I relate the following: As a boy, living at Handforth, a small village in Cheshire, the house a mile away from the station, I kept and bred guinea-fowl. These were allowed freedom and could roam about wherever they wished; therefore it was quite natural that some should be missing.

My brother and friend had the shooting round about the house, perhaps 2,000 acres.

One particular year several birds shot were a cross between a pheasant and guinea-fowl. The hybrid was always of pheasant form, but heavier and with more breast, the feather colouring mixed except in one case, where the bird had entirely guinea-fowl plumage, even to the long tail feathers. Although we kept many kinds of poultry I do not remember ever seeing any other type of hybrid, nor did any appear out of guinea-fowl eggs domestically hatched.

Yours faithfully,
L. G. LARMUTH.

Lorneville,
Heaton Moor Road,
Heaton Chapel, Stockport.



HOW A CAVERN IS FORMED
(See letter "Explaining our Caves")

CORNCRAKES IN PERTHSHIRE

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that for the first time in ten years I have seen a corncrake. They used to be fairly common here then and could be heard on any night. Two were seen. The first flew out of an oat crop, while it was being cut. The second was put up in a clover field. This may have been the same as the first. Ten days elapsed between these two observations.

Yours faithfully,
H. C. H. BOWSER.

Argaty,
Doune,
Perthshire.

A BUFFALO'S CURIOUS FEAT

SIR,—In the number of the *Field* for September 9th is a letter about a buffalo with his leg over his horn. In one of Mayne Reid's books for boys, written over 60 years ago, is an account of a gnu in the same position. This was always thought to be impossible, as was an account by the same author of a wolverine dropping on the neck of a wapiti cow. This has been proved to happen in recent years.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE L. HARRISON.

London, W. 1.

MARTIN'S CHANGE OF RESIDENCE

SIR,—In these difficult days the contemplation of the humbler creatures of the earth does bring a refreshment of mind to some of us, and I venture to send you the following notes.

For some years a pair of house martins have built their nest under the eaves of a large house on the main road here; during last winter the nest was destroyed through some repairs done to the wall of the house. The martins returned early in May and completely rebuilt their home. They then entirely deserted the nest till the middle of August, when they came back and inhabited the nest each evening. There were three or four birds always around the house, but they never came during the day time.

Presumably another site was found, and the old nest was used as a sleeping convenience for the new brood.

Is this a general habit with house martins?

Yours faithfully,
H. M. BIDDELL.

The Vicarage,
Sandown, I. of W.

OXFORD SPORTING CHRONICLERS

SIR,—The Turner Brothers are an Oxford institution known to all who have been to Oxford this century and a good many years of the last. Mr. J. R. F. Turner, famous all over the world for his "Schoolboys Cricket Scheme," which has discovered talent, showed itself in test cricket, has just celebrated his golden wedding. All who know "J. R. F." wish him happy and useful years till the diamond wedding. Cricket owes him much.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK R. SMITH.

64, Annesley Road
Rose Hill, Oxford.

HERE AND THERE

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NOT very far from Plymouth is the second highest (I like the exactitude of that calculation) inn in England. As an inn it has little to commend itself beyond its loneliness, the friendly lack of space in the bar parlour and the view. In front of it the ground falls away sweepingly, giving a magnificent—I am not sure if it is the second or third, or fourth most magnificent—view of Dartmoor scenery. Architecturally, the building is nothing. But it has a "great" fireplace and the fire that is in it has not been out for 100 years.

One hundred years ago, on a winter's night, that fire must have been welcome to many a traveller over this bleak moor. To-day I doubt if many travellers stop at the little inn in winter. But the fire remains. So strong a hold has custom on the English.

I went there for tea after a walk along the ancient trackway that runs nearby. It was the second Saturday of the war, and my second Saturday in Plymouth. Plymouth is famed as the home of mariners. Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh and many others sailed from here. A fortnight of Plymouth has been sufficient to convince me that they were wise.

But beyond Plymouth lies Dartmoor and Dartmoor is magnificent and very easy of access. So each week-end I go on to the moor.

Some way along the ancient trackway is a mound. Maybe it was once the grave of some Neolithic chieftain. Maybe it was no more than a signpost put up by the men who surveyed the track all those thousands of years ago. It stood up, a little hill, from the flat moor around, and it was plentifully clothed with heather.

One of the best things in life is idle talk when stretched flat upon one's back. To let one's thoughts form their own words, and flow unchecked at their own pace. To talk about nothing and everything. To laugh inordinately at foolish things. To be silent. And there is no better place to indulge in this than deep in soft heather upon an ancient mound. To lie and talk: to lie and listen—to the whisper of the wind in the grasses, to the bleating of sheep, to the clip-clop of ponies, to the barking of a dog in the far blue distance, to the murmur of a voice as soft as the heather, as drowsy as the great white clouds above.

These are small things. These are things that may be enjoyed (in the right company—and how rarely is the right company, by which I mean, of course, the essential community of thought, to be found) by everyone. These are things that are free. And perhaps because of this, because they are small and free, these are things that are largely ignored. Yet if free, they are priceless—for of them is the treasure of life.

Our values have altered. Things that are free are not worthy of consideration. No longer do we set store by conversation; no longer do we set store on letters. Conversation and the art of letter writing are dead. And with them has gone laughter. As a race we laugh less and less. We are too absorbed in our new civilisation, in carving for ourselves a niche in the new social order we have created. We must make money. We shall have only about 50 years to do it in. There is no time to waste; no time for conversation, no time for laughter, no time for dalliance, no time to lie and listen to the small things that mean so much. We must hurry: life is so short and money so important.

The small things: the beauty of a flower, the grandeur of a tree: the song of the blackbird: the laughter of a gull: the whisper of wind in grasses; the crash and fury of a gale against the cliff: the silence of a wind at noon in high summer: the ceaseless chatter of a reed-bed: the soft lapping of water: the gentle drum of rain on fallen leaves. Each of these things is permanent because each of these things is natural.

Against them we have set, poor humans, our own standards in scales of time. When we were content to build slowly, whether it were a house, or church, or cathedral, or cart, or wheel, or cottage, we built well on the lines laid down by nature. And then we called it craftsmanship. Which craftsmanship was very beautiful and very permanent. Take, for example—and take it only because it is so well-known, for there are others as good in many parts of the country—Arlington Row, at Bibury, in Gloucestershire. That row of cottages built in the natural stone stands out a thing of beauty in the sun: but move a little away, and see it, if you can, in the soft light of early morning, or against a setting sun, and the whole row has melted away into the green of Cotswold. It was built by man, but it is part of earth. I am not at all certain that the peace of the world, and the peace of mind of every thinking person in it, was not destroyed with craftsmanship, when craftsmanship was swallowed up in mass-production.

Strange thoughts, perhaps, to have upon a mound that might have been a grave, or perhaps not so strange since the cataclysm that has overtaken mankind compels us to think, so far as we are able, about causes.

And on that mound war was very, very distant. The death of one or more Pole, or German, or Russian, the destruction of one more house, the loss of one more frontier mattered not a jot. What did matter was the sweet, warm scent of earth and the calling of the birds. What did become apparent was that when all this is over, when all the stench has cleared away, there will yet be earth and grass, and wind to stir the grasses: what did become apparent was that of all our human possessions only the emotions are permanent.

Tea was Devonshire cream of a consistency approaching that of cheese, and bread and butter and strawberry jam, and much strong tea. You only get tea, strong and black as tea should be, in the remote places of the British Isles: in the Joyce country, in Connemara, in the Barreny of Burren, in the Outer Isles, in the Highland crofts, on Dartmoor. Tea in such places is a stimulant, a thirst-quencher, a drink. Tea in such places is a necessity. Elsewhere it is an excuse—as synthetic as the complexions of those that sip it.

I like my tea. But with it, even in the second highest inn in England, there were what I believe are technically known as "fancies." In the second highest inn in England. Many miles from a town. And that I find to be a depressing sign of the times.



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE MR. ROBERT STANDISH SIEVIER WITH SCEPTRE

No novel has ever been written which describes a more adventurous life than that led by "Bob" Sievier, whose death has occurred at the age of 70. His career from his early years was one of ups and downs, of gambles which left him in poverty at times and with immense wealth when on the crest of the wave. Throwing away money at cards, being wrecked on a leper colony island and losing the bulk of a fortune in gold, at one time actor in Ireland, England and India at a salary of few shillings a week, then bookmaker in Australia—all things came alike to Sievier in his wild progress. But of all his romances the Turf provided the most sensational. He won sums of £35,000 and £24,000 on the City and Suburban and the Derby in 1900, and the purchase of Sceptre was his crowning triumph of that year. He paid £10,000 in cash for her as a yearling when the Duke of Westminster's horses were sold after his death, and with her won, among many races, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger, and made something approaching £40,000 in stakes. In 1903 he sold her to Sir William Bass for £25,000.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. A bedridden widow of a farmer, aged 82, and her daughter, who is at home to look after her mother, need help. They have only a tiny agricultural pension, and the old lady's old age pension which, together, are insufficient to provide the necessary nourishment. The Friends of the Poor have been giving them 5/- a week, and during last winter 2/6 a week for coal. They are most anxious to continue this small but most necessary help. Without you this will not be possible—please help.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets settled down fairly quickly after the Emergency Budget. The steep increase in direct taxation was a decided shock. It became necessary to adjust prices for securities to levels necessitated by the higher taxation. That, however, did not lead in all cases to lower prices.

Immediately following the outbreak of war many were forced to sell stock in order to obtain cash resources. Such selling came on a very unwilling market. Values had to be lowered somewhat drastically until the securities on offer attracted a new buyer. Forced selling is now over.

As a result, values in many instances had already discounted the higher income tax. There was, therefore, a tendency towards a slightly higher range of prices, more especially for the leading industrials and certain brewery stocks and shares.

The Budget shock was to a large extent minimised by a reduction in Bank Rate. That, however, failed for a considerable time to restore normal dealings in British Government securities. Holders found it impossible to dispose of the funds at the fixed minimum levels. The market was almost completely frozen. Subsequent thaw was very gradual.

This particular section of markets is under careful supervision by the authorities. A free market for the Funds is an absolute necessity before the Chancellor of the Exchequer can launch new loans for war purposes.

The Chancellor is naturally most anxious that new borrowing for the war can be arranged on the cheapest possible terms. Reduction in Bank Rate has meant much cheaper borrowing on three-months Treasury Bills. The Bills are, however, outside the scope of the man in the street. The smallest denomination is £5,000.

Upwards of £1,000,000,000 needs to be borrowed for war purposes. It is a colossal figure. The money is, however, available in the country. It will doubtless be produced. The problem of the day is ways and means of attracting the savings of the public to the War Loans.

At the end of last July, eleven banks in the country showed a total under "current deposit and other accounts" of £2,240,000,000. All this money is not on actual deposit and receiving a rate of interest. At the same time there are vast monetary resources which can be used for financing the war.

Deposit rate at the banks is 1 per cent. It is argued in some quarters that Bank Rate will be reduced to such a level as would remove bankers' deposit rate altogether. Money must be made to produce some return. The argument is that a still lower deposit rate, if not its removal altogether, will direct vast resources for the financing of the war.

War Loan problems, however, can scarcely prevent investors turning attention to other securities. There are many at present buying shares in oil producing companies. The theory is that war conditions necessitate huge consumption of petrol by the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy. It is not overlooked that the Armies of to-day are very largely mechanised. I notice that investors in oil shares discriminate in their choice of securities.

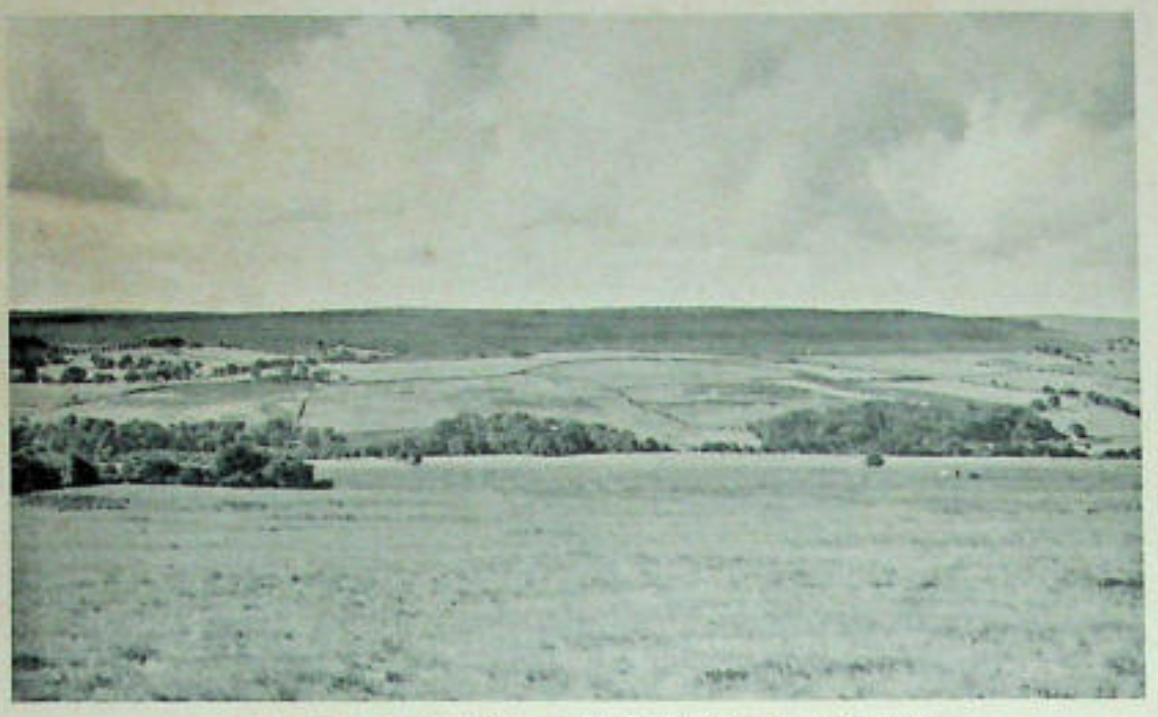
Many favour Trinidad and South American companies' shares. That is because the properties are far removed from the war zone. I consider that some such securities can be quite useful over a period. Many Trinidad issues have been steady dividend payers. Apex (Trinidad) shares at a price around 28s. 6d. can bring good results. Trinidad Leaseholds ordinary standing around 88s. or Lobitos ordinary around 37s. 6d. might also be selected.

There has been a disposition to leave Anglo-Iranian units out of reckoning. The price has fallen back to 56s. 3d. The British Government has a very substantial interest in this company. Investors, however, desire a definite indication of the attitude which Turkey will adopt in this war before being attracted to Anglo-Iranian. This may be a short-sighted policy, but investors, under existing circumstances, are naturally very cautious.

WAR TIME NEWS

ARGYLLSHIRE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.—Trials advertised for November 23rd and 24th have been cancelled.

SQUASH RACKETS ASSOCIATION.—The S.R.A. have cancelled the Amateur Championship and all other competitions organised by the S.R.A.; and the publication of the S.R.A. Handbook. It is hoped that, so far as may be possible, County Associations and Clubs will continue their activities in order that the work of reconstitution may not be difficult at the termination of the war. The S.R.A. office at the Royal Automobile Club will continue to operate in order to give such advice and assistance as may be required.



A NORTH OF ENGLAND GRAZING THAT MIGHT READILY BE IMPROVED

LIME AND SOIL FERTILITY

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

IT can truthfully be said that lime is one of the most important factors in soil fertility. It is the key which unlocks the doors of many plant food stores. It is the "magic wand" that can make difficult sticky soils friable and workable. It is the counter attack against acidity and so makes all the difference to crop results, and in itself it is an essential plant food.

The old marl pits of years gone by testify to the value placed on lime by bygone farmers. The custom in the olden days of liming arable fields fairly heavily during each rotation is too well known to need repetition. In those days it did not seem to matter when the lime was given (it was often in the form of chalk), for the main idea seemed to be merely to keep on giving regular applications so as to maintain the existing supply in the soil.

It was really not until September, 1937, when the land fertility scheme came into operation, that farmers began to purchase lime in large quantities. The encouragement was, of course, the fact that it could be obtained at half-price. In one county alone some extra 30,000 tons were purchased in the first season! This must have made considerable difference to the productiveness of the farms to which it was applied.

Unfortunately, this Government scheme was misused in some cases. Soils naturally differ tremendously in their requirements. If heavy dressings of lime were given to some soils it would harm them, rather than do them good. It is a waste of money to make such applications where they are not required. It is also unfair in war-time to deprive other farmers of what may be a national necessity to them.

Wherever chalk pits are to be found, the "chalking" done by farmers of the past has been, without a doubt, responsible largely for the fertility of the fields. But the tendency has been for later generations to live on the capital accumulated in this way, and as every year some lime is washed out of the soil by rain water and more is removed, there has been, and still is, a tremendous drain on the lime resources.

It will never be necessary to lime the many thin chalk soils that are found in the south-east. Soils that were given tremendous dressings in September, 1937, and during 1938 may have sufficient lime in them to serve for a good many years to come, and it would be uneconomic therefore in war-time to spend the money on that which would show no immediate return. There are, however, without a doubt, many pastures that are being ploughed up to-day that are very deficient in lime, and there will be soil all over the country whose fertility has suffered much through excess acidity.

On soils that are really acid it is much better to give one really good dressing at one time than to make yearly applications over a period of three years. The lime content must be raised up to a certain point immediately and so applications made in dribs and drabs are useless. As a rule it is better applied as a top dressing and will work its way through soil quickly. In very acid soil, however, it may be necessary to work half the lime requirement into the soil and then to plough it deeply under and to give the remainder to the surface to be harrowed in. In this way it can be ensured that the soil fertility has been improved to a depth of, say, 12in.

Having given the soil the necessary application "at one fell swoop," it is advisable to continue with light dressings once in a rotation in order to make up for losses by leeching and the considerable quantities used by crops.

With grass land lime can be applied almost any time, though it is usually done during the early part of the year. Where the sludge lime is obtained from a beet factory the dressings are usually given late in the summer, for it is only then that this alkaline material is really in a fit condition to cart, spread and harrow in. Lime takes some time to get through to the soil, especially if there is a thick grass mat. In this case heavy harrowing will do a lot of good, for it will allow the lime to penetrate through to the surface of the soil much more quickly.

Opinions seem to differ as to the amounts of lime that should be applied as a regular matter to soils, once the content has been brought to the right condition. The Rothamstead Experimental Station seems to show that the annual loss of carbonate of lime per year, per acre, is round about 5½cwt. Experiments carried out in Wales seem to suggest 2cwt., while research carried out on sandy soils in the Midlands showed an approximate loss of 3½cwt. It may be said, therefore, that the arable farmer would do well to give an application of 1 ton of carbonate of lime every four years to the appropriate crop in the rotation or 10cwt. of quicklime could be given instead.

The farmer should aim to maintain his land either at or slightly below what is called the neutral point. Soil that is neutral is neither alkaline nor acid and chemists refer to this condition as pH7. The market gardener has found that his crops do best in a soil that may be described as slightly acid or at a figure pH6. Potatoes, tomatoes and marrows prefer to grow at about pH5.5. Barley and wheat seem to prefer to be grown in a soil at pH5.3, while sugar beet and mangolds do best at pH5.4. Oats, curiously enough, will put up with far more acid conditions, and have been known to succeed at pH4.3, while rye has even done at pH4.0.

It is not difficult to-day for a farmer to make his own soil tests now that soilometers may be purchased for a few shillings. Messrs. Baird and Tatlock, of London, offer the soil testing outfit, which is quite easy to carry about and which gives excellent results in a very short time. It is only necessary to take a sample of freshly dug earth from a few inches below the surface of the soil and place it in the little "plate" provided. The soil indicator is then added, drop by drop, and the sample stirred. It is then allowed to settle for about a minute and the plate is tilted in the opposite direction so that the liquid flows down the channel to the opposite end of the colour chart. It is then an easy matter to observe which to the colours the fluid most nearly corresponds with, and the number opposite this colour indicates the acidity of the soil.

The only satisfactory way of comparing the various limes available is by their content of oxide of lime (CaO). Quicklime usually contains about 90 per cent. oxide. Carbonate of lime (chalk and ground limestone) contains 55 per cent. oxide of lime, and hydrated lime 75 per cent. oxide of lime. Thus for the purposes of comparison it may be said that a ton of quicklime equals 1¾ tons of ground limestone and 1½ tons of hydrated lime.

FORD EMPLOYEES.—Following earlier announcement regarding privileges for Ford employees on National Defence Service, the company has now arranged that Ford employees on active service or joining His Majesty's Forces in 1939 are to receive their normal salary or wages for three months, less a deduction in respect of pay and allowances and a further reduction of 10/– a week for the value of food and clothing. Employees engaged on any branch of voluntary National Defence Service are being paid the difference between their service pay plus allowances and Ford pay for a period of three months and payment on a similar basis for two months is being made to Reservists who have been recalled for duty. If training or service has prevented an employee from taking the annual two weeks' holiday with pay extended by the company to all personnel, he will receive an additional payment equal to salary or wages for the period. In announcing these privileges the company has again stated to Ford employees that it is the company's intention, if practicable, to re-engage each employee upon his return to work after demobilisation.



THISTLES AND DOCKS IN A LINCOLNSHIRE GRAZING

TRACTORS AT WORK ON THE LAND

By G. N. McHARDY

THE success or failure of tractor work is now determined mainly, if not wholly, by the manner in which it is handled and managed, the driver being frequently the determining factor. It is very generally agreed that those who have started work with other farm equipment, and who understand the proper use of the horse plough and tillage tools in general, are better fitted to become first-class tractor drivers, than men who may have some mechanical knowledge but no agricultural background.

This is easily understood when one realises the combination of skill and art which is requisite for the proper cultivation of the land—an art which is not properly understood even by many farmers and farm workers.

The advantage of agricultural bias is still more strengthened, when we consider that manufacturers have for years concentrated on designing tractors that are simple to handle and that are fully reliable so long as they are not "tinkered with." The unskilled mechanic, who has an inclination to improve on the makers' designs, may thus constitute a very strong source of danger.

The farm hand who is to be promoted to tractor-driving should be carefully selected and, as a rule, the younger he is caught the better. Some boys of sixteen can quickly be turned out as first-rate drivers, and often constitute the best material. In any case, it is well to pick upon someone who exhibits a natural interest in machinery and a bent for taking proper care of it.

As far as possible the potential driver should also be free of such duties as milking, since it is essential that his regular spells of work should not be interrupted. Should the hands available at home be unsuitable or so reduced that no one is to be had for a new job, the services of a girl from the Women's Land Army may be sought, as a number have already been given training in this work.

Classes are being held in most counties, to which a prospective driver may be sent for a short period, while most manufacturers and some dealers are willing to have men for a few days at their works, to study the machine which is being purchased. In addition, there is the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering, which is entirely devoted to giving instruction in tractor operation and the use of all kinds of power-driven machines.



PLOUGHING ON THE DORSET HILLS WITH AN ALLIS CHALMERS WF AND THREE FURROW COCKSHOTT PLOUGH

When delivery is taken of a new tractor the man to be responsible for its operation should be in charge from the start, and it must be impressed upon him that its proper treatment, especially when straight from the factory, is essential to avoid after troubles. Some tractors may be extremely stiff when first delivered, and this may be disheartening to the novice, unless it is explained that this will wear off after the machine is run in.

Before any attempt is made to start the machine the instruction book must be given careful study by owner and driver, so that no mistakes are made. All directions regarding fuel, lubricating oil and water supplies must be checked, and the tractor should be given a thorough examination to see that all is in order.

A new machine should have at least fifteen to twenty hours running before it is put on to full load and the first ten hours would be best run without any load at all. One may devote the time, in the case of a novice driver, to instruction in steering, turning and driving to a true line, operating the machine in a paddock or on a stubble field. During this first day, it is best to run a paraffin tractor on petrol. After ten hours the tractor is best put on to some light operation if possible, such as harrowing, and after the first 20 hours' run the crankcase should be drained while hot, to remove the oil which may have become contaminated with particles of metal.

The warming-up period on petrol which is used for starting can be considerably shortened by keeping the radiator covered for the time being, and running the engine fairly fast. It may be driven for the first round of ploughing, or driven from stable to field on petrol, before changing over. This should be done when the intake manifold is thoroughly hot.

To facilitate warming up some tractors have a control, which may be used temporarily to increase the heating of the vaporiser. Others employ an automatic thermostat control of the water circulation, which prevents any movement of the cooling water until correct temperature has been attained. On some machines a most useful instrument in the shape of a temperature indicator is fitted.

It may be found that some tractors need to have part of the radiator surface blanked off all the time in cold weather, and a number of makers now supply shutters or blinds.

The reason why a high temperature is necessary is to ensure complete combustion of the fuel. In a cold engine the unburnt portion of the fuel will seep down the cylinder walls, dilute the lubricant, and cause rapid wear or even breakdown. This is true even of engines employing petrol as fuel, and one never gets satisfactory or economical running from a cold engine.

The driver who gets off his machine, puts his hand on the radiator and proudly asserts that "she is cool as a cucumber" is merely proclaiming his ignorance. The fault, however, is so common, and is responsible for so much trouble, that one cannot over-emphasise its dangers.



THIS CASE TRACTOR IS TURNING ONION TOPS UNDER ON A BEDFORDSHIRE VEGETABLE FARM

The machine should now be considerably eased from stiffness and may be put on to three-quarter load, such as a job of ploughing which is not too hard. The use of a heavier fuel, tractor vaporising oil, should then be commenced in a paraffin tractor. The driver must be given to understand that tractors cannot operate efficiently unless kept as hot as possible, short of the cooling water actually boiling.

CEREALS FOR AUTUMN SOWING

AT this time of year farmers are seriously considering which among the many available cereal varieties are likely to give the best financial return. The solution varies with soil, climate, and many other factors. The National Institute of Agricultural Botany has conducted systematic field trials for the last seventeen years, with the more promising varieties, and is able to give reliable advice to farmers in the North Midlands, Midlands, South and East of England on the choice of varieties of wheat, barley and oats.

There is a wide choice of good winter wheats, among the best being Juliana, Victor, Wilhelmina, the Yeomans, Holdfast, Little Joss, and Squarehead's Master or Standard Red. Other heavy yielding but later ripening varieties are Chevalier, Crown, Steel, Weibull's Standard, Weibull's Standard II, Scandia, and Rivet; any of these, and especially Rivet, should be sown early. Desprez 80 (Jonequois), a very early-ripening and short-strawed variety, gives heavy yields on good, well-drained soils. As a result of the decline in demand for poultry wheats there are indications that baking quality may assume greater importance than heretofore. In these circumstances Holdfast is worthy of special attention, for baking tests have shown it to be of superior quality to the Yeomans, or in fact, any other English wheat.

In the case of barley, where winter hardiness is of first importance, the ordinary six-row winter is most satisfactory. Under favourable conditions Plumage-Archer or Spratt-Archer both withstand normal winters and give good malting samples as well as high yields.

Among winter oats Grey Winter and Black Winter are the most hardy. Where extreme winter hardiness is not required, and for very fertile soils, Resistance can be recommended on account of its resistance to lodging, good quality straw and very high yields. The Aberystwyth White Winter Oat S. 147, marketed by the Institute for the first time last autumn, can be recommended for fertile soils where Grey Winter is likely to lodge. The use of the term "White Winter" as a varietal name for oats should be avoided, as it is ambiguous.

Brief particulars of the purposes for which the above varieties are adapted are given in Farmers' Leaflet No. 1, issued by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany. Copies can be obtained free of charge from the Institute at Cambridge or from any County Agricultural Organiser, and inquiries about these or other varieties are always welcome.



MICHAELMAS DAISIES IN MIXED COLOURS ARE DELIGHTFUL FOR INDOOR DECORATION

THE OCTOBER HERBACEOUS BORDER

THE splendours of the autumn herbaceous border far outshine the softer colourings of summer, and though the year may be dying it goes out with banners flying and gorgeous in hue.

Michaelmas Daisies, especially when interspersed with Dahlias, make the principal display, for though Dahlias are not "herbaceous" they figure in most borders. The mammoth Dahlias which attract every eye at shows, are far from being the most effective in the border. Apart from being so top heavy that they need the most careful staking they look all out of proportion to the other flowers.

One of the finest of the newer Michaelmas Daisies is, I think, Beechwood Challenger. In the border it looks striking, and for indoor decoration in artificial light it is quite unlike any other Aster. I have a special affection for the cherry and lavender coloured Dahlias. Cherry, Charmer and Mrs. David Hepburn are amongst the pick of the cherry kinds, and the richest lavenders are J. W. Davis and T. Hay. J. W. Davis is the better of these two.

Very pale lavenders look well on the show bench, in fact they stand out peculiarly well, but in the border they appear merely washy.

Amongst pink Dahlias, Jersey Beauty is still a prime favourite, and small wonder, for its rich pink flowers are produced in continuous profusion from late August till they are cut by frosts. The only yellow Dahlia I really like is St. Fagans. It is a peculiarly clear lemon yellow, and in mass is very fine. Grouped with other Dahlias no matter how rich their colouring, it is apt to make them look muddy.

Amongst the new Cactus Dahlias are the citron yellow, Sir S. Tallents, which won the silver cup for the best stem Cactus at the National Show, the large flowered Whimsical and Julius Bunge, a particularly attractive rose-pink. The novelties amongst decorative Dahlias include Duke of Windsor (one of the best Australian kinds, with dark red blooms nearly a foot across), Honor McLoughlin, another Australian kind with huge scarlet flowers; and Earl Baldwin, considered by many the finest 1938 introduction.

Chrysanthemums are still amongst the invaluable late autumn border plants, and it is interesting to note the increasing popularity of the single kinds. The types that make large sprays are especially useful for cutting. The exhibition singles are, of course, more striking, but not so effective for bowls.

In dull days all pink, crimson and terra-cotta varieties are the most cheering colours.

Amongst the pick of the singles for late flowering are Nan Park, with purplish wine-coloured flowers and generally regarded as the best purple single; Shirley terra-cotta; Vicar of Shirely, deep bronze with large sprays of flowers; and Red Riding Hood, which makes a brave show of bright red when that colour is at its scarcest in the border.

The new anemone-centred Chrysanthemums attracted a great deal of attention when first exhibited, and possibly their charm is owing to the fact that at first glance they do not look like Chrysanthemums at all, but some curious new flower. The Korean Chrysanthemums were the star attraction last season, but I think they were decidedly overrated.

Amongst the pick of the double flowering kinds are Shirley Lilac (a really good lilac colour); the vivid orange bronze Tibshelf Glory (continuous flowering); Pink Gem and Nita. Favourites such as the Cranford Pink, yellow and cream, Crimson Circle, Balcombe Gold, Autumn Gold, Lichfield Cream, Harvester and Shirley Cerise, are all invaluable.

As for the old button Chrysanthemums, they are the most reliable flowers towards the end of November. When every other flower is dashed and splashed with rain almost out of recognition these cheery little flowers are still going ahead gaily, and in mixed colours they make delightful Victorian-like bouquets for indoor decoration.

On sandy or, indeed, any well-drained soils, Chrysanthemums are perfectly hardy; but on heavy soils, especially in bleak parts, they have to be lifted after flowering and kept in a cold frame or greenhouse. The plants are divided up in April and put in fresh soil. Cuttings can be taken in March, inserted in pots of sandy soil, and kept under a handlight in a greenhouse till they have rooted. They are then transferred singly to 3-inch pots, using a compost consisting of two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf-mould and sand. After hardening off during May in a cold frame, they can be put in their flowering positions.

On sandy soils Pentstemons are amongst the invaluable late flowering, for they continue flowering long after Dahlias are over, indeed till nearly the end of November, and very hardy varieties such as Newry Seedling go on till nearly Christmas. In mixed colours, cherry, red, mauve and crimson, they make lovely groups in the October.

Pentstemons are easily increased by cuttings taken in late September or early October, and struck in very sandy soil in a cold frame. The cuttings are taken from side shoots that have not flowered, and the best cuttings are those that are not more than 4in. long. Take the cuttings either with a heel or cut below a joint in such a way that the joint itself is not injured. Remove the lower leaves before inserting.

The cuttings should be watered through a rose after insertion, and the frame then kept closed for a month or six weeks till they are rooted. No watering should be necessary unless we get a really hot spell in late October. When rooted the plants can be transferred singly to 3-inch pots and transferred to a cool greenhouse. Being almost hardy, undue coddling only makes them sickly. After hardening off in a cold frame in May the plants can be put out in early June.

E. S. R.

HORTICULTURAL ADVICE

Cultivating Gladioli

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

GLADIOLI look very beautiful when in flower, but the foliage is apt to appear rather be-draggled once blossoming is over. As it is necessary, however, to give the corm the opportunity of "plumping up" ready for next year's flowering, the foliage should not be cut off.

It is not, however, always wise to leave the corms growing until the foliage has turned brown, and so the keen flower grower will aim to get his corms dried off and in store by the end of this month. Much, indeed, can be done to hasten matters if the plants are dug up five or six weeks after the spike has been cut.

The foliage, at that time even, may still be green, but this gives an opportunity for a dozen or so corms to be bunched and tied up by their leaves to a wire stretched across a dry airy shed. This hanging up of the corms plus leaves, is important for it prevents the foliage from rotting off, and being attacked by a white "mould." Lay gladioli down in heaps, and this rotting soon takes place.

When hung in bunches, corms uppermost, the leaves continue to pass back the plant food they have manufactured, and in a few weeks' time they will have turned brown and may be cut away to within an inch or so above the corms.

Unfortunately, the gladiolus is attacked by several diseases, many of which are carried over during the winter on the corms. There is Bacterial Base Decay, for instance, which attacks the leaves where reddish-brown raised spots are seen towards the base. The spots increase in size and become black and pitted. The inside leaves get a wet rot, and in severe cases the bases of the leaves and the stalks are destroyed. The bacterium keeps alive during the winter on the stored corm, as well as in the rotted and diseased leaves which may be left lying about on the ground. Corms, therefore that have been affected should be burnt and so should the foliage.

During harvesting the scales may be found to be spotted dull brown, and partially decayed. If the corm is stripped it will show dry sunken spots, reddish-black in colour. This is Dry Rot. Again, the corms should be destroyed, and care should be taken never to purchase infected corms. If, on the other hand, the corms are to be found covered with dark, hard spots, it will be known that they are affected by the Hard Rot, a fungus which will last in the soil for four years. It will be necessary, therefore, not to plant in infected ground, and to reject the affected corms.

The Grey Bulb Rot (*Sclerotium tulipareum*) will attack gladioli as well as tulips. The young shoot is first affected, and the disease is passed into the corm, where a grey mould will be found on the surface. The affected corms should be burnt, and the soil should either be rested for four years or should be well soaked with a 2 per cent. solution of Commercial Formalin.

Some varieties seem to deteriorate after a number of years in a garden, and in this case it is better to discard the corms and to purchase a new stock. A vigorous young corm three or four years of age often gives better results than an older corm, twice the size. New corms may be purchased from such firms as Messrs. Kelways of Langport, Somerset, who have specialised in these flowers, as also have Messrs. Unwins of Histon, Cambs. Messrs. R. H. Bath of Wisbech, Messrs. Carters of Raynes Park, London; Messrs. Barr & Sons of King Street, Covent Garden; Messrs. Robert Sydenham of 22, Tenby Street, Birmingham; and Messrs. John Peed & Son, of West Norwood, London, S.E.

What corms are to be stored should be placed on shallow paper-lined trays such as are used for storing fruit, and placed in a dry airy shed that is absolutely frost and damp-proof. They should be looked over from time to time during the winter, and may be turned if necessary to prevent sweating taking place.

Those who are thinking of purchasing corms for delivery in the spring of 1940 should take note of the following varieties which attracted me at the last Gladioli Show in the R.H.S. Hall: Vagabond Prince, a brown and flame scarlet; All-Gold, a coppery yellow with dark orange edging; Arabella, an almost black; Greta Garbo, a white with a pink flush; Irak, a grey sport of Baghdad, the smoky-rose; Madam Curie, an immense large rosy pink; Miss New Zealand, a deep salmon pink with a cherry blotch in throat, the florets are often 5in. across; Tanui, a creamish-yellow overlaid with orange-scarlet; and Shirley Temple, an immense heavily ruffled cream with a yellow throat. It is an outstanding variety, but the corms are 3/6 each.

PRICES FOR STANDING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

ON the day before the outbreak of war the Minister of Supply made an Order preventing the sale or offering for sale of growing trees, including thinnings, in excess of 1,000 cubic feet. This standstill arrangement has been in operation until recently, when the Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order, 1939 (Stationery Office, 1d.) was made. It makes the licence of the Ministry of Supply needful for all sales or offers of timber for sale. So far as felling is concerned it may proceed without licence up to an aggregate of 1,000 cubic feet in a month, or with a licence in excess of this quantity.

The most interesting part of the Order is the maximum prices which it fixes. These are stated to be for timber of ordinary commercial quality. For inferior grades or defective butts the usual trade allowances are to be made in arriving at the appropriate maximum price. This would involve a reduction in the length of a stem affected by heartrot, though the price per cubic foot for what remains would not be altered. For a crooked or very knotty stem it would be the price that would be reduced, while the measure would remain normal. The not uncommon practice of making a deduction from the measurement of inferior trees, so that the whole volume in the wood may be priced at the same figure, is not recommended.

The case of trees of exceptional size or suitable for a special purpose is not forgotten. For these the maximum prices do not apply, and, on application, the Ministry of Supply will fix special figures. These may be applied generally, or relate merely to a special contract.

The majority of trees will be sold standing, by private negotiation with the timber merchant who usually buys the timber on the estate. The merchant will then organise the felling and haulage. Exceptionally, the owner may employ his own woodmen to carry out the felling, removal of side branches, cording of the top and burning the brush. In this case 2d. per cubic foot may be added to the maximum price in the case of hardwoods, and 1½d. for conifers.



A MIXED FIR PLANTATION, 30 YEARS OLD
Much too dense and now required for pit props

The prices, which are maximum figures, for good quality clean and straight timber, must not be taken as standard prices. They are:—

SPECIES.	GRADE, in quarter girth at mid-length, measured over bark.	MAXIMUM PRICE. s. d.	BARK ALLOWANCE per cent.
Larch	18in. and over	1 6	England and Wales: 7½ per cent.
	7in. to 9½in.	1 0	
	Under 7in.	0 7	
Other Conifers	12in. and over	1 6	Scotland: 10 per cent.
	8in. to 11½in.	0 10	
	Under 8in.	0 7	
Ash	Over 12in. selected butts	4 6	7½ per cent.
	Other selected trees	2 6	
	Other, not selected	1 9	
Oak	18in. and over, well-grown selected trees	3 6	10 per cent.
	14in. and over, well-grown whole parcels	2 6	
	12in. to 13½in. well-grown whole parcels	2 0	
	Other descriptions	1 6	
	Inferior in size and quality	0 9	
Sycamore	11in. and over, good quality	2 0	7½ per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	
Hornbeam	—	1 6	7½ per cent.
Spanish Chestnut	Selected trees	2 0	10 per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	
Beech	Good quality and size	1 6	7½ per cent.
	Other descriptions	1 0	

These prices are entirely satisfactory from the owner's point of view. It is true that holes can be picked in the scale. The price of 7d. is a low figure for larch with a central quarter girth of 7in., quite a large tree. The other conifer prices seem out of proportion in relation to the larch. The 15 per cent. bark allowance for elm, poplar, alder and lime is on the high side. On the other hand the general level is slightly above normal, and for conifers, except larch, is very much in excess of those normally secured.

Outside this scale come the high quality timbers used for special purposes. Young quickly grown ash used to make 6s. 6d. per cubic foot for selected butts, for use in the sports trade and for aeroplanes. Cricket bat willow made 10s. and more, while walnut suitable for gun stocks made 8s. or 9s., and pruned larch for boat building 2s. 6d. These prices are taken from the book *Marketing Timber* (Estates Gazette, 5s.).

No difficulty need be anticipated in selling. The first step is an enquiry to the Divisional Officer for the district, whose address will be supplied on application to the Timber Control, c/o Postmaster, Bristol. The officer will make an appointment to view the wood, and impart much useful guidance into the bargain. The parcel can then be measured, valued and offered to the local or other timber merchant in the usual way. When the bargain has been made it must be recorded upon a form, signed by both parties, and forwarded to the Divisional Officer. Felling, clearance and payment will follow the customary course.



SCOTS PINE AND YOUNG LARCH AT HURSLEY

MAKING THE MOST OF BEETS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALL the beets are now in season and it is to be hoped that the war will teach us to grow Sugar Beet and Seakale Beet more commonly for the former is a most nutritious vegetable, being rich in natural sugar and the latter affords what may be described as a luxury vegetable at a time when all such vegetables are decidedly scarce—*i.e.*, during the bleakest weeks of the year. We grow both these beets and find them invaluable.

Sugar Beet makes a delicious soup. The recipe we use is to allow one pint cooked and sieved Onion or Shallot to eight parts cooked and sieved Beet. The beets should be rubbed through the sieve with their skins on for with vegetables as with fruits, the most valuable salts are contained both just under and in the skin. The fact that the skin has been left on is quite unnoticeable after sieving. Thin the mixture with a little milk and add a little chopped Parsley and a tablespoonful of butter made into a roux with an eggspoonful of flour. Bring the whole to just below boiling point. If preferred richer, the yolk of an egg can be added but do not let the liquor boil after the egg yolk is added or it will curdle.

We have also adopted the method of baking Beets (both sugar beet and the common beet), for this is quicker than boiling and saves fuel. Also the flavour is vastly better and there is no risk of bleeding. Hot Beet with melted butter is delicious. To bake Beets wrap each separately in greaseproof paper rubbed over with margarine, butter being an impossible luxury for such purposes nowadays. Small globular Beets take an hour. Slip off the skins before serving.

Savoury Beet is an excellent supper dish. To make it, slice some cooked Beets and put the slices in a shallow pan with a tablespoonful of any good Stock, a grated small Onion, a pinch of flour and a handful of finely chopped herbs, obtainable now, such as Sweet Marjoram, Parsley, Chives, Thyme, &c., or a teaspoonful of dried herbs. Boil gently for fifteen minutes and on removing the pan from the fire add a dessertspoonful of cream. People grudge cream and butter but a very little goes a long way.

Fresh herbs are much better and it is a pity that the old herb patch in gardens is not revived, for herbs improve most vegetarian dishes and are less expensive and more wholesome than bought sauces. Fricassee of Beet is also good and is a variation of the recipe given above. Slice some large Onions, fry them and arrange in a pile in the centre of a largish flat dish. Sprinkle a little lemon juice over the pile. Round the Onions arrange the Beets cooked as described in the previous recipe and pour the sauce made with the stock and herbs over both the Onions and Beet.

Cream of Beet is nourishing and appetising. To each large cooked Beet allow a medium-sized Onion, grated raw. Rub the Beet through a sieve, add the Onion and an ounce of butter, and leave in the oven for half-an-hour. In the meantime make a sauce with the yolk of an egg, an ounce of butter or margarine, an eggspoonful of lemon juice and seasoning to taste. Heat the sauce but it must not boil, or the egg will curdle. Take the Beet and Onion out of the oven. Mix with the sauce, put the mixture into a pie-dish and garnish the top with chopped Parsley and powdered hard-boiled egg.

Seakale Beet is, theoretically, not so hardy as Spinach Beet or the Common Beet, but in the bitterest cold of the last severe winter and on clay soil we were gathering the beet with only the protection of a few leafless boughs laid over the plants. This Beet is a paying crop, for from a sowing made in May one can gather continuously from late summer, all through winter till the following May. Then it runs to seed. Seakale Beet, unlike the Common Beet, does well on a heavy soil and can do with generous supplies of manure. The mid-ribs of well-grown plants are three to four inches across and very succulent. They should be steamed or cooked in stock or milk and water. Boiling them ruins the flavour. The green part can be used like spinach—*i.e.*, cooked in its own moisture and then chopped up before serving. Rubbing it through a sieve involves too much labour in these days.

This year I tried the new Rainbow Beet which was launched by an American firm. This is a variety of Seakale Beet but the mid-ribs are every shade of crimson vermilion and pink and very striking in growth. The leaves are heavily tinged crimson. In my opinion, the flavour of the mid-ribs is not so good as that of the type, but the green part is quite delicious. I intend to grow it simply for the green part every year.

Spinach Beet is not exactly a luxury vegetable and is despised by many but it is undoubtedly a great stand-by for greens all through the winter. The important point is that all through the season the outer leaves should be picked off (whether wanted or not) to encourage the growth of spring tender growths. Further, these leaves should never be cut but broken off, for cutting bleeds the plants. This applies also to Seakale Beet.

It is customary to harvest and store Beets but anyhow in the south I think this lifting of root vegetables can be overdone. Freshly lifted roots have a far better flavour than stored roots, and frost improves their flavour. We only lift ours as and when the ground is required for autumn digging.

SPINNING OUT THE PETROL RATION

By W. G. McMINNIES

A GREAT many suggestions have been made for counteracting, if only to a small extent, the efforts of petrol rationing. The majority deals with methods of driving and ways of adapting the engine and carburettor to this war-time state of affairs. The minority look to the use of alternative fuels as a way of helping towards solving the problem.

The most obvious alternative fuel is paraffin, which at the moment is not rationed, although it is subjected to an excise tax except when used for certain special cases such as ploughing.

When paraffin is used in a stationary engine the plant is started up on petrol and so allows the exhaust gases to warm up the vaporiser. When sufficient heat has been generated the petrol is turned off and the paraffin on. Given a suitable carburettor or vaporiser, which could be fitted in place of the standard carburettor, there is no reason why a car engine should not be run on paraffin in this way. And in this connection I remember that years ago I actually ran an air-cooled motor bicycle on this lower grade fuel.

As an alternative to this scheme the idea of mixing paraffin with petrol may suggest itself. But in this case it is almost certain that starting difficulties would arise. Indeed a few weeks ago there was a rumour going round that the present pool petrol already contained as much paraffin as was good for it. When I tried to verify this rumour the garage owners I asked said that it was quite inaccurate and that there was no paraffin in the pool petrol. Anyway, it may be assumed that the specification of the pool petrol is such that if paraffin were mixed with pool it might be next to impossible to start the engine. But once the engine was started it could be run successfully on the mixture with some additional form of control to the air supply of the carburettor.

Another form of fuel which has been the subject of much discussion is town gas. It was used as an alternative fuel by some cars and commercial vehicles during the last war, but for reasons which are explained below it is but a poor substitute for petrol, at any rate in a motor car. It is, however, used regularly in some motor manufacturing works for the running in of batteries of engine on test. In this case, there is no difficulty in the supply, which is piped up to the engine, where an air valve is fitted, and generated in a gasometer in the ordinary way.

The principal snag with gas is the difficulty of carrying enough of it either in a bag, series of cylinders or specially shaped container on a car to make the trouble of installation and replenishment worth while.

As an example of how unfavourably gas compares with petrol it is stated that a pint of petrol will propel a car approximately the same distance as 30 cubic feet of gas. This is due to the fact that the average town gas has a calorific value of 572 British thermal units per cubic foot, and that the average value of petrol per pound is 18,600.

The storage of the gas in cylinders has better prospects of success despite the fact that there is not much superfluous room on a standard car for a battery of cylinders or a special container. There is also the question of the extra weight to be taken into consideration. In the average light car it would be possible to carry perhaps a pair of cylinders, each containing 100 cubic feet of gas, while on a larger car twice that amount might be accommodated by designing and building into the chassis a special container. But when all this trouble has been taken, and all this expense gone to, the motorist will only have obtained the equivalent to an extra two to two-and-a-half gallons of petrol, which is not a very encouraging result.

Nor is that the end of his troubles, for having fitted up his cylinders or container he is then faced with the problem of securing quick, accessible and regular supplies. Gasometers do not grow at the roadside like petrol pumps, nor at the moment do I know whether the gas producing companies would be prepared to supply fill-ups for the cylinders for the travelling motorist. Obviously he would be unable to fill his own cylinders from the tap in his own home, owing to the high pressure required in the cylinder or container.

When all these difficulties are added to the fact that gas gives far less power than petrol, the futility of expecting its use, at any rate on touring cars when used for serious business purposes, seems obvious under present conditions.

No, the simpler and more practical way of elongating that monthly 200 miles' ration is first by improved driving technique, specially practised for the present state of emergency, and second, by making a few simple adjustments to the car and its engine.

Driving technique consists in hanging on to top gear as long as possible, eliminating idling periods, either after starting up from cold or when waiting, getting into neutral whenever possible and allowing the car to freewheel, with the engine switched off, down hill or when approaching a "halt—major road ahead" sign or traffic signal. And of course the speed should be kept down to an economical figure of 30-40 m.p.h.

On the technical side some economy can be obtained by re-setting the throttle stop screw or adjuster, so that when the accelerator is released the throttle is completely, instead of nearly, closed, as it is in the ordinary way. The only snag to this arrangement is that the engine will stop when the gear is put into neutral for coasting or waiting at a traffic sign. To overcome this drawback it should be possible to arrange some form of hand setting control, that is, unless one is already provided.

The importance of the water temperature being quickly raised to the correct level and maintained there, should not be overlooked. And for this reason care should be taken to see that thermostatically controlled radiator shutters work properly. As winter approaches, and the temperature of the atmosphere falls, it may help considerably if a radiator muff is fitted for constant use during short journeys. Another plan, which is worth trying, especially if the car is only used for short journeys, is to remove the fan belt. This obviously not only permits the engine to warm up quickly but will keep it at a higher and therefore more efficient running temperature when running at the comparatively low speed of 30-40 m.p.h. under a very light load.

Of course, if one is prepared to go still further in making adjustments to the engine one could raise the compression, always on the understanding that the throttle would never be open more than say, one-third. On the other hand, it should be noted that with quite a number of cars the compression ratio has been pushed up so far already that when a low grade fuel is used and the throttle is opened fully, they are subject to pink. So owners of these cars, intended to be run on Ethyl or its equivalent, are faced with the following alternatives: either they must never open the throttle more than a small amount, or else they must reduce the compression ratio of their engine. The simplest way to achieve the latter is to fit a second cylinder gasket. When this is being done, care should be taken to see that the holes in both gaskets correspond and match up with the holes in the upper face of the cylinder in its head.

Another important hint for securing additional economy is to inflate the tyres to a pressure even higher than that recommended for all round comfort and security by the makers. It is pointed out by experts that a reduction of fifty per cent in the pressure of a tyre increases the rolling resistance by some forty per cent.

If one were so inclined one could carry out a series of rolling tests by starting the car from a stand-still in neutral on a decline, and noting how far it would glide down the hill with the tyres pumped up to varying pressures. One would then probably discover a pressure beyond which there would be no gain in the length of the glide.

With a little practice one should become so expert in the drill of coasting and switching off the engine that on a well-known road the brakes should hardly ever be called into action. For every time they are used it means that a few more yards are knocked off the highest attainable mileage figure. Practice will also indicate the correct moment for switching on and re-engaging top gear.



BACK ONCE MORE TO THE GAS BAG

A start at conversion. A crate has to be fitted to keep the gas bag from swaying about. The Leeds Corporation have installed a special gas main at their depot in readiness for more users.

ROAD ACCIDENTS AND THE BLACK-OUT

In the absence of official figures, the National "Safety First" Association is endeavouring to keep a close watch on the accident position. The Association is hoping by means of examining newspaper reports of inquests in all parts of the country to discover just how present conditions are making the roads more dangerous. It will then be possible to suggest how individual road users can best help themselves and each other to overcome the difficulties.

The "black out" has made night movement much more difficult, but it must not be forgotten that accidents happened at night in peace time, and it is not fair to ascribe every mishap to war circumstances. In war, as in peace, the common sense of the road user is the best protection, and the more this truth is hammered home the less likely the increase in accidents. Many people seem to have the idea that the coming of war means that traffic regulations have been put into cold storage "for the duration." Such an idea is quite ridiculous. The man who behaves reasonably on the roads is the most likely to give the best service in emergency. Dangerous road conduct indicates a lack of public spirit and is not a sign of personal importance.

FARMERS AND THEIR LANDLORDS.—In order to remove any misapprehension regarding the position as between landlord and tenant in connection with the ploughing up campaign, Orders will be issued by County War Agricultural Executive Committees in due course in respect of all grass land voluntarily ploughed up after the outbreak of the war (September 3rd) in response to his appeal, and copies will be served on both landlord and tenant. These Orders will have the effect of overriding the terms of the farmer's tenancy agreement and will exempt him from the necessity of obtaining the landowner's consent or of complying with any conditions imposed by the landowner in the tenancy agreement or otherwise, in regard to such ploughing up. No farmer should delay ploughing up pending the receipt of an Order from the Committee.

BRIDGE

OVERCALLS

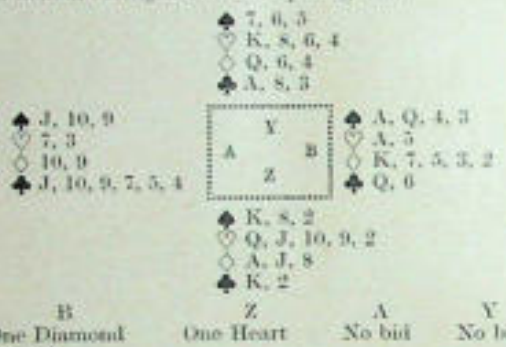
By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

BEFORE commencing this article I should like to pay a short tribute to the late A. Manning Foster. Of late years he was regarded as the Grand Old Man of Bridge. He was a founder and until recently president of the British Bridge League and one of the first sponsors of Duplicate Bridge in this country. Founder and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*, he always advocated a game free from convention, and he was well known for his favourite motto of "Bridge is a game."

He wrote several books on Bridge, notably *Contract without Conventions*, and was until the early part of this year Cards Editor of the *Field*. He was responsible for the *Bridge Magazine* offering the Gold Cup, the most coveted trophy amongst British players for teams of four. His many correspondents and friends all over the world will regret his death.

Many players are curiously illogical with their overcalls. On hands on which they would not dream of opening the bidding with a one call, they gaily overcall with two. When playing against good opponents the overcaller is often doubled and suffers heavy penalties. However, he never seems to realise that the fault is his own.

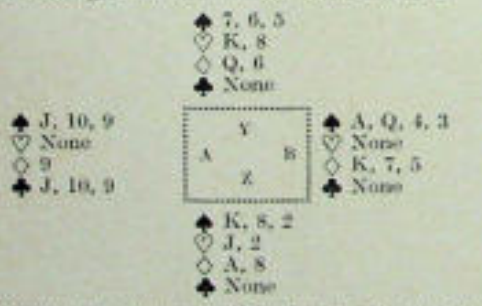
His first excuse is, "It was only an overcall, partner," if taxed with the enormity of his crime; his next line of defence is that "the distribution of the opponents' cards was very unfortunate." This habit of making weak overcalls has a secondary effect, when the partner of the overcaller begins to distrust the bid and will not give a raise unless very strong. Although the overcall may be rather weak in defence against the opponents' bid, it should always be strong in playing tricks. As a general guide, the overcall should be only slightly weaker in honour strength than an opening bid.



B	Z	A	Y
One Diamond	One Heart	No bid	No bid
No bid			

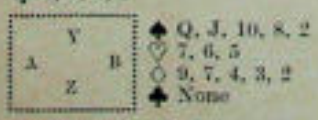
Y thinking that Z's bid was only an overcall, waited until the next round. Unfortunately, there was not a next round. His correct bid is undoubtedly Two Hearts and then the hand would probably be played in Three Hearts.

The play of the hand was rather interesting. A.'s opening lead of the 10 of Diamonds was taken by Z's Jack of Diamonds. The Queen of Hearts was led and taken by B, who returned a Heart, taken by the 9 of Hearts. Z now eliminated Clubs by leading the King and Ace and ruffing the 3 of Clubs with the 10 of Hearts. The following situation had now been reached.



Dummy was now entered by leading the 2 of Hearts and a Spade led. B ducked and Z took the trick with the King of Spades. A Spade was returned and whether A or B took the trick they could only make one more Spade trick. The return of the thirteenth Spade gives Z a ruff and a discard. A Diamond lead by B would be run to the Queen in Dummy, a Diamond lead by A would be covered by Y and the 8 of Diamonds established. It should be noted that to make the hand it is essential that Z eliminates Clubs and Hearts and throws the lead with a Spade.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

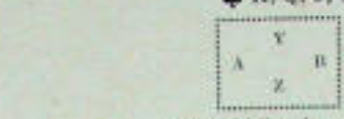


The bidding has gone.

Z	A	Y	B
Four Hearts	Five Clubs	Five Hearts	All pass

A leads the Ace of Clubs. How should B defend the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	Y
One Heart	Two Clubs
Two No Trumps	Three No Trumps

A leads the 5 of Diamonds. How should B defend the hand?

SOLUTION

On the bidding it is certain that Z has a stop in Diamonds, and unless A has the Ace of Clubs the hand cannot be defeated. If, however, A has the Ace of Clubs it is essential that Y's entry, the Ace of Spades, is removed. For this purpose B must take the trick with the Ace of Diamonds and return the King of Spades and another Spade, if Z should hold up the Ace of Spades. A low Spade return is of no use, since Z will almost certainly take the trick with the Queen of Spades. Z's hand was:

♠ Q, J, 8
♡ A, K, 7, 5
◇ K, Q, 8, 3
♣ 10, 6

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

THIS year's congress of the International Chess Federation was held at Buenos Aires and has recently come to its conclusion. No fewer than 27 teams took part in the International Team Tournament, but unfortunately U.S.A., the holders, were unable to compete. The 27 teams were arranged in four preliminary groups, the final scores in which were as follows: (a) Bohemia and Moravia and Poland each 18½ points out of 28, England 13½, Brazil 12½, Canada 11, Paraguay and Peru each 5; (b) Latvia 17½ points out of 24, Germany 18, Chile 14, France 13½, Belgium 10, Uruguay 8½, Bolivia 4½; (c) Argentina 18 points out of 24, Lithuania 16½, Holland 15, Denmark 13½, Ireland 13, Eire 4½, Ecuador 3½; (d) Sweden 14 points out of 20, Estonia 15, Palestine 11, Cuba 10, Norway 8, Guatemala 4.

The first four teams in each of the groups then played together in a final tournament, with the exception of England, who withdrew on account of the war. The final scores were as follows: Germany 36 points out of 50, Poland 35½, Estonia 32½, Sweden 32, Argentina 24½, Bohemia and Moravia 32, Latvia 31½, Holland 30½, Palestine 26, France 24½, Cuba 22½, Chile and Lithuania each 22, Brazil 21 and Denmark 17½. The scores made in the preliminary sections were not carried forward.

A tournament for the Women's Championship of the World was also played. Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson retained her title with a score of 18 points out of 19.

A game from the match between Argentina and Latvia.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Pleci. (Argentina.)	BLACK. Endzelins. (Latvia.)	WHITE. Pleci. (Argentina.)	BLACK. Endzelins. (Latvia.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	12. Kt to K 5, ch (g)	P takes Kt
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	13. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to Kt 3 (h)
3. Kt to Q 2	P to Q B 4	14. B takes B	Kt takes B (i)
4. K Kt to B 3 (a)	Q P tks P (b)	15. R takes R	P to Q R 5
5. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 2	16. B to K 2 (j)	P to K 5
6. P takes P	Kt takes P (c)	17. P to K B 4 (k)	P to Kt 4
7. Q takes Q, ch	K takes Q	18. R to K 8	K to B 3
8. B to Kt 5, ch	P to B 3	19. R to B 8, ch	K to Kt 3
9. Castles, ch	K to K sq (d)	20. P to K B 4	B to Kt 2 (l)
10. B to Kt 5, ch	K to B 2 (e)	21. P to R 5, ch	Resigns (m)
11. R to Q 8 (f)	B to K 2		

(a) If K P takes P, then Q takes P leads to an even game.
(b) Kt to Q B 3 is, perhaps, better.
(c) An inferior move. He should, instead, play 6. . . . B takes P followed, if 7. Kt takes B, by 7. . . . Q to R 4, ch; 8. B to Q 2, Q takes Kt.
(d) K to B 2 is preferable.
(e) If 10. . . . B to Q 2, then 11. Kt takes Kt, B takes B; 12. Kt takes K P.
(f) A fine move. If now 11. . . . P takes B, then 12. Kt to K 5, ch, K to K 2; 13. R to K 8, mate; or, if, instead, 11. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 12. Kt to K 5, ch, K to K 2 (if P takes Kt, then B to K 8, mate); 13. R to K 8, ch, K to Q 3; 14. Kt to B 7, ch, K to B 4 (if K to B 2, then R takes B); 15. B to K 3, ch, K takes B; 16. R takes K B followed by 17. Kt takes R.
(g) Another fine move.
(h) If R takes Kt, then B to K 8, ch, followed by B to Kt 6 or B 5, mate.
(i) There is nothing better.
(j) Threatening B to B 3, which would prevent the development of Black's Queen's side by P to Q Kt 4 and B to Kt 2.
(k) A good move.
(l) This loses at once. P to K R 4 would prolong the game.
(m) White mates next move.

FINE'S PLAY

The following game, from the American Chess Federation's Championship Tournament at New York, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master Reuben Fine. He won the tournament with the splendid score of 10½ points out of 11.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. R. Fine.	BLACK. I. Horowitz.	WHITE. R. Fine.	BLACK. I. Horowitz.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	18. R to K sq	K R to K sq
2. P to Q 4	P to Q B 4	19. Q to Kt 2	Kt to Q 4
3. P to K Kt 3	Kt to K B 3	20. Q R to B sq (g)	B to R 6 (h)
4. B to Kt 2	P to K 3	21. B to R sq	Q to B 4
5. Castles	Kt to B 3	22. P to B 6	P takes P
6. P to B 4	B to K 2	23. P takes P	Kt (K 5) to B 6
7. B P takes P	K P takes P	24. Kt takes Kt	Kt tks Kt (i)
8. Kt to B 3	Castles (a)	25. Kt to B 4	B to Kt 5
9. P takes P (b)	P to Q 5 (c)	26. P to K 3 (j)	P to Kt 4
10. Kt to Q R 4	B to B 4	27. P takes P	Kt to Q 8
11. B to B 4 (d)	Kt to K 5	28. Q to Q 2	R takes R, ch
12. P to Q Kt 4	B to B 3 (e)	29. Q takes R	P takes Kt
13. P to Kt 5	Kt to K 2	30. P to B 7	R to Q B sq
14. R to K 5	R takes B	31. R to Kt 7	P takes P
15. Kt takes B	Q to Q 4	32. R P takes P	B to B 6 (k)
16. Kt to Q 3 (f)	Q R to Q sq	33. B takes K	Q takes B
17. Q to B sq	Q to K 3	34. Q to K 7	Resigns.

(a) A well-known position in Tarrasch's defence to the Queen's Gambit has been reached by transposition of moves.
(b) B to Kt 5 is considered to be stronger.
(c) This pawn-sacrifice was strongly recommended by Dr. Tarrasch.
(d) The usual move is Kt to R 4. The text-move, which is preparatory to P to Q Kt 4, appears to be stronger. If at once P to Q Kt 4, then P to Q 6 is good for Black.
(e) If 12. . . . Kt takes Kt P, then 13. Kt takes P, B to Kt 3; 14. B to Kt sq, P to Q B 4; 15. P to Q B 3, Kt to Q B 3; 16. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 17. B to Kt 7 with the better game for White. If, instead, 12. . . . Kt to B 6, then 13. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 14. P to Kt 5 leads to a complicated game in which White appears to have the better chances.
(f) White has the advantage. His Queen's side pawns are very strong.
(g) Not 23. Q takes P because of 20. . . . Kt (Q 4) to B 6; 21. Q to Kt 4, Kt takes Kt; 22. Q takes Kt (R 4), Kt to B 6; 23. Q to R 2, Kt takes P, ch; 24. R takes Kt, Q takes R; 25. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 26. Kt to B 4, R to B 7 with advantage to Black.
(h) If Kt (K 5) to B 6, then Kt takes Kt followed, if Kt takes Kt, by Kt to B 4 or, if P takes Kt, by Q to Kt sq, threatening P to K 4.
(i) If P takes Kt, then Q to Kt 3, threatening P to K 4.
(j) A good move. If now 26. . . . P to Q 6 (threatening P to Q 7), then 27. Kt takes P, Kt to K 7, ch; 28. R takes Kt, B takes R; 29. Q takes B, R takes Kt; 30. P to B 7 and wins.
(k) Black has no satisfactory move.

PROBLEM No. 4035

By Frhr. F. VON WARDENER.*

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

BLACK (8 pieces): King at K Kt 6, Rooks at Q R 2 and Q R 6, Bishop at Q B 2, Pawns at K R 3, Q R 3, K 4 and Q 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Deutsche Schachblätter*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4034

1. Q to Kt 3, Any move; 2. Q or R mates.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT.—We understood that, on account of the war, this tournament will not be played.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 538

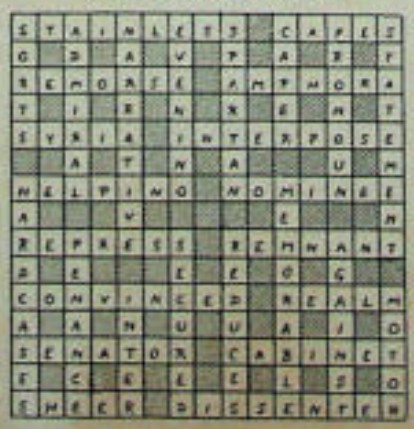
ACROSS.—7, This is before you now (5). 8, Unaffectedly (9). 10, Primes (anag.) (8). 11, Gradient (anag.) (8). 12, Honest (8). 14, My very dear nurse was particularly kind to me (hidden) (4). 15, The man expected to hear something at each stopping-place (hidden) (4). 18, Job in *The Pickwick Papers* (7). 20, Allots (7). 22, Seed-vessel without the flesh (4). 24, Eastern judge (4). 26, One shade of blue (8). 29, Nora is between her parents (8). 30, Ignore (anag.) (6). 31, Honours (9). 32, April 1st, 1900 and December 25th, 1938 (5).

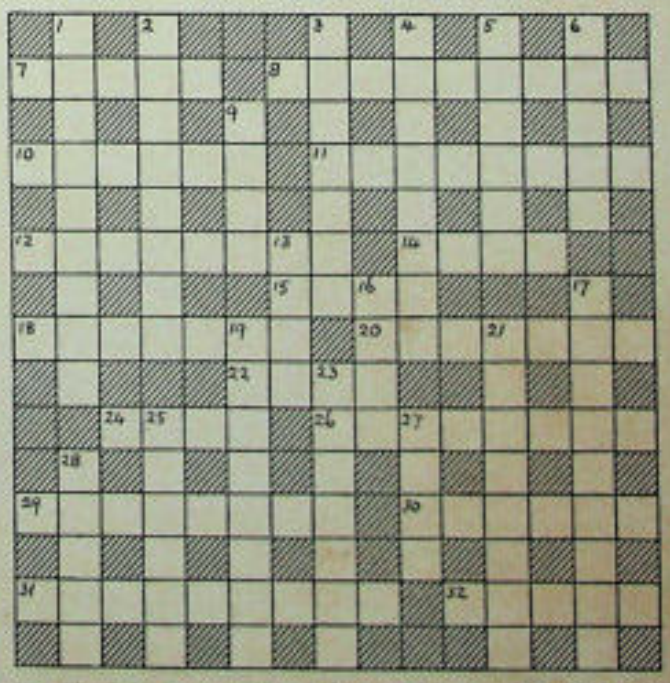
DOWN.—1, "Angels and —— of grave defend us" (*Hamlet*) (9). 2, This animal is credited with a phenomenally good memory (8). 3, Choral work (7). 4, Certainty (8). 5, Andrew (anag.) (6). 6, "We carved not a line and we raised not a stone But we left him —— with his glory" (Wolfe) (5). 9, A rugged rock (4). 13, The really urgent question is how we are to escape from our difficult position (hidden) (4). 16, Use abusive language (4). 17, Idea in top (anag.) (9). 19, "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and ——" (*Richard II*) (8). 21, This comes of altering "altering" . . . (8). 24, . . . while this is "altered" altered (7). 25, A spring? (6). 27, The result in the hectic-to-me appeared very dangerous (hidden) (4). 28, The Queen who married Private Willis (5).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 537

Published October 7th





FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

ALTHOUGH agriculture is perhaps the industry least of all suited to sudden changes, it is adapting itself remarkably well. This may partly be because some of the things we are doing under the stress of war are things that might equally well be done in time of peace. For example, ploughing up grassland. Before the war, and even before the £2 per acre grant was given, some of the more venturous farmers had been busy ploughing up their pasture, on lines advised by Sir George Stapledon, and finding every reason to be well pleased with the result. The difference now is that counties are ploughing in thousands of acres instead of tens, and the land is being sown to cereal or fodder crops or potatoes and not to new grass. But the farming principle is the same, and the industry is fortunate in having to do under the duress of war what will improve the land and make it more productive for many years to come.

Again, the pre-war oats and barley subsidies were designed in a way to encourage farmers to grow more of these crops to feed their own stock. It was not so much that we needed the oats and barley, but rather that growing more of our feeding-stuffs promotes good farming, and helps to save the farmer from being at the mercy of any ill wind that affects the price of feeding-stuffs in any country in the world.

Provided that arable farming can be carried on under reasonable financial conditions, agriculture looks like being all the healthier for these war-time measures, and the farmer born and bred will find satisfaction in them. He is now able to make the land produce to the full, with no limitations of output, no compulsion by force of circumstances to over-specialise, but to get back to the old principles of mixed arable farming with rotation of crops. In their hearts the men on the land that is now being ploughed up have always known this to be right.

So we are getting a war-time picture of a more active, more fertile countryside, with the plough coming into its own again and the farm a more self-contained unit. Prices for what is sold off the farm are being fixed—in much the same way as we have done for some time now with wheat, milk and hops—and the costs of such things as fertilisers and feeding-stuffs are being fixed also. The Minister has given his assurance that these two vital factors are being closely watched with a view to keeping them in step. There is this further advantage. In times when food imports are likely to be curtailed, the home producer can expect a stronger demand for his output that will make it unlikely that he will have much surplus left on his hands. There is strong evidence that farmers are already feeling more at home in this new world and the plough is going forward with increasing confidence.

Beef producers will have noted that an Order from the Ministry of Food gives them a possible 4/- per live cwt. more for the better animals of the "Ordinary" class—that is, for cattle of this grade estimated to kill out at 57 per cent. or more. The reason for this was that many useful cattle of this class, with plenty of meat on them, were coming forward, although they were not quite of the type and conformation to put them in the quality grade. But under existing conditions they seemed to merit a higher price. The new maximum prices for fat cattle are therefore as follows:

MAXIMUM PRICES.

Quality—
57 per cent. and over, 48/- per live cwt.
54–56 per cent., 44/- per live cwt.
Ordinary—
57 per cent. and over, 44/- per live cwt.
54–56 per cent., 40/- per live cwt.
Others—
53 per cent. and under, 37/- per live cwt.

POTASH ON THE FARM

Since most of our potash fertilisers came from Germany, this particular fertiliser is likely to be in short supply. But farmers need not worry unduly. The same thing happened in the last war and we got along remarkably well without it. Cereals do not normally require much potash. The shortage will be felt most by such crops as sugar beet, mangolds, potatoes and the legumes such as clover, lucern, vetches, peas and beans, especially on certain light soils.

Until 1890 potash salts were unknown to farming use; up to then the manure heap did what was necessary. Farms working on the four-course rotation can still do with little bought potash if plenty of dung is made, for the animal retains little of the potash contained in feeding-stuffs. Hay, straw and roots contain relatively a very large proportion of the potash removed from the soil by them, and if these crops are consumed on the farm where they were grown much of the potash will be returned to the land through the manure.

But the manure heap must be adequately protected from heavy rainfall. The liquid manure must also be saved, for this contains much valuable plant food. It may be saved by collecting in tanks or other containers, or by using plenty of litter to absorb it. The liquid manure can be applied direct to the land, or by soaking it up in some absorbent material such as compost or peat moss.

Other sources of potash on the farm are the leaves of root crops or crop residues. Mangold leaves, for example, are comparatively rich in potash. The leaves should be spread evenly over the soil and ploughed in. The potash released by their decomposition should suffice for a succeeding crop of anything else. Potash in considerable quantities is also stored in the roots of crops, especially clover leys and grassland, and this should be borne in mind when deciding on the cropping for the coming season.

Those who live near the coast can meet any potash deficiency by liberal applications of seaweed. "Broad-weed" can be used after rotting in heaps, but "grassy weed" and "tangle" should be dried and burnt. A ton of broad-weed should yield 20lb. to 30lb. potash (enough to manure a quarter to half an acre of potatoes), while good quality ash may contain 16 per cent. of potash.

In inland districts potash may be obtained from brushwood, sawdust, weeds, bracken, hedge trimmings, damaged straw and fallen trees. They should be collected and burnt and used in gardens for such crops as late potatoes, parsnips, carrots and spring onions. Bracken ash only yields about 2.5 per cent. potash, but hedge trimmings and waste cavings each give 10 per cent. Flue dust from sawmills and smelting furnaces gives about 10 per cent. also. These ashes must not be exposed to rain.

There is also another method of obtaining potash, specially applicable where high farming has been practised and large quantities of potash salts and cake-fed dung used. In such cases potash has probably accumulated in the soil and it can be released by applications of dressings of agricultural salt or lime.

Lime is usually preferable to salt on heavy soils; salt would be more useful on light soils rich in reserves of potash. Salt would be more generally suitable for mangolds, lime for leguminous crops. Neither lime nor salt supply potash; they only set free potash already in the soil.

POULTRY FARMERS

It would be a happy day for the poultry industry—and for the Minister of Agriculture—if they could be told quite definitely what feeding-stuffs will be available for them for the rest of the war. That, unfortunately, is not possible.

But this is the Minister's view. The position cannot become clear for some time, in view of the uncertainty of the general situation. Everything possible will be done to provide feeding-stuffs for the poultry industry, but it is probably too much to hope that the normal requirements of the industry, as at present organised, will be fulfilled. In their own interests, therefore, poultry-keepers should begin now to think of alternative sources of supply. Some may be in a position to grow more of their own, others may have to depend more upon the waste products of the kitchen, the garden and the allotment. Cooked potatoes may be fed up to one-sixth of the feed requirements. But such rations must be properly prepared and properly balanced with mash and grain.

There is considerable scope in substituting other grains for the wheat, kibbled maize and oats that make up a typical grain ration in normal times. Barley, buckwheat, dari and millets and rye are possible alternatives.

Barley may be used with wheat or oats or maize up to half of the grain ration. Preliminary soaking makes it more palatable.

Buckwheat is very palatable and may be used with other grains up to one-fifth.

Dari and millets have a feeding value akin to wheat and can be freely used either as grain or meal in place of wheat. The small grains are well suited to chicks and young growing stock in place of cut wheat or maize grits.

Rye is akin to wheat, but is somewhat unpalatable and should not be used for young stock. The safety limit of rye in the grain ration is two-fifths.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 21st.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Chapel Green—9.
ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Dunton Bassett—9.
BERKSHIRE, OAKLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Stalmswick—8.30.
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Smiths Cross; Tu., Dejon's Green; Th., Chantry Post; S., Ashurst School—9.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND AND WALES

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Opening meet, Flagg; W., Newhaven; S., Monyash—12.
HOSCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Edenfield S., Grant's Tower (by-days)—12.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), The Mountfield Arms, Rowarth; S., The Church, Harpur Hill—1.30 for 1.45. Every effort will be made to keep the above meets and to continue hunting with a small pack as long as is possible. Members are advised, however, to 'phone the Kennels, Chapel-en-le-Frith 17, or The Hon. Secretary, Chapel-en-le-Frith 83, and get confirmation of each meet the day before.
EDITH WESTON.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Crown Inn, Worthy Road; S., Norfolk Arms, Greenside—1.30.
FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Wednesday (Oct. 18th), Gatesyke, Cartmel; F., Town Bank, Ulverston—10.30.
NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Penn Common; W., New Forest Inn, Emery Down; S., Godshill—11.
SANDHURST.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Owlsmoor Village—2.30. Followers must carry respirators, and are particularly requested to avoid doing damage to fences.
STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 14th), Marquis of Granby, Sompting, near Worthing; W., Rangers Common, Petworth; S., Greatham Common—11. No further fixture cards will be sent out this season, but all future fixtures will be published in the following: *Field, Horse and Hound, West Sussex Gazette, Sussex Daily News, Southern Weekly, West Sussex County Times, Worthing Herald*, and *Worthing Gazette*. Subscriptions are due, and should be sent to Mr. A. E. Cook, Newtuggin, Storrington. The continuance of the Hunt will depend to a great extent on the financial support given.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

NEWRY.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Sheepbridge; F., Frankfort—12.30.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Forestry

Dead Scots Pine.—The tree which you sent by passenger train has arrived safely, and if it is a fair sample of the trees in the wood, then it is, to our mind, very clearly a case of drought. The last three springs have been exceptionally dry and many strong growing trees have died in different parts of the country. The soil enclosed with the tree is of a light sandy nature, and the presence of a small piece of sandstone suggests that it is probably not very deep and overlying rock. These are conditions under which drought would have its greatest effect. The particular tree sent has made a noble effort and in ordinary years would probably have survived. Its growth during the first year after planting was 3in.; in the second year it lost its leader, probably due to the pine shoot tortrix; in the third year a lateral shoot grew strongly, obtaining a length of 5in.; in the fourth, fifth and sixth years the shoots were 5in., 8in. and 9in. respectively. The diameter at the base of the stem is between 1¼in. and 1¾in., and the tree above the ground shows a sturdy though slow rate of growth, although it was rather late in making a start. Below the ground we find a different story, the root system is all one-sided, and when the tree was young the roots were probably lanky and lacking in fibre, a fatal defect when planting in a dry soil. The defective method of planting which caused the roots to be set in the ground in a one-sided manner was undoubtedly a contributory factor. From these observations you will gather that had the tree been of a desirable type in the first place, with a compact fibrous root system, and had it been planted skilfully with the roots well spread out and the tap root kept in a vertical line, the tree would almost certainly have survived the drought, as Scots pine are particularly resourceful in this respect. From what we have seen we should have no hesitation in replanting the area with Scots pine, paying careful regard to these two points.—*S.*

Garden

Growing Hydrangeas.—The soil sent is decidedly alkaline, either the bulk is naturally so or it has been heavily dressed with lime at some time. This would cause any hydrangea planted in it to bear red or pink flowers varying in intensity according to the variety, but very rarely, if ever, would they become blue. In acid soils the red and pink colouring is intensified while the plant is growing in the upper cultivated soil, when the roots reach the subsoil they often turn blue, especially when it is impregnated with iron. Again, the shade of blue varies with the variety grown. As your soil is alkaline, I suggest that you should try growing them in tubs or large pots above the surface of the soil, placed so that your natural water soakage, which is probably also alkaline, is not absorbed into the soil. The compost should consist of two parts of light peat, two parts of leaf mould, one part of loam and a good sprinkling of sand. Provide good drainage and pot only moderately firm. To obtain blue flowers purchase one of the blue colouring compounds and use according to the directions given. We note that you mention that there are good blue hydrangeas only 200yds. away from your garden. Soils in some localities vary in a few yards, or it is possible that the water passing through the soil is of a different character. We grow some hundreds of large bushes, only those recently planted are pink or red, the iron subsoil causes the others to turn blue.—*A. W. J., Pembrokeshire.*

Kennel

Fits.—The symptoms described are not at all typical of canine hysteria, but rather those of chorea and epileptic fits. It seems probable, therefore, that the fits which occurred when he was three months old were associated with distemper, which has left the chorea in its wake. There is no cure for chorea, but to get rid of the worms, which cannot but have a prejudicial effect on his nervous system, we should suggest giving him 15 drops of syrup of iodide of iron in a little water once a day for about ten days and repeat this course of treatment after an interval of ten days.—*M. N. H., Oxford.*

Shooting

Heather Beetle.—The frosted appearance of the heather is caused by the grub of the beetle (*Lochmaea suturalis*). The grubs appear during July and August, the beetle itself emerging in September merely to go to ground again for hibernation. Very rarely is the beetle seen because a slight shock sends him to ground at once. It is always in the late summer that 'frosting' is reported and the difficulty is to deal with the pest, as the beetle is below ground during the time that heather can be legally burnt. The eggs are found in June on the lower stalks of sphagnum moss and one of the methods of control advocated is to rake out the moss in the neighbourhood of the frosted heather and spread it out to dry in the sun. This will kill the insect in the egg, which needs moisture for hatching. Another method is the rather expensive one of surface draining wet areas. There is nothing else that can be done so far as we know, but research is likely to be directed towards finding a disease with which the beetle can be infected.—*H. J. (Fife).*

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MR. MICHAEL LYNE

Mr. Michael Lyne, author of *Horses, Hounds and Country*, and one of the most promising of our younger sporting artists, is now a private in the Herefordshire Regiment. Recently, while on short leave, he hunted the United Cotswold Beagles, of which he is Master, killing his hare after a great 49 minutes' hunt. The pack is being carried on by Mr. Mallinson and Mr. Cheney as Joint-Masters

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GERMAN DOCTRINE

AFTER five weeks of inflamed peace, we have had Mr. Chamberlain's reply to Herr Hitler's "peace" offer. The reply was the only one that could possibly be given. Any form of negotiation on the terms offered by Herr Hitler was quite impossible. Any form of negotiation is quite impossible without the assurance of the most binding guarantees given in advance. As no country is in the least likely to guarantee Herr Hitler's word, and as no one would believe for a single moment any guarantee given by Herr Hitler, we may take it that the period of inflamed peace is now ended, and that the war we declared on September 3rd has now begun.

It is, we are assured, a war not against Germany, but against Hitlerism. The removal of Hitlerism would, therefore, ensure peace. And no doubt there are a good many people, though certainly they are in a considerable minority, in Germany, who would like to see Hitlerism removed and a peace, though not an anti-German peace, proclaimed.

But what is Hitlerism? It is too frequently forgotten that this is the *fifth* time in less than 100 years that Germany has put Europe to war. Hitlerism we have come to regard as a recent growth. Is it anything of the sort? May it not be that it is but another manifestation of the old disease? Round about 1870 Europe talked of Prussianism: twenty-five years ago we went to war against Kaiserism; to-day we fight Hitlerism. But do not let us make any mistake. The doctrines so clearly preached in *Mein Kampf* are not Hitler's. They are more than 100 years old.

Leaders may make their peoples: but first the people must make the leader.

In 1918 the German people revolted. They revolted, not against Kaiserism, though Kaiserism went to the wall in the course of the revolt, but against lack of food and lack of money. We have no doubt that at some time in the future, in perhaps the near future, the German people will revolt again. But will it be a revolt against Hitlerism, or against lack of food and lack of money? And having revolted, is it not obvious that Stalinism will take the place of Hitlerism, Communism replace Nazism? Unless—!

Unless, in the making of the peace that is to come we can remove the causes that so many times in the last 100 years have produced the cult that knows no life but war.

What those causes are is a matter of opinion. The German people are a very nice people until they become arrogant. They become arrogant very easily. We do not pretend to know a certain cure for arrogance, but we are convinced that there must be one somewhere. We are by no means convinced that the mere removal of Hitlerism, which in itself is not any easy task, is the cure for the world's ills; that it will ensure no recurrence of the disease that has five times in 100 years smitten Europe, that has three times in that period laid waste Poland.

Herr Hitler has been talking about the horror of war. He has pointed out that there cannot in a war be two victors. But Herr Hitler, who now so eagerly requests a conference, might have had that conference in August or at any time in the last year. He did not want it. He knew there could only be one victor in a war with Poland. He cared nothing then for the horrors of war—a blood bath was good for Poland. Now—well, now things are a little different. War waged in Germany is much more horrible than war waged in Poland. And it remains true that in war there cannot be two victors.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was the model of what such a speech should be. It was firm, dignified, and non-aggressive. It left no room for doubt about our attitude. We cannot now retract—we could never have retracted—without losing all honour.

Honour, even in the 1930's, is a jewel beyond price. It is the corner stone of peace, the corner stone of all life. It has been missing from the German edifice for many years. We have two great tasks in this war: the forcing home to the German people of the truths contained in Herr Hitler's speech, and the rebuilding of Europe upon a sure foundation. We cannot do the latter without first accomplishing the former.

TRUST, AMUSEMENT, AND BUREAUCRACY

SIR SAMUEL HOARE is of the opinion that the British Public should be trusted, and should be given more news. He is also of the opinion that the B.B.C. programmes are dull. And he admits that the British Public have lost faith (they never had it) in the Ministry of Information.

No one would disagree with Sir Samuel Hoare on this occasion. Everyone must have been pleased with this speech. But we want more than speeches. We want news, and we want entertainment from the B.B.C., and we want both presented efficiently.

We do get the news. We know now that the Cap Norte has been captured. But we don't know when or where or by whom; and it surely would not make any difference to Germany if we did know these things but it would make a great deal of difference to us. The official announcement of this German liner's capture followed a hint dropped by the *Daily Telegraph*. Is that the way we are to be trusted?

Again there are any number of rumours about the German pocket-battleship, *Admiral Scheer*. It is said—it has even appeared in one or two papers—that she is out in the South Atlantic. If true, she has apparently been there some time. She may, of course, have been sunk. She may, of course, be in Kiel or Wilhelmshaven. We do not know. Might we not be trusted with some news of her whereabouts. If she has got out, we know she won't get back. If she has not got out might we not be told? Might we not be told in any case? German raiders were out in the last war, and we knew about them. We were told about them. We did not panic. And the fact that we knew was of no assistance to Germany. There should be some limit to red-taped bureaucracy.

As it is, fewer and fewer people listen to the English news in English. And when they want entertainment they go to the German news in English. Surely they could get amusement from the B.B.C. if the B.B.C. really tried. Sir Samuel Hoare admits that the programme is dull. That is a characteristic understatement. It is horribly, depressingly, morbidly, any adjective-you-like, dull. *Adolf in Blunderland* and Gracie Fields have been the only bright spots.

Is it really necessary, just because there is a war on, to close down on everything? To ask for more and more and to give less and less. The Government may ask for anything they want, and they will get it. In return they might trust us, and amuse us. To do so should not overstrain even the bureaucratic mind.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED —

AND it is really funny. The first war time show is in every way excellent and a true lineal successor to the shows that were put on during the last war for the amusement and relaxation of a somewhat worried population. Mr. George Black knows very much more about the needs of a civil population in war time—so far as relaxation goes—than all the Government Departments and the B.B.C. put together. He knows, too, that uniforms and martial music and flags have a certain value—a heart-stirring value—in times such as these. But he does not overdo it in the very least. And he is most ably assisted by Mrs. Flanagan's boy, Bud, and the Crazy Gang generally. They—and particularly Bud—are the life and soul of the party. But the music is good, the dancing excellent, and the "knock 'em down" turn at the end quite masterly. As a clever mixture of Vaudeville and Revue this show is beyond criticism. You will be taken out of yourself, you will laugh uproariously, you will come out feeling uplifted. And this show at the Palladium finishes early—and the seats are cheap.

AUTUMNAL

The Golden Days? Of these you tell,
When Youth was young and Hope was high
And all the world went very well,
And favourites were a certainty?
How blue those April skies would stoop
When, nosegays in the coats of us,
We saw ourselves ride cock-a-hoop—
Apollos sitting Pegasus?

You name the days of daffodil
And sunrise on the mountain top?
You recollect when Jack and Jill
Brought pitchers home nor spilt a drops,
And took them to the well again?
Now Autumn is where young Jack trod?
Yet when, since God made wind and rain,
Did Autumn need an Ichabod?

Her banners fly from oak and beech;
Her bugles in the high wood call;
Her tabors in the forest teach
Gold leaves to dance although they fall:
Her days grow many? They've that knack:
The days grow old? And with them we;
The burden of them bends the back?
The burden does not bend the knee.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I WRITE at a period when so great a darkness overspreads the world that even the beautiful perennial themes it has been my privilege to handle are obscured by it. Whatever comes out of that darkness, whether a new hope or despair, the world we have lived in of late can never be quite the same again, and it is the gain rather than the loss that should be a kind of oblique comfort to us. In the first place, science will in the future be displaced from our idolatry and there the gain is incalculable. Idolatry destroys perception, so that we have been incapable of observing how science has been much more often wrong than right since the seventies of last century, when it established such a dominance over mind and matter as actually succeeded—to our twisted minds—in expelling God from His own universe. Now we are able to see to what science, that arbitrarily cut itself off from all spiritual insight and moral issues, that has done its best to enslave the world by its sinister alliance with money, and by turning men into machine-minders, by establishing automatism both in its acts and its philosophy, to what it has brought humanity. Its career has been strewn with fallacies—fallacies about the meaning and constitution of the universe, fallacies about the history of man, fallacies about animate nature, fallacies about agriculture and the land. But its arrogance and self-deification have been partly our own fault, because we have accorded it a worship we owe only to God. We might have made it a good servant, but we allowed it to become one of the very worst masters that has ever plagued the hapless generations of men. As that master, we see it now as what it is, a monster, an idol most hideous. And it is to our gain, to our salvation (to use an old-fashioned word) to see it as it is.

Another burden loosened by the lesson of the great darkness is the dogma of inevitable progress, one of the cruel fantasies created by the unholy coupling between science and a purely material attitude to all the phenomena of life. It is needless to point out that a grosser absurdity has never, not even in the most lightless superstitions of savages, so fettered the freedom and action of the mind. It is needless because men are now able to see for themselves that a surrender to the conception of a blind mechanical force, making in some unexplained fashion for improvement, produces results so destructive as are beyond our capacity to grasp. Our credulity has totally cut us off from the wisdom and experience of our ancestors, so that, lacking God, tradition, the comfort of the earth, and a belief in our own human power by their aid to govern human circumstance, we have been as sheep without the shepherd. Our stintless faith in the mechanisation of life has drawn us, ourselves forced into the likeness of machines by such fatalism, towards a wreckage hitherto unknown to the world. We see these things more clearly now because in Europe they have been carried to such logical lengths, to so abominable a climax as we, by the intuitive promptings of that humanity the civilisation of the twentieth century has disowned, have not yet committed ourselves to.

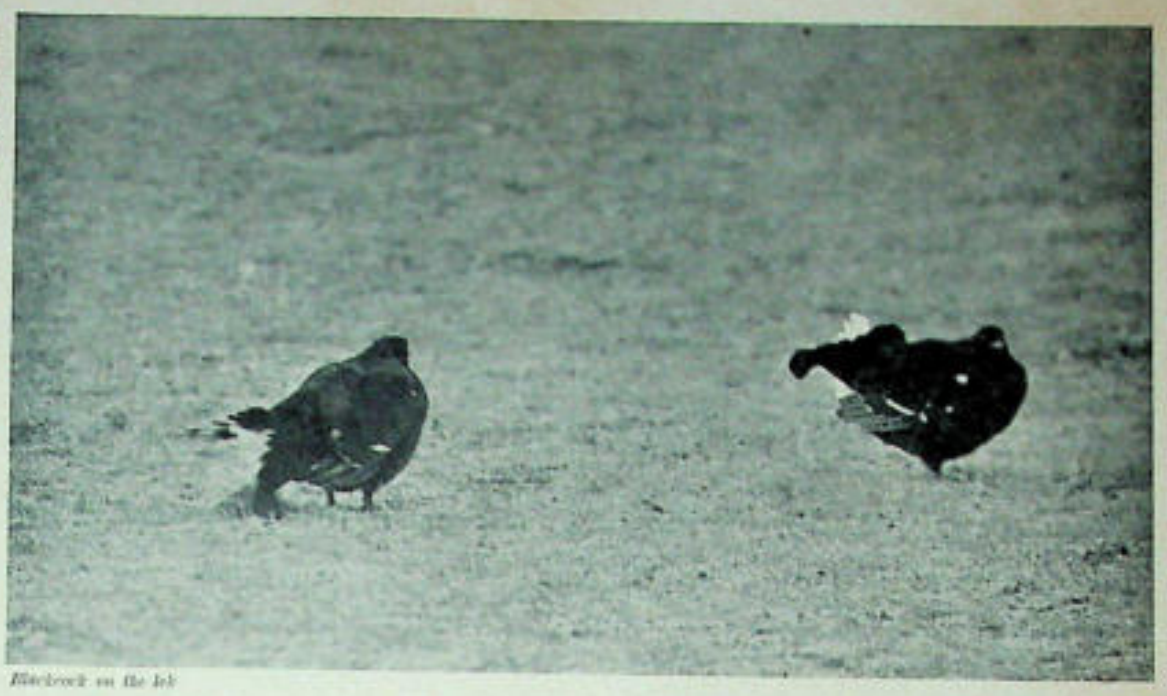
Lastly science, political economy and commercial oligarchy have led us to regard material gain as the true end and purpose of our existence upon earth. The boil-like swellings of our great towns, the destruction of the countryside, its servitude to the towns, the treatment of our fundamental needs as profitable business, the ousting of craftsmanship and home-made goods by mass-production, largely from imported sources, the swallowing-up of the little man's property, whether in land or goods, these and other abuses are all symptoms of the Dark Age of gain as a way of life. It may be said that it has always been so, and this is false. The change-over from "plenty to power," from the idea of subsistence to that of investment, from personal responsibility to self-interest, from a spiritual to an economic basis of life, can be definitely traced from the Tudor enclosures and suppression of the guilds through the Puritan victory in the Civil War, the eighteenth century enclosures and idealisation of commerce to free trade and the Industrial Revolution. Step by step this "progress" can be marked until what was regarded in the Middle Ages as a mortal sin was accepted as the *modus vivendi et operandi* of society.

The recognition that these things are so is our gain, since the English character possesses deep hidden reserves of poetry, of goodness, of devotion to truth of which the barbarian nations of Germany and Russia are incapable. Out of the terror or the furnace or both will come for us the second chance to restore our native land, our integrity, and God to both. I pray we may take it.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Overheard and can be verified: "I think all those R.I.P. should be put in one of them Consecration Camps."



Blackcock on the lek

WILD LIFE IN ENGLAND

By ROGER GRAHAM

AN article that appeared recently in one of our leading daily newspapers commenting regretfully upon the vanishing private zoos of the English country houses, gives scope for speculation as to whether certain animals and birds, not indigenous to our island, might not be introduced into areas where the general public has access.

Of such areas the New Forest is, perhaps, the most suitable in that it is—as most of us know—a wide expanse of forest and heath, readily accessible to all, possessing a more temperate climate than most parts of Britain, and offering, by reason of its size and characteristics, a better chance of survival to such creatures that might be introduced therein.

Actually the wooded enclosures and open heath of the New Forest holds more animal life and more varieties of the larger birds than the casual visitor realises. All the indigenous deer live wild in these woods, and there are a few Japanese deer, creatures about the size of a large terrier.

It would, of course, be most undesirable to reintroduce such dangerous animals as the wolf and wild boar which haunted the forest only a few centuries ago, but there are other forms of deer which would thrive in the thickets and beside the brooks and streamlets, where there is no lack of pasture.

The chital, a spotted deer, which is to be found in most of the forests of India, is a very beautiful and gentle animal. It is easily tameable, but is sufficiently alert and agile to evade the unwelcome attention of hounds or marauding dogs, while there is no reason to believe that it would fail to acclimatise and breed in its wild state in this country. There is space, too, for some of the smaller forest deer such as the barking deer. This little animal, which stands about 2ft. high, has a deep chestnut body and is notable for its sharp canine bark, which it utters freely when alarmed.

The hog deer and musk deer also live in the Indian forests under conditions not unlike those of the New Forest—some of the enclosures, in fact, between Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst bear a close resemblance to those found in the foothills of the Himalayas and in the Western Ghauts of India.

Could it not be arranged with the Forest Commissioners to introduce, as an experiment, such animals of this sort that could be spared from Whipsnade or from private parks? Those selected would have the priceless gift of complete freedom, with the minimum of danger to themselves, and the many lovers of this beautiful part of England would find new interest in watching their progress.

While there are, as stated, few enemies to animal life in this forest, yet it is a rather lamentable fact that for bird life rapacious enemies abound. Winged vermin, the crow, jay, magpie and hawk, are too common, they may be seen during any walk through or beside the enclosures, and do, undoubtedly, take heavy toll from the smaller birds, and also from the eggs and chicks of woodpigeon and pheasant. The verderers do try to deal with these vermin, with trap and gun, but the woods are too numerous and extensive for their efforts to have much effect.

However, in spite of these winged vermin and the numerous foxes and semi-wild cats that prey on bird life, most of the British game birds can be found within the forest area. Many of the migratory birds, such as snipe, woodcock, duck and teal, nest here, while there are pheasants everywhere and a few coveys of partridge near the cultivated fields.

Some years ago black game were introduced, but they have not flourished, and it would seem that for them, as for grouse, the climate is too mild. The wise rule that hen pheasants may not be shot accounts for the fact that most, if not all, of the enclosures hold these birds which may occasionally be seen by the roadside, while the challenge of the cock can be heard quite frequently.

Again, there is space for more forest birds such as the hardy jungle fowl, who is the progenitor of our domestic fowl and is very like the common bantam. The grey jungle fowl may not be exported from India, but the red variety has been introduced into private coverts by men who have known and admired him in the East. From a sporting point of view he cannot compare with the pheasant, as he is too artful to take to the air so long as his agile legs can carry him out of danger.

For this reason, and because he interferes with pheasant breeding, he is not altogether popular with the keepers on private estates. In the more spacious New Forest, however, there is ample room for him, and there can be little doubt that he would acclimatise readily, while his skill in evading the pursuit of jackal and wild cat in his native jungle would enable him to compete successfully with the less numerous fox and marauding cat or dog in this country.

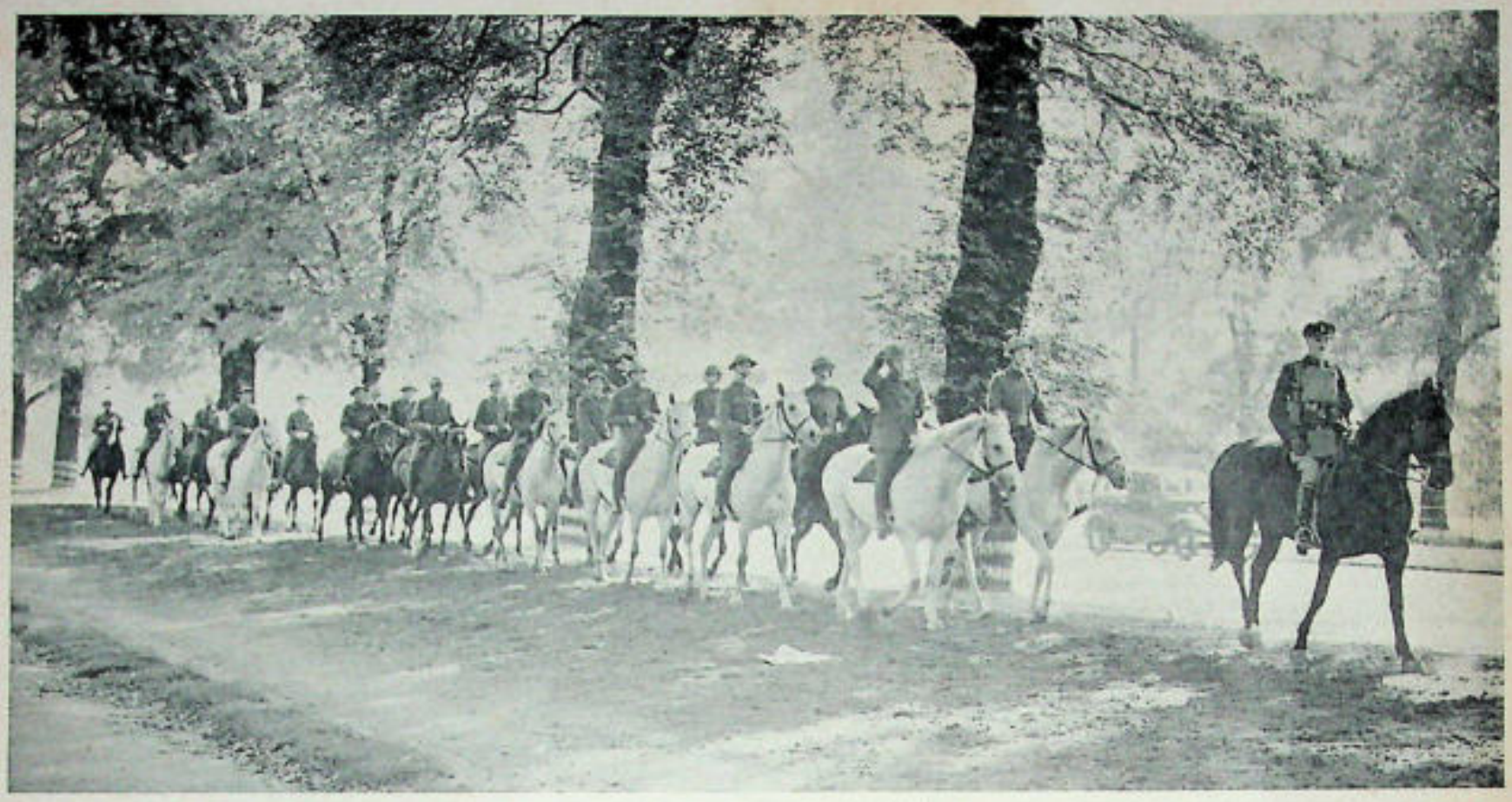
The jungle cock is well provided by nature with sharp spurs and a strong beak to deal with winged vermin, who would find him more than a match. His attractive colouring and his cheeky challenge would make him a distinct asset to the naturalist, while his cunning would make him an exasperating quarry to the few sportsmen who shoot under licence in this area.

Another forest bird, smaller, less known and less handsome, is the spur fowl, who is found in the same sort of jungle as the bird already described. The spur fowl is about the size of a partridge, but his colouring is more of a ruddy brown; he is as hardy and perhaps even more cunning than the jungle fowl, seldom leaving the woodlands, preferring to scurry through the undergrowth until forced to fly. He has a very distinctive cluck, and would be a welcome addition to the bird life of the forest, though he would not often be visible to any but the skilled bird watcher.

Other birds there may be, known to those who have journeyed even further afield than India, that might flourish and add to the colour of those few country districts that retain their individuality to-day. Our few remaining open spaces are more and more to be valued, in these days of rural planning, petrol pumps and wide roads full of traffic.

Unexpectedness, too, adds to the charm of a country ramble. What could be a greater attraction than to ramble through the free forest glades, seeing, perchance, a beautiful chital stag standing alert in the thicket, free to wander at will. Then to see a gaily hued jungle cock scurry across the path, moments adding to the spice of a walk where nature is unspoilt by man.

Is it not worth while to experiment?



CAVALRY—"SOMEWHERE IN LONDON"

ARMY HORSES—THE PENALTY *of* IGNORANCE

By R. ANSELL WELLS

DURING the last ten years those people actively interested in the production of light horses cannot but have been only too painfully aware of the opinions of the Army Council upon the question of cavalry, and have viewed with dismay the mechanisation of one cavalry regiment after another. This policy of mechanisation has been pursued relentlessly, and the War Office finally severed their connection by withdrawing the annual grant which they had been in the habit of making to the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Association.

Having thus disassociated themselves entirely from the horse, the result of the Palestine campaign must have come as something of a shock to the authorities, for there they saw troops operating under conditions which were wholly unsuitable for mechanised units, and were compelled to call in the remaining cavalry. Apparently someone learned a lesson from this, and the next thing we knew was that the Army was anxious to purchase horses. No sooner was this piece of news made public than the business of purchasing suitable animals commenced and prices up to £80 were being paid for young untrained horses, to take the place of the "finished article" which had been sold for prices ranging from £10 to £30 and averaging somewhere about £15!

Individuals know how many horses were purchased for Army purposes in their own districts, but, so far as I am aware, there was never any official statement of the number of horses which the Army had acquired at any date. An officer was present at Dublin Horse Show for the express purpose of buying horses, and then, almost immediately afterwards, war was declared. For a fortnight those who had been warned to stand by to assist in the purchase and requisition of horses for Army purposes received no instructions whatever, and then in the third week of the war it was learned that horses would be required in a few days' time. The prices which would be paid for them were said to be from £40 to £70, which latter would be a maximum, and there, so far as official utterance is concerned, the matter rests.

It would seem that those in control have decided to disregard not only the horses but also their present owners, and in so doing they are making a very great mistake. They have already, by the policy which they have pursued, made things as difficult as they possibly could for those whose care it is to produce light horses, and they might well have done irretrievable damage to a great industry had it not been for the timely intervention of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, who, by their generous grant of £20,000, made it possible for the Hunters' Improvement Society to carry on with their work and even to expand it. At present there would seem to be only one saving grace in the scheme under which the Army are acquiring the horses which they have rather belatedly realised are necessary, and that is the appointment as buying agents of those men who are in close contact with the horse-breeding and horse-owning people in their own districts; it is up to these men to see that none of the graver mistakes of the last war are repeated now.

In the last war the comparative unpreparedness in the country and the very large number of horses which were required for active service led to certain mistakes being made, which it took a very long time to set right. One of the gravest of these was the commandeering of large numbers of good mares, which left the country sadly depleted for breeding purposes, and created a shortage of high-class mares from which the breeding fraternity have not so very long recovered. Another grievous error was the wholesale commandeering of horses from one source; a case in point was that of a man who has always bred the best class of horse for sale, and in 1914 had over a hundred first-class animals on his farms. These horses would, in the normal course of events, have fetched very high prices; there might have been a few cheap ones among them, but these would have been offset by others which would have fetched prices up to the £750 and £1,000 marks, with the result that a fair average price for the whole number would have been, say, £300. The whole of this man's horses were taken and he was paid £70 apiece.

Such is the patriotism of the British race that he did not grumble, he merely set his teeth and carried on, but however much his action might be praised the effect of the catastrophe could not be mitigated, and the net result was that he suffered a financial blow from which he has never completely recovered. This is only one instance, and it must be multiplied many times if a true idea of the conditions over the country is to be arrived at. Our people will not grumble if they are called upon to sacrifice all that they have in the country's cause, but should such demands be made upon them a second time in one generation, those demands will defeat their own object by completely liquidating a section of the public and with it will disappear the light horse. It is up to the authorities in their own interests, as well as in those of the country, to see that this is not permitted.

So far as one can see at present it would not appear likely that there will be any use for horses on the Western Front where, with the two opposing and strongly fortified lines, the war is being conducted rather on the lines of a glorified siege. It would seem, therefore, that the horses which are required will be sent to the East or to some other locality, and that the numbers which will be needed will be required mainly for Yeomanry regiments, and will not be very great. It should, therefore, be possible to take them from the country under a proper and well-thought-out scheme, which will place the burden where it can the most easily be borne and will deplete no single establishment or district to too great an extent.

There are, without doubt, large numbers of suitable horses in the country which the owners would be quite pleased to part with at the stipulated prices, these should be taken first. When these horses have been absorbed a more general application of the requisitioning system will have to be adopted, but the local representatives of existing bodies, such as the corresponding secretaries of the Stallion Scheme, the secretaries of packs of hounds, and similar individuals, should be placed in charge and should be allowed to use their discretion. If this is done their intimate knowledge of their own districts will enable them to take those horses which can best be spared, and should avoid unfair demands being made upon anybody.

The army has made it perfectly clear that it has no intention of paying the piper, it should therefore be prepared to renounce also the right to call the tune. This it may do, quite safe in the knowledge that no Englishman and no countryman will let his country down in an emergency; every man will give all that he has to enable us to win the war, but the interests of all will be better served by allowing those who know the job to have the doing of it. If horses should now be taken in a reckless manner everyone will suffer because, when further demands are made, which they well may be in the course of a long war, the means of satisfying them will no longer be there.

If proper care is exercised and the work is carried through with an understanding of the many difficulties which have for so long beset the breeders of light horses, the supply of these horses can be maintained and assured, and there will be a steady stream of them to keep up the numbers on active service. Then, again, when the war is over we shall be faced with the difficult task of building up once more a peace, and bitter experience has shown that this is a much longer and more difficult business than fighting a war. It took us 20 years to recover from the last war, what it will take us to recover from this one no man can tell and few like to think. We should try to remember, however difficult it may be, that the war is only a means to an end, and that that end is a durable and prosperous peace.

We are fighting for peace, but that peace will be much more difficult of attainment if, in the course

of fighting for it, we squander all the stuff of which it is made. It may well be that in the course of the war we shall have to pull down a great part of the structure which we have built up in the years of peace, but let us at least take care to leave the foundations, and sufficient material with which we may rebuild some part of the edifice when hostilities are over. Let us keep the framework of our great horse-breeding industry and sufficient brood mares and stallions to enable the breeders to build up their stock again when peace shall return. Let us remember also that the breeders themselves are an essential part of the scheme of things, by their experience and their knowledge which have been gained over the many years they have fitted themselves for their task, and should they now be called upon to ruin themselves they will, perforce, have to give up their activities. Should their patriotism be stretched to the uttermost limits it will not fail, but they will disappear under the strain, and with them will disappear a great industry and one in which this country has always been and can for ever remain pre-eminent.

THE OUTLOOK *for* BLOODSTOCK BREEDING

The effect of war conditions on racing and some comparisons with the experiences of 1914-1918

THERE were about 6,000 horses in training for Flat-racing when the war started, and 2,000 yearlings were about to leave the studs or the training stables. About 4,000 thoroughbred foals were born in the first half of this year. Never in the history of racing had the popularity of the sport and its commercial interests produced so many animals.

Nothing can reveal its remarkable expansion as effectively as one glance at a collection of the annual volumes of the *Racing Calendar, Races Past*. That of 1938 is just twice as thick as that of 50 years ago, and no new feature worth considering has been added in the interval, or any other change made which might account in part for the increased bulk.

Perhaps it was to be expected that some check or set-back would come sooner or later. Anyway, it has come, and violently. If, as some have said, modern conditions led to the production of far too many bad horses, and to their use for breeding purposes, out of this great upheaval some good may arise. In the last few weeks several hundred horses have disappeared from a sphere in which they were not conspicuously meritorious or for which they showed little promise. I hope that it will not be thought that I am unmindful of the great loss the process of elimination has entailed. I had myself to decide that any further expenditure on a two-year-old, which I had bought and kept for nearly a year without any return up to the time the war started, could not reasonably be faced.

It is easy for the enthusiast, or one with a vested interest to lose a sense of proportion when advocating war-time facilities for racing. Drastic restriction and much hardship are inevitable, and all that one can ask is little more than that there should be sufficient race meetings to enable owners to judge which of their horses are worth every effort to keep, until the war is over. The British and Irish thoroughbred is the product of over 300 years selective breeding, based entirely on the racecourse test. Apart from the millions of capital invested in bloodstock, studs, training establishments and racecourses, what has been accomplished is surely worth preserving during the stress of a great war, having regard to all national considerations of more vital importance.

If there had not been any racing in England during the last war, the potentialities of Gainsborough, Hurry On and Phalaris, who, with the Tetrarch, have since exerted a greater influence on the modern thoroughbred than any of their contemporaries, might never have been discovered or their inherent virtues exploited.

Phalaris brings to mind the death of Manna last week. A large proportion of thoroughbred stallions die before old age and Manna, winner of the 2,000 guineas and Derby of 1925, was seventeen years old. He was a Phalaris horse of medium size and great quality, bred by the late J. J. Maher, from Waffles, dam also of Sandwich, Parwiz and the notorious Tuppence. Fred Darling gave 6,300 guineas for Manna on behalf of Mr. H. E. Morriss at Doncaster. He won twice as a two-year-old and was the last of S. Donoghue's four Derby winners at Epsom. He started a hot favourite for the St. Leger, but cracked a bone in his knee and ran badly. That was his last race. His total stake winnings were £23,534. For a Derby winner he had fair success as a stallion. To date his offspring have won approximately 250 races of a total value of £120,000. He was the sire of Colombo, Mannamead, Miracle, Manitoba (now at stud in Australia) and Pasca, the dam of Pasch. His fee, at first 400 guineas, was reduced to 198 sovereigns last year and to 98 sovereigns for 1939.

Rockcliffe, the dam of Rockfel, has also died at the comparatively early age of eleven years. She was by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Santorb, out of Sweet Rocket, and was bred by Lord Londonderry. As a two-year-old, trained by O. Bell, Rockcliffe ran for several selling races, and after winning a second time in this class, she was bought by Mr. F. Phillips at Chepstow for 380gs. At the end of that season Mr. Phillips sent her to a small sale of bloodstock held at Ascot, and Bell bought her himself for 250gs. Later, Lord Londonderry asked if he could have her back, and she was transferred to him. She won several races for him during the next two seasons, nearly all of them over a mile and a half.

In 1933, Lord Londonderry mated her to Felstead, the Derby winner of 1928, and she produced the filly Rockfoil, a winner of one race of one-and-a-quarter miles, worth £204. Rockliffe was put to Felstead again in 1934, and Lord Londonderry then sold her privately to Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, the owner of Felstead, for £3,000. She was carrying Rockfel at the time. Like her mother, Rockfel began her racing career by running for a two-year-old selling plate. As she did not win it, anyone could have claimed her for the value of the plate plus the sum for which she was entered to be sold. None did so. The potential winner of the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks of the next season, and the best race-mare seen for a long time, could have been acquired for £550.

Since that day Rockfel has won for Sir Hugo £23,431 in prize money. She has run once this season. After her victory over Glen Loan and others in the March Stakes at Newmarket, it was found that she could not be satisfactorily prepared for the Ascot Gold Cup, which was to have been her chief objective this year. She was believed to be in her best form again, and many will regret not being able to see her run at Newbury or Newmarket before her retirement from racing. Rockcliffe had been repeatedly barren since the birth of Rockfel.

Turning to other breeding matters it may be noted that Lord Rosebery has fixed Blue Peter's stud fee at 400gs. The horse is at Mentmore Stud, and his services in his first year will be limited to 20 mares, including those belonging to his owner. The highest stud fee, registered for stallions covering this year is 500gs. It is charged for the services of the unbeaten Bahram and those of Solario.

Hyperion, whose stock have done so well this year that he is hailed as the most successful stud force since the mighty St. Simon, stands at 400gs., as do Donatello II, Fairway (the sire of Blue Peter), and Nearco. It is interesting to note the fees of other Derby winners. Cameronian, Felstead, Mahmoud and Mid-day Sun each stands at 300gs.; April the Fifth and Trigo covered last season at 198 sovs., and Sansovino at 148 sovs.

War conditions will doubtless depress stallion fees in many instances. The reduction of a few has already been announced. In 1915, Prince Palatine (a failure at the stud) and William the Third stood at 400gs., and Bayardo, Lemberg and Cicero at 300gs. By 1918, the highest fee was 300gs., charged for the services of The Tetrarch, Sunstar, Swynford, Pommern and Polymelus. Apart from these, there were exceptionally few stallions who could command a fee exceeding 100 sovs. While referring to these details, I was struck by the fact that the number of stallions whose fees were registered for the year of 1918—after over three years of war—was 385, and only a few less than in 1914. Though there have been in recent years 25 per cent. more horses in training than there were just before the last War, the number of stallions, whose fees have been registered this year, was very much smaller than in those days. Last year there were 255, and those registered for the covering season of 1939 numbered 274, or well over 100 less than in 1918.

A devastating European war must greatly restrict the customary export of stallions from England and Ireland, with the result that a large number of entire horses who would under normal conditions be sold to go abroad are kept at the stud, at low fees, in the hope that they will earn their keep until such time as there is a market for them.

YEOMAN.



OFF ONCE MORE. A STRING OF W. NIGHTINGALL'S HORSES RETURNING TO PADDOCK AFTER EXERCISING ON THE DOWNS AT EPSOM

With the Cambridgeshire having been run this week the war-time racing programme is under way. That historic event the Town Plate was again run last week, when Contrecent, ridden by Miss Vera Bullock, beat Roanoke, ridden by Miss Angela Earl

VALUE OF HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES

By CAPTAIN H. B. MOSER

THE name "Hungarian" for this partridge is, of course, a misnomer. It simply designates the grey partridges which are imported into this country from the Continent. The continental partridge is, in fact, the same bird as our own native bird, viz., the grey partridge (*Perdix perdix*).

For many years a large section of shooting men were against the introduction of this bird. Why was this? We know that there is no difference in size, habits, food or markings between the Hungarian and English birds. Moreover, "partridge disease" epidemics are unknown in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In my own mind, I am convinced that this prejudice was in great part due to disappointing results following his introduction. In the first place, in the early days of his introduction, the cost was a heavy one. In the second, he was put out on arrival with such utter lack of intelligence and foresight that he was bound to fail.

The birds were dumped out of the crates in which they arrived any old how, frightened out of their wits, and with no food provided they naturally shook the dust of the neighbourhood off their feet as quickly as possible. Hence much disappointment, and much good money wasted. Now, with more knowledge, this prejudice against the Hungarian has to a great extent disappeared. In addition to this main cause of failure there are certainly two others at least, on account of which the introduction may fail.

The first of these is weather. The grey partridge will not thrive in a wet climate, and if he is introduced and encounters a thoroughly wet season he will not prove a success. Neither, in fact, will our own native bird. The second cause is concerned with a shoot already holding a heavy stock of native birds. The owner, out for a record, introduces Hungarians for this purpose. His ground is already carrying its full capacity, and he probably does not winter feed. The birds, both native and Hungarian, get out of condition and contract disease, and the Hungarian gets the blame.

Now to turn to the other side of the picture. We have the shoot where the stock has become depleted through one cause or another—the owner cannot purchase native partridges or their eggs. The only course open to him is the Hungarian, and in this bird I maintain there is a first-class change of blood. Epidemic disease, as I have said, is unknown in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and when I say this I know that the Hon. E. A. Stonor will bear me out, and no man living to-day has a wider practical knowledge of this bird.

I have heard it stated that a bird which is taken from a high altitude will not thrive at a lower one. This is surely a fallacy. I have known of Hungarian partridges put down successfully in nearly all of the English counties, also in Scotland. I have also successfully hatched and reared the "hill" or mountain partridge at Knebworth, and a very successful change of blood he has proved to be.

I will give one or two instances of results obtained through putting down Hungarian partridges. In the Isle of Coll (Inner Hebrides) the bag of partridges fell as low in 1921 as 25 birds. In that year 20 brace of Hungarians were introduced, with the result that the bag rapidly increased up to 462 in 1930, 421 in 1931, 403 in 1932 and 356 in 1933. In 1934, six brace of Hungarians were put down, in 1935, ten brace, and in 1936, five brace; and as a consequence, in 1938, the bag was 457, the shoot being very lightly shot and a grand stock left for next season.

When we consider that there is only one keeper in Coll to look after 20,000 acres, and that he has a good stock of grouse to look after as well, it gives some idea of how the Hungarian has thrived. Exceptional man though he is, the bag of partridges that might be obtained there, provided an additional keeper could be maintained with the care of the partridges his sole duty, may be imagined.

The second instance I can give concerns a single partridge beat in Hertfordshire. In 1937, this ground was shot on three days with the following bags: 25 brace, 26½ brace and 11½ brace. In January, 1938, 30 brace of Hungarians were purchased, penned in three lots of ten brace each and kept penned for ten days before release. The bags for the three days on which this beat was shot in 1938 were as follows: 96 brace, 53½ brace and 81½ brace. The shooting tenant writes to me: "In 1938 the first two days shooting were short days over half the beat. In 1937 the proportion of old to young was four old to one young, in 1938 the proportion was exactly the reverse. I have got a very large stock left, possibly a little too large, but I am feeding hard. I ascribe the increase to the introduction of Hungarians, continuous vermin destruction, dusting shelters and winter feeding."

There is another instance from the same county—20 pairs of Hungarians were bought in January, 1938, braided, and placed in two pens, ten pairs in each pen, for three weeks, the pens being about half-a-mile apart. The birds in each pen were rung, the rings being of different colours. When the birds were finally released from the pens they still came to feed there for some time afterwards. One bird injured itself in the pen and was destroyed. Of the remaining nineteen-and-a-half brace nineteen brace were shot during the shooting season, leaving only one bird unaccounted for. The total bag of partridges during the course of the season was close on 100 per cent. over that of the previous year, and more important than all a really good, sound and numerous stock was left for breeding in 1939. It was noticeable, too, that the birds this season have paired better than in previous years, no threes or single birds being in evidence. What better instance could be given to prove that Hungarians, when put out intelligently, do not stray, and also provide a healthy stock.

For the reasons I have stated above, and after many years' experience of this bird, I have no hesitation in saying that the Hungarian will improve any shooting.

THE SERVICES AND DOG BREEDING

By A. CROXTON SMITH

EVER since I can remember fighting men have been addicted to dogs, and many of them have been stalwart supporters of the Kennel Club. Some run show kennels, others confine themselves to field trials, and a few do both. On the Kennel Club Committee at the present time we have Brigadier-General F. F. Lance, Colonel A. S. Marriott and Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Colenso, all of whom served in India.

General Lance, when on duty in Syria during the Great War, made the acquaintance of salukis, and brought home with him that truly great dog Ch. Sarona Kelb. Latterly he has been devoting himself to the resuscitation of the curly retriever, which he runs at trials, shoots over and exhibits. The Earl of Northesk, who was put on the committee this year, and is a supporter of dachshunds, was in the Guards. He was recently appointed joint-Master of the Garth.

Brigadier-General Lord Roundway served in the South African as well as the Great War, and, in spite of his many interests, he finds time to go in for breeding and showing wire fox-terriers. Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Adjutant-General to the British Field Force, who also came on the committee this year, goes in for those queer little dogs known as Shih-Tzu, several of which were brought home by him from China. Indeed, he and Lady Brownrigg were the first to make them known in this country, and their missionary efforts are meeting with success.

Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Heseltine, the old Hampshire cricketer, at one time hunted the Walhampton Bassets with his brother, the late Major Godfrey Heseltine, and he has also gone in for cocker spaniels. As a judge at trials and shows he is characterised by an independence that makes his opinion valued.

Major Harry Jones, now a vice-president of the club, was one of the pioneers of dachshunds, and no one has been more familiar than he at field trials. He has had sealyhams and Border terriers as well. Colonel S. H. Elkington has been too much preoccupied with business affairs to continue his kennel of Airedale terriers, but he is always welcomed as a judge. Air-Vice Marshal Sir Charles Lambe was one of the able coterie that succeeded in establishing Alsatians in the country, and for some years he has had a leading kennel of wire-haired dachshunds. Wing-Commander J. A. Cecil Wright, M.P., has remained staunch to the German shepherd dogs. Captain Leslie Williams attends committee meetings as a delegate from the Council of Representatives.

Outside official circles we have a whole host of soldiers, sailors and airmen who take part in our hobby. Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Moore-Brabazon did more than most to elevate Alsatians to the giddy heights to which they attained soon after hostilities had ceased. As first secretary of the Alsatian Wolf Dog Club he had much to do with the selection of a name for the breed to which, strictly speaking, they had no claim, but what was to be done? The public at that time would not have had German shepherd dogs at any price, though now we have reached a compromise by putting these words in brackets after Alsatian.

Another notable doggy man is Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Bailey, who has had an adventurous career in the Indian Political Department, has given his name to the blue poppy and earned distinction at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society. He and the Hon. Mrs. Bailey have a kennel of Lhasa apsos and Tibetan mastiffs.

Bull terriers are likely to come well into the picture, a charming photograph of General Sir Edmund and Lady Ironside, showing two of them in the foreground. Plucky dogs for a plucky man is the inevitable comment, and it reminds me how Lord Charles Beresford, when he was an admiral, had a bulldog as his constant companion.

WHEN THE PUPPY SINS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

DISCUSSING the conduct of the most undesirable class of evacuated child, a writer in one of the daily papers recently observed that "when a puppy misbehaves himself in the house, the recognised way of dealing with him is to "rub his nose in it," give him a beating, and carry him out-of-doors"!

But I thought that this way of dealing with puppies gave way to enlightened methods, along with the nineteenth century ideas of humiliating and degrading children for their simple sins! I am only surprised that the writer did not advocate peppering the entirely natural misdeed as a further refinement in the stern dictates of family discipline.

As a matter of fact you cannot make a young puppy understand household customs any more than you can a small child. You can punish him every day for it, and he will go on doing it till he attains a certain age of self-responsibility. It will then come to him naturally, and all the previous beatings will neither hasten nor retard that day. These beatings may, however, speedily break his good faith in *you*!

I do not mean that you should never punish a puppy, but certainly not for mistakes which he cannot be expected to understand—not, at any rate, until he begins to show signs of dropping some of his puppy ways. Older dogs will punish him when he oversteps the mark, rolling him on to his back and standing over him with a terrific bluff of anger, but though he may yell, he rises unhurt and, we hope, chastened. As another hint direct from nature—the cleanliest animals in their home lives, badger cubs, for instance, soil their dens till they have reached a certain age, but their parents merely tidy up after them and leave them to outgrow it. So if you take a small puppy into the house it is your own responsibility, and you must do the same thing.

At all events a puppy should never be beaten with anything harder than a handkerchief. As he grows a little older show him what he has done, let him see that you strongly disapprove, then by all means put him out-of-doors so long as he will not catch cold. The repeated humiliation of being beaten will only harden him. After a few chastisements he will run off and shake himself and say "be damned to you." A few more and he will turn round and bark at you by way of derision. You are then well on the way to having produced a disobedient, indifferent, and badly mannered dog.

In other words it is quite natural for a puppy to respond immediately to his needs, and only age will teach him to have regard for time and place. Until he attains that age you will never make him understand that you are beating him for *that*!

When I see a keeper wallop an adult dog for misconduct on the field I know very well that the man does not know his job. Probably he beat that dog when it was a puppy, and now he will have to keep on beating it all its life, and all to no purpose. The best trainer I know hardly ever speaks to his dogs above a whisper, and I have never known him to beat one. Thus they work not only with him but for him, as quiet, trusting, and fearless companions.

THE GARDEN IN WAR TIME.—At 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, October 24th, the first day of the Royal Horticultural Society's special Autumn Show, Mr. F. J. Chittenden, F.L.S., V.M.H., will give a lecture in the lecture room of the Society's New Hall, in Greycoat Street, Westminster, on "The Garden in War Time." Dr. H. V. Taylor, Commissioner for Horticulture, Ministry of Agriculture, will preside. The show that day will be open from noon to 5 p.m., and on Wednesday, October 25th, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.



A SECTION OF A SITTING HIDE SHOWING ITS IMMENSIONS. THE GUNNER'S EYES SHOULD BE ALMOST AT GROUND LEVEL WHEN HE BENDS FORWARD

Below the High Tide Mark—I.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

"MAY I go shore shooting next holidays?" This schoolboy request is often the beginning of a lifelong love of wildfowling and the seed from which springs the ardent bird-watcher and naturalist of the future.

What normal boy can resist the magic of the saltings, the windswept mud flats with their wealth of bird life? What better place for him to learn to shoot? But he must begin in the way he should go and not become that pestilential nuisance, the beachcomber with a gun, the man who wanders aimlessly over the marshes shooting at anything and everything that flies.

The schoolboy gunner should clearly understand that he must first use his field glasses before he can expect to use his gun. He will never be successful until he knows the saltings intimately, knows the course of every winding gutter, and the exact amount of marsh left uncovered by tides of various heights, and knows also the effect of different winds on these tides. He must study carefully the ways of his quarry and comprehend the real reason underlying the flight movements of ducks and waders.

Let us watch him as he sits for the first time in a hide at the edge of the saltings on an August day.

In front of him stretch miles and miles of mud flats intersected by shallow sandy channels through which the flood tide is beginning to creep. In these channels, mallard and, perhaps, teal are resting, while parties of curlew and oyster catcher stand on the banks in long, black, motionless lines waiting for the flood to unlock the store of marine delicacies hidden beneath the dried-out sand.

It is still two-and-a-half hours before high water, but a party of six mallard suddenly rise from a channel nearly a mile away and come landwards in wedge-shaped formation. They cross the edge of the saltings some 300yds. on our left, following the line of a gutter in their journey to the fresh marshes beyond the sea wall. Four more follow; and then a pair, accompanied by a bunch of teal. All steer directly for the mouth of the gutter, obviously a landmark for returning ducks.

The tide is now flowing strongly and our schoolboy gunner is busily engaged watching the waders assembling on a nearby sandbank, evidently the highest point of the mud flats. As the tide rises party after party, driven from lower levels, join this noisy congregation, comprising cormorants, gulls, curlew, oyster catchers, and innumerable small fry, with two gawky herons standing like grey lighthouses on the rapidly narrowing circle of dry land.

Cur-lee! Curlee! A party of curlew leave the bank and cross the saltings. More and more follow, the whole herd eventually alighting on a rough pasture at the edge of the shore. They will remain in their inland sanctuary until the ebb uncovers the banks, when they will hurry back to renew their interrupted meal. We have noted their flight line.

At high water, schoolboy hopes are revived once more by the sight of several clusters of black dots—family parties of mallard—bobbing amid the waves. As the ebb begins to draw them seaward, they rise from the water and make for the inner marshes, their line of flight passing on the right of the hide.

So ends this tide shoot with never a cartridge fired; a wasted opportunity in the eyes of a rather rueful schoolboy, a somewhat downcast shore shooter.

But has the day been wasted? Have we learnt nothing from all our watching?

I would rather say that the day has been particularly successful, and that we have acquired sufficient knowledge to ensure a good shoot on the morrow and, perhaps, the following day as well.

To-morrow, two-and-a-half hours before high water, we shall be crouching under the bank at the mouth of that gutter in order to take some toll of the early flight. Then we can return to our previously dug hide, placed to intercept ducks rising from the first ebb, and lastly we may even be able to deal with the curlew on their return to the sandbanks uncovered by the ebb. We ought certainly to get some shooting but not if our schoolboy novice moves his head about as he did to-day when birds are approaching—he must learn to keep dead still at that critical period.

We have watched three distinct flights: two of ducks returning to their sanctuary in the fresh marshes, and one of curlew escaping from the flooded sandbanks. In August, we are dealing with home-bred ducks whose passage between the fresh marshes and the shore gives the wildfowler his opportunity. On some estuaries ducks will come



CURLEW FLIGHT BEFORE THE INCOMING TIDE TO SOME ISLAND WHERE THEY REMAIN DURING HIGH WATER. IF THEIR FLIGHT TIME IS CAREFULLY NOTED THE SCHOOLBOY GUNNER CAN ENJOY SOME EXCELLENT AND DIFFICULT SHOOTING



A HIDE CONSTRUCTED OF NETTING COVERED WITH SEA GROWTHS

out to the tide just after the ebb sets in, but in most cases the fowler should look seawards.

An hour after high water, if the schoolboy gunner stations himself at the mouth of a marsh gutter, having first persuaded a self-sacrificing friend to walk it up from the opposite end, he will obtain some delightful shooting at redshanks as these noisy waders pass in twos and threes along the gutter on their way to the sea. I rate them as more difficult to shoot than driven snipe.

In my opinion, curlew, plover and redshanks are the only waders at which a gun should be lifted. All others—and in this category I would place the sea-going ducks—are suitable for bird watching purposes only.

One of the illustrations to this article shows a section of a sitting hide and the proper method of occupying it. The front wall should face half right to the expected line of flight, in order to give the gunner more freedom of swing—an important point when all footwork is eliminated.

When ducks have travelled some distance before reaching the edge of the saltings, a side wind exerts considerable influence on their normal line of flight, a fact that must be reckoned with when deciding on the position for a hide on a windy day.

The siting of the hide, its construction and camouflaging, the subsequent shooting, and the opportunity for a bathe to rescue dead birds from the tide, all make August shore shooting a delight to most schoolboys, and the fact that any success is entirely due to their own judgment, their own observation, only adds to the triumph of a good bag.

(To be continued)

A MEMORABLE DAY ON THE MOY

THE vagaries of the British climate are notorious, but it is surely astonishing that practically all the rain which deluged large areas of England and Wales during July, 1939, should have missed Ireland, and up to the end of the month rivers were still low after a dry spell which had lasted without a real break since April.

This was responsible for an amazing state of affairs in the Moy, one of the best salmon rivers in the country. There had been an immense run of fish; the nets which average about 40,000 yearly had had 33,000 by the end of June in the tidal reaches. But comparatively few had been able to pass the falls at Ballina, and the beats above, Mount Falcon, Foxford and others, had had one of the worst seasons in living memory.

Below the falls is the famous Ridge Pool, some 250yds. long by 80yds. wide, and nearly all shallow water of 4ft. or less in depth. Here the fish had accumulated until the bottom was literally paved with a living carpet of salmon and grilse, and the head gillie estimated that there were over fifteen hundred fish in this one pool.

On the first day I saw it during a recent visit the whole surface was literally boiling with salmon, rolling, jumping and rising, often a dozen to twenty were showing at the same time, and I looked forward intensely to the day which my host had arranged for the morrow, since to me, accustomed for the most part to fishing "hard" rivers where one is glad enough to get a salmon a day, and may go weeks without a touch, the Ridge Pool loomed like some fabulous Eldorado.



READY TO GO AFLOAT

As soon as R. restarted he began meeting fish on a little devon the same colour as mine; we tried others, but the fish would not look at them. Between 2.30 and 6 p.m. R. hooked seven fish, landed one of 8½lb., and lost one of about 16lb., after a long fight, when it was practically played out only a few yards from the boat owing to the fine wire triangle bending out enough to release the hold—cruel luck. These Moy fish in the very shallow water and strong current fight desperately hard. One is stuck in the boat and when a fish runs down stream it is impossible to get below it, and I have never taken so long to kill salmon of the same size in any other river.

While R. was busy I had a very slack time only hooking one and losing that. It was curious that from about 3 p.m. until about 6 p.m. the only method any use was to cast straight up stream and spin down as fast as one could reel in. At 6 p.m. we landed to stretch legs and have a drink. There were three fish in the boat out of seventeen hooked, a wretched average, partly explained by the very small baits and therefore hooks it was necessary to use. I tried a small spoon, a plug and larger devons, but the fish would take no notice of anything except the tiny brown and cream baits.

About 6.30 p.m. we went afloat again, and at once I began to be busy. In just over an hour I hooked seven salmon and landed five of them, varying in weight from 15lb. down to 4½lb., and lost two others after longish battles. The largest proved to be foul-hooked in the back fin. It took us right round the outside of the big pool twice, the boat having to be up-anchored as nearly all the line was taken off the reel in its first run.

The curious thing was that during that time R. did not hook a fish, and all mine were caught casting down stream, a method which had been useless during the afternoon. The best part of the tide, the gillie said, was between 8 and 9 p.m., but oddly enough, in a day full of oddities, neither of us had a pull in that hour.

In other ways the day was remarkable. Although there were hundreds of fresh-run salmon and grilse in the pool, seven out of the eight we landed were reddish and had been in the river some time, and the same was true of most of those we saw which were hooked and lost. In all we had twenty-four salmon on, but several of these were almost certainly foul-hooked, almost inevitable when covering so many fish each cast in such shallow water.

The other boat, in which Pat Hearns and an angler were both using fly, did not touch or even rise one salmon during the whole day, and as we kept on getting into fish our gillie was jubilant. "Ach," he said, "the salmon know the names of all the flies as well as Hardy's themselves; it's the spinners what is new to them."

The next day I fished the pool again with another companion. In eight hours we hooked only five salmon, two of which I am fairly sure were on foul, and landed never a one—an apt illustration of the lottery of salmon fishing. If it is possible to do this in water tenanted by whole battalions how long are the odds on third and fourth class rivers where most of the pools only hold single spies?

WEST COUNTRY.



PAVED WITH A LIVING CARPET OF SALMON AND GRILSE
The Ridge Pool on the Moy at Ballina

Presently, as I watched from the bridge, along came Pat Hearns, the head gillie of the Moy Fisheries which owns the fishing rights. "Never in all my life have I seen so many fish in the pool," he said. "They haven't been able to pass the falls for weeks." Then he went on to give some details of recent catches, the high light being one man who a fortnight previously had hooked fifty-seven salmon in one day and landed fifteen of them. Another angler fishing every day for a month had a catch of ninety-six.

Fishing the Ridge Pool is governed by the tide, and our gillie told us we could start about 12.30 p.m. next day. Soon after noon we were afloat, I armed with a light 7ft. spinning rod and a fixed-spool reel, R. with fly. The boatman said it was no use starting for awhile, but R. looked at me with a grin. "Show him he's wrong."

I started off with a little "Nevison" natural minnow covered with celluloid and painted to resemble a trout, and about the third cast I was into a fish. Two short runs and then the bait came back, and five minutes later the same thing happened again. I looked at the tiny treble and decided that the cause of the trouble might be here, and so I removed the "Nevison" and put on a 1¼in. home-made devon with brown back and cream belly, the same colour scheme as the "Nevison."

In the next half hour or so two other fish were hooked, one being played for five minutes, but both came unstuck. R. meanwhile had not had a touch on fly, and so he decided to land and go home for spinning tackle. By the time he returned at 2.30. I had had seven fish on, but only one of 9½lb. was in the boat, while the gillie, who had fished fly, had landed a 5lb. grilse and lost another on a No. 10 Black Doctor.

CHEESE BAIT FOR CHUB

KNOWLEDGEABLE anglers make capital of the partiality of chub for cheese. Most of them fish cheese-baited hook on float tackle, enjoying roving, remunerative and attractive fishing. Others use ledger tackle, looking for quality rather than quantity catches.

Cheese paste recipes are numerous—too numerous, one is tempted to think! Here is a selection: Ordinary white paste, one part, worked up with two parts of cheese. . . . Soft cheese added to breaderumbs. . . . Soft or soapy cheese worked into a paste with, or without, the addition of a little butter as a softening agent. . . . Soft cheese mixed with flour and honey until they form a tough paste—a small boiled potato can be used instead of the flour. . . . Some recipes insist, quite unnecessarily, on cheese that "talks" and others, again unnecessarily, on particular varieties of cheese. . . . Soft cream (packet) cheeses may be used without preparation.

All these cheese-baits are effective, but personally I know of nothing better for this fishing than ordinary cheap Cheddar cheese. A piece as large as a No. 6 hook can comfortably accommodate forms the bait. This can be used without preparation and will remain on the hook, which is more than can be said of soft cheeses. Pieces can be broken or cut from the cheese whether to serve as hook bait or as groundbait. Preliminary groundbaiting is most helpful, but should not be overdone; initially half-a-dozen fair-sized fragments broken from the cheese should suffice.

Bait brevities: Irregularly shaped and sized baits suggested. Breaking, rather than cutting, off the baits may offer a more natural looking bait. . . . Commonly, red Cheddar cheese is used by chub fishermen, but no less an authority than "Silver Doctor" has told us that the whiter the cheese the better. . . . Do not "pad" the point of the hook with any part of the bait. This will prevent the hook from being driven home. Leave the hook point free, and (smashes apart!) Chevin shall not go free, at least until *after* you have netted him. . . . As befits a big-mouthed fish Chevin likes a sizable bait. . . . Incidentally, *cheese fed gentles* are a refinement in the way of chub baits.

The difficulties of approach in chub fishing are known the angling world over. A contradiction in terms, the chub is at once the boldest of fishes and the most fearful, and however attractive your cheese-bait you are not likely to tempt him if he has the least idea that you are after him. The late Mr. H. T. Sheringham wrote that "he (the chub) can see you sometimes through two haystacks and a barn." The inference is obvious.

Curiously enough, although cheese is a noted chub bait it is seldom associated with other fish, despite the fact that most fish, from trout to bream, exceptionally fall for it. Events of the last two or three seasons, however, suggest that cheese as a bait for roach is worth more than passing consideration. Using dice-sized pieces of red cheese on the hook anglers have reported extremely good catches of good-class roach.

FADDIST.

PHOTOGRAPHING A CURLEW WITH A BOX BROWNIE



BUILDING UP THE CAIRN



ARRANGING THE CAMERA



ARRIVING AND FULL OF HOPE

ALTHOUGH the curlew is a shy bird, it is fairly easy by means of a hide to get quite close at nesting time, provided precautions are taken. My wife and I found a nest on a hillside, and as there was no available cover, we had to construct a hide. This we did by means of empty sacks laced together over a framework of stout hazel sticks driven into the ground and bent inwards.

Owing to high winds on the exposed moors, where curlews nest, the structure had to be "stiff." There was about 4ft. headroom, and about 5ft. ground space. This was sufficient for a comfortable seat on the floor.

The hide was built about 20ft. from the nest, and the camera, a No. 2A Box Brownie Kodak with portrait attachment, set at 2ft. 6in., hidden among a cairn of large stones overlooking the nest. The pull-off was by means of a fishing line from the hide. It requires two people to work a hide—so I used to install my wife in the hide, see that all was in working order, and then take my departure in full view of the bird, the latter intently watching the proceedings from a distance.

Seeing me move away, the bird would return to the nest and be duly "snapped." When a photograph had been taken, my wife would raise a small flag, and I would return. Had the bird seen someone appear suddenly from the hide its suspicions would have been aroused; so each time my wife wanted to leave the hide, another person had to come on the scene. As a rule the bird was easy to photograph when on the nest, and did not seem to mind either the camera or the hide. C. M. D.



WATCHING THE BIRD IN THE DISTANCE



THE CURLEW ARRIVING AT THE NEST



SETTLING DOWN TO BROOD



SAND DUNES ON THE FLOOR OF DEATH VALLEY

THE VALLEY OF APPALLING BEAUTY

By A. HARVEY

DEATH VALLEY is one of the lesser-known American playgrounds. It ranks as a National Monument (a step below a National Park), but must have fewer visitors than practically any other of these reservations. There are two reasons for this, the first being its comparative inaccessibility, the second the prohibitive summer temperatures.

The valley lies approximately along the California—Nevada state line, and is some hundred miles in length. It varies in width from six to 20 miles, and parts of it are below sea-level: yet within five or six miles of these areas are mountain peaks ranging up to 11,000ft. in height. The roads of the area are poor in the extreme, and the whole country is but sparsely populated, so that when accidents do occur it can be quite a while before assistance is obtained.

In the summer months the valley is decidedly unpleasant, holding—as it does—the world's record for the highest observed shade temperature. In the winter, however, the climate is delightful. During the day the temperature may reach 100 deg. Fahr., whilst at night it may sink to freezing point—typical desert conditions. Water, naturally, is scarce, and the wise traveller carries an ample supply with him.

Scenically the valley is one of the most striking natural features it is possible to imagine, a panorama of desolation, having a weird fascination which is all its own. Ringed by tall peaks, it exhibits practically all the colours of the rainbow—the mountains themselves are of reddish hues, the foothills a fantastic mixture of pinks, yellows and greens; the floor of the valley is yellow-brown in colour, with here and there great white patches due to borax and similar salts. Add the blue of the sky, the purple distances, and every spectral colour is present.

The appalling beauty of the valley is best seen from Dante's View, a point on the eastern rim about one quarter of the way along the valley from the south end. Here one is some 6,000ft. above the floor of the valley. About eleven miles west is Telescope Peak, on the west rim, the height of this being 11,045ft. Between these two peaks the floor of the valley sinks in one place to 310ft. below sea level, this being the lowest area below sea level in the United States.

Such is the valley, and the question naturally rises: Why the name? Probably a visit to it in the height of summer would be sufficient answer for most people; but conversation with the few inhabitants of the area, and a reference to its history (see, for instance, *Death Valley*, W. A. Chalfant, Oxford University Press), render clear the significance of the name.

No one knows how many victims the valley has claimed—it certainly runs into many score—but one particular episode focused public attention on the spot. In the middle of this last century goods were often carried over to California by caravan. One such Pacific-bound caravan ran short of supplies, and in an effort to reduce the length of the journey tried to take a short cut through the valley. For many of the travellers it was a short cut, but not of the type they wanted. Those who survived owed their lives to the courage of two scouts, who pushed on west and got assistance.

For the holiday-maker Death Valley provides a magnificent centre. For the lover of comfort (who has the money to pay for it) a luxury hotel in the eastern foothills—Furnace Creek Inn—is available. For those with smaller purses there is the Stove Pipe Wells Hotel in the western foothills, but this hotel is not much more than a collection of wooden sleeping cabins, rather on the lines of an auto camp.

For those travellers with still less money, or more adventurously inclined, the obvious solution is to camp, practically the whole of the valley and the surrounding country being available. The writer spent two Christmas vacations camping in the valley and its environs, one of these trips providing a really hot Christmas Day—at 2 p.m. the shade temperature was 104 deg. Fahr.

Being rather an unusual Christmas Day, or an unusual way of spending it, pains were taken to see what links could be found with an English Christmas. It turned out to be a "White Christmas"; but this whiteness was due, not to a covering of snow, but to a layer of borax and other alkaline salts over the floor of the valley. Again there was holly to be seen, but it was desert holly, a fine looking shrub with silvery-grey foliage, but rather a disgusting smell. In view of the temperature quoted above it will be realised that the winter months are the ones in which to visit the valley, since in the summer temperatures of 120 to 140 deg. Fahr. make the area not only extremely unpleasant but also dangerous to the unwary.

As a matter of fact care must be taken at any time, and the visits made were done with two cars equipped with two ropes, extra tins containing petrol and water, a tent and cooking apparatus.

Apart from the two hotels the only other habitation is Death Valley Scotty's Ranch-house. This is a palatial mansion, which has cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to build, lying in a side canyon at the north end of the valley. The house is a conglomeration of all known styles of architecture, from Norman to Spanish, but is amazingly comfortable and well furnished. Scotty is definitely a character, whether judged by his own account of himself or by the accounts one receives from others—considerable discrepancies are noticeable between the two.



DERELICTS IN THE DESERT

Some of the huge wagons which, pulled by teams of 20 mules, transported the refined borax to the nearest railhead

No one, save Scotty and his intimates, knows where the money has come from which has gone into the building of the house. Some people aver that Scotty has a secret gold mine; others maintain that a wealthy citizen of Chicago, whose life was saved by Scotty, put up the money to build a winter home for himself and placed Scotty in charge of the work. At any rate, whatever the explanation, the house is universally known as "Death Valley Scotty's."

At one time the valley had a small permanent population. Labourers (mainly Chinese) collected up the borax deposits from the floor of the valley and roughly refined the borax in a small adobe factory, the walls of which still stand. The refined borax was then transported to the nearest railhead by means of huge wagons, each of which was pulled by a team of 20 mules. As a result of this method of transport the packeted borax that one bought in American shops used to be called "20-mule team borax."

The discovery of more easily worked deposits in Texas, however, has resulted in the abandoning of this work, but the mountains around the valley are very rich in borax and actual mining still goes on.

No account of Death Valley would be complete without mention of the "ghost" towns that are to be found in the nearby mountains. The biggest and most striking of these is Rhyolite, a town immortalised by Mark Twain as "Bull Frog." Just before the 1906 San Francisco earthquake there were over 20,000 people in this town; when the writer visited it a year or two back there were precisely two inhabitants.

These two people were living as caretakers in the railway station, a curiosity of a station in that it had never seen a train. It had been built at the same time that the line was being laid, but the bubble burst, and the line was never completed. This railway station is the only building in the town that has been looked after and preserved.

For the rest concrete buildings three storeys high gape open to the sky; wooden shacks tumble to decay, and the deserted streets are littered with building débris. One house still standing is a monument to the type of town that Rhyolite was—its walls are made entirely from glass bottles cemented together.

Goldfield is another of these towns that at one time could claim over 20,000 inhabitants—now it has 600, yet boasts of a hotel of 200 rooms. This latter was built during the boom days, but it proved acceptable to my fellow traveller and I, because during the night we slept there the temperature fell to 5 deg. Fahr., and next afternoon it rose to over 100 deg. Fahr.

Contrasts and surprises such as these are typical of the Death Valley area, and are part of its charm for lovers of the deserts and open spaces. But they illustrate also the menace that lies behind the beauty, and which restricts its visitors to those few who will come and appreciate its beauty and its danger, and then come again and again, anticipating the one and prepared for the other.



A MONUMENT TO RHYOLITE
A house with walls made entirely from bottles cemented together



OF EVERY KIND OF ARCHITECTURE
Death Valley Scotty's ranch house, a mystery mansion and the third habitation of the valley



LOOKING NORTH ALONG DEATH VALLEY FROM DANTE'S VIEW
The point from which the photograph was taken is more than 5,000 ft. above sea-level, the floor of the valley immediately in front is more than 300 ft. below sea-level, whilst the mountain showing on the extreme left of the photograph on the far rim is the shoulder of Telescope Peak, 11,045 ft. high and 11 miles in a direct line from Dante's View. The mountains in the gap near the right edge are 80 miles from the camera. The photograph was taken with an infra-red plate. Actually there were no clouds visible when it was taken, and the "clouds" showing are thin films of water vapour invisible to the eye yet opaque to infra-red radiation

HERE AND THERE

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE been inspired to write about Devon because I have recently been there. Glorious Devon—to give the full title which no one can deny it. It is glorious. Now, if I had been asked to write an article about Plymouth——.

Towns, of course, are what you make them. I have met people who regard Accrington as angels must regard heaven. I have heard Wigan and Manchester, Leek and West Ham spoken of highly. And no doubt there are people who praise Plymouth. I have not met one yet.

But I have noticed one thing about people who have had to come to Plymouth during the last three weeks. They all talk about Christmas. "What are you going to do at Christmas?" "What is Christmas going to be like?" "Yes, I know: but just imagine Christmas."

Well, I can't. I do not know what you, severally, think about Christmas. Personally I enjoy it more than any other time of the year; but then I am very fond of nuts. And I like receiving presents, and I like buying presents—and, above all, I like pressing my nose against brightly lit shop windows and thinking of all the things I would buy if I had more money than I have (or should it be had?). I like the bright lights and the general air of good fellowship and happiness. I cannot imagine Christmas blacked-out. I cannot imagine Christmas in Plymouth. And I am not going to try.

But I have strayed from my subject which is Devon. And I find that it is not so much with its country as with its people and their speech that I am concerned. Of Devon's coast towns Paignton and Torquay are very much like any other English seaside resort, except that they have been planned decently and except that the climate and the soil gives them a vegetation altogether luxurious. Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth, all the others, are rather dull little places; but the cliffs are magnificently red and the sea magnificently blue. And always behind is Dartmoor. Dartmoor influences the whole of Devonshire, even Plymouth, and this influence is wholly beneficial.

And I like the soft, rather drawly Devonshire voices. No one here ever hurries. To-morrow is still a day. And that is very pleasant indeed after London, where everyone tries to save a second or two by running up moving staircases. And here you may still hear dialect.

Once upon a time almost every county had its own peculiar dialect. The motor car and week-end cottage, proximity to the great Metropolis, has killed individuality of speech pretty well everywhere within 150 miles of London—and farther. We know now the dialect of Lancashire, but we know it because of Gracie Fields and George Formby. We know something of the individuality that is in Yorkshire, but we know it more by the angle at which Maurice Leyland wears his cap than anything else. We all know that down Somerset way they pronounce their esses as zeds—only they don't. We know Scotsbecause of Will Fyffe, just as we knew Scots because of Harry Lauder. I am not sure that we know Irish any longer. It is unfashionable and was on the way to becoming unhealthy. These are the dialects we know, and it is perhaps sufficient comment upon them that we should know them mainly through the efforts of comedians.

Time was when you could distinguish a Hampshire man from a Wiltshire man, or a Dorset man, or a Sussex man. You cannot now. The old rich Hampshire speech is gone. The nearest to town that you can now hear dialect spoken naturally (and not with the effort of conscious remembrance) is on the Essex marshes. Elsewhere language has one fashion and has become standardised.

But not in Devon. The other night I leaned upon a railing overlooking some portion of the harbour and listened to two children talking. They were washing out a basin and a jug and playing with the water. I listened for some five minutes. I would not be exaggerating if I said I understood less than a quarter of the soft sing-song that flowed uninterruptedly from both of them. And I have heard good English words come out in the course of conversation, come out perfectly naturally; and English words that you will not find in any ordinary English dictionary, that have not been in modern use (except presumably in Devon) for several hundred years.

"Dimpsey." Do you know what "Dimpsey" means? I did not. But "It is growing dimpsey" means it is getting dark. And personally I prefer the old to the new.

And then "forswunk." Do you know what "forswunk" means? I did not. It means, I gather, tired out. And I know now that it is very, very old indeed. Chaucerian English: you will find it in the Tales. And it is still in use on Dartmoor.

I like these old words. And I like dialect. I would even go so far as to say that I prefer Billingsgate Cockney to B.B.C. English. Dialect has life and vigour, and it is characteristic of its people. B.B.C. English, which is, I bitterly regret to say, becoming more and more prevalent, is impersonal, emasculated, suitable—so suitable—only to be spoken into a machine.

It is said that one can recognise a gentleman—though I am not quite certain what is meant by that somewhat spacious term—by the way he speaks. I do not agree with that in the very least. But I do know that it is possible to tell an Etonian, or a Harrovian, or Wykehamist by the way he speaks; and I believe that the experts could tell you to which University, Oxford or Cambridge, a man went. It is this frequently rather distressing stress on accent—a clipping of a "g" or the stressing of the terminal "er" into "ah"—that has given rise to the popular catchword about the old school tie. The originators of that phrase—I am not sure, but I believe it was the Western Brothers—were much more than good comedians.

Yet, I think, I would prefer even the deliberately over-stressed and affected accent that is given to the English language by our most famous public schools to the distressing standardised product that is put out by the B.B.C. We are a little apt to criticise standardisation in other countries. We have always laughed, or shivered, or sneered at the passion of the German for dressing himself up in uniform—that, of course, is a form of standardisation. We have disliked many symptoms of the disease that are prevalent in Russia, and we have looked down on them when they have made themselves evident in Italy or America. But we are by no means free ourselves.

If other countries regiment their youth into uniforms we are not entirely free from this disease of regimentation. Our clothes are becoming more and more standardised; our houses are built more and more to pattern; our complexions, female at least, are becoming more and more alike; and now we have started on our speech. If we are not very, very careful the time is coming—and is not far distant—when we shall all be saying "Good-night, good-night," in a peculiar stilted manner; all of us from duke to cottage dweller. It is a pretty grim thought. How grim one only realises when one comes down to a part of the country which has so far held out in face of the B.B.C. siege guns.

In this at least is Devon glorious.

AN ADVISORY GARDEN PANEL

IN the trying times ahead, the gardens throughout the country are bound to suffer severely. Beyond question the kitchen garden will have to be given first consideration, but there are very practical reasons for continuing to obtain all the legitimate enjoyment possible from the ornamental parts of the garden. They represent the investment of so much capital and the expenditure of so much thought and care, that it would be senseless to admit the gradual destruction of valuable property that might be saved by timely precautions.

With this object, the Ministry of Agriculture has authorised the Institute of Landscape Architects to form a panel of qualified advisers to assist owners to adapt their gardens to war-time conditions. These experts will, where desired, draw up schemes to ensure the best practical results in gardens as a whole, and so prevent the needless sacrifice of features of artistic and horticultural importance.

By such means the uncertainties which hampered amateur effort in the last war would be avoided. Owners would also receive authoritative guidance (in conformity with current regulations), on difficulties concerning maintenance and labour. The recommendations made would not be compulsory, but their adoption would signify official approval of the use to which the garden was being put.

The composition of the panel is not to be restricted to members of the Institute, but may include other persons whose qualifications are suitable. A moderate fee on a scale approved by the Ministry will be payable to the Institute for the services rendered. To prevent the overlapping of activities, the Institute will work in close association with the Royal Horticultural Society and care will be taken not to intrude upon the functions of the local Food Production Committees. Applications for advice under this scheme should be made to the Secretary, Institute of Landscape Architects, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.

HUNT ECONOMY

The Present Position and a Lesson from the Past

By CHARLES DEANE

SOME few weeks ago I reviewed on broad lines the economic aspects of carrying on hunting in war-time. By now most Hunts are, after mature consideration, putting themselves on a basis compatible with the times in which we live, and as the weeks go by they will gradually arrive at a *modus operandi* which will enable them to continue hunting on a scale varying, of course, with the individual needs of each country.

That their efforts in this direction meet with success is the earnest hope of all hunting people, and I am full of admiration when I think how numerous Masters, themselves recalled to the colours, are footing the bill, an unselfishness which can only be rewarded by the countryside supporting them with every possible means in its power. By them no other recognition is wanted, their aim has one simple and definite conclusion—namely, that at the end of the war both country and hounds will have been administered in such a way that hunting can be readily resumed on lines, at any rate, approaching those obtaining prior to the war. Hardly less admirable to my mind, are other Masters, unable to serve themselves, who are carrying on at great personal sacrifice, and by necessity economising in their own mode of living in order to maintain their Hunt establishments, without bickering or flinching from the obligations which they assumed, perhaps long before war was a possibility.

This very one-sided state of affairs cannot be expected to continue indefinitely, and if the war should prove to be of long duration there is no doubt that many of these great sportsmen will find it financially impossible to carry on. I hope I shall not be accused of being unduly pessimistic, but I am afraid many countries will sooner or later be Masterless, and it is to this possibility that Hunt Committees should now be shaping their policy.

I am not going to presume so far as to try and show how this policy is to take shape, as there can be no universal method, but it does seem to me that Hunt Committees should bear the matter very much in mind and not be lulled into a sense of false security because their arrangements are satisfactory at the moment. We are yet in early days, and plans, however drastic they may seem now, are better conceived well ahead than left till such times as their very unreadiness might quite conceivably mean the abandonment of both hounds and country, which we must strive at all costs to avoid for the sake of the future.

It is surprising what can be done when the worst comes to the worst, and I vividly recall to mind one country which, finding itself without a Master in the second year of the last war, was faced with the alternative of closing down or carrying on somehow. They chose the latter. It was not a fashionable country, nor was it blessed with rich residents. However, what it was lacking in these respects was more than compensated by the grim determination of its farmers and the few gentry that the first alternative was unthinkable.

A small Executive Committee was formed, and the volume of help which was forthcoming was far beyond the most optimistic of expectations. It was mostly in kind, financial aid came from the very few who could give it.

Horses were loaned or given to the kennels—odd loads of hay, straw and oats arrived at frequent intervals, sent mostly by hunting farmers. Knackers were to be had in sufficient numbers at nominal or often no cost. Cartage, when required, was generously provided. Puppy walkers, too, were plentiful, and there were plenty of homes for inwhelp bitches.

Throughout the subsequent war seasons these hounds hunted two days a week on more or less cubhunting lines, killing as many foxes as possible and keeping the fox supply down to what might be termed breeding-stock levels. Poultry claims at that period were almost negligible, partly because of this and partly because of the generosity and interest displayed by the smaller farmer.

Such was the situation—almost hopeless did it seem at one period—but one could not at that moment visualise or estimate the extent of the help which was to be forthcoming. However, its example is something that Hunt Committees might remember with advantage, and it is certainly something with which to confront the avowed pessimist who tells us on every possible occasion that the death-knell of foxhunting has sounded.



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HUNTING IN WAR TIME

DURING the last few weeks particulars have been given of the changes which have taken place in many Hunts and their prospects of carrying on during the war. A further list is here given and we shall be pleased to publish any details received from Masters or Secretaries.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL.—An excellent cubhunting season has been enjoyed. Owing to the wet summer, and sporting co-operation of the farmers concerned, it was found possible to start on July 25th in the woods—the earliest date in living memory for this country. The number of foxes accounted for up till September 30th was 51 brace, so it may be assumed from this total that cubs have been plentiful in most districts. One or two good hunts in the open have been enjoyed. According to present arrangements fifteen couples of dog-hounds are kennelled at Edgecote to hunt the country between Aynho and Helidon, with C. Johnson, and a reduced bitch pack remains at Stratton-Audley under Mr. Field-Marsham, who, though he has been re-called on active service, had up to the time of writing been able to hunt hounds two or three days a week. In this way the country should be hunted fairly and regularly.

CRAVEN.—This autumn the country has proved to be well stocked. Cub-hunting started on August 14th, when conditions were not favourable. The harvest was late, and the wet summer was followed by a dry spell, with the wind set back in the north and east—a combination not helpful to scent. Up to October 7th, fourteen brace of cubs had been accounted for.

MORPETH.—It has been decided by the committee to try and keep the pack going. At the outbreak of war Mr. Cookson, who was hunting hounds, and the two whippers-in were immediately called up. However, Jack Scott, late professional huntsman of the Morpeth, who had hunted these hounds for over 24 years, and was living in retirement in the neighbourhood, has taken over. The number of hounds will be necessarily reduced, and the main object of the hunt will be to keep the number of foxes down. One of the local farmers, J. Robson, is acting as first whipper-in, and H. Wynn, stud groom at the Kennels, is to carry on the duties of second. At the time of writing the tally was fifteen brace.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—This Hunt will carry on for as long as possible during the coming season. Some 30 couples of hounds have been put down and six horses taken by the Government. Mr. T. A. Scaramanga (Joint Master), and Mr. R. G. Hoare (Joint Hon. Secretary), have both been called up, and are serving in the Forces. Otherwise there are no alterations in the staff to record.

SURREY UNION.—The hunt is carrying on, hunting two days a week for as long as possible. Ten couples of hounds have been put down and three horses taken for remounts. The Master, Mr. P. G. Evelyn, is on active service, so Major H. D. Roberts and Lt.-Col. E. S. Bridges are acting for him. J. Goddard will hunt hounds, with L. Amiss as whipper-in.

TEDWORTH.—Captain J. Vere Laurie and Harry Cope will not be acting as whippers-in, the only whipper-in (hon.) being Mr. T. Baker, junior, a young farmer. Hounds have been reduced to 25 couples and hunting days to two per week—Tuesday and Saturday. The Hunt will be carried on as long as circumstances permit. The kennel staff has been reduced to three men, and only four horses will be kept, but these are being foraged by the farmers at their own expense, which is a great help. Much of the country is closed to hounds, owing to military activities in the neighbourhood of Tidworth.

TICKHAM.—Although the Master has found it necessary to resign owing to military service, the Hunt hopes to carry on. Mrs. Finn has taken on the mastership. Fifteen couples of hounds have been put down and three horses have gone to the front, but the new Master hopes to be able to hunt two days a week.

WOODLAND.—The Joint Masters will, during the war period, do what is possible to kill foxes, but the enforced limitation of their activities compels them to announce their inability to be responsible for poultry damage. An appreciation to landowners and local farmers for their past co-operation and help is also tendered by the Joint Masters.

IRELAND

LIMERICK.—The Hunt will carry on on a reduced basis of two days per week—Mondays and Fridays. It is not proposed to destroy hounds, as the number has been reduced by fifteen couples of dog hounds. They have been lent to various packs of harriers in Kerry and non-hunted countries. No horses have been requisitioned. The M.F.H., Mr. Alexander, has sent his name to the War Office for employment on active service. In the meantime he will continue to hunt hounds until such time as he is called up.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

PIPEWELL FOOT.—The Master has decided to try to continue hunting one day a week as far as possible. Many reductions have necessarily had to be made and the hounds have been reduced by twelve couples. In order to reduce expenses no cards will be sent out, but as hounds will, it is hoped, be hunting on Saturdays, information as to the meets can be obtained by ringing up Desborough 254 after 5 p.m. on Thursday in any week. In view of the many difficulties and uncertainties with which the Master will have to contend, he has generously asked that the committee should, for the present, allow the guarantee to lapse. It is, however, hoped that members will continue to send their subscriptions and do all they can to help carry on the Hunt.

As Mr. C. R. C. Thursfield has had to give upt he duties of secretary during the war, subscriptions should be sent either to Mr. H. R. Overman, Chairman, Pipewell Foot Beagles Hunt Committee, Brampton Ash, Market Harborough, or direct to the Master.



THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS AT HINDLIP IN A SETTING WHICH IS FAR REMOVED FROM THOUGHTS OF WAR

MISS CLEGG-HILLS' BEAGLES

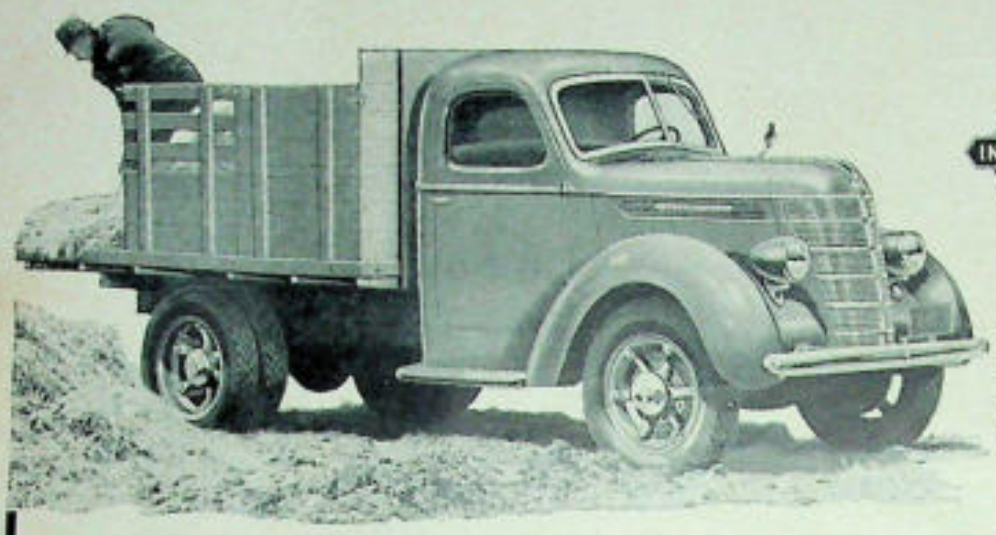
THE opening meet, or perhaps the first of the days before hounds go to the Officers' Convalescent Depot, took place a short time back at Fernhill. Hounds turned out looking well, if a trifle on the fat side, and a move was made through the Barnyard field to the Top Shay, Leasow, where they immediately found a strong jack hare, who promptly ran through a herd of cows and headed in the direction of Warton Grange. Hounds hit off the line on their own account on the far side of the foil and hunted nicely past Warton Slang to Mr. Lawton's farm, where he was halloaed into a kale field. Some time was spent here with fresh hares going away, but eventually our red jack was pushed out across Shay Lane to Gilbert's field. He turned left-handed across Gypsy Lane to the Drum's Head, and so on to the Lonco Brook, down which he ran. Scent never good on the dry plough here improved, but our hare was headed by a herd of cattle and turned up again to the high land below Lower Fernhill, where hounds were close behind.

The hare recrossed Gypsy Lane and went on for Weston Jones's Mill, where a diversion was caused by a fresh hare who took hounds away for Weston Spinney. On being brought back to Weston Jones and laid on the line, they could scarcely own it on the dry stubble, and a long cast forward failed to put him up again, so home was the order after a nice, if slow, hunt of two hours and five minutes.

BANSHEE.

(For Hunting Appointments see page 812)

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The R.S.P.C.A. does NOT appeal, at the moment, for support for this work; the Society is spending the balance of the Fund it raised for Sick and Wounded Horses in the Great War.

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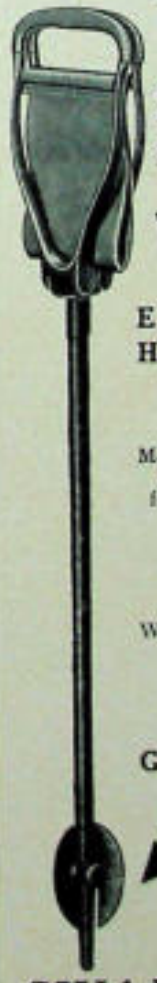
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CONCENTRATION, A GOLF ESSENTIAL

By E. R. TIPPLE

WHEN S. L. King had followed Compston's example and beaten Henry Cotton in the second of the exhibition games that have been arranged for the benefit of war charities, the last-named remarked that he was not playing at all well, because he could not concentrate on golf just now. This is a general complaint and club golfers appreciate the difficulties under which the experts perform, and make necessary allowances for any mistakes they commit. Cotton has since suffered defeat at the hands of Adams. But he is not likely to take these war-time experiences to heart, and is carrying on his excellent work by arranging further games, including "four-ballers."

We are passing through stirring times, and it is difficult to bring one's mind to bear on golf or any other normal activity when so much is happening to detract the attention. Still, all must do their best, and golfers throughout the country are anxious to see these exhibition games, just as they want to play themselves whenever they have the opportunity.

At one time or another all kinds of secrets for success on the links have been revealed, but the art of concentration must rank high on any list of essentials. Concentration does not mean that the individual should tighten up his eyebrows, take on a worried expression and allow his body to become tense. On the contrary it means applying one's mind to the task of hitting one shot—and one shot only. It is a mental process and no physical reaction such as tenseness should result.

There are occasions when the golfer feels that the situation is hopeless, and no amount of concentration will be of any help. He should not give up, but take comfort from the innumerable instances in the past where players have brought off unexpected recoveries. Anything can happen in golf, so it is worth while fighting on, mentally and physically, until the round is completed.

For instance, Compston was three down to Cotton with five to play. Some of the crowd turned towards the club-house, reckoning Cotton a certain winner. Compston had other ideas. He evaded a stymie and reduced his defeat; won the next hole and squared the match at the sixteenth. Cotton was off the line to the seventeenth, and Compston took full advantage of his opponent's mistake, played the hole perfectly and gained the lead. A safe half at the home hole gave him the match.

You can be certain that Compston achieved this unexpected success by concentrating on each shot as it came along, quite undeterred by the odds against him.

Simple straightforward strokes usually are more difficult to play properly than those from awkward positions. Everyone has seen the experts fluff an easy approach or a simple pitch, and I have done it myself more times than I care to remember. I do not have to search far to find the cause for these apparently stupid mistakes—lack of concentration. The shot was easy, looked easy, so I was easy, lackadaisical, and omitted to take any trouble over the playing of it.

But when the ball is lying in a nasty spot in the rough I take up the challenge, puzzle out carefully how best I can extricate it, and quite often astonish myself as well as my opponents with the result of my labours. Just as players should not anticipate trouble they should not take any shot for granted.

Most players are familiar with the historic story of Miss Joyce Wethered's victory over Miss Cecil Leitch at Sheringham in 1920. After being six down at one period of the game she fought back, wiped out that lead and became two up with two to play. Just as she was about to strike the long approach putt a train was heard. Miss Wethered carried on with her stroke and laid the ball close to the hole to win the championship, as the train passed by the green. When asked why she did not stop and wait for the train she replied "Was there a train?"

This historic instance shows to what heights of concentration some golfers can attain. She was completely oblivious to everything except that putt.

No golfer has time to think of the several incidentals that go to make up the golf swing, so eliminate the unnecessary details, the subconscious actions, and concentrate on just two or three important details—these vary with the individual. Remember that a good putt is just that and nothing more, even if you have to sink it to win the match. Treat it as such and never look for difficulties that are not there. That is applying the mind to the one golf stroke, keeping it free of all extraneous thoughts.

If this can be done better scores will be recorded and more pleasure from the round obtained. I hope we will only have to overcome the disturbances caused by church bells, birds singing, spectators and other golfers talking, and not the noise of bombs. They would destroy anyone's concentration!



COTTON IN AN EXHIBITION MATCH
He has just sunk a three-yard putt on the fifth green at Killermont. His opponent's ball is on the edge of the hole

But most of us have not that ability. We can be upset by all kinds of disturbances according to our individual idiosyncrasies. Motion-cameras have ruined the score of many famous golfers, even the birds singing annoy some players, whilst casual remarks from spectators or partners upset others.

During one championship a competitor went to the twentieth hole. Both he and his opponent looked grim and tired as they walked forward from the tee. Just as he was deciding how to play his second shot a friend, who knew practically nothing about the game, emerged from the keenly excited crowd and said to this poor unfortunate: "You are having a tough game aren't you?" Poor chap, he did not know what to say and, what is more important, completely foozled his shot and lost the match.

Some years ago I played a well-known international in one of the closing rounds of a championship. At the turn I was four up, but lost the next two holes. The situation was serious from my point of view. As we left the twelfth tee I felt a tap on my left shoulder and turning round saw a clergyman—a total stranger. He told me his name adding "So glad you are doing well. I had to speak to you for, you see, I married your father and mother!" My feelings can be imagined at this ill-timed but kindly meant interruption, which destroyed my concentration for that hole at least.

The professionals, who have to put up with scampering crowds and unnecessary noises, yet contrive to reel off par figures, deserve our admiration. Some like Hagen and Padgham are quite willing to chat with friends between their shots; others prefer to hold themselves aloof. The great Harry Vardon was never put off by the longest delay. He would wait contentedly smoking his old pipe, and then carry on when permitted. His rivals envied him that peace of mind which won so many of his victories for him.

Acquiring the art of concentration is an individual problem to be solved according to personal outlook on the game. No one can concentrate on one subject for a lengthy period, therefore it is wiser not to spend too long deciding how a certain shot should be played. And do not allow yourself to worry how you are going to tackle subsequent strokes. Concentrate on the immediate one and leave the others until you are faced with them.



A FEARSOME WEAPON
Cotton with the "Inverness Club," presented to him by A. D. King. The club was sold by auction in aid of the Red Cross Funds. The balls of exhibition matches realised 22 guineas each, and Cotton's matches had provided the Red Cross with about £800 up to last week

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STOP RECKLESS SPENDING

SIR,—The provisions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's emergency Budget, with its startling increase in taxation, particularly income tax, will soon be on the Statute Book.

Not least of the reasons for the almost complacent acceptance of the proposals by the House of Commons was, I believe, Sir John Simon's very definite promise that there would be the strictest economy in expenditure.

It is now up to every member of the Government and every Government Department to see that this promise is kept. Already instances of reckless spending are common; from all over the country there come disquieting reports of waste. It is the old story of the last war spendthrifts over again, except that the present culprits seem to have started where their predecessors left off.

It is idle to ask taxpayers to be cheerful under great burdens if they are not protected from this unnecessary, sometimes even stupid, spending. They should insist that their particular M.P.s keep ceaseless watch on their behalf. Such taxation as now imposed can be borne patiently only if the man who pays remains convinced that he is getting his money's worth.

Yours faithfully,
DECIES

Income Tax Payers' Society,
London, S.W.1.

LONDONDERRY GARRISON DRAG HUNT

SIR,—Unfortunately it is probable that the Londonderry Drag Hunt will be discontinued for the duration of the war. But in order to maintain touch with our farmers, and so facilitate the revival of the drag at some future date, it has been suggested that it be replaced temporarily by a pack of beagles. As most packs are at present being reduced, I should be most grateful if I could get in touch, through the *Field*, with any Masters who are wishing to dispose of some of their beagles.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. GILLESPIE.

Ebrington Barracks,
Londonderry, N. Ireland.

HOUNDS FOR AMERICA?

SIR,—I understand that certain Hunts are destroying some of their hounds, as they are unable to maintain them during the war. May I suggest that Masters should get in touch with American Hunts. I am certain that they would take over any surplus hounds, and would probably pay for the cost of transportation to America.

Yours faithfully,
L. V. HART.

Monkswood,
Great Hallingbury,
Essex.

SHOOTING IN KASHMIR

SIR,—Having read "Some Himalayan Shoots," on page 509 of the *Field* for August 26th, 1939, I am moved to comment on your correspondent's remarks. I visited Kashmir this year for the first time, thus being a complete "green-horn" to shooting there, so my remarks may be valueless, but of interest to others contemplating a visit.

I think your correspondent is inclined to paint a rather pessimistic picture of shooting in Kashmir. Firstly, to visit Changchenmo in two months one need not do thirty miles a day travelling. Leh, the capital of Ladakh, can be reached in sixteen days' easy going from Srinagar and Changchenmo could be reached within a week from Leh. Ten days to a fortnight should be ample for shooting in Changchenmo, even with an average shikari. The price he quotes, "Rs. 1800 from Rawalpindi if you are prepared to live hard," is rather expensive, to say the least. I rather wonder what he calls "living hard." Later in this letter I shall quote my own figures, which may be of interest.

Your correspondent says it is worth taking skis over the Zoji La. This comment reminds me that I met an officer who did this, this year. He said it was all very nice going, but he had an awful long wait at Matayan, shivering in the cold, till his shikari and coolies caught up with him and a fire was made!

"Red bear can be shot on the way to Leh." I expect he means at Duas. I agree with him, but you have to be *very* lucky, and have to go early in the year in order to do it. I was lucky this year, and my success shook the inhabitants of Duas considerably; which seems to show that red bears are not shot around there very often.

To quote my own figures. I left Srinagar at the beginning of May, and travelled on the Rés system (one anna per mile per pony), where possible, to Leh and thence over Khardung La to Panamik, living in a tent, at a messing rate, with my cook, of Rs.1-4-(about 2/-) per day throughout my journey. This messing rate meant I was living off the country and covered the cost of fire and bath, wood, chickens, sheep, eggs and milk. The only *necessary* stores taken were Quaker oats, tea, butter, jam and cheese, and also onions. So I didn't stint my meals!

From Panamik I went on a "special bandobast" of ten days up the Siachen Glacier. *This was not cheap.* Returning, I went on another "small bandobast" up the Yarkand Road to shoot burrhel—which I succeeded in doing. After a day's rest at Panamik I set off down the Shyok River valley—a rarely travelled route—to Khapalu. *This, also, was not cheap.* From Khapalu I returned to Srinagar via Skardu and the Deosai Plains, and arrived feeling very fit, with lots of stores unused, at the end of July. The trek involved almost exactly three months' leisurely travelling, always living in a tent, and I have estimated that the entire cost, all bills paid, was approximately Rs. 1,600.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. YOUNG
(Flight-Lieutenant).

Royal Air Force,
Karachi,
India.

PIKE TRAPS

SIR,—I think that Mr. G. O. Crawford's suggestion that it is the copper wire which attracts pike into traps can hardly be correct. During the last six months I have trapped pike, roach and dace in home-made traps made entirely of galvanised wire, containing no copper material at all. In Windermere it is possible to catch large numbers of perch in traps made of an iron framework covered with netting; and the minnow trap consisting of a tin funnel in a glass jar is well known.

I believe that fish often enter traps from mere "curiosity." In some cases, when much drifting weed has settled on the trap, the entrance may appear as a gap in an obstruction in the fish's path.

Yours faithfully,
P. H. T. HARTLEY.

Freshwater Biological Association,
Coarse Fish Investigation,
Bulbeck Mill House,
Barrington,
Cambs.

SHEEP ON GOLF COURSES

SIR,—The problem of keeping our fairways in order in the probable absence of petrol is exercising the brains of a great many of us.

I have read in your paper, and others, that sheep will solve the problem, and write to say that, after seven years' experience of sheep on these links, they do not keep the fairways in playable order, and, in addition, they ruin the greens as wherever they urinate the grass is at least temporarily scorched, and in some cases permanently destroyed.

Is there any chemical which one could apply to counteract the effects of the urine?

Yours faithfully,
G. N. HILL
(Lieutenant-Colonel, Hon. Sec.).

Bedale,
Yorks.

WOODCOCKS NESTING IN JULY

SIR,—On July 7th this year I found a woodcock's nest with the customary four eggs in it. The young birds had flown by the 15th. On the 18th I happened on all four young ones on a heap of dead sticks about 300yds. from the nesting site. The parent bird got up at my feet, feigning a broken wing. The camouflage of the young ones was so effective that I could not see them (they were all within 3yds. of me) until one overbalanced on a twig, when they all hustled away squealing.

Yours faithfully,
R. W. PEDDER.

The Vicarage,
Lancashire.

TALES OF TAME TOADS

SIR,—The tale of a tame toad which would take flies from the hands of a gardener may not be a "leg-pull," as the late Alex Fraser, for 50 years head keeper at Aros House, Tobermory, Mull, told me of a toad which taught itself to come daily to one of his beehives. The toad was at last seen by Mr. Fraser squatted near the entrance to the hive, and it took the entering and emerging bees by rapid tongue flicks.

A remarkably tame toad of my own lived in my strawberry bed at the time when the berries were ripe, and I discovered that it was feeding on the ripest strawberries. I had thought toads were above such conduct, but this particular one was a real strawberry addict. No matter where that toad hid my terrier quickly found him out, but the weather became exceptionally dry, and that wise toad finally dug himself a hole in the ground, and went down under for the duration of the dry weather.

Yours faithfully,
DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Woodview,
Comrie.

SIR,—Referring to the previous correspondence on this subject, a toad which inhabited a hole in a rough stone edging of a path in my garden was tame enough to take slugs from my fingers. Another which lived in a lettuce frame accepted worms from me: he would snatch at them, but sometimes he missed and got a mouthful of earth instead, which he carefully removed with his front toes and by licking his lips with his pink tongue.

Toads appear to be fond of music. A correspondent in *The Times* once described how he lured nine into the house by playing his guitar. Some years ago when on summer evenings a trio of violin, piano and 'cello was playing, I have known six toads assemble on the lawn and in the bird-bath just outside our open windows; their rapt expressions betokened enjoyment, but we did not invite them indoors.

Yours faithfully,
E. W. HENDY.

Holt Anstiss,
Porlock, Somerset.

TO OWNERS OF MOORS

SIR,—With reference to the article "An Excess of Grouse" in your issue of September 30th. It has occurred to me that the owners of the moors, who have been obliged to close down with 1,500 or 2,000 brace short, might be glad to know that I could probably get together a party of three or four members of this club to shoot these moors for ten days or so at the end of this month. The party would consist of people over sixty, whose offers of services have not yet been accepted by the Government.

While the members of the party are all fairly vigorous for their age, we would, I fear, hardly be able to undertake a long day's walking up. But I presume it would not be difficult to get a few boy beaters locally?

The party will of course pay their own expenses, including hire of conveyances, beaters and cartridges. But they would not be responsible for any payment of rent or keepers (tips naturally excepted).

Perhaps you would be kind enough to convey this offer to the owners of the moors in question.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK RATTIGAN.

The Bath Club,
34, Dover Street, London, W.1.

P.S.—The guns would expect a brace or two of grouse, after each shoot, for themselves.

LUMINOUS WOOD

SIR,—I was much interested in the recent letter on the above subject. On September 11th, 1931, I was on manœuvres. We were halted in a quarry where some logs had recently been stacked. When it grew dark the bark of one of these logs, which had been bruised by someone kicking it, became quite luminous, so much so that we peeled off the strips of the bark and fixed them on to the backs of our limbers so that we could see them on the line of march. The logs, as far as I remember, were a variety of willow or dogwood.

This summer I had my second experience of luminous wood when I kicked away a rotten stump by the side of the river, thinking that it might trip one up when returning from fishing in the dusk. When I next came across it after the light had gone, I found that the whole of the chippings were brightly illuminated. They retained their phosphorescence for about a fortnight. In this case it was quite impossible to tell what the tree had been, but I imagine willow or alder, probably the latter.

On various occasions when returning late from stalking I have seen points of light in the heather, and have attempted to gather them for subsequent inspection. These have turned out to be bits of moss, apparently similar to other mosses, and why one particular piece of moss should be luminous, I cannot conjecture.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD REED.

Ghyllheugh,
Longhorsley, Northumberland.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

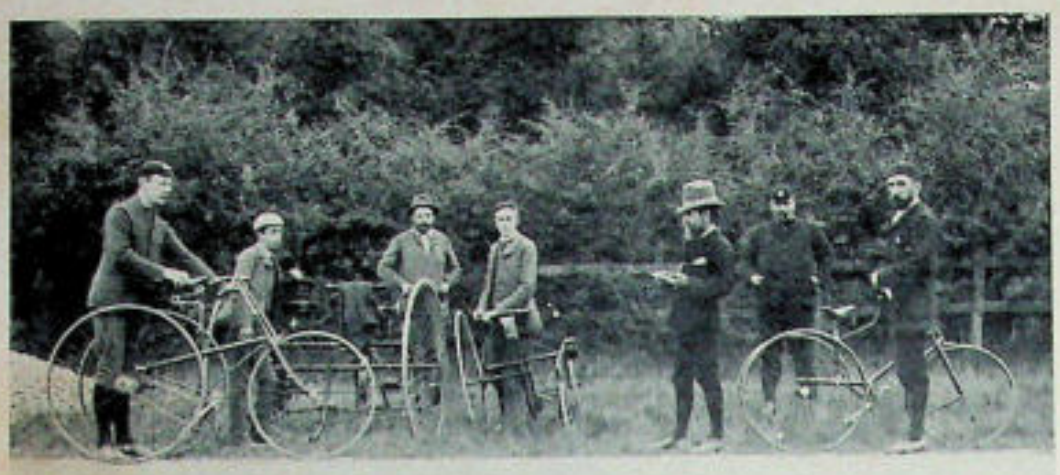
SIR,—I am sending you enclosed herewith the contents taken from the crop of a grouse killed by a trained falcon on Sept. 6th. These include, besides the usual ling, tips of bracken and flower heads of bell heather.

The grouse was a young cock, in fair condition, with no signs of disease. There is an abundance of excellent heather on the moor.

Yours faithfully,
G. BLAINE.

Cairnmore,
Port Ellen, Isle of Islay.

[The contents of the crop, as stated, included bracken tips and flower heads of bell heather.—ED.]





VARIOUS FORMS OF EARLY TRICYCLES AND TANDEM TRICYCLISTS READY FOR THE ROAD
(*See letter "Strange Vehicles"*)

STRANGE VEHICLES

SIR,—A perusal of the article entitled "Penny-Farthing Days," published in the *Field* last month, leads me to think that the enclosed photographs of early tricycles may be of interest to your readers.

The fate of the ordinary bicycle was sealed when it became apparent that the machine could never be adapted to women's use. Hardly-earned holidays lost half their attraction when the companion of one's choice had perforce to be left at home. Manufacturers did their utmost to find a way out of the difficulty, and tricycles, for the most part weird and wonderful to behold, appeared from time to time to the astonishment of the rustics in the country lanes. It is interesting to record the fact that one of the earliest tricycles on the road was seen when James Starley converted his unsuccessful lady's ordinary bicycle into an immediate success by the simple expedient of adding a third wheel.

The earliest tricycles were driven by one wheel only, and steered from the rear. This design was found, in practice, to be both unsatisfactory and dangerous, but when a machine was introduced with geared axle and double driving wheels, it became almost popular, and remained on the roads until the pneumatic safety bicycle replaced both it and the ordinary machine at one and the same time. Tandem and sociable tricycles were much in favour for a while, in spite of the fact that they were both heavy and cumbersome.

If the lady in the second illustration is really attired for the wheel one reason for the non-success of the ladies' ordinary machine becomes obvious. Now that the restrictions of war are here, with petrol scarce and cars few on the roads, one wonders whether a number of these veteran machines will emerge again from some rural sanctuary to astonish the evacuated youth of to-day.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. EX-AUTO.

SILVER FISH

SIR,—I have often seen references in the *Field* to silver fish, and as we are troubled with them in the bathroom, I would like to know how they can be got rid of.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. A. CADWELL.

[A pamphlet on this subject has now been issued by the Natural History Museum, and can be obtained from Cromwell Road, London, S.W. 7, price ½d., plus postage.—ED.]



WEIGHING 20lb.
(*See letter "Coypus on the Ribble"*)

COYPUS ON THE RIBBLE

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of a rat caught on the River Ribble. It weighed 20lb., and a female was caught a little later weighing 15lb. Can you tell me what species of rat it is? I believe there are several others in the neighbourhood.

Yours faithfully,
(Lady) D. E. HORNBY.

Barraclough,
Clitheroe, Lancashire.

[The animal shown is not a rat but a coypu.—ED.]

SALT PANS OF THE SAHARA

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph which may be of interest in view of its unusual nature. The curious honeycomb pattern is made by the salt pans in the southern Sahara, and the photograph was taken in the Colonie du Niger, French West Africa.

Yours faithfully,
Forestry Department, JAMES DUNDAS.
Naragula,
Via Jos, Northern Nigeria.



LIKE MINIATURE CRATERS
(*See letter "Salt Pans of the Sahara"*)

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New Books

ROD AND LINE IN U.S.A.

Angling in America. Its Early History and Literature. By CHARLES ELIOT GOODSPEED. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; $15.00 net.)

It is certainly the hardest kind of luck for Mr. Goodspeed that this admirable volume should have appeared just at a time when a European war is emptying purses at an unexampled rate; for he has produced a book worthy of an honoured place, not only in the collector's library, but on many a more modest bookshelf of anglers to whom the history of their sport has an everabiding charm. He has here done for American angling very much what the late Mr. William Radcliffe did for the sport of angling as a whole in his *Fishing from the Earliest Times*. He has delved into old records, and has given us as complete an account of the origin and development of sport with rod and line in the United States as we are likely to get.

It is impossible in a short notice to go into details of the matters of many-sided interest with which he deals in recording the results of his research; suffice it to say here that he has produced a very readable volume which is likely to be adopted as the standard reference book on the history of American rod-and-line fishing in fresh waters for many years to come. To the English reader its interest lies primarily in the possibility of comparing the development of the sport overseas during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when so many improvements were taking place over here; the introduction of the split-cane rod, of dry-fly fishing, of silkworm gut, spinning reels and a dozen other matters which accompanied the revival or, more properly, perhaps the expansion, of rod-and-line fishing into the delicate art we know to-day.

There has been constant interplay in the matter of tackle. In most cases the original idea came from this country, was developed here along one line, in America along another. The American development has then been brought back as something new, redeveloped to suit English conditions and, often enough, probably imported once more to the United States as an improvement on American practice.

The case of the split-cane rod is typical: Mr. Goodspeed, adopting the opinion of the late Dr. Henshall, gives the credit for the first practical split-cane rod to Samuel Phillippe, who made a four-strip rod in 1845. But, as was pointed out by Mr. Rawdon B. Lee in the *Field* a good many years ago, there is a reference in Wright's *Fishes and Fishing* to a glued-up bamboo rod made for him in this country in 1805. That these three or four-strip rods were practical weapons is shown from their being offered by three English firms in the 1851 exhibition. One may concede, however, that Phillippe was the originator of the standard six-strip rod which is almost universal to-day. They were being imported by Cummins in the '70's, and soon after were being made by Allcocks in Redditch.

Reels had something of the same history. The multiplying reel, which has become the standard fishing reel of America, was first invented over here, though it never became popular, not so much because it was a "crude affair," as because the conditions of fishing in England required finer tackle and consequently more delicacy of touch than can usually be obtained with geared reels. Recently, improvements in construction have assisted their reimportation into England.

There is one feature, however, in which America stands a long way ahead of any record we can show—the antiquity of her earliest fishing club. The Schuylkill Fishing "Company" (as it was called) celebrated its 200th anniversary in 1932. To anyone who has not had an opportunity to read Milnor's account of the club, brought up to date in 1932, Mr. Goodspeed's account of its origin and activities will prove exceptionally entertaining. It is curiously like our own City companies, with a quaint ritual and binding rules, and with half-serious claims to a sort of governmental authority over its demesne.

But the book should, and will, be read with interest over here as well as in America. It is a fine antidote to war obsession. E. D. TURING.

* * * *

How Green Was My Valley. By RICHARD LLEWELLYN. (Michael Joseph; 8/6.)

There are some things in literature to-day which we have come to regard with horror and apprehension. One of them is the novel of simple life. It is all so easy, so lacking in plot, so bereft of any characterisation—in a word, so nice—that it is immediately hailed by self-constituted and week-end critics as a masterpiece. For does it not offer a retreat from a weary and troublous world? Are not the actions and thoughts of its characters at once a reproach to our own hurried lives and an inspiration towards the simple way of life which God intended us to lead? Shades of everyone from Chaucer to Jane Austen!

I will admit that the first few pages of Mr. Llewellyn's novel filled me with uneasiness. But before I had gone very far I knew the fault to lie in my fears and not in his work. For here is a great novel indeed.

It is great for one main reason—its characterisation. Ever since Geoffrey Chaucer wrote *Troilus and Criseyde* characterisation has been the mainspring of the novel—or at all events of the English novel. And we must admit that this tradition has continued even down to Mr. James Joyce, however much *Troilus and Criseyde* or *Ulysses* may privately bore us.

This feature of Mr. Llewellyn's novel is assisted by a graceful and Welsh style. It will be interesting to see whether his genius can equally flourish in other places than a Welsh mining valley. If it can, then we have discovered a new and really great novelist.

The book has little plot. From his old age Mr. Llewellyn looks back to the days of his youth—to his father and mother and sisters, to all the various events, happy and unfortunate, which preceded the final end of his home. The book teems with characters who do not live more than three miles from each other in the apparently limited confines of a Welsh mining village. Yet each is distinct, each is true, and each is drawn with masterly sympathy. ROBERT COLVILLE.

* * * *

Adventures, Travels and Politics. By A. C. FORSTER BOULTON. (Heath Cranton; 7s. 6d.)

The author of this book is a Canadian by birth and education. It was while he was studying law in Toronto that he saw the chance of adventure and grabbed it. The chance has come to many of us—and probably comes at least once in the lifetime of every man—but very few of us recognise it (though we all want it) and still fewer of us, having recognised it, have sufficient courage to take it. We wonder "where will it lead?" and "What of the future?" and "Safety first," and we end up where we began or a little lower down the social scale. Not so Mr. Forster Boulton. He joined the Canadian Pacific Railway as an employee before the line was laid—and so he saw the Rockies, and shot big game, and met Indians, and became well infected with the travel bug. That bug took him all over the Eastern and Southern States of America and across the Atlantic twenty-one times. And I do not think that even now he has rid himself of the drive that is part and parcel of "go-fever."

As a lawyer he practised in Canada. But he married an Englishwoman and settled in England, where he also practised the law and soon acquired a reputation as an international lawyer, being for twenty-five years one of the Standing Counsel for the G.P.O.

It might be expected of such a man that he would enter politics. He spent some years at Westminster, and many more years connected with the great figures of politics at home and abroad. Politics distress me; they are never sincere. But Mr. Forster Boulton's comments and observations on the trend of events are refreshingly frank.

But, to my mind, the best part of this book is that concerned with his bicycling tours in France and Italy and Spain. They were undertaken in conditions differing by far from those which hold good to-day—and perhaps they will never return—and they are the more valuable because of that.

This is altogether a good book. There are no dull pages: there is plenty of humour, much close observation, many good stories. The author is concerned with Life as he found it and not at all with life as many think it should be. A good book—and cheap at 7s. 6d.

* * * *

The Bird Talisman. By HENRY ALLEN WEDGWOOD. (Faber & Faber; 6/-.)

This is a fairy tale for children. It was written nearly a hundred years ago, and has proved through all that time popular with one generation of Wedgwoods after another; and now, really beautifully illustrated, it is, for the first time, available for children of all ages everywhere. I loved it, read it at a sitting and am going to read it again. I only wish I had had a grandfather like old Mr. Wedgwood.

The Late Arthur N. Gilbey

IT is with profound regret we have to record the death of Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey, which took place, after a long illness, at his home, Folly Farm, Sulhamstead, on October 8th, at the age of 79. Mr. Gilbey will be remembered as the honorary secretary of the famous Houghton Club, at Stockbridge, for nearly forty years, and under his guidance the club attained the world-wide recognition as the foremost trout-fishing club of the empire which it enjoys to-day. The influence of his personality was such that he could count on the unanimous approval of his committee on practically any move that he considered beneficial to the club's interest. As a trout fisherman he probably occupied almost the same position as G. S. Marryat had achieved in a former generation. He was one of the few men who had acquired an habitual method of casting which effectually prevented drag, and though he appeared rather to be sauntering along the bank than fishing seriously, his basket at the end of the day was evidence of the effectiveness of his methods.

For many years he was a valued member of the council of the Salmon and Trout Association, where his quiet influence could always be felt. Among his other activities in connection with fishing was the acquisition, volume by volume, of one of the best libraries of old and modern angling books which this country contains. His loss will be mourned by a host of friends which the charm of his personality had gained for him.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

GOVERNMENT finance is a lively topic for conversation in bank parlours and Stock Exchange circles. This has led to a great thaw in the market for British Government securities. It will be recalled that immediately following the outbreak of hostilities it was virtually impossible to sell British Government stocks.

Minimum prices were established. No sale of any of the Government's securities could be arranged below the fixed minimum levels. There were no buyers for the stocks. In the absence of such support the market became completely frozen.

Early in September many cast their minds back to the early days of the last war. Government borrowing was then contemplated as is the case to-day. In 1914 and subsequent years the Government offered steadily rising rates of interest to those subscribers towards war finance.

It was thought in certain quarters that something of the kind would happen again. Gradually it dawned upon the country as a whole that the Government of to-day had no intention of paying fancy interest rates for War Loans. The Emergency Budget proved conclusively that the Treasury looked for big revenue from taxation.

There is no intention to indulge in inflation. Sir John Simon plainly stated that he intended to borrow for war purposes on the cheapest possible terms. A subsequent reduction in the Bank Rate showed that a cheap money policy was to be followed by the authorities. That caused investors to sit up and take notice.

Minimum prices for the funds were fixed on a level which showed a new buyer of the stocks a yield of roughly 4 per cent. on his money. An opinion was formed that future borrowing would be on less favourable terms to the lender. There was, therefore, a move to purchase existing Government stocks for the yield which they offered.

I am assured that much of the buying came from the average investor. It has been said that the big financial houses, such as insurance companies and investment trusts, who usually take a prominent part in the gilt-edged market, have been out of the picture this time.

One particular reason, I am told, is the fact that the finance departments of such undertakings have been evacuated to remote country places. Heads of departments became out of touch with City affairs. The public made hay while the sun shone. The buying thawed the market and, one after another, Government stocks became far easier to deal in, but at higher prices.

Banks and discount houses soon recognised that the Treasury has no intention of giving high interest rates, whether for long- or short-term borrowing. The Treasury bill rate, which was practically £3 14s. 6d. per cent. at the outbreak of war, tumbled in a few weeks to nearer £2 per cent.

That naturally assisted the gilt-edged market towards more normal conditions. British funds still give a high yield compared with money market rates. Further advances in Government stocks are freely predicted. Those who recently entered the market have bought cheaply. There is a very general opinion that the new War Loans, when they come along, will offer much less than 4 per cent. to the lender.

A revival in British Government stocks had a very good effect upon markets generally. Brokers tell me that their clients have been steadily buying leading industrials, including tobacco stocks and shares. Industry will be heavily penalised with taxation, but there should be a very reasonable margin left over for dividends.

Buying of industrials is undertaken with the intention of sweetening the yield likely to be obtained on British Funds. For instance, there has been buying of brewery debenture stocks to give yields of about £4 15s. per cent. The difficulty is that supplies of such stocks are very short.

Markets generally can be said to have made very satisfactory progress since the early days of September. Much naturally depends during the coming months on news from the war zone. There is, however, such confidence in the successful prosecution of the war that money is being turned over and invested in sound British securities.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR (temporary address: Lavershot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey) implore help for the pathetic case of an elderly widow, a gentlewoman to whom the tiny sum of 2/6 more a week would make all the difference as her income is only 15/- weekly. She is blind in one eye, over sixty, tired and frail. Her daughter who used to support her, is now mental and will never be fit to work again.

A Glance Astern

THE PEAK OF THE YACHTING YEAR

By K. ADLARD COLES and TERENCE STOCKEN

TAKING up the tale of the yachting season, the Clyde Fortnight loomed ahead (chronologically) but Plymouth Week may be mentioned first. Here for the first time almost the entire fleet of Twelves met in open contest, the last arrival being the Laurent Giles designed Flica II (H. Goodson); the entire fleet, that is, save for Evaine and Blue Marlin, the latter owned last season, with disappointing results (though she won some flags over in Sweden) by T. O. M. Sopwith. She had not appeared this year, but under the ownership of W. Westhead was to make a surprise appearance and secure several firsts, a little later in the season.

Vim continued her amazing record, winning every race at Plymouth, after a successful protest (under the overlap rule) against Jenetta on June 29th. Trivia's mast went by the board in the hard weather of July 1st.

It was now becoming plain that although some of the English Twelves were able, on occasion, to extend Vim to her utmost—Tomahawk gradually emerging as her most serious rival—there was no one yacht among the British fleet, new or old, that could constitute itself a serious menace to the ascendancy she had so quickly established, and which, until she broke off the season in the second week of August, she held until the end.

The handicap classes were supported strongly in the west country, several of the ocean racing fleet and large cruiser-racers helping to swell the numbers.

Attention must now shift to the Clyde, "The Fortnight" starting on June 30th. The season on the Clyde had begun a thought shakily, with some of the big Clyde ketches refraining from fitting out; but had quickly recovered itself, and—with the prospect of an international tussle for the Seawanhaka Cup later in the year to spur it on—produced a bumper season for the Metre and Clyde classes.

The Dragons, whose original home in this country is, of course, the Clyde, were particularly active, Pinta (W. Russell) having an astonishing record—one string of firsts from early July to late August.

The Clyde 6-Metres have always, deservedly, had the reputation of being the cream of the class; this year there were two new ones in the fleet. One was Maida, designed by her owner (J. G. Stephen), with a most unusual rig, the mainsail having a very short boom, and the head of the sail terminating in a very short, horizontal gaff; she had a disappointing career, however. More successful was Johan (Donaldson Bros.), designed by J. McGruer; she had a good record during the Clyde Fortnight, though she fell out of the picture again later.

The most consistently successful of the Clyde Sixes over the season were Circe (J. H. Thom) and Erica (R. Teacher), who struggled till the last minute with each other for the honour of being chosen to defend the Seawanhaka Cup.

Among the 8-Metres Pandora (Sir T. Glen Coats) put up the best record during the Fortnight; whilst a most outstanding performance in the 30 sq. Metre class was that of Austral (D. H. Taylor), which had eight firsts in nine starts.

The Fortnight also saw some fine racing among the handicap classes. The over 50 tons class was rather sparsely supported, however. Eilean (Messrs. Fulton) turned out on two occasions, but mostly this class was a duel between Colonel Wordie's Fiumara and the visiting yawl Thelma IV (E. Lynton Vicars), the latter on several occasions having to combine (rather severely handicapped) with the smaller class.

Returning to southern waters, an interesting event—an innovation in yachting history—was the inter-Varsity races held at Falmouth on July 3rd and 4th; these were raced in Solent Sunbeam boats (of which there has long been a class racing regularly in Falmouth Harbour) between teams from Oxford and Cambridge, the latter university winning the Yule-Oldham Cup by 36 points to 23½.

A special series of races for the Twelves in Torbay followed on after Plymouth, when Vim suffered her first defeat for a long while, in a fluky race, at the hands of Evaine. Blue Marlin made her appearance among the racing fleet here, but was dismasted on July 7th, and Torbay closed on the 8th with the abandonment of racing owing to a heavy gale.

Another international event, beginning on this date, and sailed abroad, claims the attention. This was the visit of a British Navy team (captained by Lieutenant S. Woodcock, R.N.) to Kiel to take part in the Navy Cup contests for the Hindenberg Trophy. Nine countries sent teams, the contests being held in the International Star class boats, in which the Germans, hitherto, had made themselves pre-eminent. Last year the English team had been third, out of eleven competing countries. This year, after an extremely close-fought series of races, they were the winners by 66 points to 58 by the runners-up (Germany). Once more England's international lucky star, strongly in the ascendant this season, held good.

One way and another, this has been a season of innovation. One of the most marked developments of recent years has of course been the increase in popularity of the International 14-foot Dinghies, which have grown into a practically nation-wide class. This year a "Dinghy Week," sponsored by the Island Sailing Club, was held at Cowes, where the stronghold of "big stuff" yachting gave itself over to a prolonged orgy of dinghy sailing, with entries from far and wide.

After the Itchenor Gallon event, sailed in Chichester Harbour on July 8th, and won by Devlin (Stewart Morris), the "Fourteens" assembled at Cowes for the Week's racing. This took place despite the boisterous weather, and culminated in the race for the premier dinghy trophy of the year—the Prince of Wales Cup. Over 50 boats entered for this, the largest gathering of such craft that the Solent has yet seen. The Cup was taken (on July 21st), after a fierce race in fresh westerly weather, by Hawk (Chris. Ratsey).

The old town of Cowes now began to show signs of the imminent peak of the yachting season—Cowes Week—preluded by the Royal Lymington Regatta on the 22nd—in which Tomahawk beat Vim, both yachts touching the patty momentarily in the course of the race, Trivia and Jenetta sticking fast for a couple of hours. In the eve-of-Cowes Regatta at Ryde, Vim once more asserted her supremacy, and Cowes Week began on July 29th, when, in a rattling race, Tomahawk again beat Vim, to win the Fleuret Challenge Trophy, by 30 seconds.

Cowes Week was scurvily treated by the weather. There was little of the sun, sparkle and white ducks traditionally associated with that function; nevertheless, although there was plenty of rain and heavy enough weather at times, it was never sufficiently bad to cancel racing, nor did thunderstorms kill the wind to any noticeable extent, as they so readily can.

The Week was marred by two unfortunate occurrences on the same day. The Sunbeam Judy broached-to and sank, with the loss of her paid hand; while an incident, the echoes of which still reverberate where sailing men gather together to discuss, occurred at the start of the 12-Metre race, and resulted in a protest by Tomahawk against Vim. The circumstances and manoeuvres which led up to this have already been expounded in detail in these columns and elsewhere; suffice it that the protest was eventually decided in favour of Tomahawk, but Mr. Vanderbilt having carried it to appeal the final verdict has yet to be given.

Tomahawk won the King's Cup on August 1st (Vim was not eligible to compete in this), after which the American boat won on the remaining four days off the reel. In the 8-Metres, Carron II. (Major D. Peel) took the Lady Williams-Bulkeley Cup and the Lady Gore Cup, and Christina took the Marchioness Camden Cup. The Lady Dilke Cup went to Severn II (Major Hall and F. A. Richards). A somewhat heavy collision took place in the latter race between Cedon and Iskareen, resulting in some damage to the latter.

In the 6-Metre class the best record for the Week was that of Catharine (J. Ewing and C. Ratsey), although the honours on the whole were fairly evenly divided among the top boats of the class.

Erin (A. O'Connor and W. Hancock) carried off the Frank Chaplin Cup, whilst the R.Y.S. Cup and the Hon. Henry Guest Cup were won by Mara (J. D. Head and G. G. Williams), a boat new to the Solent this year, and originally from the Clyde.

England's lucky star still held good in the Dragon class, as although the German boat Woge XII (Otto Ernst) had been winning consistently all the week, the Mrs. Kenneth Preston Cup for the Dragons was secured by a short nose from her by Mocassin (C. Taylor and M. Illingworth). The Queen Mary's Cup, competed for by boats of the Royal Yacht Squadron, was a prize for Marianna (Colonel Blewitt).

Vim's last race in English waters was sailed on August 9th, when Blue Marlin, sailed by Colin Newman, marked the occasion by the double event of vanquishing the American yacht and scoring her "first win ever" in British waters. Vim now



CIRCE, WINNER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP

retired from the racing field with the enviable record of nineteen firsts, four seconds and three thirds in 28 starts.

After Cowes Week two high spots of the season were left: Torbay Fortnight and the Seawanhaka Cup contests.

After behaving unkindly throughout the middle of the season, the weather went to the opposite extreme in the middle of August. After a good sailing day for the Weymouth Regatta on the 12th, winds became rarer and rarer, so that a good deal of the Torbay Regatta season consisted of drifting matches. Mark boats, too, seemed affected by the heat, one subsiding into cooler regions on the seabed soon after the big race started; another got under way itself, spreading confusion amongst the competing boats.

The end of the season found Tomahawk on top, so far as the British Twelves were concerned, with thirteen firsts, eleven seconds and six thirds out of 41 starts. Blue Marlin showed considerable promise towards the end of the season; she only took the field in July, and was dismasted after three races, not appearing again until shortly before Cowes Week. She managed, however, to find her form after a run of non-placings, and ended the season with six firsts, two seconds and two thirds out of 21 starts—a very marked improvement, considering the first eleven starts failed to gain a flag.

On the Clyde, the advent of Noreg, the Norwegian challenging 6-Metre, set the stage for the Seawanhaka Cup contest. She was sailed by Rolf Svindal, co-owner with the Crown Prince Olaf, and met the defender Circe (J. H. Thom). A series of persistent calms dogged the entire set of races, all the more galling since both boats were regarded as hard-weather craft. Noreg seemed to be consistently closer winded than the defender, but Mr. Thom's consummate helmsmanship tipped the scales on more than one occasion. Owing to the calms, and the fact that a time limit of four-and-a-half hours was set to each race, the contest was prolonged over ten days.

Interest was sustained until the end, as the penultimate race, being won by Noreg, brought the score to two-all; the fifth, deciding, race was carried off by Circe, who thus retained the Cup. This was the more gratifying for Mr. Thom, as it was claimed that in the fourth race (when Circe required but to win to keep the Cup) he would have won had the course to the finishing line been a straight run as the rules required. The race committee, however, had set this to make a turn round the buoy, so that as Circe had the outside berth Noreg just got ahead. No official protest was made, and Circe's eventual win was but poetic justice.

In normal times, the season ends with a flourish, in the shape of Burnham Week, when, reserving its glories until the last, the East Coast centre attracts a gathering of yachts such as (numerically speaking, at least) even Cowes does not see. Scheduled to begin on September 2nd a particularly full programme had been arranged; but developments abroad, in quarters where power politics are no doubt regarded as a more elevating occupation for *homo sapiens* than mere yachting, made it obvious that an immediate winding-up of the sailing season was imperative. So wound up it was, and all can but look back regretfully at a season which, on the whole, save in this one instance, lived fully up to its promise.



THE IDEALS WE AIMED AT. A CARCASS COMPETITION AT PETERBOROUGH
"Fat is more expensive on the whole to produce than lean meat"

PIG KEEPERS AND THE FEEDING QUESTION

By JOHNSON MUNRO

PIGS have had their ups and downs like every other side of agriculture. It is pretty certain, however, that it will be all "ups" for pigs in war. There will be no difficulty about selling, though there may be some difficulty about the purchase of food, pig-netting, galvanised pig troughs, etc.

The man who can carry out the biggest economies in war time is not only the man who is helping his country to the utmost, but is as well likely to be the producer of the largest profit per carcass grown.

Some strains of pigs are better doers than others, and it is undoubtedly advisable at such a time as this to concentrate on the types which do best under the particular conditions concerned. The South-Eastern Agricultural College Pig Research Station, for instance, recommend the crossing of the large white sow with the large black boar, or with the saddleback. The piglets from such a cross-breed are much easier to rear, and this is just as important, and, in fact, more so than the large litter. It is no good giving the sow the strain of producing the large litter and then having a high mortality during the nursing period. In war time try and ensure not only a large litter but a litter which will live through.

The type of cross-bred pig already suggested does seem also to be a good grazer, though perhaps not quite as good as the pure-bred saddleback. The possibility of grazing and of consuming as much home-grown foods as possible should not be overlooked, and farmers with grass orchards may give the pigs a turn in them, though it does the fruit trees no good if the pigs are left in too long, because of the extra nitrogen they produce.

It has been said that the more a pig is given the better it will do and there is some truth in it. The animal is less time on the farm and gives a quicker return, but the danger of over-feeding, or at any rate of feeding liberally, is that the animal goes all to fat, and the British public, as a whole, neither cares for fat pork or fat bacon. In a war one wonders whether they will not be glad to get anything, and perhaps the picking and choosing of peace-time will be forgotten; but fat is more expensive on the whole to produce than lean meat, especially if the carcass does not grade as well, with the resulting loss in price.

The danger of high feeding, especially with a batch of greedy pigs, is that they eat far more than they really need, just for the purpose of gorging! The result is that their digestive system is not able to cope with the extra quantity of food it has thrust upon it, and so a large quantity of the feeding value passes out in the manure unused.

Just as it is wasteful and uneconomical to over-feed, so is it false economy to underfeed. Pigs put on a poor ration grow but slowly and take up valuable space in taking a long time to mature. Animals that are discontented, and that squeal and jump about long before feeding time, use up a tremendous amount of energy, and the food which should be going to build up their bodies is dissipated in this way. Such a system usually develops one or two animal "bullies" who take their unfair share and leave the weaklings to grow weaker and weaker.

Pigs not only need enough to keep them alive and fit but, for the farmer's sake, they need that little extra which will soon be converted into firm flesh. At feeding time it does seem advisable to give them enough to keep them going for some twenty minutes and yet which ensures that they take a definite squealing interest at the next feeding time. It is naturally impossible to give definite weights and compositions of feeds to suit all ages and all purposes, but the County Council Agricultural Adviser can always be consulted should need arise.

In war-time every care should be taken to prevent loss of meal. The pigs should receive the same quantity by weight as that which is delivered on the farm, and yet in the majority of cases the losses are as high as 10 and 15 per cent. When emptying the meal out of the bag it should be turned inside out and thoroughly shaken. The emptying should be done on a smooth concrete floor in a dry, windproof shed. Once mixed the ration may be put back again into the sacks, each containing a definite weight. The food should be taken in the sacks direct to the pigs concerned.

With pigs out-of-doors it is almost impossible to feed dry meal without some of it being blown away. It is better, therefore, to see that it is moistened and in a crumbly condition before taking it out. Such a mash is much better than the watery slop so often given by the unthinking pig-keeper. There is much to be said for the feeding of the cubed or nutted foods, as they are called, especially for animals outside. The pigs like them, there is very little wastage and they are appreciated by the manual workers because they are quick to use and easy to handle.

Every care should be taken to prevent the robbery carried out by birds, rats and mice week by week. Rats, it need hardly be said, should be kept down at all costs, and the storage barns should be given the usual vermin protection. Birds never seem to do as much harm outside if flaked maize is omitted from the ration, for it is this sweet food that seems to attract them in the first place.

SAVING FARMERS' MONEY

Some farmers are undertaking unnecessary expense and others risk failure to qualify for the £2 per acre ploughing up subsidy on account of the condition of their soil.

Many grass fields are low in fertility and may be deficient in lime and/or phosphate. Unless these manures are applied, there is a danger that the subsequent crops may be disappointing. Moreover, one of the conditions of eligibility for the £2 per acre subsidy is that the land "Must be brought into a state of cleanliness and fertility."

On the other hand, there are fields where application of these fertilisers is quite superfluous and the farmer would be only wasting his money and wasting supplies that it is now important to conserve.

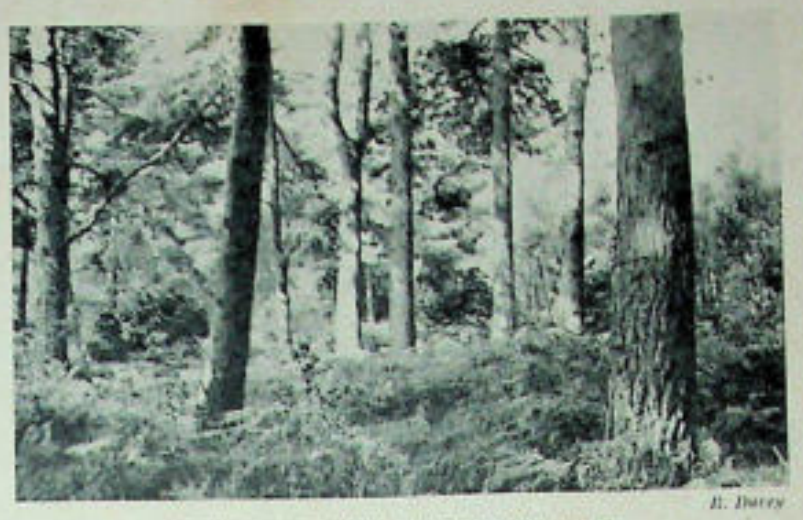
Any farmer can have this matter settled easily and free of cost by having samples of his soil analysed. All he need do is to send a post card asking for details to his County War Agricultural Executive Committee, or to his Agricultural Organiser or to the Advisory Chemist of the Provincial Advisory Centre. A simple interpretation of the analysis is supplied and practical recommendations given.



ONE WAY OF PENNING
An individual kennel at Lord Elgin's model farm at Broomhall

THE MARKETING OF TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY



E. Darey

MATURE SCOTS PINE AT CHELWOOD GATE

THE minimum of interference with existing channels is the keynote of the policy of the Timber Control. Consent of the local Divisional Officer, whose address will be supplied on application c/o Postmaster, Bristol, is required for sales, for fellings exceeding 1,000 cubic feet, thinnings and conversion. Apart from this needful measure of control, ensuring, for instance, that the best larch remains in the round against a need for telegraph poles, the ordinary process of marketing will proceed much as in normal times. Naturally it will be accelerated, for the demand for softwood, saw timber and pit props is insistent, and will grow more so.

The landowner with timber for sale, or which he considers may be required, will instruct his agent to measure the plantation, value it and offer it to the timber merchant with whom the estate usually deals. If he is wise the agent will first consult the Divisional Officer, who will inspect the wood and advise on methods of disposal.

The price of different species and sizes has been fixed, and the agent will be able to secure details from the Divisional Officer. The prices have been published as Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order 1939. The first Order was a kind of stand-still so far as timber is concerned.

These will not remove the need for skilful marketing, and the accustomed haggling will still be a feature of many sales. The volume of timber will have to be agreed, as between buyer and seller; the class of the timber, and the middle quarter girth of each tree. All these have a bearing on price.

The middle quarter girth is the measurement adopted to define price grades. For instance, a



E. Darey

THIRTY YEARS OLD LARCH SUITABLE FOR TELEGRAPH POLES

larch tree with a middle quarter girth of 7in. is classed at 1/0 per cubic foot. If it be only 6½in., the price drops to 7d.

It is thus clearly advantageous to adopt less length for border line trees, so as to ensure that the middle quarter girth falls above the 7in. mark. To seek for excessive length may reduce the price far below the sum that the greater volume will compensate, as it may reduce the centre quarter girth below 7in., and thereby the price from 1/0 to 7d. per cubic foot.

These small points with large repercussions need watching, and landowners are well advised to employ the expert to market their timber. To offer a parcel of timber, unmeasured and without the slightest idea of value to a merchant, is clearly contrary to the owner's interests.

To offer the trees to several merchants on the tender principle, but without the detailed schedule that a tender calls for, is not a satisfactory solution. It admits by implication that the owner has taken no pains to ascertain the volume or value, and if the merchants take advantage they cannot be blamed.

Selling privately to the local or usual firm of merchants is likely to continue to be the most common method of disposal on estates generally. The owner still has the choice of which merchant he chooses to deal with, but sales to far-distant saw mills will not be countenanced, on the ground of needless haulage.

The auction sale loses its attraction now that it may not attract buyers from afar, and with prices fixed it is almost impossible to organise. Another outlet presents itself, to make even more simple the owner's disposal problems. The Timber Control will buy timber or pit props, if merchants are not ready or willing to take immediately what an owner may offer.

Disposal of timber and pitprops is thus made easy, but there are limits. Easy and rapid transit of timber from wood to consumer is a national necessity. To place a spoke in the wheel by holding up supplies, owing perhaps to a difference of opinion with the merchant, is most earnestly to be avoided.

The Timber Control have a way, short of compulsion, of dealing with offenders, the majority of whom will probably be those who allow a love of trees to overrule their sense of proportion. They cannot bear to see a tree cut, and would sooner see it stand and decay: an understandable sentiment that can find no justification in time of war.

Equally undesirable is it to offer a parcel both to a merchant and to the Timber Control, to see which will give the better price. Everyone is overworked in times like these, and to add needlessly to the labours of those engaged in urgent national work is scarcely patriotic.

Marketing will normally proceed on usual and orderly lines, each transaction being recorded upon a form supplied by the Divisional Officer and signed by owner and merchant. The nation's needs coincide with the owner's interests. The prices have been fixed well in excess of those normally obtained, and are not likely to be revised.

It is to be hoped that the present opportunity for realising timber on such favourable terms will not be repeated, as only in time of war is the present state of affairs possible. Now is the time for owners to place on the market their mature conifer plantations.

EVERGREEN ROCK GARDENS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

UNLIKE herbaceous borders the rock garden is expected to look interesting at all seasons, and amongst the essentials if this object is to be attained successfully are evergreen plants well spaced, taking care to provide sufficient with silvery or variegated foliage to vary the effect.

Certain plants such as Aubrietias, the more popular Saxifrages, Phlox subulata in variety, various Lithospermums, Dianthus species, Sedums, Armerias, Asperulas, Iberis, Silenes and Arabis, figure in nearly every rock garden. Amongst the unduly neglected, especially in small rock gardens, are the Sempervivums. Yet the hardy species will grow literally anywhere, even on slate. All they need to start them is a trowel of soil laid on the rock face.

Birds attack newly planted Sempervivums mercilessly, and the simplest method of securing a fine display in a short time is to plant any slate or flat piece of stone, covered with loam, with young rosettes and leave it for a few months under netting in a cold frame. The rosettes soon spread into a solid block, and the whole can then be carefully transferred to where it is wanted.

The commonest of the Sempervivums, *S. tectorum* has been grown from time immemorial, and Charlemagne ordered it should be planted on every roof, probably owing to the superstition that it afforded protection from lightning. Formerly it was a popular plant with cottagers, and even in Victorian times they resented so much as a leaf being picked, believing this would bring death to one of the inmates of the house. It was commonly planted on thatched roofs, and it certainly tends to preserve thatching. The flowers are produced sparingly, and the heads die after flowering, but they are soon replaced by the new offsets. It is a very variable species, and there is one fine form with flowering stems well over a foot high.

Other varieties have leaves ranging from a dull red to purple, and all these varieties are well worth acquiring. *S. globiferum* is the charming Hen and Chicken houseleek, with tight small green rosettes. It is called the Hen and Chicken daisy because these rosettes continually fall off and root themselves. The most famous specimen of this houseleek is that at Linnaeus's home at Hammarby, near Upsala. Linnaeus originally planted this, and it has by now covered a large mass of rock.

The most beautiful of the species is perhaps the Cobweb Houseleek, *S. arachnoideum*, the leaves of which are covered with an exquisite network of cobweb-like threads. The flowers on 3in. stems are a vivid cherry red. This species needs protection in winter in the shape of a pane of glass raised about 4in. over it.

The most beautiful of the Lithospermums is undoubtedly that universal favourite *L. prostratum*, Heavenly Blue. It cannot tolerate lime, and if a site has to be prepared for it in limey soil it is essential to make it in such a position that no limey water can drain into it from surrounding soil.

Nor does it succeed in close stiff soil however lime free. It revels in leaf mould mixed with a little loam, but leaf mould should predominate if it is to make sheets of evergreen foliage and produce masses of its exquisite azure blue flowers. *L. intermedium* is one of the easiest of the Lithospermum tribe, being indifferent to lime. It needs a well-drained loam and a position in full sun. It makes round evergreen bushes about a foot high, and over 2ft. across, smothered in May with vivid blue flowers.

Amongst the most decorative evergreen shrubs for the rock garden are the Santolinas, Saturejas, Artemisias, most of the Heaths, Pernettyas and some of the Hypericums, Genistas and rock roses. *Santolina incana* (*syn chamaecyparissus*) is to be seen in almost every garden. This native of South Europe grows only about 2ft. high in most parts and not much more across. But it is only when it attains about 4ft. and perhaps 6ft. across that it is seen at its best.

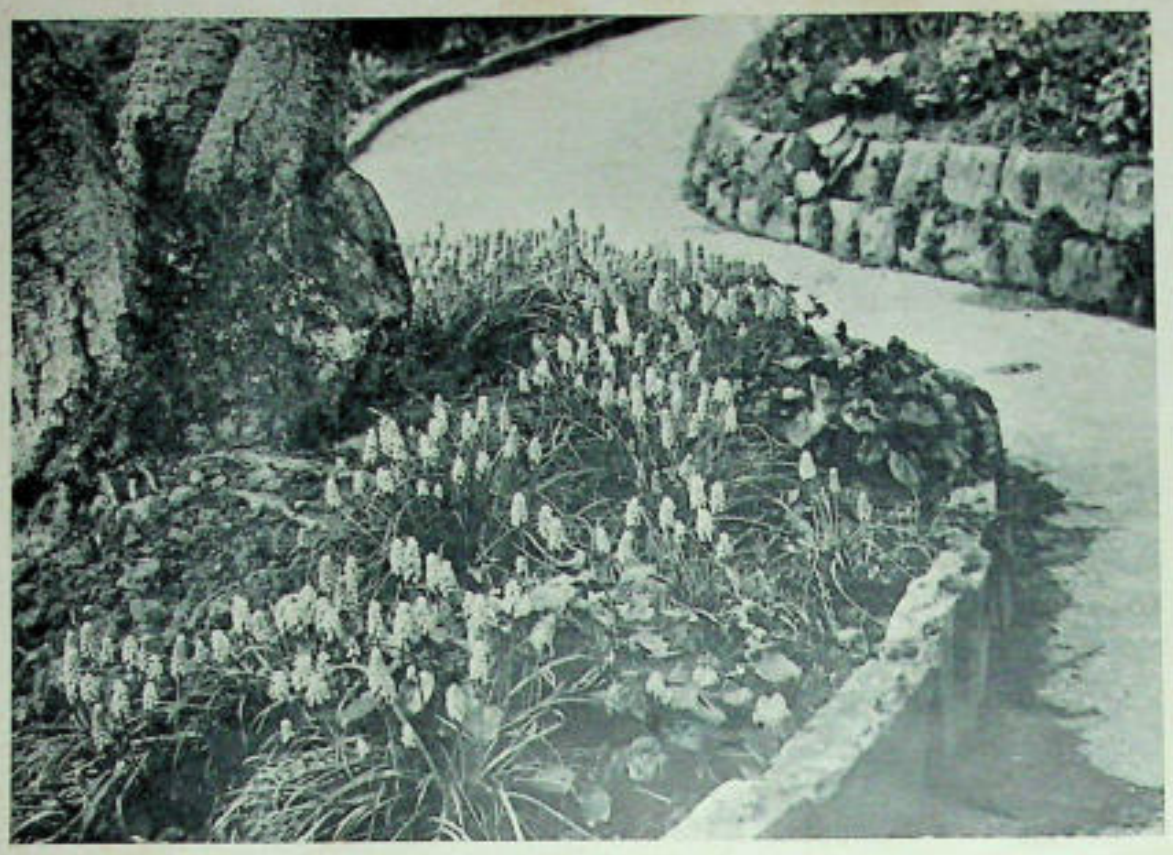
I have one quite this size, and in flower it is lovely with its abundant mass of silvery foliage and graceful sprays of button-like yellow flowers. It likes a very well-drained position in full sun, and is one of the shrubs that looks best when it can flop untidily over a dry wall. This Santolina was formerly commonly grown in cottage gardens, and was used as a vermifuge.

S. viridis, with its almost arsenic green foliage, never grows large in this country, and is rather on the tender side.

Satureia montana (Winter Savory) is valuable for flowering in August, a charmingly neat shrublet, whose flowers are continually haunted by bees. The Dalmatian dwarf form (*S. montana illyrica*) grows only 6in. high and has deep mauve flowers. It is very aromatic.

Various Artemisias are suitable. The old favourite *S. abrotanum* (Southernwood or Lads Love of cottage gardens) even when kept well within bounds is rather too large for the rock garden. *A. tridentata*, in many ways the most interesting of the tribe, also makes a largish bush, ultimately attaining about 4ft. The leaves of mature specimens are a soft velvety grey, attached in clusters to the branches, and their fragrance, unlike that of most aromatic shrubs, fills the air round after a shower of rain, an aromatic yet sweet fragrance if possible as pleasing as that of Sweet Briar though quite different.

The smaller Hypericums are fairly numerous, the most charming of all being *H. coris*, a native of the Maritime Alps. It looks like a minute cloud of gold in flower. It is, unfortunately, rather tender, and needs the protection of a pane of glass in winter, while it is essential to give it a very well-drained loamy soil or a scree.



MUSCARI MAKE A CLOUD OF BLUE IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN

THE GARDEN THAT IS TRUE BLUE

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S.

BLUE is my favourite colour—I make no bones about it. In the garden I have just as serious a passion for blues as I have in the house. I prefer the Meconopsis to its brilliant crimson namesake, the Oriental Poppy. I would rather have a Ceanothus any day than a Forsythia or a Pyracantha. For this reason I have always been fascinated by all-blue borders, and I have had the privilege of studying them all over the country.

The objection to the all-blue border is often that it is "lost" through lack of contrasts. This is not true, if all kinds and types of blues are grown with their varying foliage, and if some grey-foliaged plants are permitted to invade the otherwise one-colour border.

Another objection that has been put forward is that blues are delightful in the spring and autumn, but are scarce in the months of July and August. This article starts, therefore, to answer that objection by dealing with the plants that do make a show during these months.

There are several Aconitums that fill the bill, the best, perhaps, being *A. rostratum coeruleum*. It is by no means common, but the heavy display of flowers which it produces are a really delightful shade of blue. *A. paniculatum* is much branched, and grows to a height of 3ft. Its flowers are more of a violet-blue. *A. volubile* will produce a profusion of rich blue flowers, but is really a climbing species and grows to a height of 5ft. *A. napellus* can, of course, be used. This is the common Monks Hood. Some would have included A. Spark's variety, but its flowers are more of a violet blue and it is really at its best in September.

For a true cobalt blue there is little to compare with the baby *Ceratostigma plumbaginoides*. *C. Willmottianum* bears bright blue flowers with a rosy tube. They are often ¾in. across. It is, however, really a shrub.

Among the Campanulas there is *C. Balchiniana*. It does well in the front of the border, for it only grows 6in. high. The foliage is variegated and the flowers of a soft blue. It is only half-hardy though and needs taking in under cover for the winter. *C. carpatica* produces masses of upright, cup-shaped flowers. *C. calchearifolia* is another dwarf creeping type and one of the prettiest Campanulas there is. *C. glomerata dahurica* is one of the easiest to cultivate, and produces large heads of violet-blue flowers on stems 18in. long. *C. grandiflora*, often called the Balloon Flower, for obvious reasons, is another that is a mass of blue during the prescribed two months. C. Norman Grove has been introduced comparatively recently. It is very free flowering and showy, though only "a baby."

The Greeks used *Catananche coerulea* as one of the principal ingredients in their love potions. As a flowering plant for the herbaceous border, though, it is ideal, for it bears large blue flowers in great profusion and they last for a long time too.

Delphiniums are usually thought of as June flowers, but if seedlings are raised through sowing seeds in August the plants thus raised may be put out into a herbaceous border and will flower the following July and August. In addition, there is *Delphinium tatsiense*, a beautiful Chinese species whose well-branched stems are smothered in bright-blue flowers. *D. cashmirianum* only grows 15in. high, but bears a profusion of slaty-blue flowers in July. Though comparatively rare it is quite hardy.

The Eryngiums or Sea Hollies are not only a delight in the border, but they can be cut and dried for house decoration during the winter months. Jewel bears loose heads of a brilliant blue colour. Zabelli is not spiney and is of the most brilliant amethyst blue. Many people consider *E. Oliverianum superbum* as the most attractive member of the family. It grows 3ft. high and bears large spreading heads of a rich violet colour.

The Her Majesty Gelega is attractive not only because of the charming spikes of soft lavender-blue flowers of sweet-pea shape, but also by reason of the dainty foliage. One of the most beautiful of all the gentians, *Lagodeckiana*, is of comparatively simple colouring. It may be used at the front of the border, or as an edging plant, and will bear large flowers of a lovely shade of pale blue on stems 9in. long from July onwards. *G. hascombensis* flowers at the same time, but is not quite so easy of culture. The blue bells are freely spotted with white.

The Linums are in flower the whole of July and August, the most elegant being, perhaps, June Perfield. It produces a profusion of large bright blue flowers on thin stems 2ft. long. *Lewisii* is dwarfer, and *L. perenne*, which bears bright blue flowers on leafy stems, is about the same height.

Lithospermum graminifolium is now called *Moltkia suffruticosa*. It is a shrubby plant growing 18in. high and bearing purple-blue flowers ½in. long. *Mertensia sibirica* ought to be grown far more than it is. The foliage is bluish-green and the long, drooping racines of lavender-blue flowers are most fascinating. It grows here 3ft. high. The ordinary *Nepeta mussini* is well-known, but *Souvenir de André Chaudron* deserves more popularity. In July and August it is a mass of lavender blue flowers with lovely greyish-green foliage as a background. *N. nervosa* also flowers at this time of the year, has well-branched stems and bears long sprays of clear blue flowers. It only grows 18in. high.

Sufficient has surely been said of the plants which flower in July and August, and there are still many that might be mentioned, like the Veronica, the Tradescantia, *Thalictrum dipterocarpum*, and so on. For the other periods of the year the blues are almost legion. For the very early spring there are the Scillas, Grape Hyacinths, Chionodoxas, and, of course, the ordinary blue Hyacinths. For September and October there are the new blue types of perennial Asters (Michaelmas Daisies). For instance, Blue Plume; Victor, the dwarf lavender blue; King George, the Amellus violet-blue; Bah Ballard, the very dwarf lavender-blue; Blue Gem, perhaps the truest blue; Blue Eyes, the large single blue, which grows to a height of 3ft. There is Little Boy Blue, a miniature gem, and Mammoth, which bears the largest flowers of any aster and grows 6ft. high.

For the other months of the year there are the Anchusas, the Aquilegias, many more Campanulas, Delphiniums galore, Lupins, Blue Poppies, Myosotis, Centaurias, Violas and many annuals like Nigella, Phacelia and Cornflowers.

There are many shrubs that bear blue flowers also. For instance, the *Abutilon vandolle*. The *Caryopteris—mastacanthus* and *tangutica*. The latter is a somewhat smaller bush, whose flowers are very aromatic. There are nine or ten types of Ceanothus available, and at least four Ceratostigmas.

The three best blue shrubby Clematis are Alpina, which only grows 8in. high, Macropetala, a deciduous climber whose many large clear blue flowers contrast beautifully with the lemon anthers from May onward. The variety Ceorulea grows 3ft. high and bears large solitary fine blue flowers in summer.

One could continue with shrubs, mentioning the bluey-purple Hibiscus, at least three Hydrangeas, the interesting *Halleellia villosa*, the *Prostanthera rotundifolia*, the *Raphitamnus verbenaceae*, the *Rhazia apocynaceae*, and so on.

Enough has been said to show that an all-blue border or garden is possible, and if desired may be developed this winter.



PENTSTEMON PROCERUS AND *EREMURUS* HIGHDOWN GOLD

MORE ABOUT ALTERNATIVE FUELS

By W. G. McMINNIES

LAST week I gave some reasons why gas was not a suitable alternative fuel for use on a private motor car. For one thing the bulkiness of the storage apparatus, whether in bag or cylinder form, would be an inconvenience and for another the mileage obtainable even from a bulky or weighty means of storage would be inconsiderable.

The possibilities of using paraffin when mixed with petrol and after using the latter for starting up, idling and warming up the engine were also discussed.

Since then my attention has been drawn to a device called the Rotor Carburettor, made by Autovaporisers, Ltd., of Lymm. It has been and is widely used for stationary engines which run on paraffin and a by-product of paraffinic distillation, known in the trade as vaporising oil. This oil is a sort of half way house between petrolic and paraffinic distillates. It is too volatile to be used for domestic purposes as paraffin is and yet not volatile enough to be employed in the place of petrol. It is obtainable from the petrol marketing companies under a three letter trade name. This vaporising oil will be found more suitable for use on a car engine than paraffin; that is if the engine is first started and then warmed up on petrol.

Now the Rotor vaporiser is, as its name implies, a device to vaporise these heavier fuels, and does not depend on an excessive amount of heat being supplied in the first place at a hot spot in the induction system, or upon the fitting of a heated muff to the inlet pipe, or on a heated air intake, all of which reduce the density of the charge and the efficiency of the engine.

The design of the Rotor vaporiser combines the bodies of two carburettors with a common mixing chamber and air inlet, and also includes a change-over throttle. In operation one starts up the engine on petrol and continues to run on it until a high working temperature has been attained. While doing this the accelerator is lifted to open the throttle, but as soon as the correct running temperature is reached the accelerator is depressed, an action which shuts off the petrol side of the carburettor and lets in the vaporising oil supply. It is interesting to note, however, that whenever the accelerator is released, the throttle returns to a position in which the engine can draw on the petrol carburettor so that the vaporising fuel is never used for idling purposes.

This change-over arrangement works quite automatically, and so eliminates the need for a two-way tap drawing alternatively on the supply of the two fuels. The inventor of this vaporiser, Mr. H. Roger, of Lymm, near Warrington, Lancs, has not been content with this achievement only. Being a member of the Institute of Petroleum Technology he has made some very interesting investigations on the subject of alternative fuels, with the object of discovering and if possible developing a fuel which, by coming within the scope of the Light Hydrocarbon Oils Production Act of 1934, could claim the remission of the 8d. a gallon tax levied on imported fuels.

The result of his efforts, carried out earlier this year in a specially constructed laboratory and test plant, was to develop a distillate of coal which can be produced fairly easily and naturally is not subject to the tax. He christened this new fuel Carbohydrol. It costs about a shilling a gallon, is safely stored and non-inflammable. It actually possesses a greater heat content than petrol and when correctly vaporised gives off more power or more miles per gallon for a given bulk. Finally, it is claimed to be clean in use, for which reason it does not cause excessive engine wear which paraffin may do.

Long distance tests with a standard make of car proved this fuel suitable for this sort of work and excellent consumption prices were obtained. Naturally it was used in conjunction with the Rotor vaporiser. At the moment supplies of Carbohydrol are only obtainable locally, though I am given to understand that a scheme of distribution is being organised. Perhaps it is worth while also adding that the production of this new home produced fuel is not a war time emergency enterprise, but the result of Mr. Roger's work over a considerable period in connection with the vaporisation of heavy fuels.



A FARM USE FOR THE CAR. MR. R. W. PEARCE OF WINTERHEAD FARM, WINSCOMBE, BRINGING IN HAY BY MEANS OF A "HAY-CATCHER"

LAYING UP A CAR

The engineers of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1, have produced some very valuable hints on the best methods of laying up a car. These hints, in pamphlet form, can be obtained by writing to the Club. The main point to bear in mind is that a car is a valuable but perishable piece of machinery, and that it is not sufficient to empty out the water and lock the garage doors, and then expect it to function perfectly in several months' time.

So the conscientious and wise owner will be well advised to take this question of laying up a car seriously. The first thing to do is to wash and polish the body thoroughly and to clean and lubricate the vital points on the chassis. Bright parts should be painted with petroleum jelly or some rust preventative such as that made by Prices' Oil Company. Places from which the paint work has been chipped off or come away in service should be treated in a similar way, remembering that the rust should be cleaned off the surface before the preventative is added. To paint on the top of rust is no cure, for the rust will soon work through again.

The trimming of the interior should be thoroughly cleaned and brushed out and the seats and carpets removed and treated in a similar way. When replaced the whole of the interior should be sprinkled with some kind of anti-moth powder.

The axles should be chocked up on curved blocks of wood to take the weight off the tyres. The latter, it is advised, may be kept at a lower than standard pressure and should be covered in sacking or some suitable material in order to protect them from light, which is injurious to rubber.

It is most important to drain the water system completely. In some designs of engine it is not sufficient to turn on the drain tap or remove the plug at the base of the radiator. There may be other plugs to be undone to drain the water out of the cylinder jackets or taps to be turned on below the water pump. In cases of engines employing alloy heads some form of inhibition, to prevent the oxidisation of the metal, may have to be introduced. The radiator cap should be tied up with a label calling attention to the fact that the water system has been drained and the plugs and taps replaced in their normal position.

In order to prevent the oxidisation of the cylinder walls the sparking plugs should be removed and about a spoonful of engine oil introduced through their holes. When the engine has been turned a few times by hand to distribute this oil the plugs may be replaced.

The battery should be removed and sent to the nearest battery service station with instructions for it to be kept in proper order for the duration of the lay-up. This is a far better plan than to attempt to maintain the battery at home by charging it up, removing the electrolyte and letting it stand in this condition. Such a procedure may involve some risk to the future efficiency of the unit.

The place of storage should be dry and dark, and if possible possess an even temperature. Sudden changes of temperature or the proximity of the car to a heating apparatus are both injurious to its conditioning.

Both doors and windows should be closed, while in the case of an open touring car the hood and side curtains should be erected. The same remark applies to a leather hood, for if it were left folded for a long period creases would form which would be difficult or impossible to remove later on.

Small but important details are to label and tie the ignition, door and luggage compartments' keys to the steering wheel, to release the handbrake and thus take off the tension from the brake control springs, and to ensure the car against fire and theft.

Having done all this a large dust sheet should be spread over the vehicle almost down to the floor, but allowed to hang loose at the bottom in order to provide some means for the air to circulate.

If these precautions are taken, the car should remain in good condition for many months. Then when the time arrives to call it into service again it will only be necessary to inflate the tyres, fit the battery, and having tested the keenness of the engine by using the starting handle and refilled the water circulation with hot water to switch on and run it up.

The only routine work that an extra conscientious owner can do is to repaint occasionally the plated or bright metal parts of chassis and coachwork, to repeat the brushing out process for the upholstery, and keep the tyres inflated.

BRIDGE

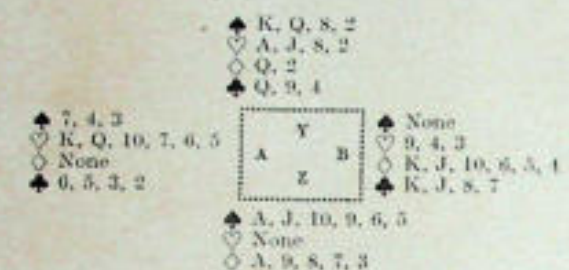
FREAK DISTRIBUTION

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

PLAYING for about two hours and a half the other evening, I had a most extraordinary series of unbalanced hands. Every single deal contained one or more hands with voids and singletons, and six and longer card suits were very commonplace. This occurred with both packs and, as a result, a series of penalties were returned, since each side was only too anxious to sacrifice. After a while the continued run of freakish cards made both pairs wary, especially since at least two normally justified doubles met with successful redoubles.

This brings us to a very interesting point; when the distribution is obviously freakish one should be very chary of making close doubles. Often there may appear to be no obvious reason for refraining from doubling. On many occasions the bidder will sense that there is something abnormal about the deal; as the Americans would say, "He has a hunch."

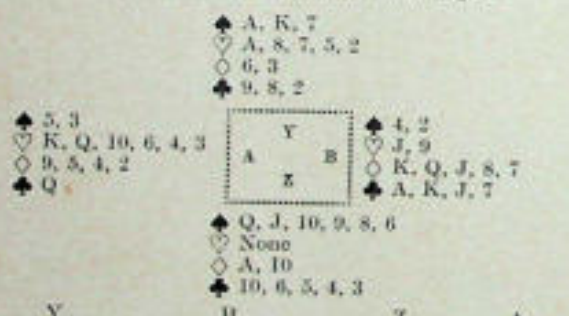
On such occasions the player should be careful not to jump the bidding unnecessarily, otherwise he will find himself in a high contract with all the balance of strength stacked unfavourably against him.



Y-Z, Game. A-B, love.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	Two Hearts	Double	Three Diamonds
Double	No bid	Four Spades	No bid
Six Spades	No bid	No bid	No bid

Y, thinking that a vulnerable game was better than a penalty double of the non-vulnerable opponent's contract of Three Diamonds jumped the bidding to Four Spades. Z could hardly be blamed for chancing the small slam on his powerful hand. The opening lead of the King of Hearts was taken by the Ace of Hearts, and a Club discarded by Z. The only chance Z could see was to ruff three Diamonds, and he therefore led a Diamond to find, as feared, that his Ace was ruffed. Of course, with but one Diamond in A's hand, the contract can be made, but as the cards were distributed the attempt at a slam was unfortunate. Another hand with a more fortunate result was the following:—



Y	B	Z	A
One Heart	Two Diamonds	Two Spades	No bid
Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades	No bid
No bid	Double	Redouble	No bid
No bid	No bid		

B's bad double met with a well-deserved redouble. The opening lead of the Queen of Clubs held and a Diamond was led, taken by Z's Ace. Dummy was entered with a Spade and Z's losing Diamond discarded on the Ace of Hearts. B took the next Club lead and returned a trump. Z had now only to concede a Club and ruff one Club to fulfil his contract.

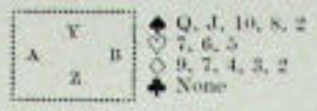
A very good point which was impressed on me by this series of freak hands was that the doubles did not pay when they did not contain strength in the trump suit. The Declarer, in spite of his lack of Honour strength, had an unpleasant habit of ruffing the defender's quick tricks and making his contract with a long trump suit.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z is playing the hand in Six Spades against an opening Club lead. Assuming the Spades break 3 – 2, how does Z play the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



The bidding has gone

Z	A	Y	B
Four Hearts	Five Clubs	Five Hearts	All pass

A leads the Ace of Clubs. How does B defend the hand?

SOLUTION

To bid Five Clubs A must have at least seven Clubs and Y-Z should have the remainder of the tricks in Hearts and Diamonds. The only chance of defeating the contract is if A has the Ace of Spades. B therefore ruffs the Ace of Clubs and returns the Queen of Spades.

CHESS

A POWERFUL ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament at Stuttgart last May, shows a powerful attack by Richter.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. H. Grob.	WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. H. Grob.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	17. B to K 5 (z)	K to Kt 2
2. Kt to Q B 3 (a)	P to Q Kt 3(b)	18. R to Q sq	Q to K sq
3. P to K 4	B to Kt 2	19. B takes Kt	P takes B
4. P to K 5	Kt to K 5 (c)	20. R to Q 7, ch	K to B 3 (f)
5. Q to B 3	P to Q 4 (d)	21. B to Q 5, ch (g)	K to Kt 4
6. P to Kt 5, ch	P to B 3 (e)	22. P to R 4, ch	K to R 4
7. P to K 6	P takes P (f)	23. P to R 3	P to K 6
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt (g)	24. P to Kt 4, ch	K to R 5
9. Q to R 3, ch	K to Q 2 (h)	25. Kt to K 2	B to B sq
10. B to Q B 4	B to R 3	26. Q to R 3	Q to K 4 (n)
11. R to Kt 3	K to B sq (i)	27. Q to R 2, ch	K takes P
12. B takes P, ch	K to Kt 2	28. Castles	B takes R
13. B to K B 4	Kt to Q 2 (j)	29. R to Kt sq	P takes P, ch
14. P to Q 5	Kt to B 3	30. K to B sq	R to R 5 (o)
15. P takes P, ch	K takes P	31. Q to B sq, ch	K to R 7
16. Q to R 2	P to K Kt 4	32. P to B 5, ch	Resigns.

(a) Either P to Q B 4 or Kt to K B 3 is usually played. Richter, however, is partial to the text-move.

(b) A bad move which allows White to get an advantage in the centre. Black should, instead, play P to Q 4.

(c) There is nothing better than Kt to Kt sq.

(d) 5. . . . Kt to Q 2; 6. P to Q 5, Kt to B sq is very uninviting.

(e) If 6. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 7. P to K 6, P takes P; 8. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 9. Q to R 5, ch, P to Kt 3; 10. Q to K 5, R to K Kt sq; 11. Q takes P (K 6) with advantage to White.

(f) Black's only chance of putting up a fight is to play 7. . . . Kt to B 3. If instead, 7. . . . P to B 3, then 8. B to Q 3 (threatening Kt takes Kt followed by B takes P) and Black has no good move. He cannot play 8. . . . Kt takes Kt because of 9. Q to R 5, ch and mate in two more moves.

(g) If P takes R, then Kt to Kt 5 with a winning game for White. If (in reply to Kt to Kt 5) Q to Q 2, then Q to B 7, ch followed by Kt takes P, ch and Kt takes R.

(h) If 9. . . . P to Kt 3, then 10. Q to K 5, R to Kt sq; 11. Q takes P (K 6), R to Kt 2; 12. B to Q B 4 (threatening B to K R 6 followed, if 12. . . . P to K Kt 4, by 13. Kt to R 3. P to Kt 5; 14. Kt to Kt 5 with a fine game for White.

(i) White threatens to win the pawn at K 5 by playing Q to K 5. Black cannot well play 11. . . . Q to B 2 because of 12. Q to B 7 followed, if 12. . . . Q to Q 3, by 13. B to K B 4 or, if 12. . . . P to K 4, by 13. P takes P, Q takes P; 14. B to K B 4. He therefore abandons the pawn at once in the hope of getting his King into safety.

(j) Not 13. . . . Q takes P because of 14. R to Q sq, Q takes P; 15. B to B 8, ch, K takes B; 16. Q to K 8, ch, K to Kt 2; 17. R to Q 7, ch, Kt takes R; 18. Q takes Kt, mate.

(k) Better than B takes P.

(l) Not K to Kt sq because of Q to Kt 3, ch and mate in two more moves.

(m) Q to B 5 is stronger.

(n) If 26. . . B takes R, then 27. Q to B 2, ch, K takes P; 28. Q to B 3, ch, K to R 5; 29. Castles, and mate in a few moves is inevitable.

(o) If Q to K 6, then P to B 5 (threatening Q to R 2, mate) and wins.

LIVELY PLAY

A lively game in this year's Dutch Championship Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.	WHITE. Jhr. J. H. O. van den Bosch.	BLACK. Dr. Landau.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	18. Q to R 4	B to Q sq (k)
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	19. Q R to K sq	P to K 3 (l)
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. P to B 6	B to B 4
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3	21. R to Q sq	B to B 2 (j)
5. Kt to Q B 3	P to K Kt 3	22. R takes B	P takes R
6. B to K 2	B to Kt 2	23. R to Q 4	R to K Kt sq
7. B to K 3	Kt to B 3	24. P to K R 3	Q R to K sq
8. Castles	Castles	25. Q to R 3 (k)	Kt to Kt 3
9. P to B 4 (a)	Q to Kt 3 (b)	26. Q takes P (l)	R to K 8, ch
10. Q to Q 3 (c)	Kt to K Kt 5(d)	27. K to R 2	P to Q 4, ch
11. Kt to Q 5	B takes Kt	28. P to Kt 3	B takes P, ch
12. Kt takes Q	B takes B, ch	29. K takes B	Kt to K 2, ch
13. K to R sq (e)	B takes Kt	30. Q to Kt 4	Kt to B 4, ch (m)
14. B takes Kt	B takes B (f)	31. K to B 2	R takes Q
15. P to B 5	P takes P (g)	32. R takes R	R to K 3
16. P takes P	Kt to K 4	Resigns.	
17. Q to K Kt 3	K to R sq		

(a) Kt to Kt 3 (to prevent P to Q 4) is considered to be White's best move. The text-move serves the same purpose—for, if 9. . . . P to Q 4, then 10. P to K 5 with the better position for White—but has the disadvantage that White's King's side is slightly weakened and his Queen's Bishop is left unguarded.

(b) Best. Black now threatens to play Kt takes P.

(c) Threatening Kt to K 6. If, instead, 10. Kt to B 4, then 10. . . . Q to R 4.

(d) Not 10. . . . Q takes P because of 11. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 12. Q R to Kt sq, Q to R 6; 13. Kt to Q 5, Q takes Q; 14. Kt takes P, ch, K to R sq; 15. P takes Q with the better game for White. The text-move leads to interesting complications.

(e) If 13. Q takes B, then 13. . . . Kt takes Q; 14. Kt takes R, Kt takes R; 15. B takes Kt (if R takes Kt, then B to K 3), P to B 4 with the better position for Black.

(f) An interesting position. Black has three minor pieces for the Queen.

(g) In a game Ahues v. Richter (Berlin, 1930) B to K R 4 was played. The text-move is much better, as the open Knight's file proves very useful to Black.

(h) If, instead, Q R to K sq, then Q R to K sq, threatening either P to K R 3 or R takes Kt.

(i) Black has now the advantage since his Queen's Bishop is no longer in any danger.

(j) Black has consolidated his position, and now threatens to double Rooks on the King's Knight's file. White, therefore, sacrifices the exchange in the hope of getting an attack.

(k) Threatening R to K R 4.

(l) White has in any case the inferior game, but the text-move is a mistake which loses at once.

(m) Better than R takes Q, ch, to which White would reply with P takes R.

PROBLEM No. 4036

By P. G. L. F.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4035

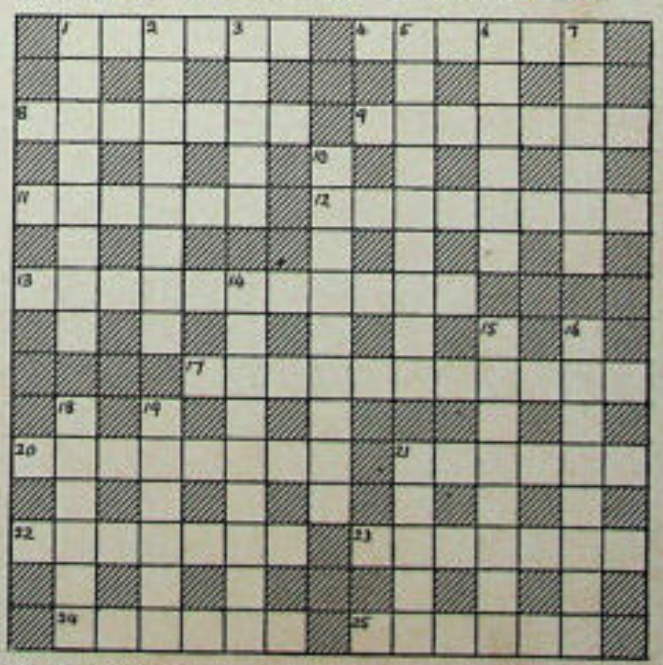
1. B to Kt 7, Any move; 2. Q or R mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 539

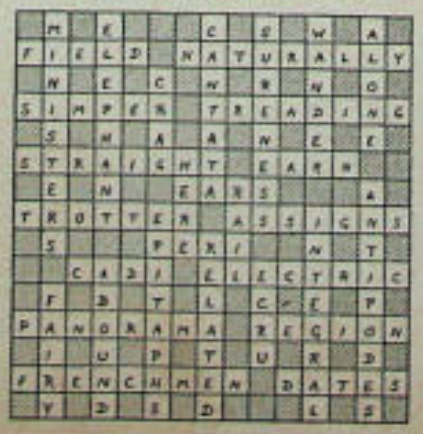
ACROSS.—1, The escort has been thrown into confusion (6). 4, Shrewd (6). 8, Glad (7). 9, Counter (anag.) (7). 11, Pompous supports (6). 12, Estrange (anag.) (8). 13, In a striking and talented way (11). 17, They live by their wits (11). 20, Far on in progress (8). 21, "such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun—The many still must —— for the one" (Byron) (6). 22, Tearing, maybe,—but not this surely (7). 23, Opulent (7). 24, Abhor (6). 25, "O judgment, thou art fled to brutish ——, And men have lost their reason!" (*Julius Cæsar*) (6).

DOWN.—1, The royalist has become lonely (8). 2, Oscar Wilde's Canon (8). 3, Their length has been increased by a third (5). 5, A tiny flow of water (9). 6, He takes great interest in his business (6). 7, Rouse up (6). 10, The drink for Ulster? (9). 14, I went wild (anag.) (9). 15, There are three on this page (8). 16 and 21, "And then he hitched his —— up, as is, I'm told, their use; It's very odd that sailor-men should wear these things so——" (*The Ingoldsby Legends*) (5, 5). 18, Regarded with the utmost respect and affection (6). 19, He'd "set his heart on a silver churn" (6).



SOLUTION TO No. 538

Published October 14th



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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

IN time of peace we farmed more and more on the lines of grassing down our fields, increasing our livestock and looking abroad for their rations. There were disadvantages in that, but let us not forget the advantages also. It meant that the farmer could, in most years, buy cheap feeding-stuffs and so compete better with the imported finished products of livestock. It meant also that the land was not being exhausted with intensive corn growing (we had no British "Dust Bowls"), but in a great many cases was storing up fertility in the pastures manured by livestock year after year.

But now circumstances have changed. We cannot in war-time count upon uninterrupted, unlimited supplies of feeding-stuffs from abroad. Even if every U-boat and armed raider were swept off the seas it is doubtful, in these days of hampered trade, if it would be desirable to send so much English money abroad to buy feeding-stuffs. We must produce for ourselves more of these things.

It is natural that some farmers should put their ploughs reluctantly into good pasture. Often it means inconvenience and change in the organisation of the farm and an immediate cash outlay when ready money is none too plentiful. But supposing there were no ploughing-up campaign, no cultivation orders, what would the man with 50 dairy cows on 50 acres of all-grass farm do when the feeding-stuffs lorry failed to call? Unless there was an organised plan he would have to reduce his herd very considerably so as to keep the remainder on the decreased quantity of feeding-stuffs he hoped to get. As an alternative he would have to reduce his herd, probably by not quite so many, and plough his land to supplement the available bought rations with food grown by himself.

But there is a plan. Its object is to get more land ploughed in a general way, with the State contributing £2 per acre towards the expense, but at the same time to depend upon local knowledge to see that the right land is ploughed. There can be no hard and fast rules, although there will almost certainly be hard cases. It is inevitable that these and many other difficulties must arise in introducing a drastic change-over in such an industry as agriculture. By working on a planned, national campaign, locally conducted, the least unfairness and dislocation is likely. It will be possible to estimate to some extent what feeding-stuffs and grain we shall produce at home, and therefore how much we shall have to try to obtain from abroad.

The alternative would be a muddle, costly to the farmer, in which he would discover only by experience, and often too late, that he could not buy the feeding-stuffs he needed. No one would be in a position even to guess at what the situation a few months ahead was likely to be.

Fortunately farmers up and down the country realise this, as indicated by the progress in the ploughing-up campaign. Fortunately, too, the war came when some years of practical experience had had time to prove that the plough in a system of ley-farming could play the leading part in increasing the productivity of the pasture that will follow it.

The plough is the father of fertility. There are thousands of grass acres to-day, rich with stored-up fertility from the stock that have fed on them, but that fertility cannot be released and turned into cash in the form of corn crops until plough and cultivator have thoroughly broken up the sod. Now is the time to make use of these reserves and undertake in the stress of war what many farmers were beginning to find not unprofitable in time of peace.

There are as yet no signs of any general labour shortage on the land. The closing down of road schemes and other war-time changes have released men for agriculture. But if the last war is any guide, this satisfactory state of affairs may easily not be a permanent one. War is bound to make heavy demands upon all our man power, and in the next few weeks the calling up of the "20 to 22's" may take something like 10,000 young men out of agriculture.

Farmers who are likely to suffer are advised to consider how they will fill the gaps when the men are called up. They will naturally prefer to obtain skilled men, but if these are unavailable the Women's Land Army, 25,000 strong, can obviously make a valuable contribution.

A month to six weeks' training may not seem a long time for such a skilled occupation, but it should not be forgotten that these women and girls are all volunteers, willing and eager to work on the land. The right spirit counts for much, and those who are expecting to have a young man called up might consider taking on a land girl before that happens, so that she can gain extra training in the ways of the farm and the particular duties she will have to undertake.

Applications should be made to the Women's Land Army Agricultural Committee in the county concerned; or to the County War Agricultural Committee.

Beet Tops

Sugar beet lifting has started. Within a few weeks a crop that should provide at least a quarter of our sugar supplies will be safely harvested. In the last war we grew practically no sugar beet, but this year 340,000 acres have been growing.

From this crop the nation gains the sugar, but it brings a further great benefit in the form of tops and crowns for fresh fodder, beet pulp from the roots after the sugar has been extracted from them, and molasses. The yield of tops and crowns is almost equal to the weight of beet.

In normal times the leaves are often ploughed in for green manure, but this is the least economical way of using them. They are a succulent feeding-stuff of a feeding value higher than is generally believed. One acre of tops supplemented by a grass run will keep from 90 to 100 ewes for a week, and theoretically 25lb. of fresh, clean tops have the same feeding value as 40lb. of mangolds. In practice, 25 acres of tops are considered equivalent in value to fifteen acres of turnips.

In the cool, moist weather of the back-end leaves remain fresh for a long time, and may be eaten off by sheep up to Christmas, or they may be carted and fed to cattle on the pastures. Many farmers feed as much as 70lb. of wilted tops to their cows, a cartload supplying about 20 cows daily. One pound of ground chalk sprinkled in the load will prevent any danger of souring. Feeding direct to animals is the most economical and satisfactory way of using the tops. But where sugar beet is grown in large areas it may not be possible to feed the whole supply before decomposition sets in. The alternative then is silage. "Eat what you can, ensile what you can't" is not a bad war-time maxim.

Many kinds of proprietary silos of a semi-permanent character are on the market, but good silage can also be made in pits or in clamps above ground, using no special apparatus.

In these cases it is necessary that the tops be as free from dirt as possible, and that they should be carted, say, not less than a fortnight after the beet has been lifted. On free draining soil, pits 3ft. deep and 14ft. wide sloping to 12ft. at bottom, with length according to quantity of material, are convenient. It is customary to fill up the pit and trample, then wait a day or so for the heat to develop. Subsequently the pit may be built up to about 6ft., allowed again to settle, and so on for about a week. The soil taken out from the pit is then thrown on top to the depth of a foot, shaping the earthen "roof" so that rain water runs off. The sides need not be earthed.

Beet tops may also be heaped on the level, like a mangold clamp. For example, 9 acres of a good crop would be contained in a clamp 4yds. wide, 12yds. long and, say, 1yd. high when settled. It would take about two days to make. The tops would be thrown together in rows before the beet was carted off, so that as little dirt as possible is mixed with them. Potato tops or straw may be used to cover the clamp before soil is heaped on it to a depth of 9in.

Stock will eat this kind of silage quite eagerly and do well on it. But wasteful, unpalatable silage may result if the tops are ensiled immediately after removal from the beets, or if they are very wet or in a state of decay. In wet weather, when wilting is impossible, improved results have been obtained by adding straw to absorb the surplus moisture, one-third straw to two-thirds tops.

There is some slight danger of taint to milk if silage is fed in excess to dairy cows, particularly indoors. Dutch authority gives the following figures as suitable in rations:

Milk cows	55lb.
Store cattle	35lb.
Store pigs	13lb.

Acorns are now falling. They are a valuable source of pig food that should certainly not be overlooked, especially in these days. Beech mast is another food which pigs were designed by Nature to eat.

For centuries pigs have in some parts been turned out to forage for themselves in the woods at certain times of the year; but in other places the oak and beech trees are too scattered, or other conditions are unsuitable, for this to be done and the acorns and beech mast are wasted.

Where this is happening it would be a useful form of national service to organise the collection of acorns and mast for pig-keepers to feed as part of the normal ration. School children would probably be glad to assist the national effort in this way. For some years the Forestry Commission have arranged for children to collect acorns and mast for *seed* purposes from the Commission's own woods and neighbouring districts, and they are doing so again this season. Farmers are likely to find many willing helpers in districts to which town children have been evacuated.

But a word of warning is necessary. On some common lands, such as parts of the New Forest, commoners enjoy the age-old right of turning out their pigs into the woods. Hence inquiries should first be made as to whether such rights exist. Similarly, it would be wise to have a word with the forester before sending children into the Forestry Commission's woods.

The Ministry of Agriculture suggests that farmers who could use acorns or beech mast for their pigs should get into touch with their local school authority to see if arrangements can be made for their collection by the children. The Board of Education recognise the help that the children could give, and they also recognise the help it would be to the children, particularly those who have been evacuated from the towns. For they would feel they were doing useful work by helping to increase food supplies, and they would be brought into touch with Nature in a practical way.

Farmers who have not been in the habit of feeding acorns or beech mast to their pigs should be cautious on one or two points. Acorns and mast can be eaten by feeding pigs up to 2lb. a day, but they should not be fed to pregnant sows. In excessive quantities they may cause poisoning, probably on account of the tannin they contain. Since they have a water content of 50 per cent. acorns should be stored in thin layers to prevent them from going mouldy. It is most important that pigs feeding on acorns, and particularly sty-fed pigs, should have access to green food, or failing this, a sloppy mash, to avoid constipation. On no account should acorns be fed to stock other than pigs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Post-Mortem Examinations

Enterohepatitis of Peafowl.—The contagious germ disease of the bowels and liver known as enterohepatitis, or blackhead, has been found in peafowl from two estates. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. Blackhead is found among all the gallinaceous birds. Among poults the disease commonly take a rapid and fatal course; mature birds progressively loose flesh, develop diarrhœa, become very weak, and towards the end their heads become congested and take on a darker colour. When the disease has been diagnosed a veterinary surgeon should be invited to inject each of the in-contact birds with the appropriate preparation of arsenic; of which there are several proprietary brands. Myosalvarsan is injected beneath the bird's skin, Neosalvarsan is injected into a vein of the wing. A second injection should be given about seven days after the first dose. The dosage is calculated according to the bird's weight. During treatment the birds should be housed on sawdust; each day the litter and droppings should be cleared from the house and burned; also feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water, the treated birds should be moved 48 hours after the second dose on to clean ground; the infected ground should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of birds for at least two years.—*G. P., Kent; J. H. C., King's Heath.*

Disease of Aviary Birds.—Coccidiosis, a contagious germ infection of the bowels, was found in a budgerigar. A budgerigar from another reader died of congestion of the lungs due to the contraction of a chill. A common cause of death among aviary birds, red mites, have been diagnosed in two canaries from an outdoor aviary. These minute insects live during the day in the crevices of the walls, perch sockets or nest-boxes, or on the floor among the litter. During darkness they come out to attack the sleeping birds and feed upon their blood. In order to eradicate this pest the litter should be swept up and burned, and the entire interior of the aviary including nest-boxes and other fittings should be thoroughly scrubbed with hot soda water and soft soap, to each gallon of which a cupful of paraffin has been added. The scrubbing should be repeated within seven days. One of the owners of the canary case asked if we advised her reducing her stock on account of bird-seed shortage, due to the war. Seed merchants have announced in the press that there is no shortage of bird seeds, and that the trade has organised the distribution of its stocks among the usual suppliers. Beyond eliminating unhealthy birds from the aviaries we do not advise any reduction of good stock merely on account of a suspected seed shortage. Bird owners can supplement their food stocks by gathering ripe plantains and storing the seeds in paper bags. During thrashing farmers collect the "screenings" from the wheat; these "screenings" consist of many varieties of seeds of the so-called weeds of the field and they make a useful addition to millet, grass-seed, dari, rye, etc., of the purchased foods. Fruit and green vegetables such as lettuce or sprouts are essential to the daily dietary.—*W. E. C., Surrey; G. H. M., Glos.; H. B., Herts.; J. R. L., Yorks.*

Shooting

Retriever Trainer.—One of the trainers of retrievers nearest to the counties you give is Mr. T. Gowing, Kent Ditch Gundog Kennels, Hawkhurst, Kent. Mr. J. Kent, Chrishall, Royston, Herts, is not so far away.—*E. N., London, W.*

Not French English Partridge Cross.—It is certainly a most interesting case, but it is not a cross between the English and French bird. The birds submitted are both young and at such an age there is often a strong resemblance between certain parts of the plumage, especially as regards the inner secondaries.—*R. V., Kent.*

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GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE

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YOUTH AND WAR

"IT'S the men of my generation that have thrown away the hopes and promises of 1918, but we ourselves can't say how. As I told you last September, Sandy, it's the Nemesis of *Nations* that has brought us where we are. However pleasant it may be to hold someone else responsible, we've all contributed, we're all paying for our own faults of character." Thus, in Stephen McKenna's *A Life for a Life*, spoke Uncle George, the guardian to the boy, turned man, whose father was killed in the last war. Those of us who fought in the war to end war, having gained the victory may not entirely agree with Uncle George that we have seen it sacrificed, "we can't say how."

The natural impulse is to place the responsibility upon successive Governments and successive policies. It may indeed be argued that the war generation was very much depleted, sadly handicapped, and left with much leeway to make up. What, it may be asked, can the individual do which will affect the machine? He has the choice of electing a party whose ideas he considers futile or another with which he may be far from being in total agreement. There are no other alternatives, and in any case the confusion reigning in a parliament of a Babel of tongues has been exemplified in other countries. It paves the way for the dictator. So the elector pins his faith to tradition, puts his party in power, places his trust in its ministers, and the diplomats, and paid servants of the Crown, and goes about his every-day affairs. He is content that Democracy gives freedom of speech and debate and the right to grumble and to pay.

A country, we are told, gets the Government it deserves, and Germany has got—Hitler. What have we reaped? To look back is not pleasant. We have seen the wreck of that expensive and unstable edifice, the League of Nations; we have seen disarmament in the face of danger, and a Premier acknowledging that he was mistaken in the strength of the forces mustering against us when the man in the street was apprehensive. We have seen the palliative of the dole applied to the canker of unemployment, the decline of agriculture allowed to proceed despite warning, and the growth of bureaucracy on the wasteful principle that the bigger the department and the more it spends, the more important it must be. Last week we had Earl De La Warr making an apologia for twenty years' administration of our educational system, the deficiencies of which have been so vividly revealed by the war emergency measures. He took the opportunity of moralising on the work which has to be done to serve the youth of the nation. We might enquire what use has been made of the money paid for education and medical services. Much of the errors of the past have been due to indolence on the part of the governors and indifference on the part of the governed.

Crisis has changed all that, and if it has acted as a tonic on those charged with the responsibilities of government it has no less tightened up the moral fibre of a people resolved that the errors of the past shall serve as the lessons for the future. In 1914 the old men were blamed for having placed us in peril, they continued their work after 1918, and the youngsters who are fighting our battles to-day will still further be able to reproach the survivors of the last war if their full efforts are not put behind them. Those efforts are not only needed to support the Government in its task but also to lead it, for public opinion is a weapon of great power.

It should not be used to interfere with the man on the bridge, but it should at least be directed to seeing that the crew of the Ship of State is a good one. That crew has been strengthened by the addition of members who were considered embarrassing in times of peace, but can it be said there are no weaknesses in it to-day? Appointments to Ministries are made in strange ways; a man who has not had conspicuous success in one may be transferred to another presumably in the hope that he may do better. Sometimes we are lucky (we have our Kingsley Woods), sometimes we are unlucky, and sometimes very unlucky. "Character" is given as the essential for a Minister, but surely it should also be allied to knowledge of the war-time job he is to tackle. The individual elector is called upon to look for results as proof of ability and also to support such demands as those made by Lord Decies for a watch on needless extravagance at a time when millions are counted lightly.

The nation to-day is united as rarely before in grim determination to see the war brought to a successful conclusion, and it must even look beyond it to such an adjustment of economic issues that the young men who have been called upon to serve shall have a brighter outlook than that of their fathers. The older men after the war must be prepared to provide security for youth and during the war to turn to the Government and say:

"Your Courage
Your *Cheerfulness*
Your Resolution
Will Bring Us Victory."

GROW MORE FOOD

THE Ministry of Agriculture has announced that the grant of £2 per acre for ploughing up land is to be extended from December 31st until March 31st, 1940. That is good news. It is good news, too, that the payment of the grant is to be expedited, so that farmers will receive the money some weeks earlier. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith and the country may be thankful for at least one of Mr. Chamberlain's Ministerial appointments—when making the announcement pointed out that farmers had been called upon to intensify their production and change their farming systems from those adopted under the economic circumstances prevailing in time of peace. Crops must be grown on land where they would not have been remunerative at pre-war prices and we must now grow at home more animal feeding stuffs which in time of peace could be more cheaply bought abroad. A considerable expenditure per acre will be needed and the Government recognises that farmers will require assistance towards the initial outlay involved. It is pleasant to know that the Government does recognise the farmer's difficulty. That is, indeed, a change. But then it is a change to have as Minister of Agriculture a man with some knowledge of farming. It is idle now to speculate in what position British Agriculture would be had it not had to cope with bad ministers. But having learnt our lesson (we hope the Government has also learnt it) let us not in future make the mistake of appointing totally unsuitable men to what should be our most important Ministry—nor the even more grievous error of imagining that farming is of use only in war-time, and an expensive luxury in times of peace.

AGGRESSION AGAINST POLAND

THE written reply given by Mr. R. A. Butler in the House of Commons to a question by Mr. T. E. Harvey regarding the position of Britain in regard to aggression against Poland has come as a shock to every thinking Englishman. Apparently the agreement of August 25th between Great Britain and Poland only covered aggression by Germany, and not by any other Power, including Russia. The agreement as published gives no hint of any such reservation. No hint at all. Should not the British public have been told that there were reservations? And are we now to take it that the fact that Russia has grabbed a good slice of the territory of our ally in agreement with our enemy is no concern of ours? Mr. Butler's reply leaves a very nasty taste in the mouth. Some further explanation of the situation is sorely needed—and from Mr. Chamberlain himself.

And again Mr. Chamberlain himself said that in the event of aggression against Poland H.M. Government "would feel themselves bound at once to lend the Polish Government all support in their power." And in the agreement of August 25th the word assistance is added after support. Have we fulfilled that promise honourably, having regard to Mr. Chamberlain's spoken word and our country's signature? The War Office has acknowledged its debt to the heroic resistance put up by the Polish Army and the Polish people. Are "bombphlets" the full measure of our assistance and support?

EVACUATION

[We publish this poem "without prejudice." ED.]

Strident Cockney voices pierce the silence of the lane—
Foreign words—a strange new population
Sweeping through the land we knew, and we must not complain—
This is War, and War's evacuation.

Let them smash the fence and knock the apples off the trees—
See them start the hayrick's conflagration.
Chasing cats and killing fowls and harmless sports like these
Are vital as a healthy recreation.

Let them drive the pheasants from the covert and the copse
As they throng in gay emancipation—
They must have their substitute for picture-house and shops,
Though this proves such wretched compensation.

Let them have their beer and gin, their steak and chips and fish—
Give them plenty for their delectation.
Don't restrain the cheery boy who breaks your favourite dish—
Yours is not the right for condemnation.

You must smile at foreign ways, at creeping things and fleas—
Fastidiousness is merely affectation.
Smile and welcome to your house these dear evacuees
Whose livestock still defies annihilation.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

"SINCE there's no help, come and let us kiss and part": those were precisely my sentiments when, having but one leg to walk upon, and no longer any means of transport except to get to hospital and back, I had to say good-bye to all country scenes beyond the one visible from my own front door. Where should I go for the last ride in country England which officialdom no longer permitted me to see? I chose the place just where the Icknield Way, emerging from under the hanging woods of the Chiltern slopes by Swincombe Downs, rather like a sinuous weasel leaving the shelter of the hedge, takes out into the open arable plateau west towards the Thames. I was very familiar with this scene of the wide billowy tableland that melts into the shadowy blue line of the Berkshire Downs beyond the river. When our lives are beginning to turn like the foliage into the sere, the yellow leaf, the memoried scenes are what we most cherish.

And this particular one gathers up into its spacious compass many other scenes allied to it. I have travelled every inch of the three parallel trails, the Ridge Way on the crest of the Downs and the double Icknield Ways on and below the wheaten shelf as far as Avebury, the capital and nucleus of the civilisation of the Early Bronze Age. At my back, again, I could follow in memory the snaky little Way over the instep of the Chilterns, past those mysterious huge signatures of cabalistic meaning, Watlington White Mark, Bledlow Cross and Whiteleaf Cross, up to Dunstable, once a centre of the straw-plaiting craft. Thence it meanders through Royston and Baldock and over the heathland Brecks to the East Anglian heights and the sea.

In its exit from the woody scarp above Ewelme, the Icknield Way acts just as though it were a stream of water spouting out of a nozzle over which you put your thumb. It splits up into a number of tributaries, each of which makes for one of the fords of the Thames between Wallingford and Streatley. Safely over the river, the wriggling tracks disperse all over the Upper Greensand skirting of the Berkshire Downs, to reunite, some of them, as the authentic Icknield Way at Upton.

It proceeds over Hagbourne Hill towards Lockinge, and on the Hill was unearthed a late Bronze Age hoard, which provisionally dates the original age of the road.

It is almost incredible that such a road, following the easterly arm of the chalk from the North Sea to its junction with the great central boss of Wiltshire, and thence onward with the chalk massif to one of the Devon ports of the Channel, could possibly have been hooved and trodden out during a period of warfare. The same must be said of the much older Ridge Ways, which pursue their serene, leisurely, majestic courses aloft the chalk ridges wherever, starfish fashion, those ridges protrude their limbs from the matrix block in Wiltshire.

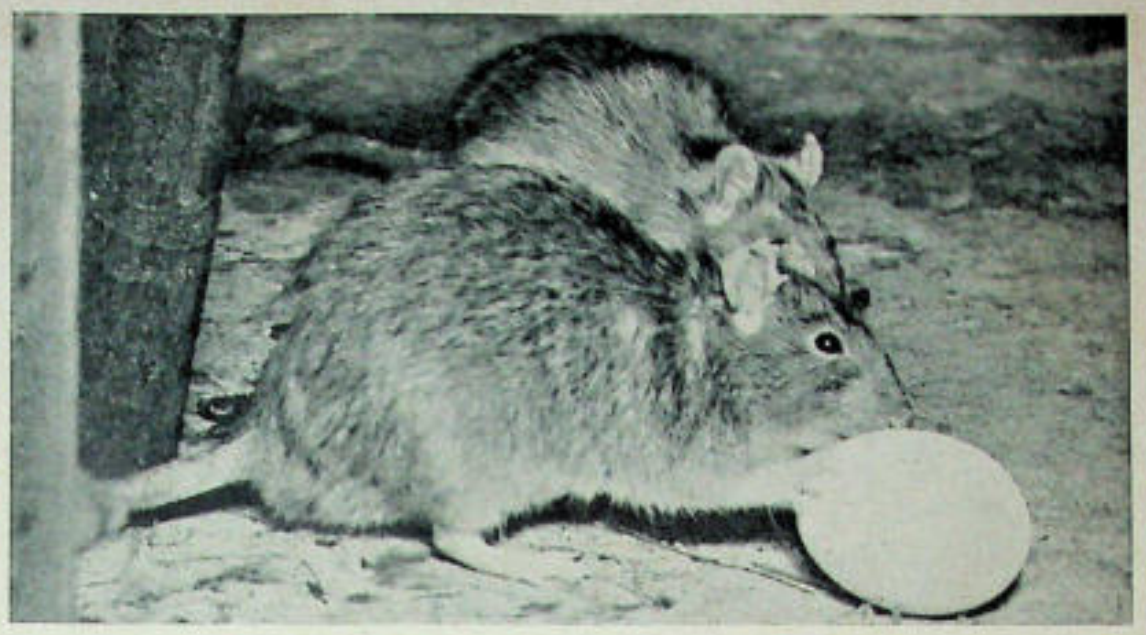
It is conservative to date the Ridge Ways as Early Bronze Age (*circa* 1800 B.C.), so that it is as certain as indirect evidence can be that the tales of the scientists about the predacity and the ferocity of pre-Roman Englishmen, and the emergence of the most furious fighters, are about as trustworthy as those of the Baron Munchausen. That was one reason why I chose that great view over the plateau between the Chilterns and the Berkshire Downs, grand in its simplicity, captivating in its diversity, generous in its expanse and profound in its implications. The spirit of that view is of a large and benedictive peace, and for hundreds of generations the busy users of those far-flung green roads through England's matchless land—the husbandmen, the herdsmen, the shepherds, the pilgrims, the chapmen, the travellers, the flint-miners—most of them from 1800 B.C. to A.D. 1800 were peaceable folk. I liked to think of that.

As I looked over those spreading miles I thought, too, of the future, a thousand years hence. And what I seemed to see was the very same thing as I had been seeing with my mind's-eye down the ages of the past, different costumes and different faces, but the same land, the same roads and the same kinds of passengers along them. For the doings of these old people going up and down along the great roads, whether pre-Roman or mediæval, were natural and universal doings and so, one must think, pleasing to God. But in our period there has been a kink or a hitch somewhere, and so Englishmen, a kindly peace-loving people by nature, find themselves imitating "the action of a tiger." It is not our fault—this time—but there is something very wrong somewhere.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A company of infantry returning from a long route march recently fell out for ten minutes rest in a public park. They found the rails hard to sit upon and so sat on the grass. The park keeper told them to get off!



DECLARATION OF WAR ON RATS

Land Owners' and Farmers' National Duty

By JOHN FALLOWFIELD

NEVER since the days of the Pied Piper of Hamelin was there a greater necessity for rat extermination. These rodents seem to serve no useful purpose and they consume each year vast quantities of food as well as fouling tons of produce and making it inedible.

The Government have decreed that Rat Week this year should start on November 7th and everyone should combine this year in an organised attempt to cope with the increasing rat menace. It is the haphazard, unorganised methods which merely drive the rats farther afield. They then only stay for a short time in refuse dumps, in gardens where fowls are kept, near potato clamps, and so on, and then, perhaps only a few weeks later, they return to their original haunts.

Householders are equally to blame with farmers, and there are public authorities that are just as lackadaisical. In the London Docks rats are taken seriously. Official cats are kept to keep these rodents down. Some towns and cities have official rat catchers who work consistently throughout the year. These experts may be called in at any time for help and advice. It has been estimated that a rat costs the country £1 a year to keep, and as a pair of rats will easily raise 800 more during a year, it does not need a financier to gauge some idea of the enormous loss in pounds sterling to Great Britain.

At least one county council has got out a scheme ensuring the appointment of seven whole-time rat catchers for the rural districts. These men work under the supervision of the cultivation officer for the county and each has a definite area allotted to him. They are able to make contracts with farmers to cover a yearly period. It may be necessary to visit the farms concerned once a fortnight for the first month or two and after that a monthly visit is all that is required. It is to be hoped that all county councils will adopt a similar scheme before long.

Under the Rats and Mice Destruction Act of 1919 all occupiers of premises are expected to control these rodents, but the law is seldom enforced. It is to be hoped that in war-time the authorities will be much stricter in this connection. What is needed is not only a National Rat Week, but a National Rat Year!

One of the most serious things is the fact that the Black rat is spreading fast and is exterminating the Common or Brown rat. It is comparatively easy to keep out the Common rat by means of the rat-proof barn, but the Black rats are able to climb almost anything and get in through the roof.

Farmers should encourage all the animals and birds that help to keep down rats and mice. The tawny owl, the little owl, the long-eared owl and the barn owl should never be shot. The kestrel, the carrion crows and the merlins also consume rats in large numbers. The fox is a great rat eater. One authority has stated that over 73 per cent. of the fox's natural food consists of rats, voles and mice. Stoats and weasels kill large numbers of young rats, too.

Rat-killing cats should certainly be encouraged. Some types of cats are useless, but it is possible to breed what might be called rat-killing strains of cats. These would need little looking after and except for a regular daily ration of milk they should fend for themselves. The breeding mother cats might, of course, need a little extra ration.

Rats are often encouraged because waste food is left about. Poultry keepers are said to be notoriously careless in this matter. Cowsheds, stables and stores should be examined regularly for any trace of rats. It is proved to be a good plan to move stores fairly regularly for these rodents hate the disturbance.

Doors to granaries, food stores and stables should be rat-proofed, and it is a good plan to nail a strip of strong tin 10in. wide on to the bottom of each door, both inside and outside. This does prevent the rodents from gnawing an entry. Another tip is to nail a square piece of tin in each corner of a granary a foot below the wall plate with a projection of 6in. This will stop the vermin from climbing up the corners and hiding on the gable walls. Any holes found in floors or walls should be cemented up early in the morning, as this allows the concrete to dry before night sets in.

Try to prevent the entry of rats into wooden, galvanised iron sheds by digging a trench all round the shed close up to the wall and filling it with cement. All concrete used for this purpose or on the floors of houses should contain as much broken glass and crockery as possible, for this is an added insurance.

Baiting may prove a satisfactory method of control, and the best results seem to be achieved when the bait is changed at least once a month. When placing baits into position, nor when preparing them, should they be handled with the naked hand. Gloves should always be worn. It is best to use a different bait from the food the rats normally find about. If they are consuming corn, then use cheese, bread or even red herrings. If they are feeding on potatoes a grain bait should be used, mixed with a little dripping.

One of the best and safest rat poisons known is Red Squill, though there are others like Liverpool Virus and Rodene which have proved very successful. An interesting method of poisoning rats is by the use of the bulbs of the Scilla Maritima. Small onions are placed near the rat holes first of all, and when the vermin have got to like them, the Scilla bulbs are placed instead. These are very poisonous.

The exhaust gases from a tractor, car or motor cycle may be used (when there is sufficient petrol available). All the holes except one should be blocked up and a rubber pipe from the exhaust should be run into this hole. The rats will all be killed as a result.

Cyanogas dust may also be applied with safety outside. A gas is released by the moisture in the atmosphere without the addition of any extra liquid. It is non-inflammable and penetrates equally into every run, killing all the rats it comes across on the way. It is quite easy to blow this dust into the burrow by means of a special pump provided. Few rats ever bolt and so the numbers killed are not known. The residue is entirely non-poisonous. Cyanogas should not be used for fumigating dwellings, but outside this method of destruction has proved excellent.

It is to be hoped that everyone will concentrate this year on rat control as a national duty.



THE PARADE FOR THE KING'S PRIZE AT BUDAPEST, IN MAY THIS YEAR
The race was won by Cabala, a grandson of Gay Crusader

HUNGARY AND THE HORSE

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

IT would be no exaggeration to state that the horse is the alpha and omega of everyday life in Hungary. In fact, the equine atmosphere appears to be all pervading from the moment the frontier of that delightful country is crossed.

There is the story told that provides one instantly with the important rôle which the horse has always fulfilled in Hungary. It concerns a celebrated Hungarian Premier, who is said to have risen in the midst of a parliamentary debate in order to attend the Budapest Races, not merely as a spectator, but because he had a mount in the first race. His unique announcement is recorded to have created the greatest enthusiasm, not only amongst his supporters but equally amongst the opposition, who instantly trooped off to drown all political feelings in their mutual admiration for this sporting venture.

With such traditions bound up so inseparably with horses, few countries could have furnished a more fitting background for holding a session of the International Congress for Blood Stock Breeding and Racing, the aims and objects of which are practically disclosed in its somewhat lengthy, but, at the same time, necessary nomenclature.

Crossing the frontier into Hungary one is instantly conscious of the fact that one is in another country, not only from the change of scenery to the wide expanses of terrain one associates with Hungary, but also by the contrast in the type of horse-flesh. The draught horse, seen in the plough or farm wagon in France and Germany, instantly gives way to the breedy-looking Hungarian type which is used universally for work and sport.

This standard type looks, as one would expect, to have the essentials for an ideal saddle horse, boasting good shoulders, length of rein, clean limbs and an intelligent head. The animals cannot be said, however, to look up to weight, but, for all that, they are wiry and possess great stamina, and answer the purpose in their own country, where imported and bigger framed types do not appear to thrive. The inhabitants take great care of their horses, and one noticed that in the fields the peasants invariably covered their horses' backs with sheets or rugs, to prevent the rays of the sun blistering them when they rested in the farm cart, plough or harrow.

All Hungary is on the land, toiling at the crops or guarding the herds of horses and cattle; vast stretches of wheat, oats and first-crop hay meet the gaze. There are no fences, as the herds are tended by their mounted herdsmen.

The colossal levers of the wells, a characteristic feature of the country, break the gaze as they stand out in sinister fashion like very gallows. Three times a day their creaking levers are set in motion, and the buckets sink and rise to fill the lengthy troughs for the horses which graze on the Puszta.

Out in the country the inhabitants might be said to live in a somewhat primitive state, similar to the people in Connemara, Co. Galway, but they are none the less happy for this fact, and have charming manners. They strike one as being decidedly independent and light-hearted. Agriculture being the principal interest, the Hungarians are wrapped up in animal life, which fact always reflects beneficially on the human element.

In view of this one deplores the fall in the horse census of Great Britain by close on 1,000,000 in the last decade, a loss which is showing its effect on the people, who are losing animal understanding for an automatic and mechanical "make-up." In these days of mechanisation it is indeed pleasing to find a country in which the horse is part and parcel of everyday life, as he is in Hungary. The very letters are delivered by horse-drawn vehicles in Budapest. Hungary is essentially a typical cavalry country for manœuvre.



ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY

Roads belted at equal intervals by acacia trees link up the villages, which are a cluster of white-washed houses surrounding a green, on which flocks of geese are being guarded by the children, who learn almost from the cradle how to tend the flocks and herds. Here and there the eye will catch a stork nestling in a chimney stack—which strikes an almost romantic note.

In order to give an idea of the preponderance of horse-drawn vehicles over motors in Hungary, it might be of interest to record that my wife and I stood on the Elizabeth Bridge, which connects Buda with Pest, and counted the traffic traversing this bridge; fifteen horsed vehicles and two motor cars were crossing it simultaneously. On the land oxen are used to a considerable extent; they are large beasts with an amazing spread of horns.

At the Budapest Session of the International Congress dealing with the horse, the following nations were represented: Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, Hungary, Italy, Mexico, Poland, Roumania, Switzerland and Yugo-Slavia. Many well-known personalities of the Turf in the various countries attended, including the Marchese Incisa Rocchetta, President of the Italian Jockey Club; Count Rudolph Erddy, President of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club; the Earl of Fingall, Senior Steward of the Irish National Hunt Committee; and Herr Christian Weber, President of the Congress and of the Munich Race Committee.

The dates of the Congress were selected so as to synchronise with the principal race meeting of the year, when the King's Prize is contested. The delegates were, therefore, afforded the opportunity of witnessing racing under the rules of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club.

It is of interest to note the different customs and methods at the various race courses on the Continent for comparison with those which we employ. In Hungary the jockeys adopt a more pronounced crouch and ride with their leathers some two holes shorter than is the case in England.

It was agreeable to note that the whip was conspicuous for its non-use; jockeys sat very still throughout the race and then rode their horses out at the finish with hands and legs, thus emulating the example set by such exponents as the great Danny Maher and Steve Donoghue. This proved to be a great contrast to the sights witnessed on other Continental courses, and also, on occasions, in England.

In order to ensure a good start and tranquillity at the gate a "schoolmaster" is employed to guide horses up into line or coax fractious youngsters up to the tapes. At Budapest this schoolmaster happened to be a yellow dun, which fact rendered

him most conspicuous at the furthest starts. One noticed that none of the runners was plated on the hind feet. Spectators witness the racing under tranquil conditions, as the "bookies" are not allowed to "shout the odds," and they remain segregated in a special enclosure to themselves.

Racegoers in Hungary are particularly well turned out, and on the day the King's Prize or "Milleneum" (so called because the race was founded in 1896 to commemorate 1,000 years existence of the Hungarian State) is contested, the Members' Enclosure resembles Ascot, with the additional colour of the Hungarian officers' uniforms. Top hats are *de rigueur*, and the womenfolk are smartly dressed.

Admiral Horthy and his elegant consort add further dignity to the meeting, and beneath the peak of his nautical cap the Regent takes stock of the runners as one of the shrewdest judges of horseflesh in Hungary. He is beloved for the great rôle he has played for his country and his people, and for his personal courage. It is not forgotten that when wounded in his flagship, the Novara, at the naval battle of Otranto in 1916, he insisted on being carried on a stretcher in order to direct operations. Thus the Regent has those characteristics which make him so admirably suited as a leader for such a people.

On official ceremonies and parades he appears invariably mounted on a grey charger, and makes a spectacular figure in admiral's uniform. On the Hungarian re-occupation of their former terrain at Kassa, in Slovakia, last November, his new charger took exception to the cheering of the inhabitants, and he had a decidedly "rough passage" on the *pavé* thoroughfare. When the Regent dismounted to receive an address of welcome by the burgomaster, it was noticed with pleasure how he paused to "make much of" his horse before attending to such an affair of State. It was an incident naturally affording much pleasure to a horse-loving community.

Prior to the races the delegates of the Congress were invited to a special reception at the Royal Palace, where they were introduced to the Regent, who showed a particular interest in this convention owing to his enthusiasm for everything to do with horses. Admiral Horthy addressed every representative, and had at the end of the reception spoken in seven different languages. He had a charm of manner reminiscent of the late Field Marshal Lord Ypres.

To the British representatives the Regent recalled the number of English jockeys who rode in Hungary prior to 1914, and to the fact that the well-known Newmarket trainer, Frank Butters, began his career as trainer on the Hungarian Turf. A scrutiny of the names of the winners and jockeys of these classic races, which are engraved on the walls of the Magyar Jockey Club premises at Budapest, bears out this fact; since 1919 they have, unfortunately, been few and far between, but Carslake's name is of a more recent vintage.

Budapest boasts two racecourses, one for Flat and Hurdle events at Magar Lovaregylet, and the other for Steeplechasing at Kaposrytasmegyer. The former is a beautifully laid-out course, with spacious stands, lawns and paddocks, well shaded by willows and acacia trees. The latter give warnings of impending storms (which break like veritable Indian monsoons), a feature of the Danubian basin at this time of year, by shedding fleecy flakes which cling to the morning coats and top hats of the racegoers. The original Budapest racecourse was destroyed and ploughed up by the Communists, and the tribunes burnt, during their occupation of the city in 1919.

An account of the Hungarian Turf would not be complete without a reference to the official handicapper, Istvan Szunyogh, who is the modern Ross on the Continental Turf to-day. He has compiled an absorbing account of racing from the handicapper's point of view, which one hopes will be published in an English edition.

Annually, the Hungarian *Racing Calendar* publishes three separate handicaps, containing all the juveniles, second-season animals, and four-year-olds and upwards who have taken part in races at Budapest in the year. It is of interest to mention that the offspring of imported English-bred stallions have been placed at the top of each of these handicaps.

A gentleman rider's association flourishes in Hungary under the presidency of General de Rapaich. There are some six international races, which are run over fences during the season, and it is of interest to note that Mr. H. M. Llewellyn, that versatile horseman who rode Ego into second place in the Grand National of 1936, and who competes in the jumping competitions at the International Horse Show, Olympia, is a frequent visitor to Budapest in order to ride under the Hungarian steeplechasing code.



AT THE BÁBOLNA STUD
Shagya XXV beside his extended pedigree

THE STATE STUDS

A VISIT to Hungary would not be complete without seeing the State studs, for which the country is so renowned. Horse breeding as one can imagine, is done on a large scale, and the delegates on the Congress had the advantage of being shown over the studs at Bábolna and Kisbér by the Commandant, Colonel Petiéko-Szandtner, who, together with his officers, proved interesting and entertaining hosts.

The Royal Hungarian State Stud of Bábolna stands on some 10,000 acres of land, and is entirely devoted to the breeding of Arabs. This stud was founded as far back as 1789, under King Joseph II, and at various periods in its history both stallions and mares have been imported from Syria, amongst others the stallion Shagya, of the Koheilan breed, one of the pillars of the stud which has even to this day the greatest number of descendants in Bábolna. Here the best stallions were led out for inspection, and the Commandant carefully described their breeding and history.

One noted the stallion, Kurhaylan-Zaid, imported in 1931 from the Bedouin strain of Ronallahs-Enryer, the thoroughbred Arab Ajeeb, acquired in 1930 from England, having been bred by the Hon. Mrs. R. E. Vaughan-Williams, and the following, reared at Bábolna, in Koheilan VIII, Mersuch II, Siglavy-Bagdady IV; also Shagya XXV, and Shagya XXVI. With the exception of Kuhaylan-Zaid, who is a bay horse, the others were grey coated.

Detailed stud registers are kept showing the pedigrees, which appear to be preserved as far back as the Doomsday Book. The illustration shows one of these equine aristocrats in Shagya XXV, standing beside his extended pedigree which was unrolled for the benefit of his admirers.

All the horses are branded with the stud mark, which is in every case surmounted by the Hungarian crown with its crooked top. At three years old the colts and fillies are broken in for saddle and harness, and at four they undergo endurance tests. Only those which pass are apportioned to the stud; if the colt is backward and does not furnish properly, or has faulty conformation, he is gelded and sold in auction. Surplus mares to the establishment suitable for breeding purposes are sold annually to Hungarian breeders only.

Bábolna also includes a Lipizza Stud, which breeds stallions destined for the poorer and more barren mountainous regions of Hungary. This breed is used extensively in Hungary for carriage purposes, as they possess good trotting action. They prove to be a hardy breed, and surplus stallions are sent out into the country studs.

It might be of passing interest to note that the seventeen-year-old, well-known jumper, Nasello



MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESS AMONGST THE MARES OF THE BÁBOLNA STUD
On the right in uniform is the Commandant, Colonel Szandtner

Italico, belonging to the Italian team, which unfortunately came to grief at the "Liverpool" obstacle at Olympia with Major Filipponi this year, was by a Lipizza stallion standing at the Lipizza Stud in the Tyrol (now the property of the Italian Government, but for years the nursery of the Spanish School of Vienna).

No account of the Bábolna Stud would be complete without a description of the mounted boys' band, which was founded after the holocaust of 1914-18, for the sons of fallen soldiers of Hungary. To-day the band consists of sons of soldiers and no member is over sixteen years of age; they play and ride like veterans, and strike a spectacular note in their russet-coloured uniform mounted on their beautiful Arabs. This band would be an ideal feature for the International Horse Show, Olympia.

The State Studs of Hungary are military establishments and the officers and *personnel* are found from the Army.

In contrast to the Bábolna Stud, which concentrates on the Arab, the Kisbér Stud breeds the English thoroughbred for racing, as well as the English half-bred stallions for country stock. Here the celebrated Kisbér, the Hungarian-bred winner of the 1876 Derby and Grand Prix de Paris was reared. The stud was founded in 1853 by the importing of thoroughbred stallions and mares from England. The former included Buccaneer, sire of the renowned Kisbér, and Cambuscan, sire of the unbeaten Kincsem (winner of the Goodwood Cup, 1878).

The blood mares at Kisbér muster some 25 English thoroughbreds and 110 English half-breds. The blood mares are kept in paddocks, whilst the half-bred mares are turned out to graze in a large herd, being guarded by mounted sentinels wearing the picturesque uniform of the State Studs.

At Kisbér the following thoroughbred stallions were seen in Santorb: The 1925 winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, D'Orsay, Ganelon, and Fortis; amongst the half-bred stallions was one with the same name as the 1907 2,000 guineas winner, Slieve Gallion. In the paddocks one saw some recent purchases at the Newmarket December Sales by Prince Bela Odescalchi, who fulfils a most important rôle in his country as Director of the Department of Horse-Breeding. Sibylla, with a chestnut colt foal by Sandwich, and Fines Herbes, with a bay colt by Sansovino, came in for much admiration.

Throughout the visits to the State Studs one noticed that wherever horses were grazing a boy with a donkey and cart was in attendance, his duty being to pick up the "droppings" which are not allowed to lie in the paddocks or pastures where horses graze. Should English breeders follow this example perhaps that scourge from red worm would possibly not be so prevalent as it is to-day.

The uniform of the mounted sentinels of the State Studs is decorative, and is the traditional kit of the Magyar horsemen; each rider carries an ornate whip similar to a stock whip. With the civilian herdsmen their whips are heavily bejewelled with pieces of coloured stone; needless to say they are adepts in cracking their whips when rounding up the herds or getting stragglers back to the fold.

The thoroughbred yearlings at Kisbér are sent every August to the sales which are held at Alag, the Newmarket of Hungary, where sales are appropriately alluded to as "Tattersalls."

Kisbér is a beautifully laid out establishment with its loose-boxes, saddle rooms, and riding school set in picturesque surroundings, with centuries old trees shading its paddocks. In the Mess, Colonel Petietko-Szandtner and his officers hospitably entertained the members of the Congress to dinner. This is a palatial building and an art gallery as well of equestrian paintings by celebrated Hungarian artists, while on the occasion of our visit race cups and trophies presented by Emperors and Kings adorned the tables. One consisted of a beautiful silver statue of a race-horse surrounded by jockeys on bended knees in the attitude of worship. Only a Hungarian would have had the inspiration to depict such a model, and it is typical of their outlook on the equine world. The following translation shows the rôle which the horse has fulfilled from time immemorial:

> "More than a thousand years ago the Magyar conquerors entered historic Hungary over the passes of the Carpathian mountains on horseback. The horse has been our faithful companion ever since times previous to the migration of peoples, when it attached itself to us. It shared our fate, both good and bad, and assisted us both in peaceful work and in decisive fighting. The sacrificing of horses clearly proved that the horse had belonged to the most cherished gods of the ancient Magyars. The ancient Magyar sacrificed his most treasured white horse in order to ingratiate himself into favour with the War God."

It was of interest to note that a large canvas portraying Admiral Horthy on his favourite grey charger, and characteristically wearing naval uniform, was hanging in the most conspicuous position.

(*Next week: Some Breeding Establishments*)

THE CHANGE FROM PARTRIDGES TO PHEASANTS

WE are right in the middle of the shooting season now, and yet in a sense we are at the parting of the ways. For we are on the threshold of pheasant shooting proper.

This may appear an ambiguous statement, but on examination it will be found to be not far from the truth. Generally speaking, most shooting to date has been at grouse and partridges, and there is a degree of similarity between these two kinds.



WHEN DRIVEN PHEASANTS WHIRR OVER NOVEMBER COVERTS
Many a shooter, fresh from adventures with partridges, finds himself nonplussed

Both birds may be walked up, both birds may be shot over dogs, and both birds, when driven, give not dissimilar types of shots. Grouse, it is true, are bigger and stronger birds than partridges, and they fly at a faster rate. They are, too, more often seen approaching, and so are more often shot well in front. But their styles of flight have quite a bit in common, and the timing necessary for their successful execution is very similar. This means that if a man can shoot the one, he should be able to go straight on and shoot the other without difficulty, and without any alteration in his method.

All shooting at moving objects is based on the same principles. The actual methods that have to be adopted in order to put these principles into effect may, however, differ in various cases. And such cases will be those where the flight of birds differs. It is not at all easy to explain the difference in the flight of birds, but it exists to such an extent that a man may be put completely off his shooting until he has become accustomed to it, or shall we say re-accustomed to it! This difference is not so much in the pace at which a bird is flying as in the way in which it flies. If it were just a matter of pace, it would merely mean some adjustment in the forward allowance. But the fact that this is not so is amply borne out by the way in which a shooter can switch from grouse to partridges and back again without any noticeable difference in results. As has been said, a grouse flies faster than a partridge, but beyond that its flight is much the same. A shooter confronted with either bird will feel equally at home and will respond successfully to the situation. This means that he will experience a similar mental effect which will bring about the same kind of physical reflex.

But what often happens when a blackcock suddenly comes over in the middle of a grouse drive? He who has been putting up quite a creditable score at grouse will not infrequently make a clean miss! Why does he do this? Chiefly because it is a different kind of flight to which he fails to respond. The big body, comparatively small wings and their steady beats create a mental impression that is different; and before he has succeeded in accommodating himself to the changed conditions it is too late. A stilted poking movement of the gun followed by a couple of bangs, and the usual "d—n," as the bird sails on its uninterrupted course! Everyone knows that a blackcock flies faster than a grouse, and it is certain that those two charges of shot have passed harmlessly behind. But it is unlikely that it was the speed of the bird alone which defeated the shooter.

So it is when driven pheasants first begin to whirr over November coverts. Many a shooter fresh from adventures with partridges skimming over the hedge or larch belt finds himself at first nonplussed by the bigger target. Again it is a faster-moving target, but this is not the real reason. It is the different kind of flight which requires a different kind of timing or body movement. For it is no good trying to shoot pheasants in partridge time, which is what happens if it does not actually come to a case of poking or checking of gun swing. Nothing is a greater fallacy than to suppose that a big bird is any easier to kill than a small bird. If it is, it is only for ballistic reasons. When one's aim is at fault with a small bird, it will also be at fault with a big bird. The only difference is that a big bird may get pricked where a small one would escape altogether.

The mention of timing may call for some explanation. There is partridge time, and there is pheasant time, and while one might kill partridges in pheasant time one is not likely to kill pheasants in partridge time. A partridge by the manner of its wing beats and its flight creates in the mind of the shooter a pretty accurate impression of the speed at which it is flying. He reacts accordingly and makes the movements necessary for whatever swing and lead is required. A pheasant, on the other hand, does not, by its flight, convey such an accurate picture of its speed—at least, not when the mind is fresh from partridges. The result is that while the shooter readily sizes up the situation in regard to partridges, he fails to do the same in regard to pheasants. And so he just does what he has been doing with partridges. In other words, his footwork and body swing become the same in both cases, when in regard to pheasants they should be more pronounced.

As has already been said, it is not because a pheasant flies faster that it is missed so much as that the shooter fails to judge it. Of course, the charge of shot goes behind and had the bird been flying at a slower rate it might have connected. But the point is that, at least after dealing with partridges, a pheasant's flight is deceptive and the shorter, sharper gun movements that are sufficient for the former do not work out with the latter. A greater swing and allowance are needed for pheasant shooting, which means greater and more deliberate judgment. This is what is meant by timing. It is easier to judge and deal with a partridge in quick time than it is a pheasant. And if one tries to size up and deal with a pheasant as one would a partridge, one may be courting trouble.

A slow-flying bird may likewise upset calculations. One fails to adjust oneself to the situation and may actually miss by shooting in front or check the gun on firing and place the charge clean behind. In fact, any bird whose flight differs greatly from that to which one is accustomed may put one off. It is not so much a matter of the rate of flight as the fact that one fails to judge a different bird and tries to apply methods which do not suit.

"SCOLOPAX."



A GOOD DOG IS A GOOD FRIEND TO THE SCHOOLBOY SHORE SHOOTER

Below the High Tide Mark—II.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

SHOULD high tides coincide with the last week of the summer holidays, the schoolboy shore-shooter can rejoice greatly, because at that time the northern migrants, pintail and wigeon, will be arriving in the estuary.

In the preceding article we considered the shooting of August mallard and teal, duck bred within sight of the tideway; by mid-September most of these have departed southwards, their place being taken by the vanguard of the northern breeders.

The problem of shooting pintail and wigeon in September differs in many respects from the tide shooting of August. Then, the mallard and teal living in the fresh marshes crossed the saltings on well-defined flight lines on their journeys to and from the foreshore. The September pintail and wigeon are only migrants passing southward. They may sojourn in the estuary a few days, or a few hours, but during their brief stay they will remain on the mud flats without attempting to visit the fresh marshes.

Pintail rarely leave the tideway. Their food is in salt water, so the sea claims them. Where they dine, they sleep.

Although the September wildfowl do not flight inland during daylight, they move to and fro in the estuary with the ebb and flow of the tide, and the schoolboy gunner should clearly understand the principal reasons for these daily tideway migrations. They are as follows:—

All surface-feeding ducks need shallow water in which to feed. As the gutters are filled by the flood tide, the fowl move up the estuary in short flights searching for shallower feeding grounds.

The force of the incoming tide may sweep the swimming birds into some cul-de-sac, the mouth of a gutter, or any narrow inlet, from which they will flight back to regain open water.

On a rough day, all ducks tend to seek the shelter of an island or landlocked bay, flighting from the storm-tossed waters to such havens.

If a low-lying portion of the salting becomes inundated with the tide, ducks will visit it to feed on the marine life imprisoned in the hollows filled with salt water, a return flight taking place after full tide.

These are the four principal causes of ducks flighting during a September tide, but the schoolboy shore-shooter may well ask how he is to get within ranges of birds whose movements are mostly confined to overseas travel. The answer is by aid of the wind.

"Oh, wild west wind, thou breath of autumn's being."

This same west wind is, indeed, a good friend to the wildfowler, its boisterous breath causing flight lines to bend landwards, often bringing duck within shot when, normally, their way lies far out over the water.

A strong inshore wind is what the schoolboy gunner must pray for at September tides.

Then, after preliminary watching, he can dig his hide in the certainty of obtaining many shots, successful or otherwise. The end of the summer holidays may, indeed, be the peak of a schoolboy's somewhat limited shooting season. At that time, the newly-arrived migrants are unsophisticated; they do not know the danger points of the saltings, and every flock contains a large proportion of young birds.

It may be that some particularly good spot past which the duck have been seen to flight is situated on ground which precludes deep digging. In such cases a shallow hole must be constructed for the legs and feet of the gunner and a wire netting screen 2in. mesh—supported on bamboo sticks erected round the excavation.

Sea purslane, grass, or sea weed, can be used as a covering and, although this form of hide looks prominent, it works well in practice, provided the gunner keeps his head still when birds are close at hand.

Sea blight, an annual plant growing on mudflats, has a great attraction for all ducks once its fronds are submerged by the tide, so the young fowler should make a careful note of any places covered by this weed—being an annual it may sow itself in different places each season—for where it is there the ducks will be.



DUCK OFTEN REMAIN ON THE SALTINGS AFTER A HIGH TIDE AND A CAREFUL STALK ALONG A GUTTER MAY ENABLE THE GUNNER TO PLACE HIMSELF WITHIN SHOT OF THEIR EVENTUAL DEPARTURE SEAWARDS



PINTAIL, WIGEON AND TEAL. A MIXED BAG OBTAINED ON THE FORESHORE

Zostera marina, a grass-like sea plant, is a certain lure for wigeon, but the wigeon-grass, as it is often called, has disappeared in recent years from many of its former haunts.

Half the charm of September shore shooting is the variety of the bag. I have shot four different species of ducks, besides golden plover and curlew, on a day spent on the saltings. With migration in full swing, a tide of interesting birds—not necessarily shootable ones—flows in a southward stream along our coast lines, and field glasses add quite as much as a gun to the enjoyment and interest of shore shooting.

The schoolboy is certain to experience difficulty in deciding whether birds are in range or not. On a flat expanse of sea and marshland they always appear to be nearer than they are in reality, so when in doubt, do not shoot.

The best method of judging distance is by the appearance of the birds, taking into account the strength and direction of the light. Against a bright sky, all birds appear black, but with the sun shining on them the colouring of their plumage shows very distinctly at 60yds. range. I remember shooting a mallard at approximately this distance, and I could see every feather.

In September, most ducks are in partial eclipse plumage, making them difficult to recognise except by their shape. A mallard is big, fat and heavy-looking, the absence of white underparts distinguishes him from pintail and wigeon. Pintail are streamlined, fast fliers, and wigeon are rather squat looking ducks, the white shoulder straps of adults showing plainly in a good light. The tiny teal can scarcely be confused with any other species.

(To be continued)



RHINO FISH OF 22LB.

JUST A MATTER OF DIET

By MURRAY BLAKE

PERHAPS it is the increasing popularity of trout fishing in Kenya that has induced its sportsmen to neglect the other branches of freshwater angling available. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that a well-known river, lying within easy reach of Nairobi by road and containing highly sporting fish weighing up to 50lbs. is almost completely ignored by anglers.

As very little information concerning these fish and their habits is available, one would imagine that they would thus hold out an added attraction for fishermen in search of new thrills. For some reason or other, however, very few have explored the possibilities of the sport to be had.

The river I have in mind is the Athi, which rises near Nairobi and flows for a considerable distance in a north-easterly direction before turning abruptly east towards the sea. Unlike Kenya's trout streams, which are set for the most part in highland scenery often reminiscent of that of certain Scottish districts, the Athi River is typically African. Meandering through harsh thorn bush country, it teems with crocodiles, its banks being the stamping-ground of many varieties of game. Hippos wallow in its deep, shady pools. It is alive with fish life, including strange species which have hardly been properly classified.

Among the latter is one known locally as the rhino fish, so called by reason of a queer, bony protuberance situated about halfway between its eyes and its mouth. For many years the rhino fish existed as a denizen of the Athi River without Europeans living in the vicinity being aware of its presence. This speaks volumes for its cunning and shyness.

Quite recently, this fish has been classified and labelled *barbus rhinoceros*, having attracted the attention of the British Museum authorities. It is of the catfish type, possessing whiskers, though it is not a lungfish. The body is covered with large, silvery scales, and the head occupies about a third of the total bulk. The rhino fish is toothless and has a soft mouth. While there is every reason to suppose that it attains a weight of 50lb., the largest authenticated specimen so far captured turned the scales at 42lb.

A few angler friends of mine, who had been after rhino fish with conspicuous lack of success, had varying theories with regard to the fishing. Some said that, like the Indian mahseer, the fish would take a spoon. Others declared that meat or dough was the correct bait. The point was, however, that their advice was all contradictory, for none of them really knew. I decided, therefore, to investigate for myself.

A bumpy car journey of some 50 miles from Nairobi took me to a part of the Athi River where report had it that rhino fish were plentiful. But, possessing something of that fisherman's instinct which tells you whether you are on suitable water or not, I did not like the look of the particular stretch of river confronting me.

Being in a Native Reserve, it was not long before my car was surrounded by Africans, all eager to act as guides and porters. Picking out several youngsters to carry my camping kit, I left my native servant to look after the car, and set forth in search of more promising water. An hour's steady walking brought me to a beautiful pool overhung by big wild fig trees. At the head of the pool, which I judged to be very deep, was a swift run. A couple of crocodiles slid off a rock in midstream, arousing a basking hippo, which grunted at me indignantly before beating a noisy retreat towards the further bank. Looking around, I quickly selected a spot for my camp, slung a tarpaulin over the branch of a tree, and was ready for my attack on the rhino fish.

Armed with a stout sea rod about 15ft. long, fitted with a good reel holding some 100yds. of strong line, I first of all attached a wire trace and a big spoon. Standing at the head of the run, I allowed the spoon to be carried down as far as the top of the pool. Then, using my reel, I drew the lure slowly upstream in a series of jerks. As an hour or so of this brought no results, I made several long casts into the still centre of the pool, working the spoon to the best of my ability. This, likewise, was unproductive.

Removing the spoon, I substituted a large hook baited with a piece of raw meat, and had hardly cast it in before I was rewarded by a strong tug at the line. I struck, full of excitement. In a moment, however, I knew by the powerful, convulsive jerking of the line that I had hooked a big eel. It fought wildly, providing me with several quite thrilling minutes before I landed it to find, subsequently, that it weighed nearly 20lb. Further casts gave me more eels, but no rhino fish. Lumps of dough as bait brought similar results.

It was getting late, and I began to despair. Looking idly at the water, I observed the dorsal fins of a number of small, carp-like fish which were cruising about taking flies. Suddenly there was a wild scurry among them, and I saw a large rhino fish chase and engulf one of the minnows. Here was the knowledge I was seeking. Jointing a trout rod, I affixed a Black Gnat from my fly-box. Half-an-hour's fishing provided me with several of the small fry. I was now equipped with some of the rhino fish's natural food.

The short dusk had set in when I baited my big hook with one of these minnows and cast out into the centre of the pool. I used no sinker, but attempted to make the bait seem lifelike by drawing it towards me through the water. For a little while nothing happened, then suddenly my line was snatched taut with a jerk and my rod tip began to bend over. I struck heavily, driving the hook well home. At least 50yds. of line sizzled out as the fish went off with a mad rush. It checked itself abruptly and sulked on the bottom for fully a minute motionless.

Without warning, it was off again, making for a fringe of papyrus reeds which grew in the water near the opposite bank. I checked it sharply now, for I guessed that if the line became entangled in the reeds the fish might succeed in breaking the tackle. It took toll of my strength to fight the fish away from that bank, but I brought it gradually out into the middle of the pool again, then let it run downstream for several yards. Twice the fish leapt out of the water and fell back with a huge splash. The fight was fast and furious, lasting at least a quarter of an hour. In the final stages I had practically to drag the fish over the bottom by main force towards me, for it showed an inclination to remain sunk like a stone when played out. There was a last wild flurry before I gaffed it.

I felt quite tired when I dragged it out on to the bank, but strangely elated. The fish, which is shown in the accompanying photograph, weighed 33lb. As it was then dark, I retired to my camp for the night.

On the following morning, before the sun was very high, I took another rhino fish weighing 21lb. After about nine o'clock, however, although I fished diligently for several hours, the fish had ceased to feed. But I was content, and went back to Nairobi fully satisfied with my excellent sport.



THE FISHING EXPEDITION SETS OUT



VIEW OF THE ATHI RIVER

SWITZERLAND CARRIES ON

By LOUIS KATIN





SIGHTS AND PLEASURES THAT WILL BE MEMORIES TO BRITISH WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS THIS YEAR

Left: A ski track under St. Moritz. Right: The little Chapel of Textal in the Ober Engadine

HOW do the holiday countries fare these days? The usual winter trek to the Alps will be interrupted by military and defence service, and many Swiss hoteliers, travel organisers, guides, professional sportsmen, caterers and others will "feel the draught." Not that the experience will be new. They suffered it in 1914-18, but were compensated thereafter by a tremendous spate of all-the-year-round tourism from Great Britain—a return to the good old days of the 'sixties, when English climbers and convalescents taught the Swiss people the money-making potentialities of their mountains.

Although the Swiss winter sports industry will now be once again pulling in its belt, it will save what it can from the wreckage. In Regent Street, the Swiss Railways Bureau continues quietly on its way, and its manager, Mr. V. Ceresole, says that the tourist industry and winter sports in Switzerland "will go on as much as possible." As to how much the caterers of the Alps will be likely to lose from the withdrawal of British patronage, one is discreetly silent. Deprived of foreign markets for their products, Swiss manufacturers are trying now to expand the home market, and no doubt the tourist concerns will try to follow suit, encouraging the native sportsmen and holiday-makers rather than the foreigner.

It is easy to exaggerate the importance to Switzerland of the tourist and winter sportsman. Much as they are welcomed the country can nevertheless at a pinch get on without them. In effect, not more than five per cent. of Swiss people work for the tourist industry, whose chief function is to help even up the adverse balance between the import of raw materials and the export of finished goods.

It is computed that, in normal years, Switzerland makes between six and seven million pounds profit out of her three and-half million tourists. But to achieve this excellent result, she spends nearly £400,000 on publicity, and the catering interests have had to be heavily subsidised to enable them to modernise their equipment. Swiss tourism statistics for 1937 indicate a hotel turnover of £15,600,000, plus another five million pounds for drinks and service charges, and the same amount for railway travelling. Surprisingly, too, as much as five millions were spent by holiday-makers on picture postcards, camera films, and souvenirs.

Certainly there will be many losers in the Alps as a result of this war. Out of winter sports there has arisen in Switzerland a highly-developed sports-goods industry, comprising over 100 factories which specialise in the manufacture of skis, ski-sticks, toe-bindings, bob-sleighs, picks and rucksacks, and another 30 factories which make ski-boots and sports clothes.

Ski-ing as a sport was introduced to Central Europe by Britons just on sixty years ago, and ever since then the Swiss have been specialising in and improving on the making of ski "fixations," keeping pace with the ever more daring technique of professional skiers. The biggest firm has been turning out 30,000 skis yearly, exporting them to the four quarters of the globe.



ICE FLOWERS ON THE SKI-ING GROUNDS AT ST. MORITZ

There is another firm making ski-bindings which also go everywhere, and whose factory is set amid the Alpine splendours at Sainte-Croix, close by the snow fields with their ski jumps and runs. At the work-bench, making the bindings, are famous native skiers, who can test their handiwork just beyond the factory gates.

For Switzerland the war of 1914-18 was a gestation period, from which she emerged the cleverest, most efficient and best-equipped holiday-making country in the world. It was after the last war that Swiss transport engineers bought up a lot of army chassis for a song. Out of them they founded that remarkable system of 100 h.p. Postal Motor Coaches which cover the heights and valleys of the Alpine ranges and carry 9,000,000 passengers yearly, some of them to ascents of 9,000 feet. It was after the last war, too, that the Berne Government spent millions of pounds perfecting the highway system, enabling a quarter-million foreign car-drivers to enter every year with a million passengers and spend some 100 million Swiss francs.

Perhaps it is a slight compensation to know that, while Great Powers are fighting it out, small neutral countries are perfecting machinery and organisation for the better enjoyment of peace when the last bullet has been fired. Just as in the last war, Switzerland is to-day busily mobilising to that end. A wise Federal Government, which speaks for the 22 cantonal governments that make up Switzerland has made timely preparations which have prevented panic, undue speculation, profiteering, and a general rise in prices. Cultivation of the soil is increased, and hitherto-surplus cattle and dairy produce are now absorbed at home. To ensure the necessary labour for agriculture, industry and the public services, compulsory civil work has been introduced, so that there is no unemployment, and the normal functioning of the country's economic life is maintained.

It takes a war to teach most people that Switzerland is much greater than merely a holiday-making country. Foreigners who visited the national "Exposition" at Zurich must have been surprised by the endless array of first-class home manufactures ranging from the 12,000 h.p. electric locomotive—the world's most powerful—to the world's tiniest jewelled watch. Precision instruments, dyes, chemical products, textiles, all of the highest grade and exported to every continent, are made in the factories of Europe's playground. The very snows of the Alps upon which sportsmen race are turned into an industrial asset, forming the "white oil" of hydro-electrification to drive the machines.

With its work in factory and farm; its military preparedness under which every conscript keeps his gun at home; and its social life provided by 2,000 amateur dramatic societies, a country-wide travelling library scheme and an all-embracing educational system, Switzerland's four million sons and daughters carry on in war-time.



THE STARTING GATE GOING UP FOR THE ISLEHAM PLATE ON NEWMARKET'S FIRST DAY

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND THE RACING PUBLIC

THE two days' meeting at Newmarket—the first racing since the war started—filled its purpose with great success. The owners of nearly 300 horses took the opportunity to give them a run, and, though the prize-money was small and competition keen, many of them have been enabled to judge whether their animals are worth keeping in training for what racing there may be next year.

It is impossible to foresee the conditions which will prevail then, but the meeting showed that the resumption was thoroughly justified, and there is good reason to hope that the liberal "ration" of racing, to be provided under National Hunt Rules, will be maintained when the Jockey Club make their advance plans for next season.

The policy of the Jockey Club since the war started, particularly in relation to the resumption of racing, has been most actively directed by Lord Harewood, one of the three Stewards. Of the other two, Lord Rochester has been indisposed for some weeks and Lord Sefton is on military service, though he was at Newmarket. Lord Harewood has undertaken energetically the necessary contacts with the Government departments, and the Stewards will continue, I know, to strive to obtain the largest possible measure of racing, subject to considerations of national importance.

I hope that they will see that due regard is given to the claims of owners and the public to the fullest and earliest information whenever there is a development of general interest in their plans for war-time racing.

The character and traditions of the Jockey Club being what they are, there has never been any consistent regard in its policy or administration for effective liaison with the public, particularly through the Press, though all other governing bodies of popular sports—even the M.C.C.—have in recent years given enlightened attention to the provision of information on matters of public interest within their province. Thus, with the complete cessation of racing, at a critical time, and when the racing forces were dispersed and quite out of contact with headquarters, there was a great desire and urgent need for all the guidance and information which the Stewards could impart, and rightly or wrongly the feeling was widespread that steps were not taken to obtain the widest publicity for developments of interest, as soon as they occurred. Fixtures, when granted, were not announced immediately from headquarters, and this and other important news was left to dribble to the public through various channels, in some cases after unnecessary delay.

I am assured on the highest authority that the Government have not put any obstacles in the way of continued racing and that responsible departmental officials are themselves most anxious that it should be continued, if only as a matter of public policy.

One item of particular interest at Newmarket was the performance of Sir Alfred Butt's four-year-old filly Cantatrice II. She ran an encouraging public trial for next week's Cesarewitch, when she won the Melbourne Plate, run over the same course and distance. She is out of Queen Iseult, one of the most successful of French brood mares. Her produce include William of Valence and Le Ksar. The former was beaten a short head for the Grand Prix, and in England won the City and Suburban, the Chesterfield Cup and the Rosebery Stakes for Mr. Arthur Sainsbury. Le Ksar came from France to win the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket for M. E. de St. Alary two years ago.

The Aga Khan, at present in France, has let it be known that all his horses are for sale. As he has about 40 in training at Newmarket, besides five stallions in England, and about 100 brood mares in Ireland and France, it is not to be thought that he will completely close his enormous interests in bloodstock. There is at present an appreciable demand for horses for export, and it will be interesting to see what interest foreign stud-masters show in this opportunity to secure the results of the Aga Khan's phenomenally successful efforts as a breeder. What, I wonder, is Bahram worth under present conditions? There is, too, another young Derby winner, Mahmoud, who has only just begun his stud career. In any event His Highness has arranged to send about fourteen of his horses in training to race in India.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club propose several alterations to the Rules of Racing. One is that no horse shall be qualified to run if he has been tubed on the day of the race. Tracheotomy is a comparatively simple operation and horses have occasionally run within a few hours of being tubed. Doubtless the Stewards have had veterinary advice on this matter.

This season an ambiguous and most unsatisfactory method of announcing objections for bumping and boring, or crossing was generally introduced by the instruction of the Stewards. The number-board notices, stating the exact grounds for an objection were discontinued, and the public was informed in all cases that the objection was lodged "under rule 168 (iv)," leaving them to guess which of the many widely different offences, embraced by this section of the rule, was alleged. The Stewards now propose to add two other grounds for objection to this very comprehensive section of rule 168; they wish it also to specify objections on the ground that the jockey did not present himself to weigh in or that he could not draw the weight at which he weighed out. Section iv of rule 168 is intended to stipulate the grounds for all those objections which must be lodged within five minutes after the winner has weighed in. The necessity for the proposed addition is not likely to be questioned, but I hope the members of the Jockey Club will see that it will tend to add to the confusion of the public if they are not informed, on the number boards, the precise grounds for an objection. "Objection under rule 168 (iv)" already refers to any one of a dozen different irregularities and it is now proposed to add two more to them. Means by which the precise grounds for an objection may be quickly and conspicuously announced claim the attention of the ruling body with greater insistence than any of the particular alterations to the rules to be brought before the next meeting of the Jockey Club on November 1st.

YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

THE LATE MR. HARRY BEASLEY

Many racegoers of middle age will remember at least the name of H. H. Beasley, the father of Harry and Rufus Beasley, jockeys well known to the present generation. Mr. Beasley, senior, had attained to a ripe old age, for he was 88 at the time of his death in Ireland last week: and in 1891 rode Come Away to victory in the Grand National, leading a field of 21. For some thirteen years he was a regular rider at the Aintree meeting, and, besides winning it, was placed in the Grand National four times

RACING FIXTURES FOR THIS YEAR

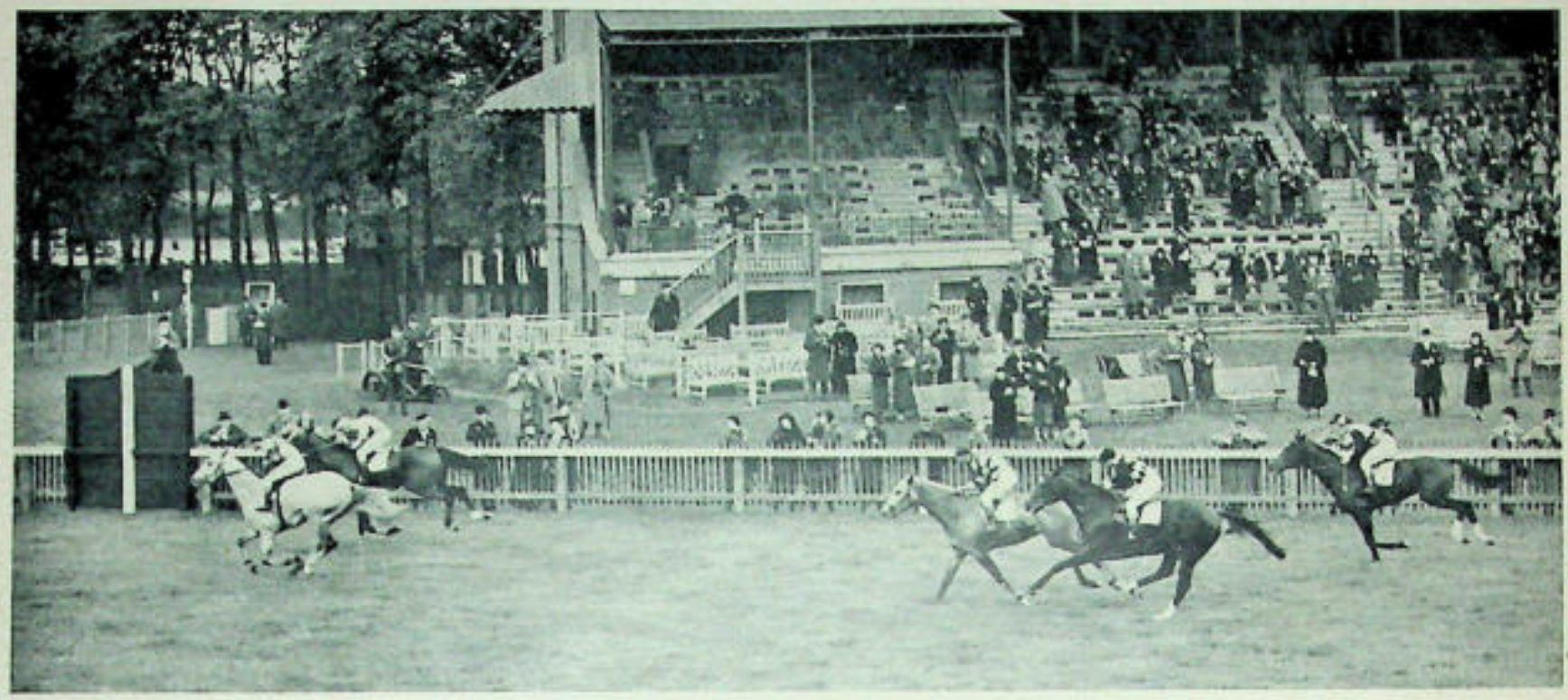
Flat Racing

Wednesday, November 1st, and Thursday, November 2nd.—Newmarket. (Cesarewitch on second day.)
Saturday, November 4th.—Stockton. One day meeting.
Friday, November 10th, and Saturday, November 11th.—Thirsk.
Wednesday, November 15th, and Thursday, November 16th.—Newbury.
Saturday, November 18th—Manchester.

Steeplechasing

Monday, November 20th, and Tuesday, November 21st.—Leicester.
Friday, November 24th, and Saturday, November 25th.—Windsor.
Wednesday, November 29th, and Thursday, November 30th.—Cheltenham.
Friday, December 1st, and Saturday, December 2nd.—Haydock.
Wednesday, December 6th, and Thursday, December 7th.—Newbury.
Friday, December 8th, and Saturday, December 9th, Wetherby.
Wednesday, December 13th, and Thursday, December 14th.—Gatwick.
Saturday, December 16th.—Plumpton.
Tuesday, December 26th (Boxing Day), and Wednesday, December 27th, Windsor.
Thursday, December 28th, Cheltenham.
Friday, December 29th, and Saturday, December 30th, Newbury.

THE FINISHES OF THE WAR "CAMBRIDGESHIRES"



MRS. B. LEADER'S GYROSCOPE (FAR SIDE) WINNING THE FIRST DIVISION RACE BY A NECK FROM MR. E. HARMSWORTH'S HIS HIGHNESS
Mr. H. G. Blagrave's Hot Bun II was third, four lengths behind His Highness. The winner is by Sir Walter Raleigh—Gizeuse and the second by Hyperion—Medi Roses



LORD DUFFERIN'S ORICHALQUE (BY PINCEAU—MINE D'OR, BEATING MRS. A. BENDIR'S QUARTIER-MAITRE (BY THE MONARCH—QUATRE SAISONS) IN THE SECOND DIVISION
Orichalque, who won by 2 lengths, was bred in France. The Newmarket Meeting saw the resumption of racing after a break of seven weeks





LEFT: GYROSCOPE, RIDDEN BY R. LACEY LEADING WELL BEFORE THE FINISH.
RIGHT: MR. MALCOLM HANCOCK LEAVING THE JUDGE'S BOX ON THE JULY COURSE IN APPROPRIATE SUNSHINE

DEER CONTROL *in the* HOME COUNTIES

By REGINALD ADCOCK

IT comes as a surprise to many people to be told that there are considerable numbers of wild deer roaming the countryside in various parts of Britain to-day. Not the red deer of Scotland these, but roe and fallow deer, which are descendants of herds of park-kept animals that have at some period in their history escaped and reverted to the wilds. Again, contrary to expectation possibly, these deer thrown on their own resources have managed to thrive and have bred freely; most does succeed in rearing one or two fawns every season.

And though in many instances in-breeding has been intensive, so that herds of 20 or 30 animals have evolved from single pairs, yet fertility does not seem to have been unduly affected. True, cases of albinism are not infrequent, and some of these are undoubtedly mules; but the bulk of the stock continues to breed and only shows signs of degeneracy in the size and formation of the antlers.



A YOUNG BUCK SHOT AMONG THE DEAD BRACKEN

Yet however pleasant it may be to have occasional glimpses of these graceful creatures stepping daintily through our woodlands or bounding lightly over hedges and streams, there is no gainsaying the fact that in farming districts they are responsible for a serious amount of damage. Feeding as they do by night, the difficulty of keeping them away from crops are well-nigh insuperable, unless very considerable expenditure is to be incurred in the shape of deer-proof fencing. Their appetite, as might be expected of ruminants scaling anything up to 10st. are large, and their tastes are supremely catholic; crops of all kinds are ravaged; beans, cabbages, roots and potatoes are devoured in great quantities; corn fields are plundered and the harvests laid; orchards and young plantations are invaded, the trees barked and the young shoots eagerly consumed. It does not take long to realise, therefore, that, however much pleasure may be derived from keeping these animals in suitably confined areas, their maintenance in a wild state in a farming district calls for a higher sacrifice from the agricultural community than the latter can possibly be expected to make. Tenants have in fact in several instances threatened to give up their farms, if steps were not taken to reduce the numbers of the vagrant deer.

This particular situation has arisen from time to time in a number of counties, among which may be cited at random Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, Hampshire and others further west, and the solution to the problem has been sought in various ways.

Too often, perhaps, the local farmers have banded together and sallied forth armed with sporting guns and buck shot; reinforced with dogs and beaters, they have rounded up the herds and cut down the deer in a manner so wholesale as only fitly to be described as slaughter. Provided that the end is deemed to justify the means, there is no denying that the system is effective in the sense that the maximum number are killed in the minimum time; one or two drives of the kind are sufficient to reduce the herds to tolerable numbers.

But do the deer receive adequate consideration? Even though farmers may be naturally incensed by the damage inflicted on their crops, there is no justification for the careless and indiscriminate use of buck shot, which is liable to occur in moments of excitement or in the hands of men unfamiliar with its effective range. In irresponsible hands, indeed, it may become the means of inflicting a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Yet the prospect of using rifles or lethal ammunition where large parties of guns and beaters are concerned is so fraught with real danger, as necessarily to be discountenanced.

The alternative is to choose a totally different approach. Dispense with the large party of guns and beaters altogether, and put the task into the hands of two or at most three guns of proved reliability and a couple of beaters; the latter should for preference be local keepers or farm hands with an intimate knowledge of the country to be covered, and the ways and habits of the deer. Let the guns carry 12 bores loaded with lethal ball or destructor ball ammunition, and have in addition a sling rifle of medium bore and high velocity. A .22 Hornet has been found adequate to the job, but a rifle of slightly bigger calibre will not come amiss. The effective range of a shot-gun loaded with destructor ball ammunition is up to 100yds., and it should be used in cover or whenever the deer present themselves within comfortable range. The rifle is for use on those occasions when the deer offer a longer shot against a background that is known to be perfectly safe. Treated in this manner the task of thinning out the deer assumes a more sporting character, and the quarry itself receives the benefit of more humane consideration.

Let me describe for purposes of illustration a day spent in this manner after fallow deer by two guns and two beaters. Operations started at dawn; for it is then that the deer return from their nightly forages in the fields to the shelter and seclusion of the woods. And though it may not always be practicable to get a shot at such an hour, the effort of early rising is well worth the while in order to determine if possible with glasses or by scouring the countryside by car into what woods the deer have retired for the day. Locating the quarry is half the battle.

On this occasion, however, we covered much ground without glimpsing a single deer; but having still a clear half-hour to put in before our breakfast would be ready, we decided to investigate two small spinneys in a last endeavour to find a deer before returning to our bacon and eggs. The first spinney, a small two-acre wood of mixed timber and brushwood, despite a profusion of fresh tracks along one side was drawn blank. But the second one of similar dimensions and about half-a-mile distant, in the direction of which two deer had been moved the previous evening, brought us change of fortune.

As one gun entered at the bottom end with the intention of working it up to the other gun posted at the top end, two deer suddenly broke out at one side and started to make off across the field behind him. A quick dash to the edge of the wood and a shot carefully taken brought down one of the deer at some 60yds., what time the other made



THE OLD STAG SHOT IN THE OPEN



TIMELY ASSISTANCE WITH A BARROW

good its escape over a hedge. First blood of the day proved to be a young doe of medium size in good condition, one in fact that would make fair venison. It may be mentioned that one of the snags in deer shooting is the labour of carrying the bag; in this instance we were faced with task of dragging our quarry over three fields to the nearest road; but a genial old farmer, observing our struggles and only too glad to assist, hastened to our rescue with a wheelbarrow. His thoughtfulness had its reward.

Breakfast over, we made straight for a largish wood of some 40 acres, the successful tackling of which with only two guns and two beaters demanded an exact knowledge of the habits and probable path of the deer in relation to the direction of the wind and the beaters' line of approach. The guns stood to begin with on a central ride; shortly after the beaters had started working their way through the wood there was a sudden crackling of twigs on the right, and two deer bounded high over the path within 40yds. of the nearest gun. But his shot went wide, and any other deer in the vicinity must have promptly left, for we found none in the subsequent drives.

Once deer have been put on the move, it frequently pays to follow them up, provided that they have not recently been excessively harried. But, on this occasion, a decision was taken against this course, for news had been received from a farm labourer of a large herd that had been seen to slip into a considerable area of woodlands about a mile away. It was only a matter of minutes to reach the spot by car which, it may be mentioned, is a *sine qua non* of the game, not only for getting from place to place, but for conveying the deer back to the farm.

Fortune and conditions favoured us equally in our next manœuvre. The broad wood tapered to a narrow end, which was known to be a favourite line of retreat of the deer; and the wind direction was such that the two guns could take cover in ditches commanding this exit, while the beaters carefully worked the wood to and fro from the farther end. We had not long been in position when a flash of white among the trees to our front revealed the moving deer; for the leader of the gang was a large beast, whose brilliant whiteness fatally betrayed the movements of the whole herd in an instant.

The next moment they were standing at the edge of the wood, pausing irresolutely before breaking cover; they offered a perfect rifle shot to the left-hand gun. Taking his chance coolly, he dropped a beast; at the shot the remainder—fifteen in all—half wheeled and cantered off across the field within nice range of the right-hand gun. Using his 12-bore and ball ammunition, he was fortunate enough to score a satisfying right and left, before the rest of the herd bunched for a moment in the corner of the field and then streamed away through a gap in the hedge.

The pleasure of having carried out our intended manœuvre to so successful a conclusion was shared by guns and beaters alike; and when the deer had been duly loaded on to the back of the car and deposited at the farm, an adjournment was called for a well-earned and much needed lunch.

After the interval two coverts of considerable extent and repatedly favourite haunts of the deer were drawn blank. It is little short of amazing on occasion how these large beasts seem to vanish into thin air. We began to wonder then where they could possibly be. A straggling wood of tall trees interspersed with banks of rhododendrons that bordered the road was entered. This time, as the two guns crouched for concealment behind their respective trees, three stags came forward, their majestic heads raised in suspicion as they scanned the bushes and cover around them. For a second they paused, having evidently caught our wind; but whether by accident or design trees masked them from our fire. Then one craned its neck past the bole of a large oak in an endeavour to descry the invisible enemy. Thus was presented our chance, and it was eagerly accepted; the great beast fell stone dead to a bullet in the neck. The other two stags bounded off to the left and crossed the road into a dense larch plantation; but the proximity of the road prevented the chance of a further shot, and they were quickly swallowed up among the thick mass of branches.

So ended our day. With five deer quietly and cleanly accounted for and no cripples left to linger in pain, we felt that farming interests had been well served, while we ourselves had spent a really interesting and enjoyable day into the bargain.



HAMSTRINGING A YOUNG DOE



TWO STAGS LOADED ON THE CAR

WAR *and* SCOTLAND'S GAME

By DUGALD MACINTYRE

IT is possible to make a forecast of what will happen in Scotland if game and life are allowed to multiply, by our experiences of what actually happened in the case of the last war.

To take the red grouse, as a first instance of what did happen, when grouse shooting suddenly ceased in August, 1914—the mishot hordes breeding freely in 1915–16 became diseased in 1917, and continued to suffer up to 1919.

Blackgame also became diseased, and almost died out during the period of the last war, and although it was stated in some journals that the cause of game scarcity at the end of the war was a result of the absence of keepers, those in the know, that is the older keepers who remained at home, and some others who had occasional opportunities of visiting the moors where they had served as keepers, were well aware that disease, and not the absence of the keepers, was the real reason for the post-war scarcity of game.

When the number of grouse is too great for the supply of green heather shoots and seed the birds are forced to the oat-fields. In the autumn of 1916 time was taken to make a rough count of the number of grouse on a 20-acre oat-stubble. That number was round about 1,000 birds, and while the grouse seemed to be pecking away vigorously during the daylight hours they were losing condition all the time, and loss of condition by grouse is a sure prelude of disease.

Blackgame also made a tremendous increase in 1915–16, and here again disease was brought about as in the case of the grouse. Capercaillie multiplied exceedingly in the first war years, and almost died out in some districts in the later ones.

Partridges died in hundreds in the mid-winter of 1917 on the shooting I knew best. Natives thought that the birds had been wounded, but the fact that the partridges had died from disease was clear to one who knew the symptoms.

Stags are commonly hand-fed from October onward, and individual ones are as well known to the stalker as a shepherd's sheep are known to the shepherd. What happened to the stags during the Great War was that no food could be had for them, and it wrung the stalker's heart to see the poor beasts waiting at their accustomed feeding places for food which was not forthcoming.

Stalkers ought really to shoot every stag possible at the present time, and soldiers who are training in this country at present would make short work of eating any venison sent to the various battalions. The fewer deer the more will survive the winter.

The effect of the war period on rabbit stocks was to reduce them; for rabbits, previously a drug in the market, commanded a high price. Their value as food was recognised, and front-line soldiers, once rabbit-trappers, were released temporarily for trapping. Only in the wild districts did rabbits first become immensely numerous and as suddenly scarce, for in easily accessible districts constant trapping obviated that danger of disease which is always a threat to a too numerous stock. Hares, too, became numerous, and as suddenly scarce in districts where they were not shot. The spring of 1918 showed the mountain sides littered with hare carcasses in wild districts known to me, and in such districts the hares remained tolerably scarce for the duration of the war.

The creatures called vermin by the keeper increased very much during the final war years. Scarce in 1914-15 the result of their unrestricted breeding was apparent in the final years, and I believe there were ten golden eagles in 1918 for one that existed in 1914. The eagles and buzzards kept the hares down once the stock had been reduced by disease, and might have continued to cope with the pest but for man's intervention.

So with the stoat, which, increasing enormously, kept down still further the stock of rabbits already reduced by the trappers. Wild-cats became common, from being rare, and so did foxes, but the latter contracted mange and died in numbers in the final war years, and subsequent ones. So also numerous stoats died out in some districts through dog-distemper.

None of us is really satisfied. We may be quite content with our lot most of us are—but we are not really satisfied. We all want something more. Many of us more money (though that, I feel, is the sure way to increased dissatisfaction), many of us different conditions of life, many of us more excitement, more action; but most of us more stability and more peace.

It is right that we should wait, that we should be dissatisfied. If we were not the world might well cease, for it would be stagnant. "They also serve who only stand and wait." A horrible trite saying when applied to you and me in war-time, and with the black-out to drive home the boredom.

But a true saying for the world at large and civilization (or what passes for it in these days) in particular.

THIS BUSINESS *of* WAITING

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE worst thing about war is that it is so horribly boring. We all get keyed up to a pitch of patriotism and martial ardour (in this war without any assistance from the Government) and then nothing happens. We wait and we wait, and we wait—for we do not know what. And it is all very dull and all very boring.

And yet we ought to be used to it. We spend all our lives waiting for something to happen.

Wait. That is a word like love. A word of four letters. Yet all the tragedy and all the hope in the world is contained in those two short words. It has been said that we are born and then spend our lives waiting for the one inevitable thing in life, which is death, to happen. And that is true, of course. But in between are many waitings—and some bring us fear and some bring us fun.

Waiting. We begin very early. I do not know just when I began, but I can remember when I was very small waiting for Father Christmas. I slept then in a long low room at the top of a large house. Being, even at that early age, of an optimistic nature I used to hang up a bolster case in place of a stocking—and then I would spend the night lying awake, and very, very still, waiting for Father Christmas to come and fill it. The fact that Father Christmas wore an old check dressing gown and had a square beard, and looked astonishingly like my father, did not matter in the least. He was Father Christmas and, though I would no doubt have preferred to watch him come down the chimney rather than enter prosaically by the door, the real thrill of Christmas was the lying awake and waiting, waiting and imagining all the nice things that would soon be in that bolster case. That was fun.

And then a little later, waiting once more. Waiting outside the headmaster's study; waiting while I summoned up the courage to knock, waiting while I adjusted the essential duster; waiting while I wondered if I had shaken all the dust out of it; waiting and wondering if he was going to be in form (he was left-handed, I remember, and had a strong wrist) and just how much it was going to hurt. Waiting and knocking. That was not quite so funny.

Waiting. Waiting for the referee's whistle, and the first thundering charge up the field. Waiting, and adjusting my scrum-cap, and fiddling with my shorts. Waiting, and feeling strung up and nervous. That was fun.

Waiting. Waiting for the first gong. Sitting on a little stool waiting for the first gong. Looking at the man across the ring and wondering how good he was; envying him his coolness. Waiting with a leaden stomach. Waiting, and wanting to be sick, very very sick. And then the gong. That was fun.

Waiting for her to turn up. Four steps that way, four steps this; looking at my watch, feeling wretched; four steps that way, looking at my watch, feeling more wretched; one minute late, two minutes late, ten minutes late. Shan't wait for more than another half-hour. Looking at my watch. And then she comes, and I assure her that I have only been there a minute and, oh no, she's not late at all.

Waiting. Waiting to see the boss. Making a quick review of the past, wondering if it means the sack or a rise. And then a little later waiting for a job. Not quite so funny.

And then another form of waiting. The wind cold and the marrams rustling in the frost, the cloud-wrack scurrying across the moon, and in the distance the faint lullaby of the sea. The cry of curlew and redshank, disturbed by imaginations. And then the rush of wings and dark forms across the moon's face, and perhaps, oh thrill of thrills, the music of geese across the map of heaven. Than that, and the night cold, there is no greater thrill in all the world.

Waiting. I could pile instance upon instance, example upon example, for my life has been compound of waiting. And still I wait, though I do not know quite what it is I am waiting for—just something to happen.

And if my life has been compound of waiting—it has, by and large, been pleasant waiting. The result has not always been that that I have looked for, but the waiting has not been unpleasant, and some of it, much of it, has been remarkably pleasant—and still is.

But what of others? I worked once in a depressed area. There was much waiting there, hopeless waiting. Waiting on street corners until it was time to go to bed; waiting in the dole queue; waiting for the job that would never turn up. Just waiting.

That is the sort of waiting that is boredom. That is the sort of waiting that is beyond the ken of our politicians and divines (two of whom have recently been talking about boredom in war). That is the sort of waiting that is dangerous, whether the times be peaceful or no.

My own waiting, all our waitings (and I would regard the man or woman who knows not waiting as singularly unblessed) is the waiting of dissatisfaction.

REVIVING FIELD TRIALS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

AS most of my readers no doubt are aware, before a gundog can become a champion of the show ring, besides winning the three necessary challenge certificates under as many different judges, it must also prove that it has some natural ability for its proper work, whatever that may be. The most satisfactory way of qualifying is for a dog to be placed at a field trial meeting, but an easier method is also provided. It may get a qualifying certificate at trials, coming up for the test at some convenient time in the proceedings. A certain number of dogs, that had already received one or more challenge certificates at shows, had been prepared for this test before war broke out, and to save their owners disappointment the Labrador Retriever Club has arranged to organise a meeting specially for the purpose. The Kennel Club being willing this may be expected before long.

The cessation of field trials has been one of the inevitable consequences of the war. I do not see any reason myself why some of the more local meetings should not take place, though it would not be desirable for dogs to have the opportunity of earning the title of field trial champion. The competition might not be up to the standard desirable for that honour. In the ordinary way we should now have been in the midst of the trial season for retrievers and spaniels, and we have no particular love for the men who have forced us into sterner pursuits. Field trials have made remarkable progress since the last war, no fewer than 80 meetings having been held in the season that closed last January with the Spaniel Championship.

The 21 years that have elapsed since peace was declared have witnessed the growing importance of field trial and show dogs, and they have also seen a disposition, much to be welcomed, of men and women to take part in both shows and trials. What may be called dual-purpose dogs have become far more common than they were, many shooting addicts also having a penchant for good looks in their dogs. We have had a few that have earned the title of dual champion, and still more field trial winners have also become show champions. At one time there was a broad line of demarcation between show dogs and field trialers, which was much to be regretted.

Some argue that working dogs, on account of their avocation, are handicapped in the show ring, but Lorna Lady Howe has shown time after time that it is possible to get them in a condition that enables them to compete without disability. Greyhounds, perhaps, are on a different footing, as it is difficult to have the legs of coursing dogs as perfect as the show ring demands. We have to reconcile ourselves regretfully to seeing them divided into two classes.

After all, the first dog show that was ever held, that at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1859, was for pointers and setters only, and for a good many years shooting men did not despise the attractions of shows. That fine old sportsman, Mr. R. LI. Purcell Llewellin, who did so much for English setters, took a pride in the looks of his dogs. In a letter to an American correspondent in 1916, he regretted the inferior type of field trial dogs and the low working ability of the show dogs. "I have always been handicapped all my life," he wrote, "by trying, as far as I can, to combine type and working points. It is no easy matter, for I need not say a specialist has an easier task than one who attempts two opposite things; and if I had simply ignored type, and gone, as my opponents do, for work alone, or ignored all working instincts and brains, and gone for show points alone, the task would have been easier; but I hate an ugly dog, and, as I keep dogs more for pleasure, not coin, I can please myself."

Considering his wonderful successes at trials, and the high prices he refused for his dogs, one concludes that he did not do so badly after all.

GAME PRESERVATION IN TRAVANCORE





LEFT: IBEX OR NILGIRI TAHR IN TRAVANCORE. RIGHT: ONCE LORDLY MONARCH OF THE FOREST-CLAD MOUNTAINS: A BISON FEEDING

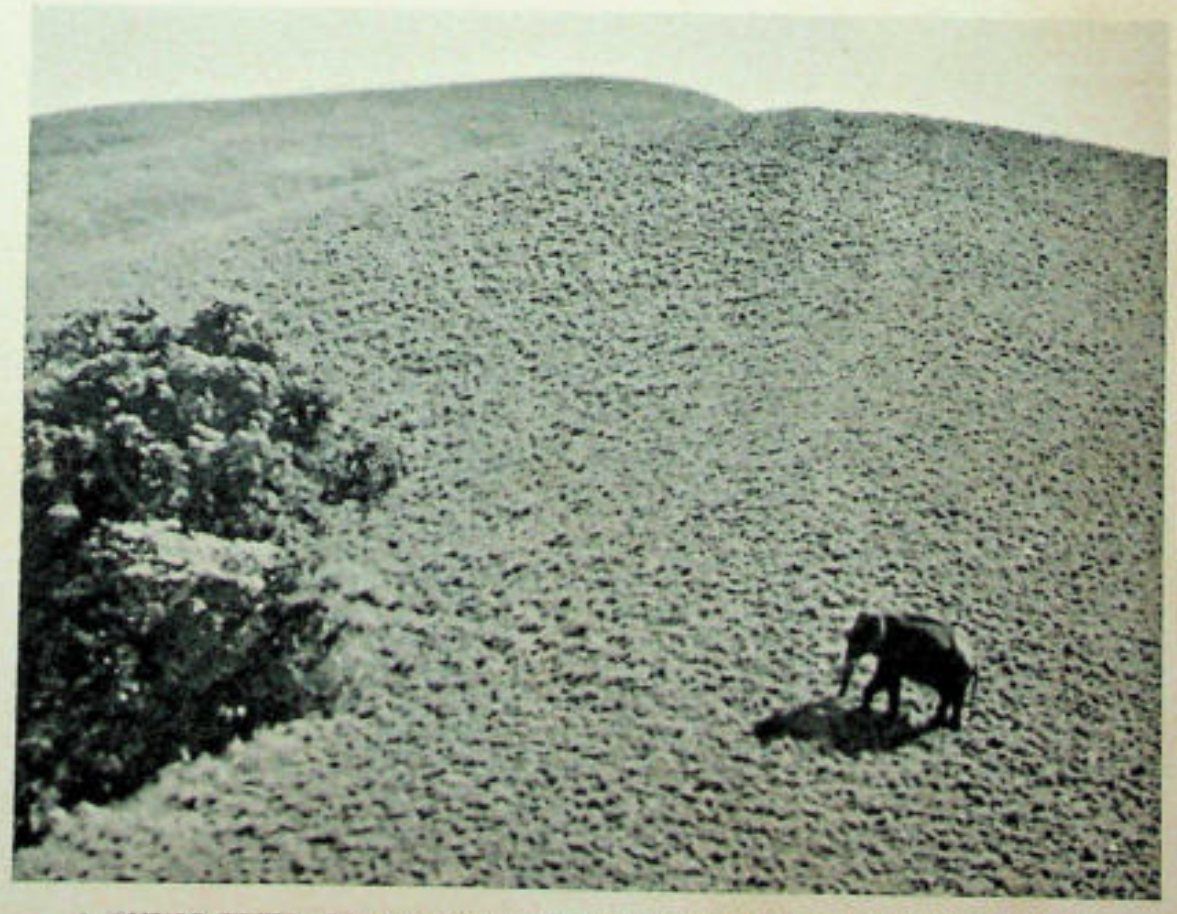
THE go-ahead State of Travancore has needed no promptings to look after its wild life, and institute proper control throughout its vast forests and rolling highlands. Famous for its beauty, fertility, and sporting amenities, this beautiful Indian State is to-day probably thriving under one of the most enlightened rulers of its history. In no period has its prosperity been so pronounced. Where reforms and improved conditions march, there, in the van, will be found Travancore.

With improved and much extended roads, giving easy access to the forest reserves and shooting areas, game preservation has become an important factor in the government of an Indian State, and were determined efforts not now being made to avoid the indiscriminate slaughter of wild life, many species of fauna throughout the length and breadth of the country would be in vital danger of complete extinction.

In Travancore the elephant now roams unmolested, and only occasionally rogues and solitary tuskers are shot. The bison, lordly monarch of the forest-clad mountains, was some years ago in danger of extinction, but is now happily on the increase, and only solitary bulls which have left the herd are allowed to be shot. I photographed one at about 9 a.m. in the morning as he was beginning to feed into cover. A second after the picture was taken he rushed out at me, and I had to scramble to safety. But it was merely a demonstration, as bison, the most peaceful animals in the Indian jungle, rarely charge unless wounded.

The ibex, whose proper appellation should be Tahr, now climbs his cliffs and rocky fortresses in less fear of molestation, and organised game preservation under State control ensures the lives of these and many other fauna over vast areas of forest uplands. The tea planters of the Kanan Devan Hills have for years advocated game preservation. They have backed up Government with a subsidiary association run from private subscription and much sterling work has been done.

W. S. S. MACKAY



A SOLITARY TUSKER: THE ELEPHANT NOW ROAMS UNMOLESTED, AND ONLY OCCASIONALLY ROGUES AND SOLITARY TUSKERS ARE SHOT

TRAPPING AND NETTING COARSE FISH

By A. H. HASTIE

These valuable statistics gained in the making of a trout stream are supplied in connection with the pike trap illustrated in the Field of September 30th.

I was much interested to read Major Crawford's article on page 721 of the *Field* of September 30th. I have had these traps in use here in Suffolk since July, 1937, and some of your readers may like to hear of the results achieved by them, and possibly even of the history of our attempt to make a trout stream.

In July, 1937, my cousin and I took about two miles of river. It is narrow, slow, muddy, shallow on the straight stretches, and as much as 5ft. and more deep in the pools where it turns back on itself at an acute angle. At the top of the water is a splendid deep pool with a gravel and chalk bottom, and all the way down the water are quantities of starwort and water celery. Unfortunately, there are no tributaries or likely breeding places for trout, but otherwise the water appeared to have possibilities.

Its denizens consisted of great shoals of dace and roach, a few chub, a few perch, here and there an eel, and far more pike than we liked.

So much for the raw material of what promised to be an interesting experiment, as we viewed it at the beginning of July, 1937. On the 8th of that month a friend in Wales wrote to me of his successes with a pike trap of the kind described by Major Crawford, and told me that his one trap had caught 67 pike between October, 1935 and October, 1936.

On July 10th, 1937, we turned in, as much in hope and faith as in belief in success, 155 6in. brown trout and 1,000 trout fry of four-five months feeding.

On July 17th, 1937, we bought from my friend, Mr. Oliver Wilson, of the Weston Fishery, Buckenham, Norwich, our first pike trap. The next day it contained a 4lb. pike of 23in., and on the 20th, another of 15in. "There is little doing," wrote my friend in Wales, "during the hot months when water is low." I have not found this so here. Certainly there are times when little is caught, but I am unable to connect these times with any particular set of circumstances.

Naturally we had no trout fishing in 1937 with so modest a stock, and we contented ourselves with the pursuit of coarse fish.

On November 6th, 1937, we turned in a further 300 3in.–4in. brown trout.

On November 17th, 1937, we bought another trap, somewhat different from the first and peculiarly well adapted for use in shallow water, the entrance fan being lower and more easily submersible. I believe this to be of Mr. Wilson's own design. Between July 17th and December 31st, 1937, the two traps caught 15 pike, 8 dace and roach, 1 chub and 1 perch—25 fish in all.

On March 20th, 1938, my cousin caught our first trout of 3oz., 8in.

On April 18th, 1938, we turned in 100 10in.–12in. brown trout, and a further 75 10in.–12in. fish on May 28th.

During 1938 we netted the river four times, between April 17th and October 17th, thereby accounting for 450 dace and roach, 33 pike, 22 perch, 5 eels and 5 tench.

In the season of 1938 we caught 63 trout on rod and line, nearly all on fly, and during the year the traps caught 47 dace and roach, 24 pike, 4 chub and 4 tench.

At the end of January, 1939, there was a great flood, the worst in this part of Suffolk since 1912. It reached its climax on the 26th.

On February 12th my fishing diary reads: "I visited the stream for the first time since the great flood. . . . I cannot find either of the pike traps."

On April 10th, 1939, we stocked with 200 10in.–12in. brown trout.

We have netted five times this year, between April 6th and May 30th, and accounted thus for 327 dace and roach, 32 pike, 5 perch, 5 tench, 4 eels and 1 chub.

In this season of 1939 we have caught 60 trout on rod and line, nearly all on fly, and during the year the traps have so far accounted for 5 tench, 4 pike and 1 perch.

As I have said, the traps were lost in the great flood last winter. The smaller one "was recovered 150yds. below . . . where it was put in some months ago. It was covered in silt and contained no fish"; thus my diary under April 7th, the first day on which we netted this year. The larger one has never been recovered, and lies, I think, in the top pool in 8ft. of water. It was replaced on May 24th, 1939, by a trap similar to that bought in November, 1937.

And now for a summary of our captures of coarse fish:

1937—July 10th–December 31st

	Rods	Traps	Nets	Other Means	Total
Chub	1	1	—	—	2
Dace and roach	17	8	—	1	25
Eels	—	—	—	—	—
Perch	2	1	—	—	3
Pike	—	15	—	—	15
	20	25	—	1	46

1938—January 1st–December 31st

Chub	4	4	1	—	9
Dace and roach	26	47	450	1	524
Eels	1	—	5	—	6
Perch	5	—	22	—	27
Pike	3	24	53	—	80
Tench	—	4	5	—	9
	39	79	536	1	655

1939—January 1st–October 28th

Chub	2	—	1	—	3
Dace and roach	8	—	327	—	335
Eels	—	—	4	—	4
Perch	2	1	5	—	8
Pike	1	4	32	—	37
Tench	—	5	5	—	10
	13	10	374		397

Between October 2nd and December 31st, 1938, we netted once (on October 16th). This yielded 27 dace and roach, 9 pike, 2 tench and 1 perch, and between these dates the traps yielded 5 pike and 3 dace. It is unlikely that we shall net again this year, so that the total of pike will probably not be above 40.

The absence of dace and roach in the traps in 1939 is noteworthy. I can only say that the size of those taken in the nets is smaller generally than in 1938, due no doubt to netting and that the traps only attracted the larger dace and roach.

"Traps are visited once every 24 hours," writes Major Crawford in the article you lately published.

"I have always found that the best catches have resulted from two to three nights between visits. If you leave it longer a big fish will damage the internal structure. Moreover, less time does not allow the water to settle and the fish to get used to the trap," thus remarked my friend in Wales.

At first I used to visit them twice a week, but soon left them for a whole week, which I find works quite well. There are apparently no pike of more than 4lb. in the stream and no damage to the traps has resulted.

My general view of these engines is that they are useful because they give so little trouble, but they cannot be regarded as a substitute for netting, as my figures clearly show. The traps have been in continuous use since July, 1937, and have accounted, since then, for 43 pike; nine days' netting, since April, 1938, have accounted for 65 pike. As a means of catching other fish the traps are virtually useless; since July, 1937, the total number of dace and roach taken in them has been 55; the nine days' netting accounted for 777.

"Large trout are occasionally caught in the traps," says Major Crawford. We have no large trout yet. The best fish I have seen are apparently about 1½lb. But I have found trout in the traps, though nearly always shortly after we have stocked. From this I draw no conclusions. Experienced persons may be able to do so. We catch a fair number of trout when netting.

I have yet to collect any evidence from France which appears to be the country of origin of these traps. Their success is in no doubt, but it might be greater if their reason were established. Here, at any rate, bait seems to make no difference. I have tried varieties including the rind of ripe Stilton cheese; these things affect their efficacy (so it seems) neither more nor less.

* * * * *

Even if to journey hopefully be no better than to arrive, yet we ask for nothing better than the journey. What fun it has been, and, Hitler *volente*, may yet be. These fumbling amateur attempts to grow trout where they do not breed started in my family nearly 50 years ago. A pond in Cardiganshire, a pond in Surrey, a broad deep moat (again in Surrey), the damming of a Cardiganshire stream, another stream—this time in Essex. All these have produced trout worthy of careful treatment on a fly at the end of 3–4x gut.

It has fallen to my lot to fish for 30 years in waters which, for the most part, could never be described as good trout streams, and only occasionally to have had a day on first-class water. Yet I can honestly say that I would as soon have all the fun of our small successes and failures than pay for ready-made perfection, too much of which may spoil one for humbler sport.

It would be impossible to thank too much those on whom we are dependent for the fishing: the two sportsmen from whom we hold the rights on payment of 1/- a year to each, and whose young birds we sometimes disturb; the farmers to whose land we have free access; the bailiff in whose shed we keep our tackle; and the miller who allows us to march through his garden to reach our top pool. But for their kindness and goodwill the whole enterprise would be impossible. Yet nowhere have I found it otherwise, and to all such as these many a fisherman up and down the country has cause to be very grateful.

MORE ABOUT SYNTHETIC GUT

I WAS very interested in the article by Captain Courtney Williams in the *Field* of October 14th because, thanks to Captain Williams himself, who sent me some casts of the material early this spring, I have had a whole season's experience of it, and practically all my salmon fishing during 1939 was done with Nylon.

I agree with all he says about its durability. I have before me as I write part of a trace of 6/5 strength which has had goodness knows how many hours use this year, and it still looks exactly the same as it did when taken out of the envelope last April.

I do not think there is much doubt that Nylon will supersede silkworm gut for salmon fishing, and I feel that it has come at a most opportune time. Money is for many of us in the future going to be like the famous "Shell" advertisement. "That was money—That was," and when we can buy as good—or better, because more reliable, an article for one half or one quarter the price it is obvious that we shall do so.

While on this point I wonder if other *Field* readers have had the same experience as many of my friends this year in finding silkworm gut very unreliable? Casts sent out by firms of world wide repute have, even before use, broken like rotten tinsler when tested, and one wonders if the long drawn-out Spanish civil war is responsible for deterioration in methods of manufacture or storing?

As Captain Williams says, one of the advantages of synthetic gut is that it does not need soaking. Just how great a convenience this is one only fully realises by experience, for salmon gut takes a deuce of a time—as measured by the water-side—to get into condition for knotting. I was interested to learn that the ultimate purpose of Nylon is ladderless silk stockings because, presumably, this means it will eventually be made in very long lengths? If this is so we shall be able to get our casts without any knots, which will make the material even more acceptable.

I have had two rather inexplicable breakages. The first was when my devon got snagged in a rock, and, on pulling quite gently, the trace broke in the centre of one of the links. The other was in a salmon. It was hooked near the head of the Ridge Pool in the Moy at Ballina, and ran up into the very fast, shallow, broken water below the Falls. I had only the lightest strain on the fish as it was doing exactly what I wanted—tiring itself by fighting against the racing current. When the line went slack I assumed that the hook had come out; but on reeling-in discovered that the gut had parted, again in the middle of one of the strands.

This trace had had many hours use; it had killed six salmon, and played six others for varying periods, the day before, and so may have become weakened somewhere without my noticing it. Nylon does not fray, or show any signs of age or wear and tear, and so one is perhaps apt to neglect to test it periodically as one does silkworm gut which is showing symptoms of deterioration.

There is one peculiarity about Nylon which Captain Williams does not mention, but which I and other people to whom I have introduced this synthetic gut, have experienced. It is apt to take a curl, usually near the end of the cast or trace, just like wire, which defies all one's efforts to remove. For spinning this does not matter particularly as the drag of the bait against the water straightens it out. But when fly fishing, particularly with small hooks in fairly slack streams, it is a drawback as the fly fishes anyhow, and the cast is more visible in the water, in the same way that a curly wire trace shows up more than a straight one. The only remedy is to cut off the curly part, usually not more than two or three inches in length.

Personally I regard Nylon as the most important angling discovery for many years, and I should like to end this by appealing—probably quite uselessly—to the fishing tackle trade to retail it under one name.

WEST COUNTRY.

THE PREMIER AS A NATURE-LOVER

By ERIC HARDY

IN 1939, as in 1914, we see a British statesman making history of his early morning walks in St. James's Park as a short recreation from the arduous work with the War Cabinet; only this time it is Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, instead of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, who is making those daily interludes with Nature. In contradistinction to the guarded movements of "leaders" of dictator countries, the British Premier and his wife leave No. 10, Downing Street between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, armed with nothing more than their famous umbrellas, and unattended they take a brisk walk round the park, amongst the ordinary people, by the lake with its waterfowl, and back again to work, entering No. 10 by the back-garden door. The Premier himself unlocks the door without any orgy of presenting arms and saluting.

The Premier's morning walk will become as much a part of the history of England as the famous bird walk of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon with President Theodore Roosevelt, for the Premier's recreation is that of the sportsman and nature-lover. His bird-watchings in St. James's Park are famous, and I am the proud possessor of a number of bird notes which Mr. Chamberlain—in his typical generosity—sent to me in correspondence upon this subject. His walks and interest in the birds of the Park have been his hobby ever since he came, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to No. 11, Downing Street. There he induced the blue-tit to nest in his garden bird-boxes and the black bird to drink at his bird-bath; there he wrote about the lime trees and the hawthorns, the ilex and the pretty leopard moth, white with black spots, whose caterpillar burrowed into the bough of his hawthorn.

It was in 1934 that I first became acquainted with Mr. Chamberlain's studies of the wild birds in London, when he informed me, through the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, to which I had contributed a long article on the birds of London, of his observations on a very dark form of the pied wagtail which I had mentioned. Mr. Chamberlain was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he described how soon after reading my article he was walking across the Horse Guards' Parade, when a wagtail alighted near him. It seemed at first unlike any wagtail he had seen before, but he was able to recognise it as a very dark form of the pied wagtail, with only a few dingy spots of white upon it. When he had watched it for a short time it flew off towards Downing Street.

He suggested it was possibly the same wagtail to which I had referred, but subsequent observations made this unlikely, for writing to me in the spring of 1937 Mr. Chamberlain said that on more than one occasion since 1934 he had seen a melanistic specimen of the pied wagtail in St. James's Park or its neighbourhood, the latest occasion having been in January. At that time the lake was dry, and it transpired that it is always when the water has been drained away, to allow of the cement bed of the lake being cleaned and repaired, that Mr. Chamberlain sees the wagtails there. No doubt the exposed mud affords these active little insect-eaters ample scope for their appetites.

I said he might be able to supply me with an interesting list of birds he had noted, on his walks in St. James's Park, but he replied that he could only provide "a very meagre list" of birds which he had noted. However, the list he gave me was by no means to be considered "meagre" especially when it included the grey wagtail, pied wagtail, lesser black-backed gull, redwing, wheatear, kestrel, and swift.

Such a list of birds set for a field-test with an average batch of "bird-lovers," judging from my own experience of rambling field-clubs and nature-lovers' societies up and down the country, or sportsmen-naturalists and those who keep attractive garden sanctuaries with their bird tables and bird boxes, would surely provide many stumbling blocks. How many would confuse a lesser black-backed gull with a greater black-backed gull at the Thames estuary or elsewhere, trying to gauge the difference in size, and forgetting the yellow legs of the former and flesh-pink legs of the latter? Many would confuse the grey and yellow wagtails, for both have much yellow in their plumage, and if the average bird lover were asked to tell the difference between a pied wagtail and a white wagtail, there would be some hesitation, so much are these two alike in their black and white plumage if one cannot see the grey back of the cock white wagtail in spring. Even the differences between crow and rook, swift and swallow, redwing and song thrush, kestrel and sparrowhawk are confused by many of the bird-lovers I have seen in the London parks and those of our provincial cities. I know a president of a provincial city Field Club who could not identify one of the birds on that list! I begged to differ with the Premier when he called his a meagre list.

Mr. Chamberlain has also contributed to the reports of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks, and in the 1936 report he records pied wagtails in St. James's Park in January and February, while he saw large flocks of redwings taking refuge in the park in the severe frost.

St. James's Park is perhaps the most popular of all London's parks, so far as nature-lovers are concerned. When I made a census of London's birds the other year I found that between forty-five and fifty different birds had been recorded in this Park. The lake is very rich in waterfowl, the semi-domestic birds attracting many wild visitors, and wild cormorants have no doubt visited those which nested on the rocks in 1931 and 1932, while there are wild pochard, wigeon, teal and shoveler. The great crested grebe and the kingfisher are occasional visitors, the little grebe and coot a more regular sight. The moorhens are so numerous that sometimes the surplus has to be caught up, and once a corncrake was found amongst these captives, which flew straight away over London roofs when released. Corncrakes have been there on a number of occasions. An odd jackdaw or two sometimes gets amongst the large flocks of wood-pigeons and starlings which occupy the park in winter, and, in 1932, there was a green woodpecker.

The jay has been seen in the park at least once, and in October, 1933, there was a white song thrush there. Magpies, too, are occasional winter visitors. There was the case of a starling that learned to mimic the scream of a kestrel which visited the park. The tufted duck were once known only as winter visitors from the east coast, and their remaining behind to nest in spring is one of the romances of London bird life. The Canada Geese, originally introduced by the Duke of Bedford, also nested with success.

Mr. Hinton has spent many years as keeper of the St. James's Park bird sanctuary (a change from the old duck decoy of King James' time!), but most of his duties have been with keeping some thirty-five different species of ornamental waterfowl on the lake at once! Mandarins ringed here flew as far as Hungary before they were next reported.



THE PREMIER FISHING IN SCOTLAND

This photograph shows Mr. Chamberlain on the upper waters of the Brora River

RARE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

(Illustrated by E. A. R. Ennion)

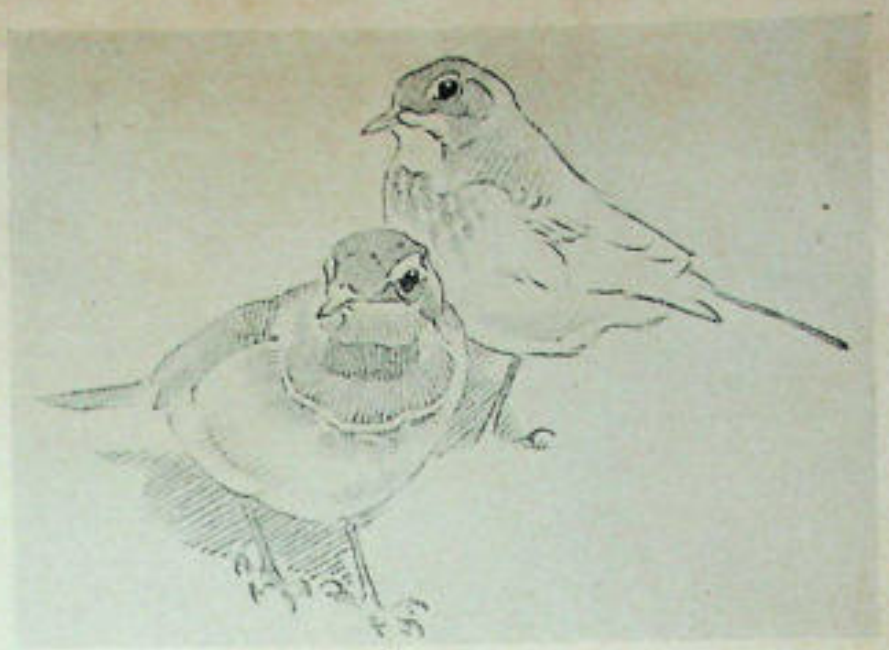
I MAKE no fetish of rare birds; I infinitely prefer watching some strange or beautiful habit of a bird I know, to meeting with some passing migrant I have not met before. However, I cannot be so blasé as to suggest that I do not get any pleasure out of seeing a rare bird; such an event is always stimulating, though I doubt whether I get more pleasure out of it than I do out of the perennial seeing of, say, the first redstart. *Rare* birds is, in any case in my opinion, a misnomer; they are *rare* only in so far as human beings are not in the right place at the right hour to see them, or that *abnormal* weather conditions, such as sea-fog, are conducive to their alighting on our coasts.

I have not the least doubt that such *rare* birds are passing over the British Isles every year on spring and autumn migration, for I have many scores of instances in my notebooks affording almost cast-iron proof that migrants follow approximately the same, and often wonderfully narrow, migratory routes year after year. I cannot doubt that this is true also of the average *rare* migrant, so faithfully is each such straggler associated with some particular stretch of the East Coast. Lack of space prohibits my writing further, here, on this exceedingly interesting subject.

Of a white-spotted bluethroat on the Solway I have written in a previous issue of the *Field*; all the undermentioned are birds of passage in spring and autumn that I have seen in Norfolk and Northumberland. The red-spotted, the Norwegian, bluethroat is a regular passage migrant over Norfolk (climatic conditions being appropriate that is to say), but never in my experience over Northumberland. The robin-like jerky elusiveness of a blue throat diving into the marram must be familiar to many ornithologists: the female, clearly belonging to the nightingale family, with large black eye and burnished tail, constantly flirting up and down, plumper-seeming than a robin; a pale fawn, with striping irradiating on breast and flanks, she slinks through the sieda and elder very secretively; the male, with long pale yellow superciliary stripe and copper-based outside tail-feathers, is a little darker mantled than a robin, and has that wonderful deep ultramarine throat and breast of the white-spotted, inset with an ellipse of copper which also borders the breast.

Bluethroats, redstarts, pied flycatchers and various kinds of wheatear are regular East Coast travelling companions. The black redstart as a winter resident must be fairly well known—inky black of breast and lores, varying in intensity from bird to bird, and the generic fiery-amber tail; the female hard to distinguish from the common redstart, but duskier all over, especially on the flanks. And as a resident in some districts of England there is not space here to enlarge upon the satin beauty of the glossy *black-and-white* pied flycatcher and his mole-fawn female.

But, while I cannot enter here into the distinctions between Continental and British wheatear (also present between British and Continental redstarts), a note may be made of that woefully mistaken bird, the Greenland wheatear. I am told that in the museum it is hardly possible to distinguish between Greenland and common wheatears, but let no one write to inform me that there are no plumage distinctions in the field. Seeming almost a third bigger than the British wheatear, the Greenland male, whose passage over the East Coast is usually restricted to May, like most other Arctic nesting species, is very dark grey on the back, and almost black of lores and wing-margins; his brilliantly shining belly is often exquisitely tinted with rosy-pink; at other times, it is a flaming dark salmon or a varnished chestnut, according to the play of the light; his great eye stripe is silver; when spreading his square tail in flight, the revelation of white is astounding, and the black margining to it broader than in other wheatears. The contrasting buffs and fawns of the tawny-pink female are more sharply demarcated than those of the British female, and, gigantic, they stand up in new corn like song thrushes. Neither bear any resemblance to their British congeners.



"THE RED-SPOTTED, THE NORWEGIAN, BLUETHROAT IS A REGULAR PASSAGE MIGRANT OVER NORFOLK . . ."

Northern warblers are, of course, regular birds of passage, whatever the weather, and, contrary to general rule, these northern warblers appear to be much paler and fawner than British warblers, chiffchaffs and willow warblers showing hardly a tinge of yellow. With them in the autumn may come a barred warbler; a fine big warbler appearing as large as a yellow hammer in the field, which is correct to one-tenth of an inch in the hand. Typically warbler-like in its high-crowned head and secretiveness; a very pale, uniformly coloured bird, grey-white of breast, pale fawn of back, with tawny barrings on wing coverts.



". . . THAT WOEFULLY MISTAKEN BIRD, THE GREENLAND WHEATEAR"

Fairly regular migrants in the spring are ortolan and little buntings. The female ortolan is a bird the size of a reed bunting, but fatter than a corn bunting, with that same bright brown, white-edged tail of the former. Her back is striated ruddily, her head is greenish-grey, and her eyes are boldly circled with yellowish-white rims, with mustachios of the same colour, and dull russet-rose on her belly. The male, with his red-orange beak, pastel-green breast, canary throat and rose-russet belly, is as bright as Heaven. There is no other British bird like him.



"FAIRLY REGULAR MIGRANTS IN THE SPRING ARE ORTOLAN"

I have never seen a little bunting on migration, but the female is the image of a female reed bunting, but with very bright chocolate and cream striations on head and back, dark chocolate lower cheeks and distinct yellow mustachios; her breast is lightly striated and her tail white-edged. Perhaps smaller than a reed bunting, she has two habits foreign to that bird—one of perching head downwards in trees and bushes, and another of hopping about the ground. At a distance, with the sun behind her, the dark cheeks show up her head in relief as almost white.

A more interesting bird, whom I associate with both migrations in Northumberland, weather permitting, is the red-breasted flycatcher, of whom I have seen only females, and perhaps immature males on passage in this country—the *Handbook* being a little vague on the plumage of the latter—but certainly I have seen no mature males. No bigger than a chiffchaff, this delightful little flycatcher seems a tiny, perfectly proportioned robin, with staccato *tchick-tchick*. With wings sharply drooping, she jerks her longish tail up and down between them, after the manner of a blackbird. Her head and back are a uniform olive-fawn, and her round black eye is ringed in pale yellow. Her breast and belly are most distinctively white. Her legs are an oiled greenish-black, and her longish, slightly curved thin bill is a typical flycatcher's. Her wings and tail are much darker than her fawn upper parts, and—an unusual distinction—her under-tail coverts and the undersides of her tail-feathers are snowy white. But the most striking feature of her plumage is revealed only when she spreads her tail in quick, darting flight from bush to bush; then a wheatear-like patterning in dark brown and white accosts my eye; white slottings running down either side of a dark brown central shaft to the dark brown base of her tail. Some that I have seen in October have been tinted on breast and belly with a wheatear yellow-buff; the throat paler, with a suspicion of a dun line encircling it. Limitations of space again prohibit me from mentioning what are, perhaps, tolerably familiar species: dotterels, black-tailed godwit, Temminck's stint, little gull, wood sandpiper, water pipit.

RICHARD PERRY.

BIRDS IN LONDON

The Report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in Royal Parks (England) for 1938 was recently published, and is obtainable from His Majesty's Stationery Office for the remarkably reasonable sum of 9d. As usual, it makes interesting and sometimes surprising reading. The heavy snowfall and remarkably cold weather just before Christmas produced a crop of unusual visitors, which included three smews in Hyde Park and a large number of skylarks. Other notable visitors were long-tailed tits in autumn in Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park; jays in St. James's Park in July and August; tree-creepers in St. James's Park; a short-eared owl in Richmond Park in October; a great grey shrike in Bushey Park in September; a wryneck in Kew Gardens; a woodcock in St. James's Park in December.

Reed buntings nested in Hampton Court Park for the first time, and 53 nests were occupied in the Richmond Park Heronry. In all 108 species were recorded from Richmond Park, of which 58 bred during the year. That is an astonishing list, and includes the great grey shrike and the Dartford warbler, the greenshank and the curlew sandpiper, which are birds one would definitely not expect to find so close to the metropolis, though the great grey shrike is making a habit of visiting Richmond Park. Eighty-six species were recorded from Bushey and Hampton Court Parks, also a record.

BREEDING RED SQUIRRELS

By PHYLLIS KELWAY



THE MOTHER



YOUNG RED SQUIRREL AT FOUR WEEKS AND ONE DAY

JOHN and Jennifer, my tame red squirrels, are three years old. I had never seriously hoped for offspring, as some authorities have stated that red squirrels are sterile in captivity, but during the past two years I have provided the pair with plenty of thick branches in which they might build. In spite of this they have always preferred to sleep in boxes hung on the walls.

On the evening of May 12th I was feeding two badger cubs on the bottle when Jennifer jumped on to my back and started tearing at my tweed coat. She is a very gentle squirrel, and she bit so frantically at the material that I thought something must be wrong. I put my hand on her and wondered. Then I went into the house, cut up an old coat and returned with strips of coat and cottonwool to put before Jennifer in her summer-house. I noticed that she had constructed a huge nest of straw on top of some branches of broom which I had placed in the summer-house a few weeks previously.

The next morning (May 13th) all the wool had disappeared. Jennifer came out of her nest at 9 a.m., cleaned herself on a branch, and then immediately came down to fetch her bread and milk. While she sat on my arm I could hear the young squeaking in the nest, but she paid no attention until she had finished her breakfast. That day I put a barrow-load of straw, beech and ash twigs and moss into the summer-house, and Jennifer carried the lot to her nest, carting huge wisps by bundling them beneath her chin.

On May 21st I looked at the young for the first time. They were about 2½in. long, and were entirely naked except for the suggestion of whiskers just showing through above the lips.

On May 23rd Jennifer was busy building a new nest a yard from the other. I suspected fleas as the reason for this, but thought it wiser not to dust with Keatings at that stage. With her teeth she broke off numerous twigs from the surrounding branches and laid them in the centre of a thick bush. To this platform she added masses of dry grass and straw. The following fortnight was extremely hot, and I was afraid the mother would desert and we would lose the entire litter. On June 7th I believed that Jennifer would not be disturbed if I removed one of the young for long enough to take measurements.

The youngster was a male. He was a reddish-brown in colouring, with hairs about 2 mm. long on most parts of the body. The hairs of the tail were 3 mm. long. His eyes were still closed; his head was greyish-brown on cheeks and forehead, but the crown of the head was more brown than grey. From base of tail to tip of snout he measured 105 mm., and the tail (exclusive of hairs) was 70 mm. He was a strong little fellow, able to squeak with vehemence, but, of course, quite helpless.

At a later date I discovered that the litter consisted of three males and one female. By the 25th the young squirrels could jump from the nest, but were not strong enough to climb far. From this date until the 29th they did not leave the nest unless disturbed, but on the morning of the 29th they sat on the branches for about half an hour. At eight weeks old the litter was not weaned, and I then estimated that another fortnight had to elapse before they were independent of their mother.

During the whole period of gestation and rearing the family was kept as quiet as possible, but at all times the mother jumped on to my shoulder for food without any sign of fear for the young. I would be interested to know of others who have bred red squirrels in captivity.



THE FATHER



YOUNG RED SQUIRRELS AT SIX WEEKS AND ONE DAY

GOLF'S APPEAL TO THE INVENTOR

By E. R. TIPPLE

EVER since the game of golf was established inventors have been busy providing improvements to existing implements, or producing new types of clubs designed to solve players' problems. Some of these so-called brilliant ideas have died a quick death; others, even if they seemed to be extreme at the time, have revolutionised the club-making industry. Modifications of the game itself have been tried to capture the public imagination. Did not America send us, only a few years ago, "Midget" golf or "Tom Thumb" golf?

We did not need many acres for these games; they could be played inside a large hall or on the lawn of a hotel. We were supposed to hit our ball through an astonishing variety of obstacles, through drain-pipes, over sharp mounds, round acute corners before we could hole out. This craze did not last long over here, and, so far as I know, it has passed into oblivion in the land of its birth also. To the uninitiated it was amusing for a while, but to the golfer it was just not golf. It was a travesty of the game, and was doomed from the start.

All kinds of practice gadgets have been placed on the market, some fantastically elaborate, others absurdly simple. We have seen huge electric machines which recorded on detailed diagrams the result of our efforts at hitting a ball tied to a length of cord. By this means we could play a round of eighteen holes without walking more than a few yards. We could use different clubs according to the distances registered on the chart. But the invention did not prove successful. Perhaps it was too costly, but the chief reason was again—it was not golf.

Various types of captive balls, some merely attached to elastic, others with devices that gauged the flight, distance and height of a ball and whether it had been sliced or pulled, have been produced with differing results. These have enabled many golfers to practise in the seclusion of their own gardens, with the added advantage of preserving the lawns! Generally speaking, the simple, straightforward practice gadgets have proved the most popular. Perhaps the game is so complicated itself that few enthusiasts can be bothered with arranging elaborate apparatus before being able to hit the ball.

Many of us to-day cannot imagine the game without the rubber-cored ball, yet when the first Haskell ball was seen in this country such was our proverbial conservatism that few would play with it. Alex Herd was one of the first to use it, and in 1902 won the Open Championship at Hoylake, playing a rubber-cored ball throughout the meeting. "Sandy's" success sent the prices of these balls soaring and spelt the doom of the old guttie. No doubt when the gutta-percha ball was invented the supporters of the leather ball must have scoffed—for a time. The inventors then did not realise that markings on the surface of the balls were helpful. The guttie used to be quite smooth until players discovered that they flew better, after they had been cut about, through topped or sliced shots. For once golfers themselves provided a solution to their own problems.

How different are the modern clubs from those used in the '80's and at the beginning of this century. When we look back, what an astonishing amount of progress has been made in their design and construction! What queer, unsympathetic implements those old, long-faced woods look to-day, with their clumsy grips and thick sockets!

Gradually the length of the faces of the woods was shortened, and golfers experimented with concave and bulging types of faces in contrast to the normal straight, even-faced clubs. Those concave-faced clubs must have been very difficult for the average golfer to use, as obviously they exaggerated any fault. Different lengths of shaft were tried from time to time, and all kinds of substitutes for hickory—lancewood, greenheart, malacca canes—were used in an attempt to discover the perfect shaft. Those old golfers never dreamt that steel would supersede wood.

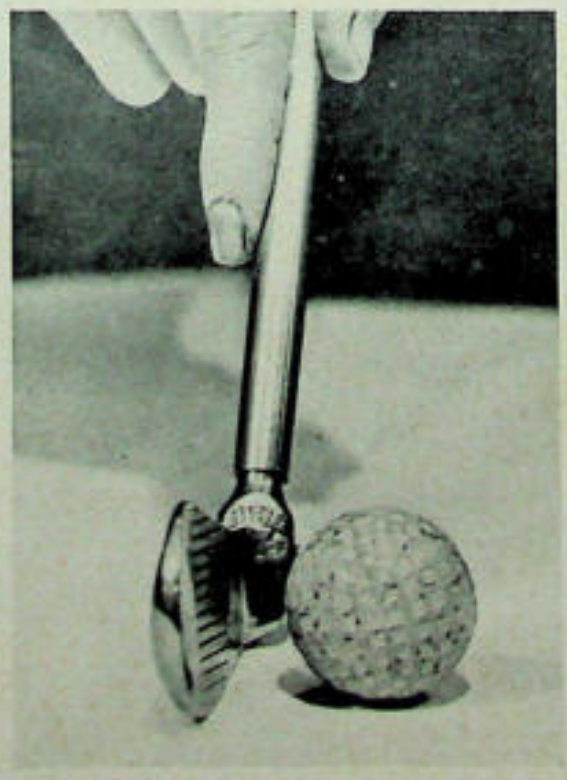


A GOLF CLUB WITH AN ADJUSTABLE HEAD

This device can be adjusted to various degrees of loft, and the club used as putter, niblick, or any of five irons

Aluminium heads have been used for other clubs than putters, but they did not prove as popular as the ordinary woods, despite the fact that they used to drive the ball nearly as far. However, nearly is not quite enough for golfers, and those few extra yards matter to us particularly in a keen struggle. Wooden putters gave place to irons, and these were improved as time went on with the improvements in construction. But the days of individual club-making are over, and now sets are turned out by the score after the most minute mathematical and scientific calculations have been made.

Swan-necked clubs, ribbed-faced irons, putters with the shaft fitted in the middle of the head instead of in the heel—as used by W. J. Travis when he won the Amateur Championship in 1904—are other interesting curiosities in the history of the game. But any substantial departure from the traditional and accepted form and make of golf clubs is not likely to be permitted. No mechanical contrivances such as springs, concave or ribbed faces, mallet-headed types of club can be used to-day. And the total number of clubs a golfer can carry in his bag is restricted to fourteen. Do we really want as many as that? Opinion is sharply divided on the question. For some time Miss Gloria Minoprio has participated in tournament golf using only one club—an iron. She has not been particularly successful, and obviously suffers from that great handicap.



THE CLUB HEAD IN POSITION, SHOWING THE MARKINGS FOR ITS ADJUSTMENT

If a golfer wishes to discard a heavy bag and to use only one club there is one to be had which is adaptable. It is steel shafted and the head can be adjusted to various degrees of loft. The club can be used as a putter, niblick or any of five irons. All that has to be done is to disengage then re-engage the ratchet merely by a couple of turns of the shaft where it joins the head. Stamped markings help the golfer to choose the correct positions.

The socket of the club is not as clumsy or as heavy as might be supposed, and so far as I am aware the club complies with all the regulations. Many players use this implement and say it is entirely satisfactory, but nevertheless it is a distinct departure from traditional ideas.

In times like the present such a club may well prove to be a boon, particularly for those who cannot travel about with too much luggage. It would also solve the caddie problem. No doubt it would take some getting used to, and many would not think of discarding old favourites. Nevertheless, it is one example of the inventor's desire to improve the game and help the players. Looking back over the past 50 years one is tempted to wonder what alterations will take place before the end of this century. We are familiar with our present equipment and would probably scorn future "improvements," just as our ancestors did before. It is as well that we are free to please ourselves what we use and how we play the game.

WAR EMERGENCIES *and the* LANDOWNER

A *Summary of the more important Emergency Acts and Orders affecting Owners of Agricultural Land* has been issued by the Central Landowners' Association, with the object of drawing attention to the considerable output of emergency legislation since the outbreak of war, so far as it affects owners of agricultural land. This digest of nine Acts, twenty-four Orders, and six Official Circulars, sets out their principal provisions in non-technical language. Any amendments by subsequent Orders will be referred to in the periodical issues of the *C.L.A. Journal*.

That most important is the Cultivation of Lands Order, by which the Minister of Agriculture has delegated to County War Agricultural Executive Committees his power to control cultivation. In the majority of cases this will involve the breaking up of grassland, and this matter is therefore dealt with in detail. The suggestion in paragraph 4 that compensation in respect of diminution of the value of land, due to the operation of ploughing-up Orders, would be dealt with under section 3 of the Compensation (Defence) Act, 1939, should be read as subject to amendment, as subsequent to this summary going to press an announcement appeared in the *Farmers' Weekly* of October 6th, to the effect that the Ministry of Agriculture had not yet come to a decision on the question. The control of prices of farmstock and produce, feeding-stuffs, home-grown timber, supplies of oil and petrol, are also noted, and the position of landlord and tenant, in the event of war damage to buildings by enemy action, is dealt with.

The pamphlet is issued free to members of the Association in the form of a supplement to the *C.L.A. Journal*. A limited number of copies can be supplied to non-members, price 2/6 post free, on application to the General Secretary, at the C.L.A. temporary offices, Coppid Hall, Henley-on-Thames.

RUSTON & HORNSBY, LTD.—The directors of Ruston & Hornsby, Ltd., engineers, of Lincoln, at their board meeting held on September 27th, elected Mr. William J. Ruston to a seat on their board. Mr. Ruston is a nephew of the late chairman of the company, Colonel J. S. Ruston, and is also a director of Messrs. J. Stone & Co., Ltd., engineers, of Deptford.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE HORSE IN WAR

SIR,—Some months ago I read with much interest several letters from readers who deplored mechanisation in the Army, and I recall that one of your correspondents pointed out that in future the Army might not be represented at Olympia and the New York Horse Show.

Having served throughout the Palestine campaign I felt inclined to enter the controversy in favour of mechanisation, for although the Palestine campaign was perhaps the most successful military campaign of all time, I felt sure it was the last occasion when large forces of cavalry would be engaged.

Some remnants of cavalry will no doubt linger in all armies. To-day's motor-cars still look a bit like the old cabs—masts and funnels will continue as ornaments on our ocean liners, and the diplomats will continue to carry swords and spurs—but in view of what happened to Poland it is to be hoped that the Army Council will proceed with mechanisation, for surely it must now be obvious that horses cannot be used in action in war in Europe, and acres of horse lines could not exist behind the front lines as they did in the Great War.

Lovers of horses should feel thankful that the tank and tractor have replaced the horse, at least in cavalry and field artillery.

The old sea captains deplored the passing of the full rigged ship, and it is sad to think of the passing of the horse batteries and the thrill of seeing them gallop into action; but war is a serious business and not the place for the preservation of beauty and romance.

Now that the brass hat has been abolished, the sword surely should go too—the medical officer or cook can cut the wedding cakes of the future and the brides and grooms can leave the churches under an arch of monkey wrenches if need be.

Yours faithfully,

Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. C. A. JONES.

[In spite of the advantages of mechanisation the policy of sacrificing the cavalry has been premature, as pointed out by Mr. Ansell Wells in last week's issue.—ED.].

FOOD FOR THE TAKING

SIR,—There have been suggestions in the press for utilising the somewhat exceptional crop of acorns this season for pig-feeding, and for enlisting the services of school children in the collection. The idea is an excellent one. Acorns, beechmasts, and other such products of the woods and the hedgerows were at one time important factors in rural economy. All sorts of considerations have led to these things being largely neglected. First of all the decline in utilisation started with enclosures, when many cottagers could no longer keep pigs. The cheapness of foreign supplies of feeding stuffs has been an important factor in recent years. There is also the psychological side—people's minds have not run in the old groove of economy in an age that was comparatively prosperous, and the use of the incidentals in all directions has seriously declined.

One of the earliest examples of agricultural legislation in this country is a law of King Ine the Saxon of 690 A.D., dealing with penalties for burning mast-producing trees. The basis of assessment of damage was the number of swine the tree would shelter. The Forest Laws of Henry III in 1225 regulated the use of acorns and nuts, and throughout the whole history of rights of common the subject is of importance. The word "acorn" originally meant the fruit of trees of common lands, and not merely the product of an oak tree.

In the days when deer hunting was important to royalty the inhabitants of lands adjoining the forests were allowed certain rights of pasture and so on in return for the annoyance caused by the deer. But these rights were for cattle and horses only. Sheep, swine and goats were regarded as objectionable to the deer, and the old documents put it "tended to cause their exile from the forest." There was one month called Fence-month—a fortnight before Midsummer Day, and a fortnight after when the deer were breeding, when the forest was closed to all cattle. Perhaps as compensation certain privileges were given for the feeding of animals on the acorns. The king's agistors were forest officers charged with making a profit out of the forests, and they could allow the feeding of swine from Holy Rood Day—fifteen days before the feast of St. Michael, to St. Martin's Day, fifteen days after. The feeding on acorns was called "pawnage," which afterwards became "pannage," and those who had not been granted free pannage for the foregoing reason, had to pay a fee. The king's own herds were also maintained, and this was a big business and brought considerable revenue to the Crown. Old documents are full of reference to the swine in the royal forests. In 1225 the Crown Agents issued instructions to the Bailiff of Ludgershall in late September to say he was to pay at once the dues owing to the King, as the money was to be expended at Weyhill Fair, for the purchase of swine for the New Forest and the Woods of Chute to the king belonging.

Rights of pannage had to be proved by prescription or by direct grant. The assumption in mediæval times was "there is no man that can claim to have the mast which is a fruit, save the lord, except his free tenants have it by special words in a deed." Marshall and other agricultural writers of over a century ago make frequent reference to the matter.

For instance at that time, in the Vale of Berkeley in Gloucestershire, acorns were held in high esteem, and regarded by the farmer as more important than his apple crop. They were a food which made good bacon, and were collected from roadside trees and fetched from 1/6 to 2/- a bushel. Reports from Herefordshire about the same time show equal interest, though the farmers there used wash, vegetables, and some barley, with the acorns.

Acorns, however, must be fed with caution. Very good acorn years like 1893 and 1906 record unusual mortality with young stock due to acorn poisoning. Pigs are apt among other things to develop garget. In free run in the woods the risk is not great, as a mixed diet preserves health. Where pigs have free run in fields, a moderate amount of acorns can be fed as again the fields supply a corrective. But even there it is well to supply laxative material like mangels or other roots. In yards acorns must be fed with care, and introduced gradually. They must not become the main item of diet for pigs without free range. Each year there are instances of smallholders and cottagers losing their pigs because they have not understood the feeding when supplies of acorns were available. A surfeit of any food is bad, but of acorns disastrous.

Round about 1850 a great deal of woodland was cleared and brought into cultivation—for example the area of some 4,000 acres described as "Whichwood Forest within a morning's ride of Oxford," and agricultural returns show the importance of pannage there and elsewhere in former times, and the falling off in the pig population where forests were cleared.

Where acorns are available advice as to their use can be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture or from the County Agricultural Department.

Yours faithfully,

Tyrells Croft House, Andover, Hants. W. L. JULYAN.

A TAME TIK-TIKKI

SIR,—Mr. Willson, who wrote about a pet toad in your issue of September 30th, may be interested in my efforts to train a Tik-Tikki—Indian house lizard. One morning on the inside of the wire gauze-covered window in the bathroom of my bungalow in Assam, I saw a half-grown tik-tikki, who looked to be in a very poor way, the reason for which was possibly that he had lost his tail, which was broken off close to the root. The accident had been very recent, for the wound was still fresh.

I thought nothing more of him till I saw him again in the same place on the following morning looking more miserable and thinner than ever. It suddenly struck me that he might be feeling hungry, as there were no flies or insects on the inside of the wire mesh, though there were lots on the outside, where he could see his pals feeding. After some time I managed to catch a house fly, which I impaled on a thin splinter of bamboo about 2in. long, and this I presented to him very gradually and gently. At first he backed away, but in a little while he gained confidence, and after eyeing it from every angle suddenly seized it with a snap and swallowed it whole. After this he took flies with avidity and would take up to seven or eight at a sitting. Either the "boy" or myself fed him every morning, and he spent most of his time on that wire mesh, though occasionally he would disappear for short periods. He got so tame that he would allow me to stroke his head with the point of my finger, and he would even permit me to take him in my hand, though he did not really like it.

It was interesting to watch the re-growth of his tail and when this was completed I decided to transfer him to the mosquito proof room at the far end of the bungalow, where we could be more together, but he did not appreciate this, and disappeared after a few days, as I thought for good. About a week later, and to my great surprise, I found him back again in his old haunt in the bathroom, where he was very pleased to accept the flies offered to him; how he found his way back again, for the distance was comparatively great and decidedly intricate, still leaves me wondering.

On the coming of the cold weather he, like all the others of his tribe, disappeared, presumably to go into hibernation, but so soon as the warm weather came round again I found him back in his old place in the bathroom, and he eagerly snapped up without the slightest hesitation the flies which were offered to him. This continued for a few weeks till another tragedy happened, for he again lost his tail, about which he seemed to be very dejected, and a few days later he disappeared once more and I did not see him again. Shortly afterwards I started on home leave, and am wondering whether he will be there to welcome me on my return to Assam?

Yours faithfully,

The White Cottage, Gresford. R. REES.

WHAT OF THE GAS MASK

SIR,—While acknowledging that to-day the Government has its hands fairly full, it really does seem as if it will have to stress once again the necessity for the public to take proper care of gas masks. Probably because no one has been called upon to make use of this unlovely safeguard, the gas mask is being treated with not a little contempt.

Lost property offices are full of gas masks and it is reported that 85 were left in a London theatre, many without names or addresses on them.

Some of the "cases" do not appear to be above suspicion as regards durability and weatherliness, while the official cardboard case is not likely to survive prolonged rain.

Yours faithfully,

London. TOS.

SCOTERS ON FRESH WATER

SIR,—I have recently read in your columns two accounts of scaup being observed on fresh water.

I remember some fifteen years ago seeing a party of about a dozen scoters on the river Tyne at Corbridge, about twenty-five miles inland. This was in early April, following heavy gales, and the birds were so dead beat that, although I was quite close and threw sticks amongst them, they would not rise.

I told the late Mr. Abel Chapman, who was well known to me, and he would scarcely credit the occurrence which he regarded as most exceptional.

Yours faithfully,

Ghyllheugh, Longhorsley, Northumberland. EDWARD REED.

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES



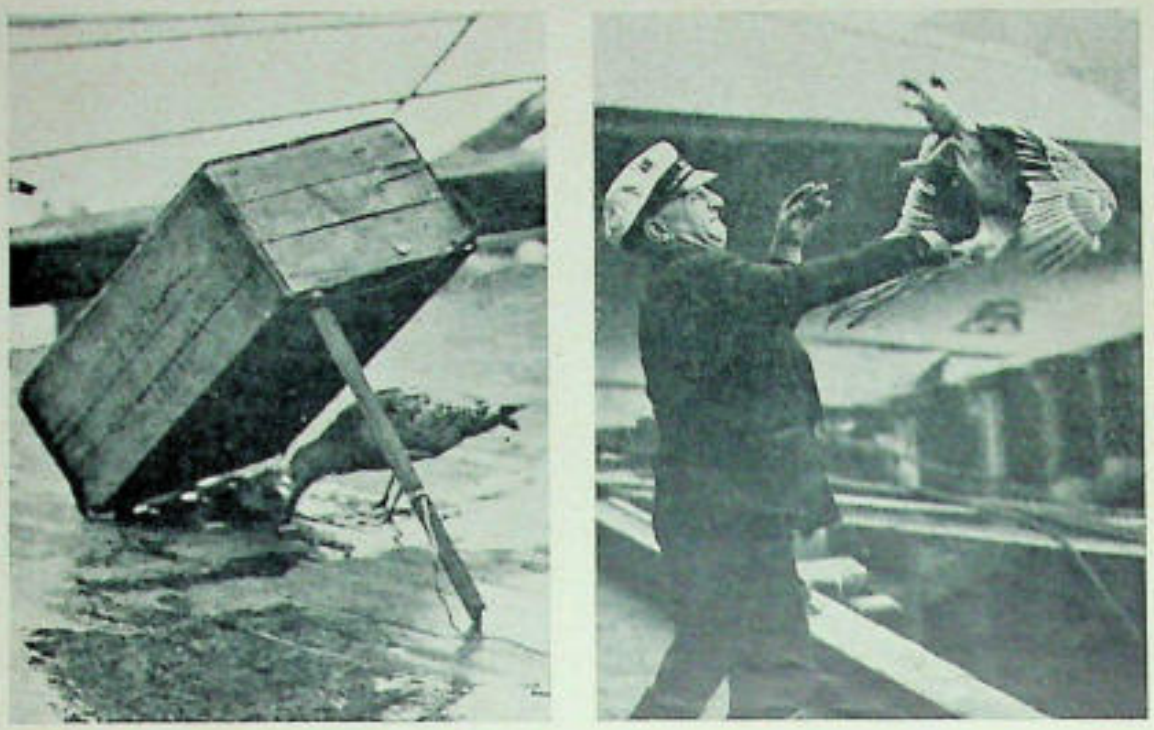
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"



10 for 9d. 20 for 1/6 50 for 3/8
100 for 7/2

This advertisement is set up in TIEMANN BOLD and KENNERLEY ITALIC Tiemann Bold: designed by Walter Tiemann in 1927. Kennerley Italic: designed by Frederic Goudy in 1911. T.T.207E



TRAPPED AND RELEASED AFTER A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION
(See letter "An Ungrateful Bird")

POISONOUS PLANTS

SIR,—Many evacuees from the towns have endangered themselves and others in the country by meddling with various objects like poisonous plants, dangerous animals, and one has become amazed at the average schoolteacher's lack of knowledge of poisonous plants, many of which are quite numerous this year. The enclosed photograph of henbane, one of the most deadly poisonous plants we have, was unrecognised by many people, because the flower is not unlike that of its potato and tomato allies, but, of course, deeply-veined purple on a dirty greyish-yellow background. Henbane grows commonly on waste ground.

The monkshood, or garden *Aconitum*, poisonous in all its parts, is perhaps the most dangerous plant we have, and is common in Dovedale, and the shady streamsides of Wales (especially Denbighshire), Herefordshire, Somerset and Dorset. Then there is hemlock, the only umbelliferous plant with a smooth, spotted stem, cowbane or water-hemlock, hemlock water-dropwort, the rich orange-red fruits of the wild arums or cuckoo pints, now so abundant in Welsh hedgerows, the seeds of garden laburnum, as well as the celebrated deadly nightshade.

Country boys have the habit of chewing the roots of sweet flag for their flavour, and town boys, copying this habit, are liable to be poisoned by other plants, as in a case where boys ate hemlock water-dropwort by mistake. The lack of nature-study lessons in many town schools is now having its effect upon children in the countryside for the first time beyond an occasional holiday. It is in autumn when plant poisoning is most numerous, and we cannot blame the visitors for their ignorance.

Yours faithfully,
ERIC HARDY.

Wavertree,
Liverpool.



HENBANE, A DANGEROUS WEED
(See letter "Poisonous Plants")

AN UNGRATEFUL BIRD

SIR,—Here are two photographs which show how Mr. Frank Holborn helped to succour a seagull at Scarborough Pier. The bird was seen to be in difficulties through a mackerel hook and spinner having caught in its beak. The bird was enticed under a fish box trap by pieces of fish, as seen in the first picture. The trap was sprung, the hook quickly and skilfully removed, and the seagull released. It was not very grateful for the treatment, however, and gave its rescuer vigorous pecks. Mr. Holborn often helps birds in distress.

Yours faithfully,
VICTOR HEY.

1, York Place,
Scarborough.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL

SIR,—Last spring, in a low box bush about 2ft. from the ground, a hedge sparrow built a nest, laid four eggs, and then suddenly deserted. We wondered why, until one day we saw the reason crouching happily in the nest.

This summer the occupant lived a most regular life. As far as we could tell he left the nest twice in 24 hours for food, carefully lowering himself down the box twigs, like a wheezy old gentleman called upon to perform acrobatics at a most undignified time of life. If he was in the nest he took not the slightest notice of anybody parting the bush to look at him, except for a baleful look from his beady eyes.



HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE
(See letter "Toad of Toad Hall")

I think your readers will agree that this is the perfect example of "Toad of Toad Hall."

Yours faithfully,
JOHN R. G. CLOVER.

Kenowla House, Wood End,
Kempston, Bedford.



A WAYSIDE SHRINE AND ITS GUARDIAN
(See letter "A Chapel in the Rock")

A CHAPEL IN THE ROCK

SIR,—One of the most interesting features of the quaint Yorkshire town of Knaresborough is Crag Chapel, a wayside shrine hewn out of the rock above the River Nidd. Decorating the exterior is a representation of an armed figure which is popularly supposed to represent St. Robert of Knaresborough, a local hermit of great fame, but which is really representative of the fact that the shrine enjoyed the protection of the lord of the nearby castle.

Crag Chapel was constructed in the early part of the fifteenth century by John the Mason, under licence from Henry IV, and the altar, columns and groined roof have all been carved out of the limestone. Occasional services are still held there, but the chapel is always open for inspection and is worth visiting.

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs.

C. B. FRY'S REMINISCENCES

A Panorama of Sport and Travel

Life Worth Living. By C. B. Fry. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 12/6.)

To be able to sit down in our sane and sober moments, and literally follow and inhale the chronicles of a man—who has lived in every sense of the word as most Englishmen would wish, and who has done those things worth living for—is indeed a mental recreation.

It is not generally known that this great "Sussex" man saw the light of day in "Surrey." C. B. Fry's Sussex qualifications, however, are unchallenged, with one, though important, exception. His early life was spent oddly, as many great men before him—without displaying any brilliance in the class rooms, and not altogether relishing early discipline. Later at Repton he seems to have shared in the usual "scraps" and general rough and tumble of the Public School life, which, in those days, set a disturbedly "tough" standard.

It was here at Repton that his ability as an all-round athlete was given full encouragement—Repton has always had and fully deserves a reputation for turning out fine athletes—as well as scholars.

In these delightful and breezy memoirs, Mr. Fry takes the reader through his four years at Oxford, and it was here that he first showed outstanding qualifications as an all-round cricketer, and during this period came into close and intimate contact with many personalities whose names are famous—to mention but a few—Ranjitsinhji, "Plum" Warner, "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower, and I mention last, but certainly not least, the ever famous Dr. W. G. Grace. Apart from "bogging" numerous "blues" it was at Oxford that the serious side of life gave Fry also a fine grounding befitting a man so versatile.

His first cricket tour with Lord Hawke's team in 1895—this, be it noted, during the time of the Jamieson Raid, which gave added spice—is full of interest. An interesting side line is his meeting with that notorious personality—Dom Paul Kruger—thus described by the author: "He was not disappointing. He was exactly as one had seen him portrayed in newspapers and periodicals—with his broadcloth frock coat, big head sunk in his shoulders, on a short neck, long biblical face, quick cunning eyes in a frame of patriarchal beard . . . smoking Boer tobacco in a large crooked calabash."

Sammy Woods—a member of the team—said: "The blighter was not very hearty."

Mr. Fry describes their visit to Cecil Rhodes at Groot Schur, and adds a hundred and one other personal touches and experiences which made this tour such a memorable one.

The author relates with interest his initiation into journalism—how, under the able guidance of Sir George Newnes, *C. B. Fry's Magazine* came into being. What a joy this monthly was to the youngsters of that period—a great pity it ever ceased publication, but for the advent of the Great War, it might still be on sale to-day. During its short but successful tenure of life naturally many pitfalls were encountered.

I consider one of the most interesting and important phases of this great man's career—which phase in itself covers a period of 30 years, hence the heading "A Life's Work"—relates to the activities he and his wife devoted to the Training Ship "Mercury." These two souls, by their foresight, hard work and endeavours, have been responsible for turning out from raw material hundreds—nay, thousands—of useful citizens, supplying the Royal Navy and Merchant Service with fine material.

In this work of such national importance he shares the honours with his wife (so often affectionately referred to as "Madame." He writes: "The 'Mercury' is the only example I know of two captains of a ship with a successful result . . . my wife and I have always acted as two persons in one—like the Consuls at Rome. . . . The number of 'Mercury' boys who have risen to commissioned rank in the Royal Navy, entering by the lower deck, is remarkable; so also is the number who have risen to be Masters and first and second officers in the Merchant Service."

The pages of this book are very naturally interspersed with a wealth of cricket, be it "County" or "Test," with opinions and criticisms and theories on all the finer points of this national game of ours. You will find yourself rubbing shoulders with W. G. Grace, Ranji, Archie MacLaren, Hobbs, Hammond and a hundred others, including the best known of those famous Australian giants of, at least, two generations, enough, in fact, to delight even the heart of the humblest enthusiast.

There is one surprising chapter in this author's life, the occasion when he almost became the ruler of a foreign state—Albania. It happened at a time when he was acting as a substitute delegate for India at the League of Nations. The Albanians, having applied for membership to the League, wanted "An English country gentleman with a modest income of £10,000 a year." C. B. Fry was nominated and duly interviewed, and his friend Ranji was prepared to find the money. "Beyond telling me that the Bishop was quite favourably impressed with me, and that the matter was under full consideration, Ranji never revealed to me what had occurred. . . . In a way, so many projects fade out in Geneva and in India."

Mr. Fry was in Germany in 1934 and met Hitler, though it was a brief interview—"I saw Herr Hitler for only a few minutes, and then he hurried away in his car," may be to discuss with his Nazi henchmen which country he should violate next?

The concluding chapter takes the reader to Hollywood, during which time he was the guest of that other prominent sportsman and film star, so well known to us all—C. Aubrey Smith.

A bright ending to a most inspiring book. A book which should appeal to every class of reader. To have lived a life so full must surely be "worth living."

A. Nelson Allen.



DURING THE GREAT WAR THE R.S.P.C.A. WAS THE ONLY SOCIETY AUTHORISED BY THE ARMY COUNCIL TO ASSIST THE VETERINARY SERVICES IN LOOKING AFTER OUR SICK AND WOUNDED WAR HORSES. THE R.S.P.C.A. ORGANISED A SPECIAL FUND FOR THIS PURPOSE

The Society has now been recognised by the Army Council as the sole channel through which any offers of assistance for the veterinary services may be tendered in the present war. The R.S.P.C.A., using the balance of the Fund 1914-18, has already given a motor-driven ambulance for two horses. The body of the ambulance is on a turn-table, so that, at the end of the journey, there is no need to back a horse out of the ambulance. The body is turned round and the horse is led down the ramp

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

RESUMPTION of free dealings in British Government securities had an electrifying effect on stock markets in general. Once the Funds could be sold in any quantity liquidation in other sections abruptly ceased.

It was just what was needed. Confidence in the Funds is always a tonic to markets. There has been a spread of investment business. Industrial equities came into strong demand. Prices appreciated rapidly. That industrial section is now more or less on a supply and demand basis.

I find many looking round for securities in which money may be invested with reasonable safety over the war period. Selection of such securities needs care. It is by no means an easy task. Opinions regarding future values vary a great deal according, I imagine, to the temperament of the investor. I have noticed a movement towards the securities of land companies. The general impression is that such concerns will have their assets intact at the end of the war. The companies mainly selected are those with property overseas.

It has to be admitted that during the last war some such concerns came through the struggle without losing many feathers. Some of them have experienced unprofitable conditions in recent years. That, however, need not penalise them under the exceptional conditions now prevailing.

The question of direct and immediate income from such investments does not enter very prominently into calculations. The main object is to render capital as secure as possible during the period of hostilities.

I have noticed buying of Hudson's Bay £1 ordinary shares. The ruling price is around 20s. 3d. This company with its extensive interests in Canada has experienced lean times for some years past. It is contended, however, that land in Canada can become more valuable. The trade of the company in overseas markets may benefit from war conditions. Dividend for the year to January 31st last, on Hudson's Bay ordinary capital was only 2½ per cent. less income tax at 3s. 6d. in the £, including Dominion Income Tax relief. There was, however, an additional 1 per cent. distribution from surplus of land account, which was not subject to Income tax.

Sudan Plantations Syndicate £1 shares appear to be popular with many who are searching for security of capital. This is, of course, the important cotton cultivating concern in the Sudan. It can point to a reasonable dividend record in recent years. Cotton should command a good price during the war and the estates owned in the Sudan are unlikely to show any serious deterioration in value. These shares are changing hands around 30s. 6d. The dividend for the year to June, 1938, was 10 per cent. A report for the year to last June is about due.

Others favour Forestal Land Timber & Railways £1 ordinary stock units. This undertaking is largely interested in quebracho tanning extracts from the Argentine. It also has assets in South Africa which, as the chairman stated at the annual meeting last May, are of substantial value, giving a fair return on the capital cost and a greater promise in the future.

The dividend policy of the concern is to maintain a 6 per cent. regular annual ordinary distribution. Any extra profit reaches shareholders in the shape of a cash bonus. The cash bonus for 1938 was 1 per cent. in addition to the customary 6 per cent. distribution. The £1 shares standing around 17s. 9d. look quite attractive.

Some of the Australian estate properties find favour. There is buying of Australian Agricultural shares which have a nominal value of £3. Their market price is about 49s. 6d. This company has a good dividend record having paid 5 per cent. for the last three years. It owns sheep and cattle farms in New South Wales and Queensland. It also has a considerable interest in a colliery business. These may be regarded as assets of considerable value. I consider that those looking for security of capital and moderate income during the war period might do worse than examine investments of the description I have just mentioned.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.—The Friends of the Poor plead help for two old maiden ladies, aged 84 and 83. For many years they lived in London on their Old Age Pensions and a little help from kindly relations. At the age of 81, the elder and more active sister met with an accident and since her recovery has not been able to do housework. They are now in the house of an ex-nurse where they are looked after for £1 a week each. This tiny sum is all they have and the Friends of the Poor have given them for some time 5s. weekly for little extra comforts. Will you please help us to continue this small allowance?—it makes so much difference to the lives of these two old ladies.



LEFT: FORCING RHUBARB UNDER POTS TO BRING ON EARLY, AS PRACTISED IN THE NORTH. RIGHT: GATHERING RHUBARB. NOTE THE STRAW BETWEEN THE ROWS AND THE SPECIAL BARROW

RHUBARB AS A FIELD CROP

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

THERE is always a demand for rhubarb during the early part of the year, not only when forced, but when grown outside, and either covered with pots or encouraged to earliness by means of a mulching of strawy manure. Once soft fruit comes into picking, the demand for rhubarb gradually disappears. In war time there is always an increased demand for this fruit, not only for stewing and in tarts, but for jam-making, bottling, and even for making into wine.

Whatever its use may be, rhubarb ranks as a vegetable, and is grown, of course, for its leaf stalks. The crop is heavy and bulky, and marketing expenses in consequence tend to be on the high side. The greatest profits can, therefore, be made when a large local trade is developed. It does, however, pay well as a forced crop, providing a good length of stem can be produced.

Rhubarb is a hardy perennial and came to this country from Southern Siberia. It was used in the first place for its medicinal virtues. When once established it continues to yield a crop for a number of years. It is said that rhubarb thrives best on acid soils, especially if they have good water-holding properties. It certainly likes cool conditions. A tremendous rhubarb-growing industry is centred round the Leeds district, largely for this reason, and because here the plants die down early in the year with the result that the growers are in a position to get the three-year-old crowns into the forcing houses earlier.

As a field of rhubarb may be down for eight to ten years, and can be made to bear profitably over this period of time, it is obvious that the land should be properly prepared before planting. The ground will need ploughing and subsoiling in the autumn, and well-rotted farmyard manure should be incorporated at the rate of 40 tons to the acre. In addition, 5cwts. of superphosphate should be applied as a top dressing and should be lightly harrowed in. During the first year of growth 2 cwts. of sulphate of ammonia should be applied in two equal dressings —one in April and the other in May.

The initial preparation should be done in the autumn, and the land left rough so that it can be acted on by the frost and winds. It should then be possible to plough the land again thoroughly late in February or early in March, and after a harrowing, and the addition of the superphosphate, the land should be ready for planting.

The distance allowed between the rows varies according to the type of cultivation that is to be carried out. In war time, with a minimum of labour, it may be advisable to space the rows out as far apart as 4ft., and to place the plants only 30in. apart in the rows. Normally, with varieties like Linnaeus and Champagne, the rows may be 3ft apart and the "sets" planted 2ft. 6in. apart in the rows. With varieties like Victoria and Prince Albert, a 4ft. square plant is sometimes followed. This gives 2,722 plants to the acre. Furrows may be ploughed out with a double-sided plough to such a depth that the bud at the head of the crown after planting is level with the surface of the soil. It is most important to see that the buds are not buried.

It is possible to raise rhubarb from seed, but unfortunately it seldom comes true to type. Victoria is said to come truer than any other variety. It is better, therefore, to propagate by the division of roots and to ensure that each "set" has at least one good bud or eye. Good clumps of vigorous plants in full bearing condition should be selected, say three or four-year-olds. These should be dug up in March, and may be cut up with a spade into suitable portions. The rough spade cuts may need trimming up afterwards in order that damaged and broken portions shall be removed. Neat trimming does help rapid healing. When purchasing sets a guarantee should be obtained that the plants are free from crown rot. This is a soft rot which eventually ruins the plant, and as a result only short, spindly spikes develop.

It is necessary to maintain clean cultivation at all times for if perennial weeds are allowed to develop they will soon ruin the crop and make it unprofitable. Directly after planting, the surface of the soil should be cultivated to prevent caking. It is possible in the first year to take off a catch crop between the rows. French beans, lettuces and spinach are three suitable crops for the purpose.

In subsequent years, mechanical cultivation, together with a certain amount of hand-hoeing, will have to be done till the leaves start to make this impossible. Any flowering stalks which appear should be cut off immediately, and it may be necessary to continue this operation throughout the summer. In the winter, the ground between the rows must be cultivated and the old stalks and leaves removed. When digging or ploughing in the winter, the earth may be drawn up slightly to the crowns in such a way that the crop is not seen. No pulling should be done the first year following planting, and only a light pulling the second year.

In order to ensure early pulling, strawy farmyard manure or even straw alone should be used along the rows in January at the rate of 2 tons per acre. Some growers prefer to use 4 tons per acre, and say that this ensures a pull of 6in. rhubarb sticks early in February. The price of early rhubarb stick per stick is four to six times as high as late rhubarb. The manure or straw used as a mulch is dug or ploughed in in the winter.

A complete fertiliser should be given every year, and one high in nitrogen content. A good mixture would seem to consist of 2 cwt. sulphate of ammonia, 4 cwt. of superphosphate, 1 cwt. steamed bone flour, and 1 cwt. of sulphate of potash. Midway through the pulling season nitrate of soda may be applied at 1½ cwt. per acre as an extra stimulant.

The rhubarb should be pulled by giving the stalks a half turn and a sudden jerk—outwards and downwards—at the same moment. Too many stems should not be pulled from one plant at one time. The earliest pullings are bundled with the small leaves intact, but in the case of the later harvesting, the leaves are trimmed down by three-quarters. The actual sizes of the bundles differ not only from market to market but from month to month. For instance, in the London markets, the bundles usually weigh 2lb. at the start and 7lb. towards the end of the marketing season. It is necessary to consult the commission salesman in the matter before sending.

Good varieties are—Hawkes Champagne, an early well-coloured variety; Linnaeus, which follows it; Early Albert, which comes in at the same time and is useful for forcing, and Victoria, which is the best highly-coloured late. On the whole, Champagne is the most popular among market growers.

BULL LICENSING

On the outbreak of war it was found necessary for administrative reasons to announce the suspension of bull licensing. It has, however, now been found possible to overcome the initial difficulties and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Secretary of State for Scotland have accordingly decided that it would be desirable to arrange for the resumption of bull licensing in order that the progress which has so far been achieved should be maintained, and to prevent any deterioration in the standard of cattle. This decision has the approval of the National Farmers' Unions for England and Wales and for Scotland.

At the same time, in order to effect economy in expenditure on staff and to save the time of farmers in complying with their obligations under the Licensing of Bulls Act, certain simplifications in procedure will be introduced. The essential features of the Act, which are the inspection and licensing or rejection of every bull attaining the specified age and the farmers' right of appeal in the event o rejection, will be maintained unchanged, but it is now proposed that owners of licensed bulls and purchasers of such bulls shall be absolved from the obligation to notify the Ministry or the Department of Agriculture for Scotland in connection with the transfer of licences.

Farmers should, therefore, now make application in the usual way for licences to keep a bull. Application forms may be obtained by farmers in England from the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Department X.A., 23-25, Soho Square, London, W.1; by farmers in Wales from the Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 17, Eastgate, Aberystwyth; and by farmers in Scotland from the Secretary, Department of Agriculture for Scotland, St. Andrew House, Edinburgh, 1. A fee of five shillings is payable in respect of each application.

SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Council of the Shire Horse Society held on Tuesday, October 17th, it was decided to abandon the 1940 London Show, which was due to be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall in February next. In view of the present day conditions and to afford breeders further time in which to lodge their registrations for the new Stud Book, it was agreed that the closing date be extended to November 15th next. To the membership roll 102 new names were added and 45 prefixes were approved for registration.

CARRYING ON

By JOAN ROBESON

WHEN war broke out at the beginning of September Masters and Hunt Committees alike found themselves in a peculiar position. Four months of their "agreement year" had already run, during which a normal basis of expenditure had proceeded, leaving the remaining eight months—including the hunting season—as a problem demanding a speedy solution. Meetings in the various countries were hurriedly convened and as the outcome it was agreed, practically without exception, to keep the flag flying for as long as possible. It will be no exaggeration to say that during the first few weeks of hostilities the future of foxhunting in England hung in the balance.

Economy, combined with the absolute necessity of preserving the nucleus of any future pack, was the foundation upon which plans were laid. The problem, in the majority of cases, was twofold—the kennels and the country.

As far as the kennels were concerned this was usually a domestic arrangement with the Master and obviously dependent upon how far the financial obligations under the old agreement might be met. In many instances the Master had already rejoined one or other of the fighting Services, the more happily placed Hunts with joint-Masters sometimes found one remaining if they were lucky. So, in the kennels, everything had perforce to be "cut to the bone."

Hounds were destroyed, horses sold to the Government or left at grass, and men dismissed. It has been a heartbreaking duty for Masters of Hounds. Some of the more fortunately placed establishments found themselves left with old and tried hands—perhaps a kennel huntsman, stud groom and an old servant; all over military age; all men who knew their job from A to Z and could be trusted to carry on upon economical lines with a minimum of supervision.

The country, however, presented the more complicated problem, and not without its difficulties and dangers. Here it had to be borne in mind that the ultimate object of all war measures boiled down to the preservation of the basis of a pack of hounds and a country wherein to hunt them. At the same time a pack reduced to half strength could only be out on half its original number of days. And even then the days hunted must be short; no second horses, let alone second horsemen, would be available, and some of the country might not be adequately covered. It was obvious that each Hunt Management had to rely upon the good-will of all classes, including the acceptance of a reduction, or even a cancellation, of compensation and payments of all kinds pending the return to happier times. Those left at home had to sink their natural desire for the enjoyment of "sport" as such, and in its place put the sole consideration of its preservation for the future.

Even with the enormous economies already effected and contemplated the financial strain, like the poor, is always with us. Many subscribers are already absent on Service; most are badly hit financially, and practically all are busy. A big proportion of their horses have been taken for the Army and stable staffs are reduced. Those subscribers still at home cannot and will not expect regular hunting in the ordinary sense of the word, nor indeed can it be offered them. Under these circumstances it is impossible to demand a regular subscription as against sport provided, whilst the customary "caps" and wire fund collections must mostly go by default. Most Hunts will be forced to rely upon what one might call "charitable donations"; for as much as he or she feels it right to afford, from past and present members, and others; indeed, from all those who desire the continuance of the sport for the sake of those serving, the rising generation, and the countryside in general. In no less way the farmers may be relied upon to play their part.

In return, the farmer should be assured of every possible consideration, since on his good-will hunting depends. Above all, farmers should be given the continued opportunity of seeing hounds and there must always be a special welcome for those who snatch an occasional day, together with the fighting man on leave, the young people home from school, and all subscribers who have made sacrifices for the future preservation of foxhunting.

The situation may have to be thought out afresh before the commencement of another season, but one thing is certain, it will be the earnest endeavour of every Hunt to carry on until "the first flight rides on the grass again!"

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

BADSWORTH.—Captain George Barker was called up at the end of August, so the committee held a meeting with representatives of the farmers and other members. The joint-Masters, Lord Allendale and Mr. Eric Fowler, promised continued support for the present season, but with pressure of their various duties and work they would not be able to get out a great deal. Jack Pipes, the first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, will hunt hounds instead of Captain Barker and Lord Allendale. The two packs are to be reduced to one, and to hunt two days per week, when possible. Hounds have been reduced from forty-eight couples to twenty-five. Some of the horses have been turned out and some sent to the Army. Jim Deakin, second whipper-in, now acting first, remains, but may be called up later. The staffs in kennels and stables have had to be reduced. Mrs. George Barker is left in charge at the Kennels.

CHIDDINGFOLD.—This Hunt hopes to carry on, though on a considerably reduced scale, for this season anyway. Upwards of twenty-five couples of hounds will be kept in kennel, the rest will be destroyed. Two horses, and possibly two others placed on a reserve list, have been taken. At present there have been no changes in the staff.

HEREFORDSHIRE, NORTH.—This Hunt will carry on, turning out two days instead of three. Ten couples of hounds have been put down and one horse has been requisitioned. The second whipper-in has gone and the staff has been cut down.

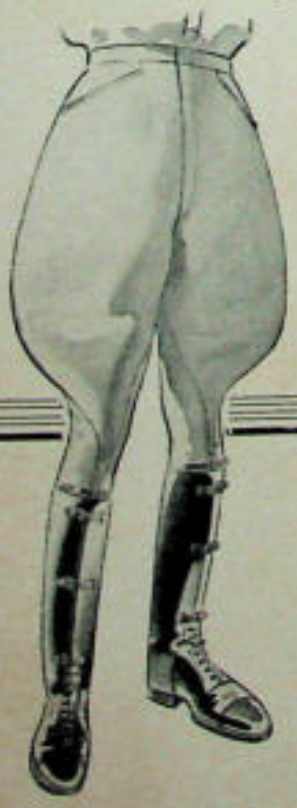
WEXFORD.—This pack has been reduced to twenty-two-and-a-half couples owing to the war. The hunting days are Tuesday and Friday and the Master is Lieutenant-Commander C. J. Skrine, the hon. secretary being Mr. I. A. Colfer, Rosheroon Castle, New Ross. The Master carries the horn and has J. Bruce and Moorefields to turn to him.

NORTH BUCKS BEAGLES.—The joint-Masters are Messrs. P. F. How (huntsman), Greybarn, Newport Pagnell, and L. A. Parratt, 24, Souldern Way, Watford; the hon. secretaries being Mr. S. C. Waldock (treasurer), Bank House, Newport Pagnell; Mrs. A. E. West, Aspley Guise, and Miss P. M. Taylor, Newport Pagnell. The kennel-hand and first whipper-in is H. Vines, and the hon. whippers-in are Messrs. D. C. Musters, J. I. Lloyd and A. West. The kennels are at Newport Pagnell and the pack consists of twenty couples 15in. S.B. beagles. The hunting days are Saturdays and alternate Wednesdays, the country covered being around Newport Pagnell.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

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MEASURING TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY



SCOTS PINE OF TIMBER SIZE AND SITKA SPRUCE SUITABLE FOR PITPROPS IN THE FOREST COMMISSIONS' WOODS IN THE NEW FOREST AREA

IT is but human nature to glorify one's own calling, to cover with mystery the tasks which one performs with such apparent ease and skill. To speak to a charcoal burner or a thatcher is to enter the presence of a high priest. The answers to one's puerile questions serve but to exaggerate the depths of one's abysmal ignorance, for they certainly will not enlighten.

Something of this attitude is visible in the older generation of timber merchant's buyers. For centuries timber has been bought and sold upon a purely conventional system of measurement that bears no relation to the true volume of a tree. As may be expected, it favours the buyer, giving a result 23 per cent. below the true volume. This is not really so unreasonable as may appear, as it is arguable that it represents the greater part of the loss on sawing.

The conventional measurement is so strongly established that to attempt to adopt a mathematical, or any other, system, giving more accurate results, would merely depress the price per cubic foot. Well established as the method of calculation is the ways of arriving at the basic figures are even more as the Laws of the Medes and the Persians.

For felled timber the length is measured with a 2ft. fold rule, turned continuously end over end from butt to tip. In the hands of a dishonest merchant, and such do exist, the rule can be manipulated to give a reading which is less than the true figure.

The circumference at the centre of the log is measured with a piece of string. This is then folded into four and laid against the rule, giving a quarter-girth reading. This is squared and multiplied by the length, giving the conventional figure of cubic contents. By holding the string tightly round the log, and folding it loosely against the rule, a figure less than the true quarter-girth will result.

The modern timber measurer uses a 66-ft. tape for measuring the length, and a special tape 9ft. long and marked in lengths of 4in., sub-divided into ⅛in., ¼in. and ⅛in. This gives the quarter girth by direct reading and is absolutely accurate, within the convention of the method.

For standing timber measurement becomes a matter of judgment. The height is universally obtained by holding a 20ft. jointed pole, made like a heavy fishing rod, against the trunk, and judging the height of the tree from the point a few inches above the ground, where the saw cut will be made, to the junction of the first large side branch. For hardwoods this is fairly simple, as the height is usually not great.

If a tree consists of a short, clean butt, about 15ft. long, then a rosette of large branches, topped by a sizable stem, perhaps 15ft. long, carried well up, it should be measured in two lengths. The butt will be priced at a comparatively high figure, while the portion of the stem above the lowest branches will be knotty, useful only for posts and rough work, and valued at a low price per cubic foot.

Conifers often have a timber height, measured well up into the green crown, of 60ft. or more, and a nice judgment is called for to be able to stand back and estimate the height. If possible, it is preferable in all cases of conifers to have a typical tree felled, so that the estimate of height can be checked.

The sample felled tree has another use. It enables an exact determination of the taper in a typical stem, and thus the deduction needed from the quarter-girth at breast height to give the quarter-girth at the centre of the stem.

The estimate of quarter-girth is the more important of the two operations, as it influences volume more than does a small variation in the height. It also may have a bearing on the price grade, which reduces rapidly for the smaller stems. The old-fashioned timber merchant will use a leather strap, ended with a heavy brass ring, and marked in 4in. units and quarters. The modern generation prefers the timber tape previously described, though its life is admittedly shorter.

For accurate work, the volume of the tree should be calculated always over bark, and the percentage allowed by the Timber Control deducted from the gross figure. The method of a previous generation, which often used straps graduated to allow 1 in 12 for bark, is not now generally adopted. The innocent sounding 1 in 12 is equivalent to a deduction of 16 per cent. from the gross measure over bark, and it is easy to see why it gained favour with merchants, now that the Timber Control have fixed bark allowances, 10 per cent. for oak, 7½ per cent. for larch, and so forth.

Taper, which should always be calculated separately from bark allowance, varies. In hardwoods it does not usually present much difficulty. A good method is to estimate quarter-girth 5ft. from the top and take the mean between that and the measured figure at breast height. For conifers this method is not accurate, and is useful only as a check. A tree 60ft. high, with a quarter-girth at breast height of 9in., will have the centre 25ft. above the point at which this measurement was taken. If the tree, a larch, tapers 1in. in 12ft., as it well may, the central quarter-girth over bark will be 7in. Taper can be checked only by felling a typical tree.

SOWING PEAS AND BEANS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

BEANS and peas are amongst the most nutritious of all vegetables and it will soon be time to plant both Broad Beans and the round seeded varieties of peas. The most prolific variety of Broad Bean in my experience is the Giant or Four seeded Windsor, which is a decided improvement on the old Green Harlington.

In mild parts Broad Beans can be planted successfully towards the end of November and even December, but in most parts early November is best. Where wood pigeons abound they attack these beans mercilessly. Five acres of them were destroyed locally by these birds last season, and in a really severe winter such as last they attacked even those grown in gardens. In fields it is impossible to protect them, but in gardens where they are grown on a smaller scale it is possible to scare them off with rags tied to strings run over the rows. Paper is useless at this season, but rags last.

Beans should be sown on a dry day and when the soil is in friable condition. Any very undersized or conspicuously wrinkled seeds should be thrown out. Sowing in single rows ensures the finest beans, but it is customary to sow in double rows, allowing 6in. between the small and 9in. between the larger kinds. The seeds are put in 4in. apart and about an inch deep.

In very cold parts it is advisable to sow in frames and plant out in March. This bean is, however, very hardy, and is only likely to be caught by frost when it first appears above the soil. In the event of a really severe winter such as last it is a good plan to draw earth up to the stems, for it is the stems that suffer extreme frost and not the leaves. Amateurs frequently omit the important attention of picking off the side growths as soon as they appear. These growths take nourishment from the prolific main stem, delay the beans swelling and rarely produce any pods themselves. The Mazagans are the earliest and hardiest of all the Broad Beans, but they are so small that they never seem to me worth the space they occupy.

We are now eating fully mature Broad Beans sown in mid-July. This is the first time we have sown so late and the crop, though not so large as from those sown at the usual times, is quite good and makes a welcome change. Broad Beans are regarded as a delicacy by many people, but this is a waste of good food in war-time.

In common with all fruits and vegetables Broad Beans are most nourishing when they are fully mature. Broad Beans at this stage are mealy and the skins slip off easily when the beans are cooked. Some cooks skin the beans before cooking them by putting them in boiling water for a few minutes, but this involves the loss of valuable salts. Broad Beans that are too old to serve plainly boiled can be rubbed through a sieve, mixed with butter and seasoning, and served with some finely-chopped ham or grated cheese on sippets of thin hot buttered toast.

Round-seeded peas are the only kind that are worth sowing at this season. On a sheltered border and on light warm soils they usually come through the winter all right and mature quite a fortnight earlier than those sown in spring. Another possibility is to sow them in turves turned upside down, for this saves trouble in transplanting and the turves can be watered in a cold frame. The trouble with turves, however, is the risk of wireworm. The usual method is to sow in boxes, but the boxes must be 5 in. deep to give room for the long roots. The seeds should be put in an inch deep and as much apart. If kept in a cold greenhouse or cold frame the boxes must be kept near the glass, otherwise the plants will grow lanky. All through the winter no water should be given unless the surface soil is dry, and then enough should be given to reach the furthest roots. Giving any plants continual dribblets of water is a fatal policy. In cold weather the water should not be taken straight from the main but left to stand in the same temperature as the seedlings for several hours.

In the case of plants sown in the open, brushwood is helpful for protection and cottoning essential unless there are pea-guards. Brushwood laid along the most exposed side is also helpful. It is more important to keep the soil along the rows aerated in winter than in summer, for in stagnant soil in bleak weather the plants are bound to suffer badly. Earthing up when the plants are 3in. high is a sound policy, for as with beans it is the stems and not the leaves that suffer in severe frost.

Many market growers sow in autumn the dwarf kinds that need no staking, and when the peas are mature the rows are picked all along one side and then turned over and picked along the other side. In view of the fact that pea sticks will be expensive this next season, it is as well to grow the very dwarf varieties. We save all our Michaelmas Daisy sticks and use them for staking all peas up to 3ft. high. In my experience these sticks are exceptionally durable, for when the peas are finished the sticks are piled in the open and are perfectly usable the following winter for affording extra protection to the beehives. We pile them up on the north and east sides. Finally, they are burnt and make useful ash, so they may be said to earn their keep.

Amongst the best Dwarf Peas for autumn sowing are Clucas Early Dwarf (1¼ft.), Greenmantle (2ft.) and Knights Early Bird (2ft.). Amongst the rather taller kinds that old favourite the Pilot (3ft.) can hold its own with any. The ideal site for autumn sown peas is a sunny slope facing south, and we also see to it that the site gets more than its fair share of wood ash when it is being prepared.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA SUPPLIES

Farmers should make application as soon as possible for their spring requirements of Sulphate of Ammonia as the usual full facilities for transport during the spring sowing season may not be available.

Hitherto it has only been possible to release supplies required for immediate consumption, but arrangements have now been made for a limited period to enable farmers to obtain supplies at a favourable price, provided they take immediate delivery. Any farmer who has suitable storage accommodation will be well advised to make early application through his usual merchant.

Those who take advantage of this arrangement, the Ministry of Agriculture states, will have the satisfaction of knowing that their requirements are assured to them whatever transport difficulties may later arise, and at a price 7s. 6d. per ton lower than that ruling during last spring.



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST SIGHTS OF THE YEAR
Tulips and wallflowers in a formal setting at Abbey Chase, Chertsey

WALLFLOWERS *and* BEDDING PLANTS

BEDDING-OUT plants, if raised from seed, are the cheapest method of making a colourful display in spring. Certain biennials have for generations dominated in this display, notably Wallflowers, Forget-me-nots, Double Daisies, and Honesty, associated with the spring-flowering bulbs—Daffodils, Narcissi and Tulips.

Formerly it was the custom to grow bulbs all of one kind and colour together, and Wallflowers of one colour with a surround of Forget-me-nots. The effect was monotonous, though impressive if done on a sufficiently large scale. We now, however, have adopted the cottagers more picturesque method of mixing all sorts of flowers together. This method dates back to at least the sixteenth century and may be much older than that. For in Elizabethan and Stuart times the ideal was to make spring beds such a mixture of colours that, to quote one of the greatest gardeners of that period, "the place shall look like a piece of tapestry to encrease everyone's delight."

Modern Wallflowers are far less hardy than those of even 20 years ago. Colour and size have been improved at the expense of hardiness and scent. Consequently modern kinds need more care during the winter. In extreme cold or exceptionally cutting winds, these nominally hardy plants suffer badly, and present a depressing appearance with their leaves all hanging limp. They rarely fail to recover to a certain extent, but the flowering is naturally not so good as in the case of those with which a little trouble has been taken. Very light leafless boughs laid over the beds keep out many degrees of frost. Also, if possible, Wallflowers should be given a place near a house wall. They are indeed ideal plants to mass in the beds immediately under the windows.

The showiest modern hybrid is undoubtedly the almost too popular Fire King. I like the curious magenta pink of Eastern Queen, for it is a most unusual and cheery colour in spring. Wallflowers are commonly raised from seed every year, but in the case of any plant showing exceptionally good colouring it is well worth striking cuttings from it. Also cuttings afford a cheap and easy method of covering rough banks, &c., with Wallflowers for the following season, without all the trouble of sowing seed, pricking out, &c. The cuttings strike in any light soil, and the plants need no further attention.

The charming old double Wallflower Harpur Crewe has always to be raised from cuttings. A very light soil and a well-drained position in full sun are essential if this fine old plant is to do itself justice. Bushes of it nearly 4ft. across, aglow with their little double yellow flower, are not only lovely, but this perennial Wallflower has an exceptionally long flowering period, often from March till well into early summer.

Forget-me-nots vary greatly in beauty. The washy pale blue kinds should be avoided, the best being the rich variety Royal Blue. This is particularly effective grouped with a cherry red Tulip such as Pride of Haarlem. Lavender, pink and white Forget-me-nots are quite pretty in mixture, but it is the blue of the Forget-me-not that is so desirable in spring.

Double daisies are becoming distressingly large and, to my thinking, modern varieties with flowers almost as large as Asters have lost all their daisy charm. Double daisies have the merit of flowering well into summer and they are among the most pleasing of all edging plants. The old "hen and chicken" daisy has almost disappeared from cultivation. Each flower is surrounded with minute blooms which radiate from the parent and suggests diminutive planets encircling the sun. It is useless to grow this old favourite in poor soil, for in such soil it quickly reverts, and whereas the "hen" remains there are no "chickens."

Honesty is a biennial that has regrettably lost its old popularity, and yet it is one of the few early flowering biennials that will flourish in shade and even under trees. The mauve kind is not a good colour, but the white kind is charming, and is most useful for associating with tulips. The seed pods have always been valued for winter decoration.

Canterbury Bells make a lovely display, and these, too, should be planted in mixed colours. The double kinds should be avoided for they always look heavy. Canterbury Bells should be planted as early as possible in their permanent quarters, because they need to get established to develop their flowering crowns. These flowers, in common with most members of the Campanula tribe, are lime-lovers, and if lime is lacking in the soil it must be added. This year I have lined the path leading to my bee hives with Canterbury Bells, for it is the bees that make the music of these bells.

E. S. R.

THE CLIMBING AND RAMBLER ROSES

By CARTHEW ALLARDYCE

I WONDER whether the problem of climbing and rambler roses will ever be solved! Again and again they are confused. From being confused they are wrongly treated, and being improperly pruned they give poor results. It is not easy, actually, to give a simple definition. One can say that the climber is never so rampant as the rambler, and that it bears on the whole larger blooms, more like the bush rose. But is this enough?

It could be said that the period of blooming with ramblers is short—about five or six weeks—whereas the blooming period of the climber may be for several months. Mermaid, for instance, often flowers continuously from July right into the autumn.

Technically, I suppose, it ought to be said that the ramblers are Wichurianas and their hybrids and the climbing polyanthus and their hybrids, the most common example being Dorothy Perkins. Most of them are capable of producing canes 8ft. to 10ft. long each season. They are suitable not only for growing up pergolas, trellis or wire netting, but they look well when planted at the top of a bank and allowed to cascade down, and they are ideal as weeping standards.

Climbers are, many of them, sports from ordinary H.T. and T. bush roses. They may be called the climbing H.T.'s, the climbing T.'s, and, of course, the Noisettes, and their hybrids. On the whole they are at their best when grown against walls or fences. Different varieties suit different aspects. For the north wall there is Bouquet D'or, and Madame Alfred Carrière. For the east wall, Lady Waterlow, Zephirin Drouhin, W. 8. Richardson and Lemon Pillar. For a wall facing south I can recommend Etoile de Hollande, Ophelia, Mermaid and Emma Wright; while for a position facing west there is little to beat General McArthur, Madame Butterfly, Mrs. Aaron Ward and Rêve d'Or.

When ordering varieties like Madame Butterfly, of which there are climbing and bush types, care should be taken to stipulate that the climber is required. And it might be remarked here that there is no finer sight than a climbing Madame Butterfly in June. It is one of the most vigorous of roses, will spread rapidly under favourable conditions, and does not require a great deal of care, beyond manuring round the roots in spring either with dung or hop manure. It flowers early on and the first blooms may suffer from frost, but the later ones will be perfectly formed and there will be hundreds of them for the vases.

Ramblers are certainly not suited for the wall, for the old wood has to be cut away each year. They are pruned in the autumn or soon after flowering. The old and dead wood is cut right out from the base and the new growth tied in its place. Any wood that happens to have flowered on the laterals may be cut back to within two good buds of the base. Once pruned properly in the autumn there should be no need to do any other cutting until the following year at the same time.

The pruning of the climbers should be done about the end of March or the beginning of April. In this case pruning should never be hard, for if this is overdone a climber may easily revert to its bush form. Two or three of the strongest shoots may be cut back by about a third, and, of course, the weakly growths may be cut out altogether. It is always advisable with climbers to encourage the lateral growths to be thrown out. They, therefore, do best when trained in a horizontal position. If used to grow up pillars they should always be wound round the pillar and never tied up vertically as in the case of the rambler. The laterals that form as a result of this training may be cut back to within two eyes of the point from which they emanate.

As a boy I was taken to the park to see Dorothy Perkins, a rambler which then was comparatively new. I almost wish that this variety had never been introduced, for wherever you go you see it now. There are so many ramblers that are even more beautiful. For instance, Dr. Van Fleet, Princess of Orange, Bonfire, Emily Grey, The New Dawn, Blaze, and Paul's Scarlet Climber. (A pity it is called a climber, for it is a rambler!) Among the climbers I think my favourites are Lady Waterlow, Climbing Ophelia, Madame Gregoire Staechelin, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, Allan Chandler, Mermaid, Rosemary, because of its perfume, and Gloire de Dijon, because it is the best of "the Old Brigade."

Among the number of firms which specialise in rose growing are: Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, Herts; Messrs. Rosacre Nurseries, Hemel Hempstead, Herts; Messrs. Bunyards, Allington Nurseries, Maidstone; Messrs. Laxton's, of Bedford; Messrs. Dicksons, of Hawlmark, Belfast; Messrs. Archer and Daughter, of Sellindge, Ashford, Kent; Messrs. Hopwoods, of Cheltenham; and Messrs. Wheateroft, of Gedling, Notts.



SAFETY AT THE CORNERS

A shaded corner lamp designed by Mr. I. Carey Walker, and used in Worcester. The lamps are put in position at night and collected in the morning

A PETROL CONSUMPTION PROBLEM

By W. G. McMINNIES

A NORTH-COUNTRY reader has been faced with a curious problem. In common with many other motorists when rationing came in, he instructed his chauffeur to cut down the jets on his cars. The results proved most disappointing, for he now reports that the consumption has increased by 50 per cent.! Although he does not say anything about performance, he seems to attribute the results to the use of Pool spirit.

On the face of it this problem suggests that there must be a mistake somewhere. To start with, I wonder if the chauffeur really did fit smaller, and not larger jets, and whether all the cars' consumption figures increased. And then I should like to know exactly how the consumption figures were obtained. For it is all too easy to obtain an erroneous result, especially if the tests are made over a short distance. Furthermore to be strictly fair comparative tests should be made under exactly the same conditions of road, load, speed, weather, car and fuel.

When an expert is testing for petrol consumption, he fits a specially calibrated auxiliary container to some part of the car, fills it up with a carefully measured amount of fuel and goes off to the start of his particular stretch of road. Arrived there, he turns off his main supply and switches on the fuel from the special tank, noting the mileage reading at the same time. He then proceeds at a set speed until the special supply is exhausted, and again reads the mileage. If he is making a very accurate test he will probably return to the starting point again before trying out a new setting of the carburetter. Otherwise his results might be unfairly influenced by local conditions of wind, road or weather. And in any case, his testing ground will have been chosen with care, and will not include steep hills or congested areas liable to create special circumstances.

That sort of test is a very different affair from the casual way in which many owners estimate the consumption of their cars. "Went up to London and back the other day on a tankful," is the sort of remark one often hears. And if one takes the trouble to investigate, one finds that it is something like 100 miles to London, and that the tank holds six gallons comfortably, or seven at a pinch. And that as the fuel gauge registers exactly nothing when there is still ten or fifteen miles' worth of petrol in the tank, the haphazardness of this way of estimating can well be imagined.

But let us return to the original problem. If our friend's cars had all been run on No. 1 spirit before the introduction of rationing, he must expect some falling off in mileage when using Pool petrol. Pool is claimed to be a better fuel than ordinary Commercial No. 3 grade was, but it is not so good as the Ethyl or petrol benzol mixtures. Basing an estimate on tests made last summer with a Ford Eight using various kinds of fuels, I should expect a falling off with Pool of four or five miles per gallon, taking 40–44 m.p.g. as an optimum figure.

Generally speaking more satisfactory all round results will be obtained by reducing speed than by attempting to re-set the carburetter adjustment. And in any case if the jets are reduced the size of the choke tube should be reduced too, for the simple reason that the smaller amount of fuel passed through the jets requires a smaller amount of air to vaporise it properly. And, lastly, if the fuel is cut down, one must realise that the performance will be reduced.

From a practical point of view my advice to this North Country reader is to write to the makers of the carburetters fitted to his various cars and ask them what they advise. In certain cases one can now obtain inexpensively reconditioned carburetters specially tuned for economy. Thus, as an example, I quote the case of the Zenith carburetter people of Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex. They have produced a range of economy carburettors which can be exchanged for their standard instruments and quickly fitted in their place. When the old carburetter is returned to them, an equal to new one, complete with inlet manifold restrictor, an essential part of the modification, can be obtained for 42/6 in the case of a Ford Eight or Ten, 45/– in the case of a Hillman Minx or Austin Seven, and 50/– for an Austin Ten. If the original carburetter is retained for use in an unrationed period, a further charge of 15/– is made.

All this seems a thoroughly useful and practical idea. The carburetter experts are the people who know most about the adjustment of their instruments, and if one seeks their advice and assistance, one will obtain the best all-round results combined with the utmost economy. Otherwise by tinkering at home it is all too easy to run into all kinds of unnecessary snags, such as bad starting, lumpy running and general debility.

These economy carburetters are adjusted in such a way that the engine is always operating on the leanest cruising mixture, and because maximum power cannot be obtained the danger of damaging valves, &c., by overheating is eliminated. To produce this effect the modified carburetter has a restriction placed in the inlet manifold immediately in front of the instrument. With this arrangement the maximum speed will not exceed 40–45 miles per hour on the level, although normal hills can be climbed quite satisfactorily, but at a slower speed. This compulsory limiting of the speed and power of the engine, combined with the constant use of a safe and lean mixture, results in a worthwhile saving of fuel. On the other hand, if an owner wishes to retain the maximum speed of his car, carries full load, or operates in a very hilly district, the Zenith experts' advice is to stick to the standard carburetter.

And now a word about gadgets of which there seems to be a number. Some of them take the form of devices which are inserted in the inlet pipe between the throttle and engine. They aim at improving the vaporisation of the mixture, and the conversion of its whirling movement set up when passing the throttle into a straighter course, resulting in improved distribution to the cylinders. This question of the distribution of the mixture is an important one, as regards economy, power and engine condition. Its effect can be seen by removing the plugs of some cars, when a great difference will be noted in their condition. One pair may be found to be heavily coated with carbon, while another pair may be relatively clean. The carbon shows an over-rich mixture, the cleanness a correct one. Perfect distribution is indicated by the whole set of plugs being clean.

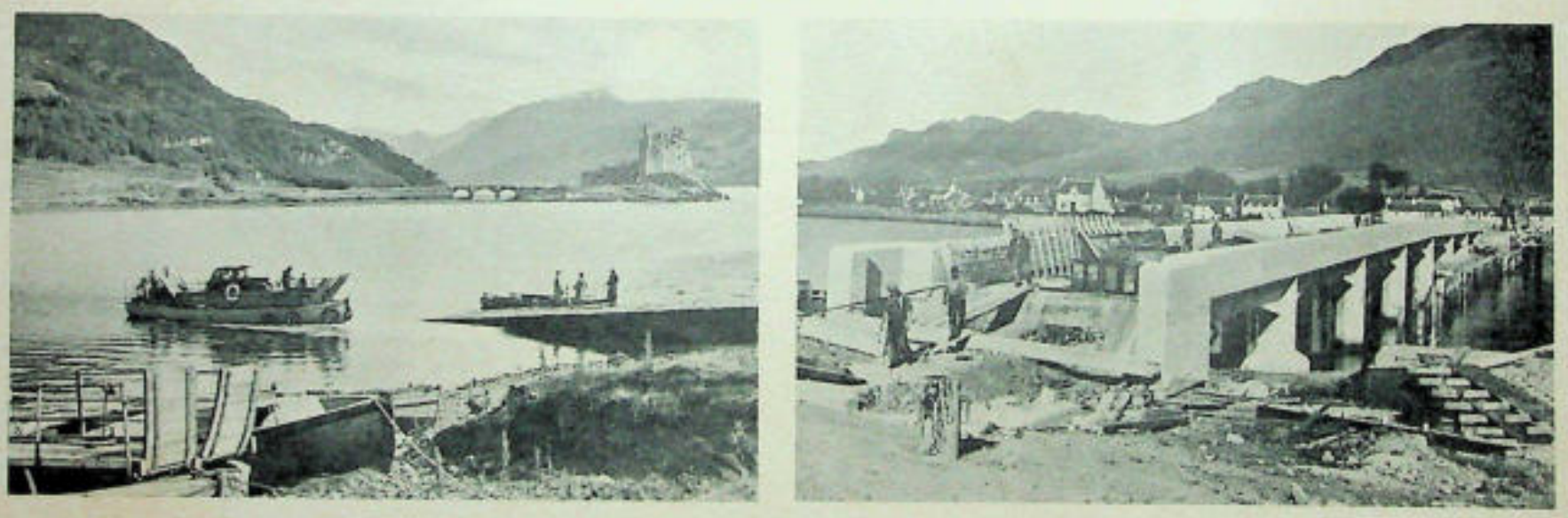
Now, as these gadgets fit in the induction pipe, they must to some extent reduce the amount of mixture fed to the engine, and will therefore have to make up by improved vaporising effects what they lose on this score. Of the several devices on the market one of the best known is the Cox Atmos. Arthur Cox, who invented this fitting, has been an investigator of carburetter problems all his life. He is essentially a practical motorist, and in the olden days was a successful competitor in motoring events.

Years ago he manufactured the Cox Atmos Carburettor, which produced a soft, steam engine kind of running that I have never met on any other instrument. So that, if I were to buy a vaporiser or economiser, I should certainly give the Cox Atmos a trial. It is made in Birmingham.

Another device, called the Vokes Distribution Rectifier, is made by Vokes, Ltd., of 95–105, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, S.W. 15. It is fitted above the throttle, and is claimed to straighten out the swirling mixture and ensure better distribution thereby. Its makers state that it not only provides a 20 per cent. reduction in fuel consumption, but also easier starting and better acceleration. Prices range from 5/– to 17/6, according to the type of car for which the device is required.

Owners whose cars may be inclined to pink on Pool spirit may also care to try some tablets known as Petroloid, two of which should be inserted in the tank with every gallon of Pool. A friend of mine made an accurate test of these tablets, and reported that they certainly succeeded in reducing the pinking proclivities of his engine. The stuff is sold by Standard Products, 144, High Holborn, London, with a guarantee to the effect that if an owner finds the consumption of his car is not reduced by at least 10 per cent. by the use of Petroloid, his money will be returned. A box of tablets, sufficient for nine gallons of Pool, costs half-a-crown.

Good results have also been obtained by the addition of Redex, an oil activator, anti-oxidant, and carbon repellent, which can be used in the engine, gearbox, axle and petrol. This liquid was used by the winner of a recent petrol consumption test in which over 3,000 competitors took part. It is sold by Redex, 57–58, Dolben Street, S.E. 1, and stocked at garages all over the country.



THE MOTOR FERRY AT LOCH LONG IN SCOTLAND AND THE NEW BRIDGE TO REPLACE IT

Dornie Ferry in operation and the bridge which it is expected will, after three years' work, be completed in 1940

BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

THE defender has usually to exercise considerably more imagination in playing his cards than the declarer. The latter's play has been fairly exhaustively analysed, many of the plays, elimination, suit establishment, &c., are fairly automatic and usually the most difficult plays for the declarer are squeeze, throw-in plays and plays necessitating careful timing. The declarer can see 26 cards, but each defender has to rely upon a few conventional discards and leads to obtain a picture of his partner's hand. He must try to visualise from the play and bidding the declarer's weakness and his own partner's concealed strength. Probably the most difficult defence is against an impending squeeze play. This is usually because it is not always easy for the defender to realise that a squeeze play will be attempted. In the pseudo-squeeze it is essential that each defender watches his partner's discards like a lynx, and each should endeavour to discard so as to give the maximum information.

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

Z	A	Y	B
Three Spades	No bid	Four Spades	All pass

Y, having three trumps, a doubleton, one Ace and a rather cautious partner, took a chance on Four Spades. A led the Three of Diamonds and after B had made the Ace and King, took the lead again with the Queen of Diamonds. He now returned the King of Hearts, taken by Z's Ace.

Since Z had to take the remainder of the tricks his only hope was a pseudo squeeze, and he therefore proceeded to lead his six trumps. Now it is obvious that after the first two trump leads A only wanted to know how many Hearts and Clubs Z had, and it was B's job to tell him. On the first five trump leads B played the 3 of Spades, the 3, 4 and 8 of Clubs and the 4 of Hearts, and the following situation was reached:

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

On the lead of the 6 of Spades, A threw the 7 of Clubs since his partner's discards had marked Z with the bare King of Clubs. If his partner had discarded two Clubs and two Hearts A would have been squeezed, and he should throw his Queen of Hearts, playing for some such distribution as:

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

Now if A throws the Queen of Hearts he will be able to guard the Clubs while his partner guards the Hearts. As a general rule, wherever possible, without giving too much information to the declarer, the defender against a squeeze play should discard all the cards in his short suit to give his partner a count of the suit. Of course, even in the above hand B had to choose between two evils. It was possible that Z had K, J and another Club, in which case B's defence would allow Z to discover the Club situation. However, having decided to chance this, B correctly showed the Club situation by discarding all his Clubs.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

One of my readers from Winchester sends me the following problem:

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

Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and Y–Z to make eight tricks against any defence by A–B.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z is playing the hand in Six Spades against an opening Club lead. Assuming the Spades break 3–2 how does Z play the hand?

SOLUTION

This is a straightforward elimination play. Z leads the Ace, King and Queen of Spades, Ace, King and Queen of Clubs and throws the lead with Ace, King and another Heart, and whichever of A or B is compelled to take the lead must give Y–Z three tricks in Diamonds or a ruff and a discard and two Diamond tricks.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BOURNEMOUTH

A game from the fifth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. F. E. A. Kibbo	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. F. E. A. Kibbo.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. P to K B 4	B to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. B to Kt 5	B to K 2
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q K 3	21. B to B 6	B to B sq
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	22. B to Kt 5	Kt to K 2 (d)
5. Castles	Kt takes P	23. P to K Kt 4	R to K sq
6. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 4	24. P to K R 3	P to Q 5 (e)
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 4	25. P takes P	P to B 5 (f)
8. P takes P	B to K 3	26. Q to K 4	P to K R 4 (g)
9. P to B 3	B to K 2	27. P takes P	P takes P
10. B to K 3 (a)	Castles	28. B takes Kt (h)	Q takes B
11. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt takes Kt	29. P to B 5	R to Kt 2 (ch) (i)
12. Q takes Kt	Kt to B 4	30. K to B 2 (j)	P takes P
13. Kt to Q 4 (b)	Q to Q 2 (c)	31. Q to Q 5, ch (k)	K to B sq
14. B to B 2	P to Q B 4	32. Q to B 5	Q takes P, ch
15. Q to Q 3	P to Kt 3	33. K to K 2	Q takes P
16. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	34. R to K Kt sq (l)	R takes P, ch
17. B to R 6	R to B 2		Resigns (m)
18. Q R to K sq	Kt to B 3		

(a) There are several alternatives here, among them being Q Kt to Q 2 and Q to K 2.

(b) This is probably better than B to B 2.

(c) 13. . . . Kt takes B is better, e.g. (1) 14. P takes Kt, P to Q B 4 15. Kt to B 6, Q to K sq, or (2) 14. Kt takes Kt, P to Q B 4; 15. B to R 5, P to R 5; 16. B takes B, Q takes B with an even game.

(d) Black plays to avoid a draw by repetition of moves, but, in so doing, he gets into great difficulties. He should, instead, play R to K 2.

(e) A good move.

(f) Another good move. Black now gets some counter-chances in the centre and on the Queen's side. If, instead, (1) 25. . . . Q takes P, ch, then 26. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 27. R to Kt 3, or, if (2) 25. . . . P takes P, then 26. B to Kt 3, and in each case White has a winning game.

(g) Black is playing to bring about complications. If now 27. B takes Kt. B takes B; 28. Q takes P, ch, R to Kt 2; 29. Q takes P, then 29. . . . Q takes P, ch with a counter-attack.

(h) White should first remove his King from the open file by playing K to R 2.

(i) If 29. . . . P takes P, then 30 R takes P, R to Kt 2, ch; 31. K to R 2 with a very good game for White. (If 31. . . . R to Kt 5, then 32. R to Kt 5, ch).

(j) Up to now White has played excellently but here, under time pressure, he misses his way. 30. K to R 2, which no doubt he rejected because of the reply 30. . . . R to Kt 5, is the correct move for after 31. P to B 6, R takes Q he does not play 32. P takes Q (because of 32. . . . R takes P, ch; 33. K to Kt 3, R takes P) but, as pointed out by Dr. Euwe in *Chess*, 32. R takes R with a winning game, e.g. (1) 32. . . . Q to K R 2; 33. R to Kt sq, ch, K to R sq; 34. R to Kt 6, Q to Q 2; 35. R to Kt 5, or (2) 32. . . . Q to Q 2; 33. R to Kt sq, ch (if P to R 7, ch, then Q takes P); K to R sq; 34. Q R to K B sq, R to Q sq (if 34. . . . Q takes P, then 35. R to Kt 8, ch, K takes R; 36. P to B 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 37. P takes R, = Q, Q takes K P, ch; 38. K to R 3 and wins); 35. R to Kt 5 with a winning game for, if 35. . . . Q takes P, then 36. R takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 37. P to B 7, ch, K to Kt 2; 38. R to R 7, mate. Black would, therefore, in reply to 30. K to R 2, have nothing better than to transpose into the line given in note *c* by playing 30. . . . P takes P.

(k) If Q to B 4, then R to Kt 5.

(l) If 34. Q takes P, ch, then 34. . . . K to Kt sq; 35. Q takes R, R to Kt 7, ch; 36. K to R 3, Q to Kt 5, ch; 37. K to K 3, Q to Kt 6, ch and wins.

(m) A lucky escape for Dr. Euwe.

The following game was played in the eighth round of the Premier Tournament.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. J. Mieses.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17. K takes Q	P to K R 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	18. Kt to Q 5	Kt to K B 3
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	19. Kt tks Kt, ch	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 3	B to Kt 2	20. R to Q Kt sq (f)	R to Kt sq
5. B to K 3	P to Q 3	21. B to B 4 (g)	P to R 5 (h)
6. Q to Q 2	P to Q Kt 4 (a)	22. P takes P (i)	Kt takes P
7. B to Kt 2	P to Kt 5	23. R to B 3 (j)	R to Q Kt 4
8. Kt to Q sq	B to Q B 3	24. R to B sq	Kt to K 4
9. Kt to K 2	R to Kt sq	25. R to B 2	B to B 5
10. P to K B 4	Q to B 2	26. P to B 4 (k)	P tks P, e.p.
11. P to B 5 (b)	Kt to K 4	27. R to B 2 (l)	R takes P, ch
12. P to K R 3 (c)	P takes P	28. K to B sq	Kt to B 5
13. P takes P	B to Kt 2	29. R takes P	R takes P, ch
14. Kt to B 4	B tks B (d)	30. K to K 2	R to K 4, ch
15. Q takes B	Q to Kt 2		Resigns.
16. Castles	Q tks Q, ch, (e)		

(a) This pawn is to support the Bishop at K Kt 2 in exerting pressure on White's Queen's side.

(b) An interesting position. White has chances on the King's side, Black on the Queen's.

(c) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5. However, Castles appears to be better.

(d) In the variation 14. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 15. B takes Kt, B takes B; 16. Castles, B takes Kt; 17. Q R takes B. B takes P Black wins a pawn, but is then behind in development and his opponent has good attacking chances.

(e) P to K R 4 at once, leaving White to make the exchange of Queens which he cannot well avoid for long, appears to be stronger.

(f) Kt to B 2 is better. As it is, the unfortunate Knight remains at Q sq for the rest of the game.

(g) If 21. Kt to B 2, then 21. . . . B to R 5; 22. Kt to K 4, B takes P; 23. Kt takes B, P to R 5.

(h) If B to R 5, then B takes Kt followed by R to B 3.

(i) A bad move. He should, instead, play Kt to B 2.

(j) R to K sq is slightly better.

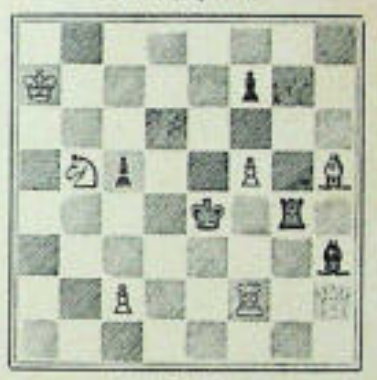
(k) White has no good move. If 26. B to B 4, then 26. . . . B takes P; 27. R takes B, P to R 5.

(l) Not Kt takes P because of R takes P, ch followed by R takes Kt.

PROBLEM No. 4037

By W. LANGSTAFF.*

BLACK (5 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

*Observer, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4036

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 540

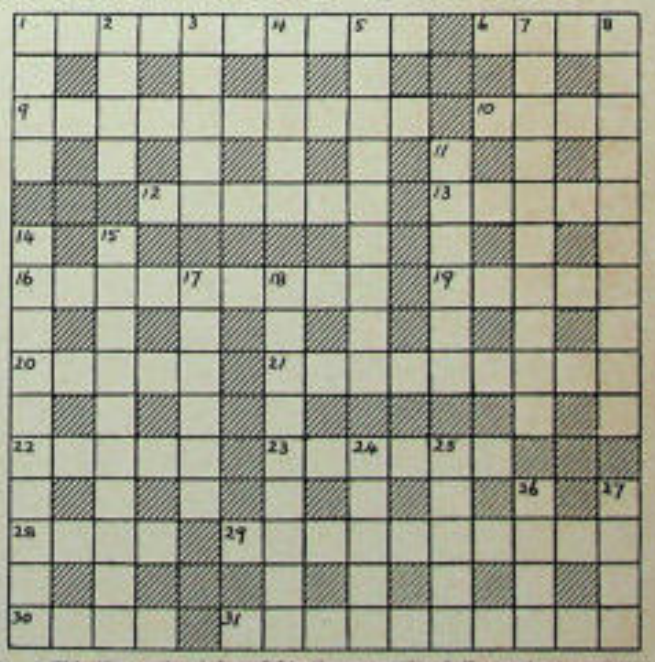
ACROSS.—1. Description inapplicable to either Henry VIII or Charles II (10). 6. Ahmed Madrali was the terrible one (4). 9. This sort of question is asked not for information, but to produce effect (10). 10. Shall I endeavour to gather information about the result of the raid? (hidden) (4). 12. Hinder (6). 13. This is frequently associated with nonsense (5). 16. Decent pie can be made out of this (9). 19. This has been represented as inducing a distaste for active life (5). 20. The men were getting fewer so the retreat was ordered (hidden) (5). 21. This comes between the arts (9). 22. Cast out of the community (5). 23. "Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little —— of his fields withstood" (Gray) (6). 28. This connects Berlin and Rome (4). 29. This precedes a sentence (10). 30. Found in 1670 (4). 31. Vera teases (anag.) (10).

DOWN.—1. "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of ——" (*Richard II*) (4). 2. "I hate the troops an extra ram ration," said the major (hidden) (4). 3. An outdoor feature in the evenings nowadays (5). 4. This, if excessive, is harmful to the nerves (5). 5. Tentmates (anag.) (10). 7. What our artillery are? (10). 8. Lord of the fishing fleet? (10). 11. Should he have horse sense? (6). 14. Make quicker (10). 15. "In —— of martial kind, When there was any fighting" (*The Gondoliers*) (10). 17. "Another ——, and I fancy, a light one" said Prob Bab (6). 18. These were numerous in Ireland in the last century (9). 24. A form of entertainment (5). 25. The mother of a precious daughter (5). 26. One size of type (4). 27. Canted but not seedy (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 539

Published October 21st

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

FARMING AND THE WAR

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

THE permission for the County War Agricultural Committees to use their discretion in recommending roots, kale and other green crops as suitable to be grown in certain instances on newly ploughed up grassland is important. Many cases have been brought to the notice of the Ministry where it would obviously be more sensible for the newly ploughed land to be put into roots and corn grown on existing arable than to risk a corn crop where wireworms are rampant.

County Committees are providing scope for a combined effort in agricultural administration. Landowner, farmer and farm worker are working together for the national welfare and the common good of the industry. There is nothing surprising in this. They have always found agriculture and its problems common ground, as anyone will realise who has been to an agricultural show and seen these three partners in the land meeting without self-assertion or self-consciousness on either side.

But a particular tribute is due to the representatives of the farm workers on these committees. They have been taking a broad view of their responsibilities. They have not sat at the end of the table and only intervened when questions of labour arise, but have brought a full measure of wisdom and shrewd knowledge to the technicalities of farming to the discussions. It is evident that to them, no less than to others who live by the land, farming is still not only a trade but a way of life.

Defeating the Wireworm.

Wireworms are the pest most likely to be troublesome on ploughed up land. As many as 500,000 per acre may be present. They continue to feed for a time on turf that has been ploughed, but as it decays they move to a new crop.

If the land has been ploughed in summer and sown in autumn, the time of greatest risk is during the following spring—normally, therefore, to the first crop. But if the land has been ploughed in late winter or early spring the first crop may escape and the second crop be the sufferer. With autumn ploughing the result will depend on the rate of decay of the turf, which varies according to its nature and soil conditions.

The best way to defeat the wireworms at this season is to harrow the ground as much as possible, so as to break up the turf and to give the birds the best chance to deal with the pest, at the same time consolidating the ground.

Consolidation is of the utmost importance in order that the seed may lie in a compact, solid bed, with no "pockets" caused by loose lumps of turf. The object of this is to give the seed the opportunity to germinate and grow in a strong healthy condition, fitted to resist such attacks. With wheat, consolidation may easily spell the difference between success and failure.

Wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes are all susceptible to wireworm attack. Winter wheat, because of its tillering power, can overcome a considerable attack provided the soil is solid and fertile. Potatoes holed by wireworms are spoiled for the market, but they can be used for animal feeding and not wasted.

Rye is somewhat resistant, and on very light land difficult to get firm it offers less risk than wheat. Peas will usually succeed on wireworm infested land, also such crops as kale, rape, turnips, mangolds and sugar beet.

Wireworms are most active from late winter or early spring until the beginning of summer, with a shorter period of activity from early to mid autumn. Winter wheat sown at the right time should almost escape the autumn activity and be well established before the spring. But late sown winter wheat is liable to checks by cold weather, and the plant will then be so small in spring that it falls an easy prey to wireworms. Plenty of seed should be used when cereals are sown late.

Spring oats are bound to be at the state of greatest susceptibility when the pest is at its maximum. Therefore, if oats are to follow grass, they should be sown in fields ploughed after Christmas, so that the wireworm can feed on the turf and leave the oats alone while the plant is becoming established. The same applies to spring wheat. Barley, which can be sown later than spring wheat or oats, may escape an attack that would have ruined these other crops, because it has not to cope with the pest for so long.

Frit flies are abundant in leys containing much rye grass. But spring oats alone suffer from them appreciably and they may be ruined if sown late. In the south of England, where frit attack is most to be feared, it is folly to sow oats late if there is any danger of this pest. Barley should be chosen if the land cannot be got ready in good time and a cereal is required.

Farm Men for the Forces.

Farmers are reminded that, although all men within the age group 20 to 22 will have to register, the only men to be called up from agriculture will be those who are now 20 years old, and younger men as they attain that age. The Schedule reserves farmers and most classes of farm workers at the age of 21 years.

Men registered this year under the Military Training Act who have since attained the age of 21 years will not be called up; and none of this year's class will be called up until November.

So far as can be foreseen, the annual loss to agriculture in future years will be not more than about 15,000 men, or some 3 per cent. of the wage-earning men and boys regularly employed in farming.

The Man with the Spade.

Reports continue to come in relating how local authorities, great and small, are making their arrangements to provide the extra 500,000 allotments that Britain needs now. The London Passenger Transport Board are offering 20,000 acres of land bordering their railway lines; Middleton Park Golf Course are digging up 1,600 square yards; Sunderland contemplates 2,000 plots; Ramsgate 300 acres; a proposal has been made to plough up part of Newcastle's Town Moor. Scores more might be mentioned. Ilford schoolchildren evacuated to Ipswich are reported to have set themselves the task of trebling the number of allotments in that town. The Mayor (Mr. L. L. Hunt) is offering prizes to the best gardeners, and Ipswich Council has given them a free hand in the matter of land.

Feeding the Land.

Manure is certain to be a problem for allotment holders. Less horse manure will be available from city streets than in the last war. But the difficulty can be overcome by using compost, made by rotting down waste vegetable matter in heaps. Any vegetable matter that is not diseased will do. Stinging nettles, for example, or other fresh green herbage, are particularly good because they generate heat. Since the process of decomposition will take some time, the sooner the heaps can be started the better.

There are various methods of composting. Some of them include the use of chemicals to hasten the decomposition, and proprietary materials are available for this purpose. They add to the expense, but very greatly speed up the process. Fairly good results can be obtained by adding an occasional spadeful of nitrogenous fertiliser, for example, sulphate of ammonia, when the materials are brown and fibrous, such as dead leaves, cabbage stalks and hard stemmy plants, and by adding an occasional spadeful of lime when the material is green and succulent—lawn mowings, potato tops, cut grass, green weeds or other plants. Again, if any farmyard manure can be obtained much good will be done by incorporating it in the heap.

Collection of garden waste is easy enough, but kitchen waste needs more care. Potato peelings, cabbage leaves, egg shells, orange peel and such things are all right. Broken glass, tins and china are not. It will be easier to separate them at once, throwing the unusable stuff in the dust-bin and the usable in a separate heap.

A useful size for a compost heap would be 3yds. by 1yd.; if you make it larger or smaller keep roughly to these proportions. Arrange the refuse available along the edges of this oblong and so make a kind of "frame" enclosing a rectangular piece of ground. Make the height of the frame about 18ins., building up to it as the material comes to hand. Then, when the "frame" is complete, dump any more material inside it.

When the "frame" is full sprinkle with some unslaked lime, after which cover lightly with soil. Continue in the same way with a third, fourth and fifth layer, but slope the sides gradually inwards, like those of a pyramid, except that a pyramid goes to a point and the heap will go to a line.

All that remains now is to cover the heap lightly with soil, both top and sides. Pat it gently into shape with a spade and leave it. A trough stamped out along the top will collect rainwater and help decomposition. At the end of three or four months turn the heap over and build it again into a similar heap, but without making layers or adding more lime.

At the end of eight or nine months you will have a black mass of life-giving compost, an organic fertiliser that would cost £2 a ton to buy, or considerably more in smaller quantities.

Fuel for Grass Drying.

Owners of grass-drying plants are likely to be able to obtain their fuel supplies to operate to normal capacity next year. They have naturally been anxious about the position, which, of course, affects their ploughing up plans this autumn in many cases.

The Ministry of Agriculture has been in touch with the Mines Department, and although no definite guarantee can be given that all the supplies required will be immediately available, no real difficulties are anticipated.

Local Fuel Overseers have been instructed to give special treatment to premises used for growing or processing food, and they have power to grant complete exemption from rationing in certain cases. Owners of grass-drying plants should therefore communicate with their Local Fuel Overseer and explain their position.

War-time Kitchen Gardens.—It is obviously too early to quote any figures, for fresh land cannot be acquired and put to use in a day. But the number of enquiries the Ministry of Agriculture has received and the spirit in which they are being made suggest that the local authorities as a whole are not only willing but anxious to do all they can to provide war-time allotments for those who require them. Some councils, such as Manchester and Leeds, had anticipated the Ministry's action and were establishing more holders on plots before special powers were granted.

Five hundred thousand new allotment holders are the immediate aim. This will bring our total up to over 1,300,000 allotments. In the last war, it may be remembered, we created 250,000 new allotments. This was good business from the national point of view. But this time we hope to do better. Unoccupied land may now be taken over by local authorities for allotments, also common land with the Minister's consent. Other land will, as a general rule, be taken only at rents which will enable the authority to recoup itself by a reasonable charge for rent to the allotment holders.

In exceptional cases councils may undertake necessary work, such as fencing, to adapt the land for cultivation. The Ministry of Agriculture may reimburse them up to £2 per acre for such work. But as a general rule a notice under the heading "Defence Regulations" warning off trespassers should dispense with the need for fencing. By these methods it is hoped to provide at least 500,000 additional war-time kitchen gardens.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOV. 4th

FIXTURE CARDS for USE in the CURRENT ISSUE of The "FIELD" MUST REACH the OFFICE NOT LATER THAN the FIRST POST on the PRECEDING TUESDAY MORNING

STAGHOUNDS—IRELAND

WARD UNION.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Ward Police Barracks; M., Fairytouse Bridge; S., Palmerstown—1.30.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), The Shawburys—10.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Burbage Wood—9.30.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Watchfield—10.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Eydon—9.30.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Holbrook—10.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Rising Wood Gate; Tu., Warninglid Village; Th., Hickden—10; S., Knepp Castle (opening meet)—10.45.

ESSEX.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Axe and Compass—9.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Tilsworth—9.30.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Micklecroft—10.45.

STEVENSTONE.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Parkham; W., Belle Vue; F., Old Kennels, Buckland Filleigh; S., Clinton, Kedonagh—10.30.

FOXHOUNDS—IRELAND

ISLAND.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Kilbuckridge; W., Clough; F., Oulart—9.30.

LOUTH.—Friday (Nov. 3rd), Hillstown—11.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Friday (Nov. 3rd), Stradbally Hall—12.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND AND WALES

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Sheldon—12.

HOLCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Bell's Head (opening meet); S., Nab Gate—12.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

ANTRIM, EAST.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Snowy Glen; S., Holestone—12.30. Followers are particularly requested not to ride over new grass, wheat, or potato-ground, to avoid sheep, and not to leave gates open or cause any annoyance to farmers.

NEWRY.—Monday (Oct. 30th), Stevenson's Bridge—12.30.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

ARKENDALE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Windsover Middleton—12.45.

ALDERSHOT COMMAND.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Forresters—1.30.

BRIDGTON FOOT.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), North House, Potsdale; Tu., Royal Oak, Wiseham—11.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), The Lamb Inn, Chinley—1.30 for 1.45.

ENTERSFIELD.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Barnes Hall, Gorcside—1.30.

FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Broughton-in-Furness; Tu., Greenhurst—10.30.

NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Sillerner Farm, near Woodlands; W., Mariput Oaks Sway; S., Bartley Cricket Ground—11.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Park Farm Lodge, Great Barr; W., Parham Post; S., The Crown, Coolham, near Storrington—11.30.

STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Findon Old Kennels—11.30. No further Fixture Cards will be sent out this season, but all future fixtures will be published in the following: *Field, Horse and Hound, West Sussex Gazette, Sussex Daily News, Southern Weekly, West Sussex County Times, Worthing Herald* and *Worthing Gazette*.

DRAGHOUNDS—IRELAND

LONDONDERRY GARRISON.—Saturday (Oct. 28th), Car House; S., Newbuildings—2.30.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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A JOCKEY CLUB STEWARD IN UNIFORM

The Earl of Sefton at Newbury last week. Steward of the Jockey Club and President of the National Coursing Club, Lord Sefton maintains his family traditions in connection with Sport and the Services. He took part in the Great War, held the rank of Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and is Hon. Colonel of the 87th (1st W. Lancashire) Field Brigade, R.A.

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PLOUGHING-UP AND DAIRYING

FOR the past two years and more the *Field* has advocated as strongly as possible an increase in the arable acreage of this country. We have deplored the complete indifference of the Government to the essentials of agricultural practice, the complete subservience of the Ministry of Agriculture to the Board of Trade, the annual increase in the acreage gone out of production, the annual and accelerated increase in the number of agricultural workers leaving the land. And we hailed with delight as did every farmer in the country, the replacement of Mr. W. S. Morrison by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith as Minister of Agriculture.

Sir Reginald has not had an easy row to hoe. He has had an enormous amount of leeway to make up; and his task has been complicated by the outbreak of war, and the necessity for putting this country's agriculture, sadly neglected in time of peace, immediately upon a war footing. He set about this task, with altogether admirable foresight, before war was declared. The £2 an acre ploughing-up scheme was an excellent idea, and the extension of time recently given to that scheme is no less excellent. This country has got to grow more food. We realise that fact now, though it was plain to many of us two or more years ago.

But there is a danger inherent in this ploughing-up scheme. The danger is to the dairying industry. If the country needs more home-grown food (and in time of war no one would deny that it does) it still needs milk. And this fact is in danger of being overlooked in the enthusiasm of the War Agricultural Committees for the ploughing-up scheme.

As it is, many farmers in many districts have found it hard enough to carry on even in peace-time. There was the continual drain of men from the land. Large numbers, attracted by the high wages obtainable from contractors on Government work, left the farms, and such men are very difficult to replace—it is apparently impossible to convince the urban dweller, and that includes 99 per cent. of civil servants, that the work of the agricultural labourer is highly skilled and takes many years to learn. And, furthermore, Government control, at least in its early stages, has created difficulties and delays in the supply of cattle feeding-stuffs.

Much now depends upon whether or not the powers that be continue to encourage the production of milk. We have no doubt that they do desire most sincerely to encourage such production, and we have no doubt that Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith is well aware of the many pitfalls. We are not so sure about some of the men who have a large measure of control at the moment. The ploughing-up scheme, unless wisely administered, may easily convert land which is now economically producing milk to arable which will provide crops that may not be economic. It seems to be true, unfortunately, that in some districts the War Agricultural Committees appear to be more concerned with obtaining acreage than with the economic results of the ploughing-up. That way lies danger—very grave danger.

In a speech delivered in London recently, Mr. J. H. Maggs, chairman of United Dairies, drew attention to this danger. It may be said by some—we live in a horribly suspicious age—that he was, naturally, biassed. We would beg our readers to dismiss any such thought from their minds. The danger is there, and who should know it better than Mr. Maggs?

There is no doubt that this country can provide within its boundaries a very high proportion of the dairy produce required, assuming, of course, that the dairying industry is not interfered with drastically. Government control of dairy products appears inevitable, and no one can foretell what the financial results of such control will be. But before any such control is adopted it is essential to ensure that the ploughing-up scheme, in itself a magnificent project, is not allowed to interfere too greatly with the essential production of milk.

FOOD RATIONING

MR. MORRISON'S statement on the position as regards rationing was, in many ways, most encouraging. Naturally there have been many rumours circulating (particularly one with regard to butter), and no doubt there will be many more. But it becomes apparent that those essentials of the English breakfast—eggs, bacon, butter and tea—will yet remain the essentials of the English breakfast and Englishmen will therefore still be able to look the world in the face. That there will be some hardship is inevitable, but it is evident that this hardship will be reduced to a minimum. It is right, in any case, that the Home Front should have to bear in more ways than one a portion of the burden that must fall so heavily upon the nation as a whole and the fighting forces in particular.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the "Field" with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 912.)

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

EVACUEES AND HUNTING

This war is certainly causing a great deal of confusion and chaos, and before it is over is likely to produce a good deal of suffering and sorrow. But it has at least been the means of enabling large numbers of our slum dwelling children to see the countryside and to gain some idea of the England we are fighting to preserve—a point on which they may previously have been in some doubt. What the effect of this knowledge of a happier world will have on them on their return to their own districts is uncertain, and it is admittedly possible that it may be disastrous. We have heard a good deal of chatter about discontent among evacuees, but from our recent and personal observation of evacuated children in more than one part of the country it is obvious to us that the first puzzled attitude is giving way to one of interest and delight. Their presence in the country is, we think, of especial value for the future of hunting. For whereas before the war, in so far as they were aware of the existence of hunting at all, they knew it largely from the attacks made on it. But now, those who are fortunate enough to be billeted with hunting people are frequently taken to the meets and, in the case of beagling, have the opportunity of being with hounds for the day. Their questions are frequent and intelligent. Every opportunity to foster this interest and to explain the true meaning of hunting should be seized to the full. There is no propaganda so powerful as the knowledge gained from experience.

THE LATE MR. ZANE GREY

With the death of Mr. Zane Grey, the American novelist, at the early age of 64, big-game angling has lost one of its earliest and best-known exponents, but the great body of saltwater anglers has lost something more, for Mr. Zane Grey had the rare gift, in his writing, of conveying to his readers the thrills and excitement, the nerve-racking strain and tense anxiety of playing those monsters of the sea, whose capture on rod and line, some twenty-odd years ago, came as such a revelation to the present generation of anglers. He had, too, what is perhaps even more valuable, the ability to recall the atmosphere of the open sea, of those long hours divorced from sound or sight of man apart from the crew of his own yacht, searching the path of the wheeling gulls for the sight of a back fin cutting the water, or dreamily watching the "teaser" as it splashed through the waves to leeward on some unknown fishing ground.

Mr. Zane Grey had many records to his credit. Among the most notable was the capture of a tunny of 758lb. off the coast of Nova Scotia in 1924, which held the world's record for the species until Mr. Mitchell Henry capped it with an 851lb. fish off Yorkshire in 1933. Another, and perhaps even more important capture, was that of a sword-fish, exact species unknown, in the Pacific, which weighed 1,040lb. Possessing a yacht of his own he was able to discover or exploit many haunts of big fish. New Zealand has to thank him for bringing into prominence the wonderful fishing off its north coast; but he will be remembered even more for his championship of the sport for its own sake, irrespective of the ephemeral fame which the capture of a record fish might bring.

THE WAY TO THE SEA

You seek the sea? The road runs blind,
Close set with hedge and tree.
Follow the sunk road would you find
The downland and the sea behind,
The sea-verge and the sea.

The sunk road ends, a gate stands wide
That marks the downland way.
Follow the tracks to the cliff-side,
The lighthouse stark above the tide,
The ramparts of the bay.

The salt tide moves on weed and sand,
Salt wind in wind-bent tree.
Follow the cliff path to the strand,
The rock-pools and the last of land,
The sea-verge and the sea.

ERIC CHILMAN.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF September is dry and warmish the works of Nature but draw out the weariness and suspension of life which is August. It might be expected that bush and tree would moult like the birds, and shuffle like a tramp all rags and tatters into the winter solstice. Then come the first frosts and misty rains of October. A transformation scene of such polychrome pomp takes place that it seems as though winter-death were a bride which the workaday green earth goes to meet like a groom in silks and fine array. But the sunset glories of this year have been of a peculiar splendour and fantasy owing to the regalia worn by the season in its pride and in its fall.

Never, in contrast with the misery and desolation of that poor forked radish, man, have I seen such earthly riches heaped up by the common wayside as millionaire October has displayed. Oaks have been spangled with myriads of yellow-green acorns hanging from their embossed cups of darker green. The wind playfully stirs the laden branches, and down they patter among the ebony clusters of the wild privet, the grey-bloomed beads of the sloe, the buttony-black fruit of the wayfaring tree, the dark purple grapes of the dogwood, the orange-scarlet pendants of the rowan (a "daintie dish" for all the birds), scarlet hips, crimson and royal-red haws and the rosy-red berries of the spindle. What a miracle is the hawthorn, loaded with its wealth of whiteness in the spring, in late summer a constellation of rubies, and in autumn like Abraham's vision! The plebeian bramble is stiff as Queen Elizabeth with its multitudes of black jewels, and the little crab sags under the weight of its bright yellow-green apples cheek by cheek. Autumn is like a tawdry gipsy-maid dancing in all her finery, shining with ear-rings and necklaces, rather than an old man with one foot in the grave. The table groans for the birds: even the appetite of the mistle-thrush, who makes himself vomit like the Roman sybarites in order to return to his gluttony, must leave the sprays and branches hardly thinned though his feathers stick out with the loading of his belly.

But when this treasure-hoard is lavished on bushes whose every leaf is on fire or dipped in the vats of Phœbus' lodging, or dyed as though in the burning colours of passion, exultance, transport or ostentation, it is impossible to think of death. The two glories meet, of ripeness in the fruit, of radiance in the flesh, and the adventure of life is crowned with gold on the limbs and gems in the hair. But death is expectant and towards his cave of darkness the gaudy procession moves, since this is the paradox of the declining year. The poplars, the chestnuts, the ashes and the wych-elms lead the van; the rout of the hedgerow accompanies them or follows close after, and the rest of the trees are the panoply of the rear. Just as the birds migrate in autumn, and the bat, and the snake, and the hedgehog, and the harvest mouse, and many a tinted butterfly retire to holes and crevices and shelters to winter, so do the bushes and the trees; that is to say, the sap and the green chlorophyll withdraw and hibernate along paths like stream-beds into the roots, the hidden reservoirs of strength, and into the pillars that support the structure.

What is left in the deserted leaves science calls "waste," which is as much as to say that the banners hung from the roof of an old church represent so many yards of coloured bunting. Is this prudent husbanding, this wise and economic retirement to be called waste? Is this festal enlivenment and princely valediction of the year in the reds and purples of the walnuts, the kexes and the wild service, in the yellows and maroons of the beeches, in the flames, the candle-light and the oranges of the maples, birches, hornbeams and aspens, in the scarlets of the thorns, the rowans and the barberries, in the luminous lemons of the willows, in the tawny and yellow of the bindweed and bryony wound in wreaths and festoons up the stems of the hedgerow, or sewn like embroidery upon its crest, to be called waste? Science knows everything about the shell of the nut, but nothing about the kernel. In this magnificent gesture of surrender the Shakesperian "ripeness is all" is consummately expressed. From process to process of unfolding the work is done and a "glory be" is the last word. Waste indeed! Nature is never wasteful except in the paramount needs of reproduction and that wastefulness is insurance. It behoves man, that champion waster, whose progress through the ages only increases his capacity for wastage, to be more circumspect in his use of the word when he applies it to other life than his own.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a famous Canadian paper:

"Grouse are very tame birds, and generally very fat. They are so fat that they prefer walking to flying, and they hate the effort of taking-off. So the beaters have to walk behind them, herding them toward the 'shooters.' They shoo the birds as close as they can and then shout and bang sticks on the trees to make the birds fly. The grouse then fly in hundreds into the mouths of the waiting guns."



C. H. Stockley

BULL ELEPHANTS IN ACACIA THORNBUSH, NORTHERN FRONTIER PROVINCE, KENYA

GAME PRESERVATION IN WARTIME

Facing a Difficult Situation

A FEW days after the war started I had a letter from the Game Warden of Kenya. "Poor old National Parks," he wrote. "I suppose this has put them back at least ten years." Look at it as you will, I am afraid that this is true. We have had too much "wishful thinking" already. Incidentally, "wishful thinking" seems to be the first flotsam the war has thrown up on the beach of our vocabulary. Look which way one will, the prospect is a bleak one.

First there comes the question of the creation of National parks. Every Government in Africa is pledged to this policy, but one can hardly see how overseas Governments can be expected to carry it out. They have little or no reserves among the white civilian population to fall back on, and their officials are working at high pressure. They have no time for any save the essentials of government. And the extra expenditure caused by the war must have swollen budgets to an extent which makes increased grants very difficult. The Conference which was to have been held this autumn has, of course, been cancelled.

The Game Wardens' Staffs, too, will be to some extent reduced as the small European nucleus is busily engaged, in a number of cases, on war duties. Moreover, the police services and the administrations generally will not be able to give even their present attention to such matters as native hunting and the enforcement of the Arms Act. Poaching, I am afraid, will be even more widespread than it is at present. Game will diminish progressively, though certain species like the elephant will perhaps increase, and the comparatively rare animals should be able to hold their own. It is the common animals which usually fall a victim to native poaching.

There is another serious aspect to the problem. At the moment the price of ivory has slumped, though it may pull up as the war progresses. The Game Departments of Uganda and Tanganyika depend very largely for their revenue on the sale of ivory. Moreover, the sale of licenses will fall very steeply. Without revenue staff may have to be reduced and that is one more incentive to the native evil-doer. Governments have far too long regarded game departments as a source of revenue, and a non-productive game department is likely to have its activities seriously curtailed.

Ichabod! Ichabod! The cry is heard from one civilised activity to another at the present time, and there is nothing to be done about it. Can I offer any concrete and practical suggestion? Frankly, I can think of none. One can only hope that the Governments concerned will do what they can to keep their game departments going, and preserve as much game as possible, so that when we have won the war, and the National park policy is functioning beneficently, there may be a few animals left to fill those parks. Every year my conviction grows more firm that the whole problem of game in Africa centres round the checking of native hunting. The handing out almost wholesale to natives of weapons of precision has entirely changed the whole principle of native hunting. In about twenty years' time, when game has almost disappeared, administrations will be faced with a really serious problem in nutrition. For the rest one hopes that the game departments will plan well ahead and be able to put their plans into operation when the war is over. There will be many and tempting ways for Financial Secretaries to spend their revenues in the coming times. First and foremost the war must be won. But I can only say this. Almost any civilised activity can lie dormant and be revived. Whatever else science can do for us it can never re-create an extinct animal.

There are other questions of Game Control which come up for consideration just now. One wonders, for instance, what has happened to the last remaining herds of European bison in the Polish forests? What, incidentally, will be the fate of animals in the zoos of belligerent countries? Fellows of the Zoological Society should do all in their power to keep it in being, while members of the Fauna Society will surely also do all they can to keep the society's beneficent activities in being by continuing their modest minimum subscriptions of 10/-.

Next year an American Fauna Conference may be held under the auspices of the United States, so many of whose citizens have performed such yeoman service in the past for wild life. One readily recalls such names as President Teddy Roosevelt, John Philips, Madison Grant and Prentice Gray. It is presumed that Canada will be represented at the Conference, and perhaps it could be arranged for Great Britain to send a representative to hold a watching brief. America to-day has solved its game problems to a very large extent—but at what a cost!—and on the whole the situation is on the up-grade in that country. It is highly important that British and American conservationists should work hand in glove. If and when the final African Fauna Conference takes place American opinion should undoubtedly be represented on the board. It is conceivably possible, as it is certainly desirable, that the conclusions of such a conference might form a minor part of the final peace settlement.

While the considerations that I have rehearsed here refer chiefly to Africa, they apply with equal strength to India, Burma and Malaya. One of the most potent factors in preservation in those countries has always been the visiting sportsman. There will be no visiting sportsman now till the fighting is over. The native poacher will be left to do what he likes, for the Government of India will be working its officials at full stretch. Therefore, it behoves every official, whose duties take him into country where there is game, to manifest a redoubled anxiety on its behalf. A timely word from Delhi that game preservation must continue as far as possible would do a great deal of good. In the late war, for instance, game increased, on the whole, in India, notably in Kashmir, but in the 25 years that have passed increase in the number of native guns has been enormous, and much harm may be done.

It is a bleak outlook: but after all most outlooks are bleak, except the ultimate end of Hitler. The tragedy is that what may go must go for good. We must save what we can while we can.

MARTIN STEPHENS.



THE NURSERY GROUNDS AT LINDÖ FRUIT FARM

Baron de la Chappelle among the young apple trees on his fruit farm, the biggest in Finland. Apple growing is only possible along a narrow belt in South Finland

FINLAND—LAND OF PROGRESS

By MOIRA A. SAVONIUS

IT is only quite recently that Finland has really become familiar to people in this country, and to stand for something more than just a very vague unknown land sandwiched between Sweden and Russia. But in spite of this relative obscurity, it is a fact that few countries can look back with such pride and satisfaction on their achievements during the last twenty years, as this most northern Republic in Europe.

Finland has been an independent country now for just over twenty-one years, and during this period she has developed her assets in a truly remarkable way. She has a small population—only three-and-a-half million—in a country the size of England, Scotland and Wales. Consequently there is room for immense development and living space enough for many generations to come. The Finns have no territorial claims of any kind and have directed all their energies to putting their own house in order. How well they have succeeded is proved by the Minister of the Interior, who recently said that everything worked so smoothly that he had nothing to do!

The foundation of Finland's prosperity lies in the immense stretches of pine and fir forests which cover most of the country. The cold winters, when thick snow smooths out the rough forest tracks, assist materially in the work of felling and transport, and so do the numerous lakes and rivers, which in the spring are filled with floating logs on their way to the coast. Saw mills, plywood factories, cellulose, and paper mills have sprung up in large numbers, particularly by the fast-flowing rivers that yield a continuous supply of power. Finland has no coal and has therefore been forced to utilise her streams and waterfalls more than most countries. And still only half of the potential power has been tapped.

All forestry work is carried on under strict



ABOVE: THE MODERN DISTRICT OF HELSINKI



Government supervision, and there is no possibility for private forest owners to make a quick profit at the expense of their growing timber. A large part of Helsinki (Helsingfors) University is devoted to forestry and agriculture, and the young Finnish students get a thorough scientific training in these the two main industries.

The northern and eastern districts of Finland are not suited to agriculture as the soil is very poor and stony, but all along the coastline and round the numerous lakes in the south there is an ever-increasing area of cultivated fields. During the last war Finland was very near starvation as her home supplies of grain were not nearly sufficient for the population. I can just remember how at my home in southern Finland we attempted to eke out our small supply of rye flour with dried and powdered moss, and in the spring and autumn we scoured the forest for edible fungi and even tried to use fern roots for sweetening our chicory "coffee." Now Finland is practically self-supporting in grain, and the acreage devoted to sugar beet increases yearly. Market gardens are being established to cater for the growing demand for fresh vegetables, and soft

(*Continued on page 888*)

LEFT: THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, HELSINKI



OLORSBORG, A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE ON AN ISLAND IN LAKE SAIMEN
Built about 1480, the castle is a fine example of mediæval architecture



HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER
A Finnish lad netting fish through a hole in the ice



FINLAND'S WOMEN WORKERS
One of the women workers on buildings carrying a load of plaster



BUSY STEAMERS OF THE LAKE DISTRICTS
They are not run as pleasure craft, as visitors often imagine, but are part of the transport service of the country



GRADING APPLES AT LINDÖ FRUIT FARM
The work is done by hand. Picking baskets, seen in the background, are made from thin strips of wood laced together



BAKING DAY IN A PEASANT HOME
When kneaded, the loaves have a hole punched through the centre so that they can be strung up on the ceiling to dry

fruits, apples and plums are grown extensively in the narrow belt along the south coast, where the climate is mild enough for fruit trees.

Dairy farming has become the most important branch of Finnish agriculture, in spite of the fact that there is not much pasture, and the cattle have to be kept indoors for at least six months of the year. Quantities of butter and cheese are exported, chiefly to England. Here again the Government keeps a strict eye on producers, and all farms that sell milk to the public have their cows tested regularly for tuberculosis. No person suffering from the disease is allowed to tend the cattle because of the risk of infection. Practically all milk is sold unpasteurized. It is of good quality and remarkably cheap; 2d. per quart is as much as you ever pay, and very often you get it for less. Consequently people drink a great deal of milk, and it is generally served with every meal. There are no public-houses, so the Finnish working man cannot get a glass of beer after his dinner, but he is perfectly satisfied with milk instead.

The bulk of the population are freehold farmers. They are strongly represented in Parliament, and with all the latest scientific equipment. Finnish hospitals are never run on the voluntary contribution system—they are either supported by the Government or managed as private nursing homes on a profit-taking basis.

Slums are unknown in Finland and the workers' quarters in the capital are just the same blocks of flats as those in any other part of the town, but as they are further away from the centre rents are lower in proportion. Electricity is cheap and extensively used in all the more populated districts, and almost everyone has a telephone.

But of course there is the other side of the picture. In the remote backwood districts the peasants are still living very much as they have done for centuries, in one-roomed cottages built of logs with a primitive stone stove that serves all domestic purposes. Old customs and old handicrafts have survived and farmers' wives still take great pride in their weaving. They grow their own flax and use the wool from their own sheep. But the isolation and solitude of the olden days is gone. A fleet of 3,000 buses keeps up regular communications where the railroad system has not penetrated,



LOGS STACKED BY A LAKE IN FINLAND FOR EXPORTING TO ENGLAND AS RAILWAY SLEEPERS

everything possible is done to further their industry. Co-operation in farming enterprise is the rule, and farmers all over the country agree that they gain great benefit from this system, particularly in the marketing and distribution of their produce. Every country district has its co-operative store, and there are large co-operative dairies, mills and factories that turn out first-class goods.

It is only quite recently that Finnish mining engineers have discovered that there are vast deposits of high-grade metal ores in the country. The most important find of all is that of an enormous iron ore field at Kittila in Lapland. This ore is of the same high quality as that of Sweden and can easily be worked. Deposits of molybdenum and vanadium, two metals which, like manganese, are used in the process of hardening high-grade steel, have also recently been discovered. Copper mines have been working in southern Finland for some years and an English company is now tapping a nickel field in Petsamo, which is said to be the largest in Europe.

While Finland has gained in commercial and industrial wealth her people have not forgotten that a nation must develop also in other ways if her unity and strength are to be maintained. The Finns take pride not only in the material prosperity of their country, but also in their civic enterprise and their eagerness to appreciate intellectual and spiritual values. They are practical and full of common-sense, but at the same time there is a strongly idealistic trait in the in-character. They are fiercely patriotic and have great tenacity of purpose, and they are determined to show the world what a small nation can achieve unaided.

The towns in Finland are carefully planned and many of the new buildings are striking examples of the best type of modern architecture. The railway station and the Diet House in Helsinki are built of local red granite, while the new sports stadium, the post house, and most of the hospitals are built of ferro-concrete.

Helsinki has some of the most modern hospitals in Europe. They are built well outside the town, away from noise and the fumes of traffic and factories, and stand in spacious grounds. In none of these hospitals are there any wards with more than six beds, and the operating theatres are fitted



THE AERODROME AT HELSINKI

Before its construction only seaplanes were used on the air routes. Note the pre-war Polish planes and the German planes on the ground. Finnish planes are fitted with skis in winter

and the people can get their newspaper every week at the local market.

The Finnish epic poem Kalevala, a collection of folk tales, songs and runos, which had passed from one generation to another by word of mouth, was published as a complete work in 1835. Since then it has proved a constant source of inspiration to the nation's artists and musicians, and has had a very great influence on the whole people. Jean Sibelius, the now world-famous Finnish composer, has interpreted many incidents from the Kalevala in his symphonies, and Finnish painters and sculptors have again and again depicted the heroes and heroines of this great epic.

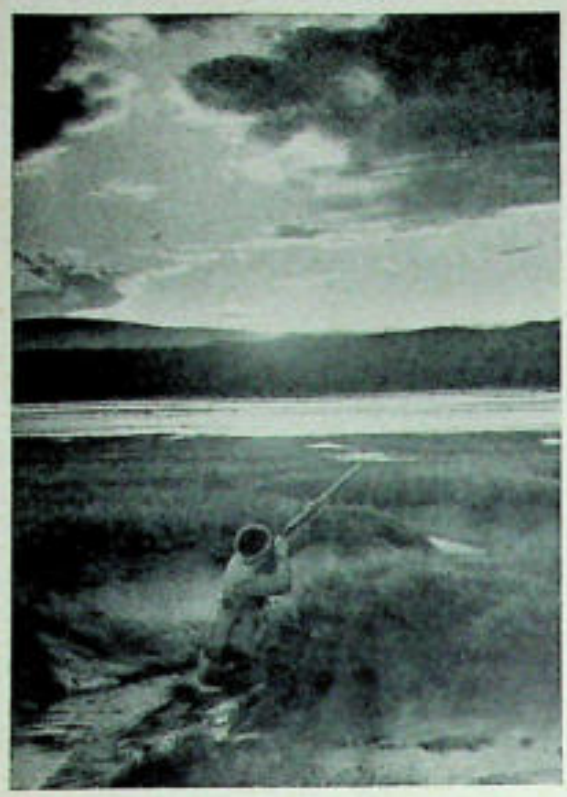
The Finnish people are musical and love singing, and English audiences had a taste of the high standard of their singing when the University Male Choir gave a concert in London on their way to America. Choir singing plays an astonishing part in the nation's life, the young people "indulging" in it on every possible occasion. For example, when the Finnish President flew to Stockholm recently to confer with the three Scandinavian Kings, a male choir accompanied him to the flying field to give him a "vocal send-off"! And again when the Finnish Delegation left for Moscow they steamed out of Helsinki station with patriotic songs still ringing in their ears. The Finns believe that "song encourages noble sentiments."

Finns are great readers and have a flourishing literature of their own. The Academical Book Shop, housed in "Stockmanns," the Harrods of Helsinki is the largest in Europe with twelve miles of shelves. Finland makes its own talking films, and it was recently stated that they produce as many new films every year as the British studios. I think it is a great pity some of the most characteristic have not been shown in London. For instance, the film of Sillanpaa's book *Fallen Asleep While Young* was one of the most beautifully photographed films I have ever seen, and it was a perfectly true picture of peasant life in Finland.

Women in Finland have been on an equal footing with men since 1906 when they were granted the vote. You find women in every profession—doctors, dentists, lawyers—while at the other end of the scale they sweep the streets, are bricklayers' mates, and act as tram conductors. The standard of education is higher in Finland than probably anywhere else in Europe. University training is free to all who have passed a very stiff matriculation examination, and consequently a very large number of people possess a university degree. Many young people who could not normally afford the money even for their board and lodging while studying at the university borrow from friends or relatives and then work as labourers, stevedores, waiters and guides during their summer vacation to help pay off their debts.

As a result of the long connection Finland has had with Sweden, roughly 10 per cent. of the population now speak Swedish. These people are not, however, exiled Swedes longing for a re-union with their Mother Country, but merely Swedish-speaking Finns who once upon a time adopted the language of culture and education. Though Finnish is now on an absolutely equal footing with the Swedish language these Swedish-speaking Finns prefer to keep to the one they are used to. There is now a nationalistic movement—their motto is "Finland for the Finns"—and many Swedish business men have found it to their advantage to at least adopt Finnish names.

The Finns are intensely proud of their beautiful country, with its deep dark forests and luminous lakes. In the winter the waters are frozen and silent, but in spring and summer they teem with life. Most visitors think that the picturesque lake steamers are mere pleasure craft, but this idea is entirely wrong. They are a means of transport, just as trains and buses, and very important in this land of 60,000 lakes. Unless you have actually experienced a Finnish summer, with its life, growth and ripening, all in three short and glorious months of almost continuous light, you cannot imagine what the beauty of the country means to the Finnish people. And it is a consolation to know that whatever may be the fate of the Finnish nation during these months of changing Europe, this beauty will still remain.



EVENING FLIGHT ON THE SALT MARSHES

Below the High Tide Mark—III.

SHORE SHOOTING FOR SCHOOLBOYS

By GUY B. FARRAR

IN the Christmas holidays, the schoolboy shore-shooter will find a great change in the habits of the wildfowl frequenting the estuary. The past three months have taught them the need for extreme caution when approaching the edge of the saltings; tide shooting is now only likely to be successful in very rough weather.

A hard frost brings large numbers of freshwater duck, mallard, teal, pochard, tufted, and shoveler, to the coast, but, unfortunately, intense cold usually means calm weather. Should the beginning of a thaw be accompanied by high tides and a gale, the schoolboy may hurry to the saltings with great expectations.

Although tide shooting is past its best by the turn of the year, the schoolboy gunner can concentrate his attention on evening flighting, perhaps the most exciting form of all shore shooting.

Imagine the saltings on a winter afternoon, every hollow full of salt water from the mid-day tide. It is quarter to five and the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon in a blaze of fiery scarlet, now but a mass of smouldering embers. Soon all colour disappears from the sunset, only an area of grey cold light suffusing the western half of the sky.

From a distant sandbank come the shrill voices of gulls and waders and the noise of a passing train sounds unnaturally loud in the quiet evening air.

Suddenly, the sound of approaching wings heralds a passing lapwing, a forerunner of the ducks, his rather aimless erratic flight continuing low over the marsh turf. A dunlin alights on the rim of the flood water, where his diminutive form can be seen reflected on its placid surface.

Familiar features of the surrounding salting merge into vague obscurity as dusk comes stealing over the marshes. More lapwings pass. A snipe calls from the gathering darkness overhead. The hour of flight is at hand.

It is difficult to analyse one's emotions in that short nerve-trying period before the coming of the first ducks. Have we chosen the best place? Will the light hold until the main body arrives? Is our foothold firm enough to allow sufficient freedom of movement? These and a dozen other anxious questions pass through our minds. Perhaps the duck will not come to-night. Perhaps they will decide to . . . Here they are!

On singing pinions four black silhouettes circle upwind before alighting, offering a clear-cut view against the pale western sky.

The leader drops to our first shot, the remainder speeding away high into the darkness unscathed. A series of ripples on the surface of the flood water show where the dead bird lies floating on the surface, a lovely cock wigeon, his yellow flash, chestnut head, and black buff-bordered wing coverts giving him a particularly handsome appearance.

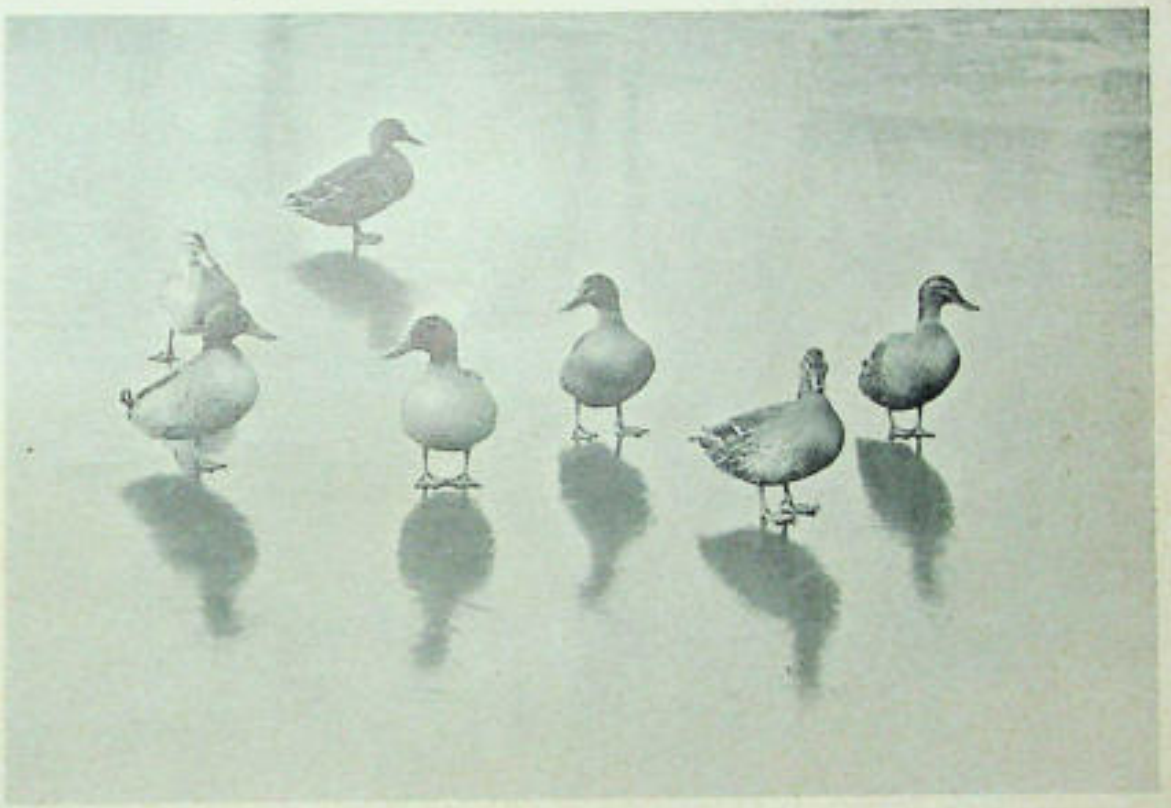
Now the flight is in full swing. The saltings seem alive with the whispering of wings, and the oft-repeated whee-ous, that most un-duck-like call of the male wigeon, echoed by low purrs from the ladies of the party.

What a change the coming of dusk has wrought! Quarter of an hour ago the marshes were deserted of bird life; now every shallow pool is the objective of a party of wigeon bent on spending the hours of darkness amid the half-submerged grass, their tracks being plainly visible on the morrow.

The schoolboy desirous of flighting on the saltings after a high tide should carefully examine the margin of the pool near which he has decided to take his stand. If he finds droppings, feathers, and tracks in the grass, he is probably in for a good flight unless some other fowler has been there the night before; empty cartridge cases are not encouraging signs.

In my experience—I think this is a very important point—it is of little use flighting wigeon at any pool at which the water has receded from the surrounding grass verge. Rather seek out some other spot where the marsh grass is still half-submerged, and you will be well repaid for your trouble.

Text books tell us to stand back to wind when flighting, but I would advise the schoolboy always to face the western sky, against which the birds will show in bold relief.



WHEN INLAND WATERS ARE FROZEN MALLARD AND TEAL AUGMENT THE DUCK POPULATION OF THE FORESHORE



PUTTING OUT DECOYS FOR THE EVENING FLIGHT

What the eye cannot see, the gun cannot shoot, and it is particularly irritating to have ducks alighting in the water at your feet if they come cloaked in the invisibility afforded by a dark background.

Unless the flight is early, and it very seldom is, more's the pity, only fleeting chances are offered. If the schoolboy can determine from the sound of wings the direction from which the birds are approaching, he can then position himself to engage them the moment they appear. Footwork is most important, and footwork is impossible if thigh boots are deeply embedded in the bottom of a muddy gutter. In places where I flight regularly I use a wooden platform, the top of a packing case, to stand on, burying it after each flight so that it is there when wanted again.

A good retriever, or spaniel, is a godsend when flighting; the difficulty of retrieving birds by the aid of an electric torch after the flight is over, always means serious losses to the night's bag.

Flighting on the saltings is always an uncertain business, but, if the wigeon decide to feed on the sea-washed turf, it can become a most exciting and breathless half-hour's shooting. I have taken quite a number of schoolboys for their first evening's flighting and, like Oliver Twist, they have all asked for more.

Morning flight at ducks is apt to be disappointing, in my experience. Morning flight is the time for shooting geese not ducks, but that is another and still more exciting story.



THE FINISH OF THE NEWBURY AUTUMN HANDICAP, SHOWING LORD ROSEBERY'S TUTOR (RIGHT) LOSING BY A SHORT HEAD TO RODEO II.

SOME MARES AND MEMORIES

FRED DARLING is convinced that the best was not seen of Fox Cub when he finished third to Atout Maitre and Fairchance in the White Horse Plate at Newbury. This tall, short-backed chesnut had not run since he was second to Blue Peter in the Derby. He has not had much racing experience, and his trainer reasonably contends that he was placed at a disadvantage, when the leaders weakened, to such an extent a furlong and a half from the end, that Gordon Richards on Fox Cub had no alternative but to go on. He would have preferred to have delayed his effort and to have come from behind later as did Atout Maitre.

The winner is a compact colt by Vatout out of Royal Mistress, by Teddy. Mr. H. G. Blagrave bought him nearly a year ago from M. Leon Volterra, the French breeder who sold Bois Roussel to Mr. Peter Beatty. The lop-eared Quick Ray, brother to the two-year-old Golden Penny, a stylish winner on the previous day, was a good fourth and Eran Bird, fifth. Thus five three-year-olds finished in front of the older Scottish Union and Challenge, representing last year's classic form.

For a farewell appearance Scottish Union gave a very disappointing display, running as badly as he did behind Blue Peter in the Eclipse Stakes. No doubt the classic colts of this season are far superior to those of last year.

Two two-year old daughters of Oaks winners were successful at Newbury. Lord Astor's Golden Penny being by Hyperion out of Pennycomequick, by Hurry On, and Mr. Esmond's Silverlace II, winner on the second day, by Hotweed out of Straitlace, by Son-in-Law.

Whilst it cannot be said that Pennycomequick has been more than moderately successful as a brood mare, she has done much better in that capacity than several Oaks winners of recent years.

Light Brocade, who won the Oaks in 1934, has not yet produced anything of account, but of course it is too early yet to judge her merit as a matron. Chatelaine (1933) is dead, Udaipur (1932), by Blandford out of the dam of Ut Majeur and Umidwar, might have done much better to date than to produce one very moderate winner in Dharampur.

Brulette, winner of the Oaks in 1931, has been very disappointing, but Rose of England, who won the race in 1930, is the dam of a St. Leger winner in Chamleigh (by Singapore). Her two-year-old colt by Colombo is one of the best of his age. He may win the Two Thousand Guineas next season, and she has had three other winners. Tobogan, one of the best to win the Oaks in my time, has produced a good colt in Bobsleigh. Beam (1927) must be accounted a failure at the stud and Short Story (1926) has not done much better. Saucy Sue (1925) is the dam of Truculent.

Straitlace (1924) has produced several winners, and her daughters are doing well at the stud. Brownhylda's claim to fame as a brood mare rests entirely on her son Firdaussi, a St. Leger winner, while Love-in-Idleness has had several colts who won but whose ability was far below her own.

During the weeks that there was not any racing I took the opportunity to read or re-read several books about the thoroughbred and the Turf. I had just finished Francis Lawley's *The Racing Life of Lord George Bentinck, M.P.*, when I received from Messrs. Putnam, the publishers, *Admiral Rous and the English Turf* (10/6), a new book by Captain T. H. Bird, one time "Hotspur" of the *Daily Telegraph*. They should be read, as I read them, one after the other, taking Rous second. Together they provide, in a manner wholly delightful to assimilate, a vivid and most comprehensive picture of racing and its most colourful personalities during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. And if Lawley's classic is not available—it has long been out of print—the reader may be well content with *Admiral Rous and the English Turf*, as Lord George Bentinck and his times come within its scope.

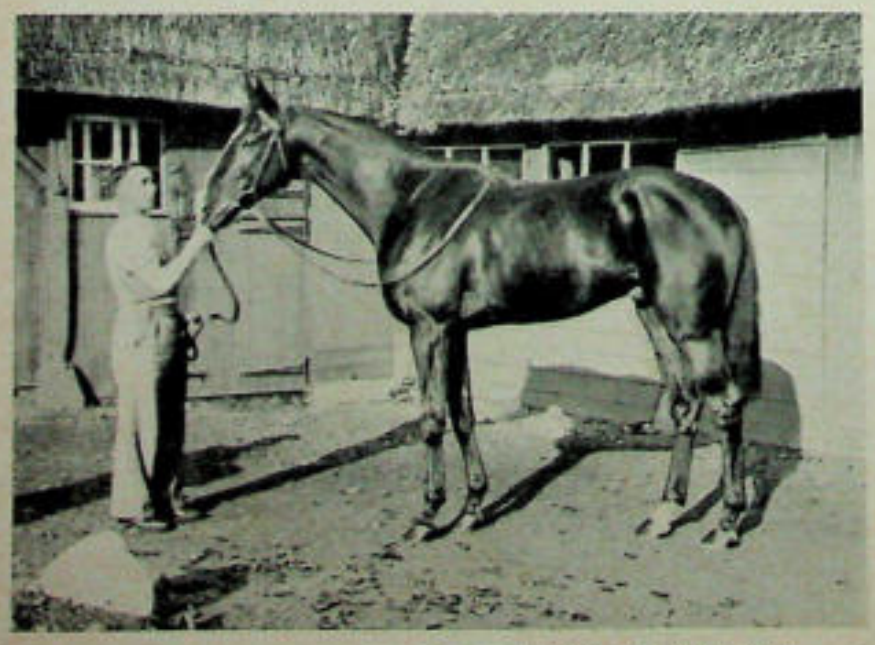
Lord George Bentinck and Admiral Rous were in succession the most dominant Stewards of the Jockey Club, not only of their own time but in its whole history of nearly 200 years. Rous was a member of the Jockey Club for 55 years, but the other's connection with racing was very much shorter.

Lord George is remembered principally for three things: he was the first man to send a horse to a distant race-meeting in a conveyance, which he had specially constructed to take Elis from Goodwood to win the St. Leger of 1836, and he was responsible for the exposure of the Running Rein fraud in 1844. By patient and very thorough detective work he discovered that the horse who in that name won the Derby was in fact a four-year-old, and not Running Rein at all. The money subscribed as a public testimonial to him for his efforts in this matter was used by him to found the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, which continues to assist needy trainers and jockeys.

The Running Rein scandal was a fair example of the state of racing when Admiral Rous began to assume authority and to exert it in many directions. One cannot help thinking that the power he gradually acquired reflects the supine attitude of most members of the Jockey Club towards the state of racing in the middle of the last century, and the scope the general conditions afforded for a strong and purposeful reformer. Not only had he the remarkable distinction of being a Steward of the Jockey Club continuously from 1865 until he died, at the age of 82, in 1877—the usual period is three years—but he was for long the club's official handicapper, and he also tried his hand at starting. It was not, however, until twelve years after his death that the Jockey Club so altered and enlarged its rules so as to gain complete authority over all flat racing. Rous had laid the foundation and built the four walls of the structure on which others then placed the roof.

Most of us know that the third Earl of Egremont won the Derby five times—a record which still stands—and that the retiring John Bowes had four Derby winners, but of these and many others who have been merely names often encountered in racing history, Captain Bird relates a wealth of new and very carefully collected detail. Of all the books I have read of this period, when so many of the great landed proprietors and other aristocrats rashly and disastrously dissipated their wealth on the Turf, this is by far the most informative and satisfying. That it shows the "good old days" to have been in large part, "bad old days" is perhaps a recommendation to most potential readers.

YEOMAN.



MR. H. G. BLAGRAVE'S ATOUT MAITRE, WINNER OF THE WHITE HORSE PLATE AT NEWBURY



W. A. Rouch

MR. REX COHEN'S RODEO II, WINNER OF THE NEWBURY AUTUMN HANDICAP



THE GRAFTON HOUNDS AT THEIR MEET AT ASTCOTE THORNS, NEAR TOWCESTER

BACK TO THE SIMPLEST FORM OF THE CHASE?

I WAS speaking to a well-known master of hounds a few days ago and he expressed the view that foxhunting would not survive the war or, as he put it, "foxhunting as we know it."

I asked why he felt so despondent and he replied that, for one excellent reason, there would be little or no money left and at the present rate very few hounds or horses. I then asked him if he remembered how foxhunting weathered the last storm, and his answer was that he was only a boy at school and not old enough to appreciate the details. A fact I felt I should have realised.

There must, however, be many who are pondering to-day on the future of our greatest country sport, and wondering, should this war take the same course as the last one, whether hunting will survive and if so with what modifications or adjustments.



TWO YOUNG FOXHUNTERS, MISS GRANT IVES AND MISS WYNDHAM LEWIS

Already hunters are being requisitioned in increasing numbers for the Army, which at least provides a convincing answer to those kill-joys who have argued that one excuse for hunting had gone since 1918 in that it was no longer necessary as a horse reserve. To-day there is no other reserve.

Hounds have also been put down and it can require little imagination to picture the state of mind of the Master who has to give the fatal order and the huntsman who has to carry it out.

And what of foxes? Is it not common knowledge that drastic steps are being taken to thin them out, for hunting days must be reduced and hounds can only deal with a smaller number?

And so every man's hand is against Reynard and soon trap, gun, gas and I fear occasionally poison will have taken their toll, and yet there are men and women, admittedly mostly from the towns, who would do away with foxhunting "for the sake of the foxes"!

Nor is that the sum total which foxhunting must contribute to the common cause, for men must be dismissed and establishments reduced to meet changed conditions, and although in time the services or war industries will probably absorb the majority there must be serious dislocation before all the necessary adjustments have been made. That is the debit side—the black side—of the balance sheet. What of the other side?

We at least have our experience of 1914–1918 to draw upon and we know that foxhunting was kept going in spite of all difficulties. But, in fact, I would go further and claim that from many points of view foxhunting reaped untold benefits as the result of the Great War. Whether those benefits survived the peace years, or whether we were wise enough to take advantage of them, is a matter we will look into shortly, but first let us see what those benefits were.

Prior to the war foxhunting was already tending to become a business requiring much money and organisation and often imported talent. By 1914 the townsman had already discovered and was beginning to enjoy the good things which the sport could provide. Fields were increasing by leaps and bounds, recruited not alone from the natives of the locality, but from visitors from further afield, who, needless to say, were welcome, for they brought money not only to the coffers of the hunt but, taking hunting boxes, for the season, they spent much money in the neighbourhood. Farmers and local tradesmen reaped a large portion of the harvest and employment benefited accordingly. The day of the horse-box or trailer, which eliminate even the need of housing oneself or one's horses in the country of one's choice, had happily not yet dawned, but the popularity, and with it the cost of foxhunting, was beginning to show a marked increase. The vicious circle had set in.

Poultry funds were becoming larger with claims growing in proportion and damage funds were coming into being. Well may it be said that foxhunting has only one real enemy: that is its own popularity. The point is, there is a limit to the number of followers which each hunt can—so to speak—economically carry and which farmers and land owners can be expected to welcome over their land. No such scheme can, of course, be visualised, and I pray that I may never be the man whose duty it might be to allot the numbers to each country. In any event they would have to differ widely according to local conditions as between arable and grass countries, light land and heavy land.



LORD HILLINGDON AT THE ASTCOTE THORNS MEET OF THE GRAFTON

If it was this growing popularity which was beginning to raise difficulties in the pre-war years it was war which brought them abruptly to an end. Hunts were compelled to carry on with limited funds and for the most part fell back on local resources in money and talent. For four seasons we reverted to the custom of our forefathers and the fields were confined to those few people, for the most part elderly, whose homes were in the country in which they hunted, together with their sons home on leave from the front, with a sprinkling of daughters and some children during the holidays. Gone were the high-priced hunting boxes and gone, alas for ever, many of the high-priced hunters.

But what a joy for those who had an occasional opportunity to enjoy it. One day I had with a famous pack whilst on leave was a red-letter-day in my hunting calendar, not alone for a wonderful hunt, but from the welcome I got from every single member of the field in a country where I was a complete stranger. True we were not more than twenty-five at a meet which is attended to-day by hundreds, but the informality and friendliness are never to be forgotten to say nothing of the long hack home at the end of the day, with the hounds and an old professional huntsman who had come from retirement to help carry on. The horrors of war were for a short space forgotten and many a time have I lived that day over again.

And so history is repeating itself to-day, and we who are now a quarter of a century older will carry on, if only for the sake of the younger generation whose turn it is to carry on for us in a different field. But when this war is happily over and done, shall we remember the lessons of the last? For I believe there are lessons to be learnt. How many will remember the so called "boom" in hunting which succeeded the simple days which had gone?

A boom measured by the soaring prices of hounds and horses. The sales at Rugby became a battle ground between the dollar and the pound, for our American friends were also in the market. Fabulous sums were fetched and one master at least was reputed to be breeding hounds especially for Rugby.

The same conditions prevailed in the hunting field. Hunting-boxes were letting at ridiculous rents and in many countries stabling was unobtainable. Visitors poured in to the more popular countries and prices soared and soared. It is my belief that more harm came to hunting in those brief boom years than all the years of war. I would go further and say that all the good which came to foxhunting as the result of war-time conditions was frittered away before we realised whither we were going.

Take the question of fox supply. The war had reduced foxes to reasonable numbers, within a few years, however, there were more foxes than there had ever been before. The younger generation came to think that unless there was a fox or a brace of foxes in every small covert there must be shortage. If a fox was not roused the moment hounds began to draw there were sinister looks and murmurings. If a covert was drawn blank! Well, what did they subscribe for? That sort of thing never happened with the Blankshire.

Oh! for the happy bygone days, when often one drew for an hour or more and then, having found a fox, ran for two without a fresh one jumping up in every rough field, as is often the case to-day. The day's sport is spoilt except for those—and here is the sad moral—who do not know or care how often hounds change so long as they are galloping. And there came also the craze for records. I often wonder how many brace of foxes, recorded at the end of the season as killed by the Slapdash, were accounted for by fair hunting and how many were butchered or dug out cub hunting. In many countries I believe better sport would be had with a half or even a quarter the stock of foxes at present carried, and poultry claims would be reduced in proportion.

Admittedly the boom period came to its inevitable end, but the legacy it left behind is felt to this day in many parts of hunting England.

Now we are back, perforce, to the simplest and most natural form of the chase. For a season, maybe many seasons, we shall have to carry on with fewer horses, fewer hounds, fewer foxes and smaller fields. When the war is at last over are we going to profit by the lessons we have learnt? If we do foxhunting will survive for generations. If we can keep foxhunting as a sport run on goodwill as a friendly affair between those responsible for the hunt, the farmers and the landowners, with a reasonable supply of foxes and a maximum output of the sporting spirit, its future is ensured.

In many countries this spirit has pervaded in spite of the changes going on around us; may they keep the horn blowing through the strenuous days ahead, to serve as a splendid example of what foxhunting should be.

G. J. C.



A HORSE HERDSMAN OF THE HORTOBÁGY

THE NEWMARKET OF HUNGARY

By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK, M.C.

(The first part of this article dealing with Horse Breeding in Hungary and the State Studs appeared in last week's issue)

ALAG is the Newmarket of Hungary and the headquarters of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club. According to their Racing Calendar over 440 horses are in training at Alag. Here His Excellency Eugene de Horthy, brother of the Regent, showed me over his stables. A well known big game hunter, the verandah of his house, which overlooks the stable yard, is festooned with heads that have fallen to his rifle. His stables are equivalent to any first class Newmarket establishment, and the horses are trained by Vitez Pinter, who has fifty-two under his care. One noted the pedigrees of the horses which were tabulated on the doors of their boxes; some half dozen were by Caissot (by Gay Crusader), others by D'Orsay (by Son-in-Law), Santorb, and the German sire Weissdorn.

Other big strings in the vicinity are trained by Count Johann Pejacsevich, who has some thirty-eight horses in his charge, and by Mons. Csernovits, who is a son-in-law of the Newmarket trainer R. J. Adams. Over 180 of the horses in training at Alag are by English-bred sires.

Difficulties in training are experienced by prolonged droughts and in winter by snow and frost. To overcome the former handicap the gallops are watered in a systematic manner by sprays, as the usual hose methods which are employed in England have the disadvantage of placing excessive water in localised patches: thus the cases of sore shins and jarred tendons have diminished considerably at Alag. During winter frosts, which may last from two to three weeks, exercise is carried out on straw beds, as is the case in any English racing centre.

The Jockey Club Stud was next visited and, owing to a monsoon which broke, some of the delegates of the Congress were afforded the advantage of seeing more of the inmates than they had expected.

Here stands Mannamead, by Manna-Pinprick, who carried the colours of Lord Astor so successfully. This fine medium-sized brown stallion was acquired by Prince Odescalchi in 1937, and gives promise of being a leading sire in Hungary. Following up the acquisition of Mannamead, the Hungarians acquired other well-known English sires in the Aga Khan's 1930 Cesarewitch winner, Ut Majeur, and Artist's Proof, the latter, who now stands at the Doboz Stud belonging to Count Wenckheim.

The tour of Major Isekutz's establishment at Gödi was particularly interesting. This owner breeds on an extensive scale and also trains his horses. Here the three stallions are Honpolgar, by Duncan Gray—Short Holiday; Torero, by Fevor—Tonga, and Bohun. Amongst the twenty-four matrons were Finum Rozsi, by Grand Parade—St. Ina, with a foal by Mannamead; Oszirozsa, by Captain Cuttle—Grand Polly; Contretemps, by Press Gang—Love in Idleness, also mares by Lemonora, Inkermann, Silvern, Tamar, d'Orsay, the German-bred Weissdorn, and by Caissot. The last-named, a grandson of Gay Crusader, is getting a number of winners on the Hungarian turf, including the winner of the King's Prize in Cabala (a race which the members of the Congress saw contested).

A charming ceremony was performed while the Congress members were visiting Gödi, in the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the "wonder mare" of Hungary—Kingesem. This was performed by His Excellency Sandor de Kiss, who, speaking in English, recorded the history, turf career and the peculiarities of this celebrated mare, who was never beaten and had to her credit fifty-four races (including the Goodwood Cup), won in five different countries. The memorial plaque was appropriately enough erected on the wall of the loose-box which was actually occupied by this heroine of the Hungarian Turf when in training, and it was bedraped with the flags of the twelve countries represented at the Congress.

No horse lover could leave Hungary without regret, and the unsurpassable sight of the droves of horses on the Puszta wandering to their water troughs, under the watchful eyes of their mounted sentinels, or Csikos, will always remain with one—truly Hungary is a veritable Mecca for horsemen.

The success of this Congress was due to the indefatigable work of the Hungarian vice-president of the Congress, Mons. Ladislaus de Liptay, a member of the Jockey Club, Budapest, who, in collaboration with President Weber, planned a delightful programme for the delegates. The hospitality and entertainment received in this beautiful city on the Danube, and its delightful residents, will never be forgotten by those who were present.

The International Congress, it should be stated, does not confine its activities alone to bloodstock, and is always ready to use its influence in all matters for the benefit of the horse. At my request, at the previous Session of the Congress held in Munich, that the committee should use their influence to obtain international co-operation in order to prohibit "docking," unanimous approval from the delegates of twelve countries was given to support the motion. A resolution was passed that the representatives of the different countries should work indefatigably to induce their various governments to forbid this barbaric custom. Germany, with the speed with which laws, good or otherwise, can be brought into force in a totalitarian state, passed a law prohibiting "docking," and it is of interest to note that when Major Sir Ralph Glyn, Bart., M.C., introduced the bill in the House of Commons recently that he referred to the commendable action of the Congress in taking up this question on an international basis.

It might be of interest to note that as far back as 1764 an Army order was issued, which is referred to by Colonel H. A. Cape, D.S.O., in his history of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, forbidding this grotesque practice, and directing that the number of "long tails" in each troop should be periodically reported in order to eradicate the evil. To condemn a horse to a life of abject misery by depriving him of his only means of protection from flies in order to conform to fashion is indeed iniquitous.

FISHING ON THE ZAMBEZI

By G. BARRY



THE CATCH DISPLAYED

IF one chooses the right spots, the Zambezi, between the months of August and November, provides entertainment in plenty for the fisherman. There is, to me, a very great attraction in fishing this magnificent tropical river when one can pitch one's camp within a few yards of the water under some big shady tree at a time of year when the weather can be relied upon to be hot and dry. During this period, the river will be in perfect order and there will be no nonsense about it being found unfishable owing to floods or other causes. He must indeed be a poor fisherman who, under these conditions, is unable to make a heavy daily catch of fish.

In September, the river is very low but at its very best for fishing. The great rapids, which are hidden during the seasonal floods of the earlier part of the year, have now emerged in all their glory, and it is in these rapids that the tiger fish congregate and where the sport is excellent. A boat is an absolute necessity and a sturdy one at that, for not only is the current extremely swift, but there are many rocks both above and below the surface of the water.

The type of boat in use is a big barge, such as that shown in the photograph. About 35ft. long, it requires twelve natives to propel it. This may sound a large and cumbrous thing to fish from but when out in the middle of the river, perhaps several hundred yards from either bank, it seems quite a small affair.

The actual boat in the photograph is the Barotse Mail, His Majesty's postal mail which plies a boat once a week both ways along a length of river equivalent to the distance between London and Edinburgh. The crews of these boats are dressed in scarlet uniforms and look most picturesque. They are commanded by an Induna who, like the captain on the bridge, stands on one of the seats giving his orders. His responsibility is great, and the handling of his boat, especially when shooting rapids, is very skilful.

For fishing under ideal conditions, two rods are necessary; one, a very light spinning rod such as I believe is used for thread line fishing for salmon, but with an ordinary spinning reel holding 100 yds. of fairly thin line, and the other a more powerful rod with a reel holding not less than 200yds. of line of a breaking strain of about 25lbs. The former would be used on the smaller side streams and among the islands, in water shown in the photograph of two members of our crew helping to rope our boat up a fast shallow. Here many a medium-sized fish may be caught which, in this kind of water, and on light tackle, will give splendid sport.

But in the main reaches of the river where the force of the current is heavier and the water deeper, a stronger outfit altogether is required, as this is where the bigger fish lie. For these the usual salmon spinning rod is no good: something a little shorter and stiffer is needed. The rod I use is a split cane about 8ft. long, quite light, but sufficiently powerful to hold any ordinary big fish. You can never feel really safe with less than 200yds. of line on the reel (on several occasions I have been compelled to follow a fish in the boat), and the rest of the tackle consists of a wire trace and a spoon with a single hook instead of a triangle. Excellent spoons of the right type are now manufactured in England, specially for tiger fishing, and are known as the "Kafue" and the "Zambezi."

About sixty miles above the Victoria Falls is a series of rapids known as Mambove. To this place a friend of mine and I went last October for a week's fishing. During this period we caught over 320 tiger fish between us, also some fish, known locally as bream, which run up to about 6 lbs. and are extremely good to eat. A photograph of a day's catch is shown with the Induna of our boat holding up the best two fish. The biggest weighed 9lbs. He was hooked on a racing "flat" some 300yds. broad, and took out 130yds. of line in his first rush. Such was the speed and strength of this fish that when I attempted to stop him by clapping my hand over the reel, the knobs banged against my thumb so hard that a nail was split clean across the top. Big tiger fish are very hard to stop, and they also have a distressing habit of flinging themselves into the air and "throwing the hook."

The method of fishing is exactly the same as one would employ in using a bait on a big Scotch salmon river in flood. Some of the rapids of the Zambezi are so swift that it is only necessary to cast out the spoon and allow it to come round like a fly. On such a big river as this, in order to fish the water systematically, it is sometimes necessary to take three or four beats across a pool, fishing new water each time on both sides of the boat, and even then a certain amount is usually missed.

Tiger fish frequently go for the spoon just as it is about to be lifted from the water. You look down into the clear water and see nothing: the next moment a fish has appeared from nowhere, and, before you realise what has happened, has seized your spoon, run fifteen or twenty yards, jumped, and flung the spoon back sometimes into the boat itself, almost before you have had time to raise the rod point. The wonderful condition of the fish is no doubt due to the enormous quantities of minnows and other small fry which inhabit these waters, and I think that among all those we landed on this trip only one was a kelt.

When these fish are caught not one is ever wasted. We give them to our boat crew and our servants who split them open and dry them in the sun. They are very highly prized as food and it is quite a common sight to see native dug-outs coming down the river piled high with dried fish (caught in nets and traps) which eventually find their way to the big native compounds in Livingstone and the copper mines on the Congo border.

A more cheerful crowd than the average crew on these expeditions would be hard to find. They will go anywhere and do anything. They think nothing of diving into several feet of water to rescue a spoon which may have been caught up on the bottom. They are men usually of magnificent physique, having been born and bred on the river, and taught to manage their own perilous craft from earliest infancy. A boat and crew can be hired from Mr. R. F. Sutherland, of Katombora, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, from £1 per day upwards, according to the size of the boat. This fee also includes the crew's food. Two fishermen, hiring a boat, can therefore obtain a week's fishing for £3 10s. each, plus of course the expense of getting there and their own food.

The beauty of the blue and silver river, its clear water, its game and silvery fish, and the varied bird life along its banks make an irresistible appeal to me. Duck, geese, guinea-fowl, francolin, Namaqua partridges (a species of sand grouse), and green pigeon can be shot for the pot, and there is nothing superior to a fried fillet of bream for breakfast or dinner. In short, it is one's own fault if one does not live like a king.

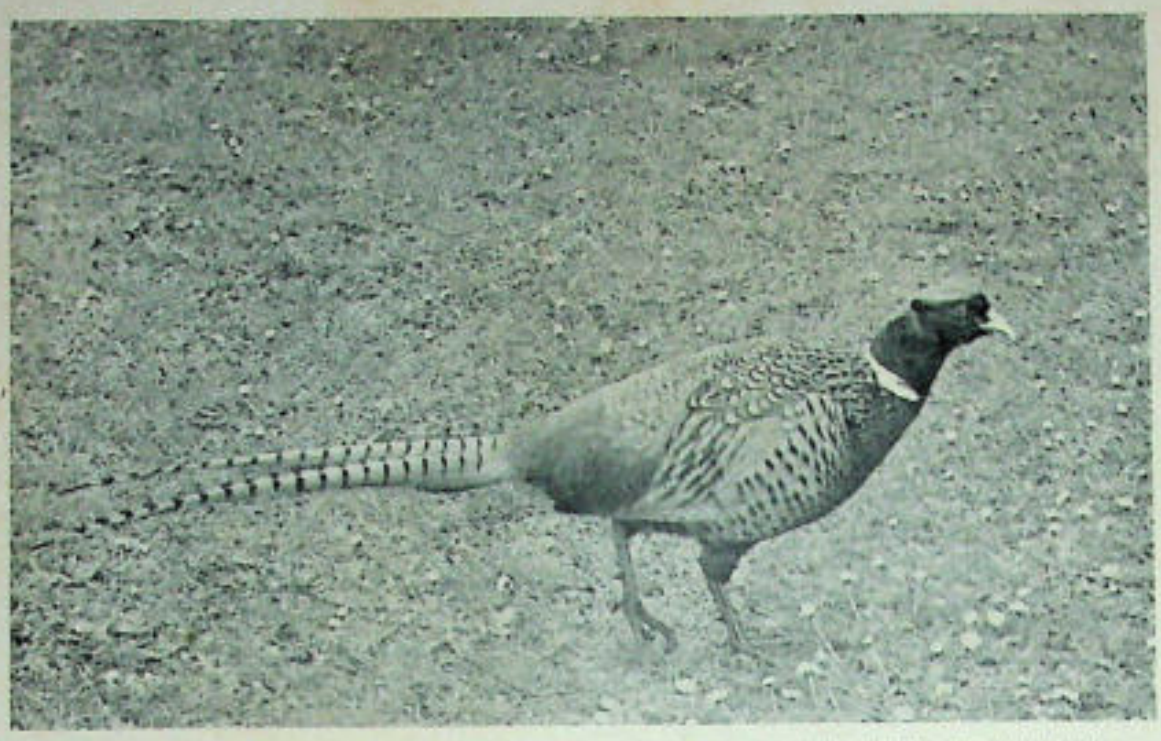
Our crew were very partial to cormorants, and shooting these birds in the evening on their way home to roost was somewhat reminiscent of pheasants out of a high cover. With the boat occupying a central position in a comparatively still reach of water between two islands, some really nice shots were obtained, the ensuing scramble to retrieve the dead birds before they were carried down to a rapid never failing to cause great hilarity among the crew.

The best times of the day for fishing we found to be from 8 a.m. to 12 noon and from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Fish were, of course, also caught between these hours, but after the sun had gone down and darkness was fast coming on (there is very little twilight in the tropics), at a certain moment the whole river would go "dead" in exactly the same way as a south country trout stream goes "dead" on a summer evening in England. Then, the guinea-fowl would be calling in the big trees where they roost, a troop of monkeys scatter at our approach, and, in the dusk, the flight of sand grouse, which is so similar to that of a woodcock, coming down to the river for their last drink, all told us that it was time for us to return to camp. The cormorants then perch in their hundreds on branches overhanging the river, the huge black and white fish eagles take up their positions for the night on the tops of the tallest trees and, in the still water ahead, the nose of a crocodile can just be made out before it sinks silently at the approach of the boat. Camp, a change into pyjamas, dinner, and another glorious day to look forward to.

Such is the fishing on the Zambezi, and I do not know of anyone who, having once tasted it, does not long to go back there again.



THE TYPE OF BOAT IN USE IS A BIG BARGE ABOUT 35FT. LONG
The craft shown is the Barotse Mail Boat



"PHEASANTS OF EXPERIENCE DIVIDE WITH WILD GEESE PREMIER HONOURS IN THE ART OF KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE"

The Gun Month by Month

SOMETHING ABOUT PHEASANTS

By J. B. DROUGHT

COULD pheasants open their hearts to us they would assuredly ascribe the constant conflict between inherent instinct and acquired habit, which is their outstanding characteristic, to human interference. Equally assuredly they would be right. For we grudge neither time nor money in perfecting a technique, which, in turning mass products out to pattern so to speak, tends to stifle individual initiative. No game bird leads so carefree and luxurious a life as a hand-reared pheasant: from the cradle often to the very grave man, in the person of the keeper, is his best friend. Which makes the rude awakening even ruder.

Sometimes, watching a young cock restlessly shifting about the covert's edge, when the stage is set on a November morning, I have wondered what is passing in his mind. Does the whistle which sets the beaters moving carry a more sinister note than the friendly pipe to the feed basket he has come to know so well? I think it is even as "he stops and looks and listens," and then dives for a convenient hide, that the latent instinct that his very first flight may prove to be his last, is born.

And with it, too, the Oriental cunning of his race. For let him sail through the barrage once or twice, and he will be up to all the artful dodges for self-preservation of which his wild-bred brethren are past masters.

You may recollect how the old cock pheasant in Fortescue's *Story of a Red Deer* answered the stag's enquiry why he was so far from home. "The fact is," said the pheasant, "I didn't like the look of things this morning. Some men came round very early while we were feeding to drive us back into the wood. Those stupid Chinese birds flew back all right, but I have not lived all these years for nothing, and I flew up the valley and have been running ever since." As he spoke there was an echo of two faint reports, a sound strange to the stag. "Those are the guns," went on the old bird, "beating my wood. To-morrow they will be there again, but the next day I shall return." And he ran under a bramble bush on to a heap of foliage so that you could hardly tell his neck from the live leaves or his body from the dead.

I would even suggest that pheasants of experience divide with wild geese premier honours in the art of keeping out of trouble. Our grandsires spent the best part of their lives debating which was the more profitable enterprise—to shoot a pheasant in the head or in the tail. Probably, with the weapons of the 1850's, there was a good deal in the contention that birds, flushed from miniature jungles, were more calculable targets for sportsmen almost treading on their spaniels' tails, than those which, beaters notwithstanding, were as likely to fly away from as towards the heading guns.

This controversy, however, when the twentieth century dawned was left behind. No one nowadays, is interested in shooting pheasants in the tail. We do it now and then when tempted to a saunter with a favourite dog for company and the hope of some etceteras for the pot. But, highly enjoyable as it may be, this is not pheasant shooting.

We moderns, for the most part prefer our sport, like whisky, fully proofed. Covert shoots which lack continuous and steady rises, perpetual banging, and spoils commensurate with the expense involved, are scarcely worthy of the name. And pheasants are barely interesting unless they can be shown at such a height as to severely test the star, and utterly confound the indifferently average performer.

Par ardua ad astra is a noble theme, but as one of the great army of "indifferents" I have found myself wondering occasionally whether this altitude complex may not be overdone.

A year or two ago I was bidden to a shoot in Wales, where the day's "brightest" beats comprised two complementary coverts clinging to the slopes of a young mountain. The guns were posted in the valley a good 300yds. from the covert's boundaries, and had the pheasants been allowed to run the entire length of either wood, we should still have had our work cut out to down them. But this was too easy for a conscientious keeper. By a masterly network of stops and sewelling and what not, he forced those birds to kick off, mostly in mid-coverts.

They rose from levels, I suppose, of 120ft. above the guns, and passed them even higher, looking rather like small stands of golden plover and just above rivalling the golden plover's pace. Of the company were one or two professors whose vanity was anything but flattered; for my part I was only thankful that my host was not one of those statisticians who are interested in ratios of cartridge, to kills.

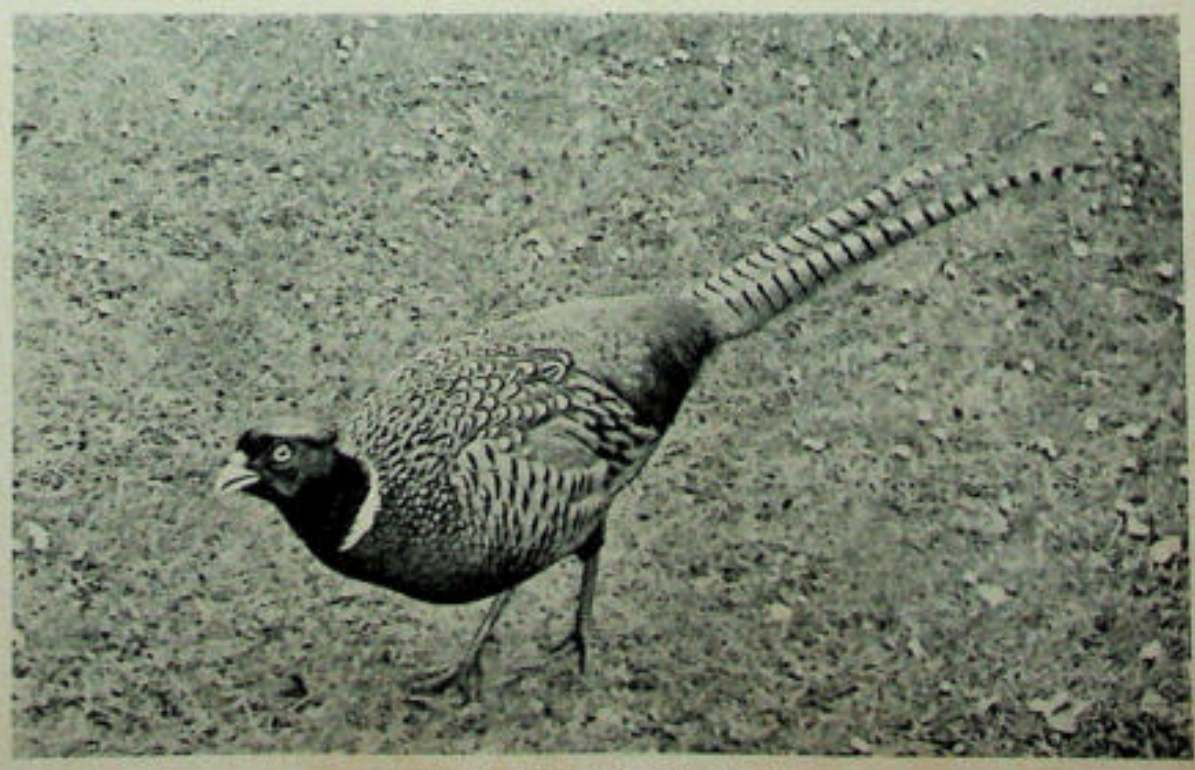
I am afraid my ideal covert shoot is not the meticulously planned set piece. The days I think of with a greater pleasure are those when we have had less than 50 pheasants, and "various" in the form of snipe and duck and woodcock have made up the 100 head.

It is sometimes said that "cock and pheasants do not co-habit cheerfully. It is true that in tastes they are as poles apart. The woodcock hates the incessant drip from the tall trees wherein the pheasant loves to roost. The pheasant likes scratching plots in clearings: the 'cock abominates those same bare patches and dense bramble undergrowth from which he finds egress difficult, just as much as he enjoys soft, mossy glades overhung with evergreen shrubs. The pheasant is a rover who likes to do a bit of sight-seeing within his own demesne; the woodcock only asks to be left in peace to sleep off the orgy of the night before.

But where hand-rearing is unknown and keepers with feed-baskets are not constantly intruding, 'cock and the wary long-legged pheasants of the marshes seem to hit it off all right. In imagination I discard two guns and their attendant luxury and steal away to where a long low wood faces out to one of the loveliest of Connemara loughs. It is a place of a hundred contradictions. For side by side with grey stone walls crumbling to decay are great black dykes, fringed with rhododendrons and Osmunda fern and moss-strewn limestone rocks, while here and there great trees, victims of Atlantic gales, are lying where they fell. And then by way of contrast there are little groves of silver birch and hazel with sunny glades; in summer a carpet of wild flowers, at all times soft and springy underfoot.

Here we have sometimes killed that 100 head aforesaid. For this wilderness and its surrounding bogs hold not only 'cock and pheasants, snipe and duck, but you will often, and usually when you least expect it, get a cut at a November grouse. To me the whole charm of this shooting lies in never knowing what is coming next, and that you cannot even suit your loading to your quarry adds a zest to the proceedings. For one clear cold day, I remember, when the 'cock were really "in," and snipe were lying lazy like, a wedge of wild geese racing for the sea ran the gauntlet of four poor mutts loaded up with eights and sevens.

But what you lose on the swings you get back on the roundabouts. The charm of a place like this lies quite as much in what you see as what you shoot, when bog-bred pheasants are keeping company with snipe, when teal and golden plover are racing neck and neck down wind, and when, as the evening mists come down and blot the mountains out, little ghostlike shadows drop into covert on the woodcock's moon.



"HE STOPS AND LOOKS AND LISTENS"

THE KESTREL AT HOME AND ABROAD

By J. B. BOWERS

DISCUSSIONS in conversation or in print about the habits of birds and their virtues and vices frequently become fruitless through a blatant disregard of the widely different individualities of birds of the same species. After watching two families of kestrels at the nest I should have said that of all birds of prey these meek little hawks were the least deserving of a place in the gamekeeper's mortuary, and yet during an October partridge shoot I witnessed an exhibition which left me less sure of their innocence. I was looking over a dividing hedge where I had marked a covey down and was astonished to see a kestrel make a most determined swoop into the stubble and a full-grown partridge whirr up from under his very claws.

But whatever its virtues or vices, the kestrel is a charming bird to photograph at the nest. The hide from which I worked was slung precariously between the boughs of a tall oak tree, and I must admit that I disliked stepping across the dizzy space to reach it; but once inside I had a perfect view, a sea of green oak leaves shimmering in the sun, a battered old crow's nest in the foreground, with its five mottled kestrel's eggs, and away beyond the rich meadows of Oxfordshire.

Photography was dull while there were eggs, but two days after the young had hatched, I settled into the hide with half a gale blowing. The tree was swaying and creaking, and playful ripples of wind scuttered across the hay field below. Twigs were snapped off and blown to the ground, and all the while the chicks lay huddled down in the bottom of the nest. It was not long before the male hawk appeared. He made a good upwind landing on a dead branch, but found it hard to keep his balance with his long tail blown sideways at ridiculous angles by every sudden gust of wind.

After a cursory glance at the hide he launched himself into the air, with a sharp "kek kek kek" to the female, who dropped to the back of the nest and shuffled down to brood the young. She remained only a short time before the cock came back with food, and as he called again to her, she slipped away to join him on the other side of the tree, where they used to pluck their game. In five minutes more she was back again with the blue and naked corpse of a thrush or a blackbird gripped in her right-hand claw. The wind was whistling over the back of the nest, and as she landed with her burden she stumbled drunkenly and only saved herself from falling over the side by frantic flapping of her wings and clutching with her one free foot.

She then regained her balance and, tearing up the prey, gave each chick the choicer parts and finally swallowed the whole carcass herself. The carcass occasioned prolonged struggles and she was still straining and gulping as she settled down to brood the young. Twenty minutes later the male arrived again, and she slipped away to meet him, but this time it was a mouse he had brought and they landed together one on each side of the nest. I cursed the violent swinging of the hide which spoilt a perfect photograph as they sidled up to one another and gently passed the mouse from beak to beak. The handsome little cock stood watching as his mate,



THE CHICKS LAY HUDDLED DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF THE NEST



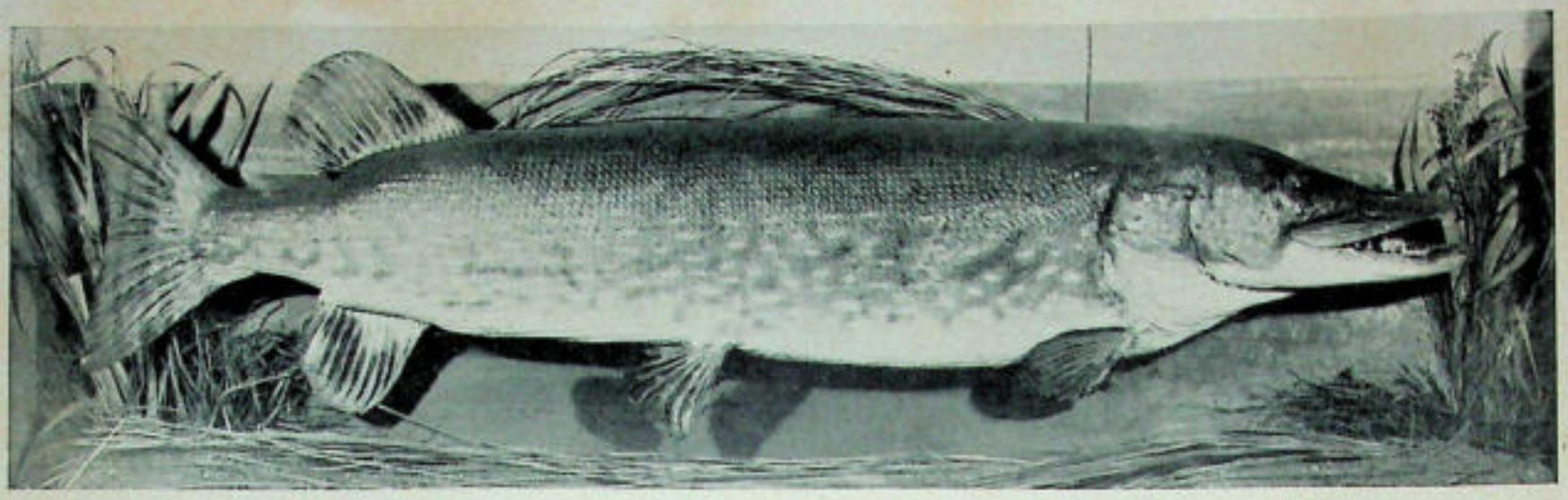
WITH THE CORPSE OF A THRUSH OR BLACKBIRD IN HER CLAW

the frenzied fugitives were several swarms of locusts, hustled from the trees where they had stopped to rest, and there, hovering above the advancing tide of flames, like terns fishing along the sea edge, were 20 or 30 kestrels, rejoicing in the heaven sent exodus of fat and juicy insects which could be pounced upon and taken in one claw as they flew clumsily from tree to tree.

A month later I was sleeping under the stars below a northern outcrop of the Nuba mountains, and waking at dawn was surprised to notice a steady procession of kestrels—I think they were the European species—flying low overhead in the teeth of a powerful north wind. They were not in flocks, but scattered widely as far as the eye could see, perhaps four or five in sight at once, over an area of flat scrub country. For 20 minutes or more the procession continued, and I estimated that over 100 birds must have passed within my range of view. I cannot say how wide a front the movement may have covered. Were they just local birds moving from some favoured roosting place for the day's hunting, or were they, as early as February, starting out on their long journey to the north? This unfortunately is a riddle which may never be solved, for I could spend only a day in the district; but there was a steady purposefulness about their flight which suggested to my imagination that they were home-bound Europeans.



THE MOTHER GRIPPED THE FALLEN BABY BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK



PIKE OF 23LB. 3OZ. TAKEN IN THE KENNET IN 1901 BY THE LATE H. T. SHERINGHAM

PIKE—A QUESTION OF DEPTH

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

THERE are many considerations in pike fishing, but not least important is the question of depth—the depth at which the bait should be set or worked.

In summer, pike mostly lurk amid their weedy, reedy lairs, whence, with a minimum of effort, and plenty of food ready to hand—or rather ready to mouth—they can dart out upon passing prey and snatch their toll. In winter, it is not so easy for them to satisfy their "inner man." Their lairs, too, have mostly disappeared. Spurred by hunger, they have now more to go out a-roving for food, under which conditions anglers may happen upon them almost anywhere.

Perhaps an extreme example, I would instance a day last season on the Norfolk Broads, when I was more than peeved—for I was out after bream and unfortunately had no pike tackle aboard—by a real monster pike—a feeding pike—which kept on swirling and crashing about nearby, scooping up small surface-feeding rudd *ad lib.*

All the same, we do know that the more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, which is where, nosing a boat quietly upstream, our eyes piercing the depths, we see them, lying stiff, motionless, maybe just edging the main stream, alongside or just under a patch of trailing weed growth, head upstreamwards, or else across stream at an angle, head slightly lower than the tail. At a lake I often fish, strolling quietly along the bank, especially on a mild day, I come across many pike basking in the warmer shallows, their grey-green-goldy mottled bodies poised just off the bottom. Again, in the clear side-streams of, say, the Hampshire Avon, one sometimes spots a goodly pike or two, just shouldering under weed growths.

We know, too, that the more likely—the more usual—places for sport now are in all deep, quiet water, and we search every hole, eddy, reedy bay, every big pool and all deep corners in "still" waters.

Always, then, the more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, so that our lure—natural (live or dead) or artificial—must be set or worked correspondingly deep, to ensure being within tempting range of vision of our quarry; and a pike's eyes—those wicked, ferocious, mesmeric eyes—are so set in its head, be it also remembered, as to give as much an upward as a forward view.

We hear a lot about "mirror angle" of vision of trout, but there is also a "mirror angle" with pike. Tether a live bait outside this area, and a non-roving fish will not see it, thus emphasising one of the advantages of spinning: methodically searching every yard of water, so much more ground—or rather water—can be covered in a given time. Similarly, a spun lure worked deeply, visible only when it comes within the lowest and smallest section of vision in the pike's "mirror angle," gives him but a fleeing glimpse of the fast escaping bait. There is but a minimum of time for suspicion to be aroused: a case of "Is this—that—a fish?" By which time his natural greed may have swept caution to the winds.

As to the right depth at which to set a live bait, the float, I think, should be so adjusted that the bait will swim no higher in the water than one-third depth from the bottom. And if anyone ask how this is possible, in very deep water, using a ready-made paternostering snap-tackle giving a fixed constant depth for the bait, I would only say that there is no need for any elasticity of adjustment, "near the bottom" always being the rule.

In fact, in heavy, coloured, flooded water, legering tactics, using the brightest bait possible, such as the silvery-flanked sprat, have merits of their own, while in all cases a live bait tethered on leger tackle is a method by no means to be ignored when deep waters with an irregular bottom are to be searched.

Some anglers, live baiting, are apt to be rather careless about this question of depth, or rather float adjustment, their bait being slung out with but little knowledge of the actual depth. Maybe it is all right. Maybe it is too shallow. Maybe it is too deep; in fact, the bait may actually be lying on the bottom, right out of any pike's sight. If the angler is conscious that adjustment is necessary he just hauls in, thoughtlessly dragging his bait against maybe a strong current, instead of conserving its strength by first ascertaining, before affixing the bait, the correct adjustment by trial and error methods, a point which, apart from facilitating casting, brings out an advantage of the "slider" type of float when operating in very deep waters.

As regards spinning and depth, having cast, and before beginning to retrieve, the angler should pause, to allow the bait to sink to the appropriate depth; then spin steadily, right up to the bank, especially when drawing up out of deep, shelving water, for a following pike often delays a final (?) decision. Depth, in spinning, can in part be controlled by the angle at which the rod is held, the rod-tip being kept well down for depth.

Again, for deep or very streamy water, weight can be added to the trace, even when using plugs. *En passant*, the "Hardy-Jock Scott" Wigglers have a small detachable plummet, clipped to the belly of the bait, enabling it, with two alternative rings for attaching the trace, to be worked at different depths.

On the other hand, when operating in shallow water, a light floating "plug," with no lead, may be found ideal, such as in a long, old castle moat in which I sometimes fish, where the maximum depth is not much more than about 2ft. 6in., with plenty of weed growth to be cleared, an alternative bait being a flyspoon.

Speaking of weed growth, I would conclude with a question: is the oft-repeated statement—that a pike will not take a spinner to which any weed is adhering—a proven fact? Personally, although I am usually meticulously careful to remove any weed, I recently connected with two pike, but they soon parted company with me, due, I believe, to clogging weed growth picked up on my hook after casting out, notwithstanding which, I have every reason to think those pike had taken my bait. Pike undoubtedly have keen sight, but some authorities hold that fish are colour-blind, and I cannot therefore reconcile the green weed veto with the fact that many artificials have coloured wool or tabs—always red. Or is it that pike are not so "green" as to be deceived by an imitation fish towing along a mass of trailing weed growth, or that red to a pike is like red to a bull?

BLOODHOUND-BASSET CROSSES

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

ANIMAL breeding being an art rather than a science, breeders naturally exercise much ingenuity in the mating of individuals and strains for the purpose of achieving a particular object, that being the production of the best and the foundation of a family that may reasonably be expected to reproduce its kind. The same principles apply whether we are breeding dogs for the field or the show bench, though in the one we seek to improve innate qualities and in the other outward characters. Dogs, in a way, are an easy medium in which to work, owing to the early age at which they reach maturity and their fecundity. We are able to observe five or six generations in a few years.

Cross-breeding has a fascination for some people, either for the purpose of creating new breeds altogether, as Captain John Edwardes did when making sealyhams, or in order to introduce stamina in such as have suffered from too close inbreeding. Other breeds that have been made in the course of a century by amalgams are Airedales, bull terriers, Lakeland terriers, bull mastiffs and the various retrievers, all of which now come true. One could mention several more that now have an individuality. Even towards the end of last century several varieties of spaniels were often interbred. In my own time, and shortly before it, various experiments have been made in the way of introducing a dash of alien blood to strengthen the constitution of a breed.

Bloodhounds have had other hounds grafted on them, including foxhounds, otterhounds and one or two French hounds, traces of which soon disappeared, but I am not aware that susceptibility to distemper in a severe form has in any way been lessened, and deaths from abdominal distension do not seem to be any fewer. I wonder why it is that bloodhounds suffer more than any from this lethal complaint.

The classic example of cross-breeding is that made by the late Sir Everett Millais about 1894. Millais, who had an inquiring mind and delighted in making experiments, considered that basset hounds were deteriorating through inbreeding, everyone having run after Ch. Forester and his blood. Consequently, he decided to mate a basset dog to a bloodhound bitch, arguing that there was a certain affinity between the two in spite of the difference in size and colour. Being a very exact man, he left behind him a record of his work in *Two Problems of Reproduction*, from which we can follow the metamorphoses exhibited in each generation, the crossbreds being bred back to pure bassets.

The first generation produced hounds of the basset form, though somewhat bigger, but of the bloodhound's black and tan colour. In the second generation the light basset colour predominated, and by the fifth generation we could not distinguish between them and pure bassets, except that they had the little extra size that Millais desired to get. Earlier this year Mrs. Elms, who has a kennel of both breeds, made a similar experiment, and again we have the bloodhound colour in the progeny, but there is a difference between them and Sir Everett's. His outcross puppies were awkward-looking and indifferent in shape; Mrs. Elms's are delightful little hounds, and a French gentleman, M. Page Louis, who visited her with the idea of buying a bloodhound, was so pleased with them that he had to take one instead. It will be interesting to follow the results of successive generations.

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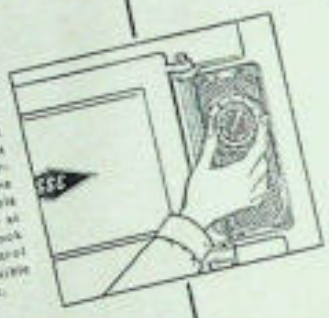
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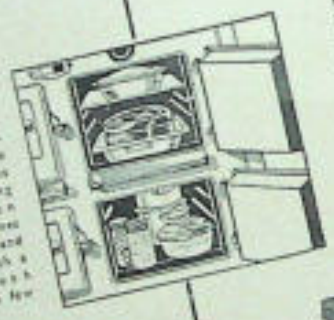
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A STUDY IN ROPE. ONION BOATS AT ROSCOFF

A FEW THINGS CONCERNING ROPE

By CHRISTOPHER WALKER

FROM the time when I became the owner of a 16ft. sailing-boat, my first craft, I discovered that there was within me a tremendous liking for rope. Whether it is one of those things that lie latent in some of us I do not know, but from the moment I began to look upon other boat owners with a feeling of being one of them—sharing their anxieties if it was blowing hard; agreeing with them about the shortcomings of the harbour, and listening with a sympathetic ear to suggestions as to what the harbour authorities should, or should not, do, and meantime keeping a watchful eye on my own craft—from that time I was fascinated by rope.

Forced to study economy in upkeep, I would first satisfy myself that old halliards were really in a condemnable condition before visiting the ship-chandler, and there I developed a roving eye. How smart the old Viking would look with new sheet blocks!—and what a musical sound is the slight click, click, of patent sheaves! And I felt that the result of my hours of labour, scraping those in the Viking, was a poor thing compared to the beauty of these.

But always my eyes would come back to coils of new rope. Best white yacht manila and beautifully soft Italian hemp. And everywhere in the store I could smell Archangel tar—or is it Stockholm? It came from tarred hemp and manila; and many and varied balls of marline. A grand, wholesome aroma, I think it, for all that it may be rather pungent. Coal tar may be a little overpowering, especially when heated, but to write of the "thick resinous substance which is obtained from pine and fir trees, either by distillation or a close smothering heat," as being similar, is a libel!

Perhaps M. Duhamel, who lived long before my time, would not have agreed with me. I feel sure he did not relish the odour of tar! Anyhow, he went to an awful lot of trouble to prove that the practice of tarring fibre to preserve it was a stupid thing to do. He said it merely destroyed the rope—well, it shortened its life a great deal; and I suppose to say that the rope was weakened amounts to nearly the same thing.

M. Duhamel further maintained that tarred rope did not keep so well in store as untreated fibre; and ordinary manila, he said, would come through the wear and tear of average usage and weather much more creditably than that which had been passed through kettles of hot tar.

However, there is one bright spot for those who enjoy a whiff of Stockholm; nothing, no substitute, has yet been discovered which will give the same protection to rope constantly immersed.

I remember one of my rare visits to the ship-chandler. I had intended to buy new jib-sheets, and in a reckless moment I ordered fathoms of best yacht manila, thinking, with pride, how smart the old boat would be if all her gear were renewed! And I quietened an uneasy conscience at this extravagance by arguing with myself that the old rope would come in for something or other; maybe its remaining usefulness could be eked out as a "killick" line when ground fishing. And I also remember how quickly the glory of glistening whiteness vanished. It turned to a drab grey; and there seemed to be little difference, in appearance, between the new and the old.

On one memorable occasion I travelled to Bridport to buy a length of rope, and I thought it would be a grand opportunity to look over one of the rope works. I booked a seat in the old horse-drawn coach which for years had catered for people who wished to journey from my village to the town of Bridport. But this was the last day of its service. Enterprising folk had put a motor bus on the road; with the exception of a parcels contract made with the G.W.R., the owner of the old coach was not taking sufficient to pay for his horse's feed.



A "TOP"

A piece of hard wood of conical shape with concentric grooves in it in which the strands turn

As we jogged along at hardly a hair-raising speed I idly wondered what it was that rope-works might have in common with gas-works. Neither, to my knowledge, had ever been called a factory.

While selecting my length of manila I heard of a falling off in the demand for fishing nets. It was probably due to the fact that herring drifting in the locality was not as it used to be; and there did not appear to be the same amount of "seineing" done as in former days. At the present day, however, the net-making industry, as far as it concerns this same firm, is in a very healthy condition: large consignments of salmon nets, beautifully made from linen thread the colour of blue water, are being sent to Canada.

But I was chiefly interested in the art of spin, twist and lay. I asked if I might see one of the old rope-walks; and the guide, who was a little sad concerning nets, and, I am sure, would have liked to sell me a few, became enthusiastic about old times. I learnt quite a lot about rope spinning and also something of the material used.

Of the many vegetable fibres spun none could better the common hemp. It was soft and flexible, had great strength, and was exceedingly durable. This hemp, with the quality of softness in it, was very suitable for the manufacture of fine lines. Manila was too stubborn—sort of woody—for fine work, although it had splendid qualities for heavy gear and stood up well to average wear and tear. Further, it was tenacious; and I interpret this as meaning it possessed much surface friction; would not slip when a turn had been taken around a cleat or bollard, as softer material might.

Sisal hemp had points to recommend it. I had not before heard it called hemp, and did not know that it came from Central America. I know that once I bought sisal from a local ironmonger. I thought it looked smart, and it was cheap. Returning to the beach, where I was fitting out, I showed my bargain to a longshoreman. I have never forgotten the scorn in his voice as he said: "G'out wi' 'ee; thic's nort but sizal!"

Jute from India may not have the strength there is in sisal, but of the two jute is a material more generally spun. It is used a great deal as cordage by merchants who have to parcel and handle their wares.

Then there is coir rope. It looks as if it might have been peeled direct from the coconut; but

where I first experimented with sails it was always spoken of as "grass rope."

The ropewalks I had expected to be of a great length, but even so I gave a gasp of surprise when I gazed down what appeared to be a dim, interminable tunnel. It was roofed over, being a "covered walk"; and lights were put in here and there which merely served to make the place more shadowy.

Down the middle, and at equal distances apart, were fixed posts. These supported racks where yarn, as it lengthened in the spinning, could be thrown to keep it clear of the ground or floor. The posts divided the walk into two sections and a tramway track was laid from end to end of each section.

A machine, called a "jack," moved along the track. This machine, I thought, looked somewhat primitive: it had no doubt been in use over a large number of years. It had a row of hooks—"whirlers"—which revolved at a high speed when driven by a band from a large pulley beneath them.

In spinning yarn from "heckled" fibre an end of fibre would be made fast to one of these hooks. As it turned the spinner moved down the walk paying out fibre as he did so, and at the same time compressing it slightly between his forefinger and thumb to give the yarn a cylindrical shape. His pace in moving down the walk had to be consistent all through that the twist might be regulated evenly.

While at the works I was fortunate in having an opportunity of watching three stranded lines being made. The method employed in laying the strands was exactly the same as that used in producing rope. Incidentally, I might state here that lines or cordage, when 1in. or more in circumference, became rope.

The three strands which were to become a line were made fast to the hooks of two jacks—one at either end of the walk. From one jack, a fixed machine, the strands were given a twist in the direction they received when made; the other machine, free to move along the track, rotated the strands around—they were fixed to the laying hook—in the opposite direction.

The worker used a "top" in forming the lay. This was a piece of hard wood shaped like a cone. Three concentric grooves were cut in it, and in these the strands turned when the top was inserted between them. As the line formed the top, because of its conical shape, was forced outwards, leaving a beautifully even lay in, I might logically say, its wake.

Perhaps the function of a "top" might be more clear if I mention that it served, inversely, as a mould.

All this twisting and laying resulted in shortening the line—that is why one machine was allowed to travel along the track. The usual amount of twist given to a rope generally made it one-third shorter than the strands in it; the same thing applied to the yarns in the strand. It is possible to break fibres by twisting them; and according to the softness or otherwise of the material care must be taken. Yet individual fibres should add their strength to the whole, and compressing them increases surface friction—a factor to be considered. Torsion is another thing to have in mind. While inner fibres of a rope are taking a strain the outer ones, because of greater length, are slack.

The laying of a rope often depends on the purpose it is to serve. Rope that has to stand up to constant immersion is laid up hard: fibres compressed together will offer more resistance to water.

The method of twisting employed in spinning rope, if understood by the beginner in splicing (in fact, general boatswain's work), would prove exceedingly helpful. To remember that yarn is spun with a twist to the right, strands formed by turning to the left, and laid to the right when making hawser-laid rope—to fully realise the importance of this alternate twist and lay might tend to prevent yarns blowing in the wind as tassels when a job of splicing is under way.

There can be no doubt that "there is something in everything"; and I have come to the conclusion that there is a very great deal in rope spinning.

I left my coil of rope in the coach which had been garaged (?) in the yard of the Bull Inn, and walked towards West Bay, the harbour of Bridport. Years back ships came here with cargoes of flax from Russia. The spinners and weavers of sailcloth would share a freight between them. Haywards, of Crewkerne, still use fibre imported from Russia, but it is not brought to West Bay.

It would be a queer life without rope; often so much "hangs by a thread—no more." Even as I write, not half a mile from where I am sitting, there has been proof of the usefulness of rope. A ketch, a Frenchman, had been blown across the Channel during the gale of overnight. She found good holding ground hardly a mile from the shore, and had been riding out the remains of the gale, probably hoping for a shift of wind later. The shift of wind did not come; more wind followed, and began to reach gale force. Then the cable parted. . . .

The life-saving apparatus was fixed on the cliffs above them, and all the crew were rescued by the breeches buoy; the rope-spinners' art had served a useful purpose.

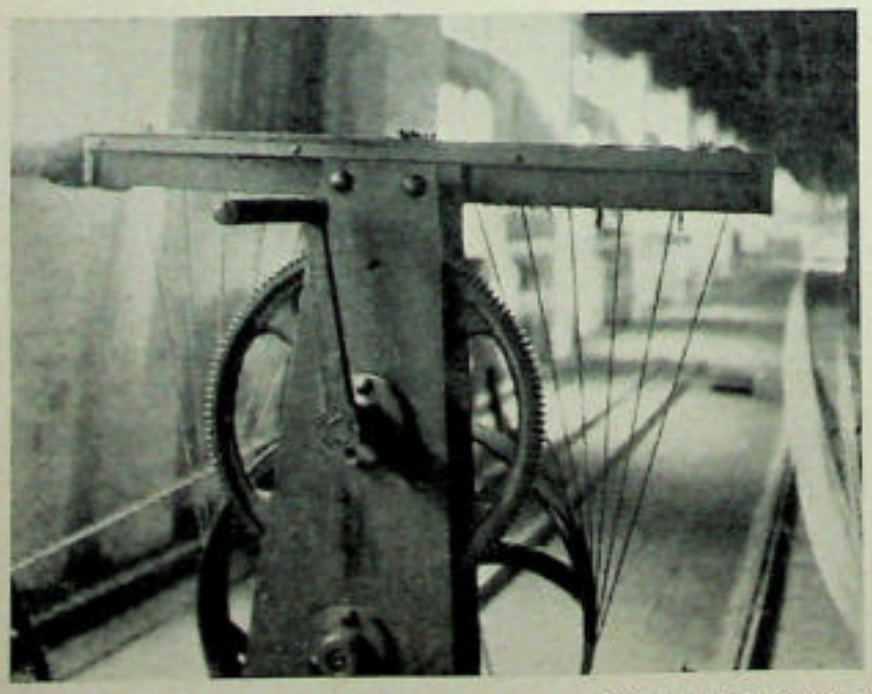


"I gazed with surprise along a dim tunnel"

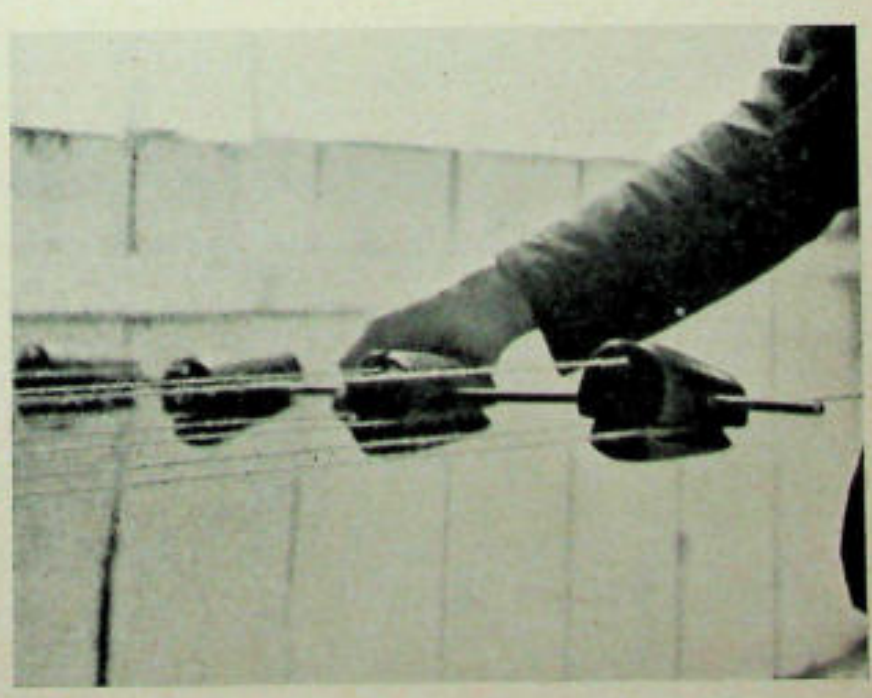


Looking towards the other end of the walk

TWO VIEWS OF THE ROPE WALK



Cords seen leading from a large pulley drive the hooks or "whirlers." These are not shown in the picture, but revolve in the beam along the top of the machine



The "tops" shown from the lay in three-stranded lines. A formed line can just be seen as it leaves the "top" on the right of the picture

ONE OF THE "JACKS," AND THE "TOPS" IN USE

WINTER GOLF AND ITS RECRUITS

By E. R. TIPPLE

WITH the hours of daylight becoming fewer week by week, golfers have little time to waste if they wish to complete their afternoon rounds. Once again we are faced with the special problems of winter play which are increased this year by the loss of most of the green-keeping staffs. Still, we can still enjoy occasional rounds, however bad may be the conditions, for the majority of courses are not likely to be used for agricultural purposes yet awhile, if indeed they are suitable.

If clubs have not introduced the rule permitting a ball to be placed on the fairways, most players will decide among themselves to do so. As I have already mentioned on more than one occasion this concession may be criticised by the rigorous die-hards, and may not be in strict accordance with the rules of the game, but it does help to preserve the courses and cut down the expenses of upkeep. Moreover, it helps the handicap golfer at a time when he needs all the assistance he can get. No one enjoys, least of all the humble player, hacking a ball out of a muddy lie. Besides, that is not golf.

It is not necessary to carry round one's full complement of clubs. Those who are at present out of practice—I think the majority can be included in this category—would be well advised to leave behind their No. 1 irons and their brassies for a start. Seven or eight clubs are ample for winter golf—driver, spoon or wooden cleek, two irons (possibly a No. 2 and a No. 4), a mashie, niblick and putter. A mashie-niblick could be added if necessary. From personal experience I have found that I obtain much unexpected fun out of attempting unusual strokes. A controlled shot with a No. 4 iron is better than forcing a powerful mashie and, what is more important, it is more likely to produce the required result. As a general rule overclubbing during the winter months is the best policy.

There must be many who are engaged in civilian defence duties who visit golf courses whenever they are able. They appreciate the relaxation a game provides. Whether they are members of a club or not, they are assured of a welcome unrestricted by former regulations. That is as it should be for, at the present time, such matters as an introduction by a member, or being permitted to play only if partnered by a member, are forgotten. For the benefit of those who were not able to bring away their own playing equipment, implements and certain clothing can be borrowed at most clubs. No doubt there will be a few who will be taking up the game for the first time and they must not expect too much at the beginning.

One air raid warden recently told me that he used to regard golf as idiotic and simple. He just could not understand why anyone bothered to play it. "Now football," he said, "that requires skill, but golf . . . !" Then a golfing friend persuaded him to go along to his course and lent him a set of clubs. The friend drove off and hit a reasonably good shot down the fairway. The warden teed his ball up, took the driver in his hands, swiped at the ball and looked up to see where it had gone. He was astonished to discover it still perched up on its wooden peg unharmed after that terrible onslaught! He tried again and after no less than twenty-six unsuccessful attempts managed to contact the ball at last and send it a few yards on its way to the green—a record in air shots!

As can be imagined their rate of progress was very slow and they had time for only a few holes, but time enough to make the warden realise something of the intricacies of the game. Now, when I see him, he is more respectful towards golfers and is desperately keen to acquire a reasonable handicap, although he knows that ambition will take time to attain. He is no longer like the lady who took a friend to have a golf lesson. When asked if she wanted one as well she replied "Oh, dear no. I learned last week!"

So, whether we are just beginners or golfers of some years' experience, we must never expect too much. Particularly in winter. The ball does not fly so far as in good, warm weather and we ourselves are not so relaxed as we should be. Be up to the flag is a fine old adage too frequently forgotten. For the next few months there will be little run on the ball, so aim at the back of the green, not at the front edge. You will rarely go too far. With slower greens a heavier putter than usual may prove useful. Then the player will be able to concentrate on a rhythmic stroke rather than having to snatch back a light club and then give the ball a rap which produces erratic results.

When there is only an hour or so available for play, or when a crowd of players are together, there is an amusing team game which can be played. Each golfer is allowed to use one club and must play his shot in strict rotation irrespective of whether the club he has is suitable for the required stroke. For example, the man with the driver may find that he has a chip shot to play or the one with the niblick a drive, and so on. This game calls for a good deal of ingenuity and careful planning, despite friendly arguments from the opposing side. And it enables all the members of one's leave party to keep together and enjoy the fun—at someone else's expense!

To those unacquainted with the game golfers may be called bores. No doubt some are, yet they cannot be accused of being uncharitable. In normal times many competitions are held at each club in aid of deserving organisations. The efforts that are being made to raise funds for the Red Cross by Henry Cotton and the other professionals' exhibition matches have been rewarded by over £1,500. Every club affiliated to the English Golf Union has now been asked to stage a meeting some time this month—an eighteen holes bogey event open to all—the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Red Cross. Women will play from the L.G.U. tees and receive an additional handicap allowance of six strokes, whilst the men will use their ordinary tees and play all their club handicaps. This is an excellent idea and should be well supported. Further competitions of this kind need to be held throughout the winter and no doubt they will be. Despite obvious difficulties clubs and golfers intend to keep going and these charitable events help towards that object as well as providing funds for an essential service.

THE DECLINE OF "BUG-HUNTING"

By SIDNEY ROGERSON

A WEEK or so ago I walked into the stores and asked for the naturalists' department.

I had long looked forward to this day when my son should be old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of bug-hunting: less vulgarly, the collection of butterflies, moths and beetles; more technically, the field study of our *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*. I was encouraged by vivid memories of the thrills I had got out of the pastime during my schooldays—that breathless pursuit of a dark clouded yellow across a parched football field in late September, for example; the finding of a puss-moth caterpillar, that samurai of the insect world with his absurdly "fierce face," and of an abnormally marked large emerald, yellow instead of a delicate turquoise green; the swappings and comparings; and finally, the saving-up of pocket money so as to be able to write up to just such a naturalists' department as this for a setting-board, a relaxing box, or possibly for a mounted specimen of some gaudy, exotic butterfly, the description of which we had stumbled across in our reading.

And what healthier or more exciting hobby is there for a boy? It combines the "hearty" with the intellectual, the low-brow with the high. It satisfies at once the boy's zest for the chase, both the stalk and the pursuit, net in hand, and his æsthetic as well as scientific leanings. It persuades him to take violent exercise, to study zoology and to appreciate beauty, and to do so easily and unconsciously. There is no need, for example, for him to haunt museums or study the burnished brilliance of tropical species, when right under his eyes, if he has the eyes to see, is the glowing splendour of homely peacock and red-admiral, palpitating with transient but vivid life in the early autumn sunshine on wall or blossom.

If he is not to be moved by such colour, he is almost certain to react to the revelation under his microscope of the wonders of the "plumage" of even our commonest species. If he is strictly humanitarian, or a non-collector, by nature, he can dispense with the killing-bottle, the setting-board and the pins, and yet find absorbing recreation in catching, observing and then freeing his specimens. There is a special joy in watching the emergence of some hawk-moth from its earth-bound chrysalis, and noting with what speed its wings develop as they dry, from wrinkled appendages, resembling badly-reefed sails, to the full glory of the mature insect's pinions.

Yes, bug-hunting has it all ways, I thought as I made my way to the department: "Second floor, turn right, through the sports." It was, I found, a small department. Over a counter, the one attendant, a dried-up little man, peered at me eagerly through thick glasses, with a confidential, trusted-servant manner.

"I want," I said, "a butterfly net. A reasonably cheap one. Something for a beginner. My son, you know. Just about old enough to begin collecting. No use giving him anything expensive yet. Jolly lucky, boys these days" I added, very much the heavy parent. "My father never bought nets or setting-boards for me. Had to make them myself, out of any old muslin and boards I could find."

"Yes, sir" he agreed, fetching down a net, "but boys are different these days. A collecting-box? Ah, now, I'm sorry but there you've got me. We are right out of stock and I can't tell you when we shall get more. The same with relaxing-boxes. We haven't any and we can't get them."

"Well, then, killing-bottles" I suggested.

"If you want the proper cyanide bottle you must order one from the drugs department and sign the poison form. But I have got one or two of the old-fashioned zinc killing tins . . ."

"Those you fill with crushed laurel leaves" I volunteered, just to show off my knowledge.

". . . That's it, sir. And then I've only the one size" he added regretfully.

"I suppose it's due to the war and armaments and so on. Makes zinc difficult to obtain, I mean."

Apparently this was the cue he was waiting for. He opened out. "It's nothing to do with the war or armaments, I'm afraid," he asserted. "In one sense I wish it were. It's to do with the boys. They aren't interested in natural history like they used to be. Just take this department. I used to have an assistant solely to deal with enquiries from schoolboys. How many? About fifteen a day I should say. Now there are none, practically speaking. Six only that I can trace in May, June, and July, and that's the school summer term, mind you. A single one in September. I have no longer an assistant. Worse still, the men who used to make the gear have died or retired, and there's not enough business now to make it worth anyone else's while to learn the trade. You see," he continued, "the men who made the zinc relaxing-boxes, and killing-tins, and setting-boards and so forth, were small craftsmen who did their work in their own homes. I could, of course, get these goods made to specification by a larger firm, but not at a price which anyone would pay. No, sir, the boy of to-day has changed. He's not interested in butterflies and moths any more. At least not so far as my experience goes."

He told me more, of firms whose names were household words to us as schoolboys, which are now struggling to keep going, and how some are in fact only continuing out of a sense of duty to the dwindling band of enthusiastic naturalists.

But he told me enough to make me conjecture, as I bore away my butterfly net and zinc killing tin, what amusements have taken the place of bug-hunting in the small boy's scheme of things—and also to reflect how a change in the hobbies of schoolboys can affect the livelihood of numbers of skilled craftsmen.

THE SCAPA SOCIETY

In order to ensure the carrying on of the Society's work under quiet and safe conditions during the war, and to avoid the risk of damage or loss of its files and documents, its headquarters have been transferred from 71, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1, to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, Somerset, to which all subscriptions and other communications should be sent until further notice. Accommodation has also been kindly provided by Mr. Humphrey Baker at The Hall for the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and the National Playing Fields Association (of which Sir Lawrence Chubb is also secretary), as well as for Scapa, and the work of the latter will be carried on there by Sir Lawrence and Mr. Baker, with such clerical assistance as may prove to be necessary.

With regard to the work in general, it seems probable that all advertising will be considerably reduced during the war, and it is felt that this may give an opportunity for securing the removal of some of the most unsightly outdoor advertisements. Everything possible will be done in this direction. After the war, when trade revives, the Society's work will be as important as ever, and it may then be possible to obtain the passing of a new Advertisements Regulation Act, which will prevent outdoor advertising from again reaching its former dimensions.

For the above reasons it is felt to be most important that the Society should continue in active operation during the war, and it is hoped that all its members will continue to support it, both with their subscriptions and in other ways.

THE HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

Owing to the international situation, it has been decided not to hold the Thoroughbred and Hunter Show in 1940.

Arrangements are being made to give Premiums to a certain number of thoroughbred stallions to travel prescribed routes throughout the country in 1940. Particulars are being circulated to all stallion owners.

Wool is protective



No other fabric protects the body against cold and damp so successfully as Pure Wool. Prove it by wearing Pesco Pure Wool this winter. During bitter weather Pesco will keep you warm and comfortable, reducing the risk of chills to a minimum.

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Unshrinkable
PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

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The WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back.
The pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 2 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted 55/- (Top 5/- extra)
Painted (2 coats) - - - 64/-
(Top 6/- extra)

CARRIAGE PAID (Scotland 2/6 extra).
Lighter Models for Ladies are available.

Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free.

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

WINE AND FOOD

A GASTRONOMICAL QUARTERLY

This, the official journal of the Wine and Food Society, discusses the problems and pleasures of the table and is of inestimable value to all who wish to cultivate the art and enjoyment of good living.

2/6

FROM BOOKSELLERS, OR FROM "THE FIELD," 114, FLEET ST., E.C.4

Famous QUEENS by famous Masters



QUEEN CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK
by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
(National Portrait Gallery)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

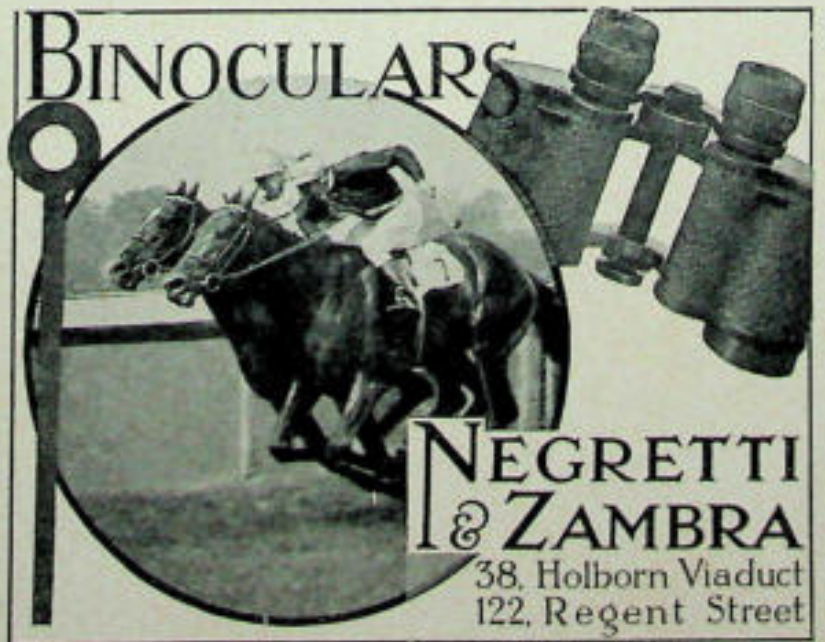
GRAND 10 LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

by Macdonald & Muir

In her veins flowed royal blood, giving her the queenly distinction that commands loyalty. And similarly, in Highland Queen "Grand Liqueur" there are choice spirits, skilfully blended to give this sovereign Whisky that distinction of flavour which will claim your allegiance from the first sip.

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD., LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON

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HYSTERIA in dogs & cats

If you keep a dog or cat, do not forget an important item of A.R.P. — provision against 'nerves', shocks and hysterical fits.

In circumstances of excessive noise and commotion dogs and cats are liable to become hysterical. The surest curative and preventive treatment is a dose of Bob Martin's Fit and Hysteria Tablets. Their effect is speedy, reliable and safe for dogs and cats of all ages.

BOB MARTIN'S FIT AND HYSTERIA TABLETS

BOTTLES OF 24 TABLETS 1/3d

DOG BOOK: [illegible]



"BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED . . . WE DREW THE FIRST COVERT BLANK, A COVERT WHICH HAD NEVER FAILED BEFORE, AND WHICH I BELIEVE HAS NEVER FAILED SINCE"

A HUNTING MEMORY

A Tale of the Unexpected

WHAT is your happiest hunting field memory? Is it of a great horse, or a great fall or a great hound? Of a cock crowing as you drank your cocoa in the darkness of an early August morning? Of a dim yellow pin-prick of light to welcome you and your lame horse home in the December darkness? Of finding yourself, by your skill, nerve and judgment, alone with the hounds. Or of what?

Mine is of a fox, quite an ordinary little red fox I do not even know if it was a vixen or a dog fox, a first season fox or an old stager, for I never made a very close acquaintance with it.

It all happened one day in early January, when a large keen field had met the hounds at the most popular meet in the country; many were youngsters who seldom got a Codrington Cross meet. The expectation of this one day had buoyed them up through the long preceding months of school and college drudgery, just as the memory of it should buoy them up through many dreary months to come. Everything seemed propitious; it was mild and the ground was wet, and the fences stood out black and sharp; hounds were on their toes, and seemed to whisper to me as we hacked along the road: "A great scent to-day, Master."

But the unexpected, that one thing which raises foxhunting above all other forms of hunting, the unexpected happened. We drew the first covert blank, a covert which had never failed before, and which I believe has never failed since. But we were in a part of the country which was full of foxes, and nobody, I least of all, worried.

But the unexpected again happened. We drew the next equally sure-find blank, and the next, and the next, and the next—all blank. The field had not lost its keenness: rather that was whetted by disappointed anticipation. But faces which had been carefree were beginning to look worried and serious, as youthful minds realised with a gulp that this one day of days, to get which they had, perhaps, spent the last shilling of their Christmas tips, looked like being a blank.

With a heavy and despairing heart I threw hounds into the last covert of the day's draw. A blank day to me, then, meant little, for I had plenty of hunting throughout the year. But I knew, from my own not so distant experience, what it meant to many of those behind me.

I knew before ever the last hound was through the gap into the covert that it would be blank. It was.

I had now reached the extreme limit of my stop. Ahead of me lay a wild country which was seldom hunted; where the existence of a fox was doubtful; where stopping was a minus quantity; where there was so much covert that to look for the probable sole fox was like looking for a needle's point in a hay stack; from which there was no local representative to guide me.

But I drew through it; covert after covert was blank—3.15 came and passed and that most depressing time, the late winter's afternoon was upon us, with its feeling of physical and mental weariness. I looked over my shoulder and groaned. The field seemed to be as intact as it had been at noon, though, perhaps, it was more spread out.

I was now in completely unknown country, and could only put hounds into whatever covert I saw ahead of me.

At 3.25 I reached a hill top; below me lay a small, bare, hanging covert, which it seemed futile to draw. But draw it I must, for beyond stretched a fine grass vale, our neighbours' vale. This, then, was our last hope, and it seemed fore-doomed to perish.

Looking down I could see through the leafless tree-tops on to the leaf-strewn ground. There was not a stick, not a thorn, under which a fox might conceivably shelter. I said as much to those near me, and they, mournfully, agreed. Sportingly, but vainly, they tried to comfort me, and to assure me that it was not my fault. But I knew better; it was my fault. I must have antagonised the farmers or the keepers or the stoppers. To arrange a Codrington Cross fixture was madness. I had drawn over a fox, or drawn the country the wrong way. Whatever the cause, I, and I alone, was to blame.

I took hounds through a hill-top gate at the head of a narrow twisting path which ran through the hangings. I put them in, and cheered them to draw. Slowly I walked my horse down the path so as to go through the pretence of drawing the covert properly, from below. The gate at the bottom was off its hinges and to get into the grass field beyond I had to dismount. I lifted the gate, pulled my horse through after me, and closed the gate again as well as its battered condition allowed. I was tired, with that super-weariness that comes with acute disappointment. There was a sawn-off tree-stump close to the gate, and I meant to use that as a mounting block. I walked towards it and stepped on to it. I pulled my horse, a little brown mare with an Irish name, alongside me, and put one foot in the stirrup, my two hands on the saddle. Then, for some reason, perhaps because I knew that for once I could mount leisurely, I looked about me for a second before swinging my leg over the saddle.

And, not 50yds. away, a good red fox was loping gently and easily away across the grass into the vale.

The sight of that fox is my happiest hunting field memory.

D. W. E. B.



"AND, NOT 50 YDS. AWAY, A GOOD RED FOX WAS LOPING GENTLY AND EASILY AWAY ACROSS THE GRASS INTO THE VALE"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TIGER RIFLES

SIR,—I have read with much interest Captain Paul Curtis's three articles as also one by Mr. Darling. I have been taking some interest in Shikar, and have shot about 70 tigers in India. I do not profess to be an authority on the subject of Shikar, nor have I any experience of American or African conditions. I have done most of my shooting in India and my bag comprises tigers, bison and other big and small game.

My experience suggests that for dangerous game one must have a heavy rifle. Nothing smaller than a .375 magnum should ever be used. I entirely agree with the opinion of Major Gerald Burrard (whom I regard as a great authority on sporting rifles) that the bullet should be powerful enough to knock the beast down. Anyone reading his wonderful book *Notes on Sporting Rifles* will be convinced of the truth of his statement.

I have used a .577 Express, a .470 and a .375, but I find the first a topping rifle for tigers. For bison, however, I find a .470 cordite with hard-nose bullet more useful and effective. I would rather hesitate, while on foot, to use a .375 magnum.

I think another very fine weapon for tiger shooting is the super magnum Explora, by Westley Richards, specially for quick shooting as the 12-bore is easily a better weapon to wield than a big rifle.

The Maharaja referred to must indeed be a marvellous shot, but it is rare to find such wonderful marksmen. Not many can aspire to shoot a tiger precisely at vital spots, *i.e.*, at the head or the heart, or at any other given particular place. I think a .280 is too small a weapon for tigers. There are more chances of its going away wounded which is likely to infuriate him into attacking the beaters or the innocent people who go in the jungle unarmed to cut wood for their living.

One could kill a tiger even with a .22 long Rook rifle, but I would leave it to my readers to judge whether such chances should be taken. In my view, any rifle with a muzzle velocity below 2,700 f.s. and energy 4,370 f.lb. and a bullet of less than 250 grains is a dangerous thing to use.

No doubt a double barrel is much better for ferocious game than a single barrel, but the price of a double barrel is generally prohibitive for middle-class people.

I find that a big bore rifle is cleaned much more easily than one with a small bore. Therefore, even for shooting in the hills and of game, like deer and antelope, I would not recommend anything smaller than a .30 Springfield which has approximately 47 grains powder, 180 grs. bullet and 2,700 muzzle velocity f.s. and energy 2,915 f.lb.

The price of cartridges is another consideration. As a big game rifle is seldom used, so even cartridges do not tell much on your pocket.

For small game shooting such cartridges as are inexpensive, yet effective, should be used.

I might repeat that I do not consider myself an authority on the subject by any means. I have simply recorded my views, based on my personal experience. MAKHMOOR.

EXPERIENCES WITH SYNTHETIC GUT

SIR,—I tried the "Milflex" this season, but not because I was dissatisfied with what I normally use. I liked the look of it, and it was easily handled and not visible in the water. What I was wanting was a form of "substitute" which could make a reliable knot with the eye of a fly. A heavy sea-trout made a quick lunge at the bob-fly and snapped it off quite easily. The "Turle" knot which I normally use had been freshly tied.

I am not condemning "Milflex" on this one experience, because it was the sort of rise which would have tested any tackle. Also the knot may have been unsuitable, or the fly in question had a "rough" eye. And the stuff was graded in a manner unfamiliar to me, so that I was actually using one size finer than was warranted by the conditions.

I do not see why gut points should be necessary, once one has more experience of it. But it may be of interest to note that I have been using gut points on the "Olympic" substitute with the utmost success. This material is in no way suitable for spinning lines, being much too soft and slimy. Also it is weak in comparison with other brands, but, thereby, is much less visible than most. It is unfortunate that one should have to interfere with its invisibility by the addition of (real) gut points, but I have not succeeded in discovering any knot which was sufficiently reliable for the purpose of tying a fly direct on to the substitute. Still the method has worked, with absolute success, for over fifteen years, for heavy sea-trout or salmon on lochs, and I have no intention of departing from it; and still less the angler who showed me the method, and the many others who now follow us.

The simple "water" or "Double thumb" knot is beyond all others for "marrying" the two materials together (both for tail and dropper point), and I should be indeed interested if any anglers who believe in the absolute infallibility of the "blood" knot under all conditions would try it, and let me know the result. I refuse to do so!

For those who are interested in the cost of such a cast, I used to reckon that a sea-trout cast, 7½ft. long, carrying a 10in. point of half *drawn* gut, with half a point used up for one dropper only, worked out at 2½d., when made up by myself. It may be more now, but the idea is to use the best possible cast, regardless of expense. Such a cast will last two days, unless one has had a heavy killing on it. The substitute is matched, by slot-gauge, to the same thickness as the gut or, if preferred, the gut may be one size finer.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. C. TROUT.

SIR,—Having read with much interest the two articles in the *Field* of October 14th and 28th, by Captain Courtney Williams and "West Country," describing their experiences with the new synthetic "Monofil" gut, I can thoroughly endorse their statements with regard to this material, at any rate as far as wet-fly fishing for trout is concerned. Being a fixed spool reel enthusiast, I have always used a gut substitute line, and when first this "Monofil" gut was brought to my notice I at once wrote off to one of the well-known tackle wholesalers to ask if the material could be supplied in 100yds. or 120yds. lengths? In their reply they said they were not in a position to supply it in 100yd. lengths at present, but they hoped to be able to do so next year.

The chief trouble with Japanese gut substitute is its springy nature which gives it a tendency to fly off the reel drum in several coils at a time, the result being a fearsome mess. This tendency can, of course, be controlled by a rubber band round the spool, or a wet tape and band before you leave home for a day's fishing. Then again, Japanese gut must be soaked before knotting. For light spinning, a gut substitute line is much superior to an undressed silk one, as it casts further and does not lose its strength like silk. It also possesses considerable elasticity, and is much cheaper. From what I have seen of "Monofil" it is rounder and smoother than Japanese gut, and as it can be tied dry and has little or no spring, it should prove ideal for use with a fixed spool reel.

If and when this material is produced in 100yds. or 120yds. lengths, let us hope that there will be a standard of sizes and breaking strains. At present, with ordinary gut substitute, one firm's No. 4 may have an advertised breaking strain of 7lb., while the No. 4 of another maker is listed at over 9lb. breaking strain.

For wet-fly fishing on rocky streams, the new synthetic gut—as far as my limited experience goes—seems to be very good indeed. Under such conditions the finer sizes of natural gut soon show signs of wear, but "Monofil" appears to stand up to it with ease.

Expense is a matter that many of us are bound to consider when buying tackle. Apart from its suitability for use with a fixed spool reel, Japanese gut substitute is cheap. You can buy 120yds. of substitute with an approximate breaking strain of 7lb. for 4/-, whereas an undressed silk line of the same length and strength will set you back more than double that amount, and will not last half as long.

It remains to be seen what the prices will be for "Monofil" lines suitable for spinning—if, as the wholesalers tell us, such lines are to be on the market next year. Sold at a reasonable price, they ought to prove extremely popular for light spinning.

Yours faithfully,

Lane House, Troutbeck, Windermere. RICHARD CLAPHAM.

THE VALLEY OF APPALLING BEAUTY

SIR,—The interesting article "The Valley of Appalling Beauty," by Mr. A. Harvey, in your issue of October 21st, with accompanying excellent illustrations, has attracted our attention, but for the sake of exactitude two statements call for slight correction.

"The discovery of more easily worked deposits in Texas" should read, "more easily worked deposits at the Baker Mine in Kern County, California, the activities of which have replaced those formerly carried on in Death Valley." (There are no borax mines, to our knowledge, in Texas.)

Also, "the packeted borax that one bought in American shops 'used' to be called '20 Mule Team Borax.'" This trade mark is maintained by our company and its subsidiary, the Pacific Coast Borax Co., and is still current all over the world.

Yours faithfully,

Regis House, King William Street, London, E.C. 4. BORAX CONSOLIDATED, LTD. J. GERSOLLE, Joint Managing Director.

HOME FRONT SAFETY FIRST

SIR,—The announcement made by the Minister of Transport that in the first month of the war road fatalities were more than doubled gives striking point to the appeals for road courtesy issued by the National "Safety First" Association. If this death roll is maintained and the war is protracted "Home Front" casualties will reach a lamentably high total. The new road conditions essentially make night movement much more dangerous and difficult. It may be that experience will make modifications possible, but that time is not yet. Inconvenient as the "black out" might be it is the duty of all good citizens to realise that it is an important contribution to reducing the menace from the air, and endeavour to minimise its consequences by being as careful as possible, whether walking, driving or cycling.

Every piece of carelessness or selfishness on the roads is an indirect assistance to the enemy, because it means a wastage of national resources and a strain on public services. Caution and courtesy can reduce these accidents. The Minister of Transport has asked for the help of road users. The National "Safety First" Association urges obedience to this appeal as an urgent national duty. It is itself endeavouring to conduct a special propaganda campaign, which can best be successful if all members of the public realise the importance of adherence to those precepts of reason and goodwill which the war has made more than ever vital to national well being.

Yours faithfully,

ALLAN HUME NICHOLL.

National "Safety First" Association, 52, Grosvenor House, S.W.1.

STRANGE FITS

SIR,—This is a strange story which may be baffling for lack of sufficient data:

1. Last May a keeper employed by a friend who lives half a mile from my house was out with his retriever bitch Jill. She suddenly vomited, became rigid and fell into the bottom of a ditch, where she remained—apparently in agony and without recognising the keeper, for about an hour and a half. When she came to she was weak in the hindquarters She recovered next day.

2. On October 13th I was out shooting with the keeper. We had with us the bitch Jill (aged) and my spaniel dog Rex (a clumber and springer cross, three years old). Our first beat was across a field of cattle-beet. As we were finishing it I noticed Rex stop and apparently pick up something. I called him on. A minute—or less—later he tried to vomit, fell over on his side, apparently in agony, did not recognise any of us, and remained doubled up and twitching for about five minutes. He then recovered and rose unsteadily to his feet. He accompanied us for the rest of the morning—unsteadily at first and working little, but in two-and-a-half hours he was nearly right and able to jump gates. This attack was succeeded by 24 hours of violent diarrhœa, which I allayed with bismuth. He was quite all right on the 15th.

3. On the 18th the bitch Jill had a similar attack, which lasted ten minutes.

Nos. 2 and 3 were at places close to each other. No. 1 was some two miles away.

The keeper saw all three attacks, and he tells me that the symptoms were so similar that he thinks the cause must have been the same.

The vet., who saw the dog Rex on the 14th, pronounced the trouble as gastric, but was at a loss to understand how any poison which acted so quickly should not have been fatal.

Both this keeper and I have seen dogs in fits, but the symptoms were unlike any fit I have seen, and neither dog has previously shown any tendency to them.

We had both the dogs out shooting yesterday and they were apparently in perfect health.

May it be that the experiences of any of your readers may disgorge the key of the riddle?

Yours faithfully,

West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Bury St. Edmund's. ARCHIBALD H. HASTIE.

STAG AND HINDS

SIR,—While stalking on Balmacaan on the 14th October, I had what must be an exceedingly rare experience. During the closing stages of a stalk we saw the stag serve three hinds in about ten minutes. I am not sure whether it was the same hind in each case, but am inclined to think so. The stalker was John MacDonald.

Yours faithfully,

Inverness-shire. E. A. J. OLDHAM.

A 65 POUNDER FROM NORWAY

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of a 65lb. salmon which was killed on the Sand river, Norway, on July 26th. The fish was lightly hooked on a spoon in the side of its mouth, and although slightly red underneath was in very fine condition. This must be one of the heaviest fish killed in Norway in recent years. A cast of it is being made in the Rowland Ward studios. The fish was killed by Mr. John Lampson.

Yours faithfully,

Wilts. G. A. B.

AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT WITH PIED FLYCATCHERS

SIR,—Recently I went to one of the loveliest gardens in North Wales to photograph pied flycatchers, a floral paradise set in a wooded combe high up in the foothills of Moel Siabod. In this garden are various nesting boxes and one, fixed to a honeysuckle-covered ash tree, contained the six young of a pair of pied flycatchers that have inhabited this delightful spot for many successive summers.

When I began to watch the domestic arrangements of the flycatchers the light was far too bad for photography, so I contented myself by observing the coming and going of the parent birds.

The cock was a little gem: a pied bird in the distance, but showing sundry brown feathers amongst the black when seen from a range of a few feet. His black legs and beak, and bold black eye, gave him a most aristocratic and well-groomed appearance. He worked hard to supply his growing family with food, bringing to the nesting box green caterpillars, many insects, and, on three occasions, what appeared to be earth worms, a rather unusual item in the diet of baby flycatchers. Meal times were anything but regular, a period of feverish activity being followed by a prolonged fast, often lasting over a quarter of an hour.

Twice I saw the cock searching for food on the ground, and his favourite look-out posts were a dead branch, about 20yds. from the nesting box, and the top rail of a nearby rustic gate.

The hen flycatcher seemed either lazy or timid, her visits to the nest being much less frequent than those of her consort. Both birds carried away the droppings, but I was unable to observe if they consumed them.

When one has been watching a bird for some time it is occasionally possible to distinguish it from birds of similar plumage by the manner in which it approaches the nest, and its carriage and general behaviour, and I began to have a feeling in the back of my mind that the hen that came to the nest was not always the same female.

I told myself that I was imagining things and dismissed the idea as nonsense, when, to my complete astonishment, two hens arrived at the nest at the same time, each bringing a supply of wriggling caterpillars in her beak.

The one whom I took to be the rightful owner of the nest perched on the roof of the box, while the interloper sat on the branch of the tree patiently waiting her turn to feed the young. I would have given much to have obtained a photograph of them in this position, but the depth of focus required made it impossible.



THE AVERAGE SALMON AND THE REALLY BIG ONE
(See letter "A 65 Pounder from Norway")

The first hen eventually flew to the opening in the front of the box, fed the young, and then departed, her place on the roof being taken by the mysterious "mother's help." This second female was just about to feed when the barking of a dog drove her away into the branches of a tall tree, where I lost sight of her amongst the dense foliage.

During the remainder of my watching only one hen came to the nest at a time, but I saw both on the bare branch of a tree, a vantage point from which they approached the box.

I naturally kept a very careful note of the movements and behaviour of this oddly assorted trio, living, as far as could be seen, in perfect amity in this Welsh Eden. Once the cock approached one of the hens and she shivered her wings as though asking to be fed, a gesture her lord and master entirely disregarded.

The alarm call of these flycatchers sounded to me like wheet-tut, not wheet-tic, as it is sometimes written, the second syllable having something of the long-tailed tit's alarm note. The young chirruped shrilly if they felt they were being neglected.

When my photographic activities were ended I made careful inquiries from the owner of the garden about the past history of these flycatchers, and learnt that years ago two pairs had nested there, but for the past seven summers only a single pair had been seen.

The owner was quite unaware of the very unusual domestic arrangement being carried out at his nesting box and he assured me that no second male had been seen that spring.

For a moment I suspected polygamy and wondered whether the second hen might have a nest in the tree itself, but an inspection proved this to be impossible.

However extraordinary this incident may sound, the undoubted fact remains that two female pied flycatchers were feeding at the same nesting-box which contained a normal brood of six youngsters, obviously not the product of two hens.

The only feasible explanation I can suggest is that the second female had lost her mate, and possibly her eggs, and the sight of this other more fortunate pair feeding their young so aroused her maternal instincts that she felt impelled to take part in the upbringing of an adopted family.

What surprised me was the rightful parents accepting this most unusual situation. Any outside interference with their young is usually violently resented in bird life.

The pied flycatchers of North Wales seek most romantic surroundings in which to rear their young, and the hours I spent in watching them were full of both interest and delight. One can well imagine the attraction the beautiful little pied male must have for the opposite sex, but, in this case, harlequin had actually won the hearts of two columbines.

Yours faithfully,

Hoylake. GUY B FARRAR.



SHORT IN THE LEG
(See letter "A Queer Stag")

A QUEER STAG

SIR,—In the beautiful little church at Trent, Dorset, are some very fine bench ends bearing carvings of interesting subjects, and the one shown in the photograph gives the carver's idea of a stag. It is a quaint animal, with a very strange head and antlers; its face is more like a pig's and the legs look as though they should be on a human body. The work was executed in the sixteenth century and is in a very good state of preservation.

Yours faithfully,

The Den, Merrybent, Low Coniscliffe, Co. Durham. A. M. DURHAM.



BUILDER AND RESTORER OF CHURCHES
(See letter "Carving of St. Wilfrid")

CARVING OF ST. WILFRID

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a beautiful carving, in Screveton Church, Notts, which represents St. Wilfrid the Patron Saint (Bishop of York about 700) giving the Benediction. The cross has unhappily been broken off. Note just behind his right hand that there is a church; his usual emblem, as he was a great builder and restorer of churches. The little figure on his left is believed to be one of the serfs of whom he was a champion and benefactor, but some have suggested it represents departing paganism.

Another great treasure in this lovely church is the remarkably fine Norman font with its well preserved carving.

Yours faithfully,

The Cottage, Langholm Crescent, Darlington. J. D. ROBINSON.

New Books

A SURVEY OF BRITISH HOUNDS

Hounds. By C. R. Acton. (Heath Cranton ; 10/6 net.)

The effect of this war on hunting is yet to be experienced, but it would certainly be reasonable, at first sight, to feel a certain amount of sympathy for an author who has just produced a book on hound breeding. But I think that Mr. Acton has little cause for despair, because even if his remarks have little application to the present state of affairs, his book will recall to his readers many a pleasant experience of the past, and will also—we hope—be of great value after the war is over.

Mr. Acton takes a great many kennels one by one, describes the method of breeding since the foundation days and gives his own impression of the present hounds when he last saw them.

His remarks on the Old Berks are excellent. I have not been out with them since the days when Mr. Paget Stevenson was Master, but I well remember the ribs which the Master and Fred Holland (who was to lose his sight shortly afterwards) hired so successfully and which, even now that the present Master is breeding on different lines, are still a feature of the kennel.

The Braes of Derwent Kennels must be one of the most convenient in the country, and the veteran Master, Mr. Lewis Priestman, has bred a lovely pack in them. I remember admiring Comrade, who did so well at Peterborough, and I must endorse the author's high opinion of the k.h. Alfred Littleworth. Altogether, the Braes have a grand country with its recollections of Surtees.

The Pytchley Hounds owe a great deal to the skill of Colonel M. Borwick and Captain Macdonald-Buchanan, and they and Colonel Lowther were all at the kennels when I saw the hounds. I remember hearing how much Middleton Visor had been used, and I also admired Safeguard—the King of the Kennel. He has also been used with great success in several other packs.

It is difficult to visit many kennels without coming across the name of South and West Wilts Godfrey ('28), and Mr. Acton has a good deal to say about him.

So one might go on with memories of other kennels. Some omissions may cause some regret—for example, an extremely interesting chapter might have been included on the breeding of the Carmarthenshire and the Croome. There are over 60 pictures at the end of the book, and although, as every one knows and Mr. Acton admits, photographing hounds is a test of character and skill, I cannot help feeling that a certain number of these pictures are scarcely up to the standard of the text.

A great many of the hounds discussed must by now have been put down, but when the war is over, and breeding gets into its stride again, Mr. Acton's book should be a very useful work of reference. In the meantime, it is a book which all hound lovers will enjoy.

* * *

Country Contentments. By Margaret Westerling. (Constable ; 8/6 net.)

This book is really a tract for the times. Agriculture has been becoming a scientific business for years. The war is likely to increase this aspect, and afterwards the older type of farmer will have become a memory of the distant past.

This should never be forgotten when reading Mrs. Westerling's book. Her home is in the Cotswolds, and her pages are a commentary on her experiences when acquiring a wonderfully accurate knowledge of the country during one year. Her information was gathered from her own observation, from conversation with farmers, and no hint of any possible interest was neglected. The result is a picture of a transitional period. We see the change in the farmers' outlook, the new methods of farming being gradually introduced, and all this against a complete background of country life, customs and habits.

The whole book bears the stamp of real knowledge, and is illustrated with many photographs of unusual merit and interest.

* * *

Random Casts. By Eugene V. Connett. 3rd. (The Derrydale Press ; $7.50 net.)

Like all the fishing books which come from the Derrydale Press, this is a beautifully produced volume, and its author, Mr. Connett, has made the contents worthy of their setting. *Field* readers already know Mr. Connett by his pen, for he has in the past been an occasional and valued contributor to these columns. His knowledge of English as well as American waters also makes his books of more interest to fishermen over here, since he understands the different conditions under which the art is practised.

This new volume is sure of an appreciative audience. He deals very largely with problems dear to the trout fisherman : what and how a fish sees, its nerves, its instincts ; and taking them as his text he has good advice to offer on how a study of the trout and its habits may indirectly improve an angler's basket, especially on those days when, for the average angler, the fish "will not look at anything."

His contention is that the next and greatest development of the art will come from the wet-fly fisherman, not from the adherents of the dry-fly system. He points out that many men can catch their quota of trout by the use of one pattern of dry-fly only—or at least a choice of two of those patterns—whereas to take fish successfully when feeding under water one must study carefully the materials of which the fly is made ; briefly it is that taste, or feel if you like, is what causes attachment or detachment of a fish to or from the angler's fly. There is, of course, a good deal to be said on the other side, but this is not the place to say it.

Anyhow, here is a book which can be guaranteed to provide plenty of enjoyment in the reading, and of intriguing thought in its digestion.

* * *

Second Thoughts. By Nicholas Bentley. (Michael Joseph ; 3/6.)

"Nicholas Bentley drew the pictures." That on the dust cover has been sufficient to ensure a good sale for a book, no matter the reading matter, for some years now. Well, Nicholas Bentley drew the pictures of this book—and Nicholas Bentley wrote the verses. Enough said. Every verse is worth quoting, but here is one that I like better than the others. It is about Mr. Duff Cooper (and Mr. Duff Cooper is to be admired) :

"Two things we shall always remember
About little Alf when he's dead—
One is the shape of his face ;
And the other's the size of his head."

The book will cost you 3/6. And it will take your mind off more than the Budget.

* * *

Calling for a Spade. By Richard Church. (Dent ; 7/6.)

Particularly welcome at the present moment is Richard Church's new book. To call these sketches beautiful is still being prosaic, and perhaps their attraction really lies in the fact that they can sooth ruffled nerves, strained minds and uneasy spirits.

It will not surprise Richard Church's readers to find that he sought a cottage in the country, and that he found one which came near to being ideal ; the putting in order of the cottage and small estate is vividly described and spells a home-making which is comfortingly staple. The garden, the well, the thatching of the roof, and the kindly village folk are so truly portrayed, that it is possible to turn these pages and re-live days—country days—which are now ebbing further and further into one's dreams and isolated from reality.

But even that haven could not escape the rumours of wars to come. An aerodrome arrived near the cottage, the air echoed to the building of the great hangars, and eventually humanned with the aeroplanes themselves flying to and fro their swarm, growing ever larger in number. "Birds fled, or, if one were seen, it seemed to be a wraith, voiceless in the din. Gardens were no longer rich with their tiny and intimate articulations ; leaf-rustle, the miniature crash of a rose-petal falling, the thrust of the worm coming to the surface, the plop of the carp in the pond ; all those signs of joy were levelled and obliterated by the roar of engines in the air."

Yes, even here, we cannot entirely escape the din of 1939, but we have been given glimpses which can bide in our minds. Not easily shall we forget the "Thatcher," for he has lived in many a village—or the sparrows and starlings squabbling again, for their priority to destroy the straw of the roof, and beating in fury against the arrival of wire netting to thwart their whims ; and once again the ageless philosophy of a village blacksmith gives one hope for the future of mankind.

This is the type of book we are needing in these days, and if any further enticement is required one need only add that the illustrations by Joan Hassall give the perfect adornment to a very charming book.

* * *

Always a Little Further. By Alastair Borthwick. (Faber & Faber ; 7/6.)

Here is the real stuff of Scotland. Here is an enthusiast who imparts his enthusiasm naturally and without effort. This is a book you can enjoy, a book written simply and easily, without any straining after effect, without any attempt at style. And it's honest-to-goodness stuff. There is no need to tell us that no character is fictitious. No one could invent them. They are real and living and vital. Here are rock climbs and ice-climbs ; here are tinkers and hitch-hikers. This is a book about people we do not meet and things we do not do. It is also, unless one is much mistaken, a book about a form of life that is going to become very much more common in the England of to-morrow. One thing is certain : If you pick this book up you will certainly not put it down until the last word is read.

* * *

One of the best sellers of the war is undoubtedly the 120-page 6d. book *Grow your Own Food Supply*, written by W. E. Shewell-Cooper, the Principal of the Horticultural Bureau. Over 25,000 copies have been sold.

The National Association of the Blind have asked and received permission to print it in Braille.

No wonder the book is popular, for it is written in readable style and contains all the information required for the fruit and vegetable grower in war time. It deals also with food values and contains many useful and interesting charts.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

MOST of the business passing in stock markets just now is of a purely investment character. This is not entirely due to cash dealings. It is, of course, acknowledged that cash dealings tend to curb speculation. Just now, however, the average person is busy buying income.

It has been made perfectly clear that the authorities will take every possible step during the war to prevent high money rates. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has stated in Parliament that he intends to borrow for war purposes as cheaply as possible.

The trend of money values has been steadily downwards. This has been reflected in weekly borrowing by the Treasury on three months' bills. There has also been marked improvement in prices for British Government stocks. That market is now completely free. Large quantities of the stocks change hands every day.

Most investors, however, have to search outside the Funds for securities giving as good a return as possible with reasonable safety. Many naturally require the best possible return in view of extremely heavy taxation. That has brought along a buying movement for home railway prior charges.

There is also a big demand for industrial companies' debenture stocks and preference shares. Such securities are, however, in very short supply. Those holding stocks of that character are indisposed to sell. They see good prices in the market for their securities, but if they accept the values offered the question of reinvestment immediately crops up.

Supplies of railway prior charges are, however, fairly plentiful. It is possible to buy railway debenture stocks to yield 5 per cent. Guaranteed stocks return between 5 per cent. and £6 10s. per cent. according to the company. On railway preference stocks the return is about 6 per cent. These are higher yields than can be obtained on industrial debentures.

It is sometimes asked why railway prior charges give such high returns. One reason is that the railways have been rather badly hit in recent years. They have had to meet road transport competition as well as bad trade. There are other factors in the situation at present. The railways are now under Government control ; the weekly traffic returns are not published ; railway wages are being raised. There are no statistics available during the war period on which the investor can base railway conditions and prospects.

When the Government announces the terms on which the railways will be taken over for the war period the outlook will be largely clarified. It must be recognised, however, that any deal will be for the war period only and it is impossible to state the duration of the control period.

Many are naturally enquiring what will be the position of the railways at the end of hostilities. These are factors which enter into calculations on the part of those investing in railway stocks.

It is considered probable that the Treasury will guarantee interest on all the railway stocks which received their full dividend just prior to the war. That accounts for some of the buying of railway prior charges at present. For instance, London & North Eastern 4 per cent. Debenture stock has been bought around 80 to give a clear five per cent. return. The London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. Debenture stock commands a price of 80½. The yield here is £4 12s. 6d. per cent. less tax. The Midland stock is regarded as the better purchase because, prior to the war, the revenue cover for the stock was better than that for the North Eastern.

In the same way the North Eastern 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock has a market price of 69, which means a return of practically £5 16s. per cent. The London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock is worth as much as 77½ in the market to make the yield £5 3s. 3d. per cent. Under Government control all the stocks may be regarded as equal, but the question arises which will be the better holding when the war is over.

Southern Railway 5 per cent. Preference stock at a price around 83 yields as much as 6 per cent. This security has always received its full dividend. In fact, the stock may be regarded as undervalued at the present price compared with some other railway securities.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. An ex-Ranyard Mission worker, aged 75, appealed to us for help. Her husband was a doctor who deserted her forty years ago, leaving her a son to bring up and educate. This she has done and she is now in her old age living with a sister. They each have the Old Age Pension, and the ex-missioner a promise of £20 per annum from a Society if we will give her 5s. weekly. The sisters hope to secure an almshouse in the near future, when life will be a little easier. Please help us in the meantime to give them some comfort.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

MOST of the favourite early summer flowers involve considerable labour, especially if grown in masses, but Lilies of the Valley, though amongst the best, require the minimum of attention once planted. Further, they are amongst the most delightful flowers for indoor decoration, and come at a time when "picking" flowers are usually scarce. Their rich beautiful foliage and the flowers themselves last well in water. Their fragrance too appeals, even to those who do not care for the cloying quality of most sweet-scented flowers.

This fact was noted 200 years ago by John Lawrence, a parson himself, and the author of the first gardening book written by parsons. Of the "conval-lilly" he said: "It is esteemed to have of all others the sweetest and most agreeable perfume; not offensive or overbearing, even to those who are made uneasy with the perfumes of other sweet-scented flowers." And the Lily of the Valley, though there are a few variations of the type, has so far mercifully escaped being "improved" by hybridists. The so-called pink form, now sometimes exhibited as a novelty, was well known three centuries ago. Grown in the open, they are as Gerard accurately describes them, and not an attractive red, for it is a dull brownish red, but forced as they are now under glass the flowers are a washy pink.

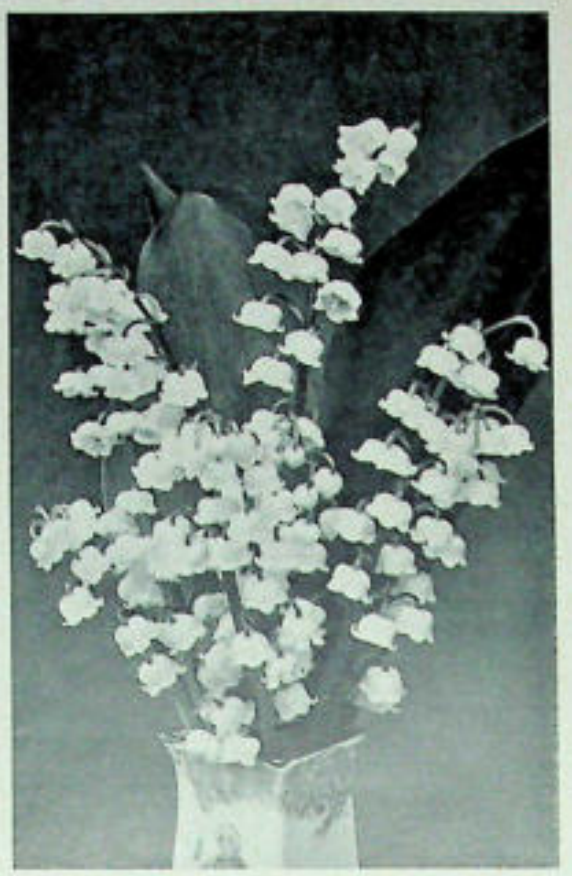
The cheapest way of buying Lilies of the Valley is in clumps, but these clumps cannot be relied upon to flower their first season. Lilies of the Valley do not take kindly to heavy clay soils. They are woodland plants, and this fact has to be borne in mind when choosing a site for them. They need plenty of light, but only a moderate amount of sun, for in their native habitats they are not found in deep shade, and they do best in a fairly light soil liberally enriched with leaf mould or any form of decayed green manure. "Selected crowns," to use the trade term, cost about twopence each, and as Lilies of the Valley increase rapidly this is not expensive. Crowns should be planted singly 4in. apart, putting them in so that the tops are an inch below the surface soil. When filling in make the soil very firm and spread hop manure or leaf mould over them.

In many gardens these flowers are given a part in the kitchen garden, where they can be picked easily. Once planted they should never be disturbed unnecessarily, but every autumn given a surface dressing of leaf mould. If the flowers deteriorate this usually indicates overcrowding, and in this case the plantation should be lifted and divided, and replanted in another part. Lilies of the Valley can be very contrary. Where site and soil are to their liking they can grow rampantly and spread even on a gravel path, but in other gardens they do poorly for no apparent reason. Theoretically they can be given well decayed manure, but they seem to have a decided preference for leaf mould.

In pots Lilies of the Valley never make the same rich lovely foliage as in the open. They look rather anæmic, but their delicious scent is welcome in spring. For pot culture the tops of the crowns should be put in almost level with the soil and they can be packed in barely 1in. apart in 6in. pots. The compost should be two parts fibrous loam and one part leaf mould, and firm planting is essential. The pots are best sunk in ashes until January, when they can be brought into a temperature of just over 65 to 70 degrees. The atmosphere should be thoroughly moist, and in such warmth the plants need a considerable amount of water. The commonest causes of failure to flower are a dry warm atmosphere and lack of sufficient water. When water is given it must be enough to reach the centres of the clumps and the lowest roots. The water should never be ice-cold, but have stood in the same temperature as the plants for 24 hours.

Retarded crowns bloom during winter within a month of being potted. These specially prepared crowns must be planted as soon as they arrive, and should be packed in the pot very closely with their crowns just above the surface soil. If put on bottom heat the flowers develop well before the leaves and look most unattractive. If pots of Lilies of the Valley are wanted in bloom at Christmas time retarded roots should be planted in mid-November, put in a cold frame for a week, and then transferred to warmth.

Lilies of the Valley first became garden flowers in Mary Tudor's reign. For this we have the authority of Thomas Hyll, the author of the first gardening book printed in the English language. In those days it was known as the wood lily, and was one of our common wild plants. In those days too it grew abundantly on Hampstead Heath. Hyll describes the "wood lily" as a flower "nervallouse sweete, flourishing especially in the spring time and growing properly in woods . . . but now for the great commoditie and use known the same of late yeares is brought and planted in gardens."



A FLOWER "MERVALLOUSE SWEET"

The Lily of the Valley is one of our truest heralds of summer, for the leaves guarding the jewel-like flowers never unfurl till there have been several days of real summer warmth. When that first spell of real summer comes (and the warmth is quite different from that of the few deceptive warm days we so commonly get in spring) the leaves unfurl very swiftly. Lilies of the Valley were formerly used for church decoration at Whitsun, and I recall a line, "And for lights, lilies of Pentecost set in sockets," but cannot remember the author.

E. S. R.

ADVISORY LEAFLETS

AMONG the advisory leaflets issued by the Ministry of Agriculture which have been revised this year, are the following of value to horticulturalists, fruit growers and gardeners. No. 199, dealing with wireworms, gives a life history of the worm, the nature of damage done by it and the methods of control both for agriculture and horticulture. This leaflet is of particular importance at the moment, as the wireworm infests grass land and when such land is broken the crops following are specially liable to damage. The codling moth, the most notorious of apple pests, is fully described in leaflet No. 42. Where spraying can be practised in orchards, a winter tar-distillate wash is recommended to reduce the number of cracks and crevices in which the larvæ can spin their cocoons. Other treatments are described and illustrations given of the moth in its various stages. Advice on farmyard manure (Leaflet No. 60) enters into the variations in quality of dung; stresses the importance of proper storage, and with bad management a great loss of nitrogen and potash as well may be incurred; describes the value of liquid manure as a fertiliser; and also the treatment of dung in the field and the correct way of applying it.

Two of the revised leaflets are directly concerned with farm stock. No. 76 treats of various mites affecting poultry, the red mite, the northern fowl mite, the parasitic mite of "Depluming Scabies," the mite responsible for "Scaly Leg," and the air-sac mite. Dirt, it is added, is the breeding place for some and the hiding place for all, of the external parasites of poultry so that houses should be so constructed that no part of them can act as a permanent harbour for dirt. The production of fat lambs is the subject of leaflet No. 131 and this treats of market requirements; the breed of ewe, the rams, management of ewes and feeding and management of lambs. All these leaflets contain summarised advice from the highest authority on the subjects with which they deal and are issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office, price 1d. per copy or 9d. net per dozen copies. They can be obtained from York House, Kingsway, London; 120, George Street, Edinburgh; 26, York Street, Manchester; 1, St. Andrews Crescent, Cardiff; 80, Chichester Street, Belfast; or ordered through any bookseller.

SHRUBS FOR SPOTS RESTRICTED

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

I AM often consulted on planting problems. There is a proverb which says: "It is always better to be certain than sorry," and this is very true of gardening. If quite a large sum of money is to be spent on planting a herbaceous border, on establishing an orchard or on developing a shrubbery—it is as well to be certain as to the probable results beforehand. So often I am called in after a job has been done, perhaps a few years later, and then it is most expensive to undo a wrong, and often very difficult too.

One of the problems I had put to me this week was one concerning a comparatively narrow border which the gardener wished to plant with shrubs. It was not only narrow, but it was necessary to ensure that the shrubs did not grow too high so as to obstruct a particularly fine view from a sitting-room window.

The whole point of planting the border down to shrubs was to save labour, and so it was important to choose kinds that would not need a lot of pruning. Fortunately, there was no difficulty about drainage nor was the soil calcareous.

It is wonderful the way that you can find what you want when you start seriously to look for it. There are far more dwarf "non-trespassing" shrubs than I should have thought if I had been asked a week or so ago. How true it is that a gardener is a man who learns something more every day.

My mind flew immediately to the Cistus, many of which I found, however, were too tall. The following fitted the bill well: Algarvensis, an erect type, which bears yellow flowers with a basal chocolate spot, in June. Lusitanicus, much more spreading and bearing bright crimson blossoms very freely. Silver Pink, a beautiful hybrid with silver-grey leaves and large pink flowers, and, of course, Sunset, with its purplish-red flowers in June and July.

By the way, any of the shrubs that I mention may be obtained from Colonel Grey, the Hocker Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent; Messrs. George Jackman & Sons, Woking Nurseries, Surrey; Messrs. J. Cheal & Sons, of Crawley, Surrey; Messrs. R. Tucker & Sons, of Faringdon, Berks; Messrs. Dartington Hall, Ltd., Totnes, Devon; Messrs. Walter Slocock, Ltd., Woking, Surrey; or Messrs. Waterer, Son & Crisp, of Twyford, Berks.

In the Berberis family, there is the *B. Duleis Nana Compacta*, which does not grow more than 18in. high, and is covered with little yellow flowers in the spring. I recommended it as an edging shrub. *B. Verruculosa* grows 3ft. high. The June golden yellow flowers are followed by beautiful black berries. *Candidula* is another berberis, which usually keeps to about 3ft. and bears beautiful shiny green leaves, silver beneath.

The shrubby *Calceolaria Integrifolia* bears yellow pouched flowers in August and September. It is a splendid plant, and is not well enough known. The *Callicarpa Japonica* is another which likes full sun and bears its pink flowers in August. *Ceratostigma Willmottianum* bears bright blue tubular flowers from July to October. Its cousin *Polhillii* is even dwarfer and has bright blue flowers with a crimson calyx, from August onwards. Most people consider *Cotoneaster Pyrenesia* a rock-garden shrub, but its umbrella-like growth is quite suitable for a shrub border, and it is certainly compact.

A shrub that only grows 2ft. high is *Ephedra Andina*. I always think it looks something like Mare's Tail, but it has little yellow flowers to make a show in July and August. It does not mind dry weather either.

There are numbers of heathers I could have advised. In fact, I should have felt inclined to have made it into a heather garden, but the gardener demurred, and so they had to be ruled out. *Genista Hispanica* is extremely easy to grow, and is covered with golden yellow flowers in May and early June. Its relation, *G. Radiata*, is useful, too, because of its rounded head. It flowers a bit later. *Sulphurea*, another Genista, grows erect, and produces its mass of blossoms in April and May.

A real dwarf shrub, which comes from Patagonia, is *Brizelia speciosa*. It is an evergreen which bears, in the summer, long stalked light yellow flowers. It is, perhaps, the most straggling that I have mentioned, but included because it is scarce in cultivation. Other shrubs that were included were Daphnes, Potentillas, Ononises, two Viber-nums, several Veronicas, a Skimmia, three Salvias, &c.

CLEANER LAND AND BETTER YIELDS

By H. C. LONG

IN recent times, and especially during the past two or three years, a great deal has been written about the need to increase the fertility of the land; the "undesirable" prohibition, in tenancy agreements, of ploughing up permanent grass without special sanction of the landlord; and the immense value of alternate husbandry in increasing land fertility.

That there is a crying need for increasing fertility must be evident to anyone who has even a moderate knowledge of farming and travels about the country at all widely. During the last four or five years I have seen extensive areas of both upland and lowland grass that is in a very bad state—though some of it may now be improving—and one may be certain that many good farmers and county agricultural organisers could say the same thing.

If the best permanent grass on a farm is poor and neglected it is likely—though it does not necessarily follow—that the arable is also not in the best state—there may be exceptions where the arable is cared for at the expense of the grass, especially if it be to grow wheat. The lime and basic slag subsidies may go far to remedy this state of affairs, but farmers will need to remember that nitrogen must be used where it is required. Supplies of potash of any kind should be carefully husbanded, and used for crops and soils for which they will be most valuable; heavy soils are not likely to be very deficient.

Regarding tenancy agreements, there are people who fear that, once permanent grass is broken up, the tenant will get all he can out of it and leave the condition of the land much worse than it was. Against this one may express the view that any farmer who has kept his permanent grass in first-class condition is likely to do the same for his arable, and ensure that his temporary leys shall be such as to maintain and improve fertility, while the farmer who would steal the fertility from grass that he broke up, and not replace it, would in all probability not have very high-grade grass to plough up at the outset! Under existing conditions the restrictions of tenancy agreements must be regarded as annulled by national need, and the Government ask for the urgent ploughing of 1,500,000 acres of grass that has been down at least seven years.

Much has already been ploughed, and it is certain that almost the whole of the area will carry arable crops next year—cereals, potatoes and sugar beet in particular. The fertility inherent in this grass will next year yield far larger crops of valuable human food than if the land had remained unploughed. Possible claims by landlords or farmers may safely be left until the war has been won, but meanwhile the Government will pay the grant of £2 per acre for all approved acreages ploughed by a specific date.

As to alternate husbandry, the work of the past few years has shown conclusively that the laying down of temporary grass for two to six years is not nearly so expensive as is commonly believed—and the benefit as regards fertility is as obvious as that of clover in a four-course rotation. It may be agreed that the ploughing-up of permanent grass should be carried out with forethought, the claims of the farm as a whole with reference to stock receiving due attention, especially at the outset, when the change to temporary ley may otherwise tend to "upset the apple cart." Nevertheless, although a few landlords may feel that with "not too good" tenants they will need some protection in so far as the best grass is concerned, the value of a wide extension of temporary leys in the rotation, at the expense of the poorer permanent grass, seems obvious to many authorities.

Alternate husbandry ought to result in cleaner land, increase the yield of grass—whether of hay or grazing, or both—regularly improve soil "condition," and add fertility that may in part be cashed in the succeeding arable crop. It is this accumulated fertility in grassland that will surely greatly increase our national yield of corn, potatoes and sugar in 1940.

Meanwhile, it is essential in the national interest that every endeavour should be made to improve all classes of grassland, as well as arable. Difficulties will arise, and the work will be heavy, but drains must be kept freely running, lime and fertilisers must be used, tillages must be good, and the land must be cleaned, if heavy crops are to be grown. It must be remembered, also, that it may be desirable further to increase the arable area next year. On grassland generally lime, basic slag and nitrogen, with good management and stocking, will make for improvement; on arable land lime and fertilisers—with dung as available—must be employed in accordance with the cropping.



LAND THAT HAS PROBABLY BEEN GRASS SINCE NAPOLEON'S DAY

Ploughing up in Bushy Park, which records show has not been ploughed for at least a hundred years, although the marks of very old furrows can still be traced. Probably the last time it grew corn was in Napoleon's day, when Britain at another period in her history had to use her resources to the full. The newly-turned furrows promise a rich, dark tilth, with a gravelly sub-soil that will make for good drainage

PIG PRODUCTION

THERE are three kinds of pigs for slaughter:
(*a*) Pork—scalded pigs, generally between 60-80lbs. deadweight.
(*b*) Cutters—pig meat, between 100-200lbs. deadweight.
(*c*) Baconers—between 140-200lbs. deadweight.

It will be appreciated that the porker trade is uneconomic under war-time conditions, and this for several reasons. Under ideal conditions the porker will be ready for market at about 4½ months of age at approximately 70 lbs. deadweight. The baconer or cutter will be ready at about 8½ months and will weigh approximately nine score. It will be seen, therefore, that the progeny from one sow carried to these heavier weights will double the output of bacon or pig meat and produce more foodstuffs, the offals—especially the lard—having a far higher value.

Nor does this complete the advantage to the credit of the heavy pig, for it will readily be seen that the type of food required for porker production must contain that correct amount of protein essential for the growing animal—which is dear and may become scarce.

The cutter is used for many purposes for fresh pig meat, for sausages, pork pies, &c. The trade for cutters in the Midlands, especially in the Birmingham district, is large. No objection is raised to such pigs being used for human consumption, but it is suggested that there should be prohibition of slaughter below 140lbs. deadweight under war-time conditions.

Baconers. It will be in the interests of producers and consumers alike to increase deadweights of baconers to approximately 180lbs. deadweight. This will have many advantages (and these, of course, apply to the cutter, too), *e.g.*, it will increase the supply of edible fats, including lard. It will double the increase of meat expressed per pig as against pork, and will enable the producer during the last two months of feeding to utilise feeding stuffs which can, and must, be home-produced.

The six-month baconer or cutter will be able to use to great advantage home-grown foods of a coarse nature, such as barley meal and potatoes. With a greatly increased area under potatoes it will be necessary to find a profitable outlet for the chat potato. The large type of baconer will deal with these, subject to boiling, up to 60 per cent of the total ration.

It is hoped that allotment holders and the like will be encouraged to keep a pig or two to use up waste vegetable matter, chat potatoes, and other scrap. In small towns and villages this should present little difficulty. Pig clubs might well be formed, talks given by people with the necessary experience, and the Ministry could be of assistance in drawing up suitable rations to cover every stage of growth.

It will be seen that this policy is reactionary to our pre-war production. Will the race-horse type prove the best for our immediate requirements? It is suggested that we shall have seriously to consider what breed or breeds will best fulfil the purpose in view. This breed must be able to produce progeny which will give the largest live weight gain, irrespective of finer points, for the lowest consumption of food. In this and other fat stock production we shall be compelled to adjust our methods, not only in our own interests, but in those of the community which is rapidly becoming conscious of its dependence on the countryside.

W. G. & R. G.

CAR DESIGN IN AMERICA

By W. G. McMINNIES

WHILE the democracies and dictatorland are staging on the Western front the greatest exhibition of land and air transport that has ever been seen, our friends in the United States have just held their annual exhibition of motor cars at New York.

What the result of their new season's trading will be remains to be seen, but with many of their best customers engaged in the war and with the general impoverishment that will inevitably follow its conclusion the outlook is not rosy.

Last season, i.e., 1938, was prosperous enough for no fewer than 2,490,000 units were made in the States, whereas Great Britain produced 445,000, Germany 342,000, France 223,000, Russia 215,000, Canada 166,000 and Italy 69,000. More recent figures show that last July the total output of cars produced in America was 150,740. The drop to 61,380 in August was partly due to the closing of the season and the eminence of new models and partly to the international situation. But as the September figures, exclusive of the Ford contribution, rose to over 200,000 there was evidence of some recovery.

Another interesting figure disclosed the fact that for the first eight months of the 1938-39 season America's most popular car was the Chevrolet with sales amounting to 435,879, which is equivalent to a monthly output of over 50,000 cars. The Ford Company came next with a total of just over 319,000, while other big sellers were Plymouth, which is a product of the Chrysler Corporation, with nearly 266,000, Buick with 146,000, Dodge with 136,000, Pontiac with 108,000 and Oldsmobile with just under 100,000.

Immense as these figures are they do not as yet represent the maximum output of cars to which the leaders of the American motor trade look forward. They point out quite rightly that within the next fifty or a hundred years thousands and thousands of miles of new highway will be designed and built specially to accommodate motor car and truck traffic. And this development will take place not only in the great open spaces of North and South America and Canada, but all over the British Empire. This mighty new road plan is bound to encourage further expansion in motor traffic of all kinds. As far as the States are concerned already one person in six owns a car. In the not so distant future this figure may increase to one in every two or three. As a contrast to this compare for a moment the present position in Russia, where the proportion is one car to every 322 people. With the imminent appearance of a new cheap, quantity-produced and simplified vehicle in the U.S.S.R. this figure will soon be improved.

From our own standpoint, it will be both interesting and instructive to watch the trend of American car design. For one thing, with our own motor car plants concentrating on war material of various kinds, the American products will furnish us with the only up-to-date data on automobile engineering.

So now let us go over to the New York show and inspect the 1940 models there. In view of the international situation it is interesting to find that prices have been reduced. This is all the more notable as the cars themselves are generally roomier, larger and actually heavier, the last characteristic in many cases having been offset by obtaining greater power from an engine of fixed capacity. Probably the present prices were fixed some months ago, when the outlook was not so gloomy, but how long they will prevail is quite another matter.

The second feature of note is the new styling of the cars. Two years ago the Lincoln-Zephyr pioneered an imposing and sleek line in coachwork. Its frontal aspect was no less impressive than the gracious slope of its tail. It was in fact one of the very few cars that looked its part. The influence of this imposing design is now generally reflected in other American cars. Most of them favour a prow shaped front, the lower part of which accommodates some form of chromium plated grill often continued outwards so as to blend with the wings. The wings themselves are merged gracefully into the bonnet and swept back a considerable distance so as to form a kind of helmet which tapers sternwards. The impression, at any rate judged from a side view, is not particularly attractive but the design has probably been adopted in order to prevent mud and water from splashing the door panels. This would be likely to occur on many cars which have dispensed with running boards altogether or only fitted ones of attenuated design.

Roomier bodies have been achieved sometimes by lengthening the wheelbase and sometimes by mounting the engine still further forward in the frame. These alterations have enabled more leg room to be provided and the rear seat to be brought forward in front of the back axle with some gain in riding comfort.

Stress is laid on the fact that the new bodies provide better visibility than their predecessors. While exact details as to how this very necessary virtue has been obtained are not given, it may have been achieved by widening the front seats so that they now occupy almost the whole track of the car. This would be a natural result of the elimination of the running boards and the attempt to use as much as possible of the overall width of the car for the accommodation of passengers. Otherwise the present vogue of the long, high and admittedly imposing bonnet line would appear to limit visibility. In this connection one cannot help remarking on the absence of any attempt to slope the front part of the bonnet downwards so as to bring into view a close up view of the road as is done so effectively on several French and Italian cars.

An obvious and necessary detail improvement concerns the under the steering wheel gear change which was introduced on many American cars last year. When I was in the States this summer I noticed how clumsy and uncertain was this gear change on several cars I used. Their drivers generally made a noise in changing gear, an occurrence I attributed to play in the movement of the various links that connected the lever under the wheel with the selector mechanism in the box. Now all this has been tidied up and the new gear changes are claimed to be not only much lighter and easier to operate, but also much more precise and slick.

One maker has developed what he terms a hydramatic transmission system consisting of a fluid flywheel and a semi-automatic gear. This layout eliminates the mechanical clutch and with it the clutch pedal so that only one foot, the right, is required to work the brake and accelerate pedals. There are four positions in the change speed quadrant under the wheel, indicating neutral, high, low and reverse. In order to start, the driver moves the lever from neutral into first position and depresses the accelerator. The fluid flywheel takes up the drive and the car moves off, changing its own gears from first to second and second to third until at a speed of some 23 miles an hour a high fourth gear with a ratio of 3.6 to 1 comes into action and is used for practically all normal requirements.

The Oldsmobile is the car on which this interesting development is shown as standard on its most expensive model and as an extra on its two six-cylinder types. It certainly represents a notable advance towards the simplifying of control, an advance, it may be said, that we might have seen in this country had it not been for the outbreak of the war.

Turning to details, the widespread use of the new sealed beam headlight, which is often streamlined or fitted flush in the wings, calls for comment. In this device the bulb, lens and reflector are permanently sealed in their housing where they rest as a single assembly. The system is claimed not only to provide a better lighted road but to reduce glare provided, of course, that the beams are properly controlled by the driver. Being sealed up, the lamp is thoroughly protected and so maintains its condition throughout the life of the vehicle.

In conclusion, the show does not disclose any exciting innovations. The much-discussed rear-engined car has not arrived, owing some say to the fact that the placing of the engine astern would destroy the balance of the car on the road. Nor is there any general sign of America appreciating the economy, handiness and suitability at any rate for town work or solo driving of a lighter, more compact sort of car. If anything, as already noted, the tendency seems to be in the other direction. It is also noted that the development of plastics, except as applied to the ornamentation of interior fittings of the body, has not made apparent progress. It was thought at one time that this material would have been used for non-stressed parts of the bodywork, such as panels and container lids. At the same time its absence from cars this year does not mean that experiments are not being conducted in its wider application to motor-car bodies and that next year or the year after momentous developments may not be perfected. It has already been applied to the fuselage of an aeroplane with excellent results where its cheapness, ease and rapidity of manufacture, natural smoothness of finish and light weight are its outstanding claims to attention. That it has a great future for use in connection with motor-car bodies seems obvious.





NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW—THE DREAM OF BEAUTY AND THE WARTIME NIGHTMARE

On the left is the latest 4½-litre Bentley, with two-door Saloon Coupé by Messrs. James Young and upholstered in pigskin. On the right is a car seen at Worcester adapted to run on anthracite. The engine is first started with petrol, and then switched over to the anthracite produced fuel

LIGHTS ON MOTOR VEHICLES

Following the issue of the White Paper, "War Time Lighting Restrictions—Lights carried by road vehicles," the R.A.C. has drawn the attention of the Ministry of Home Security to the paragraph which states that in cases of cars with a head-lamp to which the proposed new mask cannot readily be fitted, the headlamp should be modified, or if this is impracticable, replaced by another of a design to which the mask can be affixed.

In the opinion of the R.A.C. such an alteration or replacement would involve the owners of the cars concerned in very considerable expense, even if such alterations were possible.

ROLLS-ROYCE

Rolls-Royce Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

The Company are in a position to supply Rolls-Royce cars from stocks of cars completed and in process of completion at coachbuilders.

All enquiries should be addressed to:

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

129a Preston Hill, Kingsbury, near Harrow, Middlesex. Telephone: Arnold 2131

or 14-15 Conduit Street, London W1. Telephone: Mayfair 6201-6

PETROL RATIONING

The R.A.C. has renewed its approaches to the Ministry of Mines on the subject of the basic petrol ration now granted to motor cyclists and also to owners of cars over 20 h.p.

It is pointed out by the club that the owners of vehicles in both of these categories are at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the ordinary car owner. It has been generally accepted that the unsupplemented petrol ration will give to the owner of any private motor vehicle a mileage of approximately 200 a month. In the case of motor cycles over 250 c.c., and in the case of practically all cars over 20 h.p., the distance that can be covered on the amount of petrol allowed, even by the exercise of the utmost restraint in driving, falls very far short of this distance.

It is suggested, therefore, by the R.A.C. that motor cycles should in future be rationed on the following scale:

Solos up to 250 c.c.	2 units per month
Solos over 250 c.c.	3 units per month
Passenger machines under 250 c.c.	3 units per month
Passenger machines over 250 c.c.	4 units per month

Also that the monthly ration for cars over 20 h.p. and up to 25 h.p. should be 12 units, and for cars over 25 h.p., 15 units.

In addition, the club has raised with the Ministry the confusion that exists as a consequence of the commencing date of each month for petrol rationing purposes falling on the 22nd. It is fully appreciated that this date was originally fixed to meet immediate emergency, but now that the scheme is settling down it is suggested by the R.A.C. that the commencing date of each rationing period should be the first of the month.

This could readily be achieved if the ration books to be issued with effect from November 23rd were to cover the period up to midnight on December 31st—an addition of nine days—and that the quantity value of the unit in that period should be increased accordingly.

In view of the fact that Christmas shopping will fall within this period, and also that there is the much desired possibility of a number of persons serving in H.M. Forces being on leave at this time—the R.A.C. represented to the Ministry that in order to cover the additional nine days and the two special cases given above, the value of the unit for this extended period should be doubled.

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

BLACKMORE VALE.—Colonel Peter Layard is carrying on the duties of hon. secretary.

DULVERTON (LORD POLTIMORE'S).—Jack Loosemore, first whipper-in, will carry the horn in the place of the Master, who is engaged in war work; and J. Harris (stud groom) is turning hounds to him, Tom Allison, second whipper-in, having joined up. Mrs. F. Smyth, Oswell, Stoke Rivers, Barnstaple, is the hon. secretary. Hounds will hunt on Mondays and Fridays. The pack has been reduced by ten couples, and three horses have gone to the Army.

HAMBLEDON.—The committee met on October 23rd to consider a request from the Master that he might be relieved from obligations assumed under totally different conditions. As obligations had been entered into on both sides which to-day are impossible of fulfilment, the committee felt that they could not do otherwise than accede, with regret, to the Master's request. Arrangements to carry on hunting for the rest of the season were then considered, and it was decided that the only course possible was for the committee to carry on as best they could. The Master has generously offered to loan the committee such horses as are required, as well as all the necessary kennel and stable equipment. The committee have appointed Mr. Jack Blake to act as Master on their behalf; Haynes will hunt hounds, assisted by amateur whippers-in. It is proposed to hunt two days a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Meets will be advertised in the local press, and cards will be issued to those desiring them on payment of 5/-, in advance, to Messrs. A. W. Childs, Ltd., Printers, Petersfield. The latter arrangement is contingent on the number of applications reaching a minimum of 20. The committee count on the support of all in the country to keep the sport going, and desire to impress on every follower the vital necessity of avoiding all damage. Unmounted followers, by closing a gate inadvertently left open, or replacing a slip rail, can do much to help. Finance is going to be difficult, and the hon. secretary desires those who have not sent in their subscriptions to do so at their earliest convenience.

SUFFOLK.—For the coming season the Master will be Major Herbert Musker, O.B.E., Rushford Hall, Norfolk. The hon. secretaries: Lieutenant-Colonel Royce Tomkin, Little Haugh, Norton, Bury St. Edmunds, and Major T. Wilson, M.C., Guildhall Street, Bury St. Edmunds. Peter Farrelly will be huntsman. J. Benson, first whipper-in, and Mr. W. Bridge, the second. The days of hunting will be Tuesday and Saturday, and there are 25 couples of hounds.

BEAGLES

BRIGHTON FOOT BEAGLES.—At a special general meeting held recently, it was decided to hand hounds over to a committee consisting of Mr. L. C. Ashby, Captain F. H. B. Samuelson and Mrs. Joan Taylor. Captain Samuelson will become Master and S. Knight will remain as kennel-huntsman. Through the courtesy of Sir Reginald Blaker hounds will still be kept at the Kennels, Fulking. They will hunt on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and will be accessible from Haywards Heath, Brighton and Lewes. The hon. secretary is Mrs. Joan Taylor, The Glen, Withdean Road, Brighton, 5; and the whippers-in are Messrs. L. Colbatch-Clark, R. Wood and A. McCormick. The subscription is: Gentlemen £3 3s., ladies £2 2s., cap 2 6.

SCOTTISH HORSE BEAGLES.—When these hounds met at Kinlairney Cross Roads, by the kind invitation of Major Richmond, a hare went away from a thick beech hedge just as hounds reached it. Gaining a good start, they ran their hare fast on a left-handed circle, and although coursed by a collie dog for a field hounds stuck to the line, driving her through a big turnip field up the hill. Going away again on the low side, they ran straight for nearly a mile to the Lunan burn, where hounds were in difficulties owing to the hare having twice crossed the stream. The huntsman, however, met her coming back up the side of a hedge, and going well away again hounds ran fast for 20 minutes, until there was a slight check on the road. From here the pack worked slowly over a 50-acre stubble, when the hare jumped up suddenly, and running in view the whole length of the field managed to hold her own to the road. A cunning jink gave her a little grace, and going up the hill again she crossed the second road, making for new ground. This was unexpected as she had now been running for over 50 minutes. Going on fast through the belt of trees, the pack ran into view a field later, and pulled their hare down in the open after a capital hunt of 1 hour 5 minutes.

(For Hunting Fixtures see page 876)

WORK *in the* VEGETABLE GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

CLEARING and cleaning up are the chief jobs now, also digging all vacant ground. Where natural manures are difficult to get, every effort should be made to increase the humus content of the soil, for without humus no soil is fertile.

The easiest method at this season is to trench all vacant ground in the kitchen garden two spits deep, and put in a thick layer of vegetable refuse, such as cabbage leaves, grass cuttings, &c. Apart from making excellent humus, this breaks up heavy soil and adds to the retentive properties of light soil. The ground should be left as rough as possible to benefit by frost.

The earthing up of celery has to be done in fine weather. The first earthing up should make merely a loose collar of soil round each plant. The second is done with a spade, and though the soil should be pressed rather more firmly, on no account should this be done heavily or much earth allowed to fall in the hearts. The second earthing should not reach higher than the lowest leaves, and in the final should only allow the tips of the highest leaves to show above the soil. The sides must be made perfectly smooth and firmed with a spade, but again no ramming. The ideal is complete darkness for the roots, but no compressing. It usually takes six to eight weeks after the final earthing for Celery to blanch.

Horse-radish roots should now be lifted and stored in sand. This is one of the "vegetables" that formerly was used solely for medicinal purposes and now is only employed as a seasoning. It was in Stuart times when it was first used in this way, and it was served with fish, and not meat. In the nineteenth century it was far more commonly used than now, and Loudon describes Horse-radish as "one of the most profitable crops raised by the market gardener."

Possibly its lack of popularity nowadays is due to the fact that in most households Horse-radish sauce is made too thriftily. The roots should be shredded or grated and stewed in a little good stock and when hot, but not boiling, the yolks of two eggs added. If the yolks are added when the sauce is actually boiling they will curdle. Or the roots can be grated and mixed raw with thick cream, preferably sour cream.

Parsnips are now just coming into season, though in common with many folk I think they are not at their best till they have been frosted. We store ours piled criss-cross fashion in the open, and even in the last severe winter they were in perfect condition in late February. This year rust has been very prevalent owing to the very wet summer. The only method of combating this is to remove all the outer leaves as soon as they turn yellow and this is usually in August. Also sand mulches about an inch deep have to be given about once a fortnight until early November. Rust is not a disease, but is caused solely by excessive damp, and therefore has to be combated by regular hoeing—to keep down all weeds, as these add to excessive moisture—and by mulching with sand.

Cooked Parsnips are either much liked or cordially disliked and children usually dislike them. Considering the way they are commonly cooked, this is not surprising. The vast majority of English cooks pin their faith to vast quantities of water, rapid cooking, and the minimum of butter. Good French cooks prefer slow cooking in the minimum of water, and are reasonably lavish with butter. And if any vegetable needs butter it is the Parsnip, as the proverb "That butters no parsnips" testifies.

In common with all root vegetables and fruits, the most valuable constituents in Parsnips lie both in and under the skin. If Parsnips in their skins are steamed in a bowl, the little liquor that collects at the bottom will be found to have a honey-like taste.

In these days of fuel economy, steaming is ruled out of court in many kitchens where there are gas or electric cookers, and the alternatives are either to use the invaluable hay-box or else to slice the unpeeled roots fairly thinly and to boil them with a walnut of butter in as little water as possible in a covered pan. Sliced roots boil much more quickly than whole or quartered roots, and the little liquor that is left can be used in vegetable soups. The cores of Parsnips are tough, and the ideal is to punch out each one, using an apple corer for the purpose. This speeds up the cooking and removes a useless part of the vegetable.

Creamed Parsnip pie is delicious and incidentally the only prize I ever won in my life was for this dish in a cookery competition. Cook the roots whole in their skins, then slip off the skins, slit the roots open and remove the cores. If properly cooked the cores can be removed, spines and all intact, almost whole. Put the rest of the roots in a hot basin with butter, allowing an ounce of butter to each fairly large root. Beat up to a froth (this is impossible unless the cores are removed), mix in a tablespoonful of finely chopped Parsley and seasoning to taste, put in a buttered pie dish, strew breadcrumbs on top with a few little pats of butter, and heat in a really hot oven till the top is browned.

This dish can be varied indefinitely by adding grated Parmesan cheese, eggs which have been left over, mushrooms, &c., and the top garnished with powdered hard-boiled egg and paprika.

Parsnip balls are made with Parsnips cooked as above and beaten up with egg yolk instead of butter, allowing one yolk to every breakfast-cupful of cooked Parsnip. Form into balls, roll in flour and fry in fat. Serve these balls garnished with sprays of Parsley.



DIGGING UP VACANT GROUND

Breaking up land at Templenewsam Golf Course, Leeds. W. Shankland, the club professional, is digging. Horticultural experts might be inclined to criticise his "stance"

THE COUNTRY NEEDS TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

IT is a pertinent and rather satisfying comment on the ways of democracy that, with much of our usual timber import shut up in the Baltic, and a more or less acute shortage of pit props, the Government rely not upon compulsion, but upon the goodwill of landowners to fill the gap. Accustomed as we are to freedom, and to gibing at the alleged shortcomings of Government departments, it would have been a not unexpected turn of events for the landowner to have to do what he is told. Many of us expected a general invasion of private woodlands, a scheduling and a widespread slaughter. The invasion has started, but in a more gentle way, and from nuclei in the more heavily timbered counties.

Landowners are being approached with a request that they will part with their young conifer plantations, except those the felling of which would have a serious effect upon the amenities of the mansion or park. The ages being cleared, both in the State forests and in private woods, are between 20 and 35 years, from which can be secured a maximum quantity of pitwood.

The response is most encouraging, though the initial reaction is an understandable desire to dispose of those areas which are not a success and to retain promising young plantations. Provided about 75 per cent of the pitwood on an estate is offered there can be no question of lack of patriotism in an owner who desires to retain a favourite plantation. In most cases it is possible that this can be arranged, and from the national standpoint the areas left will form an excellent further reserve against a serious emergency.

It is obviously unfair to strip an estate of all its plantations if other landowners are not treated in the same manner. Organisation of the task necessitates that some estates and areas shall be visited before others, and in the event of an unexpected cessation of hostilities those estates not visited would retain their woodlands intact.

For the impecunious, and who is not in these days, the national need represents a very useful source of quite unexpected revenue. On one estate of about 6,000 acres the pitwood was valued by the acquiring officer at £2,300, and the landowner offered, in a most public spirited manner, to accept £2,000. Even then he found himself with a large windfall, and 25 per cent. of his young plantations were excluded.

The other side of the picture is the owner or agent who seeks to exact the maximum possible price. The schedule of top prices for growing trees, published in the *Field* of October 14th, and obtainable as Control of Growing Trees (No. 2) Order, 1939, from the Stationery Office, price 1d., gives the highest figures that can be secured for clean, straight material of good quality, within easy reach of a hard road. It is obvious that inferior timber, or trees far distant from a hard road, will command a reduced price, though some people fail to realise this, and when it is explained seek to argue that the maximum figures are in reality standard prices.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, and it is a matter of regret that the pleasant relations existing between the majority of landowners and the Timber Control should be jeopardised by a minority, whose attitude, expressed in the mildest terms, is scarcely patriotic. Everyone realises that if the methods of negotiation fail to secure an adequate supply, which definitely cannot be obtained by thinnings, then the evils of compulsion must follow, if the country is to carry on.

It may be asked, "How is the work to be carried out?" The Timber Control buy the trees standing and will send in gangs of about 20 men, who will aim at clearing an estate in from three to twelve months. The trees will be cut, stacked and carted to rail by the Control, and in the work the landowner will be under no obligation. He may be willing to augment the supply by thinning other plantations.

The labour question is proving vital, and it is of immense importance that estates should offer the services of woodmen to the Control before they think of discharging them. Finances have made economy needful on most estates, and in a few cases it has taken the form of reducing the woodland staff, the men finding employment in agriculture or other pursuits and being lost to the timber industry.

The selling of areas of pitwood to timber merchants, under licence, is not affected, and in fact the Control will not negotiate for areas already on offer to merchants. The reason for State purchase is to augment the supplies, as the trade cannot be expected to handle the volume that is required. The important point is that the material should find its way on to the market, the particular channel being of no consequence. Whoever buys, the price, of course, will be the same.

Pitwood used to enter this country as return load in ships which exported our coal. Now this has all stopped, so that it will be seen that the need is very real. It is of national importance that all landowners and their agents should co-operate to the full with the Timber Control, in fostering the efficiency of the very pleasant system that has started. The country needs pitwood and woodmen, and the principal supply of both is on the private estates.

SEED POTATO DEALERS.—In order to facilitate the purchase and distribution of seed potatoes, all persons dealing wholesale in seed potatoes in Great Britain are requested to make application for registration. A form of application for registration will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Director of Potato Supplies, Ministry of Food, Potato Section, St. John's College, Oxford.

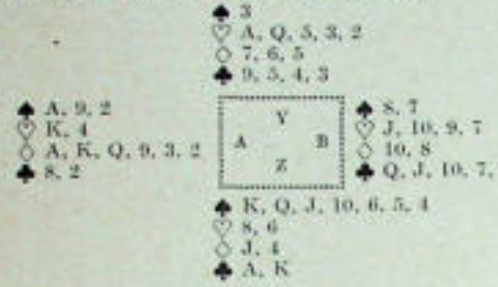
BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY (*Continued*)

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

LAST week I discussed the defence of a certain hand against a squeeze play by the declarer. In that particular hand one defender had to discard so as to give his partner a count of the declarer's hand, and thus the burden of the defensive play was fairly evenly shared between the two defenders.

In some hands, however, one defender may have to nurse his partner and render his play easier.



A—B love and 20.
Y—Z game and 20.

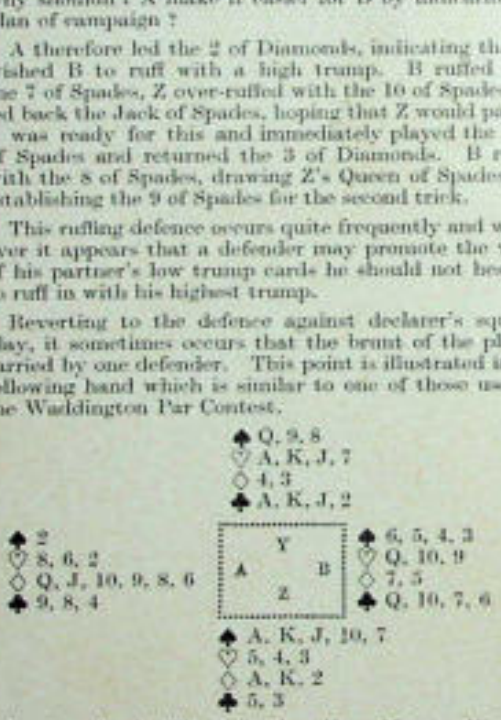
Z	A	Y	B
Three Spades	Four Diamonds	*No* bid	No bid
Four Spades			All pass

A led the King and Queen of Diamonds on which B echoed by playing the 10 and 8 of Diamonds. Now A stopped to think; on Z's vulnerable three call (although with a score of 20) and the tenace in dummy over A's King of Hearts, it was fairly certain that the defence could not hope for any tricks in Hearts or Clubs. The only chance appeared to be in establishing the 9 of Hearts and this depended on forcing Z's high trumps with plain suit leads. Now although a good defender *might* ruff the Ace of Diamonds with the 7 of Spades, why shouldn't A make it easier for B by indicating his plan of campaign?

A therefore led the 2 of Diamonds, indicating that he wished B to ruff with a high trump. B ruffed with the 7 of Spades, Z over-ruffed with the 10 of Spades and led back the Jack of Spades, hoping that Z would pass it. Z was ready for this and immediately played the King of Spades and returned the 3 of Diamonds. B ruffed with the 8 of Spades, drawing Z's Queen of Spades and establishing the 9 of Spades for the second trick.

This ruffing defence occurs quite frequently and whenever it appears that a defender may promote the value of his partner's low trump cards he should not hesitate to ruff in with his highest trump.

Reverting to the defence against declarer's squeeze play, it sometimes occurs that the brunt of the play is carried by one defender. This point is illustrated in the following hand which is similar to one of those used in the Waddington Par Contest.



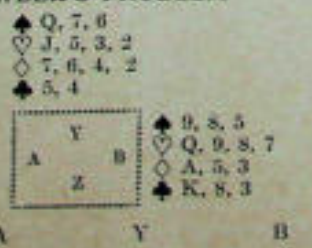
Z—One Spade, Three Spades, Four Hearts, Five No Trumps, Seven Spades.

Y—Three Hearts, Four Clubs, Four No Trumps, Six Spades.

A—B pass throughout.

Hoping to develop the extra tricks in Hearts or Clubs Z bid the Grand Slam. The opening lead of the Queen of Diamonds was taken by Z's Ace. Z took one round of trumps and then led the King of Diamonds and another Diamond which he ruffed in dummy. If had now to put up rather an unusual defence. If he discarded a Heart, Y's Hearts were established, if he discarded a Club, Z could establish a Club trick by leading the Ace and King of Clubs and ruffing B's Queen of Clubs. B therefore under-ruffed by discarding a trump. Z now took two rounds of trumps, led the Ace of Hearts, the Ace and King of Clubs, ruffed the third Club and led the last Trump. B must now make the Queen of Clubs or the Queen of Hearts according to Y's discard.

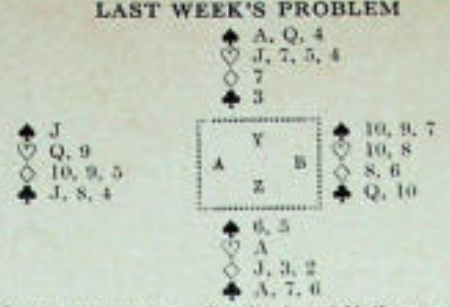
THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z	A	Y	B
One no trump.	All pass.		

A leads the Jack of Diamonds. Holding B's hand, what do you play and why?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts are trumps. Z to lead and Y-Z to make eight tricks against any defence by A-B.

SOLUTION

I have to thank a Winchester reader for the above problem and its solution. The Ace of Spades and Ace of Hearts are taken and a Spade led towards the Queen. If A ruffs the remaining six tricks are easy to make. If A discards a Diamond Y takes the trick with the Queen of Spades, leads Jack and another Diamond which he ruffs and throws A in the lead with a Heart. If A discards a Club Z establishes a Club trick in the same way.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Denmark and France.

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) The usual move is P to Q B 3.
(b) White plays to prevent B to B 4, but he could do that by means of a better move, 9. P to K 4.
(c) Beginning a peculiar manœuvre with the Queen (see moves 10, 12 and 14). Black now threatens to win a pawn by playing Q to Kt 5.
(d) Best. If, instead, 11. P to Kt 3, then 11. . . . Q to K 5; 12. Q takes Q, Kt takes Q.
(e) Preparatory to P to Q Kt 4.
(f) Not good, since the Bishop can do nothing along the blocked diagonal. White should, instead, play R to R 3 in the hope of a subsequent exchange of Bishops.
(g) Starting an offensive on the Queen's side.
(h) This is not a good move. White should, instead, play 20. P takes P, *e.p.*, 20. . . . B takes P; 21. K R to Q sq, to be followed by 22. R to R sq.
(i) An unsuccessful attempt to prevent P to R 5.
(j) Very good. If now 23. P takes P, then 23. . . . B takes P; 24. Q to Kt 2 (not Q to B sq because of Kt to Q 6), Kt to Q 6; 25. Q to R sq, Q to R 2 with advantage to Black.
(k) This allows Black to get a strong post at his K 4 for a Knight. White, however, has no really satisfactory move.
(l) Threatening to win the Queen by playing Kt to Q 5.
(m) Now Black threatens either Kt to Q 5 or Q to R 5, ch. White is helpless.
(n) Threatening either Kt (R 4) to Q 6 or Kt takes P, ch.
(o) If Q to K 2, then R to K 8.
(p) After 38. K to Kt sq there follows 38. . . . R to R 8, ch; 39. Q to B sq, R takes Q, ch; 40. R takes R, R takes P.

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from a tournament at Vienna last June, shows a strong attack by Eliskases, who won the first prize.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Muller.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Muller.	BLACK. Eliskases.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	16. P to Kt 5 (i)	B to R 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	17. Q to R sq (j)	Kt to K 5 (k)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	18. B to B 5	B to Kt 5 (l)
4. Q to B 2	Kt to B 3 (a)	19. B to K 2 (m)	Q to R 5 (n)
5. Kt to B 3	P to Q 3	20. P to Kt 3	Q to R 4
6. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt, ch	21. B takes B	Q takes B
7. Q takes B	Castles	22. Castles	Q to B 6 (o)
8. P to Q Kt 4(b)	R to K sq (c)	23. Q to B 2	P to R 4 (p)
9. B to Kt 2 (d)	P to K 4	24. P to R 4 (q)	P to Kt 4
10. P takes P	Kt takes K P	25. P takes P	P to R 5
11. Q to B 2 (e)	P to Q B 4 (*f*)	26. P takes P	Q to Kt 5, ch
12. P to K 3 (g)	P takes P	27. K to R 2	Q takes P, ch
13. P takes P	R takes R, ch	28. K to Kt 2	Q tks Kt P, ch
14. B takes R	P to B 4	Resigns (r)	
15. Kt tks Kt (h)	P takes Kt		

(a) The Zurich variation. Black's aim is to free his Queen's Bishop by playing P to Q 3 and P to K 4.
(b) The sequel to his sixth move. Some authorities, among them Eliskases, do not think highly of the text-move and recommend P to K Kt 3 or P to K 5.
(c) An alternative that has frequently been tried is the pawn sacrifice 8. . . . P to K 4. The latest analysis seems, however, to be against it.
(d) In reply to 9. P to Kt 5 Eliskases intended to play 9. . . . Kt to K 2 followed if 10. P to K 3, by 10. . . . P to Q R 3; 11. P takes P, P takes P; 12. R to Q Kt sq. P to B 4 as in a game Reinhardt v. Eliskases in last year's German Championship Tournament.
(e) Played to prevent Kt to K 5.
(*f*) Black now seizes the initiative.
(g) P to Kt 5 would give Black a strong post at his Q B 4 for a Knight.
(h) Eliskases points out in the *Deutsche Schachblätter* that 15. B to K 2 is better. If, in reply, 15. . . . P takes P, then 16. Castles, Q to B 2; 17. R to Kt sq and White will recover the pawn, although Black will have the slightly better game.
(i) He should, instead, play R to K 2. After the inferior text-move Black gets a strong attack.
(j) Not 17. Q takes B because of 17. . . . Q to R 4, ch. If, instead, (1) 17. Q to Q 2, then 17. . . . Q takes Q, ch; 18. K takes Q, Kt to K 5, ch; 19. K to K sq, R to R sq; or, if (2) 17. Q to R 2, then 17. . . . Q to R sq; 18. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 19. B takes P, Kt to Kt 5; 20. B to B 3, R to R 6; 21. B to Q 2 (if B to Kt 2, then R to R 7, R to R 8, ch; 22. K to K 2, Kt to K 4, in each case with a winning game for Black.
(k) Threatening Q to R 4, ch.
(*l*) Now Black threatens Kt takes B.
(m) If 19. P to B 3, then 19. . . . Q to R 5, ch; 20. P to Kt 3, Kt takes P; 21. P takes Kt, Q takes P, ch; 22. K to Q 2, Q to B 7, ch; 23. B to K 2, R to Q sq, ch. If, instead, 19. P to R 3, then 19. . . . Kt takes B; 20. P takes B, Q to R 4.
(n) Fearing a weakening of White's King's side.
(o) Threatening 23. . . . Kt to Kt 4; 24. Q to R 4, Kt to R 6, ch; 25. K to R 2, Kt takes P; 26. Q to K sq, Kt to Kt 5, ch; 27. K to R 3, Q to K 5, winning a pawn.
(p) Premature. He should, instead, play 23. . . . R to Q sq, *e.g.*, 24. B to R 5 (not B takes P because of R to Q 7), R to Q 3; 25. R to K sq, P to Q Kt 3; 26. B to R 3, P to R 4.
(q) After this move White's King's side is soon broken up. 24. B to R 5 (threatening Q to Q sq) is better. In reply Eliskases had planned the following winning line of play: 24. . . . R to K 3 (threatening R to Q 3); 25. Q to Q sq, Q takes Q; 26. R takes Q, P to Q Kt 3; 27. R to K sq, Kt to Q 3; 28. R to Q B sq, R to K sq, to be followed by R to K sq and R to R 5, winning the Queen's Bishop's pawn.
(r) If 29. K to B 3, then 29. . . . Q to R 4, ch followed, if 30. K takes Kt, by 30. . . . Q to Kt 3, ch, winning the Queen, or, if 30. K to Kt 2, by 30. . . . Q to Kt 5, ch; 31. K to R 2, R to K 3 and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4038

By F. B. ALLEN.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K 3, Rook at Q B 4, Bishops at K Kt sq and Q 5, Knights at K B 7 and Q B 7, Pawns at Q Kt 2, K 4 and Q Kt 5.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at Q B 4, Bishops at Q Kt 5 and K B 6, Knight at K R 4, Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q Kt 3, Q B 5, K Kt 5 and Q 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Sunday Times*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4037

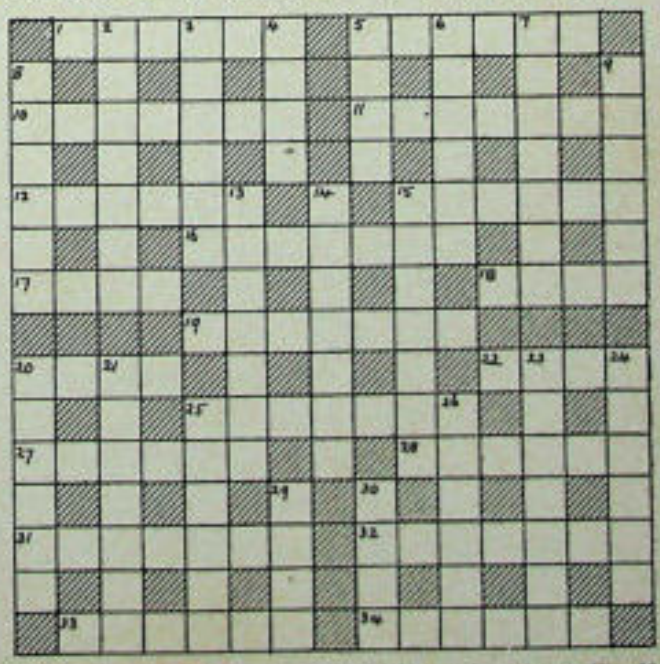
1. Q to Kt 8 (threatening 2. Q to K 8, ch). If 1. . . . K to K 6 then 2. Q to B 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . K to Q 4, then 2. B takes P, ch, &c. If 1. . . . P to B 5, then 2. R to K 2, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to Kt sq, Kt 2 or Kt 3, then 2. Q to B 4, ch, &c. If 1. . . . R to B 5, then 2. Q takes R, ch, &c.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 541

ACROSS.—1. Pain suffered by the sempstress (6). 5. Female graduate (6). 10. Doting (anag.) (7). 11. Innate (7). 12. MgO and CaO (6). 15. A metal (6). 16. Science in short and nearly all (7). 17. Pat is by mischievous persons (4). 18. Electrical resistance is measured in these (4). 19. "The one against fifty-three" (7). 20. Intimidating animals (4). 22. Excellent until you have to pay it (4). 25. In addition (7). 27. The carpenter's companion (6). 28. A beach on which to sink to a lower position (6). 31. This has four sides equal in length, but is not a square (7). 32. Rhythm (7). 33. "The —— flag of England shall yet terrific burn" (Campbell) (6). 34. Princes (anag.) (6).

DOWN.—2. A source of granite in Africa (7). 3. "Small —— and orders for masters and recorders I get and they're highly delighted" (*The Gondoliers*) (6). 4. Ralph I defeat, yet Charles thinks a great deal of him (hidden) (4). 5. He played a big part in a restoration (4). 6. Designed to cause death (6). 7. He may be a dancer (7). 8. A Kipling character. Certainly not (6). 9. A protuberance in a steamer (6). 13. Systematic arrangements (7). 14. Temporary (7). 15. Adornments for arms or legs (7). 20. A well-known playwright (6). 21. "The flowers that bloom in the spring" are this (7). 23. "On fire that glows with heat —— I turn the lens of common sense" (*Tolstoy*) (7). 24. With this number of trumps you are bound to take nine tricks at least (6). 25. "Seeking the —— reputation Even in the cannon's mouth" (*As You Like It*) (6). 26. Models are rarely this (6). 29. Such a race rarely results in success (hidden) (4). 30. Potential regicides (4).



SOLUTION TO No. 540

Published October 28th

M	I	S	E	Q	Y	N	I	O	T		T	U	R	K
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

FARMING IN WAR-TIME

We print below the weekly farming bulletins from the Ministry of Agriculture and notices issued which are of special interest to farmers

AN average fixed price over the year of 1/– per lb. for sheep, compared with the present price of 10d., will be welcome news to flockmasters. It gives a substantial backing to the Minister of Agriculture's appeal to farmers to retain their old ewes and ewe lambs for breeding.

Having regard to the fact that a beast takes on an average two years to reach maturity, it is obvious there can be no immediate increase in the numbers of fat cattle. Therefore an increase in the sheep population is the best insurance against a reduction in imported meat.

Sheep have many things in their favour. In labour they cost less per head than any other livestock and depend little upon imported food. There are many farms where they might advantageously be added to graze in the same field as cattle, without appreciably lessening the grazing for the cattle. After all, sheep like the short grasses that cattle cannot get their tongues round. Intensive sheep farming on grassland sometimes causes disease through the worms they leave in the ground, but there is little danger of this when the sheep are distributed fairly thinly with other stock which the worms do not affect.

Sheep are also improvers of arable land. The light-medium soils of Hampshire, Wiltshire and the Yorkshire Wold, for example, respond to "the golden hooves" as to nothing else. It has become a common remark in many parts of England that have gone out of arable cultivation, "if we could get the sheep back we could grow the corn again."

An average figure throughout the year of 1/– per lb. for sheep should provide the necessary encouragement, especially since the price is fixed and there is, consequently, no danger of any price break by over-production. This is yet another instance where the nation's food requirements have been successfully married to the dictates of good husbandry.

* * *

On the marketing side, too, there is good news for sheep producers. Official panels of selected sheep graders are now at work in 900 markets. Each panel is composed of three men, a certifying officer, a producer, and either a butcher or a dealer. According to reports received by the Ministry, the plan is working admirably. The setting up of these panels has involved the selection and enrolment of at least 2,700 expert judges of sheep, and the whole plan has been done in about three weeks.

At Chester recently the panel dealt with over 2,000 sheep between 9 a.m. and 1.45 p.m., and the following example shows how accurate good judges of sheep can be in estimating dead weight. Forty-six sheep were examined by the two farming brothers who had produced them, and they estimated the dead weight. The sheep were then sent to a market for sale, three counties away, where the panel of graders also estimated their dead weight. The total discrepancy between the two estimates on the 46 sheep was only 4lb.

Ploughing Grassland

There seems to be a misconception about the Minister's remark in his broadcast, when he appealed to farmers to plough at least 10 per cent. of the grassland. This, of course, was an average figure, based on one-tenth of our permanent grass acreage of 15,000,000 to give the 1,500,000 we aim at ploughing up. Obviously it cannot apply to every individual farm. There are some where the figure could be exceeded, others where it would be undesirable to plough any extra acreage at all. The proportions to be ploughed are left to the common sense and practical knowledge of the local committees.

Bull Licensing

Few agricultural measures have done more good in a short time than the Licensing of Bulls Act, introduced in England and Wales just over five years ago. It was temporarily suspended on September 7th, but Lord Denham was able to announce in the House of Lords on Tuesday, October 17th, that it is now in operation again.

The agricultural community have heard this with satisfaction, for they have been quick to appreciate the advantage of a measure that maintains the standard of the herds of the whole country. Some of the strongest opponents to the introduction of this scheme have become its keenest supporters since they have seen it at work. About 45,000 applications a year have been coming in recently for licences, and in 1938 less than 14 per cent. of these bulls were rejected. Naturally the farmer does a little selection on his own account before he asks for a licence.

Normally application should be made when the bull is nine months old, ten months being the licensing age. But the Ministry invites owners whose bulls have reached ten months in the period since September 7th, when licensing was temporarily suspended, to send their applications in now.

Rabbit Control

Since 40 rabbits will eat as much as a dairy cow, and corn cannot be grown in many fields where these pests are active, so it is important that the County War Agricultural Committees shall have some control over them. There is no sense in telling a man to plough his land if rabbits are to be the chief beneficiaries.

Letters sent recently to the County Committees and to County and Borough Councils make the position clear. The Committees will see that the Councils are notified of cases where rabbits are causing or threatening substantial damage. The Councils will then take action under the new Prevention of Damage by Rabbits Act, passed just before the war. But cases may arise in which County or Borough Councils may decide to take no action, or their powers may be inadequate for dealing with the situation. If this happens, it is for the County War Agricultural Committees to consider the desirability of using the special emergency powers created by the Rabbits Order of October 12th, 1939, under the Defence Regulations.

These powers permit the Committees to authorise any person named by them to enter upon land to kill and take rabbits. But they do not permit the use of spring traps except in rabbit holes, nor the use of firearms between an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (*Newsagent's name*).....

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed).....

(Address).....

.....

Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

To the Circulation Manager, the *Field*, 114, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

Please supply the *Field* each week to.....

.....

for *three months, six months, one year, for which I enclose a cheque value £ s. d.

(Signed).....

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.....

Rates of subscription for Great Britain, Canada and abroad are given below. *Delete the periods that do not apply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Garden

Composting Humus.—There should be no difficulty at all in carrying out a modified form of the indoor system of composting humus in your garden of four acres. The system we would recommend consists of collecting all the vegetable waste matter possible, such as potato tops, carrot tops, cabbage leaves, pea and bean haulm, tops of herbaceous plants that have done flowering, all the leaves that fall from the trees, all the grass mowings, etc., in addition to potato peelings, tea leaves and any other similar waste material from the house, including occasional fish bones, meat waste, etc. All this material is placed on the heap to rot down. When there is a 6in. layer of refuse it is sprinkled with 2ozs. of sulphate of ammonia per sq. yd. The next 3in. layer is sprinkled with hydrated lime at 3ozs. to the sq. yd. Then another layer of refuse, more sulphate of ammonia, 3ins. of humus and more lime, and so on, till the heap is the desired height which is usually about 6ft. Once a fortnight the heap should be given a good watering and occasionally it is advisable to get on to the top of it and open it up by forking over and stirring it about. In addition to the other artificials used, the droppings from poultry may also be utilised when the dropping boards are scraped. At the end of six months a second heap is made and so the process proceeds year after year. In order to keep the heaps in position, large bins—8ft. by 8ft.—with railway sleepers should be made. These never rot and are very strong indeed. We would refer you to *The Vegetable Garden*, price 6/–, published by the English Universities Press, and *The Profitable Culture of Vegetables*, published by Longmans at 7/6.—*C. S., Salcombe.*

Shooting

Price of Rifle Cartridges.—You could probably obtain this type of rifle cartridge from Messrs. Parker-Hale, Ltd., Bisley Works, Whittall Street, Birmingham, 4. You would have to produce a firearms certificate, of course. Prices are changing, but we should say that the current price would be about 35/– per hundred.—*F. W. J. C., Chatham.*

Shortening of Barrels.—Before shortening the barrels of your gun, it would be wise to make sure that shorter barrels will help your shooting. Perhaps you could borrow a short-barrelled weapon and try matters out. If you find that you then shoot better, send your gun to a good firm and ask if, after cutting off several inches, they can adjust the balance. They will most probably be able to do this and all will be well. The weapon would shoot slightly higher. Of course the choke will be lost but it might be possible to recess the barrels so that at least improved cylinder patterning is obtained. If, after trial, you find that short barrels do not seem to help you, it might pay to have at least some of the heavy choking bored out. This often proves a handicap in game shooting.—*E. P. W., Builth Wells.*

Kennel

West Highland White Terriers.—We cannot find many breeders in your district, the nearest being Miss P. Vivian, Cudham Hall, Cudham, near Sevenoaks. If she has not got one for sale you could probably arrange for Mrs. Innes, Brean Kennels, West Monkton, Taunton, to send one on approval.—*C. W., Sevenoaks.*

Veterinary

Acorn Poisoning.—Acorns in any quantity are poisonous to cattle, so it is very advisable either to prevent cattle gaining access to them, or to collect the acorns which by the way, are a valuable food for pigs.—*D. P. H. J., Wexford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

VOL. CLXXIV. NO. 4533. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1939

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE { INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 2D.



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They are Irish Candy, Irish Crossing, winner of two courses in the Sussex and Thanet Derby, and Irish Courage. On the second day of the meeting it was necessary to divide the Derby between thirteen entrants and the Oaks between ten. Mr. L. Lucas had noteworthy successes in the principal events in which he ran twelve dogs and had none of them beaten

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BACON AND BUTTER

THE Government's announcement on rationing has come as a considerable shock to a great many people. 4oz. of bacon and 4oz. of butter per person per week certainly does not sound encouraging. Bacon and butter are regular features of the Englishman's diet, and to all intents and purposes permanent features of the Englishman's breakfast, which is as everyone knows essential to the Englishman's well-being. That the announcement came as a shock was not therefore altogether surprising.

Naturally the shock has caused some grumbling, and there have been many complaints that so stringent a rationing is quite unnecessary at this stage of the war. Of that the Minister of Food is, obviously, the best judge and we are content to leave it at that.

The quantities are small. One daily newspaper has worked it out at two rashers of bacon a week and thirteen pats of butter, similar to those provided in cafés. And no one could possibly call that generous. But both bacon and butter are perishable foods that cannot easily be stored for long periods, and the Danish supplies, though now partially resumed, were very seriously impeded during the first few weeks of the war. If we are surprised at the smallness of the ration allowed in these two commodities, there is nothing to the surprise we should express at the fact that all other commodities, including sugar and meat, can be freely bought. It is quite evident from this that both the Royal Navy and Mr. W. S. Morrison are functioning admirably.

There should be no grumbling. There should be no grumbling even if, and the possibility is remote, the rationing scheme is greatly increased in scope and in severity. We are at war. Wars are no longer fought only by soldiers and sailors and airmen, but by every member of the civil population. That is a fact we are all of us proud to admit, but if we do so admit it we must be prepared to take our share of the burdens war entails.

Rationing is but one of these. There are others—the strain on nerves, the uncertainty of employment, the rising cost of living, the black-out, restricted train services and so forth. But each of these imposes a duty on each one of us—the duty of cheerfulness, the duty of encouraging others to be cheerful.

It is very easy to be pessimistic in war-time. It is very easy to give way to scares, to become scared oneself. It is very easy to worry, and very easy to make others worry. Pessimism, worrying, scaremongering—these are the enemies we must fight on the Home Front.

We can fight them, and conquer them, by being cheerful and by encouraging others to be cheerful. By being cheerful—even if our breakfasts are not going to be quite what they were.

SOMEWHERE . . .

DURING the last ten years a cliché-weary public has been assured, day by day, column by column, and speech by speech, that the door was still open, that every avenue was being constantly explored, that the situation was frequently grave and invariably worse than it was in 1914. Many people hoped that the outbreak of war would coincide with the disappearance of these—and, indeed, all—clichés, for the door was now definitely shut, the avenues remained untenanted and the situation—as far as we are concerned—was at last appreciably better than in 1914. But we are apparently not to be spared, for another horrible cliché has reared its ugly head—this dreadful Somewhere. We are told that the troops are somewhere in England, somewhere in France, somewhere in Suffolk. A concert party has been entertaining the troops somewhere, and a Notable Person has inspected a factory somewhere else. Of course, it gives an authentic ring to a story which would otherwise be unnoticed—much as the word "Official" at the bottom of a placard persuades people to buy the paper. But surely it is sufficient to say "In England," "In France" or in anywhere. It would be a sad day, and one more example of the declining glory of the English language, if we all spoke in the language of bureaucracy.

COARSE FISH AS FOOD

A letter which appeared in the Press recently urging that the close season for coarse fish should be eliminated in order to increase the amount of food available during war-time is surely a suggestion for killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. If freshwater fish are to be exploited as food it would seem to be a foolish policy to kill them just at the time when they are providing for the continuance of the supply in future years; and as they are practically uneatable for several weeks after spawning, the present three "fence months" are none too much. A far better policy would be for owners of lakes or ponds to be asked to allow them to be used for stocking with young fish and growing them on a commercial basis, which would largely eliminate the "muddy" flavour and leave present fishing waters to be exploited by anglers for their health and profit.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 950.)

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

IN BLACK-OUT HOURS

The London Theatre can rarely have enjoyed such a boom as that at present in being. Houses are crowded and audiences without exception enthusiastic—and prices are down. Of the new productions *Can you hear me, Mother?* at the Coliseum and *Runaway Love* at the Saville deserve mention. The former is on the lines of George Black's Palladium show, half revue half vaudeville, but without the snap. Sandy Powell is very funny, and there are some good acrobatics. *Runaway Love* is a triumph for George Gee who has never been funnier and has surely never worked so hard. He is ably supported by Eric Fawcett and Barry Lupino, and some good tunes, but the show is his from start to finish. And it is really good and really funny. Just the thing to make one forget the black-out and the butter, and a show that is surely going to repay its producer's courage a hundredfold. Neither show, by the way, contains more than a passing reference to the war. At the Piccadilly the revived *George and Margaret*, as good a comedy as London has seen for many years, shows every sign of continuing an already great success.

SALMON—THE REAL BACK END

Less than three weeks has now to run before salmon fishing will be over for 1939. Only the Tweed, Stinchar and one or two smaller streams are now available for rods, but with the recent change in the weather there may still be the "chance of a lifetime" for the few rods who can now find time and opportunity for that eleventh-hour which on occasion has produced its fish. The excitement of this final fling at the salmon is increased by the chance of one of those monsters. Unfortunately we have no accurate record of the date when the then Lord Home caught the record British salmon from the Tweed but the fish of 64lb. which Miss Ballantyne caught in the Tay was a back-ender and so was the 61¾-pounder caught by Mr. T. Stewart in 1907; so there is still time for the Tweed to produce one of those rare surprises which make angling history.

HARVEST 1939

This bright October day I heard the huntsman's
distant horn—
An engine throbbed across the hill, thrashing the
golden corn.
The sunlight threw strong shadows close beneath a
garden wall—
And, from the silent trees, the autumn leaves began
to fall . . .

Somewhere beyond this peaceful scene, men also
thrash their corn
Where a bugler, not a huntsman, sounds a more
compelling horn.
The sunlight gleams on hidden guns beside another
wall—
And tanks sleep underneath the trees whose leaves
begin to fall.

An engine's throb roars from the skies, and not
upon a hill—
The grain is of another kind to feed a different
mill.
And men, as well as leaves, will fall—black smoke
will hide the sun
Where, out beyond this quiet scene, a war has just
begun . . .

Someday again October's month will bring a silent
thought—
Someday the land will smile again, its safety dearly
bought
That men may hunt and sow their corn, may reap
and build and toil—
For this alone, our graves will lie once more on
foreign soil.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

AS I was going through the village, the first man I met was one of my farmer-friends who, of recent years, had put all his arable down to grass. What, I asked him, was he going to do about ploughing up a tithe of his land and where was he going to get his plough from, and could I lend him my wooden wheel-less swing plough, that Fitzherbert described in the middle of the sixteenth century, or, failing that, my breast-plough? That set him off. "When," he said, "I sit down and think of the plough and the harrows, the scuffle, the roll and the cultivator—I used to stop up the gaps in my hedges because it cost me more to grow corn than I could sell it for—I could cry like a child."

I told him about the ten tractors I had heard of in another part of the country to one plough, and that nobody knew how to drive the plough. That reminded him of a farmer calling on him a few days before to ask him who thatched his ricks. "I do," he said, and then the farmer well-nigh went down on his knees and begged him to come and thatch his for him. "Do you know," he said impressively, "that in all this village of 900 souls there is only one man who has an all-round general knowledge of husbandry." I surmised that the one man was himself, because in the old days he ran a small mixed farm of his own, with a flock of sheep to feed and be fed off the spring corn and the stubble. He believed that sheep on arable were worth more than all the artificials and concentrates on the market, and he looked back to those days as the ghost of Achilles in Hades had looked back to the bright realities of earth. We parted on the story another farmer had told him about one of the new helpers on the land. There was a pile of mangolds in his cow-house and the helper, coming in, remarked: "Oh, what a lovely lot of onions!"

I passed on, and, rounding a corner, came upon a party of what, in the tongue that Shakespeare once spoke, are called "evacuees." They wanted to get into the field by the road, and, having already broken the hinges of the field-gate, so that it would not open, were merrily engaged in taking a short cut to their desires by a mass-advance through the hedge. Further on, loud screams, halloos, and what sounded like battle-cries, announced yet another spectacle of interest, and, making for the spot, I discovered what I had suspected, a hand-to-hand combat in progress, the weapons being the rungs of a rick-ladder which had been carried off from a neighbouring stackyard. The familiar line came into my memory, "When wild in woods the naked savage ran," but some thousands of years later the social historian is made aware that savages no longer run in woods. They run in the streets of the cultured progressive towns of the 20th century that look down upon country people as morons, or barbarians, or picturesque survivals, except when they happen to need them. I was witnessing the consequences of that need.

Will any of the living who survive the ferocious wars of the 20th century see a true civilisation, and by that I mean a civilisation based upon our native land, not in a figurative but a literal sense? All the civilisations of the past which counted were so based, whatever the towns may think. Civilisation has been the product of rural communities and small townships, and, though nobody recognises this truth to-day, there are no exceptions to it. Was it possible for me, in the course of my journey, to find some evidence for the birth of a new country feeling which had nothing to do with joy-rides in motor cars or week-end bungalows, or week-end beauty spots, or road-houses, or guide-books, or nightingales singing, or rustics talking on the wireless?

Tractors are certainly not going to foster it: when the towns no longer have need of the country they will drop it like a potato paring. No: where I see it, as a faint hope of far-off things, is where nobody would dream of looking for it—namely, in those small homesteads with a bit of land attached, which are forced by the necessities of these bleak times, of these lean years, to look to their larders, to their plots, and the fields and hedgerows about them. From these (so I argued to myself) will arise a new respect for and understanding of the earth, a new independence and self-sufficiency; a new interpretation of what is called a "hand-to-mouth" existence, namely, the hand to the spade, fork, hoe or basket before it reaches the mouth. Not very romantic, but the poetry will come afterwards, and things began to go wrong when use was separated from beauty by downing the craftsman. So I ended my little journey by calling on a friend to taste his crab-apple jelly. H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a naturalist magazine: "LIONS FOR NEUTRALS.—Edinburgh Zoo remained open from the outbreak of war and there is no proposal to close it unless food becomes scarce. Then it may be necessary to send some surplus man-eaters such as wolves and lions to zoos in neutral countries."



The return home, 1939

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER

ARMISTICE Day, November 11th, 1939—and War! Twenty-one years ago we had heaved a sigh of relief that the days of mud and blood were over. We hoped over for many a lifetime to come; over for all time if the futility of such sacrifice for a man's ambition could be realised. There were those at home who said the fight should have gone on, that the war should have been carried into the enemy's country.

Those sentiments were not echoed by the men who for years had been on the job. They were unfeignedly glad the Armistice had come. There had been ample evidence in the parks of abandoned artillery round such places as Cambrai that the German war machine had broken down. German machine gunners died beside their guns in their endeavour to stem the tide of the advance, but the roads were crowded with men and guns pressing forward on the heels of retreating armies. Our battalion came to rest at Bavai and we walked to the cross-roads to watch the columns marching on to Mons.

There were old people in Bavai and whatever sufferings they had experienced were forgotten on that day. As a battery of howitzers halted in the main street the old men patted the barrels of the guns that had helped to bring them deliverance. The blacksmith, a bearded giant, crossed the road to shake hands with me. After doing so he examined my hand carefully, and nothing I could say about trenches would persuade him it was a hand that had done *real* work. He suggested we might have tobacco or cigarettes for men who had lived in famine. We had.

It was on the following morning the telegram arrived announcing the cessation of hostilities. The colonel commandeered it for an historic souvenir. The sun was shining and the troops were strolling about the town. I entered a small shop where a few pitiful objects were offered for sale. There was, I remember, some ink and some string. I think I went in to buy ink, but more to talk to the lady in black behind the counter. Soon I had left to return with all the tinned goods upon which I could lay my hands.

Hardly had they been delivered when the first band entered the town. It struck up as it passed the shop and Madame burst into tears, "*Excusez-moi, Monsieur. Mais après quatre ans, vous comprenez!*" My feelings were almost as bad as hers until an irrepressible onlooker remarked, "Here come the Shirkwork Festerers." These much libelled musicians later played in the Place to the troops and inhabitants, while aeroplanes circled overhead. A small squad arriving to join the battalion were greeted with "Three Cheers for the Cease-Fire draft."

We were short of bread in Bavai and I was sent to a nearby village to see if some could be raised from a friend who had taken over the job of Town Major. He was found in the midst of an excited gathering with an interpreter beside him. "Ask Monsieur le Capitaine if I can go to the next village to see my sister. I have not seen her for years." "Yes and ask Monsieur le Capitaine if I, too, can go." "Tell them," said the distracted T.M., "to go anywhere they like as long as they leave me in peace." The novelty of the decision silenced them for a moment; they were not used to that sort of thing. Their gratitude was overwhelming. "Bread, yes, of course." The baker would have given me the whole of his supply.

These people had led an almost hopeless life. They had been herded to work for their German taskmasters. Sons and daughters as they grew up had been separated from their parents to join labour gangs elsewhere. The Germans are good hands at transporting a populace and seem to have lost none of their skill.

There was plenty to think about on that day which saw the end of the war. One was why almost the last enemy shell to be fired had landed on the road in front of the boy, he was not much more, who had served in the ranks, and then had led his platoon through the thick of the Fifth Army retirement. It seemed a cruel business. And yet there were those who considered more lives would have been well spent in "teaching the Germans a lesson."

For twenty years we have rendered homage on November 11th to the memory of those who fell in the Great War. Every man in town or field has stopped his work for two minutes' silence, services have taken place in churches and round the war memorials. In that space of two minutes the thoughts of those who served have gone out to the companions who did not come back. Now they see their sons called upon to undertake the task of defending their freedom all over again.

Under such circumstances some would have it that to celebrate the Armistice is now a hollow mockery. It is too difficult to analyse the reason for this attitude, if there is one. Sirens cannot sound for the silence, but why should the dead remain unhonoured. They did not fail in their task. It was not their fault that others did so, or that a new would-be Attila has been let loose on the world. Twenty-one years ago they had saved Europe and their country from the fate we have since seen dealt out to those who cannot resist aggression. The examples of what they spared us are all too vivid, and the call is yet sterner to battle for the same cause for which they were prepared to lay down their lives. Unhappily we now have new names to add to the Roll of Honour, mainly those of gallant sailors and airmen, and indeed the Eleventh of November is more than ever a day of national reverence for the fallen.

R. N. R.

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Next week's issue will be our Christmas Number. The coloured cover is a striking old-time equestrian portrait with hounds, and there is also an article by E. A. R. Eunson, illustrated in colour by the author. Mr. H. J. Massingham writes on Yule, Lord Dunsany on Flight-Shooting, Captain F. H. Mellor on a Journey through Berberland, Mr. J. B. Bowers on Bird Migration in the Sudan, and an account of the Zoo in Wartime by L. R. Brightwell; there are short stories by Patrick Chalmers, Major C. S. Jarvis and Mr. W. S. S. Mackay; a Christmas Bridge Competition; and, in addition, all the usual features covering hunting, fishing, shooting, farming, gardening, forestry and the countryside generally. In view of the necessary restrictions on paper it is advisable, in order to avoid disappointment, to place an order now with your newsagent.



MAJOR PORTER, MASTER OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND HUNT, WITH HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO A MEET ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN

THE FUTURE *of* HUNT HORSES

In this article Mr. Ansell Wells writes upon the horse side of hunting problems. In further articles he will deal with the Upkeep of Kennels and the Future of Hound Breeding. Without due precautions some of the finest strains will be endangered and the work of centuries undone.

By R. ANSELL WELLS

THOSE of us who remember a certain news item, which appeared in the daily Press at the beginning of the war, must still be wondering what motives underlay the slaughtering of a number of light horses. So far as this particular instance is concerned there was no information other than the bare statement of the fact that so many horses belonging to a certain owner had been destroyed. Although the action was foolish and regrettable, it is not for us to judge the merits or otherwise of any particular case; there may have been personal reasons, or a hundred and one other good and sufficient causes, why resort was had to such drastic measures; but they are no concern of ours, we must confine our attention to the study of broad principles.

The first fact to be recognised is that horses, no matter for what purposes they are kept, are valuable assets. A set of golf clubs is a very nice thing to possess, and is essential for those who play the game of golf, but beyond that such a set has no very great value. If all the golf clubs now in existence were to be destroyed the future of the game would not be in jeopardy, and those whose business it is could very soon make good the deficiency.

Horses, on the other hand, are in a very different category; it is true that the immediate purpose for which hunt horses are kept is to enable people to go hunting, but they are more than the necessary adjuncts to a sport and have a definite part to play in the defence of the nation; should they be destroyed it would not be possible to replace them. Those who own horses should, therefore, realise that, as horse-owners, they are the custodians of a very important national asset. The responsible authorities have not made very clear the way in which they propose to make use of this asset, but we should see to it that we preserve our horses and deal with them in such a way that, when the call does come, we shall be best fitted to answer it.

The majority of hunts own a considerable number of horses; one famous pack has 78, and packs of hounds throughout the country, to a total number of 222, have each, if not quite as many as this, at least a good number of horses which, when considered in the aggregate, must amount to a useful total. To these horses which are the property of Masters of Hounds must be added those which are privately owned and kept exclusively for hunting purposes. These hunters represent the fittest and most generally useful section of the horse population of the country. There are, of course, in addition to them, many other classes of light horse, such as racehorses, riding-school horses, &c.; but, so far as the conduct of a war is concerned, the hunters are by far the most useful.

We have the horses, what should we do with them for the present? The answer to this question should not be very difficult to find if we give ourselves sufficient time in which to think the matter over calmly and without excitement. During the course of this hunting season it will not be possible for packs of hounds to hunt as often as usual; reductions have been made in the number of hounds kept by each pack, and there will also be an inevitable reduction in the amount of money available for the conduct of hunting operations. Now that those responsible have decided upon the amount of hunting which their packs will be able to do, we can make our arrangements accordingly.

Individual circumstances vary so greatly that it will scarcely be of any use to quote an example, actual or fictitious, of a pack of hounds and the reduction in the number of hunting days per week, hounds, horses, &c. It will be better if we confine ourselves to generalities and lay down lines which, if followed, will prove to be suitable to the majority of cases.

We may take it that for everyone there will be a reduction in the number of days in the week upon which it will be possible to hunt; there can, therefore, be a corresponding reduction in the number of horses which are brought up and kept fit and ready for use. The keeping of hunters in hard condition is an expensive business, and any reduction in the numbers in the hunt stables will effect an important economy; besides effecting a reduction in the weekly outgoings for food it will also mean that fewer men can be employed. It will be everybody's endeavour to keep their servants in employment for as long as possible, but many Masters will be able to do without or with fewer of those men whom they take on for the season only, and this will be of assistance in another way besides that of economising on wages. In the face of an insistent demand for men for the fighting forces it is problematical whether the usual number of grooms will be available for engagement, and so it will be no bad plan to reduce the size of the establishment to a minimum number, and so place it upon a footing which has a reasonable chance of permanency.

Having decided upon the number of horses which hounds will need for the carrying out of their reduced programme, the question arises as to which horses should be used and what should be done with the others. In considering these two points we will start with the last one. Should horses be required for military purposes demands will be made upon the stable, possibly at very short notice, and it will be as well if there is a reserve upon which to draw in that event. Horses which are not required for use should not be sold, for this reason, and for the added one that it is not likely that prices will be exactly encouraging under the present circumstances.

Instead of selling horses at knock-out prices, and thereby wasting capital, and doing away with reserves which may have to be drawn upon if sport is to be continued in the face of Government requisitioning, owners should leave them out at grass. Horses at grass cannot be left without attention, but all that they will require can be given by one man in the course of a couple of visits to the paddocks each day, one in the morning and one in the evening, together with periodic treatment by the blacksmith.

Steps should be taken to see that horses do not suffer from the cold and the poorness of the grass. If they are left out through the winter months they should be provided with an open shed or "hovel" as a protection against the weather, and may be given New Zealand rugs if necessary. Horses should also receive a certain amount of food extra to that which they can get for themselves, which food should be of a warming nature such as beans or maize. If the time is available it is a good plan for a man to spend half an hour in the morning cracking a whip in the middle of the field, this will keep the horses galloping around and will provide them with valuable exercise and also keep them warm. The effect which this small amount of exercise, coupled with "hardening" food, can have has to be seen to be believed; after a few weeks of this treatment the horses will be half fit.

Now for the horses which it is decided to bring up for immediate use. Since there is more than a chance that the Army will require more horses, if not for the Western Front for use in some other part of the world, the owner with the interests of

his country at heart will see to it that the horses which he brings in and conditions are the horses which will be of most use to the authorities, should they be required. His care should be to see that those of his horses which he thinks will be suitable for military purposes, and which are unlikely to be of any value as breeding stock, are brought in and put to work so that, when they are needed, it will be possible to hand them over at once fit and ready for the rigours of a campaign. It would be a very good thing if the War Office would issue immediately a description of the type of animal which they require, so that now, when owners are making their selection, they can have the benefit of official guidance.

From information which has already been received it is the rather small, "cobby" type of horse which the Government want, and if this is correct it is a type of horse which will fit in well with the general requirements of foxhunting; Masters of Hounds in making their choice along these lines will be suiting not only the Government, but also themselves, by bringing in for immediate use such horses of this type as they may own. It is unlikely that many packs will have allowed themselves the luxury of cub-hunters this year; to do so would have been to incur the expense of getting two lots of horses fit, and the cost will hardly be off-set by the prices which the cubhunters are likely to command at the time when they would ordinarily be sold. The smaller hunters which have been brought up for cubhunting can now go on for work during the regular season. This may involve some strain, especially if the "going" is bad, but there will always be the other horses which are being left out at grass. If the procedure which has been recommended is carried through, and these horses should be required about Christmas time to fill the gaps made by unsoundness, they will be half fit, and it will not require very much time or work to bring them up to hunting trim.

The above is an outline of a procedure upon which hunt horses can be managed in such a way that the maximum of usefulness may be obtained with a minimum of expense, but it will be noticed that through it runs a strain of "if" and "but." The fact of the matter is that many points which are of vital importance to horse-owners have not been clarified by the Government. Dealers do not know where they stand, breeders do not know what to do, and horse-owners, generally, can only make a series of guesses. The light horse is a very important asset to this country, not only in time of war but also in time of peace, when the amount of money which he is directly responsible for turning over is very large; surely those whose business and interest it is to serve this trade are worthy of some sort of recognition and consideration.



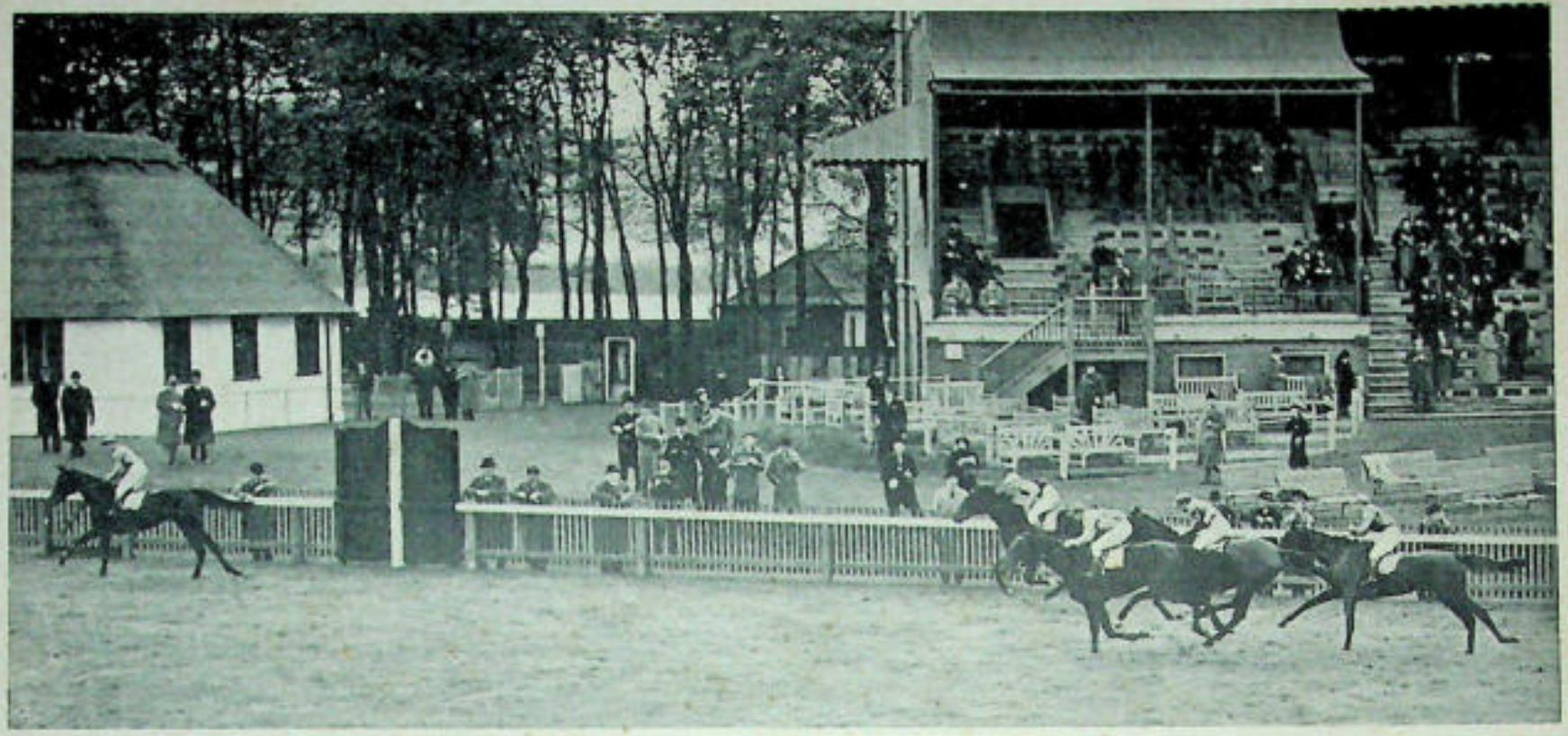
CHANGING TO ANOTHER COVERT. THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS NEAR CROWLE

Since the Army no longer takes an active part in the horse-breeding activities of the country, it would be for the general good if some sort of council were to be appointed. This council need not be very large, and need incur no expense other than that for correspondence and postage, and possibly the wages of a full-time secretary. It could be constituted of a few well-chosen people with a wide and accurate knowledge of the horse, and particularly of the horse trade; its business would be to act in the closest co-operation with the military authorities and the horse-owning and horse-using public. It would bring to its task not only the abilities of its members, but could also enlist the support of existing societies, and could thereby exercise a control which would ensure that there should be no wastage either of effort or of material.

Horses cannot be manufactured like golf clubs, they must be bred, and carefully bred at that; it takes time to produce them, and even after the lapse of that time the horses will only be good if care has been taken to preserve in the country a sufficient number of first-class animals to provide a foundation for future breeding activities. The selection of those animals is a highly technical business, and one which can only be carried out by people with experience. The services of such people should be enlisted now, before the damage has been done, and while they can still approach their very important task with sufficient time in which to become thoroughly acquainted with the whole position, and to decide upon a proper and logical course of action. Now is the time, before the majority of people have had serious inroads made upon their horses, and before any very large demands have been made for horses for military purposes.



THE FIELD MOVING OFF AFTER THE MEET OF THE ALDERSHOT DRAGHOUNDS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON NOVEMBER 1ST



SIR ALFRED BUTT'S CANTATRICE II WINS THE CESAREWITCH IN EASY STYLE FROM MR. F. HASLAM'S CHEERFUL STAR AND MR. J. BANK'S BLACK SPECK



LEADING IN THE CESAREWITCH WINNER, D. SMITH UP

A GLANCE AT THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS

THE general opinion is that the two-year-olds of this season have been a poor lot. There are not as a rule any tests for horses of this age more instructive than the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket. This year the Champagne Stakes was abandoned and the original entries for the Middle Park were also cancelled owing to the war. A substitute Middle Park Stakes was opened and duly decided last week. All things considered it fulfilled its purpose as well as possible, but it was not the real thing. If there had not been any war, and the original entries had stood, the field would have included several good or very promising two-year-olds who were not re-entered.

Drastic decisions were taken by many owners as soon as the war started and before anything definite was known about the resumption of racing. The Rose of England colt, for one, was immediately taken out of training. To obtain a satisfactory test of the best two-year-olds it was necessary to see him and Stardust and some others run again, and that has not been possible.

Whereas Stardust took part in the Gimcrack of six furlongs—and was then a length inferior to Tant Mieux at even weights—the Rose of England colt has not run over that distance, though he won the July Stakes at Newmarket over the New T.Y.C. (5fur. 140yds.) with its easy downhill finish. There are many who think that he would not have been as brilliant at six furlongs as he was at five, but as it is improbable that Mr. Arthur Fawcett, the Jockey Club handicapper, will attempt to give the Middle Park winner, Djebel, a place in his Free Handicap he is likely to allot top weight to the Rose of England colt.

The Free Handicap is framed for a race to be run the following spring, when the horses concerned are three years old. The distance of it is seven furlongs. I am certainly not one who doubts the ability of the Rose of England colt to stay that course when the time comes, and if I had to back one for the Two Thousand Guineas now he would be my choice. He has been a wilful, unruly colt this year, and I believe that it was his habit of bolting for home after parting company with his rider at exercise that induced Mr. Marriott, the keeper of Newmarket Heath, to order the construction of the new wooden rails, placed in maze-like fashion near the Bury Road, opposite the Severals.

This is the spot where the Rose of England colt dashed riderless on several occasions across the busy and slippery main road at the risk of his own life and the safety of pedestrians and motorists. Whether or not the fence, with its indirect openings, was erected for his special benefit or not, the locals have named it "Basil's Gap," in allusion to his trainer, Basil Jarvis. For a considerable part of the season the colt was afflicted by a skin complaint, and it is easy to understand the anxiety he has caused. Seemingly, his brilliant form has been displayed in spite of unfavourable factors. He is not my idea of a Derby horse, because of his temperament and free style of galloping, but it is not easy to find among any of his contemporaries one that could be hopefully backed for next year's Derby, be it run at Epsom or Newmarket.

I have thought ever since Ascot that Frank Butters will probably train another Derby winner next season, though which of his colts, notably Turkhan, Stardust, Moradabad and Jindani, is the most likely to bring him this triumph, I cannot even guess.

Stardust has not kept a straight course at the finish of most of his races. His prospects may reasonably be discounted by this fact, but his staying potentialities as a classic colt cannot be doubted from his breeding. He is by Hyperion out of Sister Stella, the dam of Ankaret, a good filly who should have won the Oaks, though Quashed caught her on the post and beat her by a short head.

Turkhan and Maradabad both ran wretchedly in the Middle Park Stakes, and the former's record shows clearly that he was far below his best on this occasion. He is by Bahram out of Theresina (the dam of Shahali, who was a good two-year-old). Turkhan, beautifully made and a size smaller than Moradabad, is certainly much to be preferred to the unnamed Bahram colt, out of Trustful, who also gave a very moderate display in the Middle Park Stakes.

Djebel, the winner, came from France, where he was bred. Presumably he will remain in England until more is known about racing in both countries, though he is not engaged in the classics. He is by Tourbillon out of Loika. As his sire is by Ksar out of Durbar, by the 1913 Derby winner, Durbar II, he is not eligible for entry in the General Stud Book. The pedigree of Durbar II traces back, comparatively close up, to an unknown mare. For all that, he is undoubtedly a colt of high merit, and as to his make and shape such a famous judge as the Hon. George Lambton backed him, as he said, "simply on looks." Tant Mieux, second in the Middle Park Stakes, was sold recently by Mr. Peter Beatty and Prince Aly Khan—who owned him jointly—to H.H. Maharajah of Kolhapur. This colt was also bred in France, being by Asterus out of Tantine, by Solario. He is compact and "set," and does not look as if he will improve much as a three-year-old if he remains in this country.

Another small one of great quality, in the Hyperion filly, Godiva, was third, after losing a few lengths at the start. She whirls her tail so frequently that in the summer there were very few hairs left on it, but she had more to show last week, which may mean that she has not been using her appendage quite as violently recently and that she is less irritable. She was certainly less troublesome at the gate, though inclined to be upset by the sustained unruliness of one or two neighbours, notably Snow Way. I doubt if any filly will be placed higher than this one in the Free Handicap, but the top three places seem assured to the Rose of England colt, Tant Mieux and Stardust. This official assessment of the relative merits of the two-year-olds will be published early next month.

Many thought before last season's Cesarewitch that the French colt, Contrevent, had been handicapped with dangerous leniency, and he duly proved it. This year it was made manifest to everyone when Cantatrice II won the Melbourn Plate, after the weights for the Cesarewitch were published, that she was the most striking "handicap certainty" presented to the public in connection with this race since Sanctum, the "good thing" of 1916. Her easy four lengths victory showed that she could have won with another stone on her back.

Cantatrice II has won five of her seven races this season, and will not run again. Sir Alfred Butt, who bought her in France last autumn, has not yet selected a mate for her, but he intends to put her next season to some good stallion whose best distance was a mile or a mile-and-a-quarter. He wants to combine a strong element for speed with the mare's stamina. Her two distinguished half-brothers, however, were mid-distance horses, William of Valence winning the Chesterfield Cup, Rosebery Stakes and City and Suburban—all of a mile-and-a-quarter—and Le Ksar the Two Thousand Guineas. Cantatrice II starts her stud career with credentials which in ordinary times would give her an exceptionally high value.

YEOMAN.

RUNNERS AT NEWMARKET'S SECOND WAR MEETING



THE FINISH OF THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS
M. Boussac's Djebel, C. Elliott up, winning from Yant Mieux and Godiva. The winner comes from France, where he was bred



CANTABRUS II BEGINNING HIS RACE FOR HOME
The Coronation winner is on the left, with Fulano on the right and Morar second from the right



RACING FOR THE DURHAM PLATE
From left to right : Ortiz, Bold Devil (the winner, in the background), River Prince, and Fioretti



LOOKING OVER THE COURSE DURING THE RACE FOR THE EXNING HANDICAP, WON BY MR. T. F. BLACKWELL'S ANTECEDENT



ON THE COWICHAN RIVER, NEAR DUNCAN

FISHING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

By F. W. GALLOWAY

TROUT fishing on Vancouver Island is not what it used to be. It is with regret that I say so as I am by nature an optimist. On the North American continent such admissions are rarely made, forming as they do bad publicity. The result of the tactics is in the form of a boomerang.

A main cause is that streams from continued advertisement of an interested kind have been over-fished. Much of the fishing has not been on orthodox methods, but has entailed salmon eggs, or spoon and worm. The former method is prohibited, but so long as salmon eggs are displayed for sale by tackle makers, and it is no offence to have such in possession, the task of the wardens is almost impossible. To the purist the use of spoon and worm is just as bad, if somewhat less deadly.

Everyone owns a motor car and remote places on the rivers have become readily accessible. As a last factor add denudation of the forests by incessant logging, and then remember there is practically no such thing as private rights on rivers. It is a free country, and the result is no preservation.

To meet this there is a limit to the daily catch, but in recent years I have never been near it, and that is not due to the fact that I really have not tried. As the years go past I find that it is not the taking of fish which intrigues me, but being out after the odd fish with the chance of making it three or four. Government efforts at restocking depleted streams and lakes have not secured the supply of takeable fish hoped for, as much expense has been misdirected. In my home river, the famed Cowichan and the most renowned throughout the island, some brown trout have survived from the large numbers of fry released at various times, but only in a few restricted localities. If you know exactly where these pools are you may catch a brown trout of good size; on the other hand, you may fish all the season and never see even a small one.

With the exception of this variety, the other species, cutthroat, rainbow and the rare kamloops, spend most of the year in the sea, leaving only minnows and young fry behind. By reason of this habit, due to lack of feed in the rivers, which are mostly swift and rock or boulder strewn, there are times of the year when it is idle to expect a rise from a decent fish. You will find the missing trout a short way off-shore near the mouth of the numerous creeks, but there they have a sufficiency of dainties to render them heedless of a fly.

In the lower reaches of the rivers the winter rains bring down turbid waters which continually sweep away good pools. The number of log jams is decreasing, and with their disappearance go the areas where fish can lie at ease and pick up insects as they fall. I know of one fine stream that has been utterly ruined by a misguided fish-warden having blown up log-jams some years ago, because he thought spawning salmon could not pass up. They have been going up from time immemorial, without any assistance, when the forests were thicker than to-day. Now the feed has gone every pool is filled up with stones and gravel, and there is not a yard where a trout can rest. It is a sombre picture, but not overdrawn.

The inducements that bring in trout from the sea are to feed on the myriad fry in spring, and to gobble up eggs of spawning salmon in autumn. After the last event trout stay on to spawn as the fishing season closes. Many cutthroat do not spawn till late in spring.

I have noticed that the proportion of cutthroat to rainbow in the Cowichan has decreased rapidly in the last two years. Steelhead—the sea-run rainbow—have definitely increased in the same period. But the local open season for them is in winter, and though these grand, fighting fish, averaging about nine pounds, are a joy to the angler, I have reached a stage in life when fishing in icy conditions does not appeal. I fish for pleasure, not for fish.

"SNAGGED" SPINNING TACKLE

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

AS little Tommie blandly remarked, having just dropped a pair of borrowed binoculars overboard to the bottom of the deep blue sea, "Nothing's lost if you know where it is!" Such anachronistic comfort, however, is all the more vexing when, via our line, we yet remain in touch with our "snagged" tackle. And to-day, too, more than ever, with war-time economies necessarily imposed upon all of us, anglers will be particularly loth to lose tackle.

But lose tackle we almost certainly will. The more normal "lie" of pike is near the bottom, so that we have to spin what I might term "dangerously." Similarly with salmon, where the river-bottom is so often a mass of invisible rocks, boulders, &c. In this connection I remember a piece of advice—good though somewhat specious—once given me by a certain Hereford tackle-dealer, who said that if one was not losing baits on the bottom one was not spinning properly!

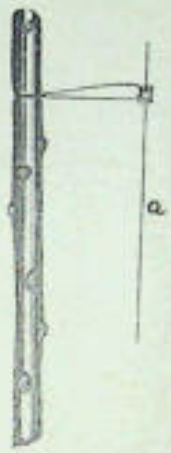
There are, however, one or two dodges to minimise losses. Sometimes we are winners. Often, however, we are losers, to the "bang" of several "saxpences" upon each such woeful occasion.

Naturally, when operating from a boat, the chances of getting "unsnagged" are far greater. By shifting the boat's position we can easily attack from an angle different from or opposite to that in which the bait became caught. Then, again, it might be possible to effect recovery by the direct use of an oar or the punt-pole.

When spinning from the bank, however, release is much more chancy. Operating from below, that is, downstream, gentle persuasion can be tried; a smart rap on the butt, or a direct handpull on the line itself. Where the river is not too wide we might even throw our line across to the other bank by means of some attached weight, and so get an opposite angled pull from there.

The main hope, as I say, is to attack from a different angle from that in which the bait became caught. In still waters it might be possible, by means of attaching a piece of wood to the line and throwing it out beyond the bait, to get a reverse pull. In fast, streamy waters there is more scope. We can, for instance, pay out yards and yards of line, with or without a piece of floating wood attached to it, or with a floating bottle attached, and then, working from upstream of our bait, try a smart pull with the rod. Or, as *Where to Fish* suggested, try slipping a hoop made out of a withy shoot down over the line, to serve a similar purpose.

Another dodge, favoured more particularly by some salmon fishers, is that shown in the attached sketch. Into a chunk of wood, about 15in. to 18in. long, is cut a notch a few inches distant from one end. To this, a loop of cord or string is tied, and to this loop is affixed a spiral of wire, using, say, a home-made spiral, a large split-ring, or, as A. Courtney Williams suggested in his *Fireside Fishing*, a hard pigeon ring.



A BAIT RETRIEVER

In use, this retriever is attached to the line (*a*) by means of the ring. Then, operating upstream, and tautening the line, the retriever is worked down to where the bait is caught. It is here buffeted about by the current in all directions, and, *Hey presto!* the bait is released—perhaps!

Tackle manufacturers, too, have supplied one or two possible—though not too positive!—releasers. There are, for instance, rings to slide down the line. Hardy Bros. list a circular concave wooden releaser with a lead keel for affixing to the line, and this is thrown out to get an opposite pull.

Nevertheless, at best, all these methods are "chancy," and I have sometimes wondered whether someone, hiding his light under the proverbial bushel, may not happen to have hit upon some better and more certain method?

BLAGDON'S FISHING SEASON

The following are the comparisons between the seasons of this year and last:

FISH KILLED.

	Brown		Rainbow		Total Fish	
	1939	1938	1939	1938	1939	1938
May	187	227	72	61	259	288
June	112	188	45	152	157	340
July	94	78	64	112	158	190
August	62	118	21	50	83	168
September	54	147	26	47	80	194
Oct. 1st to 15th	60	41	34	20	94	61
	569	799	262	442	831	1,241

	1939	1938
Total weight	1,909lb. 3oz.	2,534lb. 6oz.
Average weight	2lb. 4oz.	2lb. 4oz.

Trout Killed Weighing 4lb. and Over.

Brown

	1939	1938
May	1 average 4lb. 0oz.	1 average 4lb. 0oz.
June	.....	1 average 4lb. 7oz.
July	2 average 4lb. 5oz.	.....
August	1 average 5lb. 5oz.	1 average 5lb. 0oz.
September	1 average 4lb. 4oz.	2 average 4lb. 9oz.
Oct. 1-15	6 average 4lb. 6oz.	3 average 4lb. 8oz.
	11	8

Rainbow

	1939	1938
May	.....	.....
June	.....	.....
July	2 average 4lb. 15oz.	1 average 4lb. 2oz.
August	.....	.....
September	1 average 4lb. 4oz.	1 average 4lb. 0oz.
Oct. 1-15	3 average 4lb. 6oz.	.....
	6	2

	1939	1938
Total trout killed weighing 4lb. and over	17	10
Heaviest brown trout killed	5lb. 6oz.	5lb. 3oz.
Heaviest rainbow trout killed	5lb. 7oz.	4lb. 2oz.

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

OUTSIDE the mess after dinner in Northern India, somewhere near the frontier hills, the late September air is positively cool, the thermometer being down in the lower 70's; for the heavy thunderstorms of the last week have brought down the temperature by 20 degrees, and the feeling that the hot weather is over brings content to the figures dimly visible in long chairs behind the glow of various forms of tobacco.

A swelling chorus of loud clanging cries comes from the north, dark forms drift across the moon, and as the clamour dies away southward the last-joined asks what birds these may be.

"Kunj, Boots. Grey cranes. And you may thank Heaven to-night that the cold weather is near," contentedly replies the adjutant.

Another voice speaks from the darkness.

"What about sending for that squint-eyed shikari and telling him to look round for sand-grouse in the Zindai Khwar. Some of the pools should be full now, and they may be watering there again?"

"Good idea, there may be some teal there too." Boots, the generic term for the last-joined, listens with his ears cocked well forward, being the proud possessor of a gun whose barrels have never been dirtied, and is suddenly aware that the second-in-command is addressing him.

"Boots, would you like to come out after quail with me next Thursday?"

A kindly thought, for quail are straight fliers, so not too difficult, while Boots will be taught how and how not to hold a gun, and quietly reproved with the unquestioned authority of an experienced shot for any misdemeanour—such as endangering the life of a fellow sportsman through excitement.

He accepts with delight, they rendezvous at the mess at 6 a.m. with 50 No. 8's apiece, and by the time they have got back with some 30 quail, of which Boots has shot five, he is well on the way to becoming a sound performer with a scatter-gun; which infers that he is not a danger to his neighbours when walking up birds in line.

September and the grey cranes together usher in hopes of big bags, and the quail serve to get one's eye in in the north; while already farther south the flocks of green parrots which stream, screaming in chorus, over the roadside trees every evening, have given good practice and some excellent pies.

A culinary hint about the quail. After cleaning them, push a green chilli into the vacancy; then hang several at a time by short pieces of string from a stick, drop them into a saucepan of boiling water for three-and-a-half minutes, lift them out and serve with plenty of bread sauce.

Teal may be found anywhere in September, but are chancy, being ever on the move. One September day I was lunching near the top of the Burzil Pass, on the Gilgit Road and 14,000ft. above sea-level, when I saw four black specks flying rapidly up the valley from the north—teal on their way to India. The gun lay handy, and I scored a double; rather a rough welcome to India for the teal, but a very nice change of diet for me.

In October the weather gets much colder, and, if possible, the gun should be taken to the hills; for the migrant game has not yet arrived in any numbers in the plains, and the crisp mornings at 6,000ft. to 8,000ft. are just made for the pursuit of Himalayan pheasants or chikor. Then, here and there, a woodcock will flap and swerve away amongst the ilex trees from out of some damp hollow, bringing memories of misty days at home and the beaters' cry of "'cock!"

One summer we had a bungalow in Kumaon, and my last October morning with the gun was such as rejoiced my heart, though the bag was small.

There was a frosty nip in the air as we left the house, and the rising sun was tipping with gold the great peak of Nanda Devi across the valley of the Sarju, as we dropped downhill through a derelict tea estate, the tea bushes almost buried in bracken, where Bruce flung away into the tangle to push out a couple of hill partridge, one of which I shot. Then down another 300ft. to where the path margined a little patch of cultivation in which some kalij pheasants were having a scratch meal; as they flustered back into the forest an old cock staggered to my first barrel, then, at the second, pitched dead into a deep ravine, with Bruce galloping hard for the spot. A hundred yards further down Bruce rejoined me with the bird, and I cached it and the partridge in a handy split in a deodar trunk.

Another furlong and we came on to the main pack road to Tibet, and using it for another 500ft. of descent met two large caravans of goats and sheep carrying little nobbly sacks of potatoes; the bells of the leading animals tinkling musically and their duffle-robed, bonneted owners uttering piercing whistles as they drove them along, tapping eaters of wayside snacks back on to the way with long sticks.

Down again, then off the road and a steep scramble down through bushes into a little valley, a trickle of water glinting through the trunks of the sycamores which filled the bottom. A sure find for pheasant and a likely haunt of woodcock; but the first bird was neither.

Too quick for a shot, a Himalayan solitary snipe rose out of the brooklet 40yds. ahead, and on being followed up rose again out of range, then swung up and came back swerving through the treetops to be missed with both barrels—one in front and one behind.

Bruce looked a bit disgusted, then suddenly dashed off into a thicket of brambles and out came four pheasants, a cock, hard hit, planing down into a still bigger thicket 100yds. up the opposite side. A runner, and the Labrador was after it immediately; but the undergrowth was so dense that the bird had too big a start, and knowing



CHIKOR

Allied to the French and Barbary partridges, and the principal Himalayan gamebird

that a panther lived in just that part of the valley, I reluctantly called him back. A sad beginning for the best bit of ground, which was bound to be thoroughly disturbed by now, and the birds well up the hillsides instead of feeding in the damp hollows.

As I expected, the next quarter of a mile was blank, and I reached the head, where the valley split up into little gullies, without getting another chance. But there was a patch of sodden dead leaves there on which we advanced with caution, Bruce pushing his nose into the back of my knee every few paces. Caution was justified, for 20yds. away a woodcock rose from the little bog, swung to the right to attempt to escape down the valley, and Bruce was bringing him to hand ten seconds later.

Enough, we had triumphed; and we climbed back to the park road and started for home. Within 100yds. we came to a little re-entrant, and Bruce stopped at the gully at the inside of the bend, sniffing and peering upward, until I told him to "Push it out."

Up he scrambled, a woodcock rose from a bed of dry leaves at the top of the bank and was dead before it had gone 5yds.

Then the climb to the house, the pheasant and partridge being collected on the way, and by 10 o'clock I was attacking the porridge which led to the buttered eggs, and Bruce was wolfing a piled plateful of biscuits and bones on the verandah.

Four birds only, but two of them woodcock, so that was a good morning.

Chikor, so like French partridge, are grand shooting, and driven across a valley give shots which test the best performers in the land. One morning with them in the Liddar Valley I look back on with mixed feelings. I stood in a narrow and very steep ravine, while a couple of villagers walked down either crest throwing stones. They had said there were many chikor there, and, for once, a Kashmiri was truthful. The coveys came down like bullets, swinging round corners and dropping in a series of curves which made the shooting more difficult than any I have ever had. I bagged five and lost two more, which fell far below me; but I had expended 40 cartridges in ten minutes, and the last bird I killed hit me right amidships and nearly put me out of action for good.

More than 150 birds must have gone over me, and I ought to have bagged a lot more; but my expectations had not risen to more than 50, and the continuous rush of birds appearing round an angle 30yds. above me, the yells of the beaters, and my frantic efforts to reload quickly, did not conduce to that cool, calm and collected frame of mind, which is essential to good shooting from the insecure stance of an undersized rock. Still, I can never hope to have another hot corner like that, and while I have my excuses I also have my regrets.

Himalayan pheasants driven by half-a-dozen beaters from 300ft. above one present the same sort of problem, though not in the same numbers, as they come hurtling down the mountain-side; a monal piping shrilly as its iridescent blue coat glistens in the sun to every turn of its descent, or a chir, dropping and swerving through the pines like a grey meteor, is a target about as easy to hit as a whizzbang grazing the top of the knoll behind which one is sheltering.

November cannot be better spent than in Kashmir, setting forth down the Jhelum from Srinagar in a small houseboat about the last week of October, with the storm clouds piling up above the western hills beyond the Sind Valley.

A wild night with rain lashing the windows, chenars being stripped of the last of their red-gold leaves by a furious gale, and wavelets smacking against the side of the boat as the boatmen hammer the mooring stakes still deeper. Then the morning with snow lying on the hill-tops and ragged strips of cloud fleeing before the wind, while bunches and strings of duck fly in every direction against the rain-washed sky. A great V of geese drops honking into the Maharajah's preserve at Hokra, and another slants down in the direction of the distant flats by the Wular Lake; all the duck in the world seem to have come down from Central Asia and be uncertain where to alight.

This is the time for the little flooded patches and reedy ponds, which should be prospected in daylight for feathers and other evidence of nightly visitors. Satisfactory evidence having been obtained, a central position, seated on a folded ground-sheet, is occupied before sunset; white clouds in the west and a three-quarter moon being the most favourable conditions.

At sunset there will be strings of duck flying high and seemingly without plan, which are watched with too great interest until there is a whoosh as half-a-dozen teal come dropping in at 100 miles an hour, see the seated figures and zoom frantically at a speed and angle apt to defeat the best of shots. To the hurried firing of both barrels they leave one of their number behind, which bird has had the worst of luck.

The combination of mud, water and wild duck has driven Bruce frantic with ecstacy, and having retrieved the unlucky teal he careers around until a mallard slides in and comes down with a noble splosh; he gathers it, then stands trembling with suppressed energy and excitement until the birds follow more rapidly and he is kept busy.

The duck are mostly mallard and gadwall, with as many teal, at these flooded patches; but just as it is getting too dark to carry on a pintail is brought down. Then the trudge back to the houseboat, with the "whew, whew" of wings passing overhead, and now and then the flutter and quacking of a bunch of mallard, a hot bath, and a dinner such as would please the most greedy or the most fastidious, for the Kashmiri owner of a houseboat is usually an excellent cook and supreme with duck.

Some days a rise in the black of the frosty morn, and a trudge in the dark to a bit of high ground on the line of the morning flight to a jheel, will give a hot half-hour's shooting; at half-seen pochard to begin with, then, as the light improves, the bigger duck come over much higher and one longs for 32-inch barrels and 3-inch cartridges.

A fortnight can be well spent moving to a different centre every three or four days, with sometimes good snipe ground handy and occasionally the low hills which hold chikor within an easy walk.

Then, as the sportsman travels down to the plains again, and the car passes along the 40-mile avenue of naked poplars which stretches from Srinagar to Baramulla, there will be string after string of duck flighting southward high overhead, making for the marshes and rivers of the Punjab, giving assurance of more good sport at the far end of his journey.



HOUNDS BREASTING A HILL AFTER THE FIRST KILL

BEAGLING IN THE WEAR VALLEY

By ROBERT COLVILLE

THERE are some rivers which have an amazing habit of presenting themselves to the uninitiated traveller when he least expects to see them, and when, in point of fact, he thinks he is miles away from their waters. I imagine the River Cherwell, in Oxfordshire, must hold the palm for this peculiarity, but certainly the Wear runs it a close second. Anyone can understand it on the map—as when it is clearly seen to encircle the Cathedral in Durham, but let the stranger walk through the Banks near that "Half Church, half castle 'gainst the Scot," and the Wear will completely bewilder him.

However that may be, the country through which it chooses to flow is wholly beautiful and often varied. This is especially so in the country hunted by the Wear Valley Beagles. It seemed to me to be very similar to the territory hunted by the Braes of Derwent, which lies to the north. There is a good deal of moorland and pasture, a certain amount of plough and some tracts of woodland.

I know the Braes of Derwent country only around Barley Hill, and my impression of that part was that there was really too much woodland. Further south the woods thin out a little, and the landscape is one of undulating hills with farmhouses here and there, and some scattered woodlands relieving the bleak and rolling moors. It has an air of remoteness which is very engaging at the present time.

The pack was formed in 1919, in which year Mr. J. J. Dewey was Master. After several changes the present Master, the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare, took office in 1930. The huntsman, Norman Sisson, has carried the horn for nineteen seasons.

Hounds are kennelled at Stanhope. There are ten couples of S.B. beagles, and even the brief glance I could give them was sufficient to show me that they were an extremely level pack of 14in. to 15in. One bitch I especially liked was Gypsy, a hound with really good shoulders and legs, a strong back and the real beagle look in her eye.

I am indebted to Norman Sisson for some notes on the breeding of the pack. A start was made with four hounds—Cardinal, Challenger, Climber and Cromer—by Clinker (who was by Tatler) out of a Newcastle and District bitch. Then Milady ('10), who was later responsible for some really fine puppies, came from the Trinity Foot, and Mavis ('15) from the North Tyne. These hounds were bred from, and in 1924 eighteen hounds were entered in the Stud Book. Music, a third season hound, was by Cromer out of Milady, and Warboy, Woodman, Workman, and Wagtail, all second season, were by Warrior out of Music.

The puppies came from three matings. Trumpeter and Milady produced five puppies, among whom was Royal, one of the best hounds ever in the Wear Valley Kennels. He ran for thirteen seasons and sired many excellent puppies. Fowler ('23) and Wagtail produced five puppies, and Fowler and Music three. In 1925 Wolverston Garnet ('19) and their Milady produced Vandyke, Victor and Vanity, of whom Vandyke proved an excellent hound who hunted well for twelve seasons.

From 1925 until now these hounds have been bred from, and there have also been crosses from other packs, among which are the West Cumberland, the Wolverston, the Ampleforth College, the Stoke Hill and the Ecclesfield. The best dog to-day is Victory, by Vandyke ('25) out of Beauty ('31), and the best bitch is Gypsy out of W.V.B. Barmaid. Another bitch out of Gypsy who caught my eye was Welcome.

A general and reassuring reflection was inspired by a visit to these kennels. Everyone is agreed that hunting will go on, but there is an equal absence of doubt that there must be very great economies both now and after the war. Some people have thought that hound breeding and performance must suffer. While this is probably so to a certain extent, a kennel like the Wear Valley's proves that there is no need for despair. For here is a well-bred, level, good working pack, a pleasure to look at and a delight to follow, and yet the total cost of running the Hunt is very slight. The situation is, of course, much more difficult in a foxhunting establishment, but I could not help feeling that this kind of pack is one of the mainstays of hunting hopes for the future.

Hounds met near Eastgate, at Horsley Hall, by invitation of the President of the Hunt, Mr. Hilyard. There was quite a large field out, which included some evacuated children, but petrol rationing kept a good many people away. It is also likely to keep hounds away from some of the more distant meets.

It was a dry, sunny day, and prospects of scent did not appear to me to be very good. Actually it was quite good to begin with, but deteriorated during the afternoon. I had an opportunity, however, of admiring the way in which hounds were not only encouraged to hunt on their own, but also proved themselves well able to do it. I do not think the huntsman lifted them once.

In spite of a scarcity of hares, hounds put one up almost at once, and an enjoyable hunt of some half-an-hour followed. The hare was killed just before she arrived at some woods, which was a matter for congratulation. The evacuees were duly blooded. The *Field* has already pointed out the advantages which may follow this opportunity for town-bred children to see for themselves a sport of which they have heard so much.

Hounds then drew along some moorland, and a second hare was, unfortunately, chopped in about 50yds. She would not take the wall, and presumably did not know where the nearest moot was. Although it was a pity, I do not suppose that she would have given us a very good run. After that, scent seemed non-existent, and hounds were taken home about 4.30.

They had worked exceedingly well and, with the exception of one hound who seemed to me to be too fast, they worked as a pack. The Master and huntsman are certainly to be congratulated on having bred and hunted a pack so excellent in the hunting field, and made up of hounds which are level, well suited to the country in which they hunt, and often of very considerable merit from the show angle.



THE END OF THE HUNT



NOVEMBER, FALLING LEAVES AND PHEASANTS—A HAMPSHIRE SHOOT AT OAKLEY HALL NEAR BASINGSTOKE. THE GUN IS MR. C. R. FAIREY, WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF FLIGHT AND SPEED

A WAR-TIME SHOOT

Mixed Sport on an East Anglian Preserve

THOUGH the war has now been on for a couple of months or so, it is still hard to think of it in terms of the 1914–18 crisis. Yet there are in reality so many points of resemblance, so many events that prove the repetition of history. But if the dynamic happenings, the spectacular operations and the heartrending losses that marked the early months of the 1914 business are yet absent from the stage, we all of us wake each morning to the thought that there is something exceptionally wrong in the world.

Especially is this the case in the heart of a big city where the pulse beats are quickened and the hub of existence throbs to an unnatural tempo. There it is impossible to escape from the atmosphere of tension and uncertainty which infects every section of humanity in one way or another. Not that there is any real doubt or lack of confidence in the future, but nothing is normal, nothing is quite as one would like it to be. And one cannot find refuge.

I never thought I should have to link shooting and war again! Nor, I suppose, did many others. Yet here it is, once more. We are back over twenty years. But there is still comfort to be found in field sport, as there was during the most critical days of the old Western Front. Still, who could spend three days in a Norfolk retreat and fail to respond to its atmosphere of peace and seclusion? A place in which almost an army corps could lie undetected by the most hawklike eyes of any aerial observer. A place where the hand of time stays still, as if it had reached a state of stable fecundity. Everywhere is there that sense of continuity which broad acres of fertile land bring. A land which is both snug and yet spacious, stretching away to the wild winds of the North Sea. Remote, unspoilt, utterly rural and yet perhaps unappealing to many an urban dweller.

For here there is none of that "pretty pretty" country which lures week-end picnickers to the home counties, country which is ever dominated by the all-powerful and ever-growing influence of the Metropolis. There is reality in these Norfolk acres of stubble and plough, sugar beets and mangels, swedes and pasture, marshes and dykes, great dense woodlands, scattered spinneys and plantations, half mile belts of oak, ash, beech and elms, jungles of reeds and willows, bare fields and snug fields, ponds, rivers and lakes.

Here and there are mellowed farm houses, half-merged in the landscape and friendly rick yards, piles of beets by the winding roadside, turnings that seem to lead nowhere, the leisurely progress of a cart and horse, a tiny hamlet or a forgotten village. And always in the distance a lofty church tower and stately nave, keeping sentinel over this peaceful land.

One cannot omit passing mention of such magnificent churches. Outstanding relics of an era when buildings were made to do justice to a region of fruitful achievement, these miniature cathedrals have seen the days when the woollen industry flourished in a district which is now entirely agricultural. Constructed of flints which the craft of the knappers ensured would fit each in its own place, they have stood four-square to all the winds of heaven down the years.

Towards the end of last month we turned in through a broad belt of high timber, past the park gates and along a drive bordered by ancient oaks whose acorns must provide ready-served meals for the scores of pheasants that wandered happily over the sward. Below the eight acres of lake glistened in the October sunshine. Dense shrubberies of rhododendrons and undergrowth surmounted by towering spruce and silver firs helped one to conjure up visions of high birds, when properly manipulated later on.

We reach a garden, high walled, of mellowed brick, with wrought iron gates and a clock-towered stable, and passing the gardener's house with its green wooden shutters and a roomy outhouse thatched with Norfolk reeds, which may last as long as sixty years, we turn into a narrow drive bordered by dense woodland, and twisting and turning all the time reach the keeper's home and kennels. Surrounded by covert on every side, this is indeed a sheltered retreat, whether from the winter's wind or the summer's sun. Can there be such a thing as war when a place like this exists? Born and bred on the place, a real professional at his job, the head-keeper seems part of it.

The plan is to do outside coverts so as to kill a few pheasants without disturbing the central woods or park and work in an odd partridge drive, as circumstances permit. A party of five guns and about twenty beaters, we first tackle a low-lying, marshy wood which is driven towards home. We pick up a dozen birds here, mostly easy shots, though one or two come over in November style. Fine heavy birds they are, the result of good living. Another thick, marshy piece is then driven, unshot birds going forward to the next beat. The latter is very thick and an impossible place at the time of year to show one-quarter of what is there. Birds run through or just fly at head level for the most part but some give shots and are bagged or missed, as the case may be. I miss a pigeon, drop a hen which falls in part of the gardens and get a hare which canters towards me up the narrow drive.

After this we do a narrow and comparatively open belt which bordered last summer's rearing field. There is quite a bit of shooting here, as, thanks to efficient stopping, birds have to get up and face the music. But our marksmanship is not always so good as the keeper's tactics. We then walk some open fields and have a couple of short partridge drives before lunch, the beaters bringing a piece of beet across a road and then bringing another piece in the reverse direction. What a boon rubbers must be to these fellows! Nearly everyone is wearing them, guns included.

Lunch in a barn, another little partridge drive and then a long belt which is full of pheasants. They, however, come out largely at the end and are too numerous for the two guns concerned who do their best but have to let a number go.

And so the day goes on until it is time to walk back across the park and discuss the events of the day over tea at the keeper's. Figures are not particularly interesting and in any case they may convey little idea of the enjoyment of a day spent in perfect surroundings and in pleasant company. But our actual bag, if it is worth mention, amounts to ninety-two pheasants, of which forty-three are cocks, eighteen partridges, four hares and three various. The totals on the other days are much the same, though the variety is greater. For there are pigeons and rabbits as well, a woodcock and ten mallard. The woodcock was shot from a low-lying marshy covert that forms two sides of a square. Two were seen, but the other escaped without a shot.

Partridges are certainly strong on the wing this year and reference must be made to a down-wind drive—and there was a wind—when the guns had to stand flush with a low hedge. Never have I seen birds come faster—they were like bullets—and never have I known them harder to hit. Sweeping over and nearly knocking one's cap off, they sped like brown balls at express train rate over the plough behind. What with the tremendous speed, the poor light and drab background, and the fact that they only presented going-away chance, can it be wondered that percentages and reputations were well-nigh wrecked in the twinkling of an eye?

Not the least fascinating episode was the duck shooting. Posted behind shrubberies and other vantage points near the lake half-an-hour before dusk, we had some tall shooting as bunch after bunch of mallard wheeled and turned over the trees. As the light faded, their long necks seemed to become more prominent, their forms a jet black silhouette. Powder was burnt and the bag was small, but there was satisfaction in pulling down a heavy bird right over high spruce and to hear the smack as it crashed on to the placid waters of the lake. It is wonderful what No. 6 and a full choke can do, if held right.

Two cock pheasants, rudely disturbed from their cosy quarters in the shrubbery by this unaccustomed barrage, clattered out past my head uttering vociferous protests. A few late pigeon circled round uncertain where to go. Yet in spite of our unwelcome efforts, I spot a covey of partridges walking sedately towards the upper pond, not a hundred yards away. For they, too, must have their night-cap. A homely touch of domestic bliss.

But *nox ruit* and we wend our way back across the park to the house in the wood. Stillness reigns, except for the owl, and war seems very, very far away.

"SCOLOPAX."

THE LAST STALK: A Memory of Northern Rhodesia

THE news of the Soviet-German pact reached us in Khartoum. Two days later we were in M'Pika and the situation appeared to be at least no worse than it had been a year earlier; so we decided to continue our safari until something happened. I cannot say, however, that the next week or so was exactly carefree. Behind us we organised a runner service to the nearest wireless and on the whole our intelligence worked well.

Northern Rhodesia is still a great game country. It will remain so in inverse ratio to the cheek that is kept on native hunting. Frankly what I saw appalled me. What is wrong? In two words, "native guns." And this in a district that is extremely well administered and whose D.C. is a great game-lover.

The only game which I should say is probably on the increase is the buffalo. All over the country there are great herds of them pointing their mild questioning noses at you. The Black Lechwe, an extremely local species, just as deserving of protection as Mrs. Gray's Sudan Lechwe, are being exterminated wholesale.

But after five days trekking towards the Bangweolo swamps we got into a game country, and on the fifth evening I shot a 17in. sarsabe, the last I shall ever shoot, for one first class specimen is all a reasonable man could demand of *Damaliscus lunatus*.

The next morning we made a new camp and that evening stalked a herd of roan which seemed to hold one or two good heads. Roan are, I always think, the most disappointing of the "Big Five" of African antelope (eland, sable, kudu, bongo and roan). The trophy is out of all proportion to the size of the body. I often think the book of records would do well to classify the length of those enormous ears, before the curve of those often footling little horns.

Their stalking, however, has a certain fascination, for they are found all over Africa in localised outcrops. They are in general very wary, having remarkably good eyesight. Moreover, they have an annoying habit of running with other antelope. My experience has always been that this means trouble. One species stampedes the other. Samaki Salmon probably recalls with relish the bull roan broadside on in a herd of Kongoni that I missed at 60yds. one day in Uganda.

These particular roan were out in the open, with half a dozen puku. There was no doubt whatever who was the master bull, for he was as black as the pit and carried himself with a superb swagger. That solved the everlasting question of cubits, which so overwhelms the big game hunter on occasion, but how to get up to him was quite a different question.



"THE ONLY GAME PROBABLY ON THE INCREASE ARE THE BUFFALO—ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THERE ARE GREAT HERDS OF THEM."

He was, as it were, in a square of about 500 by 500, and the square was on the move after the manner of a Roman Legion. Dotted about this square were some twenty roan and about ten puku, and the master bull kept well in the middle. In the meantime the whole concern was making for a big patch of bush about a mile away, at a slow but steady pace. We were up wind and the sun was behind us, and there was about an hour and a half of shooting light. The time factor is usually the most important in the evening stalk.

Well, the only thing to do was to wait till the sun had sunk sufficiently low behind our backs to make observation in our direction difficult, and then to move on. We sat on an ant hill for half an hour. The tracker was thinking about meat; I am afraid I was thinking about Hitler. With an hour of shooting light it was impossible to wait longer, and we began to advance in echelon towards the herd. They were then about 500yds. away, and I was pleased to see that the puku had got themselves all over to the left. Clearly my policy was to try and drive a wedge into this particular axis.

Accordingly we advanced after the herd and by a piece of extraordinary good luck the puku began to dissociate themselves from their allies. This is, I believe, the habit of axis partners before a determined advance. The puku turned and faced us. What with the sun behind us and the wind in front of us they could not make us out; except that we were excessively evil. They moved towards us, moved back, moved sideways, with the mincing precision of a minuet, and then they could stand it no longer. They lumbered off, with the ungainly motion of their tribe, to join some brethren on the horizon.

The roan turned round and watched them go, while I subsided about 400yds. away from them on to an ant hill. The roan had no doubt about it at all. There was something wrong, and they proceeded to make away at a steady pace. It looked as if any chance I had was gone, and then, Providence delivered the big buck into my hand.

He turned round and looked at the retreating puku, making off to my left. What was taking them off? What mad delight? What wild ecstasy? Or was it just that those puku, which he had fallen in with like Canterbury Pilgrims, were Gadarene puku? Whatever it was, he was not the sort of roan to allow that sort of thing from lesser breeds. He slowly retraced his way towards them, step after deliberate step, his body instinct with enquiry and menace. Every 20yds. he would stop and gaze at the puku, who were now to the rear of my ant hill, and were watching me with a fixed intent.

I covered the roan, and focussed my glass over his horns. A roan is not easy to judge, but I put him at 29in. In a flush of enthusiasm I put him at 30in. He was 300yds. away now and my rifle was rested.

The good light would last about five minutes. I resisted the temptation. Two hundred and fifty yards: two hundred: a hundred and eighty. He slewed round so that I could take him through the shoulder. I am glad to say that he gave one bound and fell dead. I had put his horns a shade high, for he was 28in. Five minutes later the light for shooting was gone. It was a lucky, but thoroughly successful stalk, and it was my last.

Two hours later we were back in camp and there was a messenger waiting. It was the Saturday night and he brought the first news of the Polish bombing. The moon was due to rise at 10 o'clock, so there was time for dinner and a bath. It was very quiet, and the boys were strangely silent, though they can hardly have realised even the broadest implications of the tragedy.

At half-past nine we started and marched right through that weary night till dawn broke, when we found a road and a friendly lorry.

My mind went back over the stalks of the last twenty years. I remembered that first urial at Fatehjang and old Mohomed Khan, and what a triumph it seemed then. I do not think anything that happened since had quite the savour of that urial. I remembered another day some years later, when I crawled about, belly to earth, for four hours after a Tibetan gazelle, and finally brought off a long but rather satisfactory shot. I remember the day that Muzzia and I, after a multitude of tribulations, brought to bay the father and mother of all lions down by the Aingi. I remembered how Frank Phillipps and I scaled a Canadian Everest for my bighorn, and having slept a night on the open hill bore him back in triumph to our camp the next day. I thought of that great Dorset woodland where I had spent so many happy summer days stalking the roe: I thought of Tanganyika and Czecho-Slovakia; of Sweden and the C.P. I even thought of the day I spent at Goering's State shoot at Schorfeide and its elements of *opera bouffe*. And now it was all over. Would I ever stalk again? The moon gave no answer, and certainly nobody else could.

Well they had been good fun those years since the war. There was never a year hardly that the rifle was not out of the cupboard, and I am glad the last stalk was a good one.

M. T. S.

A PAIR OF YOUNG BADGERS · *Photographed by Mrs. Patrick Scott*





LEFT: ONE OF A PAIR OF YOUNG BADGERS, HIS HAIR FLUFFED OUT WITH EXCITEMENT, ENJOYING A WILD ROMP IN THE EVENING. RIGHT: A BADGER DRINKING. HE PADDLED UNCONCERNEDLY STRAIGHT OUT INTO THE STREAM BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO DRINK





LEFT: HAVING RIPPED A PIECE OF DEAD BARK OFF A FALLEN TREE THIS YOUNG BADGER IS EATING THE WOOD-LICE AND GRUBS FOUND ON IT. RIGHT: STRETCHING AGAINST A TREE. HE HAD BEEN ROMPING WITH HIS BROTHER AND SUDDENLY LEFT HIS PLAY TO DO THIS





LEFT: SEARCHING FOR FOOD ALONG THE BANKS OF A STREAM, A MUCH FAVOURED HUNTING GROUND. EVERY INCH OF GROUND IS CAREFULLY INVESTIGATED AND EVERY STONE OR LOG ROLLED OVER BEFORE HE PROCEEDS. RIGHT: EATING A FIND—VERY LIKELY A FROG—ON THE RIVER BANK

SOUTH AFRICA'S FAMOUS POLICE DOGS

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN



TOO YOUNG TO DETECT CRIMINALS YET
Puppies at the De Beer's dog training station, Kimberley

POLICE dogs trained in South Africa are now being used in Palestine to track the Arab terrorists. These dogs are used, on an average, 2,000 times a year in South Africa; they are probably the most efficient "hounds of justice" in the British Empire. There are more than 100 dogs at the South African Police training depot near Pretoria, while scores are at work in country areas throughout the Union. In the cities, motor traffic destroys the scent.

Bloodhounds were tried years ago, but proved failures. South Africa relies on the swift Dobermann, the Rottweiler, the Rhodesian ridgeback (used for lion hunting), the Airedale and the Alsatian. Probably the greatest number of successes have been scored by the Dobermann.

Training starts with "obedience exercises." I have watched the dogs climbing ladders, jumping and swimming to the tune of the trainer's whistle. There is nothing playful in the routine. Most of the dogs appear to realise that they are learning the grim business of following the trail of murderers and thieves. The exercises teach them to tackle a man without hurting him, to guard him when he is down. Never a bark is heard until the dog has found the man.

It takes three years to produce an efficient police dog, and his life in the service after that is usually seven years. Puppies showing no particular aptitude are destroyed. Police dogs are never sold, though many must be worth £100 or more.

Leda, a famous police dog, has tracked dozens of wanted men. One dog traced a man for 136 miles. Another picked up the scent from the footprint of a native suspected of murder. The trail led to a hut filled with black people miles away. But the dog ignored everyone and sniffed at a blanket. After a consultation, the police decided to start all over again. A second time the dog stopped at the blanket. This time the police accepted the clue, and asked where the man was who had slept in the blanket the night before. The suspect was found in a neighbouring town, and in the end he was hanged for the murder.



TRAINING A DOG TO "MAKE AN "ARREST"
The man wears a padded coat so that the dog can grip the leather sleeve

Dogmasters, as the detectives in charge of dogs are called, are volunteers from the force. They go to the depot, train a pair of dogs, and then take them out into the country on regular duty. It is essential that there should be close understanding between the dogs and the men who handle them.

It is often stated that the female is cleverer on the scent than the male, but this belief has not been confirmed by experience in South Africa. Females have remarkable achievements to their credit, but so have the males.

Males are named after famous South African politicians—Botha, Smuts, Hertzog, Havenga, and so on. Females have the names of actresses, such as Olga, Rita, Colette and Sybil.

Police dogs are used on the diamond fields of Kimberley to guard the open areas of "blue ground," where diamonds are found in the open. Barbed wire is not enough when a fortune lies under the sky. At one time the fences were patrolled at night by a corps of 50 men. Now four men and a pack of dogs do the work more effectively. Diamond raiders, it seems, fear dogs more than armed men. The mere presence of the dogs is a deterrent, and months pass nowadays without a genuine alarm.

The dogs are posted as sentries at all the most important places. There are dogs on sentry-go at the pulsator house, where the diamonds are finally recovered; at the sorting office; and on the "floors" where the diamondiferous ground lies exposed. Some of the dogs are chained to picket lines, with a range of about 100yds. Others, known as "fighting dogs," roam freely and dash to the spot when the picket dog barks. Raiders with revolvers have broken through the fences; but the dogs have been taught to make a man drop any weapon he is carrying. They never bite unless the raider struggles. And the dogs are so cunning that the records show not a single case of a dog injured on duty.

These dogs can leap over burning fences, climb high walls, walk the plank, and obey whistles and other signals. The system saves many salaries, and makes it possible to leave coveted diamonds in the open until the "blue ground" can be passed through the recovery plant.

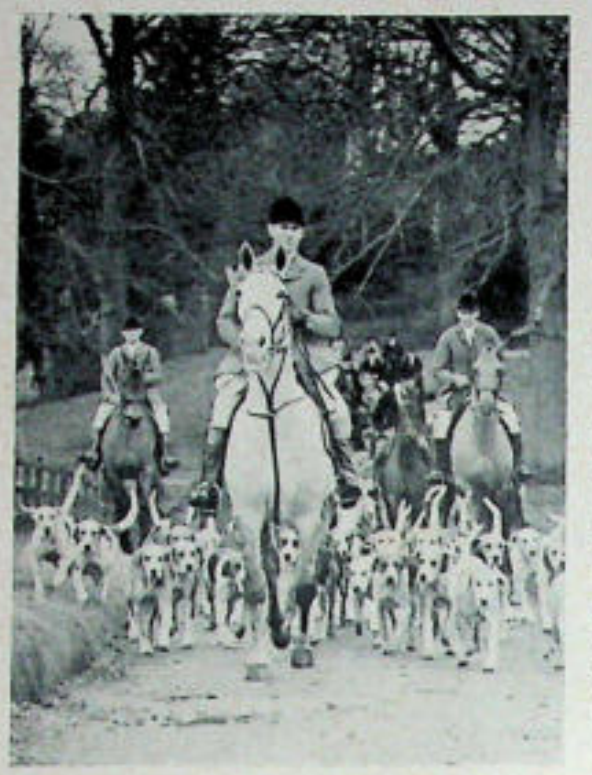
Police dogs were first tried in South Africa as a result of a queer chain of events. First was a memorable crime known as the "Cab Murder." A man named MacIntyre murdered a man named Herbst in Pretoria in 1908. He was brought to justice through the evidence of a fourteen-year-old girl named Kuyper, who was sitting on her swing in the garden on a moonlight night and saw the two men drive past in a cab. When MacIntyre came to trial the defence urged that she could never have recognised him, so the court adjourned on a moonlight night to the Kuyper garden. The judge sat in the swing, the jury looked on, and the same cab was driven past. The judge held that the girl could have recognised the murderer.

During the detective work the girl's father came into contact with the police for the first time. He was a great dog-lover, and he suggested to the police that dogs should be used to track wanted men in South Africa as they did in Germany. He was introduced to the Police Commissioner, and produced accounts of the work of the dogs on the Continent.

Promptly the Transvaal decided to start a dog depot with three hounds imported from Holland, and Kuyper was installed as its head. He held the post for 25 years until he died last year.



"CALLING ALL DOGS"



Advice to Young Foxhunters

QUALITIES THAT MAKE A GOOD M.F.H.

The following is the first of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of Kennelman

VERY many years ago Masters of Foxhounds were generally country squires, or else men with local influence.

A considerable proportion of the foxhound kennels had been owned by certain families for long periods, and even where the hounds belonged to the country over which they hunted they were bred under the influence of long continuity of the same management.

In those days rents were good, rates were low, taxes were a fraction of what they are to-day, and death duties had not been dreamt of.

The M.F.H.s of the distant past had been brought up to their duties as such, and were thoroughly conversant with hunting matters.

Latterly, not only have hunting matters become less easy, but it is most difficult to find anybody who is willing to undertake the financial and other responsibilities connected with the post of M.F.H.

It is well known that a Master of Foxhounds seldom receives any thanks at any rate until he retires, and is continually criticised, frequently adversely, especially by those of his field who know least about foxhunting. It is therefore hardly surprising that it is a difficult matter to induce what may be termed thoroughly suitable men to undertake so arduous, expensive, and thankless a task.

His duties are manifold, and the following is meant to describe only some of those when he is actually in the field.

The rôle of a Master of Foxhounds in the field is a difficult and thankless one. To be successful, a Master must be popular, and punctuality is conducive to popularity. He should be a keen hound man. He should have a good temper, and seldom, if ever, be rude. If he knows his business thoroughly, is well enough mounted, and a good man to hounds, he has only to hold up his hand for people to stop when hounds are on the line of a fox. He must, however, anticipate all checks, and hold up his hand long before hounds actually do come to a check. Any cavalry soldier knows how long it takes to halt the best-trained mounted troops from a gallop.

At times some people are simply maddening, and a Master's temper is sorely tried. However, a smile will always help matters. Never be sarcastic: People don't like it. If an individual treats your efforts to keep order with contumely you must go for him. He is certain to have a thick skin. Having spoken, stop at once, and never refer to it again. Try to say something nice to the offender as soon as possible. All hunting discipline is voluntary. It is fatal to be provocative, and a sharp retort which is very rare, is most unpleasant. Although one may be tempted to do so, it is futile to ask questions, *e.g.*, "Where are you going?" "Are you going to catch the fox?" "Why can't you watch hounds?" All questions invite answers. A Master must establish at any rate respect, whereby it is well known that offenders will be justly reprimanded.

But however great the provocation never lecture or bully out hunting.

If you never cart your field, your field will never cart you.

Insist on your huntsman always blowing the correct calls on his horn, otherwise the field becomes restless. For this *vide Hints to Huntsmen*, by Colonel Anstruther Thompson.

Your field should practically always be kept down wind of a covert in which hounds are drawing for a fox. Every opportunity possible should be given to such as enjoy seeing hounds drawing and working to see the hounds at work. If a field is not allowed to see hounds draw or work, a Master cannot expect them to take interest in such things. It is sometimes difficult to allow the field to see hounds properly.

You must assume that people are trying their best to help you, and you must protect the farmers' interests. Anything wilful to the detriment of the farmers, such as ruthlessly smashing fences, &c., must at once be pointed out, sometimes with severity, but always with brevity. It is a mistake to pander to farmers, for any damage to crops or grass or stock is infinitesimal, and if this is accentuated farmers may think that some damage has been done. Farmers generally benefit much by being in a hunting country, which enhances the price of oats and hay and other farm products. Hunting employs large numbers directly and indirectly: all local prosperity helps farmers.

A bad fault which should be forcibly exposed is that of evening riders continually pulling up their horses in front of those who first stopped at a check. A Master cannot afford to tolerate this.

A Master should discuss each day's sport with his huntsman, after the day is over, and can quietly suggest that mistakes have been made, only when these have been obvious. A good huntsman will always admit mistakes: for all make them sometimes, and the best man is he who makes fewest mistakes. A successful Master should be cheerful, and try to say something nice whenever possible.

In these days it is rare to find the ideal M.F.H. who is not a very busy man apart from his duties as M.F.H. Such a man as the late Duke of Northumberland is rare, but if it is possible to induce such a man to take hounds, he is a godsend, and such a man is certain to find those who are only too anxious to assist him in any manner, when his duties outside foxhunting require so much of his attention that he is unable to give as much time as he would like to the actual management of his hounds and hunting country.

Hunting the Fox (by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke) is an excellent and practical book told in simple language. The duties of a Master of Foxhounds, so far as cubhunting is concerned, are so fully dealt with in it that further remarks here are superfluous, and the following quotations are from Chapter II, "Masters of Foxhounds."

"Hounds should never be invited to draw with their mouths open."

"In the open, if a huntsman rides well up to his hounds and has sufficient wisdom and self-control to stand stock-still, well away from them, when they come to a check, then the field will also be obliged to stand still. . . ."

"About seven times out of ten the hounds will hit off the line for themselves, and all goes well again. When ultimately obliged to try his hand at a cast, if he will only make the smallest possible circle first up wind and then down wind with his hounds in front of him, the field may be induced to stand still, because they can see what is going on, and there will be no excuse for following him about when he is casting."

"It would seem . . . that the Master's duty of controlling the field will depend to a great degree upon the technique of his huntsman. He can also make things immeasurably easier for himself if he can prevail upon his field to give him precedence, if he is there in time to claim it, whenever hounds are *not* running."

"It is a mistake to hold up a field at a gate or in a road for a moment longer than it is absolutely necessary."

"In approaching a covert to find a fox . . . the last half-mile at least should be covered at a walk, so as to put the hounds into covert with their mouths shut and to allow the rear of the column to close up."

"An isolated covert in what people call 'the good country' had as a general rule better not be drawn more than once every six weeks. It is better not to go cubhunting at all in a covert of this kind."

A Master should encourage the young to be thrusters and to take their own line; from such come the leaders of men, and these alone can watch hounds when they really run hard, for the majority who complacently acquiesce in the humiliations of a queue can seldom watch hounds properly, although more docile from a Master's point of view.

It is a fine thing to see a young man showing bold initiative and dash, but if a sensitive young man is unduly snubbed he may be choked off for ever, which is a calamity, for only a small proportion are capable of leading.

Peter Beckford wrote: "Eagerness and impetuosity are such essential parts of this diversion (foxhunting) that I am never more surprised than when I see a foxhunter without them. One 'hold hard,' or reproof, unnecessarily given, would chill me more than a north-east wind; it would damp my spirits and send me home.

"The enthusiasm of a foxhunter should not be checked in his career, for it is the very life and soul of foxhunting."

Referring to this, that fine sportsman, Otho Paget, wrote: ". . . Strong language rarely does good, for to the sensitive, and those who are accidentally wrong, it is too severe, whilst to hardened offenders, and those who only hunt for a ride, it makes no impression whatever."

Of course, in these days of wire a young man has more difficulties than in the blessed pre-wire days.

Generally those who ride over the line at a check are not the first flight men, who, unless jealous, will stop and stand still, but those of the ruck who forge on when they should stand still certainly not in front of the leaders.

The above only refers to the rôle of M.F.H. in the hunting field. His other duties are many. He must initiate almost everything connected with his hunt, he must carefully breed his hounds, which is a serious science, and he must also make himself acquainted with the feelings of all landed proprietors in the country, and he must inspire his servants with a feeling of respect and dependence on him. It is a mistake to ask too much for advice. Most advice one receives out hunting is wrong.

It is not only wrong but unkind to try to sponge on any M.F.H. for a mount with his hounds.

Few M.F.H.'s have more than a bare minimum of horses on which to mount themselves properly.

If, however, there is one with sufficient hunters to warrant the risks of mounting guests, he will be well advised not on any account to lend his best horses. It is his duty towards his field to be mounted as well as is possible.

I personally never mounted anybody unless I was laid up, and even then I only mounted a good horseman.

A bad horseman can ruin a good horse in ten minutes.

If guests wish to hunt, let them hire or bring their own horses.

When fixing the meeting places, consideration should be given to those who like to have meets at their homes, but special care should be taken to ensure that every part of the country is hunted regularly, irrespective of those who consider that special attention should be given to what they consider the most conveniently situated and best country.

Some cases have been known where a landed proprietor forbids foxhounds to enter or draw his coverts until after he has shot them.

The following is a fairly safe rule:—

Whenever you come across such a man he is in the hands of his keeper with a narrow mentality. It can do no harm to pheasants if hounds cubhunt a covert. It may drive out some of the hares for a short period. If, however, the coverts are kept quiet for a week or ten days, that is quite sufficient for the shooting. If ever you see hounds drawing a wood or plantation against which pheasants are in a field, you will nearly always see the pheasants fly from the field into the wood that hounds are at the time drawing.

Probably the real reason why some proprietors at the instigation of their keepers prohibit hounds cubhunting their coverts is that in the autumn they will probably draw them blank; nobody likes his coverts to be drawn blank.

If the same coverts are drawn later in the season possibly foxes may have come in from elsewhere. If hounds cubhunt a place, say, September or early

in October, no harm can be done to the shooting, and possibly the pheasants may fly better: and if the proprietor is not a hunting man his coverts can after this be undisturbed until after his first shoot.

On the other hand, hunting people are frequently exceedingly selfish, and some who have no stake in the country in which they hunt are inclined to disparage a proprietor who may not be a hunting man, and knowing nothing about hunting thinks a deal about his shooting. After all, the land is his, and it is by his courtesy that others are permitted to ride over it.

Some shooting folk detest hunting folk, and vice versa. In both cases this aversion generally comes from ignorance and a misunderstanding of human nature.

A good plan in the case of a difficult non-hunting proprietor who is a shooting man is to ask for leave to draw his coverts as early as is possible; then keep hounds out of them until after his first shoot.

Proprietors who prohibit as above are rare and those who prohibit until after their second shoot are even rarer.

If a certain district is short of foxes it is sometimes the case that the huntsman or even the Master says: "What is the good of going to such-and-such: there are no foxes there."

The result of this is that the owners assume that as their coverts are hardly ever drawn there is no necessity for them to preserve foxes.

If such are in a good country, where you particularly require foxes, hunt it as often as possible. Nothing shames people more than when their coverts are drawn blank; and they take care in future to keep foxes.

You cannot expect anybody to preserve foxes if their coverts, especially large woods, are not regularly drawn during the season. A Master of Foxhounds should be most careful about this. It is often a mistake for him to consult his huntsman about this. The Master must see that his wishes and orders are carried out.

If big woods are regularly hunted they generally provide good foxes, but unless regularly hunted foxes gather into them, and smaller and perhaps popular coverts fail to hold foxes.

KENNELMAN

(To be continued)

HUNTING IN WAR-TIME

The following records of war-time changes are additional to those published. We shall be pleased to publish details received from Secretaries of Hunts.

LEDBURY.—This Hunt is carrying on for the present, at any rate for this season, although it is impossible to hunt the whole of the country properly. The pack is reduced to thirty-two couples—most of the others have been drafted. Four of the Hunt horses have been sold to the Army. Colonel Kettle has been able to hunt hounds for a short time in the morning. When he leaves Fred Hoare, kennel huntsman, carries the horn. Up to October 20th hounds had killed ten and a half brace of cubs. A good morning was spent on October 20th when the meet was at the Cottage. Forkhampton Hounds accounted for two brace of foxes and ran with a lovely cry and great drive. On Friday (November 3rd) they had a good hunt with a five mile point. The pack found at the Massey Covert and ran over the Rampings to the Gloucester-Upton road. Crossing this, they pointed for Blacklands, then bore right-handed over Marsh Farm by Harry Green's Gorse to the Stanks. Going through here they held the line over a nasty bit of country and ran out of scent by the Hook road.—L.

MEYNELL.—Cub-hunting started on August 10th and a good supply of cubs have been found throughout the county, over thirty-odd brace being killed up to the time of writing. Unfortunately Captain Maurice Kingscote, joint-master and huntsman, was taken seriously ill towards the end of August with internal hemorrhage and it is feared will not be hunting hounds this year. Sir Ian Waller (joint-master) is serving with the Army, whilst five of the Hunt staff have also been called up, and a dozen hunt horses taken over by the Government. Jack Pickford is whipper-in. L. K. H. has been hunting and show good sport. The joint-masters will do all in their power to keep down the number of foxes during the war and it is hoped hounds will be able to hunt three days a week. The number of hounds in kennel has, it is regretted to be said, been greatly reduced.

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE).—This pack will carry on for the present, reduced to twenty-five couples, and hunting on Wednesdays and Saturdays only. Mr. D. E. C. Price has been joined by Major A. B. Mitchell and will continue to hunt hounds whenever his military duties permit. Captain E. Richards, South Hill, Fairford, is acting hon. secretary in the absence of Colonel Wilson-Fitzgerald on service.

HISTORIC TREES OF EMPIRE

Where Captain Cook Tied the "Endeavour"

By E. R. YARHAM

WE are taking greater care of our historic trees than we did in the past, and considerable sums are often spent in lengthening the life of veterans. Yet time takes its toll eventually, and many a famous tree is now nothing but a gaunt skeleton.

The Earl of Jersey, who owns Osterley, Middlesex, one of the great houses of England, has conceived an unique idea regarding this subject, for just before the war broke out he started to form a collection of trees and plants with historical associations, and it is hoped to welcome to the garden cuttings from historical trees from abroad, especially from the Dominions and the United States, as well as from the British Islands—when life is normal again.

An auspicious start has been made, for the Benchers of Gray's Inn, London, are giving a slip from the famous catalpa tree which Francis Bacon is reputed to have planted in their garden. At Hampstead stands Keats' Memorial House, and a cutting has been given from the mulberry tree which was known when the poet lived there, and beside which, tradition says, he wrote the "Ode to a Nightingale."

Another friend has given some shoots of the famous yew which stood in the courtyard of Whittinghame Tower in the days of the Black Douglas, and under whose shade Darnley's murder was plotted, according to tradition. It is also hoped to obtain an offspring of an apple tree which once grew in Sir Isaac Newton's garden at Woolthorpe.

Then Lord Bradford is giving a seedling of the celebrated Boscobel Oak, which sheltered Charles II when he was fleeing from his enemies, after his defeat at Worcester. Indeed, it would be possible to plant a whole wood with seedlings from oaks renowned in English history, such as the one beneath which Wilberforce decided to make his stand against slavery, and Kett's Oak, under whose branches the Norfolk rebel dispensed rough justice. Some of these oaks already have descendants in various parts of the world.

At Osterley there is already a descendant of the "Napoleon" willows on St. Helena. Two willows hang over the Emperor's original grave, and he asked to be buried beneath them. "In case," he wrote two years before his death, "orders have been given for my body to remain on this island, which I do not think, have me buried in the shade of the willows where I used to rest."

Contemporary letters from the island speak of Napoleon as having frequently breakfasted beneath these weeping willows, and describe how at his funeral their branches were twisted with black cloth, and the ropes, which were to lower his coffin into the grave, hung from them.

The Osterley willow promises to be worthily matched by a cypress, descended from a bough which fell into the street from the Duke of Wellington's funeral car.

There are many other notable trees in the British Isles which might claim a place in the collection of historic trees. A Judas tree, a white magnolia, and a gingko tree flourish to-day in a Hampshire garden, which were brought over 300 years ago from Tuscany by the first Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

It was in the great days of that horticultural curiosity which was to develop so tremendously in the following century to the glory and fame of the English garden. All men's eyes were turned towards Italy, out of which the Renaissance had come. These trees are in the garden of Wick House, at Christchurch, which also boasts the largest maidenhair fern tree in Britain.

At Dulwich, near London, is an Indian beech tree, beneath which, tradition says, Shakespeare used to sit. In 1938 Queen Mary went from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to the hamlet of Little France, just inside the city boundary of Edinburgh, where she planted a sycamore tree by the roadside. The tree is intended to succeed a withered oak standing a few yards away which, according to the local lore, was planted by Mary Queen of Scots nearly 400 years ago, when houses in the vicinity gave shelter to her French servants.

In Norbury Park, Surrey, are yews said to be 2,000 years old, beneath which the Druids performed their rites and where last century the great novelist Meredith walked. It is interesting to learn that Hardy's famous "Greenwood Tree" still flourishes. This is an ancient beech which is to be found adjacent to the keeper's cottage in Yellowham (Yalbury) Wood.

Unhappily, Milton's famous elm at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, beneath which he used to sit, is no more. Age led to decay and so it had to be felled, but about 12ft. of the trunk has been left as a memorial to him.

Another gaunt elm has gone, too. If you want to find its site you must go to Old Sarum, the original Salisbury, and about a mile from that city. Partly owing to political unrest and also due to shortage of water, it was decided to move the city into the plain, and nothing but a heap of mounds remained.

Yet this site continued to send a member to Westminster from 1295 to 1831. The member was elected beneath the Parliamentary Tree, as it came to be called. A stone marks where it stood.

It is impossible to obtain a descendant of that notable tree, but it should be possible to obtain cuttings from two trees associated with Livingstone. Three years back a fierce gale uprooted the almond tree near Kuruman, beneath which Livingstone proposed to Mary Moffat, but "Livingstone's Tree" still stands on an island on the brink from which he first saw the Victoria Falls. He cut his initials on it.

In South Australia stands the remains of the gum tree beneath which the colony was proclaimed in 1836, and at Cooktown can be seen the stump of the tree to which Captain Cook tied the "Endeavour."

NEW LIFE AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE Zoo has now got quite a formidable list of war babies. Shortly after the outbreak of war one of the African crested porcupines in the Small Mammal House, a great favourite with television audiences, gave birth to twins, the usual litter in porcupines. Unlike many burrowing rodents, porcupines are born after a period of gestation which is certainly over two months. Incidentally, the guinea pig is one of the few other rodents which takes so long to produce its young. In keeping with this long period the young in porcupines and guinea pigs are born at an advanced stage with their eyes open, and in the former case, with their quills perfect in proportion though soft and pliable. It takes about a fortnight for these quills to harden, and the survivor of the Zoo's twins is now a miniature replica of its parents.

Shortly after the arrival of the baby porcupines a Brazilian tapir was born. Unfortunately for the public, mother and offspring are housed in the quarantine station, to which access is not permitted. This is due to the fact that the Tapir House is being used to house the great Indian rhinoceros, Felix, who has been forced to move by the demolition of the old Elephant House. The baby tapir is a very interesting sight, since it shows an adaptation also found in other large forest-living vegetable-feeders like pigs. When born it is striped with a very bright pattern of contrasting light and dark. Clearly this enables the young one to hide in undergrowth where, by means of the disruptive pattern of stripes, its outline is broken up. It can thus escape from its enemies (such as jaguars) by concealment until it reaches the stage when it can run or swim as actively as its parents. When this stage is reached the stripes disappear, though in a few aberrant examples which occasionally turn up in Zoos, faint stripes have been found to persist into the adult stage. This is paralleled by occasional full-grown lions, which exhibit the faint leopard-like markings of their early childhood. It can be imagined that if Mr. K. C. Gandar-Dower's spotted lions exist they are a race in which this exceptional condition is the rule.

One of the latest war babies is a Reeves' muntjac, one of the small "barking" deer. These animals have always done well at Regent's Park, and are usually to be found in what is known as the Goose Paddock, an enclosure on the south side of the Regent's Canal, which few members of the public visit.

The war policy of the London Zoo has been made much of in the Press of late. The Gardens at London are, of course, open to the public, but the other Zoo at Whipsnade has been forced by petrol restrictions and many other causes to close for the four winter months. In the London Zoo it is very difficult for the visitor to notice any changes in the stock of animals, except that the Aquarium has been closed and the contents of the Reptile House reduced to a few hardy animals.

Though few animals have been accepted for obvious economic reasons, mention must be made of the recent access of a beautiful monkey-eating eagle from a private Zoo in Devon. This bird (one of the rarest of all eagles) comes from the Philippines and has only once been in captivity in this country before, when a specimen lived for a few months in the London Zoo in 1910. It is housed in the Birds of Prey Aviaries, next door to a harpy eagle from Brazil—a bird which also eats monkeys—and the two make a very interesting contrast.

BRIGHT NOVEMBER DAYS IN THE COUNTRY AND BY THE SEA



WITH THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM, AS HOUNDS MOVE OUT FROM THEIR MEET AT KNEPP CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE HON. MRS. WALTER BURRELL.



LUNCH TIME AT ST. NICHOLAS, NEAR MARGATE, KENT, DURING THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND COURSING CLUB'S MEETING



PHYSICAL JERKS ON THE BEACH AT ST. BEES, CUMBERLAND, WHERE THE BOYS OF MILL HILL SCHOOL HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR



UR OF THE CHALDEES WITH UR JUNCTION IN THE DISTANCE

BY TRAIN, CAR AND PLANE TO UR OF THE CHALDEES

By HUMPHREY WINN

SOON after I had finished reading those enthralling books about travel, history and excavation in the lands of the Old Testament by H. V. Morton and Sir Leonard Woolley, I was lucky enough to be invited to visit an old friend of mine, who had a flying job in Iraq. I had less than one month's holiday. Could I manage it? I decided to try.

Accordingly, I left England not so very long ago, but, of course, before the world was upset, and in intense cold, to catch the Simplon-Orient Express from Paris.

It was here that I received a setback which altered all my plans as it turned out, increasing both the interest and expense of the trip. We reached the Gare de Lyon five hours late, to find that our train had gone. Our coach, we were told, would have to wait in a siding for nearly 24 hours.

While the other disgruntled passengers descended into the keen night air, and the Wagon-Lit man struggled to raise the temperature of our stranded covered Wagon by lighting a fire, which would not draw, and made us choke with the smoke, my mind was busy forming a new programme. I realised that I should lose my connection with the bi-weekly Taurus Express, and that my friend, who was to meet me at Telkotchek on the Iraqi border with a Puss Moth, would be unable to wait. Thus I was bound to be at least a week late at Baghdad. I was determined to enjoy the delay.

On arrival at Stamboul I was met by an Armenian guide who thought he spoke English and refused to leave me. I called him George, and if he was a fair specimen of his race the old Turkish custom is understandable. We had seen The Treasury, St. Sophie, and the Blue Mosque, which must surely be one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, before I was able to give him the slip by jumping on to a pleasure steamer bound for I knew not where.

Picture my surprise when a little later I was landed on Princeps, the island which I had heard was reserved for mad dogs. It is now a health resort and was very pleasant in the warm sunshine.

George was waiting on the quay and whisked me off to the bazaar. I was drinking cups of tea and trying desperately not to buy anything in a shop belonging to a friend of his, when a fine young sample of modern Turkey, who had been serving another customer, greeted me in perfect English with the astonishing but apparently true statement that he used to be reserve goalkeeper for the Arsenal.

Passing as it does through the magnificent ranges of the Taurus mountains, the Asia Minor railway is a pre-war German engineering feat. I could see enough of Ankara, that model capital, to be impressed by the clever town planning, the wide streets, and the imposing white buildings.

As I alighted at Aleppo, the sudden change from West to East was quite a shock. I explored the bazaars, the Citadel, and the lovely old mosque with the hotel "boots," an amusing fellow, who carried an umbrella out of respect for our Prime Minister, before hiring an ancient Vauxhall car to visit the St. Simon Stylite's Pillar. It is interesting in these days of everlasting bustle to think of a man who once sat still for thirty years.

Whilst we sped along the road towards Antisch a thunderstorm raged, turning the last two miles of our route into a sea of mud. The sporting driver put rope on his wheels and slithered on, only to get stuck hopelessly. After vain attempts to extract ourselves we had to enlist the aid of some local Arabs to push us back to the main road. On my return to the hotel I learned that but a few days before an Englishman had been stopped on this very road and robbed of all his possessions, including his clothes, and had had to re-enter the town clad only in the floor mat of his car.

One more night in a train brought me to Telkotchek, at that time the terminus, although now British enterprise has carried the line as far as Mosul. The convoy was ready to take us, myself and a party of Americans bound for the oil fields, across the 60 miles of desert. At this time of year the rainfall is heavy and the mud almost beyond belief.

If up-to-date methods could be introduced here what splendid crops could be grown. With chains on the wheels to reduce the skidding, our six Chevrolets moved off at speed in line abreast, converging from time to time upon narrow natural bridges over the deeper ditches, each Arab driver testing the nerves of his passengers to the utmost in his wild endeavours to get across in front of the others.

It was wonderful what those cars stood, we had to keep the windows shut to avoid the flying stream of slush, and hold on for dear life as we lurched in and out between ancient "Tells," through Bedouin camps, scattering scowling herdsmen, flocks and camels. Every moment our bucking, sliding steed seemed about to reduce itself to a small untidy heap of scrap metal, but actually we got through with only one burst tyre, one broken spring, the collapse of the back seat, and the loss of our silencer on an unobserved boulder. This last mishap brought a happy smile to our driver's face, for had not his silent saloon been converted in the twinkling of an eye to a super sports model.

Mosul, rest house at last, and a very welcome dinner awaiting us. We just had time before dark to look at the vast site of Nineveh and the tiny stuffed fish alleged to be the whale that swallowed Jonah. After supper I was helping a companion to try on a Kurdish costume, when suddenly all the lights went out, and I found as they came on again that I had been whispering into the ear of the villainous-looking tailor, who was fingering ominously the dagger at his waist, in mistake for my friend in fancy dress.

At 6 a.m., two mornings later, I was greeted by my flying friend at Baghdad station. He explained that we had to make a slight detour to his home, because the street he wished to follow was blocked by a fallen house, so great had been the weight of the crowd anxious to see some unfortunate criminal hanged.

A short tour of the City of the Caliphs over, we took off that afternoon to try some photography from the air, and passing low over the holy city of Katemain, with its beautiful golden domed mosque, which no Christian may enter, winged our way forty miles southward to the giant ruins of Ctesiphon by the palm girt Tigris.

Satisfied, we decided to visit Babylon next day, and I was surprised to find, after all I had heard to the contrary, that with the aid of a little imagination some idea of its *size* and splendour in the time of Nebuchadnezzar can still be formed.

It being reported that the tribes round Ur were having their annual battle, we put a couple of pistols in the plane before setting out on the last lap of the outward journey, although I think the risk

to Europeans of physical injury is even slighter than to the contestants themselves.

After a few bad moments over Kut when the engine misfired a few times, we were lucky to spy afar off the black tents and camels of some of the warriors encamped in the sandy waste.

I felt very guilty when I saw that in coming down low to take a photograph we had startled a big black horse, and it would have been hard to blame them if they had tried to shoot us down. Our arrival at Ur Junction, a ghastly collection of corroding corrugated iron shacks, sheds, stores and water towers, set in the featureless flat parched plain created quite a stir, and the local police, thinking that I must be someone of importance, connected with the Railway, seemed extremely keen to be inspected and refused to stop saluting until I lost prestige by taking out the tool kit to change the plugs.

Having lunched at the rest house, we set off on foot for the home of Abraham two miles distant, and I was amazed to find the ground strewn with what appeared to be sea shells.

At first sight there seems no possible reason for there having been a flourishing city here for thousands of years, but no doubt the sluggish river, now just visible on the horizon, with no one to repair the banks for many a long century, has changed its course.

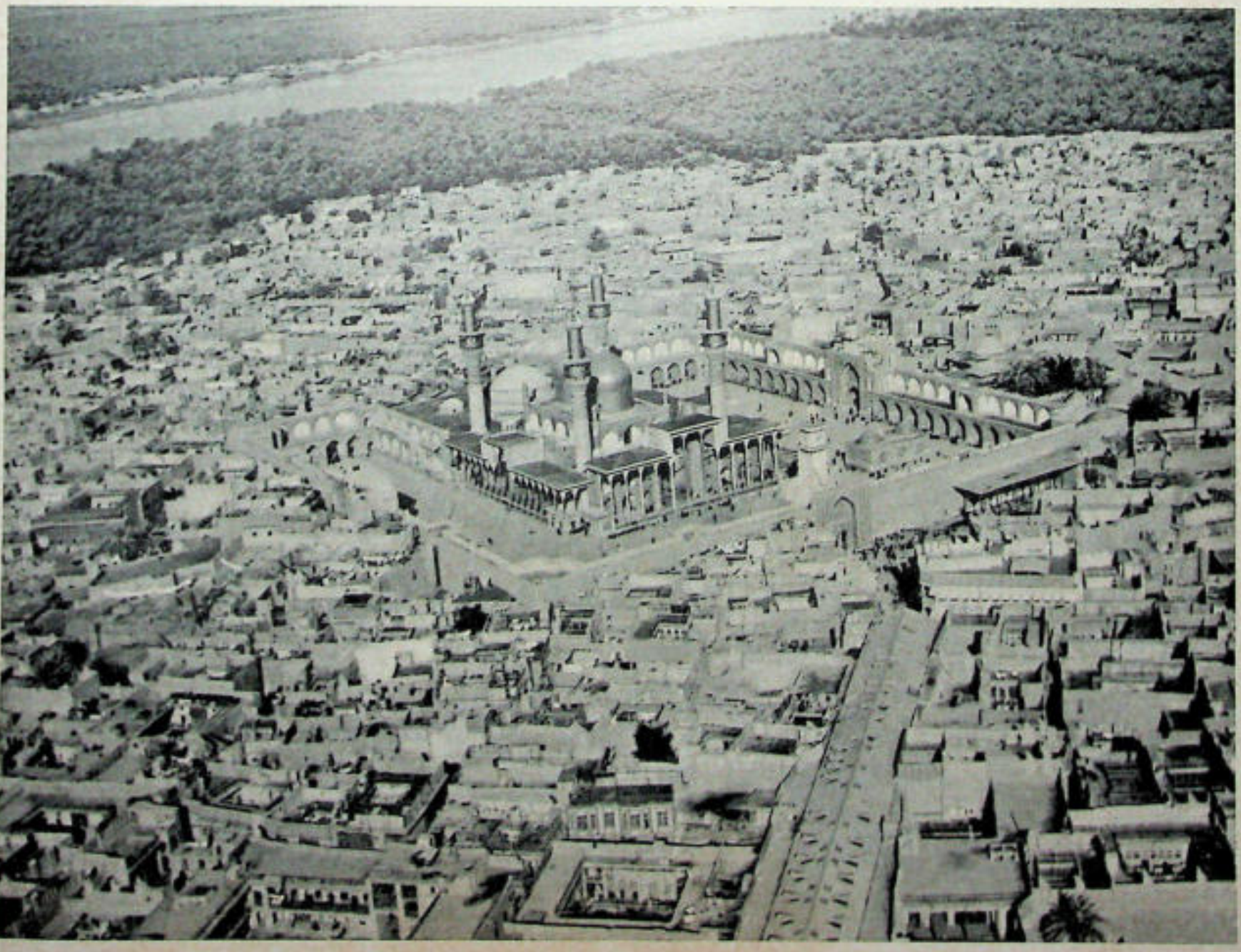
We climbed to the top of the Ziggurat, that brick mountain still in good repair, we wandered amongst the ruins, we descended into the tombs, we peered into the great pit, dug to prove the story of the flood, and we looked at the rounded or shall we say stream-lined street corners, so constructed to facilitate the passage of donkeys into the narrow side streets.

The history of this place ceased before our's began, and yet excavation has shown that the people who lived there enjoyed a civilisation both material and artistic comparable with our own to-day. As I stood there I could not help wondering whether the human race makes any permanent progress at all.

With a sigh we turned away, and one hour later were eating an excellent dinner at Basra Airport, which, conceived by an Englishman, puts to shame anything that we have in this country. In front of us an air liner was preparing to leave the tarmac, and behind an Empire flying boat was coming in to land.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CAPITAL, BABYLON



THE HOLY CITY OF KATERMAIN WITH THE TIGRIS BEYOND



HIGH SPIRITS IN AN UNACCUSTOMED VENUE

VILLAGE HOSTS AND TOWN GUESTS

By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

THE sharpness of the contrast between the mind and persons of town and country has never in our history been so abrupt, and, it may be said, so quaint as in this period of evacuation. Every village that has given hospitality to either mothers or children from the town has its store of stories. The contrast already begins to lessen for the strong quietude of country places—the fields, the gardens, the trees, the birds, the farms with their ploughs and their stock, the coloured progress of the seasons—are already winning the duel; the town children, if not their mothers, are being subdued to the scene they live in, though too many have evaded such subjugation by returning to their urban homes.

It is as well for the sake of naked truth to acknowledge the real horror of the hosts towards both the ideals of their guests and their habits of body as well as of mind. Out of about 200 children received in one village exactly 40 had to be "chemically cleaned," an ex-cottage hospital being converted for that purpose. One little girl, whose abundant but much neglected hair was altogether too populous, so enjoyed the hospital treatment that she begged to be allowed to go back there after the cleansing was complete. On the other hand, a small boy, who was ordered by his host to take a bath, refused with oaths. He never did have a bath and did not see why he should.

At the harvest festival London children followed the service with obvious gusto, and added their voices to the volume of "We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land." On the other hand, again, a small boy, asked whether he would like to go to church, responded, in a more forcible idiom: "No blooming fear."

A very large proportion of the boys, not to put a fine point on it, have proved to be thieves; but the reason is not altogether a contempt for the prohibition to steal, but a feeling that apples and plums are *jure naturæ*, fair game for anyone who can catch them. What they knew beforehand of apples I do not know, but I do know that some of them had no idea that plums grew on trees. The village policeman complains humorously that he has had to neglect all other duties, as saving the orchards from the little marauders is a whole-time job.

The village nurse, who is perhaps the most useful of all the inhabitants, has an even fuller job in combating such-like infections. In one regard she and the policeman are co-operators, for there are a large number of youthful sufferers from an excessive diet of apples and blackberries.

Farmers as well as orchard-keepers appeal to the police, for the wood or "kindling" of rails and even gates sometimes proves as irresistible as the apple tree. Some hosts are not a little apprehensive of what may happen when winter comes, and the energy of these very energetic town children finds no natural scope. What will they be up to, when days are dark and "ways are foul"?

Possibly the nostalgia for the streets and shops will accelerate the return migration. This is already of considerable dimensions, but is most evident among the "expectant mothers."

The son of one country-house owner was seen the other day touring the countryside in a car in search of two such vanished guests, and he was not a little embarrassed when in answer to his inquiries he was asked to give some description of the women. They slipped away home again undetected and luggageless, and wrote to complain against those A.R.P. authorities who had been cruel enough to send them to a place where there were no streets.

All such examples of the difficulties and absurdities and failures of evacuation affecting both the village hosts and the urban guests may suggest that the scheme is a failure and that the village is a patient sufferer. Such an impression would not be accurate. The many salient and often facetious examples of the failure of town and country to consent to a mutual relation are naturally given excessive prominence. When a child watches a white pig or refuses to be gulled by the assertion that flour comes out of an ear of wheat, or looks for chestnuts in a thorn hedge, or thinks he is poisoned by a sloe that looked like a plum, or mistakes the harvest moon rising through the mist for a bonfire, or wonders what the ground can be doing by going upwards instead of along, or is not less frightened by a wood than astonished at a hill, all such incidents—whether true or invented—are so widely bruited as to assume an altogether excessive importance.

There is a reverse, and this other picture is of such promise that some hopeful persons expect that the long-desired return to the land may be set in motion. If a large number of expectant mothers have hobbled back to that urban home and to familiar streets, a number of mothers "with foal at foot," as they say at Olympia, feel that they are enjoying a better holiday than they ever expected to enjoy. Some such country visitors, at first, found it difficult to sleep because of the quiet.

The slightest sound, the trickle of a stream, or the wind in the trees, or the mooing of a cow, was louder and more disturbing in their ears than the continuous roar of traffic. But such a thing soon passes, and when it has passed the deep, deep country then begins to win all along the line; and the nostalgia for the town fades quite away.

Few events made so much difference to the social life of the English village as the coming of the Women's Institutes, which more or less coincided (at least in general distribution) with the return of soldiers from the Great War and the formation of the ex-Servicemen's organisation. It is at least possible that the inclusion of Londoners, both the women and the children, may in the sequel add not a little to the variety of village life. A number of the mothers are going to Women's Institutes; and special lectures concerning the simpler charms of the country and its natural history are to be included among the coming lectures.

These Institutes are engaged in a special food production and food preservation campaign, which in itself is a liberal education as well as a wise and necessary provision in times of stress. In all this the women from town will take a new form of interest and they will also impart new ideas. They begin to ask themselves why they are paying at the rate of £14 a ton for potatoes in Southwark when 50 miles away very fair potatoes are being thrown to the pigs. The more personally such questions are put the better. Perhaps one of the greatest needs of our British civilisation is that the urban consumer and the country producer should be in closer touch and better understand each other's needs and necessities.

Although the slipping back of children as well as women to their town homes so troubles the authorities, the village begins to win a victory over a number of its guests. Some fantastic stories are told of the increase of weight in some of the children, and they grow obviously more robust. This superior health has its counterpart in the mind. For myself, I shall never forget accompanying two small boys from London who had been given a country holiday which happened to coincide with the local ploughing competition; not only did these little critics perceive with unerring instinct which ploughman would win: they were possessed with a great desire to make ploughing their profession. There is something about these elemental pursuits which obtains a peculiar influence over youth. If only the evacuated boys could be housed on farms there would be small doubt about the beneficent results of the experiment in the social sphere.

It has happened most happily that this exodus has come when the English countryside is even more than usually beautiful and busy. The merry excited voices of the London children on some country commons north of London sound as natural as the musical note of the tawny owls and, it must be added, the screech of the barn-door owls, which are usually most vocal at this season. The small girls can scarcely believe that flowers so delicate as the hare-bells (which have enjoyed a rarely long season) can be growing "just wild."

When he gave Chequers to the nation the thoughtful donor said that his hope was that some future Prime Ministers, who had a solely urban career, would find a new sort of recreation for mind and body, in the deep, deep country in which the house is set. His dream has been confessedly realised. It is a fair prophesy that in the sequel a fair proportion of these children "whom towns have immured" will look back on the period of the war with gratitude.

In general the village hosts have been extraordinarily kind and forbearing, though there has been, and is, a small proportion of children whom no one will keep for more than a day or two; they are the despair of the organisers; but it has to be remembered that much more is heard of the few misfits and of the dirty and the thievish, than of the great majority who become more countrified and more healthy every day that passes. The English country scene is irresistible in the long run.

The Scottish croft is winning a more salient victory than the English village. It is credibly reported that quite a considerable number of the boys evacuated in the Highlands have determined to adopt a country life. If this should prove a reality the war will have helped to remedy the danger that has begun most seriously to disturb national patriots. Rural depopulation is even more serious in some districts of the Highlands than in the English Midlands, where many villages have almost reached its vanishing point.



ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS OF A COUNTRY GARDEN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HUNTING AS A GREAT INDUSTRY

SIR,—Ever since September 3rd it has been a topic of ardent discussion in hunting and agricultural circles whether the sport should be kept going or whether it ought to be abandoned or suspended for the duration of the war.

There is an unmistakable feeling afoot, voiced by some and tacitly implied by many, that hunting is but an extravagant form of amusement, responsible for much damage to fields and crops, which it is selfish and unwarranted to pursue in war-time. So far, Masters and Committees have done little to allay these feelings, and the only excuse that appears to have been put forward in a general way, is the necessity to go on killing foxes. Unfortunately, that argument has not a very convincing ring, since it can hardly be denied that hunting is not precisely the most economical or, for that matter, the most efficient way of killing foxes, and that in fact such killing is but an incidental of the chase.

I shall be glad, therefore, if you will allow me to place before your readers a very much sounder reason why hunting ought to be continued, and why the strenuous and often sacrificial efforts made by



TURTLE TAKEN ON A LINE
(See letter "A Good Catch")

many Masters and Committees to maintain their sport deserve the appreciation and support of every countryman.

Hunting is, as the following facts and figures will show, a great industry of the English countryside:

There are in Britain some 260 mounted hunts, employing in the field, in stables and in kennels at least 3,000 men; according to the Census of 1934 there were in England not less than 55,000 hunters of 15 hands and over, and a further 92,000 cobs and ponies of from 14 to 15 hands. It is reasonable to assume that of those 150,000 odd horses, at least one hundred thousand were kept and used to follow hounds, causing employment for a further 25,000 or so grooms and stablemen.

And to realise what the upkeep of this vast army of horses means to the countryside, the following figures are illuminating:—

One hundred thousand horses consume no less than 2,000 tons of forage a day, in corn, straw, hay and bran; that means an annual consumption of 730,000 tons of forage, thus putting no less a sum than five million pounds of sterling into the pockets of the British farmers each year!

And let it be emphasised in this connection, that this huge consumption of the horse finds an outlet for much produce for which there would not otherwise be a sale! For, according to the statistics published by the Agricultural Department in Washington, the severe crisis whereof farming throughout the world has now suffered for so many years, owing to over-production and under-consumption, is attributed directly and unmistakably to the gradual disappearance of the horse! It is reckoned that in the U.S.A. alone the diminution in the number of horses accounts for an over-production of eighteen million acres.

But to return to our figures, the following must be a conservative estimate of the economical importance of hunting to the countryside of Britain:—

	£
Annual value of forage	5,000,000
Annual wages paid in the industry	3,000,000
Annual payments to tailors, bootmakers, saddlers, farriers ..	2,500,000
Annual expenditure to horse-breeders and dealers	2,000,000
Incidentals to hotels, country houses, rates, taxes, travelling, cars, horse boxes, etc.	2,500,000
Total turnover of the industry, not less than	..£15,000,000

It is obvious, therefore, that so vast a turnover, which benefits directly and indirectly a very considerable number of people, places hunting on a par with other industries, which it is important to maintain in the interest of the economic life of the country.

And I hope that these purely materialistic considerations may go some way in helping to preserve what is, after all is said and done, one of the finest and most typical traditions of English country life, without which England would not quite be England any longer!

Yours truly,
H. WYNMALEN, M.F.H.

Kingswood House,
Hare Hatch,
Twyford, Berks.

A GOOD CATCH

SIR,—I enclose a snap of myself showing a fresh-water turtle, 16lb. in weight, taken from the reservoir at Singapore with a 4½oz. trout rod. (Hardy's) sixteen years old.

The tackle used was No. 5 gut line on a small reel. Total weight of rod and tackle, 7½oz.; a landing net was used to complete the capture.

Yours faithfully,
Captain G. A. CLEMENTS (Secretary).

Royal Singapore Golf Club,
Sime Road, Singapore.

ADJUSTABLE CLUBS

SIR,—I have just read your interesting article in the *Field* of October 28th.

With regard to the adjustable club, I remember H. H. Hilton showing me one which had been sent to him for trial. This was at the West Lancashire Golf Club in 1892 or 1893. I cannot be certain that the method of attachment of head to shaft was identical, but the principle was the same. With the club which Hilton was trying the head could be turned, so that it could be used as a left-handed club when playing out from under a fence or with the ball against a steep bank. Writing from memory I think the club had four positions as a right-handed and either two or three as a left-handed club. I cannot remember the name of the inventor.



A FOUR MONTHS OLD PUPPY FROM BLOODHOUND DAM AND BASSET SIRE
(See letter "Crossbred Dogs")

Sandy Herd was at the West Lancashire Club at that time. He might know.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. HOLDSWORTH HUNT (Lieutenant-Colonel).

Clifton Club,
Clifton, Bristol.

CROSSBRED DOGS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see a photograph of one of the bloodhound-basset progeny mentioned in a recent article. Supposing Mrs. Elms goes on breeding back to the basset, in four or five generations she may expect pure bassets. That is according to the teachings of experience. When the late Sir Everett Millais died he left me a dog hound five generations removed that was like other bassets except that it was a little bigger. He became the ancestor of a number of good bassets.

In "Stonehenge's" book on "The Dog" we have an account of an experiment made by a Mr. Hanley on the lines first tried by the famous Lord Orford. Mr. Hanley crossed a bulldog with a greyhound bitch. A picture of a bitch of the resulting litter shows that she had more resemblance to the greyhound than the bulldog, though she was clumsily built. Hecate of the second generation was principally greyhound, and by the fourth generation we had a real greyhound as far as looks went.

Yours faithfully,
A. CROXTON SMITH.

STRANGE COMPANIONS

SIR,—The enclosed photo of a thoroughbred colt, a pedigree Wessex sow, and a hen possibly may interest some of your readers.

Although there is plenty of room they invariably sleep in the same shed and peacefully share a tub of "balanced rations" twice a day. So much for the theory that horses hate pigs!

Yours faithfully,
MAY S. SCOTT.

Hinton Grange,
Faringdon,
Berks.



DISPROVING THE THEORY THAT HORSES HATE PIGS
(See letter "Strange Companions")





BLACKSMITH'S FORGE NOW AN INN
(See letter "Smallest Inn in Great Britain")

SMALLEST INN IN GREAT BRITAIN

SIR,—I am enclosing photographs of a remarkable thatched building known as the Smiths' Arms. The walls are made of flint and mud, and are very thick and strong, as the building was made in the sixteenth century for the purpose of a blacksmith's forge. And it has a lovely thatched roof as well as a very fine sign, which shows a blacksmith at work at his anvil.

Surely it is one of the strangest inns in existence, and it is reputed to be the smallest in Great Britain. As its bar is 15ft. by 11ft. this is no doubt true. It is at Godmanstone, in Dorset.

Yours faithfully,
J. DENTON ROBINSON.

The Cottage,
Langholm Crescent,
Darlington.

SHALL WE COME TO THIS?

SIR,—You recently published pictures of some old velocipedes, and so I send you a photograph of another. This boneshaker was built by a Yorkshireman in a village near Pickering about 70 years ago. He frequently rode his steed to Scarborough and back, a distance of nearly 20 miles. It is presumed he had a saddle.

The modern car behind needs petrol, the modern bicycle rubber, so shall we come back to the old boneshaker, needing neither? Who knows?

Yours faithfully,
D. A. CLEVERLY.

6, The Avenue,
Sleights, Yorkshire.



A GENUINE BONESHAKER
(See letter "Shall we come to this?")

SUPERSTITION

SIR,—I read with interest the letter of Mr. W. G. Wood, "Saved for the Nation" (*Field*, May 13th), and his remarks about the old superstitions of Flamborough fishermen—believing it to be unlucky should anyone mention a hare, rabbit, pig, or fox while the lines were being baited.

Out here, in Sarawak, the Malay fishermen have the same superstition and any person mentioning a four-footed animal while fishing from one of their fish traps is fined. The fine consists of a pound of sugar, salt, biscuits and a little tobacco, and is divided amongst the owners of the fish traps.

The origin of the superstition is not clear, though the Malays say that the fish are frightened away by a spirit when a four-footed animal is mentioned. However, in these days the matter is treated lightly and strangers are encouraged to talk the result is invariably a fine.

It seems strange that fishermen dwelling so far apart have the same superstitions. Perhaps some of your readers can give a reason?

Yours faithfully,
A. F. R. GRIFFIN.

Simanggang,
Sarawak.

ANOTHER CAVE-CHAPEL

SIR,—I was very interested to read in the *Field* for October 28th Mr. S. Moorhouse's letter about the cave-chapel at Knaresborough. It reminded me of a somewhat similar, though more elaborate, chapel cut out of solid rock at Warkworth, Northumberland. I enclose two photographs showing the exterior and interior of this very remarkable hermitage. An added appeal is given to the place because the only approach is by boat.

Overlooking the beautiful River Coquet, the hermitage comprises several chambers, including a chapel and an inner sacristy. The window-sill of the chapel carries the reclining figure of a woman, which is supposed to have been carved by Bertram of Bothal as a representation of his sweetheart whom he had killed by mistake. This sad error, continues a popular legend, led to Bertram's renunciation of the world, and his assumption of the hermit's life at this romantic spot.

In truth, however, the chapel seems to have been fashioned with all its strange details by hermits during the fourteenth century. And in return for various religious services rendered to the neighbourhood these men received the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland and enjoyed the following privileges: pasture for twelve cows, one bull, and two horses, the annual gift of 20 marks, and the right to obtain two loads of wood from the adjoining estate, and a "trinity draught of fishes" from the River Coquet every Sunday.

Their orchard and pastureland were reached by an exterior flight of steps, whose crazy angle thoroughly justifies the name by which they are still known, "Breakneck Stairs."

10, Grange Park Ter.,
Roundhay, Leeds, 8.

Yours faithfully,
G. B. WOOD.





THE ENTRANCE TO WARKWORTH HERMITAGE AND THE CHAPEL
(See letter "Another Cave Chapel")



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New Books

THE SCENT OF THE SOIL

Teamsman. By CRICHTON PORTEOUS. (Harrap: 10/6.)

Mr. Crichton Porteous's work has been praised before in these pages. His book *Farmer's Creed* received a welcome which heralded a success outstanding in farming literature. Few writers have achieved the representation of farming in its truest sense—i.e., the portrayals of its meaning, its joys and its hardships; but Mr. Porteous can do this, and his readers may be thankful.

And now we have been given a sequel to *Farmer's Creed*. To attempt such a work needed courage, but it also needed far more, and it is that fount of knowledge, combined with a flowing pen, which this author possesses. His book is a worthy companion to the first and no higher praise can be given.

To start with we again meet that true farmer, Mr. Boone: a type which is so sorely needed to-day, and which is rapidly being discouraged off the land—to the loss of the country. But the author was learning his farming seriously, and the break was inevitable: he left in search of farther experience, and that move established him as a teamsman.

It is this part of the story which holds the most fascination. The description of a teamsman's days and life is beautifully done. The team themselves become intimate characters of romance and importance, rivalling the human beings of whom Mr. Porteous has written so vividly. This side of farm life has missed the hand of the "country" writers, perhaps, because they have never experienced the work and discovered the absorbing interests which make up a teamsman's job. These are beyond the powers of invention and therein lies the charm.

Mr. Porteous ploughed with his team: he does not despise tractors, but to him the horse-driven plough is a craft worthy of man's best and producing the best results. The old ploughing cries, differing with the counties and understood between the driver and his horses, are seldom heard to-day, but they are echoes of a past when work was a pride, when each member of the team took his—or her—part, and when the completed furrow could be looked back upon with satisfaction and well-being.

"I have written of the fascination of following the plough, of listening to the sizzling rip of grass roots, and breathing in the scent of the newly-opened earth. But for me that fascination is outweighed by the pleasures of handling the drill-plough. The soil is no longer tough, but worked fine, like meal. The silver-worn rose of the plough slips through with a smooth silkiness. The skimming—or digging—plough throws a wave to one side only, the drill-plough, with its double breast, throws two, and is more than ever like the prow of a ship cleaving a placid sea. . . . All joys owe a lot to their associations, so perhaps some of the happiness I find in travelling with the drill-plough should be attributed to the fact that it is a job always done during the best time of the year, in the very first of spring, when the earth has begun to warm, the air to soften, and nature is flickering into new life."

Few tasks leave time for thought whilst they are being perfectly performed, but the ploughman can reach a pitch of sensitiveness through the feel of his shafts which does not deter him from contemplation; to-day we marvel at this, for modern transport is an ever-increasing strain and for that we suffer. Here, we read of labour, hard and grinding, of backaching tasks and used muscles, which sent the writer to bed tired and weary, but never jaded. His work was important, but he did not have to endure the fatigue and unwholesome exhaustions of the city man.

If these pages can help to place farming in its correct place in the value of labour to-day, it will not have been written in vain. Never before has agriculture needed such interpretations so vitally, and the wider this book is read the better will it be for the future of our nation. Our oldest industry—the one for which man was primarily created, and best fitted—is in dire straits. Neglect is driving men from the fields and the rest of the country—in its widest meaning—suffers.

* * *

My Best Games of Chess, 1924–1937. By DR. A. ALEKHINE. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.; 12/6.)

When in 1927 Dr. Alekhine's selection of 100 of his best games of chess in the years 1908 to 1923 was published by Messrs. Bell, it was hailed by chess-players as a very instructive work and a valuable addition to the literature. And now Messrs. Bell, unwearied in well-doing to chess-players, have published a sequel containing a selection of 120 of the World's Champion's games from 1924 to 1937. To readers of Dr. Alekhine's first book (which, incidentally, has recently been published in a cheaper edition at 5/-, marvellous value for money) this new one will need no recommendation. They will hasten to get it. But to those dwellers in outer darkness who have not yet experienced the pleasure of playing over Dr. Alekhine's games with his own notes we would say this. The games are all very fine indeed, magnificent products of his genius; the notes are full, lucid and highly instructive; and no player can study this book without obtaining great profit from it.

Although Dr. Alekhine's play is of such a high standard he does not hesitate to criticise it; in fact he is a severe self-critic. Here is an example. Of the move 1 . . . P to Q B4 as a reply to 1 P to Q 4 he writes thus: "I consider the choice of this move . . . as one of my chess sins." Nor does he hesitate to condemn occasionally moves of his which the critics had extolled!

To sum up, this is a very fine book which will be a source of great enjoyment to its readers. A book to buy, beg, borrow or even steal—but not a book to lend!



CRICHTON PORTEOUS

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

GREAT BRITAIN must be regarded as fortunate in having within the Empire ample supplies of metals and commodities needed during a period of war. Empire producers of copper, tin and rubber are making every effort to supply all the metals and commodities now urgently needed.

Markets for metals are under the control of the Ministry of Supply. A maximum price has been fixed for tin. Virtually no market has existed for copper, lead and spelter since the outbreak of hostilities. Consumers are supplied through the Ministry of Supply.

As regards rubber there is a free and undisturbed market. Production of rubber is under very effective control. This is by the International Rubber Regulation Committee. It is largely left to this committee to control the market so as not unduly to affect the price of rubber to consumers.

Despite this, rubber has been steadily rising in price. It has moved up to over 11d. a lb. This price leaves the producer a reasonable margin of profit with production at 75 per cent. of standard.

Recovery in the price of rubber started with the news of an Anglo-Russian agreement to exchange British rubber and tin for Russian timber. The quantity required for this purpose has been kept a secret. It is doubtful, however, whether the requirements will be as much as the 80,000 tons which are wanted to exchange for American wheat and cotton under the barter agreement with the United States.

Prospects for the rubber industry are definitely brighter than for quite a time. Strangely enough the market for rubber shares on the Stock Exchange has been slow in following the rise in the commodity. This is due to the present character of the business transacted on the Stock Exchange.

Most investors are now buying income. They buy British Government stocks and other high class securities. Rubber companies have been through a bad time, and the dividends coming along just now are rather poor.

Later on when the better conditions in the industry have had time to affect profits and consequently dividends, a buying movement is likely to develop. The time to buy rubber shares is before the market gets into its swing. Rubber shares must always be regarded in the light of a speculation.

The industry is subject to periods of great prosperity alternating with times of acute distress. Much money has been made and lost on rubber shares. Those consolidating profits when the going is good, make money, but, unfortunately, a large number retain the securities even when the inevitable reaction comes along.

There is always a reasonably free market for the so-called leaders in the rubber share market. Anglo-Dutch £1 ordinary with a present price of 27/3 and Rubber Plantations Investment Trust £1 ordinary with a price around 31/- can always be bought or sold quite freely. These two securities, in my opinion, are worth picking up around present prices.

In the last two or three years prices for both Anglo-Dutch and Rubber Trust units have fluctuated enormously. At one time in 1937, when the Anglo-Dutch company paid a 9 per cent. dividend, the units went as high as 53/3. In 1938 the price at one time dropped as low as 18/-. The dividend that year was 5 per cent.

Rubber Trust £1 units in 1937 touched a price of 48/9. In the following year the price was back to 17/6. Dividend in 1937 and again in 1938 was 10 per cent. There is an opinion in market circles that the value of the securities, and particularly that of the Anglo-Dutch company, is once again in an upward direction.

Badenoch Rubber £1 units at the current price of 17/6 are regarded by many as a promising proposition. This company paid a 3 per cent. dividend for 1938 against 6 per cent. for a previous accounting period of thirteen months. In 1937 the price of the units went up to 35/7½ and back again the next year to 12/6.

It may take some little time before any real movement takes place in rubber shares. Those prepared to exercise patience and ignore temporary market irregularity should make money by picking up rubbers around present market values.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR (temporary address: Laversbot Hall, Windlesham, Surrey). A very respectable man and wife, 72 and 71, are in real need of help this winter. In the days before motor cars the man had a fleet of carrier vans, and did very well. He remained faithful to his horses for too long, and failed in the end to compete with firms who had moved with the times. His wife worked hard with him to keep things going, but they are now too old to do anything. They have their old age pensions, and because of their long residence in the district receive 5/- weekly from the local rate-payers' association, but 25/- is very little for two old people, and life is a great struggle. They are most deserving of our help. Will you enable us to give it to them?

METHUEN

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RESTOCKING PRIVATE WOODLANDS

By REGINALD DAVEY

The nation's forest and timber reserves are of vital importance in war time and, as trees cannot be grown to order, the work put into forest conservation in the past is now being reaped. With a view to assisting owners of woodlands the following articles have been published in the "Field" during the last two months: "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd.

THE inevitable widespread felling of immature plantations in order to meet the demand for pitwood, coupled with the clearing of stands of mature conifers, creates a problem, the solution of which is neither easy nor likely to be generally satisfactory. It may well be that an owner will have on his hands, as a result of a single season's felling, 40 or 50 acres of bare land—ripe and ready for planting. He will also have a comparatively large sum of money, though in some cases the state may take back some in the form of death duties. In most cases, where woodlands are assessed at a sum per acre under Schedule B of income tax, the amount received for timber will not bear either income tax or surtax.

Even after allowing for death duties a substantial balance will remain, and other things being equal it might normally be expected that some portion of the land would be replanted at a cost of £10 or £12 per acre, less income tax and surtax, if the new plantations are put under Schedule D when planted. The matter is, however, not so simple, for increased cost of living, reduced incomes, and the inevitable



Reginald Davey

NATURAL SEEDING OF SCOTS PINE AT WASING
Parent trees in background

seeking after economy is not conducive to the undertaking of an avoidable liability. It may be that the woodland staff has been reduced, though it is to be hoped that the men so dismissed were offered to the Timber Control (Elmdale Road, Bristol 8), who are collecting gangs to fell and convert the sawn timber and pitwood that they are now buying.

It may also be that unexpected difficulties may arise in connection with the purchase and transport of the necessary trees. Finally the owner may regard the money received for the timber as a welcome windfall in hard times, and a fund for the payment of the increased taxation.

Placing even the most optimistic complexion upon the probabilities, it is highly unlikely that the majority of woodland owners will be able to deal with more than their usual five acres or so each year. It would thus take ten years to repair a war felling of 50 acres, and each year the soil would deteriorate. A crop of trees, in addition to producing timber, will remove the water in an extraordinary way from a wet site, so that when the trees are in middle life to revisit the area will give a striking impression.

The decaying leaves, and the suppression of all weed growth, or most of it, will add to the fertility of the soil, so that a poor and derelict site is converted by a crop of timber into one bearing a surface humus from 2in. to 4in. thick. This layer will be dark in colour, and may be compared to the fertility that grass stores in land, and which the farmer realises by ploughing up and growing three or more bumper crops of corn.

In the same way it is generally regarded as requiring a crop of trees on land previously bare, in order to produce the soil conditions required for growth at the maximum rate. For this reason a poor and derelict site will often be planted with a crop of conifers, amidst the outcry of the critics, and these conifers will create the improved soil conditions, and store the fertility needed for the satisfactory growth of a subsequent crop of more exacting hardwoods.

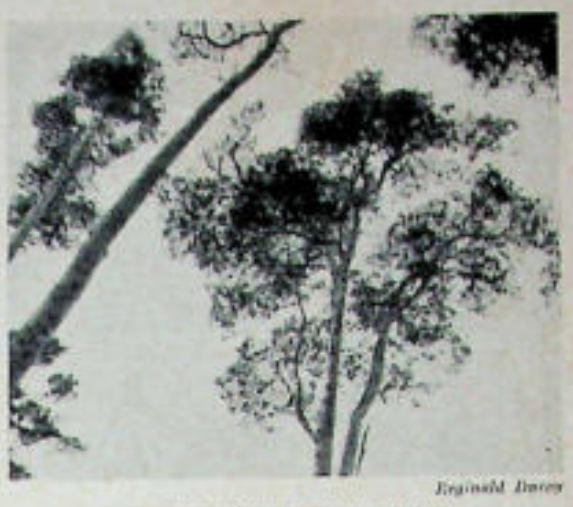
If the crop of timber is reaped and the land allowed to stand derelict, the sun and the weed growth will oxidise the humus and in a short space of time waste the stored fertility of years. On some sites it is common experience that the initial crop of trees do not make very rapid growth and are not as profitable as subsequent crops on the improved site.

The national loss which must result from the inevitable widespread felling, the reduction of large woodland areas to C.3 grade of fertility, can be prevented with certainty only in one way. It has been suggested that the specific is to withhold part of the money for the timber until replanting has taken place, but this form of compulsion is not likely to meet with widespread approval, and there is a simpler and more certain remedy.

On the Continent the cost of planting is rarely incurred, the woods being stocked by methods of natural seeding, which for various reasons, partly climatic, are not generally adopted in this country. That a wider use is practicable is the excellent results obtained at Weasenham in Norfolk, a county of rainfall so low as to be thought to be entirely unsuited. Good seed years recur fairly frequently, and the signs are excellent in this respect for next year. The real deterrent is the rabbit, a recent Act showing official recognition of the damage that this pest does.

If rabbits are banished from an estate, far cheaper than wire netting round all seeding areas, the woods will restock themselves without costing the owner a penny, or requiring the employment of labour beyond that needed to prevent a fresh invasion.

This task is not impossible, and it is not unduly expensive. This is how it was done on an estate in Sussex two years ago. The owner secured the



Reginald Davey

WHERE THE SEED COMES FROM
Looking aloft among the Scots pines at Wasing

services of an underkeeper, a good man, as rabbit catcher at a wage of 40s. a week, with a free cottage. As soon as the last rabbit was killed his wages were increased to 50s., and he was made head keeper. The result was electrical. In twelve months not a rabbit remained, and this in spite of the fact that the 1,000 acre estate had 350 acres of woods mostly in one huge and rabbit infested block.

Since then £150 had been spent on erecting wire netting against the danger spots where reinfestation is likely from neighbouring woods. Trees planted without any protection last winter have not been touched by a rabbit, nor has one been seen during the six occasions on which I have taken part in a shoot over the estate. Spasmodic inroads of rabbits do not get far and are easily dealt with.

The method of attacking the rabbits was to leave the vermin severely alone, so that they could assist by preying on the pest. Subsequently 13½ brace of foxes were discovered, and these must have contributed handsomely. Each warren was visited in turn and ferreted relentlessly, the ejected rabbits being caught in nets or shot. After each was dealt with all holes were filled in so that they could not easily be reopened. The filled warrens were visited daily so as to prevent reopening of the earths.

No originality is claimed for the method, which was used with success at Huntley in Gloucestershire, but it is extraordinarily effective and quite reasonably cheap. For an owner who is wondering how best to employ his keeper or woodman during the war, the reply is in exterminating rabbits, which will provide food; and keeping them down. Why it is not done more widely is a mystery.

FROM FLOWERS TO VEGETABLES

What to Do, What to Avoid, When Digging Up the Garden

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.I.L.A.

EVERY gardener in the land will be anxious to make his or her contribution to the national need. Where plenty of land is available an extra piece cultivated as a vegetable garden may be all that is required. All pasture land is the most suitable for this purpose and can be relied upon to give excellent crops the first year without the use of manure.

A point which should be taken into consideration when preparing your vegetable scheme is the question of suitable soils, and a few words on the different characteristics may be found helpful, for only those who have had to garden in different parts of Britain know how considerably soil can influence the growth of plants.

The light gravel over chalk suffers from drought very quickly and it is very difficult to grow good vegetable crops in soils of this character.

Soils, such as light loam with a good proportion of humus and depth, usually give good drainage and will produce crops comparatively easily.

Let us take one or two typical soils, for example, and see how they should be worked to the best advantage.

Marly Soil.—This is really a type of chalky clay, and where there is a predominance of clay it is called a "clay-marl," and where chalk it is known as "chalky-marl." Both of these may contain anything from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. calcium carbonate.

Sandy Soil.—Most people prefer to work in this because of its ease in digging in cultivation. It is usually fairly well drained, and due to this plants are not likely to perish during the winter months owing to water-logging. On the other hand, soils of this character suffer considerably from drought during the summer and require constant watering during the months of June and September. It very often produces earlier crops than other soils due to its capacity for warming quickly in the Spring. Due to the absence of organic substance, it requires considerable quantities of farmyard manure in order to help retain the moisture and give nourishment to the plants. If possible, peat should be obtained for working into the top layers. It is not necessary to apply large quantities of lime, as is the case with a heavy soil, but due to the sometimes rapid drainage there is very often a steady loss of potash, nitrates, etc.

Clay Soil.—This is a type of soil predominating very much in London areas, and to obtain the best results the question of drainage should be carefully studied, for, as explained before, water-logging will ruin the strongest plants. A very heavy clay should be dug and left rough in the autumn to expose the greatest surface of soil possible for the frosts and winds to break down. It is advisable, however, that any digging should not be carried out when the soil is in a wet condition, as there is the possibility that it may form a hard pan-like cement. To improve the working of soils burnt rubbish, wood ashes, farmyard manure, &c., may be dug in.

Loamy Soil.—This is usually produced when clay, sand and well-rotted vegetable matter are mixed in certain proportions. It is ideal because it does not dry out quickly. This is due to the clay content. It will not form a pan because of the sand contained, and it is easily worked and will support nearly all crops quite satisfactorily. Constant cultivation with any soil can eventually turn this into a suitable

loam, but it is unfortunately likely to be a long job in some cases.

It is worth while, before embarking on a new vegetable garden, to work out a scheme on paper. If there is an existing vegetable garden, the new plot will have to be linked to this by means of paths to facilitate cultivation. Each garden will present its own problems. I was called into a garden the other day where a kitchen garden already exists and it was decided to add a new plot in an adjacent field belonging to the same property, luckily this could be approached from the present vegetable garden by simply cutting a hole in the fence.

Try and avoid, if possible, digging up fruit bushes and valuable beds of perennial flowers and roses. In the case mentioned above, it is proposed to use the new vegetable plot as a tennis lawn after the war, and the cultivation in the meanwhile will be in part preparation for the lawn which is to follow.

The amount of vegetables grown depends on two factors: the available land and the number of persons to be supplied with vegetables. For a small family of five persons twenty rods of land, *i.e.*, a plot 20yds. by 20yds., is considered sufficient to grow vegetables for the whole year. Much can be done by a system of intensive cultivation. A more difficult problem arises where an existing garden is laid out chiefly as a pleasure garden, consisting of formal beds of roses and perennial flowers with possible shrubberies and ornamental trees. In such a case some replanning and adjustment may be necessary to convert the garden into war-time use, but do not be in too great a hurry to destroy valuable plants, trees, shrubs and ornamental features which have cost considerable money in design and construction.

The writer will be glad to advise any reader with any problems on conversion of gardens to war-time use. As a brief guide, the following suggestions are made:—

1. That rock gardens, rose beds and shrubberies be left alone.
2. Herbaceous borders are easily lifted and very often room can be found for these subjects amongst shrubs and side borders.
3. Lawn areas are very easily re-made and can quickly be re-converted into vegetable gardens.



BORDERS OF ANNUALS MAY HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED AND LAWN AREAS CAN READILY BE CONVERTED INTO VEGETABLE GARDENS

They are treated as if they were a new plot of land, such as an old pasture converted into allotments. The double digging method is the best form of initial cultivation.

After the war such a vegetable garden can be easily re-sown with grass seed at a very small expense, but do retain a portion of lawn near the house for recreation and utilise borders and beds near the house for perennial flowers that are to be retained.

At this time of the year such alterations as are necessary can be made in time for spring planting. Where it is necessary to remove roses and shrubs these should not be transplanted until they are dormant about mid-November. It is surprising how plants can be accommodated in a small place if care and thought is given to the planning before any alterations are made. After all, vegetables, whilst being essential, are not the only factor that makes for national efficiency: the cheerful effect of flowers, especially near the home, should not be ruled out, as they are of important psychological value.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following announcements of importance to farmers have been made by the Ministry of Agriculture

UNDER the Wheat (Maximum Price) Order just issued, the price to be paid to a wheat grower for home-grown millable wheat is fixed at 31/6 per quarter of 504lbs. (7/- per cwt.), all transport and customary sack charges being for account of the buyer. Intermediate charges may be added if the wheat is bought by a merchant for re-sale.

The new market price is an advance of 7/6 per quarter on the price that flour millers had been authorised by the Cereals Control Board to pay during the past six weeks. This market price will be maintained at the new level for a considerable time, and is not likely to be altered before next spring.

The increase of 7/6 per quarter in the price of home-grown wheat will necessarily have the effect of raising substantially the average price of wheat for the cereal year. Therefore those farmers who sold their wheat at the lower prices of the month of August and of the past six weeks would, under existing conditions, receive a deficiency payment from the Wheat Commission which, with their market price, would be substantially less than the standard price under the Wheat Act.

To avoid hardship as the result of these conditions it has been decided to seek authority to amend the Wheat Acts so that the deficiency payment will be based, not as at present on the average price of wheat over the whole cereal year, but upon the average price realised during shorter periods in the cereal year. These shorter periods would coincide as nearly as possible with the periods during which there is no substantial change in the market price of home-grown wheat, and deficiency payments will be calculated at a separate rate for the growers who dispose of wheat in each period.

For example, the price payable by flour millers was fixed at 24/- per quarter on September 8th. The first short period would run from August 1st to September 7th; the second period from September 8th to October 19th, *i.e.*, the date upon which the new price of 31/6 per quarter was announced.

The third period would start on October 20th. A separate deficiency payment would be determined for each of those periods so that the total which the seller in each period would receive in market price, plus deficiency payment, would be approximately the same for each period.

No seller in one period would be at an advantage or a disadvantage as compared with a seller in another period. The Agricultural Ministers might, of course, find it desirable to close a period at any time and start another one, even though there might not be a substantial change in wheat prices.

The circumstances under which in the first week of the war farmers were asked to hold their wheat in stack no longer apply, and farmers should now regard themselves as at liberty to market their wheat. They will do so in the knowledge that they will not be placed in a less favourable financial position than they would be if they sold their wheat later in the cereal year. In the changed circumstances it would be in the public interest for farmers to thresh and market their wheat freely during the present autumn.

General provisions of the wheat Acts are in no way affected by the modifications now announced, and it will still be necessary, for example, for farmers to get their wheat certified by authorised merchants, who include most flour millers, in order to secure deficiency payments.

Growing of Fruit Trees

At the outbreak of war the Minister of Agriculture suggested to County War Committees that it was not desirable for growers to plant considerable acreages of young fruit trees in view of the need for quicker maturing food crops. Having realised, however, that there is a reduced volume of fresh fruit available (as a result of restricted imports) and the great importance of fresh fruit in the diet of the people, the Government has by a recent order modified its suggestion, and growers may plant up fresh land provided they undertake to interplant with some quicker food crop, such as potatoes or other annual vegetables.

It is important to observe that such crops as would not be damaged by spraying are planted, hence potatoes are exceptionally suitable, the spraying with lime sulphur, for instance, being of great benefit in helping to control blight.

It is not so important from the trees' welfare point of view what is done between the rows as their roots will be several years getting across and even then will tend to go below any plant roots.

As this inter-cropping must be done, it will not be, in some cases, possible to cross-cultivate, although even this can be done if the potatoes or other plants are accurately spaced so that a horse-shoe or row-crop tractor can be driven crossways. But if this cannot be done, it is then more important than ever to interplant the tree rows with some bush fruit crop such as black or red currants, leaving the wider spaces between the tree rows for the "quick crop." These two fruits are likely to be the most profitable, especially blackcurrants.

Of late years blackcurrants have maintained the most stable price of any soft fruit and they will be badly needed for jam and for medicinal pastilles. These are quite the best fruits to interplant between top trees as their manurial needs are mostly nitrogenous (the same as are needed for the top trees) and the spraying programme is identical. Moreover, they are the cheapest bush fruits to buy for planting.

If any considerable area of fruit trees is proposed to be planted, application must be made to the County War Agricultural Committee, stating what intercrop the planter agrees to grow and the committee is authorised by the Ministry of Agriculture to grant such permission.

* * *

In private gardens fruit trees and bushes are usually planted in the kitchen garden, and it is hoped that the normal planting will still continue. The nursery trade has ample stocks of trees and bushes. The majority of gardeners can grow much of their own fruit without any appreciable loss of ground for vegetables and flowers; and no fruit is quite like that picked fresh from one's own fruit tree. It is hoped that private gardeners will still plant their normal supplies of fruit trees and bushes during the war period, bearing in mind that crops should be planted between the trees.

Demand for Venison

Venison is in demand in present circumstances as a supplementary meat dish. Owners, tenants and stalkers on deer forests are accordingly advised by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland to see that carcases offered for sale are marketed in the best condition possible.

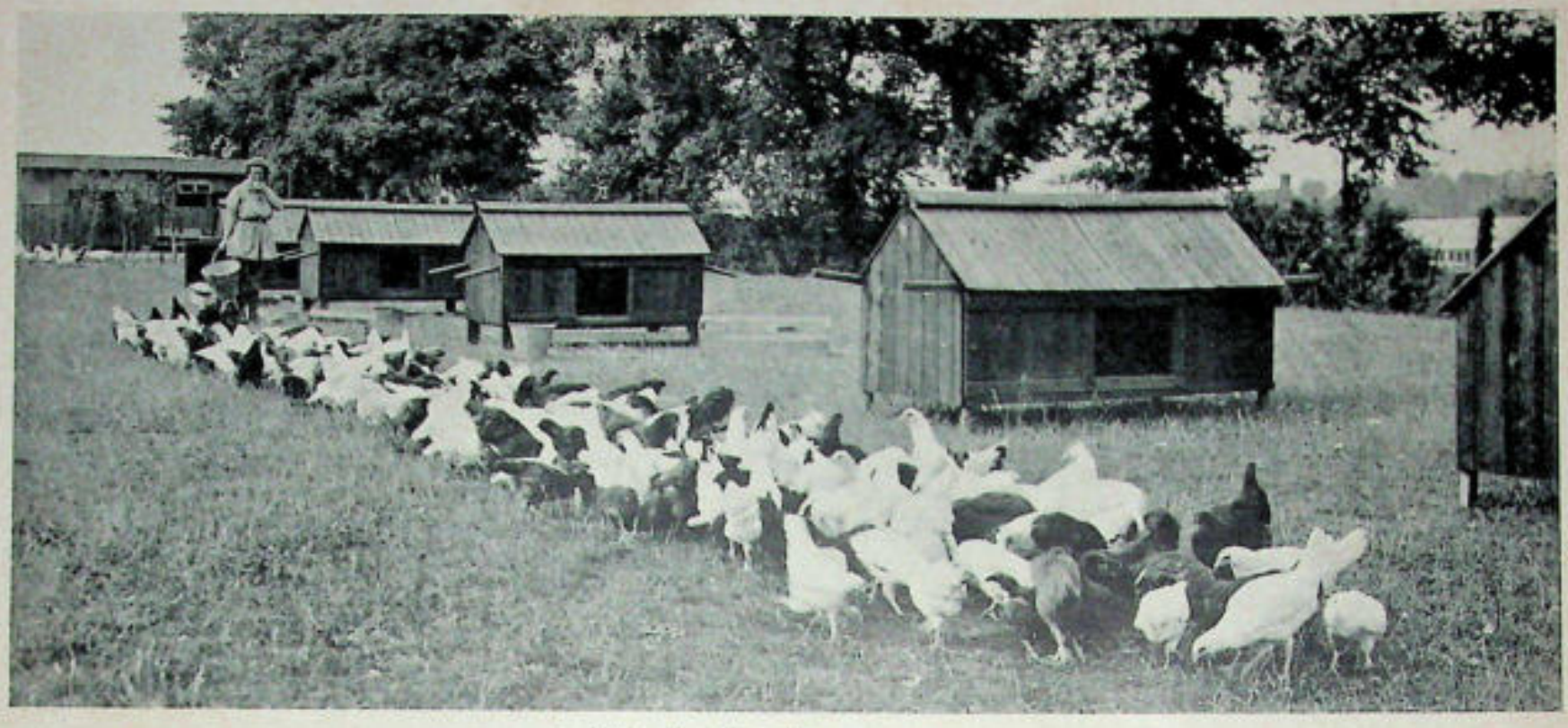
Necessity for the proper cleaning of deer carcases before despatch to market cannot be too strongly emphasised. Proper cleaning prevents wastage and loss of food value.

All in charge of deer larders should make it their business to see that every carcase, whether skinned or unskinned, is properly cleaned out, and preferably washed out with a solution of salt and water.

Skinned carcases are liable to damage in transit, and dealers accordingly generally prefer carcases to be left unskinned.

Grass Drying to the Fore

This has been one of the most successful seasons for grass drying as the abundant rain provided ample material, and there was no need to shut down the plant as there was last year. War conditions have also brought a revived interest in drying. During the past few weeks every available drying plant in the country has been eagerly bought, and the principal manufacturers are working hard to meet an expected demand. Dried grass is wanted increasingly to replace imported lucerne meal.



A NICE YOUNG FLOCK IN "ARKS" ON GRASS

KEEPING UP THE EGG SUPPLY

By JOHNSON MUNRO

IT is never a question of how large the flock of birds is in poultry farming, but what is the output in eggs. If this is important in peace time, it is of far greater importance in times of war. Birds have got to be fed and housed, labour costs must needs be paid, the overhead charges remain the same whether the birds lay 100 eggs each per annum or 250. Like the business magnate, the poultry keeper must aim at increased production.

It is at this time of the year that next year's breeders should be selected. This without a doubt is the most important operation of the season. On it depends the entire success of the egg producing poultry farm. The most careful choice must be made and the methods adopted to ensure this should not be either haphazard or experimental. It is of the utmost importance to start by segregating the high quality birds first of all and to reject arbitrarily any borderline cases.

The hens selected for the breeding pens should not only be egg producers of high "calibre," but should be capable of producing eggs yielding vigorous chickens which will live to maturity. The death rate in the incubator and hover should be no higher than 20 per cent., and the death rate from that stage to maturity no higher than 5 per cent. Unfortunately, it is necessary too to allow another 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. mortality during the first laying season.

These figures must be borne in mind, for the mysterious diseases of all kinds which are affecting flocks of poultry to-day tend to make the percentage losses considerably higher, and when they are higher the profits go down, often to a danger point. Extra care must be taken this year to choose only the best even if this means rejecting 80 per cent. of the birds. It is better to concentrate on 20 per cent. and to be reasonably sure of success than to allow the percentage to be higher and spell failure.

Each hen should be examined as an individual. On the first really fine day the flock should be visited, and with a catching net on the end of a long handle it is possible to trap each bird separately for her physical examination. The breeders will be placed into their basket ready for transference to their pen, and the rejected shut up temporarily until the examination is completed.

Many will not need close examination. It is possible to eliminate at sight those that are knock-kneed, those that have dropping wings, those that are wrongly shaped, those that are miscoloured, those that are obviously below normal weight. The lone-birds, the lazy birds, the greedy birds with large bulging crops, should all be discarded. It is just as necessary to throw out those with peculiar head movements, any that look unhealthy or that have badly coloured combs and wattles.

The preliminary examination, "on the run," now being over, each bird left will have to be "gone over" for the finer points. The beak must be opened so as to see whether the tongue has a hard tip, or whether any yellow cheesy areas can be found. A watch should be kept for excess mucus, too, in the nostril. See that the eyes are not swollen, that the iris is not streaked with red, and that the pupil has no peculiar shape and that it is not affected by either light or darkness. If the beak is "matted" with mash, breathing troubles may be suspected; the bird has had to keep her beak open.

See that there are no pox warts on the comb or wattles. Travel down the neck and be certain that the crop is not full of water or over hard. Feel if the breast bone is straight and nicely covered. Watch for swellings on the legs either high up or low down. Turn the bird round and examine the vent and see that it is clean. One defect only should be sufficient to cause it to be rejected.

A good breeder should have a nice wide back and a deep body. It should have a decently wide skull and a prominent eye. It should be of medium





FOWLS FOR MARKET. PLUCKING BY HAND AND PLUCKING BY THE ELECTRIC MACHINE. A CONSIDERABLE SAVING OF TIME

bone and straight in the leg, and of the right body size. It should look vigorous and healthy.

Though the smaller birds may be considered the best layers, the one that usually turns out to be the best breeder is neither large and coarse or small. Selections should be made in between these two extremes. It is quite a good plan, therefore, to weigh individual specimens. The best weights for breeding are: Rhode Island Reds 5½lb., Light Sussex 6½lb., Plymouth Rocks 6lb., White Wyandottes 5½lb., Leghorns 5lb., Anconas 5lb., Barnevelders 5½lb., Welsummers 5½lb., and Indian Game 6½lb.

It will be noticed that these examinations have taken place before any attempt has been made to look into the egg records. This is done purposely. The health and normality of the birds must come first. There may be abnormal birds with high egg yields, but this does not make them suitable breeders. It is only when the final selection has taken place that the numbers on the rings are noted, and the egg yield and performance cards are taken out. (It is presumed here that the poultry farmer trap nests his birds and keeps the records on a card index system.)

When examining the egg yields look for a high performance during the winter. Out of the 90 or so winter days, when the value of eggs is high, a good breeder should lay at least 50 (during that period), likewise the selected bird should have a record of between, say, 220 and 240 eggs during the year. The card should show whether these eggs have been of normal size and have been properly shelled. The card should also show (at any rate roughly) the eggs size and weight. Birds should be rejected which have laid a high percentage of soft shell eggs or whose eggs have been regularly on the small side. Breeding should not be done from hens that have moulted for a long time during the winter or which have been continually broody during the season.

To the outsider and the beginner, all these precautions seem a great deal of trouble for the "just a few eggs," but it is those few eggs extra per bird that will keep this country richly supplied with food, much of which in peace time came from abroad. It is not so much a question, just now, of increasing the number of poultry farms, as increasing the production on each holding whether large or small.

The County Poultry Instructor will only be too glad to visit the poultry farm and to help the owner make the selection. He makes no charge for his visit, for he is only too anxious to increase the output of eggs in his county. Two heads are said to be better than one, and here is an opportunity of putting this adage into practice for the country's sake.

GRASSLAND AND THE BRACKEN MENACE

By H. C. LONG

ALTHOUGH it is mainly in the uplands, where sheep are the chief grazing stock, that bracken is so great a pest, there are many pastures and rough grazings, at a much lower elevation and used for cattle, that are slowly being overrun by this pernicious weed. Indeed, one of the reasons commonly put forward as largely contributing to the spread of bracken is the fact that the boom in sheep farming last century led to a serious depletion of the cattle stock in the lower uplands, cattle being much less selective than sheep in their grazing, while they also readily trample down and lie on the young fronds, thus leading to the exhaustion of the weed.

It may be said that as bracken is poisonous to cattle (and can be so to sheep) it is not desirable to keep them in bracken-infested pastures. The poisonous property, however, is only slowly cumulative, and takes a long time to manifest its action; and, further, there would seem to be no evidence that cattle often suffer in this country. Judging by the immense bracken-covered areas that are occupied by sheep, and very often also by cattle, the number of animals that are poisoned fatally, or even to the extent of causing illness, must be somewhat small, or the evidence would ere now be on record. It is not desired to imply that the risks do not exist, but one fancies that they cannot be really serious—unless bracken-poisoning is more common than veterinarians are aware.

One very troublesome factor associated with upland sheep farming, however, is the fact that sheep "struck" by the maggot fly often seek shelter and shade in the tall bracken, and may be lost until they succumb to the attack. In any event the shepherd is given a great deal of trouble in searching for them.

Bracken is often so plentiful that grazings are overrun, grass is almost suppressed, and stock find very little to consume—this fact probably constituting the principal risk of poisoning, hungry animals being driven to eat far too much of the bracken for want of sufficient other green food. In any event, the grass is severely reduced and the value of the land may become almost negligible. There exist huge areas of upland and rough grazings worth only a few shillings per acre rent, which would undoubtedly be much increased in value if the bracken were eradicated. Stapledon has suggested that there are 4.5 million acres of bracken in the uplands of Great Britain, and it is well known that some of this land was in the past under the plough—so that if it were taken in hand it might be so again.



BRACKEN ERADICATION IS ONE OF THE GREATEST PROBLEMS TO OVERCOME IN GRASSLAND CULTIVATION

A strong policy for the improvement of agriculture in this country should include steps to effect real control of bracken and bring the worst-infested areas into full use once again. If, as has been stated, bracken is "the heir of the crofters," owing to the fact that the crofters emigrated or were evicted because of the growth of large sheep farms, or the formation of deer forests, last century, then some reversal of this process might restore to more productive farming a considerable measure of the land that became bracken-infested.

Bracken has the natural function of spreading by the growth of myriads of spores, produced on the underside of the mature foliage, but just how far this takes place is uncertain, though in some districts it is by no means uncommon. In general it would seem that the distribution is by steady spread of the rhizomes or creeping rootstocks below the surface, and it is believed that in some instances very large areas have been so covered by the spread of a single plant. This suggests that in order to effect control of the weed it is necessary to tackle a considerable area at a time, and not with merely small patches, for a small portion cut over may continue to be fed by the adjoining uncut area.

It is so far satisfactory that, though bracken-infestation on the scale on which it now exists is doubtless in part due to past neglect by farmers and landlords, and in part to natural conditions and unforeseen circumstances, a certain amount of official action has been taken, first in Scotland and secondly in England and Wales. In the former the Scottish Department of Agriculture gives grants to farmers towards the cost of purchasing bracken-cutting machinery; and in 1937 the Ministry of Agriculture introduced a system of grants to local authorities in certain counties in which bracken is a very serious trouble, for the purchase of bracken-destroying machinery for demonstration purposes, to attract farmers and landlords to deal with the pest.

Many methods of destroying bracken have been investigated, but so far spraying with poisons has proved unsatisfactory, being either unsuccessful or too costly. The chief means of reduction lie in cutting or crushing the young fronds with various machines, of which there are several available types—for hand use, or drawn by horses, or power-driven; but cutting or crushing should be associated with the use of lime and fertilisers, often with scarifying and re-sowing, and with grazing by cattle as well as sheep.

THE HOUSE SPARROW PEST

FORTUNATELY there are very few British birds whose activities can be said to be mainly harmful. The majority of species are good friends of the farmer and the gardener. Many of them are, in fact, essential to the land, and are rightly protected by law and by all reasonable people. But there are a few species which do great damage to crops of various kinds in season and whose numbers must be kept in check, especially in times like these when cereals, vegetables and fruit are especially valuable.

The food grower's feathered enemy No. 1 is undoubtedly the wood-pigeon, but at certain seasons the house-sparrow is a close second. It is true that during the breeding season it feeds its young mainly on insects, but it is idle to pretend that the good it does in this way compensates for the harm done during the rest of the year.

The house-sparrow attacks all kinds of agricultural and horticultural crops. Every arable farmer knows what inroads it makes on cereals. Just before harvest time, thousands of sparrows desert towns, villages and farm homesteads for the fields, and live almost entirely upon the ripening grain. It is no uncommon sight to see large areas of wheat, ripe for cutting, visited by hordes of house-sparrows, and when the wheat has been cut, they turn their attention to the stacks.

In gardens and on allotments, the house-sparrow does great damage to young peas, lettuces and other garden crops, especially when these are just showing through the soil. It strips gooseberry and currant bushes of their buds, tears to pieces brightly-coloured flowers, and makes itself a nuisance in many other ways.

Nobody likes to kill wild birds of any kind, and most people try preventive measures before resorting to more drastic remedies. But there can be no disputing the necessity for keeping house-sparrows in check. It may be argued that during the winter months their opportunities for harm are comparatively few and that they may not become a real menace until the spring, but farmers and gardeners will be well advised to begin to tackle the problem now. In the spring, systematic destruction of nests and eggs will probably give the best results, but meanwhile the numbers of the sparrows can be substantially reduced. At this time of the year they can more easily be located and identified. The birds can be shot with a small-bore gun, or netted and painlessly killed.

PRODUCER GAS *and* HOW IT IS MADE

By W. G. McMINNIES

MANY motorists are discussing the possibilities of using "gas" on their cars. If you asked them what sort of "gas" they meant, they would probably answer the stuff you carry in bags or cylinders, in other words coal gas. But remembering the pictures of gas-bagged cars that figured as one of the comic turns of the last war they forget or are ignorant of the difficulties in the way of carrying enough gas, either "loose" in a bag or highly compressed in specially made cylinders and containers, to provide anything more than a very restricted touring range for a private car.

There is, however, another medium known as producer gas which offers greater possibilities. It differs from coal gas which has to be replenished from the supplies at gasworks or specially made filling stations, situated at frequent intervals to make the scheme effective, in that this gas is generated in a plant carried by the car. Thus one makes one's gas and uses it *en route* as required. By this means far greater distances can be covered without stopping for replenishment than is the case with ordinary coal gas. In fact enough solid fuel for 200 miles can be carried, while extra supplies contained in bags can be taken along, too, to replenish the doppers when necessary. As the plant burns a solid fuel such as coke, anthracite, charcoal or charred peat, simple means are provided for removing clinker or ash every 100–150 miles, an operation that only takes a few minutes.

Producer gas does not provide anything like the power obtained from petrol. In fact the loss is stated to vary from 30 to 50 per cent. when compared with motor spirit. But that figure presupposes that the gas is used on an engine designed to run on petrol. Were the engine modified by increasing the compression considerably or by some application of the supercharging principle, the loss would be less.

On the other hand, to counterbalance the fall in performance, there is an astonishing gain in economy owing to the cheapness of the fuel relative to the results it gives. Figures quoted by makers of producer gas plants show that whereas a five-ton commercial vehicle when run on petrol costs 1.167d. per mile, the fuel cost when using producer gas is as low as 0.39d. per mile. Figures given by another manufacturer also in reference to a five-ton vehicle show a fuel charge of 1.70d. per mile on petrol as against 0.40d. per mile on producer gas. The names and addresses of these two makers of producer gas plants are Gilford (H. S. G.), Ltd., 74, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, and the Brush Electrical Engineering Co., Ltd., Loughborough.

Before going on to describe the principle on which a producer gas plant works, it is worth stating that both in this country and abroad many experiments are and have been taking place to further its use in connection with road vehicles, whether they be motor buses, commercial vehicles or private motor cars. In this development work it is a curious fact that although the solid fuel used in a producer gas plant is a home-produced one, i.e. coke, anthracite, etc., we have not advanced so far in its use as countries like Germany, Italy or France, where producer gas-driven vehicles, encouraged by their respective governments, are quite frequently encountered.

Let us now consider the plant itself. In general, it is rather like an ordinary domestic boiler with this important difference; that instead of being intended to burn up all the fuel the producer plant is designed to arrest combustion at a stage when inflammable gas is given off and drawn away automatically for use in the engine. With the domestic boiler this valuable gas would be burnt along with all the other products of combustion.

In order to enrich the quality of the gas, water is led into the fire zone when it contacts with the red-hot carbon, so that the steam is split up into free hydrogen and oxygen. Accessories include filters against dust and other impurities and coolers, as the efficiency of an internal combustion engine depends on the weight of the fuel inspired and not on its volume, whether the fuel be petrol or gas. As in the case of a petrol carburetted engine air is mixed with the producer gas in order to provide the correct mixture and for this purpose an automatic valve is used, the control of power relying on the accelerator pedal alone.

Starting up, i.e. lighting the fire in order to generate a supply of gas to run the engine, is effected in the following way and may take a few minutes. A paraffin torch is applied to the fuel and the warming-up process is assisted by a hand- or electrically-operated fan built into the plant as a standard accessory. Then, after a few minutes, a light is applied to a test cock to determine if the gas is coming off in a combustible form. As soon as this occurs, the engine may be started up in the usual manner and the car driven away.

An alternative plan which needs some modification being made to the inlet manifold of the standard carburetter can be arranged so as to draw the engine's normal air supply through the producer and thus create the draught necessary to stimulate the fire. When enough gas has been generated, the supply can be changed over from the petrol to the producer gas.

A third method is to retain the standard carburetter and use ordinary petrol for starting up and driving the car or commercial vehicle for short distances, or when manœuvring. This plan obviously has special advantages for use by a private motorist who would not relish the idea of spending five or ten minutes lighting the fire for a journey of only a few miles.

The fire, once lighted, will burn slowly and automatically for many hours, so that it is unnecessary to rekindle it even after a long stop. In fact, to return to the example of the domestic boiler, if the fire is correctly maintained, replenished and riddled occasionally it can be kept in continually in the case of a vehicle used for every-day service.

Another point to bear in mind is that the suck of the engine automatically controls the draught necessary for combustion. Thus the more the suck or aspiration the greater the draught and the more the amount of gas generated. In this manner the throttle opening automatically controls the supply of gas and the power developed.

The actual plant takes the form of a cylindrical or rectangular container two, three or more feet high. In some cases it is fitted on the running board and in others in the body of the vehicle. As regards price a plant suitable for use on a van or car of medium horse power can be obtained for under £100 to which a further sum of £20–£30 would have to be added for conversion purposes.



NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the water-speed record and the first to travel at over 300 miles per hour on land, has been for many years Motoring Editor of the Field. Our readers will miss his contributions, but we hope the time will not be long before they are resumed. For the duration of the war, the Travel by Land, Sea and Air Section, which has for so long been a feature of the Field, must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week a motoring article dealing with some aspect of Motoring in Wartime; and also an article dealing with some country overseas.



A DAIMLER 1940 MODEL

This photograph is of particular interest, as it shows a current Daimler Twenty-four Saloon representative of the range of Daimler cars included in the 1940 programme, and which, except for the war, would have been exhibited at the International Motor Show at Earls Court

WAR-TIME MOTORING LESSONS

A FEW weeks ago nearly two million people in this country would have proclaimed the motor car as one of the most essential, and certainly one of the most enviable accessories to a civilised existence. Many of them had probably scraped and saved in order to avail themselves of this means of personal transport, and while some may have thought it an amenity to be enjoyed at intervals by friends or family, the majority came to regard it as an intimate and essential part of their everyday comings and goings.

In fact so handy, easily operated and economically inclined had the modern small car become that its use was largely replacing the function of the feet. And so we moderns when shopping day drew near or a nearby call had to be made instinctively switched on the engine and did the job by car instead of on foot. Nor was that all, for instead of enjoying a sunny week-end in walking the country in our immediate vicinity, the practice sprang up of exploring more distant districts by car. And so prevalent did this become that there are probably thousands of motorists who have never tramped the countryside around them and yet have an intimate knowledge of villages, hills, dales and rivers 40 miles or 50 miles away.

The thunderbolt of war crashed into the routine of these pastoral expeditions. Some people, appalled by the announcement of stern fuel rationing, indulged in the folly of hoarding supplies, the maddest effort in this line being attributed to a man who secreted hundreds of gallons of this highly inflammable stuff about his private residence. Others sought means for making one gallon do the work of two, and so came to realise the gain in economy achieved by sacrificing speed and free

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wheeling wherever possible with the engine switched off. Should this practice become a habit one wonders whether in after war days the free wheel may not become a popular feature in motor car design and in cases where the strictest economy is called for this fitting may not be designed to switch the engine off and on as we now do manually.

But when all was said and done these dodges only added a few miles to the distance covered on the gallon. So that the next stage in this shaking down to war time levels sought for other means of transport. In this way people found their legs and limbs flabby with years of declutching, braking and accelerating were called on to pedal, pedestrianate or ride. That reduced their radius of action at least ten times, and a visit to a place five miles off became as much of a pilgrimage as a 50 miles away call had been two months earlier.

And so at one blow we were all whisked back to travel and living conditions of the early nineteen hundreds. Those days when we got the dogcart or pony trap out to make a lunch date, went to the hunt balls in a cab, bus or landau, and thought nothing of walking two or three miles to church on Sunday. Those were the days when in order to repair a road one side of it was carpeted with loose stones which the traffic itself had to roll in as the other side of the track was barricaded off. The days of dust unlimited, police traps, goggles, fur coats, motor veils and a universal outcry against the stink, danger and noise of motor cars.

To-day, curiously enough, the roads seem almost as deserted as they were in that bygone period. So that those who have sufficient petrol enjoy the peace of the nineteen hundreds with the improvements in motor cars and highway construction of to-day. It is a strange thought, this putting the clock back.

But to return to to-day. People quickly found out that owing to the imposition of what amounts to a five miles radius of action plus the dangers and difficulties of the blackout they could get on quite well without going out to the pictures several times a week, calling on friends here, there and everywhere for a drink or odd meal, and making a run in the car an excuse for all kinds of unnecessary journeys. To-day these journeys may be made on foot, bicycle, motor bike or trap. Which reminds me of the possibilities of the tandem as a pleasant and companionable way of moving about. The high spot in this direction was attained by a car owner who laid up his car but retained his chauffeur to pedal him about while he occupied the back saddle.

As for the motor bicycle, I should not be surprised to see it return to popularity. Some of the lower-powered lightweights are almost as easy to handle as a pedal bicycle. They rely on small two-stroke engines of about 100 cubic centimetres capacity, equivalent to a single horse power. In the simplest and lightest form they cost £20 to £25 and cover 120 miles to the gallon of petrol. Their running costs are infinitesimal, their speed 25 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. Larger and heavier machines cost more to buy and run, but even they are extremely easy to handle. Many women are now taking up motor cycling, and owing to the demand from air wardens, nurses and teachers, some of the motor cycle factories are hundreds of machines behind delivery.

A point to be stressed in this connection is that motor cycling is a much safer pastime than it used to be. In the old days when the roads were often a sea of slime several inches deep, the machines top heavy, and badly balanced, and a treacherous camber was always in evidence, it was a common thing to be thrown off a machine owing to a skid. Tram lines had a similar effect. But to-day the surface of many roads is skidproof even when wet; there is no camber to speak of, and the machines themselves are practically automatically stable. Also they are lower built, a quality which instantly inspires the novice with confidence.

The worst feature of motor cycling is the dressing-up problem. True, some machines are well mud guarded and shielded so that cumbersome waders are unnecessary, but even then after years of softening behind a windscreen and on a well-padded seat, direct contact with the elements, reinforced by the speed of the machine calls for a hardier kind of clothing.

It was a consideration of some of these things that prompted a well-known and enterprising man in the motor trade to ask me the other day whether this doing without the car habit for the duration might not make people realise that a car was not the vital necessity that they had thought it was. He suggested that people having done without a car for so long and having formed the habit of legging or pedalling themselves about might continue these simpler forms of transport after the war. He pointed out also that the post-war need for economy would be another reason for a non-motoring complex.

My reply came instantly and with conviction. One simply cannot imagine a modern civilisation without a motor car as part and parcel of its domestic equipment. And because a car has a pleasure as well as a utility value people will continue to make all kinds of sacrifices in order to own it. They will, as they have done in the past, reduce the size of their families, put up with a less extensive or expensive form of education for what offsprings they do rear, live in smaller houses than they would be accustomed to otherwise, put up with fewer servants, cut down household expenses and save and scrape in all manner of means to enable them to run a car.

So that I am not pessimistic about the future of the motor car when the present trouble is over. There may not be as much motoring from a distance covered point of view as there was, because people will have learned not to be so prodigal in the nature of their comings and goings. But once the immediate shock of war is over, I expect the roads to fill up again with traffic and quickly regain their August, '39, appearance. W. G. M.

PETROL COUPONS FOR AUTOCYCLES

Owing to the low petrol consumption and light construction of the new motorized bicycles, which are generally known as "autocycles," the petrol tanks of these machines are of but small capacity, and in consequence riders frequently find that they will not take the whole of the gallon of petrol to which one is entitled in exchange for a motor cycle petrol ration coupon.

The attention of the Ministry of Mines has been drawn to this difficulty by the R.A.C., representing the user and the British Cycle & Motor Cycle Manufacturers' & Traders' Union Ltd., representing the manufacturers and agents.

As a result of these representations, and in order to overcome the difficulty, the Petroleum Department of the Ministry of Mines has now announced that ration books made up in half-units will be available for owners of autocycles for the next rationing period commencing November 23rd next.



FREQUENT WINDMILLS LEND A STRANGE CHARM TO RUNÖ'S LONELINESS

THE ISLAND OF RUNÖ IN THE BALTIC

By WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB

BETWEEN 1914 and 1918 the island of Runö was bombarded by German aeroplanes because of a Russian flying station there. In the present war it may be one of the most important air bases in the Baltic, because of its proximity to the Soviet-controlled islands of Oesel and Dagö. But for the present peace reigns on the island—a peace which leads the chance visitor centuries back into a dreamlike world.

The area of the island is about two-and-a-half by five miles, and its inhabitants number barely 280. It lies in the middle of the bay of Riga on the route from the west to the east and north. But none of the many ships which take this course call at the island, and it seems half a miracle when one stands on its soil.

For there is no regular connection between Runö and the mainland. Only occasionally does a cargo boat set out for the island from some Estonian or Latvian harbour. It is less than 40 miles from Riga to Runö. I left before evening, but it was only as the east began to grow red that the island rose up from the waters.

Its coast is shallow and rocky. The steamer stopped. The hooter summoned the Runians to fetch us. A man appeared, climbed into his boat and rowed slowly towards us, kneeling. The other fishermen too seemed wrapped in the same heavy calm as, a little later, they took the strangers to the shore. But the rocks in the water will not allow even their rude craft to come right to the shore. So the fishermen clamber out and carry their visitors to land on their backs.

Wild strawberries grew among the moss. Huge trees lay on the ground, torn up by the Baltic storms. The whole stretch of woodland is parcelled out. Half belongs to the government, a section to the church, and of the rest every fisherman owns a piece and is at the same time a peasant possessing his own farm. There is almost complete equality on Runö. It is an instinctive commune, whose members, embracing some 50 families, all enjoy the same moderate standard of comfort, and carry on the same work. Everyone on Runö lends a hand, paid help is rare. Property passes intact from father to the eldest son; a daughter has only her dowry.

There are no social problems on the island. If a man suffers misfortune, the others help him, and so there are no unemployed or destitutes on Runö. If a quarrel arises, the two parties go to the elder of the village, who settles the dispute. This elder, elected by the community, is the one and only authority. Everyone submits to his word. The law court is in Estonia, to which the island now belongs. But not only has Runö no judge, it has not even a doctor. Old people are skilled in healing. It is only when someone is seriously ill that a doctor is summoned from Estonia. In winter, when the sea is covered with ice, he can only reach the island by aeroplane. But the people of Runö are extraordinarily strong, and live to a great age. Suicide is unknown to the Runians. Only once, 80 years ago, a young man stole something from his neighbour, and afterwards shot himself. In the World War the people of Runö lost no one. Four or five men fought in the Russian army, but all came back.

The Runians must not serve in the Estonian army. But every year a few boys apply for work in the lighthouse. Their service lasts seventeen months, and that is the only civic duty which the Runians have to fulfil. They pay no taxes to the government. The only representative of the Estonian State is a policeman, who is also postmaster.

The young republic to which they now belong respects their isolation. These people are incorporated for the second time in a foreign State without taking on anything of its character. Only few speak Estonian. As it was 500 and 1,000 years ago, so to-day the island is Swedish to the very kernel of its being. The Runians share Sweden's culture and speak an old dialect of her language. Their forefathers came to Runö in Viking times. Later on they became subjects of the Vasas and remained so in their hearts, even under Russian rule. To Queen Christina they owe their old church. Swedish was their first Bible. Swedish are their books and prayers, the schoolmistress and the minister. Their relationship to the people of the north is apparent in their blue eyes and bright hair, and their whole way of living.

The homesteads are small, but they have barns, stables, a bathhouse, a garden with stunted fruit trees and, above all, the long straw-thatched dwelling house.

The homesteads are side by side. There is only one little shop on the island, run by one of the men, but belonging to the community. Behind the village a green plain stretches out to the sea. Frequent windmills lend a strange charm to its loneliness. These mills belong to the Runians in common, and several families grind their rye together.



THE OLD CHURCH OF RUNÖ GIVEN BY QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN IN 1644

The church of purplish stone, its shining white tower. Against it beams the ancient chapel of Runö. The date 1644 stands over the door. The roof is low, the seats are worm-eaten. The carved pulpit is crooked, the stained-glass windows are dim. On the altar lies Runö's first Bible. Models of ships stand strangely out from the slumber of the place. Prayer is no longer heard here. But the dead in the little enclosure round the chapel sleeping under their wooden crosses must surely feel that the door of God's house is open above them.

A little bell rings. Solemnly the procession of the islanders draws near, gay and colourful like a picture book. The inside of the church is light. The people sing, the pastor speaks slowly, the heads are bowed. The bell rings again. The troop of people files out. Outside groups form and then dissolve in the midday peace.



CHILDREN OF RUNÖ IN TRADITIONAL DRESS

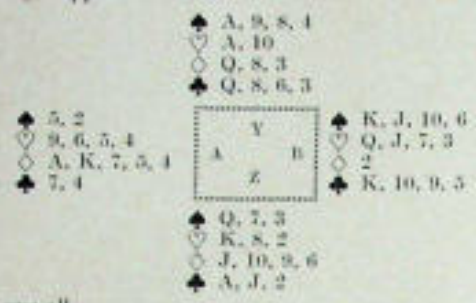
BRIDGE

THREE NO TRUMP CONTRACTS

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

TO the good card player the game contract in no trumps has a special attraction. Perfect defence is usually difficult and a skilful declarer can often squeeze the extra trick, turning a hand good for eight tricks into a game contract of three no trumps. Since only nine tricks are required the declarer has usually more opportunities of throwing the lead and getting the defenders to help him establish extra tricks.

Although this policy of relying upon the opponent's poor defence is not to be recommended as a general rule, there is no doubt that, as in the following two hands, these smash and grab tactics can be very successful when employed by a fairly good player against average opponents.



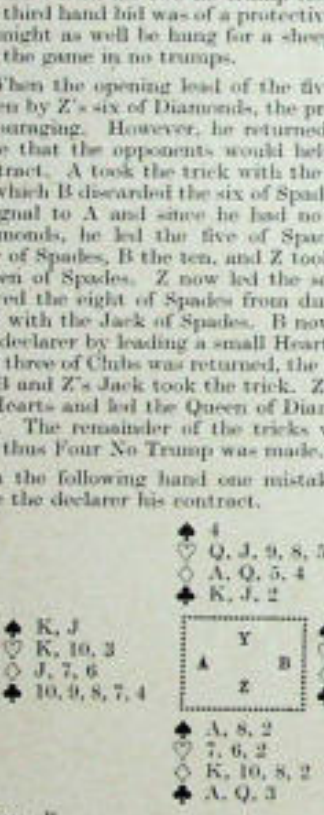
Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
No bid	No bid	One Club	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three No Trumps	All pass

Z, having nearly an opening bid, gave the full value of his hand with his two no trump response and although Y's third hand bid was of a protective nature, Y thought he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and so bid the game in no trumps.

When the opening lead of the five of Diamonds was taken by Z's six of Diamonds, the prospect was not very encouraging. However, he returned a Diamond in the hope that the opponents would help him to make the contract. A took the trick with the King of Diamonds, on which B discarded the six of Spades. This looked like a signal to A and since he had no entry to make his Diamonds, he led the five of Spades. Y played the four of Spades, B the ten, and Z took the trick with the Queen of Spades. Z now led the seven of Spades and played the eight of Spades from dummy, giving B the lead with the Jack of Spades. B now proceeded to help the declarer by leading a small Heart, taken by Y's ten. The three of Clubs was returned, the five of Clubs played by B and Z's Jack took the trick. Z now made the Ace of Hearts and led the Queen of Diamonds, taken by A's Ace. The remainder of the tricks were taken by Y-Z and thus Four No Trump was made.

In the following hand one mistake by an opponent gave the declarer his contract.



Love all.

Z	A	Y	B
One Club	No bid	One Heart	One Spade
No bid	No bid	Three Diamonds	No bid
Three No Trumps		All pass	

Z's opening bid of One Club prepared him for any response of Y, but over Y's second bid he took a chance on Three No Trumps. It will be noted that Y-Z can make five Hearts without any difficulty.

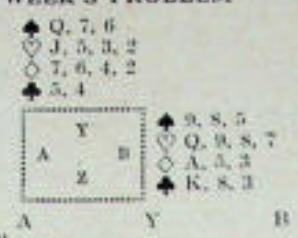
A led the King and Jack of Spades and here B made the fatal mistake of not overtaking with the Queen of Spades. Z held up the Ace of Spades, and A, for lack of a better lead led a Diamond, taken by Z's ten. Z led a Heart, A played low and Y's Jack of Hearts was taken by B's Ace. Z had now only to lead up to the Queen of Hearts to make his contract with four Diamonds, three Clubs, a Spade and a Heart.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The five of Spades is led against a contract of Three No Trumps. B plays the ten of Spades. How should Z play the hand?

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Z A Y B

One No Trump. All pass.

A leads the Jack of Diamonds. Holding B's hand what do you play and why?

SOLUTION

A's lead of the Jack of Diamonds must be from some such combination as Jack, ten, nine (or King, Jack, ten) and one or more small cards. In the latter case, if B overtakes the Jack of Diamonds with the Ace and returns the four of Diamonds, Z's Queen of Diamonds will be caught. Even if Z has got the King of Diamonds, this play will not lose anything.

CHESS

FLOHR'S PLAY

The following game, from the second of the two tournaments at Amsterdam this year, is a good example of the play of the Czecho-Slovakian master, S. Flohr.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

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

(a) The Lasker variation. B leads to some simplification by exchanges. But 6. . . . P to K B 3 is a very useful preparatory move since it prevents White from gaining a tempo in some variations by an attack with Queen and Bishop on the pawn at K R 2 (see note g).

(b) An alternative line here is 8. P takes P, Kt takes Kt; 9. P takes Kt, P takes P; 10. Q to Kt 3.

(c) 8. . . . Kt takes Kt is better, *e.g.* 9. Q takes Kt, P to Q B 3; 10. R to B sq, Kt to Q 2; 11. B to Q 3, P takes P; 12. B takes P, P to Q Kt 3, to be followed by B to Kt 2 and, when possible, P to Q B 4.

(d) Better than Kt to Q 2, in reply to which Black would play P to K B 4, to be followed as soon as possible by P to K 4.

(e) R to Q Kt sq, abandoning the Queen's Rook's pawn, is an interesting alternative.

(f) Q takes Q, eh, to be followed by Kt to Q 2 as a preparatory to either P to Q B 4 or P to K 4, is preferable.

(g) Gaining a valuable tempo.

(h) After this move White succeeds in preventing Black from freeing his game. Black should, instead, play P to K 4.

(i) Now Black cannot play 15. . . . P to K 4 because of 16. Kt to B 4 followed by 17. Kt takes P.

(j) Again preventing P to K 4 and, in consequence, the development of Black's Bishop.

(k) The continuation 21. . . . Kt takes P, eh; 22. P takes Kt, Q takes B P; 23. Kt to K 5, Q takes Q P (if K R to Q sq, then Kt to B 5); 24. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt would not be good for Black. With the text-move Black threatens Kt takes P, eh since in the above variation he can play instead of Q takes B) R takes B, leaving his Queen in a good position.

(l) Preparatory to P to K 6. If Black prevents that move by playing P to K 3, he creates a nasty "hole" at his Q Kt 3.

(m) Black prepares to counter-attack on the King's side by playing P to K Kt 4, but White gives him no time to do so.

(n) Threatening to win a pawn by 27. R takes P, R takes R; 28. P takes R, Q takes Kt P; 29. Q takes P.

(o) Played to prevent Kt to Q 6, but it allows White to break through in the centre.

(p) Not P takes P because of P to B 6, ch.

(q) This wins the Queen's Bishop's pawn. If now 35. . . . P takes P, then 36. P to B 6 since 36. . . . R to Kt 3 is refuted by 37. P takes R.

(r) R to Q 2, retaining the two united passed pawns, is stronger.

(s) Not Q takes B because of Q to K Kt 7, ch. The text-move threatens mate in two moves and leads to the gain of a piece.

(t) If K to K 2, then Q to R 3, ch and wins.

(o) The remaining moves were 41. . . . P to Kt 3; 45. Q to Q 6, ch, K to Kt 2; 46. Kt to Q 7 (threatening Q to B 8, ch and mate next move), Q to Q R 8; 47. P to B 5, Q to Kt 7, ch; 48. K to K sq, Q to R 6, ch; 49. K to K 2, P takes P; 50. K to B sq, B to K 3; 51. Q to B 8, ch, K to Kt 3; 52. Q to Kt 8, ch, Q to Kt 2; 53. Kt to K 5, ch, K to B 3; 54. Q to Kt 8, Q to Kt 4; 55. Q to Kt 2 (threatening Kt to B 3, ch), Q to R 4; 56. Kt to B 3, ch, K to K 2; 57. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to B 3; 58. Q to Q 4, ch, K to Kt 3; 59. P to Kt 4 (a powerful move), Q to R 6, ch; 60. K to B 2, P to K R 4; 61. B to B sq. Resigns.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Sweden and Lithuania.

(Ladies' Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg (Sweden).	BLACK. Mikenas (Lithuania).	WHITE. Stahlberg (Sweden).	BLACK. Mikenas, (Lithuania).
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	13. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
2. P to B 4	P to K Kt 3	14. R to Kt sq	Kt to B 3
3. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	15. Q to Q 7	P to K 5 (g)
4. B to Kt 2	Castles	16. B to B 4 (h)	Q takes R P
5. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4	17. R takes P	Q to K 3
6. P takes P	Kt takes P	18. R takes P	Kt to Q sq
7. Castles	P to Q B 4	19. B to Q 5	Q takes Q (i)
8. P to Q 4 (a)	P takes P (b)	20. R takes Q	B takes P (j)
9. Kt takes P	Kt takes kt	21. R to B sq	B to Kt 7
10. P takes Kt (c)	P to K 4 (d)	22. R to Kt sq	B to B 3
11. Kt to Kt 5	Q to R 4	23. B takes R	R takes B
12. Kt to Q 6 (e)	Q to R 3 (f)	White won (k)	

(a) A position in the Gründfeld variation of the Indian Defence has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) This assists White to get his pieces into good play. Black should, instead, play either Kt to Q B 3 or else Kt takes Kt with Kt to B 3 to follow.

(c) White has a good game with chances of attack on the Queen's side.

(d) Not good. He should play Kt to Q 2.

(e) Threatening 13. Kt takes B, R takes Kt; 14. B takes P.

(f) 12. . . . R to Q sq is better, although after 13. Kt takes Kt P, B takes Kt; 14. B takes R, R takes Q; 15. R takes R to be followed by B takes R White has the better game.

(g) Q R to Kt sq is slightly better. The text-move is played with the object of replying to 16. B takes P with 16. . . . Kt to K 4.

(h) Better than 16. R takes P. Black has now no satisfactory move.

(i) If 19. . . . Q takes P, then 20. B takes P, eh, K to R sq; 21. R to B 4, Q takes R, eh; 22. B takes Q, Kt takes B; 23. Q takes Kt with a winning game for White.

(j) If Kt to B 3, then R to Q 6.

(k) The remaining moves were 24. R to Kt 8, R takes R; 25. B takes R, P to Q R 4; 26. B to Kt 7, Kt to K 3; 27. B takes P, P to R 4; 28. P to R 4, K to Kt 2; 29. K to Kt 2, P to Kt 4; 30. P takes P, B takes P; 31. B to B 3, eh, K to Kt 3; 32. P to B 4, Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 4039

By G. H. DRESE.*

WHITE (12 pieces): King at Q Kt sq, Queen at Q B 2, Rooks at K R 5 and K B 6, Bishops at K Kt 4 and K B 8, Knights at Q B 4 and Q 8, Pawns at K B 3, Q R 4, Q Kt 5 and K B 7.

BLACK (8 pieces): King at Q 4, Queen at K B 4, Rook at Q 3 Bishop at K Kt 3, Pawns at Q B 2 and Q Kt 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *British Chess Magazine*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4038

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

TOURNAMENTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—After the conclusion of the congress at Buenos Aires two small tournaments were held at Montevideo and Rosario. The first was won by Dr. Alekhine with a score of 7 points out of 7. H. Golombek was second and Mrs. Stevenson third. At Rosario V. Petrow (Latvia) was first, E. Eliskases (Germany) second and V. Mikenas (Lithuania) third.

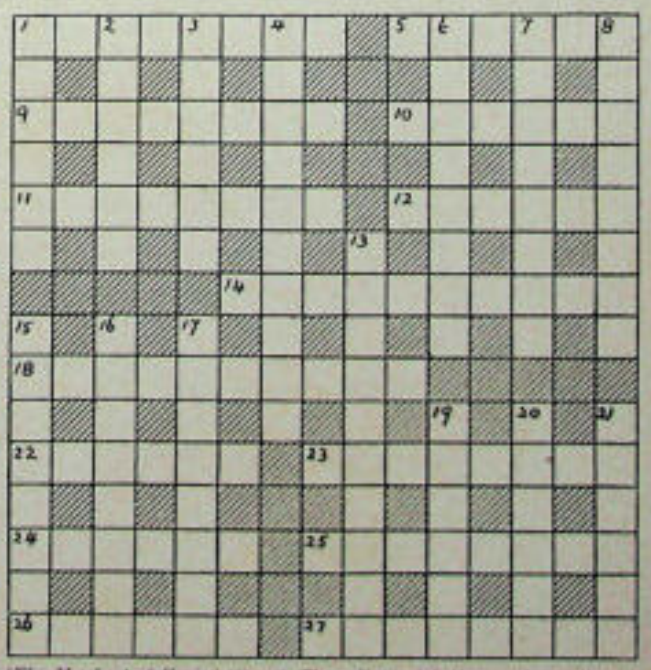
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 542

ACROSS.—1, A blazing vowel (8). 5, Brief bags (6). 9, The alternative to reading is not stated (8). 10, Nether garments for the penitent (6). 11, He rarely hears good of himself (8). 12, The conveyance for the last ride (6). 14, Showing active kindness (10). 18, I represent (anag.) (10). 22, "I am Sir ——, And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (6). 23, "M.P.'s bayonetted, sham colonels gazetted, And second-rate aldermen ——" (*The Goaddiers*) (8). 24, They are made of cast metal (6). 25, One divot (anag.) (8). 26, "He sings each song twice over," (6). 27, Calumniates (8).

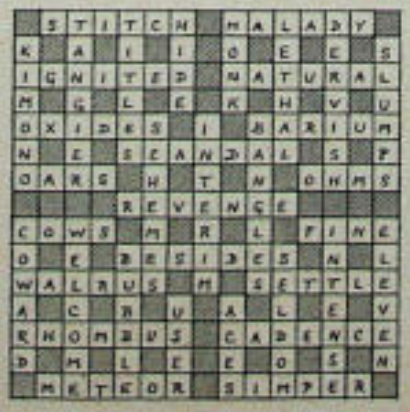
DOWN.—1, Here a clue is useless (6). 2, See 8 down (6). 3, I'm a long time (6). 4, One may play this fruit (10). 6, Relating to Greece (8). 7, "Twill be —— for a precedent" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (8). 8, The police watch them and sometimes 2 them (8). 13, Carriers of communications (10). 15, The don is changed; he now lives entirely for pleasure (8). 16, A little one is a newborn child (8). 17, Real pest (anag.) (8). 19, A disturbed region (6). 20, They are furthest from basements (6). 21, He was loved by Venus (6).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 541

Published November 4th



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI. Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

River Pollution.—The Trent Fishery Board long ago drew attention to the danger of pollution and the depredation of water-courses in the last war. A letter appeared on this subject in the *Field* of October 7th.—*J. B., Winchester.*

Country House

Moss on Paths and Drives Treated with Arsenical Weed Killer.—In most districts weed killer is sufficient to destroy moss. Caustic soda would probably not prevent a recurrence. You might try sodium chlorate at the rate of ½lb. to 1 gallon of water, although a lesser strength, 3lb. to 25 gallons, forms an excellent weed killer. But all these applications fade out in time. Perhaps yours is an especially moist district.—"*Saltcraz*," *Ulster.*

Oil Stove for small Greenhouse and A.R.P. Regulations.—The amount of light emitted depends very much on the kind of oil stove you use. We will suppose that the light from it is considerable. In the first place all side light can be cut out by a small sheet of galvanised iron bent round in the shape of a cylinder and riveted. Secondly, the heat from the oil stove will need to be much less if the roof of the house is covered by a heavy canvas blind such as those supplied by sundriesmen for covering frames. This could be let down at night and would effectually prevent all light coming from the roof.—*E. J., Essex.*

Forestry

Pine Weevils.—You have an infested area in which you want to plant a few specimen conifers. It will be a difficult matter to prevent them being attacked in turn. There is only one method likely to meet with success and that is to provide traps around the young trees in which the weevils will lay their eggs in preference to invading the trees you have or are about to plant. Lay fresh pieces of Scots pine bark, 1ft. to 2ft. long and a few inches wide around the trees, rough side of the bark uppermost. Examine regularly. The beetles will collect to feed on the under-side and can be brushed or shaken off into a bucket containing paraffin. The fresher the bark the better. It is usually easy to obtain in forest districts. Stakes of pine or spruce as large as one's wrist and a few feet can also be used as traps, and, when infested, burnt.—*R. B., Dumfries.*

Gardening

Rose Growing.—It is not intended that war time legislation should cause such injury to rose stocks as to render all the scientific work that nurserymen have put into their propagation useless. The idea is to maintain the varieties of roses and other plants by authorising certain stocks for budding purposes. As has been pointed out in the *Field*, to cease growing flowers or to ruin the nursery businesses would not serve any useful purposes. Land has to be given over to vegetables, but discretion must be observed.—*M. B., Edinburgh.*

Library

Books on Birds.—You can not do better than buy the *Handbook of British Birds* published by Witherby and costing 25/- a volume. Three volumes have so far been published and a fourth is due, we understand, in the spring. The *Handbook* is the successor to the *Practical Handbook* which was published in two volumes, and is without doubt the last word on British Birds. You should also get the magazine *British Birds* which is published each month by Witherby. Of simpler and less technical books we would recommend *Birds of the British Isles* by the late T. A. Coward. These are three volumes costing 10/6 each; and they form an admirable introduction to British Ornithology. They have the advantage, too, of being more or less of pocket size. For second-hand bird books, we would recommend Weldon & Wesley, Ltd. of Arthur Street, W.C.2.—*A. L. M., Darlington.*

Motoring

Running Out of Petrol. This difficulty has been dealt with by the R.A.C. If a member runs short of petrol they will pay for the cost of conveying petrol to him from the nearest garage, and if he has no coupons left for a fresh supply the club will pay the cost of towing the car home or to a garage. If a car owner has run out of coupons it is not possible for him to buy any to get him home, and in the ordinary way the motorist should have exercised enough forethought to have ensured a supply to at least get him near his destination. A case is cited where a member of the R.A.C. returning from a visit to his children in a reception area, ran out of petrol in the New Forest. Luckily he was still in possession of petrol coupons. A "Get You Home" voucher containing particulars of his requirements was conveyed to an R.A.C. garage in the nearest town by a passing motorist, and within half-an-hour a supply of petrol had been brought out to him, and he was on his way home—the R.A.C., of course, paying for the conveyance of the petrol to him.—*R. W., Wallington.*

Naturalist

Bird Sent for Identification.—This was a water rail. The bird is by no means so uncommon, as you suggest; but is, on account of its shyness, not so frequently seen.—*A. J. B., Hertford.*

Greater Horntail Wasp.—The insect sent for identification was the greater horntail wasp (*Sirex gigas*). This insect is, of course, not a wasp at all, and is quite harmless, the long projection at the end being an ovipositor and not a sting. Early November is certainly late for this insect still to be found on the wing.—*J. D., Dumfries.*

Rings for Birds.—You should apply to Miss E. Leach, who is the Secretary of the British Bird-Ringing Scheme, and whose address is British Museum Natural History, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. The scheme, originally commenced by Mr. H. F. Witherby and run under the ægis of *British Birds*, the monthly ornithological magazine, has been well established for many years now and is doing most excellent work in tracing bird movements to and from (and within) this country. Recoveries are published regularly in *British Birds*. No, we do not publish recoveries except those (and they are necessarily infrequent) made by our readers in far distant colonies. These are invariably of birds ringed in Russia, Germany, Poland (that was) Roumania and so forth. Recoveries of birds ringed in Britain are, presumably, reported direct to the British Museum Natural History. If they are reported to us—and that does happen—we send them on to that address.—*L. C., Gloucester.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on through necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

HORSE SALES

Leicester.

THERE was a large attendance at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade, Ltd.'s Leicester Repository on Saturday last. The catalogue was a full one and a good many horses changed hands at prices ranging from 20gs. to 85gs. Some of the principal sales effected were as follows:—Property of Mr. George Dickinson: Silver Prince, br g, 15gs. Worcestershire Cubhunters, the property of Hugh Sumner, Esq., M.F.H.: Cheerful, br colt, 30gs.; Melody, ch m, 36gs.; Guilsborough, br m, 40gs.; Robin, ch g, 30gs. Property of the Earl Fitzwilliam: Cubhunters: Tankerville, b m, 52gs.; Spaldwick, b m, 45gs.; Malton, ch m, 40gs.; Novelty, b g, 40gs.; Blithero, br g, 30gs. Property of Mr. L. Sydney Marler: President Wilson, ch g, 85gs.; The Emperor, b g, 56gs. Property of Miss J. Eaden: Mouse, br m, 30gs.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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GOODWILL TOWARD MEN

THIS is our Christmas Number. It will reach many of our readers, scattered in far-distant corners of the earth, on or about Christmas Day. No one can say what sort of a Christmas this is going to be, but of one thing we can all be certain—the Christmas message still holds good as it always will hold good.

"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." The keyword of that most glorious promise, that most pious hope, is goodwill. It is the keyword that we forget. We concentrate on the word peace, forgetting that there can be no peace without goodwill.

Goodwill. Goodwill has been notably lacking in the world ever since 1914—and not only international goodwill (which is, too frequently, a matter of expediency), but also domestic goodwill. We are not concerned here with the former, but it might not be out of place to point out that it is based upon the latter—and the latter is surely everybody's concern.

There has been little evidence even of domestic goodwill during the past 20 years. These 20 years have seen life accelerated beyond all measure. We have lived hectically, rushing from one thing to another. We have lived selfishly. Almost without exception we have thought only of ourselves. We have fought, often ruthlessly and unscrupulously, to further our own ends, to make a little more money, to climb a little higher up the social ladder. The 20 years that followed the Great War of 1914–1918 will surely be known to historians as the Age of Gain. It has been an age in which civilisation, as exemplified by indoor sanitation and mechanical marvels, has advanced mightily; an age in which civilisation, as exemplified by honesty, humility, kindness, generosity, chivalry has slipped back many centuries. Yet throughout this period we have, almost all of us, radiated goodwill once a year. At Christmas time we give presents, we send cards, we give Christmas boxes. We think kindly—even of our more impossible relatives. And we are not acting; we are sincere.

We are not acting. We want to be kind, we want to do kind things and to say kind things and to think kind thoughts. Probably 99 per cent. of the world's population would prefer to live throughout the year in the manner of Christmastide, but cannot because this world we have made, or assisted to make, will not allow us to do so.

We live in an atmosphere of distrust. Nowadays we trust no one; and distrust does not breed friendship. It is, of course, easy to say that the ills of the world would be cured if men but practised goodwill. But it is true. It is also true that this goodwill would have to be exercised towards everyone, and not only our more intimate friends and relatives; and that would not be so easy of accomplishment, because so many men are trained in these days to "take advantage" of any slip by anyone, to regard kindness as weakness, a disinclination to fight as cowardice.

But we can, at least, begin. As a country we believe very strongly in the charitable principle. Our great hospitals are supported by charitable instinct and not by the State. Even that greatest of State charities—the Dole—is supplemented largely by charitable organisations. This principle is excellent. We should do all that we can to further it. And there is no better time at which to give to others than our friends and relatives than Christmas.

In this issue will be found a letter from Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt. We would most earnestly draw attention to it. The facts which it puts forward are too little known: the plea it makes one which none of us—particularly at this time—should feel inclined to ignore.

The world these men fought for, and for which they have suffered so terribly, may not have turned out as expected. But they fought for an ideal that cannot die. If we help to keep that ideal—the ideal of goodwill alive—we shall surely keep a good, and happy, Christmas.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1022.)

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

PARCELS FOR THE TROOPS

WE should not this year devote our Christmas presents only to our friends and relatives. Our forces overseas should be remembered by all of us. Certain members will almost certainly have few friends or relatives to remember them this Christmas, and all, no matter what their position, will be glad to receive, and will be greatly encouraged in the receiving of, parcels from home. The following addresses will be of use to *Field* readers at Christmas time: Army Comforts Committee, St. Mary's Butts, Reading; Royal Air Force, Berkeley Square, W.1; Soldiers & Sailors Welfare Committee, Brompton House, S.W.7. Parcels are welcomed, and the old slogan, "Post Early for Christmas" might well be remembered anew this year.

DEER CONTROLLER

The news that Mr. H. Frank Wallace has been appointed Deer Controller for Scotland will be welcomed by all readers of the *Field* and by every Scotsman. Mr. Frank Wallace has for many years been a regular and valued contributor to our columns, and it will be remembered that we urged in leading articles a few months ago that his unrivalled knowledge and experience should be utilised. No man in the United Kingdom knows more about deer than Mr. Wallace, and his appointment is in every way a wise one. We sincerely hope that his new duties will not prevent him from continuing to contribute to our columns.

AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY

Miss Nora C. Cleather has been appointed acting secretary of the All England Lawn Tennis Club for the duration of the war. Mr. D. R. Larcombe, whose assistant she was, recently resigned the position of manager and secretary after a long illness. Miss Cleather has been on the staff at Wimbledon since 1922, and in the absence of Mr. Larcombe was responsible for the organisation of the Championships this year. During the seventeen years Miss Cleather has been working in the offices at Wimbledon she has built up a great reputation for her competence and ability as a business woman. In the running of Wimbledon and its championships, as may be readily understood, tact and diplomacy count for much, and Miss Cleather has been helped by her charming personality and distinguished presence. She has mastered the secret of gaining and keeping the confidence and loyalty of the junior staff. The remarkable lack of fuss and what might be called overt organisation, which has characterised the proceedings at Wimbledon in recent years, has been due to a considerable extent to the admirable way in which Miss Cleather's quiet temperament coincided and combined with that of Mr. Larcombe, whose humourous eyes, with their compelling smile, hardening to command, were the overseers of many marvels of management.

A SALMON EXPERIMENT POSTPONED

It is distinctly disappointing to learn that the long-awaited experiment to find out whether salmon hatching does or does not pay from a commercial point of view, has been postponed *sine die*. This is a matter of national importance, for our rivers do not now carry more than half the stock of salmon which they might do under efficient management. Until we know whether to assist nature, or to supplant her methods with something more easily controlled by man, it is impossible to devise satisfactory means of improving the stock. A matter of this kind, which concerns a most profitable part of the national food supply should surely not have been allowed to drop on account of the war. The working staff is small, the arrangements complete, the possible gain to the country large. Does the national emergency require a policy of penny wise and pound foolish?

THE FIGHT

The last gong sounds, the seconds quit the ring;
Alone amid their noisy followers' gaze,
Their faces white beneath the arc-lamps' blaze,
The boxers seek their final reckoning.
The one still strong, still sure of mastery,
Swift moving, swiftly leading left and right,
Seeking the final blow that ends the fight
And crowns him victor—Champion to be.
The other, with tired footsteps, dazed and slow,
With eyes half closed and bloodshot, scarce can hear
The ringside's din, the crowd acclaim his foe;
Yet still he counters, still his guard is there,
Still his tired hands fight back each staggering blow
With courage rising high above despair.

L. C. BROMLEY.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

"In this world, the isle of dreams,
Tears and terrors are our themes"

SO wrote a seventeenth century poet, but his couplet gives a juster impression of the world now than as it was 300 years ago. But it is not only the tragedy of to-day which is dreamlike, fantastic, monstrously irrational. The dream extends to the things I read in the newspapers about such prosaic but quintessential matters as the growing of food for people to eat, things I know to be contrary to what with my eyes I see and with my ears I hear. What I gather from the newspapers is that Home Production has become a kind of blend between a crusade and an imperative need, that even townspeople are beginning to think of the country as something rather more serviceable than a recreation ground, or a series of potential sites for week-end bungalows, that our rulers have suddenly remembered the words "plough" and "farmer" to be English and not foreign, and that our native agriculture is to be lifted from its deathbed. News like that sent me hastening forth to see these wonders taking place before my eyes and this is my report of a week's sight-seeing.

I met a farmer coming back from market with a flock of sheep. I commended him upon buying a pretty bunch of muttons. "Buying!" he said, "these are my own sheep I'm taking back, because I can't get a price for them that pays for their keep." I passed an unthatched rick that was going sodden with the rain. I knew the farmer and so I called to ask him why. "Because," he said, "there's only one labourer in the village who can thatch a rick and he's too busy for mine." I passed a field of twenty acres that was a wilderness of roughage, and the only animals that were feeding it down were a mare and two foals. All about me I saw field-gates with broken staples, pastures colonized by thistles that were good arable twenty years ago, tractors but no ploughs, plough-horses but no ploughmen. What I saw, in fact, was what I have seen for year after year—a countryside in ruins and not 1 per cent. of degenerate grass-lands ploughed up to save the people from the possibility of famine.

So I went to see a farmer for whom I have a deep respect and liking, because he comes from an old country stock of farmer-craftsmen, because his grandfather was a thatcher of local renown, because he loves his land and farms it with a kind of genius, because he runs a farm of the all-round mixed type, and because he is the only husbandman within a circuit of 80 miles who crowns his wheat-ricks with "dollies," with stylized crowns, that is to say, of plaited straw and wheat-ears and a base of strawband over 30ft. long. And he told me just the same tale. A ploughman was not to be procured anywhere in the neighbourhood; the race was extinct where he lived. Neither his pigs nor his cattle nor his corn could get prices which allowed him the lowest minimum of profit, while those he paid for cake and the like were staggering. His wife, once a champion butter- and cheese-maker, ached to be making them again—and I thought of those 4ozs. per week we are threatened with of foreign butter and foreign cheese not fit for a mouse to eat.

Everywhere I went I heard the same sad tale from honest, hardworking men I had known for years, content just to pay their way, if only they could live by the land. Gradually it was borne upon me that the revival of English tillage, English country life, English husbandry is an idle dream, a piece of window-dressing to calm the fears of the urban masses that, if anything were to go wrong with the imported foreign stuff, if we could not pay for it, if the financiers blackmailed us, or too many ships were sunk, they would starve.

Why is it that, when we could make enough butter to spread it on as thick as the bread, we may have to live on 4ozs. a week? Why is it that, when the lives of millions depend upon the absolute assurance of the food-supply, English agriculture is still a maimed and helpless victim of our economic system? Can it be that our democratic rulers dare not set our agriculture on its feet again lest they should offend the financial caucus that controls the whole of our imported food-stuffs? Since the curse of England for a century has been her bondage to huge vested interests, it would be surprising indeed if those interests relaxed their grip merely because the country they fed on was in peril.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily:

"The grouse is exclusively a northern bird, for he refuses to thrive south of Derbyshire, and is most at home in Scotland, Yorkshire, and, to a lesser extent, in North Wales. He is brownish-red in colour, about 15in. long and usually turns the scale at a little over 1lb. He lives and breeds in a scooped-out hole in the ground, nearly always walks, and only takes to the air when frightened."



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN WATCHING TROOPS IN TRAINING

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE WAR

Duties That End Only With Death

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, who as C.I.G.S. was responsible for the British Armies in all parts of the globe in the late war, when our military expansion reached an unparalleled scale, said that in spite of the vastness and complexity of the efforts he directed, he calculated that he was only responsible for 25 per cent. of our contribution to the war. That phrase does a good deal to illustrate the immense claims that the war makes on our Royal Family, and in particular on the King himself; for every single activity of the whole Empire is in the last resort a matter for the King. He is the Supreme Commander of the Army, Navy and Air Force, he has to be abreast of every decision of the War Cabinet, the whole of the Civil Service comes within the orbit of his survey, he is the Head of the Church of England, the patron of innumerable public bodies and private institutions. He is, beyond all this, the Head of the Family, the man who must set an example to us all, who must encourage the faint-hearted, and stimulate the zealots.

And these activities are duplicated and re-duplicated through each of the Dominions, in India, and through the whole of the Colonial Empire. Although indeed it may be said the King is not responsible for the important decisions made by his various cabinets, he knows them all, and he shares in their outcome. We may indeed thank Providence that our monarch is a young and vigorous man, who has always led a remarkably healthy and abstemious life, and can support the great strain to which he is subjected.

He touches the National war effort at every point. His day to day activities clearly show that: Visiting aerodromes, munition factories, military depots, the Royal Navy, A.R.P. centres, the Dominions' offices. This unending routine, cutting across every hope of personal relaxation or private pleasure, goes on literally day after day from the beginning of the war to the end. Kingship imposes on those called upon to assume its burdens a routine which ends only with death. To all other servants of the Crown there are offered the luxuries of leave, the ultimate hope of retirement. But with The Crown, "one and indivisible," comes an office which never ends, and functions which are never delegated.

But these activities which we read of in the papers are only a fraction of the whole. The routine work of the Palace Secretariat alone is of vast dimensions. And here one might, in parenthesis, add a word for the Private Secretaries and the Household, who do so much to lighten the King's load. Their names are unknown to the mass of the public; they find in their loyal and self-effacing service neither fame nor fortune; but their work is of the very first importance and must be its own reward. There is a popular idea abroad that under the British Constitution the King is only a rubber-stamp, and that these day to day decisions are merely a formality. Nothing could be further from the case. Our present King, as his father and grandfather before him, retains the historic rights of consultation, of full knowledge, of admonition. He attends to his duties to the smallest detail, and he does not spare the slack or the slip-shod.

His correspondence he deals with in detail. He sees for himself, he decides for himself. When high appointments are to be made, an Ambassador, a Colonial Governor, a Bishop, the selected name is placed before him prior to the appointment being made, and he considers them very carefully. There are innumerable small points from the ceremonial of the Brigade of Guards to the arrangements to be made for the reception of a foreign ambassador, about which a personal decision must be given. All this routine, heavy in time of peace, is redoubled in time of war.

By the King's side stands the Queen, who is setting an example to the women of the Empire, by her unflagging zeal, and her interest in every cause by which woman can further the war. In war she has retained that captivating personal charm which nobody brought in contact with her can ever forget. Wherever she goes, heavily burdened men and women remember the untold value of deep human sympathy, of cheerfulness and of a sense of humour. The King and Queen enjoy a particularly happy family life. We realise from Her Majesty's recent broadcast speech that, sharing as they do the trials of their subjects, they have faced the separation from their children without complaint, not asking that their treatment should be different from that of the poorest of the poor.

But the activities of the Royal Family do not end with those of the King and Queen. A lengthening tale of years have in no wise dimmed the amazing energy and vitality of Queen Mary. The Duke of Gloucester has taken up his post in France. The Duke of Kent has given up his Governor-Generalship, on which it is known his heart was set, to go back to the Navy. The Duke of Windsor is in Flanders once again. The Princess Royal is head of half a dozen women's organisations. And there is one other member of the Royal Family whose interest in all that concerns our armies is indefatigable—the Duke of Connaught. Now in his ninetieth year, old enough to remember the Crimean war, and a godson and namesake of the Duke of Wellington, what a link he represents with the historic past! At the beginning of the war he was photographed with Sir John Dill, commanding the 1st Corps, and his two divisional commanders, the youngest of whom, Major General Alexander, was born when the Duke already had nearly 25 years' service in his mother's army. He will understand something of the feelings of his great nephew the Duke of Gloucester, who at the time of his brother's accession had to interrupt an active military career—he was then at the Staff College—to take up other duties.

When one thinks of this incessant round of duties, sometimes trivial, and always tiring, one says involuntarily, "how it must bore them." But this I believe is not the case. Just because the life of the Royal Family touches the Empire at every point they find interest and encouragement in being brought into contact with so many different activities, just as it must hearten them, like the rest of us, to feel that there is nothing so stimulating in life as making a success of your job.

S. P. Q. B.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS PACKS. THE QUORN AT BARROW-ON-SOAR

THE UPKEEP OF KENNELS

Last week Mr. Ansell Wells discussed the horse side of hunting problems. This week he writes upon the problems of Kennel Management. A further article will appear in our next issue.

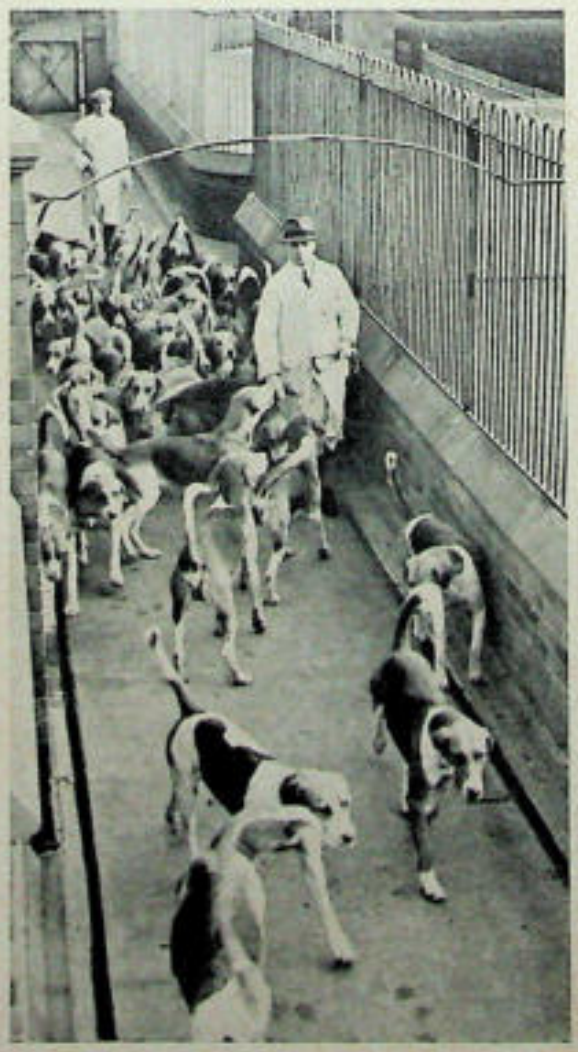
By R. ANSELL WELLS

WHEN we come to consider the question of the upkeep of kennels during times such as the present, we have to take the word "upkeep" in a rather different sense from that which we are accustomed to attach to it in times of peace. When we think about the upkeep of kennels in peace time, we do so from the point of view of the Master of Hounds or the hunt committee, whose business it is to keep up the hunt kennels in such a way that the hounds and staff can best fulfil the programme of hunting to which the country and the subscribers have been accustomed. The young man about to take a pack of hounds must needs go very carefully into the question of the cost of upkeep, and the matter of providing a proper number of hounds to fulfil his hunting programme is inseparable from his calculations, which are, indeed, based upon it. In time of war this is altered.

Now, we need not trouble ourselves about the amount of hunting that the present circumstances will permit; that is entirely beside the point and can only be considered after other requirements have been met. It would, therefore, be better if we eschewed the word "upkeep" and substituted for it another which will express our meaning better; "maintenance" gives a truer idea of that which must be the care of all those who control the destinies of packs of hounds from now until the cessation of hostilities and the return of more normal and more prosperous times. The first duty of such people is the maintenance of their hounds, or at least of a certain number. This is a duty which they owe to themselves, to their subscribers and to their country, and perhaps even more important than these, to England and to posterity.

The future of hunting is entirely dependent upon the efforts of those who now exercise control over the destinies of the many packs of hounds which are in existence. It is for them to maintain what remnants of those packs they can, and, by so doing, to keep alive and in good health a sufficient number of hounds to enable them to start breeding upon a large scale directly circumstances permit of their so doing. So their task must be to maintain our breeding stock; that must be the first care and all other objects must be subordinated to it. When proper provision has been made for this, we can then think about doing any hunting and can make our plans to suit our resources.

When we realise this we see that our whole outlook has been changed, and that we have now to approach the problems of ways and means from a different angle to that to which we are accustomed. The question of stable management has already been discussed in a previous article in which some suggestions was the economic management of hunt stables which would permit of a considerable saving of expense, without entailing any risk of a rash and sure-to-be-regretted squandering of capital, as



GEORGE BARKER WITH THE BITCH PACK IN THE RUNWAY AT THE QUORN HUNT KENNELS

represented by the hunt horses.

The economy there outlined can be carried to any lengths, the extreme limit being, of course, the point at which no hunting is done and all those of the hunt horses which are worth keeping until another season are left out at grass. It is to be hoped that this limit will never have to be reached, but should things turn out, eventually, to be as bad as they have it in them to be, the horses must be accorded a consideration second to that for the hounds. The Master of Hounds must be content to leave the future of the hunter and light horse generally in the hands of those whose business it is to produce such horses. He must concentrate solely upon the preservation of his hounds, safe in the knowledge that he is thereby doing his duty, which no one else can perform, and, at the same time, assisting the breeders of horses by ensuring that one of the largest and the best of their markets shall be kept open for them to make use of when they are again in a position to do so.

When once this state of affairs has been accepted we see that the problems with which the owner of hounds is faced are made up in about equal parts of expense and food. The latter is, to some extent, dependent upon the former, but it has at the same time a significance of its own. Whereas the former is purely a question of individual circumstance and the ability or otherwise to enlist the support of other people, the food question is one in which Government control may step in, and then those in charge of hounds would have no say in the matter at all, and might be unable to make any satisfactory arrangements, however great their financial resources or the amount of enthusiastic assistance upon which they could draw.

The food position, like some others at the present time, is still somewhat obscure. One can read advertisements by well-known firms offering oatmeal for sale and can, on the same day, go into a shop in which the assistant will tell you that they have no oatmeal because it has all been commandeered by the Government. This, it is true, may only be the case with one shop, albeit a large one, and we have certainly been told by the authorities that there is not likely to be any shortage of oatmeal. However, the warning, for such it is, may be timely, and it will not be a bad thing if even the most conservative of hound feeders should look about them and explore the possibilities of "new-fangled" and "fancy" methods of feeding which, if employed, will bring about a reduction, however small, in the quantity of oatmeal which is needed in kennels. It will be of little use exchanging the use of oatmeal for that of another valuable feeding stuff, but if some other food could be used,

even in small quantities, which was either not suitable for human consumption or else could be produced locally, it would provide a very useful "second string" upon which to fall back in times of emergency.

The other important item on the menu is flesh, and here it is not likely that much difficulty will be experienced, except, possibly, in those countries where the kennels are situated in the neighbourhood of a large town or city, and the surrounding countryside is overrun with knackers. These men will have their ordinary trade to carry on, and the demand for their products may be increased by war-time requirements, with the result that they may descend like vultures upon any and every carcass within miles. Hounds which are kennelled in such localities are always liable to feel the pinch, but others which are kept further in the country are usually more or less immune from this form of competition. In either case, however, it will be better to be safe than sorry, and the prudent Master will take immediate steps to procure all the flesh that he can, even if, by so doing, he puts up the price and has to take rather more trouble than usual. A carcass or potential carcass too many now may come in very useful later on.

The matter of storing large quantities of flesh will be more or less out of the question, hence the use of the term "potential carcass." Flesh of all sorts will keep indefinitely while it is still alive! this fact will dictate the policy of the kennel. A good paddock or paddocks should be set aside, and large numbers of suitable beasts of all sorts—old horses, old cows, &c.—may be acquired and turned into them to graze at peace and in comfort until they are wanted for the boiler. They can then be slaughtered as required, and the stock maintained at a level which will represent a comfortable working margin. Should dead flesh become available it should, of course, be used, what time the live beasts are allowed to remain in the paddocks until dead beasts are no longer obtainable.

The second part of the question of the maintenance of hounds is that of expense, and here it is difficult to make any hard and fast rules; individual circumstances vary so widely that each must be left to make the best of his own resources, but the general lines upon which subsequent activities will be conducted will be the same for all. The reduction in the number of horses which are kept in the stables, fit and ready for hunting, will effect an important economy in the balance-sheet and, as has been said, this economy must be carried to its extreme limits before any too drastic reductions are made in the kennels.

Reductions can, nevertheless, be made in the kennels which, although they are drastic when viewed from a peace-time standpoint, are not too drastic in the present circumstances. One of Mr. Jorrocks' "haphorisms," as he called them, was "Keep no cats wot don't catch mice." Although we all hope that it will be possible to hunt throughout the war, the most important "mice" nowadays are the young hounds of the future, these must be our first care. Therefore, hateful though the task most assuredly is, it will be necessary to dispense with those hounds in the pack which are unsuitable for breeding purposes. Next after them must go those which it may reasonably be expected will be too old for breeding by the time that it will again be possible to produce hounds in large numbers.



THE DOG PACK IN THE YARDS AT BARROW-ON-SOAR

These will have to disappear from the top of the pack in the interests of economy; the axe will then have to fall upon the other end, and it may be necessary to do away with some of the young, unentered hounds, and other young ones which are unlikely to be required for breeding purposes and which have not yet had a chance of proving themselves in the field. The object of the cuts should be to reduce the pack to a size at which it can be maintained upon the amounts of money and food available, and at which it will consist only of those hounds which have proved their worth, and are such as can safely be bred from in a year or two's time.

Should circumstances deteriorate even further, or should the resources of a pack be not equal to the task of keeping up even this small minimum, resort may be had to the puppy walkers. These keen and devoted men and women can indeed be of inestimable service to the hounds at times such as the present. There will be few, if any, puppies to be walked, and those who usually take charge of the youngsters will probably be only too pleased to take care of an old hound for the duration of hostilities, especially if that old hound should be one which they walked as a puppy. In this way added assistance can be obtained in order to keep up an important minimum breeding stock, and it should be possible to prevent the total dispersion of any pack.

As has already been said these lines are only very general ones, and in each pack of hounds there will probably be many cases in which exceptions can well be made, but the principle of keeping no cats that don't catch mice must be adhered to. Unpleasant though it certainly is, it must be admitted and realised that to keep an unsuitable hound now, for sentimental reasons, may mean that you will have to destroy a valuable one later on; no one can foresee for how long the war will last or the straits to which kennels may be reduced before the end of it. It is, therefore, only right and proper that steps should be taken now which will ensure the greatest possible conservation of resources, and will alone enable our packs of hounds to come through a period in which they will be in a state closely resembling one of siege.

If we do these things now we shall live to see a happy outcome to our efforts, and we shall know that whatever the sacrifices which have been entailed they have been fully justified, and that we have played our parts. The playing of these parts is the discharge of our duty to the sport and to our sons and daughters, for on our shoulders lies the burden of ensuring their participation in that which has meant so much to each one of us, and has played such a great part in the lives of our forefathers and in the history of our country. Fox-hunting has come through worse times in the past, and we can surely show that we are no less able to do our duty than were those who preceded us.



QUORN HOUNDS COMING IN FROM EXERCISE

OUR COLOURED COVER

Philip Westcott and Richard Ansdell combined to paint the portrait of the Earl of Sefton shown on the cover of this issue. Ansdell, a well-known North Country animal painter of the last century, supplied the horse and hounds. Some of his work appears in early issues of the *Field*. The painting is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, 157, New Bond Street, London, owners of the original.



CHRISTMAS MATINS



By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

IN many respects Egypt is a far pleasanter place in which to spend Christmas than Great Britain and the reasons for this are manifold. First and foremost there is the weather, and though snow set forth with a scarlet-breasted robin and a few holly berries looks very nice on a Christmas card, it is not nearly so delightful when you try to drive a car through it without chains. Actually, of course, it always thaws or rains on Christmas Day, and the thermometer jumps up to the upper sixties just to make the Yule log look silly and redundant, but on the other hand there are usually three foot drifts to be negotiated on Christmas Eve when one drives down for the festivities, and even deeper ones three days later when one tries to return.

Again, in Egypt there is the question of the domestic staff who need not be considered in any way, as they are quite prepared to martyrise themselves on this the only festival of that queer race—the British. They will serve dinner cheerfully as late as 10.30 p.m. if the ceremony of preluminary drinks is in any way protracted, and they will lend their tarbooshes and galabiyahs to exuberant members of the party after dinner when the old British custom of dressing up takes place after the first dozen of champagne has gone west.

Lastly, one must remember that the Egyptians are a highly-civilized and human race, and under no circumstances would they descend to that form of Nazidom of sending out income tax demands to coincide with the one and only real festival of the year. As a Mahommedan country Christmas means nothing to them, but they have a marked sense of decency and of what is right and proper. It is a remarkable thing, and a testimonial to the sterling qualities of our race, that we still try to maintain that spirit of good cheer at Christmas when every householder in the land has just received a demand that, so far as he can see, will put him right out of his house into the outdoor relief category.

In Egypt, nowadays, since the discovery that the desert is a glorious place in which to drive a car, there has been a marked tendency to avoid the indoor celebration and instead to devote the holiday to exploration of the wastes that lie on either side of the Nile Valley. The attraction of this form of travel is that it is not merely a question of driving the car through empty sand dunes and gravel plains, because there is always an objective the other side (of course, I am writing of pre-war days).

If one goes west from Cairo into the Libyan Desert there are the old Coptic monasteries by the Wadi Natrun, and beyond them the oases of Baharia and Siwa. If one goes east one may cross the Sinai Peninsula, descend to the Gulf of Akaba, and eventually reach Petra—the rock-cut city of the Nabataeans that lies hidden in the mountains of Trans-Jordan. Alternatively, one may bear away to the south after crossing the Suez Canal, negotiate the gorges of the Sinai mountains, and visit the famous Monastery of St. Catherine, which is situated at the foot of the Mountain of the Law. In fact, a Christmas in the desert can be entirely delightful if the weather plays its part.

Many years ago, when the only car in use in the desert was the old Model T Ford, we arranged a Christmas trip to this monastery, and in those days a journey into the wilds had some element of risk and discomfort about it, as there was no certainty of arriving anywhere. The old Model T was a wonderful car and would put up with every form of ill-usage, but when she threw her hand in with a broken engine support, or a damaged crown wheel, she did so very completely. She had also a disconcerting habit of losing her spark completely, and no one knew where it had gone. You could take the whole car practically to pieces and still fail to find its hiding place.

In my own particular car, which I must have driven well over 100,000 miles, I could always cure this little failing by administering a hearty kick to the box of coils, which was conveniently placed just above the pedals. The remedy, however, did not work with all cars, and I have been told by real mechanics that the method was fundamentally unsound. In defence I can only say that in nine cases out of ten the kick, if hard enough, worked like a charm.

In selecting a party to go touring into the sands it is necessary to exercise a certain amount of discretion, for not all people think alike about the desert. Some—the prosaic type—loathe the sight of it, and want to get out of it at once. Others go all rapt and "Beverley Nichols" over it, and remain so wrapped up in it you cannot get them to collect sticks for firewood or help with the tyre pump. A blending of the prosaic type with the rapt is usually unfortunate, and on this particular trip a budding romance withered in the bud like a frost-bitten apple blossom in May.

Herbert, who had been lured to join the party on the understanding that he could have a shot at ibex, went off the first evening to get firewood and met Helen, who had gone forth for the same purpose, but had come over all rapt again at the sight of a desert sunset.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she gurgled ecstatically. "Look at those vivid streaks of scarlet and rose."

"Yes," said Herbert, "it makes me feel homesick."

"Homesick!" exclaimed Helen. "You never saw a sunset like this at Abbassia."

"Very likely not, but it reminds me of that streaky bacon I bought specially for the trip, which some silly ass left behind."

After this communications between Helen and Herbert never got very much warmer than asking each other to pass either the salt or pepper at meals. It was no use asking for the mustard as, like the bacon, it had been left behind.

Our party, when eventually it started, consisted of three Model T's all grossly overloaded, and the personnel in the first two consisted of myself, complete with wife and daughter, a stray Camel Corps subaltern, Wattie the Aberdeen, and Helen and Herbert. In the third car were the Berberine cook, who hated the desert worse than Herbert, Osman, the Arab orderly, Musty, the driver, and a stray policeman named Azzazi, who rose to such heights of efficiency on the trip that it was discovered he had a colour-sergeant's chevrons and crown in his haversack.

The popular idea of the desert is a warm, sunlit waste of sand and gravel with violet shadows showing up peak and crag and dune. Some writers can go on like this and use up three pages to describe one dune, but the British soldiers of the mechanized force in Egypt do it just as convincingly in two words. This idea of sunlit wastes is fairly correct on some three hundred and sixty days out of the three-six-five, but the odd five may provide anything from a howling sandstorm to drizzling rain and torrential cloud-bursts. On this particular trip we had all three.

We started from Suez in a sandstorm that blotted out the scenery, filled eyes, mouth and nose with dust, and provided a considerable amount of body to the mayonnaised fish that the cook considered a suitable lunch for the desert. Shortly after this the frame of my car broke and the engine took a sharp list to port. An argument ensued as to whether it was advisable to drive a car with a lop-sided engine, and as the voting was equal an attempt was made, but the noises from gear box and back axle were so unusual for even a Model T that it was decided wayside repairs must be effected.

This was much simpler than we had imagined, for Musty had done it so often that his movements, even in the sand-storm, suggested those of a skilled piece worker in an up-to-date mass production factory's assembly room. He jacked up the drooping engine with two jacks, and slipped a specially shaped piece of wood into the U of the frame at the point of fracture. But at this stage of the proceedings he showed some uncertainty. This was evidenced by the hurried exasperated manner in which he threw out the contents of his tool-box, which consisted of a spanner, a pair of pliers, an air pump, a leaking oil can, a pair of trousers, three flat loaves of bread, an onion and some black olives in a screw of paper.

"He's forgotten his piece," said Herbert sardonically, and it seemed that for the first time in his life Musty had been found wanting. His tool-box was deficient of the most important spare part of the Model T—a length of stout wire.

Musty cast a despairing look round the blank scenery, and then his face lit up with one of his rare smiles, when he saw overhead the telegraph line that connects Suez with the Quarantine Station at Tor. With the pliers in his hand he climbed the pole, with the nonchalance of a chimpanzee showing off before children at the Zoo, cut off Suez from Tor by a short length of six feet, and in ten minutes the fracture of the frame was so efficiently bound by a wire tourniquet, applied with the help of a tyre lever, that even the inspector at Suez responsible for the line would have forgiven him.

After this, as we moved on southwards, the weather took a change for the better, so that when we halted for the night the sky had cleared sufficiently to display the sunset that caused Herbert's undoing. The improvement, however, was entirely temporary, and half an hour later the clouds rolled up from the south, the heavens opened, and a torrential downpour descended. In five minutes the desert started to run in tiny brooks, the brooks turned to streams, and the streams to roaring rivers, and one of the most bustling of these came suddenly round the sheltering corner of a jutting rock and swept away the Berberine cook, complete with dinner and pots and pans. He was beached and salvaged a hundred yards down stream, but the dinner was not much good as a dinner, nor the cook as a cook.

All sorts of things happen in the desert when there is heavy rain. The winter barley sprouts, grass comes up vivid green, and various anemones, narcissi and a very lewd hyacinth push their way through the soil. The Arab regards rain as the greatest of God's blessings, but we were unable to see it quite in that light, as the hard, flinty, gravel soil on which we were parked suddenly turned to tapioca pudding, and gluey tapioca at that.

It was here that Azzazi gave the first signs of acumen and foresight that eventually brought him to higher things and exalted rank. Seeing the nauseating wet pudding inside the canvas he seized a mattock and hacked away furiously. In five minutes he had dug down to dry white sand, and by so doing increased the size of the interior by some twelve square feet, a welcome addition to the cramped space, seeing that it had to accommodate six persons.

I may say that according to the original scheme the tent was reserved for the use of the ladies only, whilst the hardier males were supposed to sleep out in their valises. This, however, was now out of the question, and it was decided to waive all preconceived ideas about the segregation of sexes.

When the valises were spread out on the sand it was found that the accommodation was just sufficient, but a certain amount of rearrangement was necessary, as Helen said if Herbert was going to sleep on the west side she would prefer the east. Herbert was not the only unpopular person for whom a special place had to be found as, owing to one of those things one says on the spur of the moment, I had joined him in Coventry, and had, moreover, gone much farther into the town than he had. This was due to the question of the fire. It would not burn, which was not surprising considering that it was raining and the wood was wet. Everybody was huddled round it including Wattie, the Aberdeen, when Osman came up to help, and threw a small tin of petrol on it without a word of warning. This put matters on an entirely different basis, and when the scorched and singed party picked themselves out of the mud into which they had flung themselves to escape the jet of flame, I was heard to ask: "Is Wattie hurt?"

Any decent self-respecting man should have known that one does not enquire about dogs before human beings, and after that I knew what it was to be alone. Actually Wattie had lost all his whiskers, which must be worse for a Scottie than eye-brows and eye-lashes for a human.

It was not a comfortable night and no one slept very well. The following morning, a sort of hopeless dawn, we set forth to churn through the mud to the Monastery, and we did most of it on bottom gear.

The day wore on slowly and, as the shades of night fell, we came round the shoulder of a jutting mountain and saw the lights of the Monastery far above us. Dead weary and mud-plastered we staggered up the wide steps, hammered on the iron-bound door, and were admitted to the warm interior by a bearded, smiling monk who said "Happy Christmas." It was the first time during the day that anyone had dared mention the subject.

Two hours later, washed, shaved and clad in clean clothing, but very sleepy, we sat over the remains of our Christmas dinner, and Herbert made his first remark of the day that could be repeated.

"What I am looking forward to above all things," he said, solemnly, "is a good night's rest. I've a comfortable bed, and I am going to stay in it till ten to-morrow. I want to forget to-day."

Usually Herbert's remarks are neither particularly intelligent nor soul-stirring, but these words awoke response in every tired heart. We were all thinking longingly of blankets, eiderdowns and soft pillows, when there was a tap at the door and the Archbishop of the Monastery came in. He was a charming old gentleman—the sort of man whose feelings one would not hurt for a king's ransom—and we all beamed on him and thanked him for his hospitality.

"It is the custom of English people when they visit this Monastery," he said, "to attend morning mass in the church. I suppose that you will all wish to be present?"

"Oh, yes, rather," we said weakly. "What time will it be?"

"Five o'clock," replied the Archbishop, "and you will know when to get up and dress by hearing the clapper which goes at half past four."

FLIGHT SHOOTING

By LORD DUNSANY

Lord Dunsany needs no introduction to "Field" readers, all of whom will remember his delightful dog story in our Christmas number of two years ago. The author of "Fifty-one Tales," "Unhappy, Far-Off Things," and "Patches of Sunlight," Lord Dunsany is best known for his imaginative writing. Here he describes a night duck-shooting in Co. Meath

MEN who supply simple needs, such as those of the larder, are likely to be brought into touch with other simple things and even to see Nature in one of those many moods that she is reluctant to show to cities. One of the needs of the larder is variety, for no one can go on eating the same dish every night, and variety in game is not so easy to come by in October as it is after the great winds have carried the geese and woodcock and the majority of the snipe, and all the jacksnipe, south from the edge of snow, lighted upon their way by the full moon of November. The golden plover come too upon these winds, but were not yet arrived in Ireland when I went late one October evening to look for ducks coming into a pond in a wood.

It was only a few days short of the full moon which for choice is a time to avoid, because on such nights the duck come later than usual; but, the day before, it had rained and the day before that was Sunday, and for several days before that there had been a dead calm. When no wind is blowing the duck can hear shots from a great distance, and a big pack will turn back from hundreds of yards away at the sound of a single shot. One has to choose a night for flighting with some care, for it has nothing in common with any artificial sports.

The beeches were newly cloaked in cloth-of-gold, and the chestnuts were dressed even more gaily, and both shone splendidly though the light was fading. I have a shelter built with branches of fir about two small fir-trees planted for that purpose, between whose trunks one walks in as through a doorway. In October the earliest ducks arrive more than an hour before sunset, so I have a canvas chair in the shelter; for while there is still light it is a bit easier to shoot the ducks rising off the water than it is as they come in to it, and one can stay in one's chair till one hears them come down on the pond, which means that one can have complete cover, instead of hoping that the ducks will fail to notice one's head and shoulders and gun sticking out of the top of the shelter. Small birds came into the trees and sang faintly; rooks began to caw; an engine panted far off, giving a sort of impression to the calm evening that Man with all his inventions was ill at ease.

Then this ceased, and rooks went over again, talking to each other in their own language. There came a noise of wings in the air and a splash in the pond, and more wings tearing down through the air and more splashes. I came out of the shelter, and still had cover behind a little hedge of fir-branches from the sight of the ducks on the pond. There must have been more than thirty there; and when they rose it seemed so certain that I should get a pair of them that, as often happens on such occasions, I only got one.

A chapel bell rang musically. There was deep silence. Then wings again; probably duck; and then certainly. One has only to wait, provided there is no duck dead on the pond, and they will come down. Midges have come now. A cock-pheasant goes triumphantly to bed. The wings come roaring down; and this time I get two. One has to be gathered from the water, because it is wrong side up, and that is one thing that is certain to scare any duck that comes within sight of it.

A wind arises. That is just what a flight-shooter wants. It comes up suddenly out of the west and roars in the wood, and continues to roar there for the rest of the evening. Still there are rooks, for the light is not yet gone, though the sky is fast turning grey. A lorry on a distant road, out late and hurrying to get home, hoots anxiously. Sometimes the wind in the trees is a little like duck's wings.

But then comes the unmistakable sound of the wings themselves, a kind of blend between a whistle and chirrup. I get one of them. Again they come, and again I get only one. The light is fading, and soon I go out and sit on the bank of the pond, against which I no longer show up, so long as I keep still. Shooting is more sporting that way, because the ducks come in with their full pace, which they do not at once attain when they are leaving the pond. I aim just below them, as they drop in facing the wind; but as my gun goes up they see me move, so that, instead of getting the easier shot as they reduce their speed, I have to alter my aim and get them darting away. Then it grows darker still, and they no longer see me move.

A black bird comes over me from behind, and I wonder what it is. It is no longer possible to tell the distance of everything, and therefore one can have no idea of its size. The long neck stretched out makes me think for a moment it may be a heron, and so I do not fire. Suddenly I see that it is a duck, but at that moment it goes down into the darkness that lies all over the pond in the wood, and in which nothing is visible till it is clear of the tops of the trees. There is only light there on the water itself and I see it swimming about, and even coming quite close to me. Then by a bit of luck something makes it uneasy and it rises up from the pond, flying straight over me and giving me a very easy shot.

More ducks come over and, as I look to my left, I suddenly see the blaze of the moon flaming over the top of a fir-tree. Ducks are very black now, but the trees are blacker, and stars are appearing: I have thirteen duck down, which is more than enough for the larder and leaves a few brace over for friends. Eyes can no longer see dead ducks on the ground: it is a matter for black soft noses, which wait for me in the wood with a man to look after them, for whom within half an hour the two retrievers gather twelve of the duck. With a moon now bright and high to help us upon our way we go home through the wood, and taking one last look at the splendour of night I turn to the comforts of houses.



"THEN CAME A NOISE OF WINGS IN THE AIR AND A SPLASH AND MORE WINGS TEARING DOWN THROUGH THE AIR AND MORE SPLASHES"
(From a painting by Philip Rickman)

THE ZOO CARRIES ON

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL



"WHAT WAR?"
A "Why Worry" study of an inhabitant of Whipsnade

IN August, 1914, a London Zoo cockatoo waxed fat on solemn repetitions of "God Save the King" and "Gott Strafe England." When, as often occurred, it hopelessly jumbled the two phrases, sometimes with unpatriotic results, nuts and other votive offerings poured in just as copiously as ever.

To-day the same bird, or one exactly like it, is doing fair business on nothing more Chauvinistic than a mellifluous rendering of the business-like marching song from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. This may seem a triviality, but a cockatoo can only repeat what it overhears from its betters, and Polly's change of repertoire fairly epitomises the essential difference between the two greatest wars ever forced upon a suffering world.

That the Zoo should carry on, bombs or no bombs, goes without saying. Madrid recently came through a prolonged baptism of fire and poison gas with little serious loss, either as regards the menagerie and personnel, or the Zoo's supporters. The last war, so far from crushing London's Zoo, second oldest of such institutions in the world (Paris got there first), actually saw the gate enjoy one of its

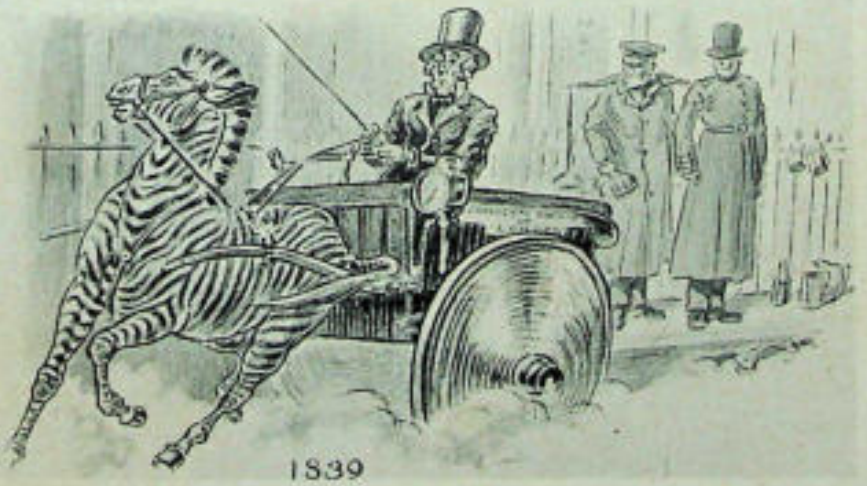


"WHAT'S IN THERE . . . NUTS?"

minor "peaks." For a scientific menagerie is as essential to national welfare as art or literature, and can no more be dispensed with, if a people is to win through, and successfully reconstruct its normal life, when at last the "Cease fire" sounds.

London's Zoo, lying as it does, within the national hub, has necessarily had to face the unpalatable facts more drastically than many provincial and private collections far afield. Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake's famous Zoo near Maidstone, for example, actually saw the last war through with a staff of three only (one an old lady!), and this despite a particularly large assortment of the great carnivora to maintain.

Of course, the Regent's Park collection is very adequately "A.R.P.'d." Over a hundred of the staff have graduated in civil defence and first aid, and behind the sufficient but not too hideously obtrusive sand bags is a maze of telephonic communications, linking up every part of the grounds with H.Q. and the outer world. What the sanatorium doesn't know about decontamination . . . well, it once faced up to a crateful of insurrectionary skunks. The Zoo also has its own fire engine and highly-trained crew for same. More than two thousand visitors can be sheltered at a second's notice from air raids, and any surplus at once shepherded to overflow retreats on adjacent Primrose Hill. In the last war the Zoo weathered raids, without a casualty or the escape of a guinea pig. One Zoo dug-out—the old tunnel, built in 1829—was, amusingly enough, for many years



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the only shelter in a heat wave, for the Zoo's largest trees were then mere saplings. Visitors camped out in it during the more torrid hours, bringing their own chairs and provisions. Regarding the much advertised "Gunmen," ready to deal with an escaped dangerous animal, these are a standing provision of every sane Zoo, with or without a war on.

A pleasanter feature of our trying times is the quite dramatic revolution war has created in the Zoo's vehicular traffic. At regular intervals for years past Fellows and others have pleaded for a restoration of the horse and other carts, once the Zoo's only means of inter-communication. In vain the authorities explained that with the growth of the collection only motor transport made it possible to get through the day's work. Further, the draught horse has a habit of making friends with exhibits and others. Work stops while it halts for a chat with deer and zebras met on its rounds, and it neglects duty to cadge crusts and sugar from buffets and restaurant back premises.

But war works wonders and the "impossible" is now accepted fact. Daily the Zoo's pony cart—actually it is a pony cart drawn by two Shetland ponies—jingles down Albany and Great Portland Streets, taking the gate money to the bank, as it did in the days of cabriolets, top-hatted policemen and aproned ticket porters. The zebra team and



SAFETY FIRST!
One suggestion for putting war defence measures to practical use

ostrich trotting gig—both tried out in the '50's of last century—have not yet been revived. But one never knows—anything may happen these days, and the Zoo may go more "early Vic" yet.

Another war-time feature of the Zoo is a certain unavoidable "chumming-in" amongst the more amenable exhibits, most noticeably in the aviaries and the aquarium. The latter's hundreds of thousands of gallons of water might cause embarrassment under certain circumstances, and drastic reduction of this inland sea has made it necessary to farm out the fish, &c., in various ways.

The giant salamander of Japan, for example, a 6ft. newt which, in the wild, swallows fish of a pound or more, besides frogs and crayfish, now shares a tank with scores of fancy fish of very swallowable size, and worth enough petrol to run a fleet of luxury cars. Yet the salamander



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TAKING THE GATE-MONEY TO THE BANK

—normally given a tank to itself—leaves them untouched. You see, throughout its fifteen years at Regent's Park the salamander has dined exclusively on horse's heart, and now lives happily unconscious that it is in a veritable eldorado of choice fare.

If the war has evoked terrors undreamed of in '14, these are at least in some degree offset by amenities equally unknown at that time. Wireless, for example, has brought a host of volunteers to the Zoo's assistance, and in response to broadcasts bulky packages of nuts, acorns, berries and other fruits reach the Zoo from all quarters—every bundle the gift of juvenile animal lovers. Such gifts will be welcome until further notice. Just as well meant, if less practical, was the donation of a lady "fond of sea lions." She sent a tin (with opener) of sardines! And whilst dwelling upon food rations it may be mentioned that very early in the war the first sandbags to be installed near the monkey house caused more than one small child to inquire if they were filled with nuts.

Greatest of all the Zoo's assets was Whipsnade, at once a haven for the Society's most valuable animals, and a resort where the visitor could for a time forget that such a thing as business exists. It is a great—but unavoidable—pity that the five hundred lovely acres of the Bedford Zoo should have to be closed to the public during the winter months, for throughout its great expanse there was not a sight (not even one blimp) to hint at a world deranged.

But even if Whipsnade is closed—and it must be remembered that though during the summer months it was undoubtedly the Society's greatest asset, it was visited but little by the general public during the winter—the country around remains. If one can no longer enter to gaze upon the benign calm of the giant pandas one can still walk through country as calm and as peaceful and as charming as any near London.

A close-down of the "mother" Zoo would incur vastly more than the curtailment of a day out for the sightseer. Not only does it prosecute the year round a vast amount of routine work invaluable to medical and veterinary practice, but it is also responsible for special educational courses for school teachers and others, and a growing volume of research concerning parasitology and other sciences. There is also the ever-increasing obligations of the Empire Fauna Society, and the activities of a dozen other vital bodies which rely upon the use of the Society's rooms. That the London Zoo and all allied institutions therefore should survive, and even flourish in war time, needs no further insistence. Their work must go on—though the Heavens fall.



KINDLY MEANT

A present from a lady "fond of sea lions," a tin of sardines complete with opener. There have been hosts of volunteers to the Zoo's broadcast appeals for gifts of food



A WHIPSNADE WARSCAPE

A Bedford "Back to the Land" fantasy. Angus Macdonald, the Park's famous overseer, and "Puss," are seen in the right foreground

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BLACKMORE VALE.—These hounds had their last day's cub hunting on November 4th at North Cheriton. After killing a fox in the withybed they scored a good hunt from Tinker's Lea, running fast by Cheriton withybed and Hatherleigh Farm to Holbrook, where they killed in the open. In all they have had forty days' cub-hunting and accounted for 38½ brace.

The weather for the opening meet at Sherborne Park on November 6th was unpropitious, a sharp thunderstorm taking place at the meet and constant heavy showers and gales destroying any scent in the morning. After chopping a fox in Green Lanes, hounds hunted another from this covert past Folke, where they were stopped on the plough by a cold shower of rain. A brilliant cast of the Master's recovered the line and hounds hunted on slowly to Bishop's Down where they ran out of scent. Fernev Down held a brace, but little could be done with either in the stormy conditions prevailing. A fox near Broke, however, gave a good hunt to finish the day, hounds running fast towards Buckshaw House before turning left-handed through Marsh Copse. Leaving the Holts on the right they swung left into Snagg's Arbour and continued into the Park, where the day ended. This was a good hunt, but the country, which was flooded from twelve hours' heavy rainfall and very blind, took its toll of the small field out.

An enjoyable day was had from Sparkford Inn on the Tuesday, a fox found in Yarcombe giving a pleasant, ringing hunt in the Vale, which eventually terminated near Barrow Village. Owing to the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease near Shaftesbury, Saturday's meet had to be altered overnight to Haydon Lodge. Finding in Ashcombe hounds ran through the Holts by Woodrow Farm to Plumleys, where their fox went to ground. Another from Rue Common pointed for the Holts where fresh foxes and lack of scent brought this hunt to an end.

B. V. H.

CHIPPINGOLD.—After a poor scenting cub-hunting season which, owing to the outbreak of war, was reduced to two days a week, and therefore had only the small tally of nine brace, the opening meet was held at the Kennels, at 10.30 on November 4th.

The day was undistinguished, but for the rather remarkable record of five foxes killed above ground before one o'clock. In spite of the reduced cub-hunting days the coverts which we drew and which produced such poor foxes had been hunted, and one or two cubs accounted for, earlier in the season, so it was difficult to account for their inability to run.

On November 11th, however, things were different. Hounds met at Run Common and almost immediately found a fox in a little covert close to the railway. He ran across the main Guildford-Horsham road to Grafham, and through Scotsland Brooks to go on up the hill to the Stonepits. The fox kept along the side of the hill till he was above the keeper's cottage, when he dropped down to Nore Brooks, ran through the Reeves, and over Tilsey Farm to Scotsland Brooks again. With unimpaired speed he climbed the hill once more, and ran along the top from Juniper Firs to the deer fence on Park Hatch. Here he jinked sharply, and dropped down again to Nore Brooks and the main road, which he crossed. Running through the edge of Bottle Copse he went on to Whipley, whence he crossed the railway, the canal and the brook, for East Whipley.

Here he met a hedge cutter and turned back again over the same three obstacles through Whipley, Grafham and Scotsland Brooks. The fox continued on along here to the reservoir, when he turned up the hill again and leaving Juniper Firs on his right ran by Crickets Hill and the bog below Winkworth Hill, going up through Whinfold garden. After a slight delay in getting hounds through the fencing they settled down again to the line, and ran on through Old Ground Copse with a grand cry. Cutting across the end of Juniper Valley they went over to Hydons Ball, which they proceeded to circle twice. Here it is possible that they changed foxes, for they suddenly left the Ball where he seemed to be turning a little short, and ran across to Gunther's Wood, down which they went fast, continuing on over Place Wood Farm to the copse of the same name. After running through Hammonds Piece nearly to the Avenue, the pack turned back through Hambledon Hurst and marked their fox to ground in the corner of Coleman's. This was a hunt of three and three-quarter hours with a five-mile point.

SEMPSTRESS.

COTTESMORE.—These hounds have had a successful cub-hunting season and despite a lack of good scenting conditions have killed a large number of foxes. Hounds have not been allowed to run in the open as much as usual, owing to the war conditions now prevailing, and the necessity of killing foxes in a legitimate manner.

Meeting at Lyesthorpe Cross Roads on the 11th the bitch pack showed splendid sport. They hit off the line of a fox outside Felstead Spinney and at once began to run hard, passing straight through Berry Gorse to ascend the hill. Leaving Laxtons on the left they crossed the brook, turned right-handed and, leaving Whissenthorpe just on the right, continued on towards Whissendine village before bearing right-handed.

With the Bell Arms on the right hounds crossed the Melton-Oakham Road, and marked their fox to ground at America Spinney after a first-class hunt of forty-two minutes, over a nice line, completely free from wire. To wind up another gallop took place from Whissenthorpe, hounds running hard almost to Laxtons, before reaching which they turned through Berry Gorse almost to Lyesthorpe. Swinging down through Whissenthorpe to Laxtons they pushed their fox out and continued on past Berry Gorse. A mile further on the bitches had their reward, catching a well-hunted fox in the open after fifty-two minutes. A large number of soldiers on leave enjoyed these two hunts. FOXY.

CROOME.—Opening meet, 1939. What a contrast to the openings of previous years! Where is the pomp and splendour of brave scarlet and gleaming topper? The rows of horseboxes, the general "spit-and-polish" (if you will permit the expression) of the first day of the season proper? Instead we find sober black coats and ratcatchers interspersed with khaki; unclipped horses and a sadly depleted field. There is a war on—but for a brief few hours let us forget the anxieties and troubles of this mad world. Wars and rumours of wars recede into insignificance when hounds are running.

At 11.30 on November 11th hounds moved off from Croome Court, up the grassy slope to the church, to their first draw at the Arboretum. The pack has been drastically reduced—a heart-breaking business—and now hunts only two days a week. The bitch pack and the mixed pack have been merged into one and have now, to use a current war-time expression, become a "pool" pack, hunted by Pavitt in the absence of Lord Coventry, whose military duties prevent him from coming out.

The Arboretum was blank, but no such disappointment awaited us in Lickmore, for hounds had a fox on foot as soon as they were put into covert. The heart-shaking notes of the horn's "gone away" caused us to collect our horses and settle down in their wake, as they streamed across the fields for Pirton Court and the Old Park. Their fox was headed at the far side of Kempsey Common by a man with his dog, and instead of gaining his objective at the Lion's Den he was forced to change his mind, and turned back through the fruit orchards bordering the Common to the Nash. Several fresh foxes jumped up; whether or not hounds changed I am not sure, but at all events they drove on to the Common and thence for Pirton Pool, where they marked to ground at 12.35.

Their next fox was less fortunate. He came from the Rabbit Banks, from which he circled out over Park Farm and Kempsey Common to Pirton Village, there crossed the road opposite the Vicarage and back. He next ran the length of Pirton Pool Covert and the pack closed in on him at the water's edge.

There is a snug little covert behind the Kennels which never fails to hold a fox, and thither we now made our way. The name of this covert is Menagerie, though why I have never discovered. As usual, hounds found, but this fox was a lamentable faint-heart at first and clung to the shelter of the covert for as long as he was able. He ran through the huntsman's garden, and nearly invaded his kitchen, before finally breaking covert in the direction which we had hoped he would take, namely, south for Kinnersley. From there he bore to the left, entering Pheasant Wood, where a fresh fox joined forces with him and hounds had a brace in front of them as they turned for Boat House Covert and High Green. Here they ran the orchards behind the village and crossed the road near the Old Park to Cubsmoor.

Scent lay well and the pack "did fly upon the wings of the wind." Indeed, most of the horses were tiring fast by now and only a handful of the field remained. My borrowed three-year-old had gone gallantly, but now he cried "enough," and I reluctantly turned away as hounds crossed the ploughed field at Stoke Pitch (where scent was not so good) for Woodley's Brake. The remainder of the hunt is therefore retailed at secondhand. Hounds skirted the covert, and, crossing the road at Emblem Villa, reached Old Ground Brake, where scent faded out and nothing further could be done.

The final hunt took place from Pheasant Wood. Here a brace of foxes were found, despite the fact that hounds had already gone away previously with a brace, and they ran with one towards Dunstall. He was, however, headed, and the pack came back by the Old Hunt Stables, where the day ended and tracks were made for home.

During the cubhunting 31½ brace of foxes and two badgers were killed on 32 mornings. D. M. M.

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—Hounds had a busy morning's hunting from their meet at Godstone Green on Saturday last. They found a leash in Castle Hill Wood and two went away, hounds killing one in covert. They found again in Tilburstow Plantation, but crossing the road the fox went to ground below Underhills Lodge. From Robinhump Shaw hounds hunted with a good cry through Stansted Gorse and lost on the Plantation. Another fox from Lagham Shaws ran south through Bradford Wood and was lost beyond Gomfort's Place.

Owing to a reduced staff and difficulties of the black-out hounds are meeting at 10 a.m. The fixture was at Marsh Green on November 4th, and, finding on Starborough, the pack had a short ringing hunt over the Point-to-Point course, but scent was poor, and they could do little good. From Haxted Osiers a fox headed for Wintersells, but turned right-handed over Dwelly Lane and ran hounds out of scent beyond Shinglebarn. Another fox from Westlands Gorse gave a 30 minutes' hunt over good country. He was viewed away on the north of the covert, and took a nice line over Chellows to Oldhouse, then swung right-handed to Foyle. Leaving the railway on their left hounds hunted slowly by Jinecocks Farm and lost their fox short of Staffhurst Wood. O. S. B.

TIPPERARY.—As in all countries the war has inevitably brought changes to Tipperary. The three joint-masters, Miss Cochrane, Mrs. Masters and Mr. John Perry, have resigned, and hounds have been taken over by the committee. However, the horn still remains in the capable hands of Mrs. Masters, who has kindly consented to hunt hounds five days a fortnight instead of the usual four days a week. Tom Ryan turns hounds, his father still remaining in charge of the kennels. The vote of thanks to the retiring masters, passed at last committee meeting, is echoed throughout the country.

Cub-hunting started in the second week of September and before the opening meet, on November 6th, hounds had killed sixteen and half brace, thus constituting a record for recent years. From the beginning the cubs evinced an extraordinary desire to go away, a good omen for the season, and as a result there have been some good adventurous hunts through blind country. Perhaps the most enjoyable was on October 14th, after a meet at Coleman's Cross. Finding in Tullamaine, hounds ran fast in a right-handed circle as though for Power's Wood, round the big enclosures of Derryhusky and back through Barry's to Tullamaine, where the fox escaped in a shore. Another sharp enjoyable burst was from Meldrum to Ballyduagh on October 25th. The young hounds have entered well and among the best is a fine strong dog who goes by the unfortunate name of Hitler; he causes such amusement that to change his name would seem a pity.

The opening meet was at Fethard on November 5th. The preceding night had been very rough, but a fine morning and a rising glass raised everyone's spirits. A field of about 40 turned out, far more than were expected under present circumstances, and a fine cavalcade moved off to watch hounds draw Rocklow. Unfortunately the rough night had done its work with a vengeance, but at Tullamaine, after an anxious fifteen minutes, as barely a whimper was heard, a big fox slipped away. Running up wind the bitch pack carried a good head over the road to the left of Mr. Quinn's farm, and checked two fields beyond when apparently pointing for Hackett's. Casting revealed that the fox had turned short down wind and hounds could only hunt slowly round Killbragh, back to Tullamaine and the Moyle, where they marked at a shore. It was a disappointing day for all, particularly those who had come a long way. T. C. V.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT OTTER HOUNDS.—The committee feel confident that it will be the wish of all subscribers that every effort should be made to secure this old-established pack of pure-bred otter hounds from destruction or dispersal; so they have, in consultation with the Master, Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson, decided to carry on on a reduced scale as long as possible, keeping only eight couples of entered hounds in kennels under Charles Kitchener, and no kennel boy. Six couples have gone out "to walk" for the "duration." Three or four couples have been sold and several old hounds destroyed.

HUNTING CARRIES ON—WAR-TIME OPENING MEETS



PART OF THE WHADDON CHASE FIELD MOVING TO COVERT AFTER MEETING AT CUBLINGTON, NEAR AYLESBURY



A WET DAY FOR THE BUCCLEUCH AT HAINING GATE, SELKIRK. THE HUNTSMAN, SUMMERS, IS TALKING TO MRS. SCOTT PLUMMER



LADY CRUISE, WITH HER DAUGHTER PAT, AT THE WHADDON CHASE MEET





MISS KAYSER, MASTER OF THE GROVE, WITH FOLLOWERS, AT SANDBECK PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD SCARBROUGH. ON THE RIGHT CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. S. G. PERRY



THE SOUTHERN HOUNDS
A decorative painting by Francis Barlow, at Clandon Park, in the Earl of Onslow's collection

FRANCIS BARLOW: Father of Country Life and Sport in English Art

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW

IT was Francis Barlow's good fortune to achieve fame at a time when a very small population in England bred great men and important events. Two of his senior contemporaries were Izaak Walton and John Milton. Bunyan, born in 1628, was his junior, but by only two years or a little more. It was Barlow's lot to come into English history somewhere in Lincolnshire, about ten years after Shakespeare's death; but there is reason to believe that he was brought to London early in childhood, because on a title-page in Latin of a book of birds, Barlow is called *Indigenam Londinensem*, and thus a native of London.

It is also interesting to remember that his birth has been placed by old tradition in the year of Bacon's death, 1626, when the reign of Charles I had not yet moved towards tragedy. Some artists of those times joined the Royal Standard, like Barlow's friends, W. Hollar and William Faithorne, but I cannot discover what happened to Barlow himself.

In his sixteenth year the Civil War began, and Barlow was only twenty-three when his King was executed. Two facts may suggest that young Barlow was drawn towards the genius of Cromwell, perhaps through General George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle, who became a patron to him. Much more: it was Barlow who designed a hearse for the Duke's funeral, and who made a set of illustrative drawings of the public obsequies, which Robert White engraved; 22 plates in all. This very curious portion of Barlow's versatility dates from 1690, when his age was about 64.

The famous diarist and annotator, John Evelyn, has left us a couple of references to Barlow. The earlier of the two proves that the artist was a man of known name in his thirtieth year. On February 19th, in 1656, Evelyn called on Barlow (he forgot to say where), taking with him a distinguished clergyman, Dr. Wilkins, who married Cromwell's sister. Evelyn put a brief note in his diary: "Went with Dr. Wilkins to see Barlow, the famous painter of fowls, beasts and birds." Much later, on August 23rd, in 1681, Evelyn was present at a sumptuous feast given by Denzil Onslow, at his old timber house at Pyrford, Surrey, and in a spacious hall which Barlow had "adorned with paintings of fowl and huntings, &c.," all studied from life. Eight of these decorative paintings, inherited by Lord Onslow, are at Clandon Park, near Guildford.

Three are large enough to be described as painted cloths or tapestry pictures, for in canvas size they measure each 13ft. 3in. wide by 9ft. 2in. high. These works were inspired by Pyrford and its life and landscapes. One picture represents a famous decoy of water birds, where John Evelyn enjoyed some sport after dinner. The composition is disturbed as a falcon comes swooping down, so that many waterfowl are startled into random flight. Barlow used to watch with thrilled enjoyment the movements of flying birds, being a devoted naturalist as well as a true artist; and there were times when his eyesight was so acute that his birds on the wing look almost photographic.

Another large picture at Clandon Park shows a display of freshwater fish, after a day of good sport, spread out in the foreground of a woody landscape, at sunset, and very attractive to a variety of birds. This work is signed, and dated 1667, the year of Lord Clarendon's disgrace. The rest of Barlow's productions at Clandon belong to the same period, I think, as they are conceived and studied in a very similar mood of technique. Their countrysides help to place Barlow among the earliest pioneers of English landscape painting.

He was attracted also towards farming, its sheep and cattle, horses, goats, pigs and poultry; so he did much as a yeoman in art, while learning to be efficient as a devotee of sports. He painted a large canvas of Denzil Onslow's farmyard, with its buildings, and a variety of winged stock, and a boar that pokes its head through the low doorway of a primitive sty.

But the Barlow I like best in the Onslow set is a hunting piece, 12ft. long by 4ft. 3in. It reveals what the old Southern Hounds were like, an early breed of beagles, very slow, but patient and untiring. They ran by scent alone, never using their eyes when hunting. So Barlow put a hare into his composition, and showed how she passed the hounds at her ease because unseen by them. Viewed as a whole, this painting is a masterpiece, ample-handed, decorative, lively and true in movements, with a power that is never at all fussy. It stands unrivalled, and alone, among the many pictures of hounds which were painted by the earlier British masters, such as the five foxhounds by Stubbs at Wentworth Woodhouse.

A good many readers will have seen Barlow's Southern Hounds at a loan exhibition of sporting pictures which was held at Viscount Allendale's, 144, Piccadilly, in February, 1931. No other work in the show had the same assured authority as a piece of decoration for a great hunting hall.

Sir Robert Witt has a study by Barlow for the hare in this achievement; and the principal hounds are repeated in a famous drawing by Barlow which was bequeathed to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, by Mr. Francis Douce, in 1834. A study in bistre, pen and wash, 5⅞in. by 8¼in., it was etched in reverse by Hollar, 1671, at a time when Barlow was meditating over an improved replica with two equestrian figures in it, and a huntsman afoot waving his long pole, and a countryman halloo-ing, as the hare followed by hounds ran in a curve uphill. A noble composition; and, likely enough, Barlow turned it into another master work. If so, it may yet be recovered, like a big piece in oils by Barlow that was bought at auction, in London, by the art critic of the *Daily Mail*, not yet two years ago, "Hare Hunting with Greyhounds." A drawing for it belongs to Mr. L. G. Duke's collection.

A great deal of Barlow's versatility has gone, perished through long neglect, for Englishmen have been as ready to forget their own artists of genius as they have been eager to make much ado over relays of foreign painters. We are fortunate, then, to inherit just a few of his paintings, and also many, though not enough, of his excellent and varied sketches and drawings.

Barlow loved heartening and good design, and this fine art in drawing became his daily amusement.



AN ENGLISH FARM IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.
From a pen and ink drawing by Francis Barlow, in the Victoria and Albert Museum

He had a style in his blood, so to speak, and a sympathy so alert for all things in natural history that it kept the style fresh and rich with life and variety. Who can estimate how Barlow and his genius would have developed if it had been his lot to dwell in the midst of radiating emulations, as Snyders lived with the mighty and genial Rubens and his great school? Like many of England's early artists, Barlow had to grow timber with which to make his own ladder, rung by rung.

The sports that he drew well, sometimes for etchers or engravers, included every sort of hunting, and the different kinds of hawking and fishing also. He was fond, too, of shooting, and made perhaps the first English drawing of horsemen shooting birds on the wing, aided by half-a-dozen spaniels and a couple of beaters. There is a print of this subject by S. Gribelin, but the original drawing is still far to seek.

Among the Barlow drawings that have been recovered is one of a fowler trying to stalk partridges and woodcock from behind a trained horse. And let us remember that it was Barlow himself who not only composed but etched the earliest original racing print, published as long ago as 1687. It was also a royal print, for the race was run near Windsor Castle, and Charles the Second was present with his courtiers and his guards, and his coach and six horses. Note the grand stand, and the weighing machine for jockeys, and the two prize jugs in silver hung up near to the king. Every part of this etched work is rich and amusing with the customs of its period. Quite a large etching, too, as it measures 11¾in. by 20in.

It is related of Barlow that he received a legacy of money from a friend, not a small amount I believe, for it enabled him to finance his many adventures with a polyglot book, for which he made original etchings. He selected *Æsop's Fables*, and got himself to believe that his etched plates would attract more buyers if he had the text printed in English, French and Latin. This was a foolish idea that added considerably to his editorial worries, as both plates and text were to be printed on the same paper, a risky job indeed. The etchings were printed first on damped sheets, then the paper, carefully dried and flattened, was made ready for the text printing.



ÆSOP AMONG THE BEASTS AND BIRDS
A frontispiece designed and etched by Barlow in 1666

To help himself in this very ambitious project, Barlow rented a house or a shop in New Street, near Shoe Lane, and chose for his craft sign a golden eagle. This done, his book began to take shape gradually, after he had completed 112 lively etched copperplates, with an average size of about 5½in. by 6¾in. His literary collaborators were Robert Codrington, M.A., for both French and Latin, and Thomas Philpott for a life of Æsop written in English. A good printer was chosen, William Godbid, and the dedication was accepted by Sir Francis Prujean, a famous physician with a reputation also in music and as a connoisseur. At last, in 1666, Barlow's *Æsop's Fables* issued from the press and began its adventures as a profusely illustrated book in three languages. Just 100 years later, in 1766, another fine English painter, etcher and naturalist, George Stubbs, published also at his own expense, a permanent book of his own diligent, wise etchings, calling it *The Anatomy of the Horse*.

Soon after the publication of Barlow's book, the Great Fire began to ravage the City, and a portion of the small edition was destroyed. Luckily, the etched coppers were rescued, for they were employed again in three editions, the last of which came from a Dutch publisher at Amsterdam, Etienne Roger, in 1714.

Barlow's second edition appeared in 1687, with improved text in French and Latin, and with "the ingenious Mrs. Aphara Behn . . . to perform the English poetry." Yet Barlow's own lively etchings needed no more text than *Æsop's Fables* related in simple and attractive English prose. The third of his editions was printed for him in 1703, perhaps twelve months before he came to his end of ends, at about the age of 78, in the Royal City of Westminster. He was laid to rest in the parish of St. Margaret, and in the same graveyard as his old friend and colleague, Hollar. Just nine days after Marlborough's victory at Blenheim, the parish clerk of St. Margaret's wrote as follows in his register:

"Mr. Frā: Barlow, Limner, buried Aug. 11, 1704."

So his posthumous life has endured now a little more than 235 years. In recent times, too, his appeal as a versatile pioneer has regained much of its old authority. I am glad, as it has been my happy work through a generation to bring about his revival. Barlow has not yet manœuvred his way into our National Gallery, but one of his big oils has hung as a loan in the Tate Gallery, a canvas of hare hunting, lent by Mr. Jeanneret. One day, let us hope, his best work, "The Southern Hounds," will win a victory even in Trafalgar Square.



EARLIEST ORIGINAL PRINT OF A HORSERACE IN ENGLAND
Designed and etched by Barlow in 1687, *and now in the British Museum*



THE FESTIVAL OF PEACE

By H. J. MASSINGHAM



THE pen of the greatest sophist who ever lived could hardly reconcile Christmas with 1939. Thus, baffled by my theme, I had half a mind to beg the editor to let me off, when suddenly I remembered those lines of Henry Vaughan :

" My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All-skilful in the wars.
There above strife and danger
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files."

That gave me courage. The reality behind the appearances of this dolorous world is peace and for ever peace and, because they were visited by flashes of this eternal truth, men celebrated the festival of Christmas.

There are two essentials about Christmas that are almost entirely unrecognised to-day, but which none the less buttress its central tower of light. During all the centuries, when it was an authentic and traditional religious observance, it was inseparably bound up with the life of the country and with our pagan inheritance. Lest this appear too paradoxical, I will drop me a plummet down to that foundered galleon of treasure in lore, myth and record, from which is drawn the poor flotsam of the modern Christmas. The Carol, for instance, was not originally a song (much less a hymn) at all, but a dance accompanied by singing, as comes to light in Chaucer's lines from the *Romaunt of the Rose* :

" ' Come and if it lyke yow
To daunces, daunceth with us now,'
And I, withoute tarrying
Wente into the karolying."

The dances (for which the Puritans hated Christmas) were always country dances, just as the songs were as homely as the flowers of a cottage garden, and for this very good reason, that the vogue of the carol in Western Europe was due to St. Francis of Assisi and his disciple Jacopo da Todi, who wrote the beautiful " Stabat Mater " as a Christmas carol. Rightly did Handel call his musical rendering of one of these dance-cum-song carols a " Pastoral Symphony." Birds and blossoms, sheep and goats, and many another symbol of husbandry and the country are almost as much the burden of the old carols as the shepherds and the manger, the ox and the ass. One of the most hay-scented runs like this :

" About the field they piped full right,
Even about the midst o' the night ;
They saw come down from heaven a light :
Tirlé, tirlé, so merrily the shepherds began to blow."

The exquisite fifteenth century carol, whose bloom no familiarity can rub off, expresses the text no less than the spirit of the carol :

" He came all so still to His mother's bower,
As dew in April that falleth on the flower."

In one carol the shepherds bring a lamb, a dog and country produce in home-made baskets to the manger ; in another a bell, a flask, a spoon, a hood, a pipe and a nut hook ; in another the Babe is beaten with a green withy ; in another He bids the cherries lean down for His mother to eat ; in another the " carnal " (carrion crow) discusses the glad tidings with the crane ; in another gipsies take the place of the Three Kings and tell the fortunes of the Holy Family ; in another the Child hastens the harvest of a sower in order to put Herod off the scent :

" ' God speed thee, man,' said Jesus, ' go fetch thy ox and wain,
And the corn which thou this day hast sown, go, carry it home again.' "

Folklore and the Nativity Play are at one with the Carol in cradling the tradition of Christmas, not in frost and snow, as is commonly imagined, but in a persistent country setting. The plays were performed by the Guilds on movable stages in the open air, and their whole atmosphere is of rural sights and sounds and conditions. In all the cycles, the choirboys open with " Glory to God in the highest," and the shepherds reply, " Peace on earth to men of goodwill." In the Wakefield cycle the shepherds complain about their hard life, taxes, poor wages and shrewish wives, falling asleep after a deal of alehouse comedy and macaronic humour, until the angel wakes them with, " Rise, herdmen hynde ; for now is He born." In the York cycle Christ is called the " Fairest of field-folk," an alliterative reminder of Piers Plowman. The appurtenances of the manger, the stable, and the " Christmas crib," which appears to come from the delicate and happy imagination of St. Francis, are as graciously rustic as they well could be, and in Finland peasants hang a sheaf of corn at the gable-end of the farmhouse on Christmas Eve so that the birds might share in the Festival. St. Francis, *the* great Christian saint of the countryside, is probably the origin of this act of the brotherhood of creation as well as of the idea of the wooden crib, since he it was who inspired the country people to feed all the beasts of the farm with a double measure on Christmas Day. The sunlit legends that the bees sang in the hive and the cattle fell on their knees in honour of the supreme day of liberation lasted all through the Middle Ages.

The general ignorance both of history and geography that these old customs and ceremonies reveal is, of course, patent enough. But what on earth does that matter ? Was not Christ born in the village of Bethlehem, and was not Joseph the village carpenter ? The rusticity of the beloved festival through the ages expresses an historical continuity more real and vital than book-learning could possibly have given, and the celebrants understood unconsciously that the essence of the Nativity story was the glorification of the village. Christ Himself set the example by interweaving country rhythms, seasonal occasions and the great moments of the yearly husbandry with the poetic symbolism of the Parables. The carols, the plays, the tales, the incidents and the festivities smell of the earth and human labour upon it like the upturned furrow behind the plough. This is one explanation of why the Christmas of to-day has become the ghost of itself. It is the Christmas of an urban civilisation which has no connecting links either with the Christ of rural Galilee or with the body of rites and legends that gathered about the most famous of all stories in the country England of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance.

But it is plain that there is something more in the association between the Nativity in a manger and



the rustic tradition of it than the recognition by the village community and the trade guilds that Christ was born and lived among village folk and in conditions not dissimilar to their own. The Christmas festival was, in fact, stuffed with a waggon-load of pagan mythology and folklore diffused among the peasantry of Europe and the Mediterranean for 2000 years before the birth of Christ. The ceremonies of the Yule Baby, Yule Firth and the Yule Log—

" Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,"

as Herrick sang—had nothing originally to do with Christianity. The " Yule Baby," which Mr. T. G. Crippen in *Christmas and Christmas Lore* calls " an elaborately dressed doll in a decorated box which represented the manger at Bethlehem," is uncommonly like the straw mell, dolly or kern-baby of the Harvest Home, one of the innumerable corn-spirits of the archaic world. The Firth or Truce was doubtless a by-product of the Roman Saturnalia, in which the primitive Golden Age of peace and brotherhood was re-enacted in mimic show. As for " ye olde Yule logge," as Christmas cards call it, the fact that a portion of it was saved from the burning, and kept for kindling the new log of the next Christmas, clearly points to the Beltane fires of the pre-Roman Celts and the perpetual sacred fire on Greek and Oriental altars.

The Christmas Tree on which the offerings were hung is certainly the legitimate descendant of the Tree of Life, the Tree Igdrasil and, still further back, of the tree-cult of ancient Egypt and Crete, that generated so rich a crop of fairy lore in Hellas, not to mention the tree of sacrifice in our own islands on which, up to 100 years ago, rags and coloured ribbons were draped beside the sacred well. Just as the ashes of the Yule Log promoted fertility, charmed maladies away from the house and cattle, and cured the toothache, so the mistletoe, which Aeneas took to Hades as a specific against any malignant designs, was a magic of rare potency.

The cutting of the mistletoe with a golden sickle was originally a midsummer ceremony, and how it became grafted upon the Christmas ritual is lost. But that many pagan festivals were so grafted abides no question. Hogmanay was one, Plough Monday another, and wassailing the trees, which I referred to in the *Field* some weeks ago, was a third. Among the Christianised Saxons a " wassail to the Lord " was always drunk at the Yule Feast, and the traditional mixing of the cup with ale to which roasted apples, sugar and spice were added is referred to in Puck's

" Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab."

The generous welcome given to these antique rites of earth was aided by Old Christmas Eve falling at Epiphany and the prolongation of the rejoicings to include Plough Monday, the first Monday after Twelfth Night. For the same reason, the extraordinary and significant junketings of the Lord of Misrule, the Abbot of Unreason, the election of the Boy Bishop and the Feast of Fools were all drawn in as part of the Christmas cheer. They are generally referred back to the Roman Saturnalia, but their source lies yet further back, further even than Mr. Crippen's suggestion that the Lord of Misrule was the spirit of winter, the blind god Hoeder who slew Balder the Beautiful. The kernel of these merry-makings was the inversion of the order and hierarchy of society so that the man took the place of his master, and this embalmed a faint memory of those most distant days, recorded by Hesiod, when peace reigned upon earth and all men were equal. It is easy to see how such a tradition became absorbed into the celebration of the birth of the Saviour. Christ said that He came to fulfil the law, a saying that among many others the disciples failed to understand. It is the perfect comment upon the pagan foundations of many of the feasts and customs attached to the Christian remembrance honoured at Christmas. That remembrance was notably enriched by them, while they themselves were purged and redeemed of what elements of savagery and blood-sacrifice were incidental to them.

Most of these ancient practices were what are vaguely called " rites of fertility " ; they enacted a kind of mystic communion between man and the earth in which was represented the rebirth of the year, the overcoming of winter and death, the rejuvenation of nature. They thus became compatible with the idea embodied in the Christmas festival, that the birth of Christ liberated men from death and sin and fear, that His was the spirit of eternal life and that His new rule of vision and conduct was the way to human regeneration. Nature's victory over winter was fused with that of the spirit over the world's materialism.

The fact that this fusion did take place was one reason for the Puritan loathing of Christmas. Few people realize how far that hatred went. It was by no means confined to the journalistic rantings and scurrilities of sour fanatics like Stubbes and Prynne. In 1652, the Long Parliament actually passed a law " that no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day," while the tyrants, who are assumed by myopic historians to have laid the foundations of English liberties arrested harmless John Evelyn because he went to worship on Christmas Day. Though the Puritans did not succeed in abolishing Christmas they killed the musical and poetic soul of England, and when Christmas lifted up its head again at the Restoration it had lost that fragrant, simple, dewy spirit enshrined in a thousand carols, Nativity plays, mummings, communal customs and Latin canticles, like " Dies est Letitiæ " and " Quem pastores laudavere." It is not irrelevant to our theme that R. H. Tawney has traced the growth of the commercial and urban spirit of later times from the Puritan Dictatorship.

Such was the old Christmas ; in days that are so bitterly its contradiction we may at least cherish its memory.

AN OCCASION OF ANGELA

A story of Maskelyne and Feminine

By PATRICK CHALMERS

IT has been said that adversity makes strange bedfellows. A shooting syndicate, run as a business proposition, may also bring people together who would not otherwise meet. Egbert Jull, however, would hardly have been tolerated, even in so catholic a collection of guns as was that which shot the Myron Hall coverts, had he not been the promoter of the syndicate. But if one has paid £150 for two days' shooting a fortnight, one does not relinquish sport out of prejudice, especially if one's fellow sufferers are, on the whole, to be tolerated. So Egbert's annually changing group shot regularly enough and, between beats, spoke rather unflatteringly of Egbert. It is, of course, the unalienable right of a syndicate to insinuate outrageously to the address of its promoter.

But the Myron Hall guns had more justification than most. Egbert Jull was a plump, plum-faced bachelor of fifty. He was the brains and mainworks of his business, which was cornchandlering on a large scale. He contrived to get his shooting free and to be in pocket by a hundred or so at the end of each season. He was cocky and stocky, and his figure was adapted to large checks. His hair was of an unnatural blackness, and, did you stand between Egbert and the wind, you got, even at half a gunshot range, the odour of some arrogant toilet preparation. A close-cut peaked beard lent a sort of quarter-deck distinction to his appearance—a loan which his manners and the rest of his person successfully repudiated. His eyes were small and mean and mud-coloured. He was a good but jealous shot, but his jealousy was veiled like an odalisque beneath the genius of a wrangler for numbering his guns. His conversation was a medley of pomposity, ignorance (of everything except cornchandlering) and cheap *bonhomie*. He enjoyed an unchallenged flow of dissertation. He was a gourmand, and, strangely enough, a remarkably sound judge of wine.

Egbert lived outside the town in a house called The Cedars. Myron Hall was some five miles away on the Hampshire border. Its woods were well placed and Myron Hall was, on the whole, a good pheasant shoot, but for some reason or other the Myron Hall coverts did not greatly attract woodcock. Possibly they lacked in the amenities—holly bushes and like harbours. If, therefore, Egbert wanted to eat woodcock, a bird of which he was inordinately fond, he had, as a rule, to purchase one. Egbert Jull preferred to take his pleasures cheaply. I have asked you to look at this Jull rather closely in order that you may presently judge if, or if not, Angela was justified.

Angela Persimmon was the only child of the Rev. Robert Persimmon, the sportsman incumbent of Much Ferraby, across the valley. Angela was a thin, gawky little girl of sixteen. She was sandy-haired and red-wristed. Her greenish, light-brown eyes were like shallow brook water. Those who met Angela casually thought her a booby. The expression, or want of expression, of her small, composed face rarely altered. In company she seldom opened her mouth except to put food into it.

On the December day of which I write the Rev. Robert made one of the guns at Myron Hall. He was there on the invitation of a member of the syndicate unable himself to be present. The absentee was the agent of the Myron Hall estate. His name was Captain Cornish and his wife was an Honourable. The Cornishes were hospitable, and, at the close of a day's shooting at the Hall, the guns were, of custom, entertained to tea at Little Thimbles, the Cornish home. Little Thimbles stood in the park and so was handy. The tea was excellent, and that was handy, too, for the lunches, provided by Jull, were included in the price of a gun. Egbert did not practice economy, but he generally achieved it. His lunch parties had it thrust upon them. So the Little Thimbles tea was compensating.

Angela had driven her father to the Hall and she was now occupied (the day was a "late-on," one gun day) with the care of his cartridge bag and elderly spaniel, a hard-mouthed, poaching old animal, obedient to her own evil impulses and to nothing else. Angela was still a growing girl and turned loose in a cookshop (only she never had been) she could in capacity have given points to a hyena. So Angela had asked her father if tea at Little Thimbles held good. It did, for Captain Cornish, who had had to attend an auction of chemical manures, was expected home early. Angela licked her lips with a small, pointed tongue. She had then, since shooting bored her, something to look forward to.

I need not discuss the practice of covert shooting nor the morning's sport enjoyed at Myron Hall. One small incident may, however, be mentioned. Mr. Persimmon's spaniel Judy went off, as was her wont, on a roving commission. About once in three minutes she returned to her owner bearing, as a sort of olive branch, a pheasant shot by someone else. Judy had made several journeys to the neighbourhood of Egbert Jull, who naturally was enjoying most of the sport. On each occasion she had come back with one of Egbert's birds.

At the end of the beat Egbert spoke to Angela. He addressed her (I have said that Angela was a silent child) as Dumb Crambo. To do so was an old jest of Jull's. He spoke facetiously, but he was really as cross as two sticks. He implored Dumb Crambo to keep Judy on a lead. A psychologist, had such a person been out, might have drawn a conclusion from the quick flicker of scant eyelashes with which Angela heard the insulting request and the hated nickname. But all Angela said was: "Yes, Mr. Jull. Come here, Judy."

After that the day for Egbert went on oiled wheels. But it was later than usual before the wood, which is called Four Winds Wood, came to be beaten. A gale was rising, warm from the west, and the brown leaves, leaping aloft upon it, flew like the absent 'cock. Egbert could be heard telling the gamekeeper peremptorily to hurry up. The dark came soon.

There is a magic in a big, twilit wood when the west is up and out. Angela was alive to the magic. So she anchored Judy to the cartridge bag, hung the latter over Mr. Persimmon's shooting stick, saw it well and truly planted and said that, this time, she would walk with the beaters.

She walked upon the flank of the line under the seething ceiling of the wood. She lit and smoked a cigarette, which she might not do in public. The wind blew across the wood and Angela saw that Egbert, to take advantage of it, prowled along the wide grassfield in line with the beaters. One of the advantages of running a shoot is that the man who does so can take liberties with the rules. Therefore Egbert walked down wind instead of standing forward. Half-a-dozen pheasants, the wind in their tails, streamed over Egbert, who acquitted himself well.

Of a sudden Angela saw, in the dim light, two woodcock. They came, like lightning, down the gale. They flicked and zigzagged, and then a gust caught them and blew them out of the wood and high over the head of Jull. Apparently no beater had seen the birds for no volley of shouts attended their flight. Angela saw no reason to be less silent than usual. But Egbert's eyes, though small and mean, were quick. He took the 'cock to his right and killed it. He turned and pulled on the second, and that too he killed as dead as a stone. He glanced about him. He gathered both birds by hand and put them separately into the pockets of his coat.

Presently the beat was over and Angela heard Egbert give instructions as to the retrieving of the Four Wind pheasants which he had shot. It was, of course, unnecessary to tell the underkeepers to collect the woodcock, since these, as Angela knew, Egbert had gathered personally.

It is not every shooting day that one shoots a right-and-left at 'cock, nor was Jull a modest man. Yet Angela, on the outskirts of the group around the "lay-out," listened and heard no word of woodcock. Nor did she see a vestige of the harmonious little creamy-brown birds among the resplendent corpses of the count. Her green eyes glinted like those of a malicious kitten.

Egbert Jull was in good form at tea. He read aloud the details of the bag with which the keeper had provided him. Some of the more earnest guns made corresponding entries in pocket-books. Mr. Persimmon commented on the absence of woodcock; he said it was odd that none had been seen that day. The other guns agreed and Egbert Jull said that it was indeed an odd thing, only, of course, Myron Hall rarely *did* have 'cock in the coverts. As though to change the subject, he addressed himself, playfully, to Angela:

"Making a good tea, Crambo?" he inquired.

Since Angela was spreading a deep layer of apricot jam on a round of hot buttered toast the question seemed a trifling one. She did not reply to it.

"Tea's your pet accomplishment, I believe, my Crambo," continued Mr. Jull. "Your only parlour gift? Do tell us."

Angela, thus directly appealed to, replied shyly that she could do a few conjuring tricks. Now, since the days of Aaron and his staff, to mention conjuring in almost any society is to be sure of immediate attention.

"*Conjuring?*" said Captain Cornish. "Come, Miss Angela, do you mean to say that you can take guinea-pigs out of my hat and pigeons, for instance, out of Mr. Jull's pockets?"

"*Not* pigeons," said Angela, "but woodcock would be simple."

She pushed her chair back and approached Egbert Jull.

The silence which followed Angela's performance gave her keener pleasure than prolonged cheers. It was nearly half-a-minute before the Rev. Robert Persimmon spoke a *sine dimittis*.

"Angela, my dear," he said, mildly, "I think it's time you fetched the car round. Say good-night."

His daughter, though her tea was but begun, obeyed him readily.

"Good-night, Mr. Jull," she said, "and thank you for a very enjoyable day."

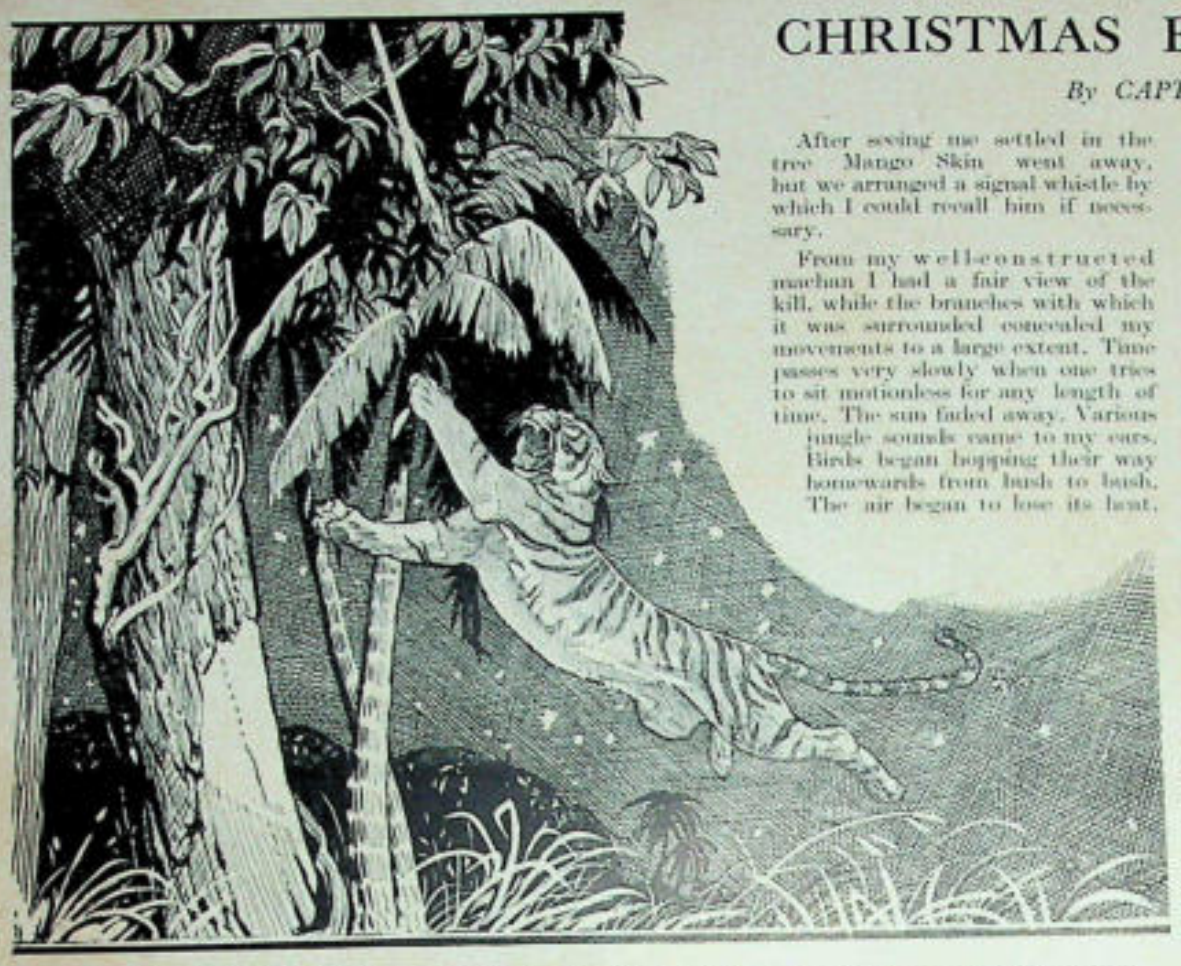
Angela was artist enough to prefer a good exit to the best apricot jam.



"ANCHORED JUDY TO THE CARTRIDGE BAG AND HUNG THE LATTER OVER THE SHOOTING STICK"

CHRISTMAS EVE TIGER SHOOT

By CAPTAIN D. MacD. FIFE



"THE TREE SHOOK AS THE BEAST SPRANG AT IT, BUT LUCKILY THERE WERE NO LOW BRANCHES"

"YOU must come and join my Christmas shoot this year," said the District Superintendent of Police, as we sat refreshing ourselves after a fast game of polo. "I've booked the nearest shooting block," he added, "and if you can come out a day earlier than the others you may get the chance of sitting up over a kill."

Thus it came about that I took train from Jhansi, in the United Provinces of India, on the morning of Christmas Eve. There are four excellent shooting blocks on the edge of the Vindhyan range of hills, south of Jhansi, where a little peninsula of the United Provinces juts into the Central Provinces. The jungles contain tiger, panther, bear, sambhur, chestal and other smaller deer. My policeman friend had reserved the Deogarh Block, and I left the train at Lalitpur station at midday.

I was met by a police orderly and an ancient motor car. Both were well known in the district. The man, because of his nickname of "Swaraj Singh" (his real name being Sheoraj Singh), and the car, because it would often appear where least expected! and seemed to enjoy going where there was no real road.

Besides gun, rifle, bedding and hurricane lantern, I took with me an enormous cooked ham, which the policeman had commissioned me to collect for him.

We drove away from the station in fine style, Swaraj Singh at the wheel, and as we sped along the "pukka" road he told me that a tiger had killed and that I should sit up over the kill that night.

We soon left the main road, but Swaraj Singh did not seem to notice anything different. He continued to drive at the same steady pace over all obstacles, and it was with some difficulty that I kept my heaving seat.

The camp was situated in an ideal spot on the high banks of the Betwa river. Before reaching the tents we skirted some ancient Jain Temples, but the jungles had grown all over these forgotten places of worship, and there was no longer any semblance of a road.

"There's just time for a cup of tea before you go off to get that tiger," said my host. "The kill is quite close, and was not touched a lot last night. 'Mango Skin' will show you the way."

Mango Skin was the nickname of another police orderly. This man's real name was Mengo Singh, and he made an excellent shikari. He had already built a machan in a tree close to the kill, so that all was ready for me. After swallowing some tea and collecting rifle and ammunition, I set off for the adventure.

The kill, a young buffalo, was only a few hundred yards away from the camp. The tiger had eaten from the hindquarters, while a gash in the throat showed that it had drunk the warm blood. Then, possibly disturbed or frightened at the coming of daylight, the beast had left the kill and was now doubtless waiting for dusk before resuming its meal.

After seeing me settled in the tree Mango Skin went away, but we arranged a signal whistle by which I could recall him if necessary.

From my well-constructed machan I had a fair view of the kill, while the branches with which it was surrounded concealed my movements to a large extent. Time passes very slowly when one tries to sit motionless for any length of time. The sun faded away. Various jungle sounds came to my ears. Birds began hopping their way homewards from bush to bush. The air began to lose its heat. The short twilight was almost over, and still there was no sign of the tiger.

The kill became a blurred outline. I had no torch, and as I had no intention of waiting for the moon I whistled for Mango Skin, with the idea of returning to camp.

"Stay another half-hour, Sahib," he advised. "This tiger is a big one, and he will surely return to such a kill." I stayed on in my tree.

Suddenly I knew that the tiger had indeed arrived. There was no sound, but a shadow moved across the ground. Next I heard the beast commence eating.

I raised my double-barrelled Express rifle slowly, and taking whatever aim was possible in that last glimmer of light I fired both barrels. The deafening roar of the explosions, the sharp cry of the tiger, and the smack of the bullets seemed to occur simultaneously. I knew that the tiger was hit, but the smoke screen of my "smokeless" cartridges blotted everything from view.

I reloaded, but as I was doing so the wounded tiger gave mouth again and charged towards the tree. I found myself standing upright in the machan, trying in vain to fire at the animal now directly underneath me. The tree shook as the beast sprang at it, but luckily there were no low branches, and a thud told me that the animal was on the ground again.

Sound was now my only guide. The tiger kept up a continual gasping, snarling and roaring. By these, therefore, I knew when it moved away from the bottom of the tree and went a little distance to my right, where there were some short bushes. I fired several shots in the direction of the noises, but the answering snarls told me that the tiger was still very much alive. It was now quite dark.

Shouting to Mango Skin, who was some distance away, I ordered him to return to camp, and to tell them there that I meant to stay in my tree all night.

Fortunately, the branches which had concealed me from view now sheltered me from the cold night air, but a machan is a small, uncomfortable place in which to get any rest. From my position I could just see the lights of the camp, and I soon imagined that I could smell the Christmas Eve dinner that my friends were enjoying.

I managed to doze a little during that long night. I was, however, continually wakened by growls from the tiger, and by the "tonk-tonk-tonk" of the coppersmith birds.

I watched the dawn break, and things about me gradually took shape. First the kill came into view, then the bushes, and finally the tiger. The latter was lying in a hollow beyond the bushes, and even though I stood in the machan I was unable to see its head. The body was motionless and there were no more growls. In order to make certain, I fired a shot into the still body. The bullet thudded, but there was no response. The tiger was already dead.

On examination it appeared that one of the first two shots had practically smashed the spine. This accounted for the fact that the beast remained so close to my tree. It also probably accounted for the unsuccessful attempt to spring into the machan.

Mango Skin soon arrived, complete with measuring tape. He had a grin all over his dark, bearded face.

"Bahut bara walla, Sahib" ("A very big one, sir"), he said, as he stretched the tiger to its maximum length.

It was certainly a fine, well-marked, full-grown animal, but I am afraid that I spent little time in admiration. There was something else to be done. Something that seemed to me to be of greater importance. I made a bee-line for the camp. There was the question of a lost Christmas Eve dinner to be rectified—and I knew where there was a big juicy ham.

THE SPIRIT OF IZAAK WALTON

By G. R. W. BEAL

HE was the most diminutive and grubbiest little boy I had ever seen. His clothes were in tatters and undeniably filthy, yet his personality rose high above his sartorial or statutory defects. His eyes alone would have attracted me. Alert, inquisitive, they also contained that depth of expression found in dogs and persons capable of great devotion and loyalty.

His presence indeed was a surprise. I had thought myself alone. Alone with rod and line to forget war and air-raid warden duties, and, above all, that person whom the Great British Public have so aptly termed "Old Nasty."

Apparently he had been watching me for some time.

"It's cute the way you do that," he said. I turned in mid-cast and observed him. As a result we both had to disentangle the thin gut from the results of its wanderings.

"Cripes," he cried as he saw the dainty fly and pricked his fingers thereon. "Do you mean to say that they eat that?"

I explained.

"Coo! You has to know your stuff, don't you?" I opened my fly box and showed him the glories of Jock Scott and Dusty Miller, the fluffy finery of Coch y Bhondu. He gasped. The spirit of Izaak Walton fell upon him.

"Here, let's get going!" And impatiently he watched me prepare for the fray. The gods were kind, too, and at the third cast a dace took hold. Breathless he watched the battle, dancing in panic at each reel-screaming rush till at last the tired fish was drawn belly upward towards the side.

"Would you like to net him?"

"Me?"

"Yes—you!"

I explained how, and presently gently, O so gently, the deed was done. His pride was great and marvellous to behold.

"Did I do that O.K.?"

I nodded my head, my mouth full of gut since it was time to go home.

"Will you be here to-morrow?"

"Yes." Then an idea struck me. "I'll be along here for a good many days now. Would you like to come, too, and help?"

"Me? Cripes! Would you—would you teach me a bit?" The question was asked diffidently, hopelessly. I looked at him and suddenly realised all that his life had been up till now. Dirty, crowded rooms, squalid alleys and indescribable living conditions. I also realised what his evacuated life could be.

"Of course I will, but it will take time. It's not easy!"

"How long?"

"Oh, several months!"

He nodded his head gravely.

"That suits me," he said. Then, as an afterthought, addressing himself to the unseen, "Good Old Nasty! You done me a good turn, anyway!"

YULETIDE CUSTOMS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

By F. R. WINSTONE

PROBABLY the first warning of the nearness of Christmas that Londoners notice most is the sudden arrival of the toy parades on the pavement of Holborn. Round about November 22nd they start, and their hours are from 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., or now probably until the black-out stops them. The vendors must all carry licence badges, granted some years ago by the City of London police. They were formerly at Ludgate Hill, but congestion forced a move to their present pitch right opposite one of the largest stores! When the present-generation of street vendors dies it will not be replaced as the licences are not transferable and no new ones are issued.

From London travel to Somerset, and nearer the date of Yuletide you may hope to see the flowering of the "Glastonbury Thorn." Shortly after the death of Christ, it is said, St. Joseph of Arimathea arrived at Glastonbury bringing with him the



THE PAVEMENT TOY PARADE

Chalice of the Last Supper. Up on Wirrall Hill nearby the Saint leaned on his staff to pray, and "Lo, when the prayer was ended the staff had taken root and blossomed." So runs the legend and we are told this original tree was cut down by a fanatic seventeen centuries later. Slips had been taken, however, and planted, one in the abbey grounds and another in front of the parish church.

Bristol has an interesting annual custom, held on December 21st, and dating from 1613. The old folk of Dr. Thomas White's Almshouses, attached to Temple Church (which has the leaning tower) have, for over 300 years, celebrated the memory of the founder of the 31 houses in which they live, called Temple Hospital. On this day the Governors dine and entertain the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, and the "antientist alderman of the city," with other honoured guests. Afterwards, in the Common Room downstairs, the feast is laid for the old folk and the vicar of the Temple (archdeacon of Bristol) presides and carves. A traditional old time menu includes "Baron of Beef, Pease Pudding, and a mighty Applie Pie." This last conta'ns 99 apples and one quince and must be cooked in a pewter dish. The Baron of Beef roasts practically all day on a spit before a roaring fire, just as in centuries gone by.

So, with just a mention of the picturesque Christmas tree that appears each year outside the Abbey and Pump Room at Bath, we come to the Yuletide customs of Boxing Day itself. December 26th is a great day for attending the meet of hounds, and one of the most picturesque is that at the Ship Inn, at Alveston in Gloucestershire. With the background of an old coaching inn, looking much as it did in Dickensian days, large crowds gather to watch the start of the Berkeley Hunt. In fact, so great is the crush that "car marshals" are appointed to control the traffic.

Ilchester, in Somerset, is also well worth visiting on this day, when the Badger Feast is held. This is another ancient custom and takes place at the Old Cow Inn. A party of the villagers set out to hunt the badger and then roast it before a huge log fire. Weighing over 30 lbs., the dressing is entrusted to mine host, Bert Wills, who was once a butcher. Whilst the badger is on the spinning jack the company join in Somerset folk songs. In the past twenty years Mr. Wills and his picked band of hunters have caught over 100 badgers, and the walls of the smoke-room are covered with their skins. Visitors to the feast may take a turn at basting the badger on payment of a small fee, which goes to charity. Described as being "like a tasty bit of pork" Ilchester thinks there's "nothing like badger."

Another West Country custom is the burning of the ashen-faggot. It is regularly observed at the Luttrell Arms, Dunster, and the company drink a toast as each binding band round the faggots bursts. This has to be placed on the fire by the oldest man or woman present. The custom is also celebrated in many Somerset farmhouses over Christmas and really commemorates the exploits of King Alfred.

One of the quaintest and most picturesque customs of Yuletide is the mumming play, a survival of mediævalism still remaining in our English countryside. "Mummer" means actor, but these mummers are actors such as one never meets on any stage. Taken from the ordinary village community their parts have been handed down from father to son for at least 800 years, and there are elements in it which go back to the sacrificial rites of primitive paganism.

Mumming plays may be seen at Hailsham, near Chichester in Sussex; Freefolk, North Hampshire; Evershot and Dorchester, in Dorset; Marshfield, in Gloucestershire; and places in Oxfordshire and Warwickshire. Usually their performers' costumes are strips of coloured paper or cloth, and may represent the mail clad attire of Norman knights, with paper visors to conceal the features. Characters in the play include: a King, Old Father Christmas, a Doctor, Beelzebub, the Devil, and others varying according to the locality.

Led by the village crier with his bell, the play is performed in various parts of the village throughout Boxing Day. Here are some of the lines spoken by Father Christmas:—

> "In comes I, all hind before. I come first to open the door. Make room for me and all my jolly family. I have a large family. I hatched them in a magpie's nest, bred them up in a saw pit, and they haven't had but one crust of bread this last fortnight, and that I ate myself."



PREPARING THE GIANT APPLE PIE SERVED TO OLD FOLK OF BRISTOL

Two of the characters indulge in mimic fight with sticks, one is "wounded" and healed with magic ointment.

A romantic custom is the Figlet Market observed at Okehampton, Devon, on the Sunday after Christmas. On this occasion a man may speak to or kiss any girl who takes his fancy and no mistletoe is required for the rite!

A New Year custom, still, however, connected with Christmas as it is held on Old Twelfth Night (January 16th), takes place at Cushampton and Dunster in Somerset. It consists of toasting the apple trees to ensure a good crop and is still observed on Wassailing Night. The men of the villages form parties and proceed to orchards where the farmer meets them with his storm lantern. They all stand in a ring round the trees and then sing the old time Wassailer's Song, which has this chorus:—

> "Old Apple tree, old apple tree, we've come to wassail thee,
> To bear, and to bow apples enow, hats full, caps full, three bushel
> Bags full, barn floors full, and a little heap under the stairs."



THE MARSHFIELD (GLOUCESTERSHIRE) MUMMERS ENGAGED IN THE MIMIC FIGHT WHICH IS A FEATURE OF THEIR QUAINT AGE OLD PLAY

After this has been sung, cider is handed round and drunk to the tree's health with many toasts. Finally evil spirits are scared away by the firing of a gun through the branches, and a piece of toasted bread is placed in the fork ostensibly for the birds, but really intended as an offering for the good spirits to



"THE FLOWERING OF THE GLASTONBURY THORN"

watch over the apple trees. It is another very old custom, and it is good news to hear of its annual observance in these modern times.

And so you will find the real old Christmas spirit in town and country and in many places, the merry season being celebrated in traditional and picturesque ways.

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FORTUNES WON AND LOST

Tales of the Great Days of Gambling

By J. B. BOOTH

ON the appearance of the last instalment of Queen Victoria's letters there was, in certain quarters, an amused contempt for her strongly expressed objections to her eldest son's love for the Turf—objections which were not only perfectly reasonable, but praiseworthy in a mother with a son attaining his majority. It must not be forgotten that the Prince's entry on the Turf coincided with a period of the heaviest gambling in racing history, and an era of the wildest general extravagance amongst a set which the Queen might reasonably conclude would be the natural Turf associates of her son.

In an age of spendthrifts the most spectacular was, of course, the Marquess of Hastings, and concerning no man has more nonsense been written. The story is a simple one. After a minority of twelve years, undisciplined, intolerant of restraint, the young heir came into absolute control of estates worth £20,000 a year, and accumulations of some £240,000. At once he developed a craze for spending money, which became a mania.

The romantic story, which nothing seems to kill, of his ruin over Hermit's Derby, due in the main to the man whose bride he had stolen, is wholly untrue. Thirty odd years ago I went through a mass of documents relating to this period, amongst which were Lord Hastings's betting books, and one thing became clear—far from being ruined by the Turf, for some considerable period the Turf saved him. Even Hermit's year, in spite of the Derby loss of some £103,000, was not a losing one. His boast, in one letter, that his wits were worth £20,000 a year to him on the Turf, was justified. Cards, dice, general extravagance, unheard-of pillage by disreputable associates, and money-lenders' extortions—these were the causes of his ruin.

An old friend of mine would often tell the story of another "crash" of this period, of the final scene of which he was an eye-witness, when Honesty, by beating Brambridge, brought Lord Westmorland's Turf career to an end. My informant would relate vividly how, when the horse was beaten, he saw Lord Westmorland standing in the small enclosure at Epsom, looking blankly into space, and apparently lost to all surrounding him. Presently he turned sharply on his heel and walked quickly away, without speaking to anyone. In that moment he realised for the first time that "all the wheels were down."

The individual bets of those days make fantastic reading. It has been said—and never denied—that the late Duke of Hamilton laid £180,000 to £6,000 against Hermit, but, fortunately for him, the bet was called off.

There is one story of the Duke: Walking up to Saffery, the bookmaker, the day when he backed Jannock at Auteuil, he asked, "What price mine?" "Seven to one, Your Grace," replied the dapper little bookie. "Seven thousand to one—pounds, not francs, Saffery." "Right, Your Grace." "Twice, Saffery." "Right, Your Grace." "Three times, Saffery." "I'll make it 6 to 1 this time, Your Grace. Shall we make it £20,000 to £3,000?" "Right, Saffery." And the horse won.

In those days of wild gambling men would bet on drops of rain running down a window-pane, upon which lump of sugar a fly would first settle, and other simple chances.

After a lull, the heavy betting of the 'sixties was to be repeated in the 'eighties and the 'nineties. A group of young fellows of different social origins, some from the old aristocracy, others from trade, were to find themselves in the possession of large fortunes, and imbued with the desire to fling those fortunes away.

Most notorious of all, perhaps, in the small West End set of those days, which never went further East than Romano's bar, was George Alexander Baird, who raced as "Mr. Abington."

Inheriting a colossal fortune in cash at the age of nine, he developed a passion for horse-flesh and for race-riding which, had he confined his interests solely to them, might have kept him reasonably fit. A good, keen, amateur rider, at the height of his racing career he was compelled to remain abstemious, for the simple reason that he had a tendency to put on flesh, and to keep his riding weight down to ten stone necessitated heroic measures—not to say heroic physicking. But gradually the interest in racing merged into the interest in the prize-ring. The jockeys and trainers were succeeded by prize-fighters and their hard-boating hangers-on, and by the crowd of impecunious undesirables who haunted the West End resorts of those days, well-dressed, amusing and unprincipled. To them Baird fell an easy prey, but, as his income was some £250,000 a year, and he was only thirty-two at his death, his attempts to pauperise himself did not succeed. Even at this date it is impossible to write the full story of "Mr. Abington."

If ever a man had the gambling mania, it was Ernest Benzon, the "Jubilee Plunger," whose quarter of a million lasted him exactly two years. With Benzon, gambling was simply and solely a disease. Before he came of age, to keep him out of mischief, he was sent on a voyage to Australia and, landing at Melbourne, managed to run up liabilities—including £25,000 lost at cards—of £65,000. One Goodwood week he lost £30,000 at cards in a night, and frequently at the Field Club his losses averaged from £4,000 to £12,000. And a favourite boast of his was that he had once lost £40,000 in exactly ten minutes at *chemin de fer*. An afternoon at pigeon shooting—he was a bad shot—rarely cost him less than £1,000, and in one day at Sandown he lost £15,000 on the race-course and £10,000 the same evening at cards. Benzon always declared, however, that on the whole he was a winner on the Turf; pigeon shooting, billiards and cards were responsible for his heaviest losses.

He got into trouble at Monte Carlo, and some friend sent £15 to the head warder at the Nice lock-up in order that the plunger should have a few "comforts" pending trial. On the same day another friend called to see him and told him he was sure to get off.

"Not a bit of it," said Benzon. "Everybody says I shall get five years."

"Five grandmothers! Everybody outside says you can't get more than a month at the worst."

"By gad, do they?" cried the "Jubilee," brightening. "Go and get that fifteen quid off the gaoler and take a thousand to fifteen against my getting five years!"

A fat volume might be written on the changes in betting, from the point of view of backers and layers, since those late Victorian days, when two men of widely different character and type, but alike in their scrupulous honesty and their devotion to charity, might be taken as representatives of the Ring—Richard Henry Fry and Dick Dunn. I knew them both. No man ever less resembled the popular notion of a bookmaker than Fry. His charities were innumerable. At one time a wealthy man, I am afraid he suffered heavily during the American invasion of the Reiff era, when gentlemen from the States adopted the simple system of betting heavily, taking the winnings if successful, and sailing for America if luck was against them. Fry once told me that one of his most curious clients was a stranger who, a fortnight before the St. Leger, asked the price of the favourite.

"Two to one," replied Fry.

"How much will you bet to?"

Fry stared. "To more than you'll want, I expect," he replied with a smile.

"I'll take it to £10,000," and the man produced £10,000 in notes.

The layer did not see the backer until after the race when, the favourite having won, he came to the rails and asked for £30,000. Given an open cheque on a London bank he disappeared and converted the cheque when the bank opened next morning. Fry told me he never saw the man again, and believed it was the only bet he had ever made in his life. Being curious, the great bookmaker made discreet inquiries, and found that his strange client was a solicitor—or an accountant, I forget which—who, he guessed, had to make up some deficiency in trust money. I hasten to add that there is no moral here.

Dick Dunn, of Irish nationality, and whose real name was O'Donohue, lived to see the end of his school of ready-money fielders who, in the palmy days, could hardly take their money fast enough, and towards the close of his career would admit, with his usual cheery wealth of language, that a one-hundred-pound book was about the usual limit at ordinary meetings.

In a mechanised age, the "Tote" may have its advantages, but it does not possess the character of the punters and fielders of old.



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By E. A. R.

ASK any shooting man which would he prefer, a day at pheasants or a morning flight at duck? Ask a bird watcher to choose between a ramble on the marshes and a walk through the woods. Nine times out of ten the answer would be—duck! For some the reason may be novelty; for most the joy of untrammelled surroundings and pitting wits and skill against a fickle quarry. It is not the hope of a big bag, for there can be no foregone conclusion about that. Nor is there any greater likelihood of seeing rarities—there's just the chance, of course.

For me, the endless vagaries of duck are all-sufficient. If there is one of that fascinating, gaily-coloured tribe to be exalted above the rest commend me to the wigeon. Their high cream foreheads and chubby freckled faces may not



A couple of Tufted Ducks, very energetic despite their figures, squat and rotund. Three Pochard are drifting across the water in the offing



The Curls above a Mallard's tail are as pertinent to the owner as kittens to a cat



The steep cream forehead and chubby freckled cheeks of a Cock Wigeon are comely if plebian: two of them at variance about a lady

be exactly off the top shelf but they are comely enough. The pink of the breast and the grey body-plumage blend to a nicety and are daintily offset by the black-and-white accents and the tawny head. A wigeon sits high in the water as if conscious of its neat array, and they cut a still neater figure in flight, a compact four-pointed star. A figure between the winged blob of a mallard with its big head strung out in front and the swift stab of a pintail crossing a gap in the sky.

What a grand noise they make as they come tearing down, one, two, three hundred feet in a few seconds, to rock and sideslip as they near the surface of the water and churn it to a lather with their thousands of outstretched feet. I love wigeon, whether twinkling in those vast constellations against the morning sky or pattering nimbly over loch-side turf to graze. And they have such charming courtship manners. The drake cocks up his pointed stern and wingtips, curls his bill open in a sneer and rushes at a rival. He returns to his lady with a reassuring "wheeoo" and fusses round her till his temper cools down.

A shoveler drake looks black and white at a distance unless a sunbeam happens to light up the sienna flanks. The cunning of the long tapered feathers of the back (the inner secondaries and adjacent scapulars to be precise, as ornamental in many drakes as the iridescent speculum itself) can only be enjoyed when the bird is close at hand. They are blue-black with a centre streak of white. Some of the feathers have pale blue stripes as well and each one varies both in marking and in shape. The bottle-green head is darker and more blue than a mallard's: its richness is intensified by the pure white breast and shoulders. The deep "quarrk" of the shoveler is such a satisfying sound—does his wide bill lend a resonance beyond the register of other drakes? They have a trick in flight of simultaneously arching the neck and depressing the wings: it reminds me of someone at a theatre raising himself on his elbows to see past the man in the seat in front.

A garganey has this mannerism too—they come early in Spring while the bloom is on the sallow and before the green breaks through the winter reeds. The pale, frosted wings of a garganey give a curious, shimmery effect to the bird in flight, a sign by which it may be known a long way off. Although some garganeys are certainly no larger than teals, they always look larger when flying. Their relative sail-area is greater and the wing-tips are slightly rounded. Shoveler, on the other hand, often look nearly as large as mallard swinging round at dawn and yet when the morning's bag is laid out in the dew the mallard seem so hefty by comparison.

This counting of the bag is rather a sad affair. Wet and bedraggled ducks cannot compare to the "gorgeous slain" of the covert side. I, for one, would often wish them back, one and all, to wings and quack again—but back, nevertheless, for another morning flight!

Apart from the ease with which they twist and recover, duck are far more nimble in the air than their build would suggest. I have seen them scratch their faces in mid-career as gulls do. A friend told me he saw a wild duck in flight twist her head round and nibble at her back. She must have had the devil of an itch.

When a mallard drops out of the sky with wings, tail and orange paddles spread and held forward to brake the rush of landing, the tail looks large. He settles and, in the proverbial two shakes, the tail contracts to an oblique white line between black velvet coverts. The curls above it are as pertinent to a mallard as kittens to a cat. Most drakes' tails pack up with precision unknown to other fowl; especially "surface" ducks'—those that switter in the mud and bibble in the shelter of the sedges. Each "surface" duck has an ensign of its own, a neat monomark in black and white, seen to advantage when tip-tilting in the shallows. The coverts of a mallard form a small black triangle beneath the tail, narrowly rimmed with white. The area of black enlarges progressively with pintail, shoveler, wigeon and these all have a fine white blob wedged in between the coverts and the flanks. A teal has a yellow oval outlined in black: the garganey only a few dark smuts on a biscuit ground. His contrast lies at the opposite end where the delicate grey flanks stop abruptly against a breast which glows like polished cherrywood. Nor must we forget the broad white bands gleaming either side his crown. A gadwall's stern is just a study in black.

The "diving" ducks have indifferent tails. Their wings are short and narrow. They cannot spring neatly from the surface but must needs squatter along before taking-off, kicking coot-fashion with their feet as well. Their bodies are broad in the beam but, once well under weigh, this clumsiness can be coaxed into a fine burst of speed.

Pochards look at their best whizzing past on a frosty April morning, a flock of them spaced so evenly that another could scarcely be fitted in without risk of collision. Each bull-neck stretches poker-stiff in front, leaden feet stretch either side the spikey tail behind and silvery fore-edges trace the whirring wings.

CKS
RAKES

E N N I O N



Eiders, the clowns of the northern seas : handsome fowl in spite of their clumsy bills and heavy build. Jemima Puddle-ducks are more amusing ashore

Spring puts a new burnish on the sleek red heads, whitens the flanks and even wheedles a bit of tenderness into the harsh "kurr." How is it that the drakes so often outnumber the ducks when with tufties it is generally the other way about ? And why are pochard ducks and drakes so frequently of the same size and weight when the male is definitely the bigger in most other species ? With shovelers this is especially marked : the lady is often a tubby little person, bluff at the stern, hunched shoulders—half the size of her lord. Some pochard ducks have almost as distinct a pattern as the drakes. Sometimes a creamy band encircles the base of the bill like the frontal ring of a scaup but on a less generous scale. More often Mrs. Pochard is a frump, as nondescript and dowdy as a drake in eclipse—in fact, it is not easy to "sex" adult pochards on the water in August.

Five courting drakes swam behind a duck. Each pretended he hadn't noticed her and was going that way by chance. But the little red eyes were watchful. No sooner had one manœuvred into a position to better his chances than the rest were after him, bobbing their heads and jostling to cut him out.

The tufted drake, broad as he is long, is an amusing fellow ; a shrewd intelligence glints from his yellow eye. It is not usually difficult to distinguish ducks in flight by their silhouette. Each has its own cut and style of flight. But sometimes in the half-light before dawn I have shot what I took to be a teal and picked up a tufted duck. Their speed, short necks, big round heads and white belly-flash are similar although teal have much larger wings in proportion to their size.

The flight of teal is far more flexible than that of heavier ducks. Their trim bodies balance better and the neck is held loosely instead of being strained ahead. They fly as though they enjoyed it and not merely as a means of getting somewhere swiftly. Many a time I have lost a shot through watching the way of teal across the marsh : the lightning shy when they spot a gunner, the fanwise scatter as each bird sits on its tail and spurts aloft. They close again, swing round and dive as one bird to within a yard of the reeds ; flash on, at one moment bunched like so many dunlin, at the next, split and racing in twos and threes. Round they come again. One drops into a pool, pitching abruptly. Another will circle round aimlessly as a butterfly and then alight with fastidious care. One has a long stare at you and swims slowly away, another springs up instantly. There is no forecasting what a teal will do and therein lies a big slice of their charm.

There are worse ways of spending an April morning than to hide in the rushes and wait for teal—field-glasses and not a gun this time. A bunch (or should I have said a coil ?) comes by. The little hunchback drakes pipe merrily, although they are less inclined to frolic than the ducks. They sip with decorum and tilt back their shining heads to swallow. But the ducks ladle water in showers over their shoulders and scuttle, backs awash, for yards, smacking the surface with half-open wings and rocking as they splash along. As with partridges it is only at close quarters that the beauty of a drake teal reveals itself. The pattern does not carry well. At a distance they look just dark unless they happen to veer round and get caught fortuitously in sunlight. Then, suddenly, the rich chestnut head with its emerald slash across the cheek flares out. The buff lines light up on the face, the black-rimmed yellow wedge appears below the tail. Even the pencilling of the body plumage and the flecks on the tawny breast stand out sharply for a moment. And then the vision fades.

I met him in Iceland, and no drake is more impressive in courtship display than a Barrow's goldeneye. His big feet gave him the advantage of full leverage on the water ; he could dart about and pivot in a flash. A favourite trick was rushing at the duck to check within a foot of her, rear up (nearly tumbling over backwards in the effort) and present his broad white front for her approval. It shone like satin. The white-barred scapulars and black slashes on the flank gave a curious dazzle-effect when the drake spun round to dash off on another tack. His head had a purple gloss that even the cloudy arctic twilight failed to dim.

A bird's crown normally slopes to a point beyond the eye and then rounds off to the neck. But the dense crest of a golden-eye bulges the apex forward and flattens out all the trace of occiput. It makes the true contour of the head, seems to displace the eye and gives a queer expression to the bird. Their bills always suggest a boxer's nose to me. The profile of the duck is less pronounced and she has no white patch. The texture of her head feathering is smooth as suede and its colour between that of a ripe medlar and a plum. There were eiders everywhere round the Iceland coast, but the display of the drakes was mere tomfoolery beside the expert clowning of the goldeneyes. Their behaviour was limited to a surge forward towards the duck ; a toss of the head, a cock of the tail to flash the white bullseye set in the dingy stern. They certainly rolled and heaved themselves up to shew her a portly black belly from time to time, but this is not essentially an antic of display.

The eider gets an amazing range of expressions into his courtship "wow." His success with a limited note is only excelled by the ribaldry of crows. Their caw and its variants are capable of meaning anything from sweet nothings to hard swearing : and so can the cooing of the eider drake, all the more telling for its almost human intonation.

They are more amusing ashore than on the sea. Their gait is that of Jemima Puddleduck—betwixt and between the strut of a well-fed mallard and the cumbrous slouch of goosanders. They slither about over rocks and weed, waddle across slob and sand and your grin grows wider and wider. If they haven't a collective noun why not a troupe of eiders ?



No drake is more spectacular in display than a Barrow's Goldeneye. The queer head with its brilliant comma has a glorious purple sheen



Drake Shovelers with showy white fronts and sienna flanks. A couple of Teal are lazing on the bank

Royal Harriers and Beagles of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries



RICHARD DAVIS,
HUNTSMAN TO
HIS MAJESTY'S
HARRIERS

Davis was huntsman to the harriers in the reign of George III from 1789 to 1812. The picture is from the painting by the sporting artist, R. B. Davis, a member of the family, and the original work is to be seen today at Messrs. Arthur Ackerman and Son's Galleries, 157 New Bond Street, London. Charles Davis, descendant of Richard, was the celebrated Huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds in the reign of George IV. He carried the horn for more than forty seasons, relinquishing it in 1867, the year of his death



MR. MAYNARD
AND
HER MAJESTY'S
BEAGLES

This painting by the brothers William and Henry Barraud is an example of collaboration between animal and portrait painter of similar nature to the picture of the Earl of Sefton by Philip Westcott and Richard Ansdell, reproduced on the cover of this issue. William, the animal painter, lived from 1810 to 1850, and Henry, the portrait painter, from 1811 to 1847. Rider and horse dominate the scene in a manner well calculated to emphasize the diminutive build of Her Majesty's beagles



THE OPENING MEET OF THE BICESTER AT EDGCOTE PARK, NEAR BANBURY

Advice to Young Foxhunters

CARE AND TREATMENT OF HOUNDS

The following is the second of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of Kennelman

DURING the last 50 years there have been many great inventions and changes; from a foxhunting point of view "All for the worse."

The telephone first introduced a spirit of restlessness; other inventions included barbed wire. The climax, however, came with the introduction of motor cars.

Small boys of 60 years ago used to see long-whiskered old gentlemen wearing red coats and blue ties bucketing along the roads in high glee when hounds were running, whilst the less timid followed the hounds over country absolutely free from wire.

These small boys used to laugh at the men with whiskers, hoping that when they should grow old they would be as happy pounding along the safe avenues of the macadam roads. Now that these boys are old men all possibility has vanished, for with tarred macadam galloping along roads is suicidal.

Modern roads are, however, but a trifling drawback to sport compared with that which runs along them. Of all the marplots to sport in the hunting field none can rival those who presume to follow hounds in motor cars.

The speed of a fox averages just over six miles an hour. A motor car seldom travels at less than 40 miles per hour: to mention only one of the evils, foxes are frequently headed by motor cars. It cannot be otherwise. This is a modern evil which has recently crept in.

Before the Great War one day as I arrived on horseback at the meet I noticed a man, strange to me, with his wife and children in a large motor car.

I said to the huntsman, "Who is the man in a motor car? I don't like his looks, for he has the face of a Chinese lantern and a roly-poly eye. I am certain he intends to pursue in his car. This must be nipped in the bud, otherwise others will do the same; every fox will be headed and continuous good sport will cease for ever."

Hounds soon found a fox, but after running two or three minutes were suddenly in difficulty.

Members of the field were on a lane, and we saw the stranger's car in front. I rode up and said, "I must inform you that these hounds are kept to afford sport for followers on horseback, and not for those in motor cars. It must be evident to you that you have headed this fox, and have perhaps ruined the day's sport for everybody out."

At this moment the huntsman galloped past; my horse was pressed against a mudguard and became restive. My cap was pushed over my eyes. I felt, and what is worse, must have looked inglorious, and said with irritation, "Really, sir, you are not the sole proprietor of this road. Will you please move your infernal car, and allow others to pass along?"

He looked wounded and utterly distressed; his face shone. He trod on the accelerator, the clutch, the brake: he crashed his gears, he tried to reverse. For rapidity of foot work he might have been playing a Bach fugue on the organ. His eyes rolled.

The car would not move. We all fumed. There was more crashing of gears. The car emitted smoke, and its useful existence terminated for ever.

Hounds hit off the line: there was a sound of the horn, a clatter of hoofs, and the car was left half a mile behind.

I had been really nasty to the man, but never regretted it, or that a penniless neighbour had lost a solvent tenant, for the object in view was achieved. Not a single car attempted to pursue hounds for many years. We had consistent sport with some long points.

Things have latterly altered: it is generally a grave mistake to be rude to anybody following in a motor car.

No decent person willingly spoils sport. If it is carefully explained that it is impossible to have consistent sport when cars follow after the meet they will cease to follow in their cars.

The majority of these car-owners are women. It seldom answers to be rude to anybody, least of all to women.

Referring to modern inventions, a friend once said, "You must admit that electric light has done much good and no harm." The reply was, "If it were not for electric light, the lovely country-side would not have been utterly disfigured by those disgusting pylons."

These few paragraphs refer only to the effect of inventions on the sport of foxhunting.

* * * *

For anybody young wishing to learn about foxhunting, the following works are admirable: *Thoughts on Hunting* (Peter Beckford), *Hunting the Fox* (Lord Willoughby de Broke), and two booklets called *Goodall's Practice* (by Lord Henry Bentinck) and *The Management of Foxhounds* (R. Corbet).

There are other excellent and well-known books on this subject, but those mentioned above contain as much as one man can assimilate in a short time.

The following comprises some of the most important remarks by Lord Willoughby de Broke about the duties of a *huntsman* in the field:

"Many people will say that huntsmen are born and not made. This, like many other generalisations, is only partly true."

"Whatever a huntsman weighs, there is no doubt that he should be a good horseman."

"The hounds and not the huntsman have to find hunt, kill and eat the fox."

". . . The two dominant ideas of the huntsman should be to bring his hounds into the field in tip-top condition, and having got them away close to their fox, not to go near them when they lose the scent, until they obviously feel the want of him, or unless he can give them some definite piece of information which they cannot do for themselves. Even this must be done with great judgment and skill if the doing of it involves the dangerous expedient of getting their heads up."

"Condition is the key of success. If the question were asked 'What shows most sport and kills most foxes?'—the magic word 'condition' would be the safe answer."

"In some kennels the thick oatmeal and flesh that is, or ought to be, served during the hunting season is watered down. This must surely be a mistake. Solids are the natural sustenance of dogs. They will no doubt swallow gallons of slush if they cannot get anything else, but as it does not stay by them it is doubtful if it does them any good, and it is really wasted."

"After a fortnight of slush a hounds will become flabby; his coat, that true index of health, will lack lustre; he will lose vitality, &c.

". . . . the main avenue to health is diet. The next thing is exercise."

Mr. R. Corbet, in notes on Managing Foxhounds, says: "Some huntsmen feed hounds at 7 a.m. that are to be hunted the following day. Therefore, when they arrive at the covert side, they have been without food for 30 hours, and by the time they get back to kennel have been fasting for 36 or 40. Under this system they cannot maintain their full strength and keenness to the end of a long day; in fact, it wears out their constitutions.

"If fed six hours or so later, they will be just as keen in the morning, carry a better head in the afternoon, come home fresher at night, and last a season longer."

If we return to Lord Willoughby de Broke's *Hunting the Fox:*

"The primary idea that the huntsman should bear in mind is that the hounds should leave the kennel in front of his horse, and remain there all day, except when he is riding well away from them on a flank for the purpose of manœuvring them."

"It is not consistent with their dignity for the huntsman to ride away from them at his own pace in silence, and for them to be rudely ordered to follow him by the whipper-in scolding them from behind."

"At all costs during cubhunting they must either find, or think they have found, their fox for themselves. This is the way to teach them to hunt."

". . . the kernel of the true secret of hunting hounds . . . is always to endeavour to let the hounds do everything for themselves, and even when help is actually given, to give it in such a manner that they do not know they are being helped, and think they are acting on their own initiative."

"This is why all the great master minds agree that hounds when in difficulties should never be meddled with except as a very last resort. Now, in order to carry this idea into practice, it cannot be too often repeated that the principal part of the technique of the huntsman should be to keep his hounds always in front of him. . . ."

"Many people seem to forget that on a bad scenting day hounds will go slowly and . . . on a good scenting day they will go quickly and think that the huntsman can enliven proceedings on a poor scent by getting ahead of his hounds and setting the pace himself. There never was a greater fallacy."

The late Lord Henry Bentinck said: "The highest praise that can be given a huntsman is for a fool to say, 'We had a great run and killed our fox; as for the huntsman he might have been in bed.'"

To continue partial quotations from *Hunting the Fox*:

". . . The huntsman should always have in the back of his mind the exact spot where the scent was lost."

"He also ought to have in the map of his mind Mr. Thomas Smith's invaluable sketch of a cast in his *Diary of a Huntsman*, published 1838."

This is good advice and Mr. Smith's cast should be carefully studied. This is also well shown in *Hunting the Fox*.

After fully discussing the casting of foxhounds, Lord Willoughby de Broke says: "To sum up . . . the things to be remembered by the huntsman in making a cast are, first, the place where the leading hounds last had the scent; second, to follow the general direction of circles up and down wind already described, *i.e.*, in the description of Mr Smith's famous cast; third, to keep every hound either in front of him, or well away on his flank; fourth, never to force the pace, but to regulate it by the pace of the hounds, bearing in mind that, with a burning scent they can be cast almost at a gallop, and that with a poor scent they can only be cast at a walk."

"The huntsman, even if he views the fox himself, should take hold of his hounds quite quietly and canter them to the place where the fox was last seen."

Peter Beckford says: "The huntsman at a check had better let his hounds alone, or content himself with holding them forward without taking them off their noses. Hounds that are not used to be cast will of themselves acquire a better cast than it is in the power of any huntsman to give them; will spread more, and try better for the scent, and if in health and spirits will want no encouragement . . . I never approve of their being cast so long as they are inclined to hunt."

He proceeds: "The first cast I bid my huntsman make is generally a regular one, not choosing to rely entirely on his own judgment. If that should not succeed he is then at liberty to follow his own opinion and proceed as observation or genius may direct. . . . I always wish to see a regular cast before I see a knowing one."

Anything I can say seems superfluous. No doubt the real secret for hunting hounds is to allow them to hunt for themselves, and seldom, if ever, to touch them so long as they will hunt. We all know that when hounds come to a check all followers should at once stand still and hold their tongues. Good hounds will at once make their cast. A huntsman should not touch them until this has entirely failed. All this is platitude. Whatever happens when he is casting hounds, his whipper-in must not hurry the hounds on. Good hounds will not hang about, and immediately one hound hits off the line every hound flies to the cry. If hounds are left alone they know by instinct which is the line of the run fox. When perpetually assisted and lifted, they will speak to the line of any fox which moves before them. Of course, however well hounds are hunted, they will sometimes change foxes, but when hounds are repeatedly failing to kill it is from repeatedly changing foxes.

When hounds become slack it is nearly always from one of two causes, perhaps from both: (1) From undue meddling by the huntsman; (2) from allowing a whipper-in to hurry them on when casting themselves.

On a good scenting day they will cast themselves at a high speed; on a bad scenting day they will make their casts with more deliberation.

A very great deal depends on good earth stopping. For this a great deal of organisation is required. If foxes are perpetually running to ground it not only upsets hounds, but it annoys those on whose lands the foxes are found, and those who follow the hounds if they are really fond of hunting, besides ruining many days' sport.

Hounds should never be taken off a line of a fox so long as they can speak to the line, or even feather on the line.

The hunting may be slow, but eventually hounds may get close up to the fox, and have a fast run with a kill.

Every time hounds are taken off a line and made to draw for a fresh fox it is a blow to their hunting powers, no matter what a hunting field may say.

If you want general good sport you must make your hounds tenacious and persevering; drawing for a fresh fox when hounds can still hunt the old line destroys both tenacity and perseverance.

When hounds are taken from the meet to draw, the hunt servants in rear should ride at a considerable distance behind them. It irritates hounds to be hustled along a road, and is insulting to those who are the main source whence our enjoyment is derived.

If hounds have travelled a fairly long distance to the meet they can be taken to draw at a faster pace than if the meet is at the kennels or some place near, because hounds may wish to stop for a few seconds for hygienic purposes.

It is revolting to see whippers-in thonging hounds on the road. A cruel or uneducated whipper-in may ruin the hunting qualities of hounds unless kept in order.

After a good run, hounds should be taken to the next draw slowly.

One frequently hears complaints of changing foxes. Of course, it is impossible under general conditions to prevent hounds sometimes changing foxes. At the same time hounds which are permitted to hunt for themselves are less liable to change than if they are perpetually being assisted by their huntsman. Hounds are frequently taught to change foxes, e.g., hounds are drawing, say, a gorse or blackthorn artificial covert; they find a fox and are running him round the inside of this covert, and a fox breaks away; the huntsman blows his horn; the whippers-in rate the hounds.

Eventually hounds are induced to leave the fox they have been hunting and go out after the one viewed away. This is teaching hounds to change foxes. It is a golden rule that hounds should never be stopped off one fox and put on to another, however tempting this may appear at the moment.

Although the first fox to leave is probably a good one, experience has generally shown that, except in the case of a heavy vixen, hounds eventually drive their fox from the covert, and run him exceedingly well, probably giving the field a really good run. When hounds are running a fox, and a fox is viewed, unless certain that this is a tired fox, don't blow, leave them alone.

When a huntsman (who presumably has read his subject thoroughly) first comes to a country he naturally leaves his hounds alone, especially if he does not know the general run of the foxes. Later on, he knows the general line over which foxes run, and when hounds are at fault he may be inclined to lift them and they probably hit off the line. This may do well for a period, but the time comes when, from being perpetually lifted and assisted, hounds lose their natural hunting powers, and if they come to a check, instead of casting themselves, they look up for their huntsman, who may not be near at the time. Thus hounds become slow, because instead of hunting diligently, a lot of time is wasted, and when the huntsman does enable them to hit off the line, the scent is cold.

If hounds are being perpetually lifted they lose their drive, and from being a fast pack, the pack becomes a slow one. There are constant complaints of "bad scent" and even of ringing foxes. In reality the cause of both is probably the want of confidence and perseverance in the hounds, for if hounds cannot press a fox, he often rings.

It is delightful to hear hounds driving through woodland where they have to work for themselves. Of course, when cubhunting there is no excuse for lifting hounds, even if there is on occasion when regular hunting commences.

KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)



THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY IN ROCKINGHAM PARK

CONTROL OF DEER IN SCOTLAND

STEPS to reduce the number of deer in certain parts of Scotland are announced to-day by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland. Mr. John Colville, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, has appointed Mr. H. Frank Wallace, Old Corrimony, Glenurquhart, to be Deer Controller. The Secretary of State has also made an Order giving agricultural tenants certain powers to destroy deer.

In explanation of these steps, the Department point out that during the present year legislation for the control of deer had already passed the House of Lords and was awaiting debate in the House of Commons. With the outbreak of war, however, the Secretary of State decided that it was unnecessary in the circumstances to proceed with it because the Defence Regulations provided wide powers enabling action to be taken to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer. These powers have been delegated by the Secretary of State to the Agricultural Executive Committees set up by him in terms of the Defence Regulations. The localities concerned are mainly, if not wholly, in the Highlands, in some parts of which the deer problem has been acute for years.

Special expert advice and organisation will be necessary in the framing of local plans for reducing deer wherever their numbers are excessive, and it is to provide the committees with this help that a Deer Control Officer is being appointed. Mr. Wallace will act as adviser to the Agricultural Executive Committees and as a liaison officer on the subject of deer control between the Agricultural Executive Committees and the Department of Agriculture. Apart from the value of Mr. Wallace's expert knowledge, which will be available to the committees, the arrangement will be advantageous from the point of view of co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production on the one side and the supply of venison as an article of food on the other.

Supplementary to this organisation it has been decided to give occupiers of agricultural holdings some rights to kill deer found on any arable, garden or permanent grassland (other than moorlands and unenclosed lands) forming part of their lands. But before so authorising any person, it will be necessary for the occupier to intimate the name to the landlord and if the landlord, within ten days of such intimation, notifies objection to the occupier and the Agricultural Executive Committee of the area, the occupier shall not authorise that person until the Agricultural Executive Committee have intimated their approval of the authorisation.

A person authorised to kill, take, sell or dispose of deer under this Order shall not be required to obtain for such purpose a licence to kill game and shall have the same power of selling deer killed by him or by any persons authorised by him as if he had a licence to kill game. The Order does not, however, exempt any person from the provisions of the Gun Licence Act, 1870.

CHEAP FEED FOR DOGS

DOGS are so constituted that they must have a certain amount of meat, but the actual quality of the meat supplied them is not of supreme importance, provided it is not obtained from a diseased source. Experiments made by feeding dogs with beef, mutton and horse flesh indicate that horseflesh is most nutritive; three full meals of raw horse flesh improved the condition of a dog visibly.

Beef is better than mutton regarding nutritive power. When 70 sheep were smothered in snow drifts and the meat was fed to a kennel, in conjunction with steamed biscuits and house scraps, the dogs lost condition. No doubt many stags will be shot down this winter, regardless of the fact that the animals are not good enough for people to eat. They are quite good enough to feed to dogs, however, and venison, even if not of the best, is relished by them.

Dogs love boiled Swede turnips, and will eat them without an addition of any kind. I saw farm collies attend the cooking places for swede turnips, and reach up to feed from the steaming messes in the barrows, and this gave me a hint to use turnips for my own dogs.

All dogs love herring, and sometimes inferior brands of kippers may be bought cheaply. The only fish which dogs do not relish is brown trout.

Butchers' refuse is a good basis for making soups for dogs, but what one wants is something solid and substantial to form a palatable mess. Indian meal porridge is good feeding, but it must be made so stout that a spade will stand upright in it, and it will certainly begin to "run" if kept more than two days.

It is a mistake to suppose that dogs must have an enormous amount of the best meat to keep them in perfect health. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

Guinness at Waterloo



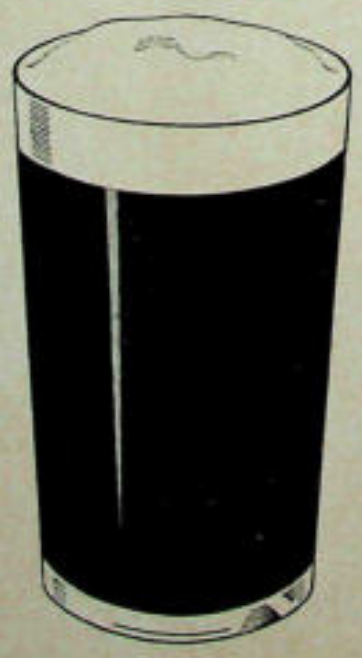
From a contemporary caricature called 'A Wellington Boot'

"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness.

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From the diary of one of Wellington's officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

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The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.454.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TURF

THE popular view of racing is so material that nearly all that is written and published about the sport must be highly objective and factual. This condition does not encourage or make an extensive market for a literary style, as graceful, leisurely and urbane as has been developed with such delightful effect, by some journalists who specialise in cricket and golf, and by others who write about hunting and fishing. I have regretted this, not because I have ever deluded myself with the idea that I could achieve the same standard, if given the chance, but simply as a reader.

When I read *Days in the Sun*, by Neville Cardus, I remember thinking what a pity it was that racing did not lend itself to the same journalistic treatment as he and others have so pleasantly applied to cricket. My delight, therefore, may be imagined when at last I found a book about the Turf, thoroughly practical, but written with literary charm, a book in which the facts themselves are quite unimportant but related with the most effective grace. It is called *Ups and Downs: The Memoirs of a Soldier Rider*, and it has just been published by Collins at 10/6.

The author, Major Colin Davy, rode occasionally under National Hunt rules for a few years and may be remembered by the racing public through his association with Desert Chief, a very useful chaser given to him by Mrs. Chester Beatty. The 10th Hussars know that he trained and owned a few Arab winners while they were at Cairo, and his modest achievements as a gymkhana rider in India cannot have been forgotten by many of his contemporaries. That he was a more competent race-rider than he permits himself to suggest in his book, I know from my own recollection of his performances in this country, but I can imagine many hard-boiled racing people asking what interest there can be in the reminiscences of a soldier, who during his racing career, only rode a few "old skins" and was not notably successful.

To them I say with confidence that they will find his book, in the present circumstances, as good as several days racing. They can see Desert Chief beat Easter Hero again without losing their money; they can follow many other races with greater understanding than they had on the original occasions, meet old friends and be warmed, if they have any sentiment at all, by the enthusiasm and experiences of the young soldier-rider, so typical of those who depend on the tolerance of their bank manager, the generosity of their relatives and an occasional "touch" in the betting ring, to pay their training bills. But this is more than a racing story.

Major Davy takes us hunting joyously with him, tells us of the trout he caught proudly while at the Machine Gun School at Netheravon, gives us a peep of the Himalayas at dawn, and reveals the touch of the artist at every turn. Listen to this echo from Salisbury Plain.

"We used to pull up in the shelter of a sickle-shaped copse, and when I had stripped the saddle from him, Desert Chief rolled in the long dew-drenched grass. He would roll sometimes for ten minutes on end, then jump to his feet, and squeal and kick with the joy of living. Then he would stand like a statue, four-square on his feet with his head high and his ears cocked, listening to something which I could not hear. I would stand looking at him wrapt in admiration for the lovely picture he made. Then Eddie, the stable boy, would come up and stand beside me gaping also. 'There never was such an "oss" be would say, 'Gawd! Ain't 'e a King.' I would laugh, and go off to breakfast, but I agreed with Eddie."

The man who wrote this says that he has lived for little more than horses and steeplechasing, but however good he may have been as a jockey, I assure him most appreciatively that as a writer this book places him in a far higher class than ever he was as a rider.

War conditions should create a boom in books about the Turf. I am sure that the several authors who had volumes nearly ready for publication when hostilities started will find, after all their anxiety, that their ventures were not ill-timed. The effect of the black-out has greatly increased the disposition of the ordinary person to find relaxation and diversion in reading, and as there is not enough good-class racing at present to satisfy the thirsty interest of a wide public, books about the sport will be readily accepted to fill the void.

The recent publication of *Epsom and the Derlings* by E. E. Dorling (Stanley Paul, 10/6) is a contribution of considerable importance to the history of racing. Mr. Dorling became managing director of the Epsom Grand Stand Association in 1919. His great grandfather, William Dorling, established the family connection with Epsom races and the Derby a hundred years ago by printing and selling race-cards, or at least what were the primitive originals of the official cards, still produced by the firm of Dorling at Epsom. William's son Henry, with the encouragement of Lord George Bentinck, became lessee of the Grand Stand in the eighteen-forties when the company and the races themselves were in a bad way, and it was Henry's son, and the author's uncle, Henry Mayson Dorling, whom many remember as the autocrat who ruled at Epsom until after Grand Parade's Derby in 1919. All that tells of the varying fortunes, the land deals, the personalities and the changes connected with Epsom races is good reading and forms a most valuable and authoritative record.

Mr. Dorling's active association with Epsom and the Derby was begun after a career as a schoolmaster and clergyman and it is not surprising perhaps that he writes less expertly and less convincingly about actual racing and other technical matters beyond the practical range of his office. He speaks, for instance, of tipsters shouting their "odds," and devotes a few unfortunate chapters to a re-hash of many of the old stories, some of very doubtful authenticity, about past Derby races and the people prominently connected with them. Apart from the staleness and original errors of these, some mistakes slipped into Mr. Dorling's inexpert paraphrases.

He says, for instance, that the Derby victories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee constituted a record because they were brothers. Such relatives, he thinks, have never gained this distinction before or since.

Among Derby winners Rhadamanthus (1790) and Daedalus (1794) were both by Justice out of Flyer, and Archduke (1799) and Paris (1806) were also brothers, being by Sir Peter out of Horatia. In addition to these, a mare by Highflyer produced Spread Eagle (1795) and Didelot (1796) by different sires, and other pairs of half-brothers to win the Derby have been Ditto (1803) and Pan (1808), Mundig (1835) and Cotherstone (1843), and Morganette's sons Galtee More (1897) and Ard Patrick (1902).

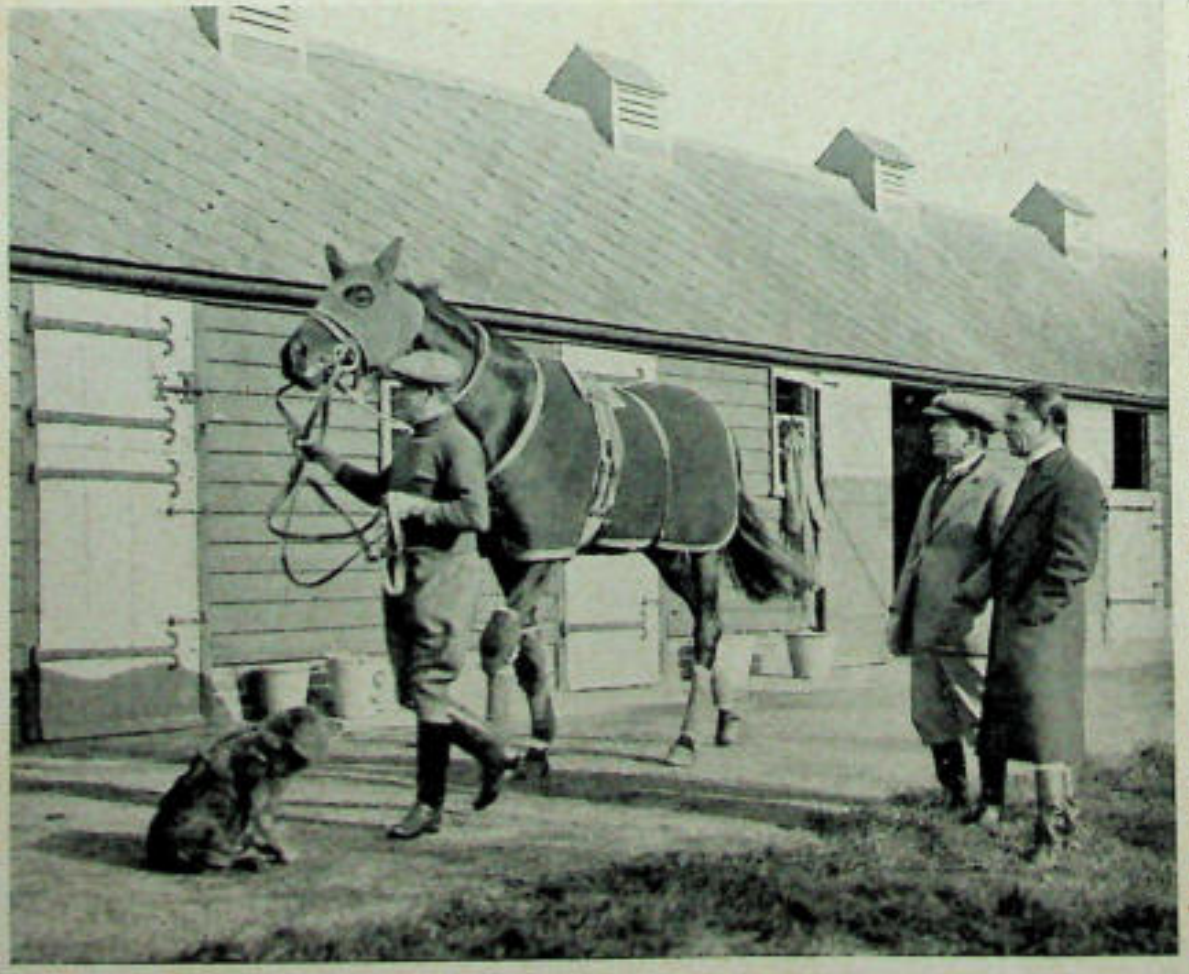
YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

DJEBEL STAYS AND PHARIS II LEAVES FOR FRANCE

M. Marcel Boussac's Djebel, which recently beat the English Two-Year-Olds in the Middle Park Stakes, is now with Steve Donoghue at Bleadbury. M. Boussac's Pharis II is seen leaving the stables for shipment to France where he goes to the stud. Charles Elliot, who was to have ridden the horse in the St. Leger against Blue Peter, is seen with Steve watching his departure.









Christmas Greetings



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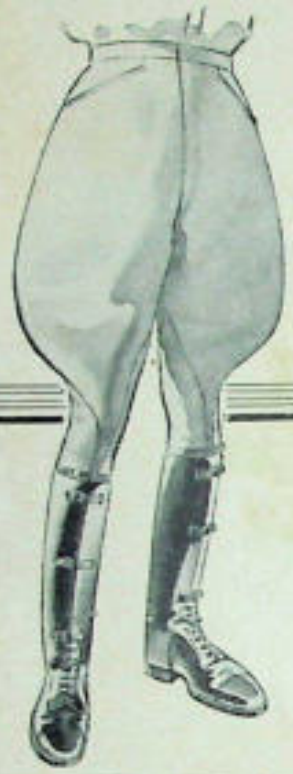
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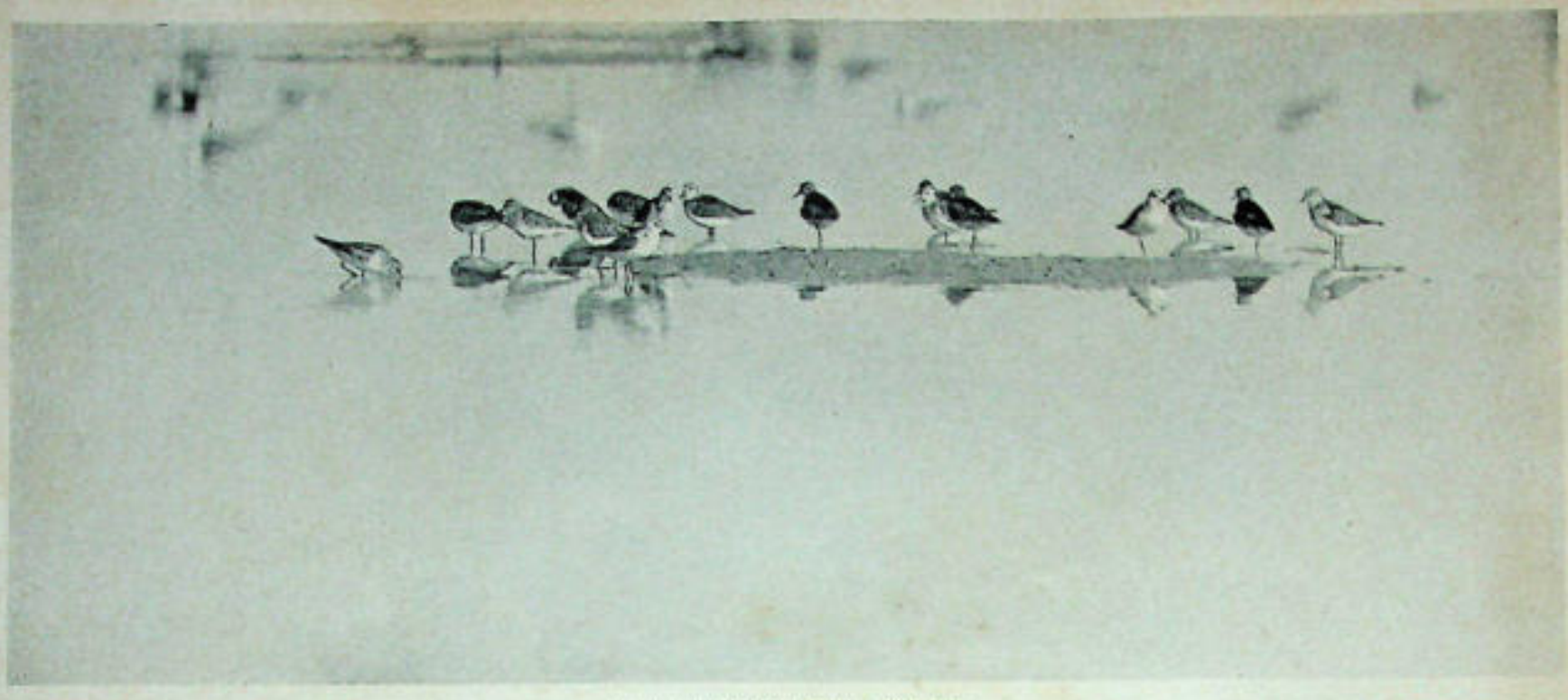


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LITTLE STINTS ON A NILE SANDBANK

BIRD MIGRATION IN THE SUDAN

By J. B. BOWERS

THE ornithologist must count himself lucky if work or pleasure enables him to follow the annual odyssey of bird migration to its winter resting place in Africa.

Away in the high corries of Sutherland in June I had listened to the clear echoing notes of the greenshank in its summer haunts. The rain squalls stinging my cheeks and driving wave after wave across the face of Quinag seemed a fit setting for these fascinating birds, as they swept overhead with their eerie yelping cries. The "Chevaliers gris," as the French have named them, were riding their native storm. In September on a rain-water lake not far south of the Sahara I heard the notes again, as a flock of nine flew past me and settled along the shore to feed.

To bird enthusiasts who have watched the flocks of waders moving down the coasts of Europe, or the warblers searching for insects among the bushes on their southward way, a winter spent in Africa gives a new insight into the amazing journey of these migrants. For four years I have been in the Sudan and, having given much thought to the annual coming of these multitudes of European birds, I have inclined more and more to the idea that they sweep southward on a broad front over the 1,400 miles of desert between the Mediterranean and their promised land, and to discard the "fly-line" theory which supposes that they shape their course southward up the narrow valley of the Nile.

Some 300 miles west of "The River," on a journey of eight hours by camel in early October, I saw six or eight spotted flycatchers, as many redstarts, a flock of 20 or 30 yellow wagtails, a dozen wheatears, and many of the smaller warblers, and this on a narrow strip of country 40 miles long and only about 30yds. in width out of that vast area, 300 miles by 500, which forms the Province of Kordofan; nor is there reason to suppose that the rest of it is less densely populated. Each of the great rain-water lakes, too, numbers its waders by hundreds and its duck sometimes by thousands.

No doubt a certain number of these birds have followed the course of the Nile, travelling at leisure along the narrow green strip of the Dongola reach and striking westwards into Kordofan. But if, as I have heard it said, the Nile Valley is the main route upon which the countless thousands of southward travelling birds converge to cross the barren tracts of North Africa, then surely the palm groves of Dongola would bend and creak under the weight of passerines, and the shores of the river be carpeted with innumerable wading birds, and still there would not be room for them. If, on the other hand one supposes that the majority do follow the valley of the Nile, but never stop to profit from its green shade and food supplies, then surely they could as well steer a straighter course, scattered out over the whole vast width of the Sahara, and I have little doubt in my own mind that this is what they do, obeying an instinctive urge in which landmarks play no vital part.

I suggest that the migrants travel at leisure, and this brings me to another thought. I believe that once the Sahara is crossed the southward movement gradually slows down. Last year I was at Foja (Lat. 13. 45 N.) on August 25th, and at Ermil (Lat. 13 4 0N.) a few days later, and I found the waders plentiful. At Foja there were large flocks of common, green and marsh sandpipers, ruffs and black-winged stilts, and of the ducks, considerable packs of garganey which are usually the first to arrive. At Ermil, too, I found all these birds and a fair-sized flock of 20 or more black-tailed godwits, one or two redshank, and a few ringed plover and common snipe. But on August 30th at Abu Zahad, which is some way further south, the lake was devoid of duck and as far as I could see of waders, too. On September 25th yet another southward journey of 130 miles brought me to Muglad (Lat. 11 N.) where, after a season of heavy rains, there seemed almost more water than dry land, and conditions were ideal for birds; yet the sum total of my records was a dozen or so green sandpipers, three times that number of common sandpipers, two greenshank, three ringed plover, strangely enough a great many common snipe, and a flock of a dozen or so of garganey teal. What, then, is the explanation of this fact, that in all my wanderings in the south, round Muglad, I saw fewer birds than I found a month before over a mile or two of shore up north? True, it may be that the vast area of water in the south made the discovery of birds more difficult, but much more probable, I think, is the theory that at Foja I had met the vanguard of the immigration, and that, having crossed the waterless miles of desert to the north, the movement was dallying before its leisurely passage further south.

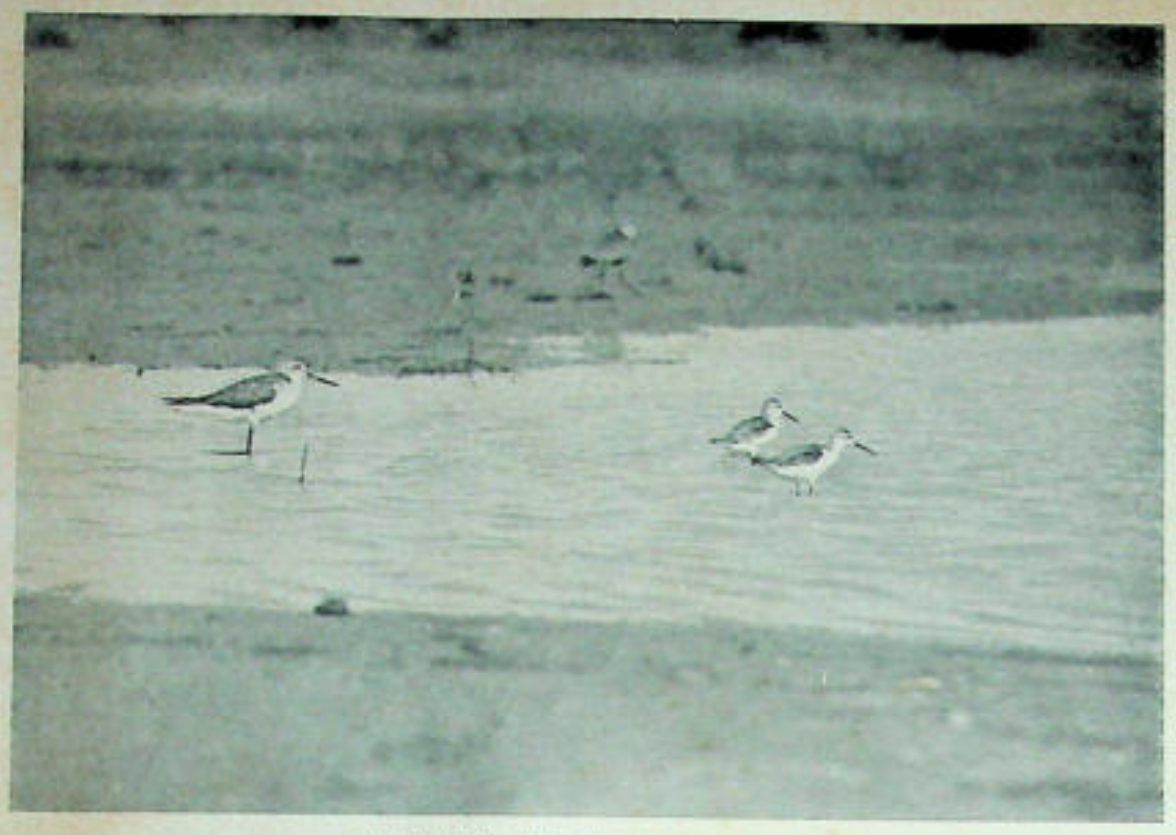


BLACK-WINGED STILT

Although the waders are the most conspicuous of the migrants there is a special fascination in noting the arrivals of the smaller birds. One wakes, perhaps, in one's garden to hear the plaintive note of a willow warbler and to watch him searching for insects in the leaves of a neem tree, while an exquisitely jewelled green and scarlet sunbird flits from the same tree, reminding one that this is Africa.

Space forbids me to give details of the individual birds, but a plain list of their arrivals, as I have recorded them during two winters, may be of interest to those who have watched them as they leave their northern haunts.

Bird.	*Place.*	*Lat. & Long.*	*Date.*	*Remarks.*
Yellow Wagtail	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.9.37	Flock of 100+ or more.
Yellow Wagtail	Muglad ...	11°N ..	27.9.38	3 flocks of about 30.
Blackcap	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.9.37	A pair.
Willow Warbler	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	1.9.37	Single bird.
Redstart.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	5.11.37	Single bird.
Wheatear	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	12.9.37	Several birds.
Spotted Flycatcher	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	10.9.37	1 bird.
Swallows and Swifts (I am not certain enough of distinction from Native African species on the wing to give records.)				
White Stork ...	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.9.37	Approx. 100 birds.
Garganey Teal.	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	10.9.37	Shot.
Garganey Teal.	Foja.....	13.45'N	25.8.38	4 or 5 large flocks.
Kestrel	Abu Zahad	12.20'N	4.10.38	4 birds.
Marsh Harrier .	El Odaya..	12°N ..	29.9.38	1 female.
Ringed Plover.	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	5.9.37	1 bird.
Ringed Plover.	Nahud	12.40'N	9.9.38	1 bird.
Ringed Plover.	Muglad ...	11°N	26.9.38	3 birds.
Kentish Plover	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.10.37	2 birds.
Black-winged stilt	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	28.8.37	Large flocks.
Common Snipe	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	14.9.37	Shot.
Common Snipe	Ermil	13.40'N	3.9.38	2 shot, 3 seen.
Common Snipe	Muglad ...	11°N	27.9.38	20 or more seen.
Curlew Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	1 bird with Dunlin.
Dunlin	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	1.10.37	3 birds.
Little Stint ...	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.9.37	2 flocks of about 12.
Little Stint	Nahud....	12.40'N	10.8.38	1 bird.
Ruff	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.8.37	Small flock.
Ruff	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Several small flocks.
Common Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	4 birds.
Green Sandpiper	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	29.8.37	1 bird.



A GREENSHANK AND TWO MARSH SANDPIPERS
(Reproduced from "A Book of British Waders," published by Collins)

Bird	Place	Lat. & Long.	Date	Remarks
Green Sandpiper	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Several birds.
Green Sandpiper	Mugtat ...	11'N	25.9.38	Common.
Redshank.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	31.10.37	—
Redshank.....	Emuil.....	13.40'N	2.9.38	2 birds.
Dusky Redshank	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	2.10.37	1 bird.
Marsh Sandpiper.....	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	30.10.37	—
Greenshank ...	Foja.....	13.45'N	26.8.38	Flock of 8 or 10.
Greenshank ...	Mugtat ...	11'N	25.9.38	1 bird.
Black-tailed Godwit	Emuil.....	13.40'N	3.9.38	Flock, 12 or more.
Curlew	Um Ruaba	12.55'N	3.10.37	1 bird.

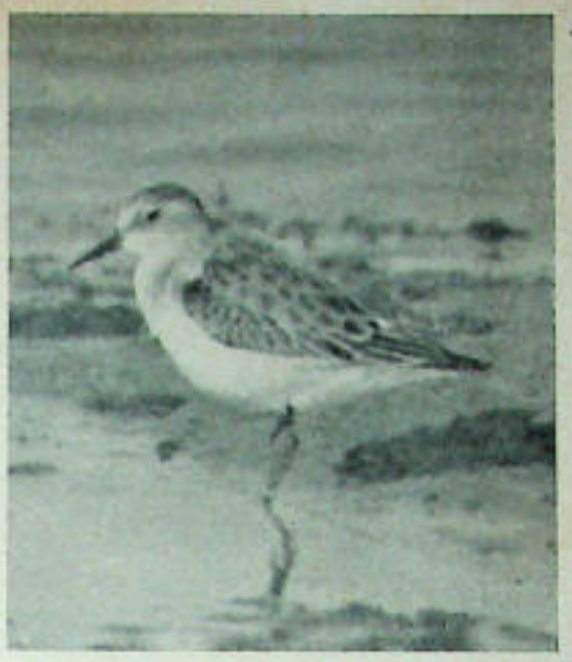
But if the southward journey of the migrants gives food for thought, how much more wonderful is their return in spring. As all who have lived here will know, the green and pleasant land which greets the incoming birds with its stretches of water and insect-haunted pools shows a very different face in March or April. High north winds gather up the dust from a withered countryside, and lay it thick upon the brown and weary trees. Insects there are, it is true, but not the soft succulent flies and caterpillars of autumn; in their place now are ants and horny grasshoppers. Water, too, west of the Nile and north of latitude 11 is now confined to the deep wells and, if the August rains were good, a few small muddy lakes crowded with Arabs and their thirsty flocks and herds. And yet the birds must use this inhospitable country as a jumping-off ground for their prodigious flight across the northern desert. In 1938 the scrub country along the road from Sinut to Abu Zabad was crowded with redstarts; flycatchers there were, too, and delicate little warblers, and in March, 1937, what remained of Sherkeila lake had been packed with duck and waders, many of the ruffs and godwits showing traces of the bright breeding plumage of summer. Now the birds from Sherkeila may shape an easterly course for the valley of the Nile, but I cannot think that instinct will lead the western migrants even as far east as the Dongola reach of the river, and the alternative is the straighter course over the Sahara—a thirsty flight that surpasses the bravest achievements of mere human endurance.

But it is not only in the Sudan that the amazing facts of bird migration are revealed. In April 1938 I was returning on leave; looking out of my sleeper at sunset over the cataracts of the Nile I could see a flock of about 20 white storks beating steadily northwards above the river, and then, three days later, on April 14th, we sailed from Alexandria in the teeth of a cold north wind and a rough sea. On the second day out two turtle doves and some species of chat were seen flying beside the ship.

The next morning—sunny, but cold, with a strong north wind—when we were nine hours south-east of the Straits of Messina, the ship and the air round it were alive with birds. A kestrel flew over high up, heading north-east, four house-martins and about a dozen swallows were sitting in the rigging or on the fans in the smoking-room, six blue-headed wagtails flew alongside or settled on the rails, while in the ornamental shrubs round the swimming bath, or perched on vacant chairs, at different times were a chiff-chaff (or it may have been a willow-wren), a delightful little moustached warbler with its russet breast and pale yellow moustache markings, a whitethroat, a nightingale, a greenfinch, and a small sparrow-coloured warbler which I did not know. On the boat deck, too, were eight or nine battered and weary pipits, and had the ship's cat been hungrier or in better training few would have survived; as it was, his clumsy rushes sent them overboard to fly low under the shelter of the hull before returning to the deck, exhausted. Strangest of all, at one time about 20yds. from the ship flew a large brown owl.

On April 17th we had passed the toe of Italy, and only a single swift and our two turtle doves remained, flying tirelessly above us.

I was reminded, as I watched these exhausted migrants hugging the ship's side, of Mr. T. A. Coward's remarks: "The observation of normal migration is as a rule impossible and . . . I believe we only see the birds because the wind is contrary . . . and they have dropped to a lower altitude to avoid trouble." I wondered what was happening to others, less fortunate, fighting the north-east wind unaided.



A LITTLE STINT
A very fine study of a little-photographed bird



COMMON SNIPE



A WOOD SANDPIPER

New Books

TRAVELS A-FOOT IN ANCIENT GREECE

Greek Earth. By SIDNEY W. HOPPER. (Michael Joseph; 12/6.)

In recent years it has become quite fashionable to travel on foot in Greece with a rucksack and a guide-book, and nearly everyone who has done so has felt himself under the necessity of freely interspersing his narrative with allusions to classical history and legend. Most people will find it rather irritating to have a charming description of life in the modern village of Delphi interrupted by a long digression on the moral principles involved in the trial of Orestes for the murder of his mother. That trial did take place largely because of a pronouncement of the oracle at Delphi, and in this matter, as in others, no fault can be found with Mr. Hopper's classical knowledge, but too much of it is introduced. It really was not necessary for him to follow this fashion, for he has acute powers of observation and an inquiring and philosophical turn of mind which make his story very good reading in itself and on its own merits.

The first part of the book deals with Athens. It is a fascinating city, a meeting place of East and West, luminous and colourful, and imbued with a spiritual unity that seems in some ways to be at variance with its straggling form. Mr. Hopper has certainly got under the skin, as it were, of its heterogeneity. The records of his talks to Athenians in all walks of life are very interesting and vivid. His reflections on the glory of past days and the splendours of the Acropolis are soberly and intelligently expressed. But there would be much to be said for a book on Greece that left out Athens altogether, for the true Greece is to be found in the remote countryside, and in its exploration lies the best part of Mr. Hopper's book.

First, however, he visits Attica, where his adventures as far as eating and sleeping are concerned, really begin. Despite the incursion of the petrol engine, life in the Greek countryside is still remarkably primitive, and the methods of land cultivation, slaughtering of animals and the like, are of peculiar interest. From Attica the author strikes north-west and visits many towns and villages, some famous, others almost unknown. The innumerable cups of coffee that he drank have each and all an interesting encounter attached to them, and the curious and varied meals are all associated in his mind with some odd scraps of conversation with the clear-cut personality of his hosts and table-fellows.

Mr. Hopper is mainly attracted by the land in relation to its inhabitants. He has little to say of the flowers, trees and birds that are so beautiful a part of the wilds of Greece. But his reactions to the things that do attract him are very thoroughly recorded. He has seen fit to spell Greek names with alphabetical strictness. The man whom we know as Croesus becomes Kroisos, Chalcis becomes Khalkis, and so on. But why not be consistent and spell Delphi as Delphoi? This is one of many examples that one could give of an eccentricity which is rather irritating to the eye. The photographs have been supplied from official sources, and are very consciously artistic. The personal touch here would have enhanced the charm of the book. A map would have been a useful addition. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Hopper did not go anywhere south of the Isthmus of Corinth, for his reflections on such romantic and beautiful places as Sparta, Monemvasia and Bassæ would have been most welcome. We hope that when he does visit the Peloponnesus (and Thessaly, too, for that matter) Mr. Hopper will take a camera in his rucksack.

* * *

A Year of My Life. By A. G. STREET. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7/6.)

Mr. Street is at his best in Wiltshire, and on his farm Mr. Street away from Wiltshire, and away from his farm, is nothing very out of the ordinary. At home—a combination of farmer and author—he writes confidently and amusingly, and authoritatively about something he knows backwards, and has known all the days of his life. Mr. Street is not a die-hard. He is always ready to experiment, always ready to listen to other people's views (not many farmers are), and he has a great faith in the soil of England. We hope that many townsmen will read this account of a year of his life. If it is pessimistic in places (and it is), that is the fault of urbanisation, but scarcely anyone could read this book and not feel that we have in England and in English soil something well worth defending—not only against Germany, but also against our politicians.

* * *

The Fox That Walked on the Water. By A. H. HIGGINSON. (Collins; 10/6 net.)

The subject of this book is really the battle of wits occasioned by the cunning and resource of the fox and the determination and ability of hounds to defeat their quarry. Mr. Higginson was a Master of Hounds in America before coming to this country to take over the Cattistock, and he looks back over his hunting experiences in both countries. From them he has selected fourteen instances of the fox's cunning which seemed to admit of no reasonable explanation at the time. There was the fox which was clearly seen to be walking comfortably on the surface of the sea; the one which was brought from Scotland and led hounds over exactly the same line every time he was hunted and who disappeared into thin air at precisely the same spot; and the fox who used a sudden bend in the river to precipitate hounds into icy water and nearly drown the whole pack.

Several of the stories refer to hounds. There was Refuge who was descended on her dam's side from the Duke of Beaufort's Challenger 1907, and who showed her descent very clearly one day. South Shropshire Dutiful's exploits in America make a very interesting story and so does the fate suffered by the selfish hound. One of the best points about the book is that Mr. Higginson does not leave the problems unsolved; he has a perfectly reasonable explanation to offer in each case. It is a book which no lover of hound work should miss.

The illustrations are by that excellent artist, Mr. F. A. Stewart. He has done one colour plate, two pen-and-ink sketches and numerous drawings. He has been remarkably successful in catching the atmosphere of the text.

* * *

Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon. By R. D. PECK. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. (A. & C. Black; 3/6 net.)

Readers—and they were many—of Mr. Peck's former book, *Fly Fishing for Duffers*, will give a hearty welcome to his new volume, which is written in the same entertaining and inconsequent spirit, and illustrated by Mr. Bateman with his same nightmare-invoking humour. It will make you laugh, heartily and cheeringly, this book on the horror and enjoyment of spinning; but in addition to this excellent feature (for surely laughter is a gift of the gods, and the man who can invoke it ought to receive honours) there is solid advice, based on common sense throughout its eighty odd pages, which should not only bring comfort to the novice but enable him, and even men who have gone some little way beyond their novitiate, to catch more salmon by this undoubtedly remunerative method.

The truth is that most anglers of experience have passed through the "gadget stage" and got back to the more simple tackle of their forefathers: a little lighter, a little better balanced, a little stronger for its weight—but not so very different after all. And by adopting Mr. Peck's recommendations the budding salmon fisher will save himself a lot of trouble in the long run—and a good deal of money too. So if you want to laugh and catch salmon thereafter you cannot do better than study this excellent little volume.

* * *

Escape to the Sea. By FRED REBELL. (Murray; 8/6.)

This is the chronicle of the most extraordinary seafaring feat ever. Mr. Rebell, in his boat Elaine, sailed single-handed 9,000 miles across the Pacific from Sydney to Los Angeles. That is astonishing enough. But more: Elaine was an 18-ft. open racing boat of the type used for racing in the sheltered waters of Sydney harbour; Mr. Rebell's only protection was a canvas hood amidships; his charts, his sextant (in fact, all his instruments), were home-made; he had no knowledge of navigation beyond that gained in a public library. Furthermore, having no identification papers of any kind he made these all. He wrote out his own passport and issued it to himself. His contempt for authority is magnificent, and altogether praiseworthy.

The voyage took a year and a day. Quite definitely it puts into the shade the voyages of Captains Slocum and Voss, Alain Gerbault and Harry Pidgeon, of which some mention is made by Mr. Richard Hughes in his foreword. Quite definitely, it is an exciting book, a real adventure story written without frills in refreshingly simple language.

And from it emerges the portrait—an astonishingly revealing portrait—of the author, adventurer, stoic, handyman, astonishingly brave, incredibly religious (in the true sense) sublimely independent, and wonderfully human.

* * *

Jackson's Agricultural Holdings and Tenant Right Valuation. Ninth edition. By W. HANBURY AGGS, M.A., LL.M. (Sweet & Maxwell, Ltd.; 12/6.)

A story is told of a young land agent faced with the task of explaining to a landowner the intricacies of a valuation made on a change of farm tenancy. I am sorry to say that he was not very successful, and received a severe reprimand for allowing so disgraceful a proceeding to occur upon the estate.

A more complete knowledge is said to rest upon a widened experience, and yet those who are always speaking of their experience are not those with the most sound judgments. In fact, much can be learnt, especially in matters of law and principle, from books. Among these stands, as upon a pedestal, Jackson's standard work, a ninth edition of which is now produced under the pen of Mr. Hanbury Aggs. This eminent barrister, writing for the layman, expresses the legal side in terms which can be understood and indeed enjoyed.

The annotation of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1923, and the summary of the effect of recent law cases, is invaluable; but the practical aspect has not been forgotten. The chapter on practice is a masterly exposition of principles, and the list of "Customs of the Country" for every county in England and Wales is most useful, and not a little fascinating.

For the general reader, who is brave enough to dip into a work with so forbidding a title, the history of the emancipation of the farmer from a position of serfdom to one of unparalleled statutory security makes absorbing reading. An excellent book in every way, well bound and printed. Essential for the lawyer, for land agents and valuers, its simple presentation makes a strong appeal to landowners and farmers who seek to know more of their relationship.

* * *

Horse and Man. By ALESSANDRO ALVISI. (*Country Life*; 5/- net).

We are indeed fortunate in having this book of aphorisms and paradoxes from so great a master of the horse as Colonel Alvisi. It consists wholly of reflections on the nature of the horse and the art of riding him. There are quotations from Homer, Xenophon and Federico Caprilli, but the greater part of the book comes from the experience of Colonel Alvisi.

He views the subject from various angles—the horse, its rider, balance, jumping and the riding school, and whatever is said is perfectly, sometimes profoundly, true. It is impossible to give many examples of this in a short review, but let one suffice: "The whole art of jumping may almost be said to end with the 'take off.'"

The illustrations will also prove to be of great interest. They range from King Assur Bani Pal, a Greek horseman of the Parthenon frieze and a Roman cavalryman to Norman cavalry at Hastings and various riding schools in France. Altogether it is a book to buy and ponder over.

* * *

Some Like the Hills. By RONALD DUNCAN. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 5/-.)

Mr. Duncan has taken some of his short stories which have appeared in *Chambers's Journal* and *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, and has woven them together into a neat and attractive story of life on the North West Frontier. The central figure is Mira Baz, a young pathan, and his adventures are such as will appeal to any schoolboy, though it is a pity that the sequence of events at the climax of the story are outlined in conversation before they take place, which robs the episode of a great deal of its excitement.

This is a pleasant little story about pleasant people, without an oath or harsh word in it from first to last.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRD PROTECTION

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate Mr. B. Vesey-Fitzgerald on a very sane article on Bird Protection in the *Field* of August 12th last.

I entirely agree with all he said, and it is the first really sane article on the subject that has appeared, and about time, too. Too much utter tripe, too much mud-slinging and general hakkerdash, has been wasted on a very vital and interesting subject.

As he points out, the law at present is idiotic and unfair, at least it would be unfair if it was enforced.

I wish some opinions could have been enlisted from gamekeepers, such as those on the winter feeding of partridges, for, as a whole, keepers could be the finest protectionists we have. Their very work is ideal for the purpose, and nearly all are nature lovers. Naturally they have to keep down vermin such as hawks and owls, and some, it is true, go too far, though it is exceedingly rare for any of them totally to exterminate any species in their area. In my part of Hampshire, where there is, perhaps, the best shooting to be had in the South of England, hawks and owls are by no means rare, and the percentage killed by keepers is small (though when viewed on the gibbet it looks enormous), for as a general rule, marauders of this type are mostly killed near the rearing field or nesting birds, which is as it should be. Also, most of them realise that it is only at that time that this type of vermin is a real danger to game.

I know a head keeper in Berkshire who is the sworn enemy of all vermin; but every year a kestrel nests in a cedar outside his back-door, and is never molested. That, I think, is typical of the frame of mind of the average keeper, and if some correspondents on this subject could be as tolerant the question would easily be solved.

I quite agree that the Bird Watchers and Wardens Association has done a lot of useful work, and their active help in framing the new legislation should be enlisted; also much could be done by such societies as the Oxford Ornithological Society, who have much valuable data as to the bird population in their areas, and as to the causes of any decreases in recent years. I was partly responsible for several reports to them from the Bradfield, Berks, area—two on rooks and one a general survey and census of a fair area, which showed how birds were affected by, shall we say, civilisation (new buildings, roads, drainage, &c.), while certain species, even of such shy disposition as garden warblers and goldcrests, did not seem disturbed. Such data, providing there was sufficient to cover the country, and I am sure there are enough voluntary bodies to do the work, would be the only possible way of determining adequate and far-seeing legislation.

In my own opinion, it is not collectors, egg-collectors, photographers (or learner photographers) who are to blame for the decrease in numbers of certain species. Fluctuation in numbers of any species is governed by nature and by general conditions. Civilisation with its roads, petrol fumes, drainage schemes, artificial manures, &c., is the main cause of the trouble; but I quite agree that once the *minimum limit* has been reached, then the various types of ornithological enthusiasts can and do contribute to the total extinction of that species. One thing is certain, *egg dealers must be abolished*; they are unscrupulous, not for science but for money, and also I am sure help to make those who would be normal collectors into a type that is despised by all.

I do not think that the licensing of collectors would cover the problem entirely, as things are at present, but it is a splendid idea, and it would soon show up those who profess scientific interest, but who at heart are only interested in possession. But, and it is a big but, the law must be very thoroughly enforced, which, when you examine the circumstances, will not be easy, and, in any case, punishment for offenders must be much more drastic than at present.

I am an egg-collector myself in a small way. I started as a boy, and though the collection is small and is really only representative of commoner small birds, I am proud of it, and shall continue with it at every opportunity. I was taught, and very wisely, never to take more than one egg from a clutch (unless there were more than six), and have never broken that rule. Also, it has been my object to obtain two specimens only of the eggs of every British nesting bird, except in cases where colour variation is exceptional, when I try to obtain specimens showing as far as possible the limits of that variation, but in no case have I more than six specimens of any one species.

Also, I have kept a record of where every egg was found, giving exact details of the location and position of the nest (sometimes a small sketch to illustrate it), materials used, and wherever possible particulars of incubation period, hatching and flying. It is a record which is very interesting to myself, and in places has revealed facts of scientific interest which otherwise would have probably remained unobserved.

This, in my opinion, is the best system of egg-collecting, it does no harm to any species, and can be of scientific value, especially if the collection reaches such proportions as to represent every species.

But I can hear some of the high-flown specialists laugh with contempt. But how many have gleaned useful information from the myriads of eggs of one species? Has anyone solved the riddle of pigmentation? Is any taker-of-clutches-by-the-dozen ever likely to? If they are truthful I believe they will answer "I fear not." Is not a written record of the nest and eggs with one example as good as a clutch? Is there any real need for putting any bird to the enormous labour of building another nest and rearing another family? No matter how many scores of clutches of eggs are collected, can any one man or body of men ever hope to be able to say: "There are examples of every shade of pigmentation ever produced or likely to be produced?" Is not every egg (with pigmentation that is) that was ever laid different from its neighbour? Even the barn-door fowl can produce variety!

It is very easy to give destructive criticism, but in this case how difficult to be constructive. As I see it part of the problem could be met by the following—on reliable data certain species to be totally protected, others only in certain areas which could be changed by law from time to time as the habits of the birds or local conditions required; all collectors to be licensed and to keep written records of their work, which must be submitted annually to some responsible society in their area; provision to be made for the prosecution of photographers who have caused desertion through negligence. And naturally all the above to be fully enforced, and punishment for offenders to be severe.

No light task I fear, and, in any case, one that must now be relegated to the future.

Yours faithfully,

B.S.A. Police, J. P. MORAY BROWN.
Box 382, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

MINISTERS OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I am a regular reader of the *Field*, and look forward to reading it each week, but of late I have been sorry to notice the way you keep "sniping" at Mr. W. S. Morrison as, and when, Minister of Agriculture. You have a right to your opinion, but I, and I believe many other readers, hold a different view, and owing to the standing of your paper and the fact that it is a sporting paper, I think you will agree it is only fair to present both sides of a case. Many of us believe that Mr. Morrison worked hard for the farmers, and did his very best to help, but his hands were obviously tied by the Cabinet; when Sir Reginald became Minister, the Cabinet appeared to change their attitude to the whole question of agriculture and gave Sir Reginald a much freer hand than they had done to Mr. Morrison. As one farmer remarked: "Morrison beat the bush and Dorman Smith shot the bird," and I think that about sums up the position.

Yours faithfully,

Whittington Lodge, J. E. BOYD.
Andoversford,
Gloucestershire.

CAVALRY IN WARFARE

SIR,—In view of the recent correspondence in the *Field*, reference horses O.A.S., it might be interesting to quote from Sir Douglas Haig's final despatch d.G.H.Q., March 21st, 1919:

15. *Value of Cavalry in War.* "... In the light of the full experience of the war, the decision to preserve the Cavalry Corps has been completely justified. It has been proved that cavalry, whether used for shock effect under suitable conditions, or as mobile infantry, have still an indispensable part to play in modern war. ..."

And later: "On the morning of the Armistice two British Cavalry Divisions were on the march east of the Scheldt, and before the orders to stop reached them they had already gained a line ten miles in front of our enemy outposts. There is no doubt that had the advance of the cavalry been allowed to continue, the enemy's disorganised retreat would have been turned into a rout."

It may also be interesting to add: In Sir Frederick Hobday's book (*Fifty Years a Veterinary Surgeon*) he gives accounts of his well-known operation on roarers, and he says: "The chief sequel which is noticeable in a horse which has been operated upon (by his method) is that the animal is afterwards dumb. This factor should not be forgotten, as it may some day be of considerable benefit to an army in the field, for night patrol, and scouting purposes, since such animals can never give away their presence by neighing."

Yours faithfully,

United University Club, GUNNER.
1, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

EX-SERVICES WELFARE SOCIETY

SIR,—Last Saturday was Remembrance Day—a day on which our thoughts naturally reverted to that happier morning, twenty-one years ago, when, in the silencing of the guns, we paid tribute to those whose great sacrifice had made possible the Peace for which all nations yearned. May I, therefore, plead for those ex-Service men who, through their sacrifices, have been living for twenty-one years on the frontiers of fear. Not for them have been the years of Peace which you and I have enjoyed.

To-day those ex-Service men—nerve-wrecked and broken, their wounds so cruelly hidden that they evoke no sympathetic understanding among their fellows—need your support in greater measure than ever before. Once again their frail nerves are exposed to the mental agonies of war. There are still 30,000 such ex-Service men, suffering from neurasthenia and nervous disorders of one kind or another, living amongst us. There are, too, alas, 6,000 ex-Service men to-day being cared for by the State in mental hospitals in this country.

The Ex-Services Welfare Society, of which I am President, supplements the work of the State in the welfare of these ex-Service men. It is the only society in this country that directs its energies exclusively in this direction. That work, especially in view of the greater strain that will necessarily be put upon the Society as a result of the present unhappy conflict, needs, as I have said, more generous support than ever before.

May I, therefore, please ask you to send me as large a donation as you can afford to enable the Society to carry on its present work and meet the increased demands which may be put upon it.

Yours faithfully,

Ex-Services Welfare Society, REGINALD TYRWHITT (President).
53, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

SYNTHETIC GUT

SIR,—I notice the article in a recent number on Synthetic Gut.

It may be of interest to give the results of tests made on a standard thread-testing machine. The gut was kept in a damp box for twenty minutes, as probably representing the condition in which it would be used. The length of material tested was, in all instances, 3ins.

	Extension	Diameter	Breaking strain
3x Gut ..	1/16in.	.0072in.	2.75lb.
,, ..	3/32in.		3.125lb.
,, ..	1/8in.		2.3lb.
Nylon ..	11/64in.	.0075in.	2.625lb.
,, ..	13/64in.		3.062lb.
,, ..	1/4in.		3.00lb.

A sample of dry 3x gut gave the following figures:—

Extension	Diameter	Breaking strain
11/64in.	.0069in.	3.375lb.

It will be seen that the extension of Nylon is considerably greater and the breaking strain slightly higher than soaked gut.

I agree with most of the conclusions in the article but have lost fish with a carefully-tied turle knot due to slipping.

The wearing qualities are remarkable, and a knot in the material does not appear to affect the strength, but fishing against a stiff wind is difficult. I found myself returning to gut in these circumstances, though I was using a short Nylon cast with a very steep taper. I have tried composite casts of gut and Nylon, gut points with stouter Nylon and vice versa, and have so far not found any disabilities.

Yours faithfully,

Woodlands, A. H. HALL.
Farnborough, Hants.

THE CUCKOO AND HER EGG

SIR,—I saw recently in the *Field* a letter from a very great authority, stating that there had never been an authentic account of a cuckoo placing its egg in a nest with its beak.

A good many years ago I was staying in my old home—a Shropshire rectory—with my father's successor, a keen naturalist. We were at luncheon in a room overlooking a courtyard leading to the churchyard, when the son, a boy of about ten, said he saw a cuckoo in the churchyard beech tree, and added that it had gone on to the ground, and then said it was back on the tree with something in its beak. We all got up to watch, and it flew to a creeper-clad wall and hovered outside a few seconds, then flew away minus what had been in its beak. The boy ran for a ladder, and returned with a warm cuckoo's egg from a wagtail's nest.

The clergyman is dead, but there are four living witnesses.

Yours faithfully,

DORA L. M. WHITMORE.



ONCE SOLD FOR £95
(See letter "Designed by 'The King's Carpenter'")

DESIGNED BY "THE KING'S CARPENTER"

SIR,—Grange Court, Leominster, for 220 years the Butter Cross, meeting place for town guilds, for quarter sessions, &c., has been repurchased by the Corporation for use as municipal offices. Designed by John Abell, the celebrated architect on whom Charles I conferred the title, "The King's Carpenter," this elaborately-framed structure is supported by twelve oak Ionic pillars with brackets and other carved work, and displays Latin and English inscriptions in gold at the base of the upper storey. Its description in Clayton's *Ancient Timber Edifices of England* is "without doubt the most interesting building of the kind in the kingdom."

The original location of the Butter Cross at the convergence of four main thoroughfares in the town's centre so impeded vehicular traffic that in 1833 it was sold by public auction for £95, conditionally on its re-erection or transference, timber by timber, on a new site. Since that year the building, with the lower storey built in, has been occupied as a private dwelling until June this year, when, as stated, the Corporation re-purchased it.

Thus is ensured the future of a building dear to Leominster folk, for latterly a doubt existed that its sale might operate to the disadvantage of the town.

Yours faithfully,
34, Headingley Avenue, Leeds, 6. HAROLD G. GRAINGER.

LUMINOUS PAINT

SIR,—The war is forcing us to take an interest in many small things which should have merited attention many years ago. One of these things concerns the use of luminous paint. Considered a cheap novelty in the past, this substance is now receiving the careful attention of the Government, and has already made its appearance in one or two cities. If it can be applied successfully to road marking tremendous improvements will result to night road users.

In the home and on the estate the paint has innumerable uses. Doors, pathways, keyholes, &c. can be outlined, and outdoor signs made visible. Finger posts in country lanes become as useful by night as by day if the lettering is done in luminous paint. Many other uses will suggest themselves to readers.

Beware of cheap paints. They do not contain enough calcium sulphide (the essential base), and, therefore, lose their luminosity after an hour or so. No special care is needed to apply the paint, but porous surfaces are best given a primer of neutral ground colour. The paint withstands the weather quite well—my front gate was done a month ago and is as good now as on the day I did it.

Yours faithfully,
51, Babington Road, London, S.W. 16. LESLIE SANSOM.

MARKED TERNS

SIR,—Last June, when photographing some Sandwich terns, I was interested to see that one of the pair at which I was working had a ring on its right leg; with a small field glass, from the tent in which I was hiding, the ring could be seen so plainly that I had hopes of deciphering the number engraved upon it, but in this, unfortunately, I was disappointed. It would have been interesting to know where the bird was ringed—presumably as a nestling—and if it had made more than one long journey to and from its winter quarters. So far as I could tell the ring was of light metal; it seemed exactly similar to those which have been so extensively employed during recent years in the study of bird migration.

Yours faithfully,
Orrest Foot, Windermere. M. S. W.

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE?

SIR,—It occurs to me that a change has taken place with regards to these. Some years ago it was a common or usual experience to pick up a flea, if one travelled by train or 'bus or visited a theatre.

For years now I have not seen a flea, though my habits have been the same; and one of two solutions appear probable; perhaps you can decide which is correct. Either there are fewer fleas about or, alternatively, they only go for younger people. (I am no longer young.)

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE DICKINSON.
Warwick and County Club.



A RINGED MIGRANT BESIDE ITS EGGS
(See letter "Marked Terns")

ST. WILFRID COMES TO LIFE

SIR,—I was very interested to see a correspondent's letter, in the *Field* for November 4th, about a carving which depicts St. Wilfrid. The photograph, which I enclose, shows St. Wilfrid as he is impersonated every year—on the first Saturday in August—in a little-known ceremony at Ripon, where the cathedral is dedicated to the saint.

Mr. T. E. Lavin, a local riding-master who has acted as impersonator for about 40 years, robes himself in the vestments of a Roman Catholic bishop, and then parades through the town. His mount is always a white horse, and a "monk" leads the way.

The custom dates back to the seventh century, and is said to celebrate St. Wilfrid's return to his monastery at Ripon after paying a visit to the Pope.

A silver statue of St. Wilfrid, made about 1915, was the trophy won by Mr. Richard Vyner in his last race. It is now in the possession of Mr. Compton of Newby Hall, near Ripon, and was fashioned with the aid of photographs taken of a former impersonator.

Roundhay, Leeds. Yours faithfully, NORTHCOUNTRYMAN.



IMPERSONATOR FOR SOME 40 YEARS
(See letter "St. Wilfrid Comes to Life")

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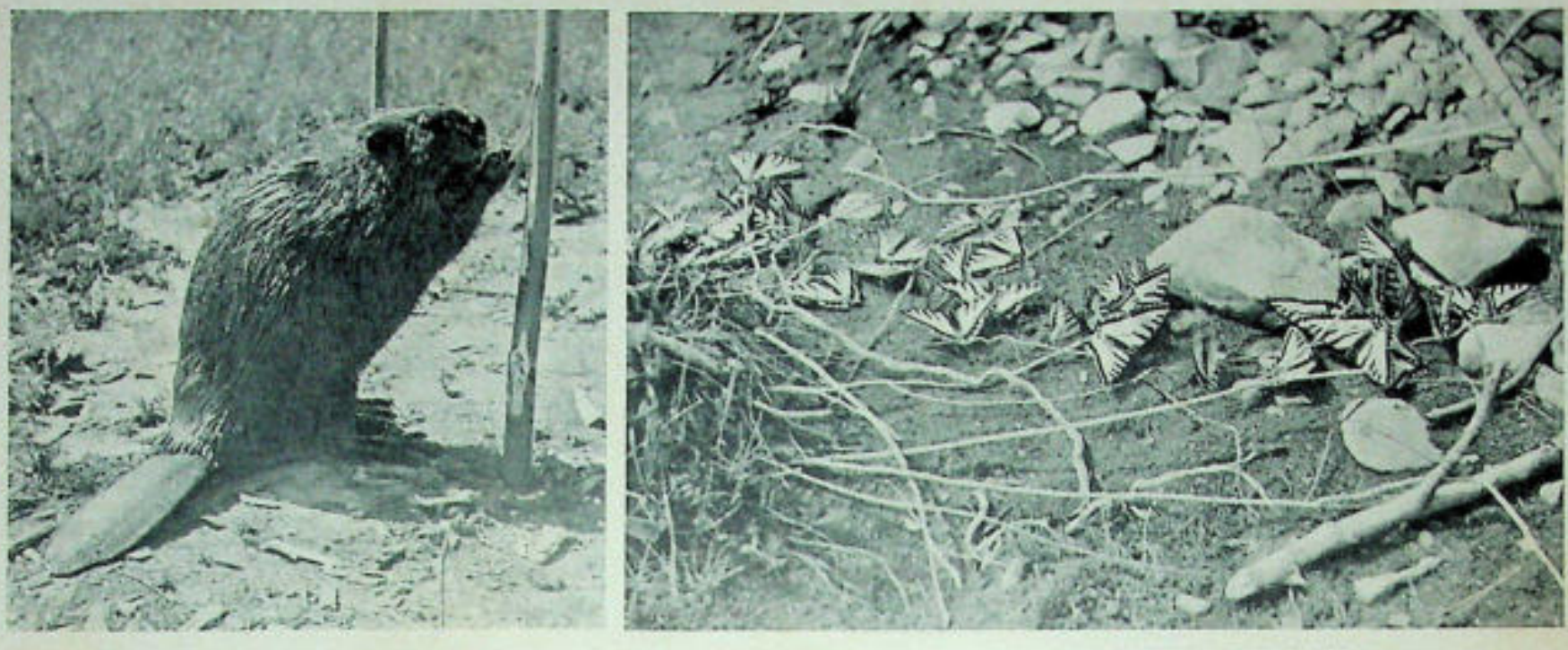
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THE BEAVER SHOWING HOW HE CAN FELL A SAPLING, AND BUTTERFLIES BY THE GANDER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND
(See letter "Beavers and Butterflies")

BEAVERS AND BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—You might be interested in the enclosed photographs taken this summer at the Canadian Beaver Restoration Colony a few miles outside Montreal. The proprietor, a M. Lavoie, a French-Canadian, has been most successful in rearing beaver kittens and has now about 40, including adults. Several are very tame, and one old man beaver comes out of his pen several times a day to oblige visitors by cutting down small poplar saplings stuck into the ground so that he can display his dexterity.

The photograph of the butterflies was taken on the Gander river in Newfoundland and shows a rather unique gathering of what, I think, must be the scarce swallowtail—in Newfoundland very common indeed. There were 30 or 40 quite "wild" butterflies all collecting at one spot to feed on what appeared to be some syrup spilled by a camper. I could not be sure what it was as it had mostly soaked into the sand at the river's edge, and the flies and mosquitoes did not induce one to stay very long trying to discover what exactly the attraction was. These butterflies are very common and are extremely strong fliers.

Yours faithfully,

Yewtye, GRAHAM L. REID.
Pilgrims Way, Reigate.

WITH SUNSHINE ROOF

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of a quaint greenhouse in a Westhay orchard, near Glastonbury. It suggests a use for cars kept off the roads by petrol rationing, as the jacked up body now serves as a forcing house for tomatoes.

Yours faithfully,

Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

PEAT FUEL

SIR,—Now that coal is going up in price and that it may shortly be rationed, one would like to draw attention to peat fuel as a partial substitute.

It is strange that there should be so much difficulty in obtaining peat, of which there are vast deposits in some parts of the country. In this neighbourhood it is plentiful in the well-known Tregaron bog and yet no one seems to be able to obtain any. There are proper organisations for distributing coal, but no one seems to be enterprising enough to exploit the sale of peat.

What is the reason? Transportation and cost of distribution are said to be in the way; but surely this is merely a matter of price. The peat lies by the side of the railway and it should not cost much to send it by rail to the various towns in the district. Probably, however, the cost of distribution would be least if conveyed by lorries which could deliver straight from the bog to the consumer.

As a fuel, peat makes a good auxiliary to coal, whether combined or used separately. The lighter kind is useful to kindle a coal fire, without the use of chips, whilst the heavier will make a good hot fire without the help of coal. It is clean and easy to handle and will smoulder and keep in a long time. Facilities in the way of supply will create plenty of demand. There are organisations for the sale and distribution of moss litter, why not for peat?

Yours faithfully,

S. O'DWYER.

Aberystwyth.

THE "DECLINE OF BUG-HUNTING"

SIR,—I hasten to correct an impression that Mr. Sidney Rogerson gave in his amusing little article under the above heading. There is no dearth of young entomologists in this country. During the last ten years that I have been helping to run my father's old-established "Butterfly Farm" at Bexley, Kent, I must have written to nearly 5,000 young collectors—answering their questions and supplying their small needs even though it be only a dozen silkworm eggs value 2d. (post 1½d.)!

Some really amusing letters come to my mind. A schoolboy once wrote to me asking if I could supply "a big fat elephant for tuppence." I do not know what he really expected to get for his money, but I hope he was satisfied with an elephant hawk moth. Little girls are very fond of asking questions. One of the most charming letters I can recall went something like this: "I have just found a lovely furry caterpillar, he rolls up in a ball to go to sleep, and he lays lots of eggs—can you tell me his name?"

For several years I have been giving talks in the B.B.C. Children's Hour on butterflies, and I always get a nice little post-bag with plenty of questions to answer. I remember a short column in a popular weekly on "The Mystery of the Red Admiral" brought in over 80 letters. No, the dried-up little old man in a London store who peered eagerly through thick glasses at your correspondent is behind the times I'm afraid. If he should recognise himself from the description, I invite him to come and see our workshops where thousands of setting boards, hundreds of breeding cages, dozens of butterfly nets are made and sent all over England and abroad to eager young naturalists starting on their new hobby "bug hunting."

Yours faithfully,

The Butterfly Farm, L. HUGH NEWMAN.
Bexley, Kent.



A GOOD USE FOR AN OLD CAR
(See letter "With Sunshine Roof")

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NATURE ON THE BEAT

SIR,—As a special constable I was called up on the first day of the evacuation, and spent four strenuous days diverting traffic from one of the main roads into London. I was then put on a more restful beat, a patrol of three railway bridges, and for eleven days I did this same beat at all hours of the day and night.

It was monotonous, but had its advantages, as —— is still country on the edge of London. The middle bridge of the beat (it is still being patrolled) just leads to a road of cottages, but the bridges at each end of the beat are more interesting. One of them opens on to the drive of a substantial mansion, set well back from the railway and fronted by meadows. On a fine morning, when the cows are knee deep in the grass and the avenue of elms which borders the drive is alive with bird song, the scene is superbly English. Far back, scarcely screened by trees, stands the house, above the lawns which slope down to the bright flower beds, and then there is a further grassy slope leading to the iron rails surrounding the meadowland. Many generations have been born in the house, and in its solidarity it seems symbolical of our family life.

I have watched that house and meadows now in sunshine, at dusk and in the dawn when the husky breathing of the dozing cattle makes an eerie sound in the mist, and the peacefulness of the scene on all occasions has comforted me as a reminder of what we are really fighting for—the English countryside.

The other point of the beat is by a mill stream and river where the railway crosses a red brick bridge of twin arches. Through these arches there are high reed beds whence coots or moorhens dart or a water vole will make an arrowhead track across the stream. Under the arches themselves are still traces of swallows' nests hanging like crumbling stalactites.

The arches make a pleasant depth of shade on the water on a hot day, and under one of them is what appears to be the ring of a continually rising fish. I have watched that ever forming ring with fascination, but have never been able to make out whether it is caused by some submerged twig or by a drip from the bricks of the arch; the last theory is, I think, the most likely, but where the incessant moisture in the bricks comes from I do not know. Just a ring upon the surface of the river may seem a trivial matter, but to me it has an importance and a hoped-for permanence. Will it still be there when the war is over in one, or perhaps three years time? Like the mansion in the parkland at the other end of the beat, it is part of a scene to be stored up in the memory and to be clung to mentally among the few spars left to us in this storm.

The banks of the river near to the arches are pink with willow herb where wrens flit silently, and on a narrow path on one bank I watched a wasp devour a daddy-long-legs. Though the daddy-long-legs was dead the wasp attacked it with the utmost savagery, tearing the wings off first and gradually devouring the body. Unfortunately duty called and I could not stay more than a few minutes, but I marked the spot with a stone, and when I returned from the other end of my beat the daddy-long-legs had disappeared, wings and all, so presumably the wasp had eaten the whole of it.

The following is a list of the birds that I saw on my beat over a period of eleven days: Swallow, wren, blue tit, great tit, pied wagtail, woodpigeon, rook, carrion crow, magpie, robin, greenfinch, goldfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, yellowhammer, reed bunting, hedgesparrow and sparrow. The distance from end to end of the beat is roughly half a mile.

Yours faithfully,
Claygate, W. G. B.
Surrey.



HANDICAPPED BY NATURE



SKULL OF THE RABBIT SHOT AT MAPLEDURWELL, ONE OF THE LOWER TEETH SLIGHTLY TWISTED
(See letter "Rabbit's Malformed Jaw")

A WHITE GIRAFFE

SIR,—I was out in Kenya on a hunting holiday just before the outbreak of the war, and was most interested to come across a white giraffe in the Southern Masai Reserve. As one can imagine, he stood out conspicuously when first spotted (about a mile away), and by approaching in a car we were able to get quite close to him—certainly within 100yds.

I have about 50ft. of 16 mm. Kodachrome cine-film showing him quite plainly, some taken with normal and some with telephoto lens. I enclose a few "frames" from the ends of the spools.

I have always understood that true albinism meant the complete absence of pigmentation in the outer skin covering (hair, fur or feathers), but this animal clearly had a black "switch" to his tail, and also a distinct sign of grey reticulation along his spine—no doubt caused by a proportion of black hairs. Would this indicate a case of incomplete albinism, or is it some other form of colour abnormality?

I believe this giraffe has been seen and reported before, and that as a result "white giraffe" have been declared royal game in Kenya, but I should be interested to know if there is any evidence of there being more than this one white now living. I say "living" because since my return to England I have been told of one that was shot years ago, was mounted by Rowland Ward, and was last heard of in some museum in Germany.

Yours faithfully,
Exhims, D. S. A. McDOUGALL.
Northchurch, Berkhamsted.

RABBIT'S MALFORMED JAW

SIR,—I am sending you photographs of the head of a rabbit recently shot on the farm of Mr. W. E. Wright at Mapledurwell, near Basingstoke, Hants.

Owing to some malformation of the jaw the incisor teeth had grown to a length of 1¼in., making it very difficult for the rabbit to eat. As a result, it was in a very poor and mangy condition, and would, no doubt, have eventually starved to death.

Yours faithfully,
32, Kingsclere Road, CHARLES J. BERRY.
Basingstoke, Hants.

"WE CAN BEAT THAT"

SIR,—After reading of the loss and safe return of paternoster with "pouting nicely hooked," I felt certain it would also interest two local fishermen, father and son, who work a small drifter for me at Looe. The "fishy yarn, with witnesses," which the daughter-in-law read aloud in their old whitewashed cottage, was followed by a second's silence, a wink, and then their dual reply, "Ah, we can beat that!" I at once asked them for their story, and on hearing it felt it would be worth while forwarding to you.

About fifteen years ago, while their drift nets were out, one night on the Eddystone fishing ground, the father had his whiting line down. (This is the normal procedure, the fish caught known as "Stocker," are sold separately as pocket money among the crew.) While fishing he caught a shark, about 4½ft. long, which contained a square wooden reel, line and lead!

On returning to harbour next morning they had no need to advertise their find, as a brother fishermen, looking down from the fishmarket, was soon heard asking what they were doing with all his whiting gear aboard, which he had lost to a big fish the night before!

To me, knowing how accurately they can judge exactly where they are when at sea, the most interesting part of the whole story was that the boat, from which the shark first took all the gear, was at least a mile away from the boat on which my friend succeeded in landing it successfully, together with all his own and the lost gear! A "fishy" yarn, but there were three or four witnesses on each of the Cornish luggers.

Yours faithfully,
River View, E. G. CLOSE.
West Looe, Cornwall.



ONE OF THE FILMS OF A STRANGE GIRAFFE OF THE SOUTHERN MASAI RESERVE
(See letter "A White Giraffe")

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THE GIANT PANDA EVACUEES

By JAMES FISHER

A SHORT but exciting chapter in the history of the Zoological Society of London has closed. It is the story of the three Giant Pandas, which arrived in December, 1938. This does not mean, of course, that further chapters about these animals may not be written (let us hope they are), but for the moment the pandas, and in particular the young female Ming, have retired from the public eye into honourable evacueeship (I shall not apologise until anybody can suggest a better word) at Whipsnade, which is closed to the public for the four winter months.

As might be expected from the arrival of three healthy specimens of one of the rarest animals in the world, one or two surprises were in store for the Zoo authorities. Though the price paid for the creatures was a high one, the Society did not expect that the public interest in them would be so great as to repay this sum several times over in the form of increased gate receipts.

The other surprise was with regard to their management. It will be realised that only three specimens of the giant panda had ever been kept in a Western menagerie before, all in the United States. As a guide to the care and feeding of the animals the Zoo had only the experience of the men and women who had been out into the field to capture and bring back these animals, and the published accounts of, and correspondence with, the American Zoos. The net impression was that the giant panda was a tricky and particular animal to cater for. The surprise lay in the discovery that the three Zoo animals, at all events, were considerably less particular and much more manageable than was expected. When the three pandas took readily to a plain diet largely composed of uncooked oatmeal porridge, milk and British-grown bamboo, and seemed to thrive on it, the Zoo staff realised that they had made a thoroughly sound investment, for the public response to the pandas was quite extraordinary.

By Easter toy pandas were being exhibited in shop windows, given away with groceries, and found in cardboard Easter eggs. As the summer advanced the Zoo crowds promised to break all records (and were, in fact, only prevented from doing so by the war), a fact ascribable almost entirely to the presence of the pandas. Numerous books and booklets were hastily written and distributed; panda toys, games, pictures and trinkets of all shapes, sizes and description were produced and marketed; the music halls had jokes about them; mass-observers recorded them as an increasingly important minor item of conversation in public places; and the animals themselves received numerous offers to appear on the stage.

Naturally enough, attention was mainly focused upon the young female, Ming, who was exhibited in the old bandstand which had been repainted, moved to another site, and fitted out for her display. Ming, for her part, played to the gallery to the best of her ability. She was particularly amusing with a large wooden ball, a large doll in her own likeness, or a cup with a little condensed milk at the bottom.

There was only one snag. Ming *would* grow. When she arrived she only weighed a little over 30lb.; by midsummer she weighed nearly 100lb.; now she weighs about 1½ cwt., and is as big as the full-grown male, Tang. This amazing growth, while proving to zoologists that pandas probably come to maturity at the end of their second year, was in some ways a disappointment to the public. They wanted a baby panda, and to their eyes Ming did not look enough of a baby, though preserving all her tameness, affability and clown-like properties.

Until she was about three-quarters grown, Ming was kept in the Zoo's quarantine station, and was driven to the Zoo every morning sitting solemnly on the back seat of a small saloon car. Her equable temperament can be judged from the fact that it was considered safe for her to make occasional journeys in this way without any attendant sitting with her.

In the summer the third of the pandas, the adult female, Sung, was transferred to Whipsnade, and on the outbreak of war she was joined by the other two, and all three are now comfortably housed in paddocks next door to the cheetahs. The climate at Whipsnade is not at all unsuitable for pandas, which come from a wet, coldish district at some considerable height. They are not being given any additional heat, since this might be actually harmful.

Though they are to disappear from the public view for the next four months, there can be no doubt that the pandas will return to public favour as soon as Whipsnade opens again. Meanwhile there is always a remote possibility that they may breed. The Zoo has a male and two females, and while nobody has bred the giant panda in captivity, its close relation, the common panda, has just bred successfully at Whipsnade, and the suitability of site and climate are further favourable factors.



NOW AT WHIPSNADE
Ming, the youngest of the Zoo's three Giant Pandas

Many Fellows of the Society have inquired whether they could adopt animals in order to help the Zoo's finances in these trying times. The Society has gratefully accepted such offers, and among those already being cared for at the expense of friends outside are the three pandas.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

CASH dealings on the London Stock Exchange has effectively checked the style of the speculator. The fortnightly account has been shelved for the war period. Interest in the more speculative sections has, therefore, almost disappeared.

In its place there is a strong investment demand. This is a particular feature of markets. It is really remarkable to find money pouring into securities during the early days of a Great War. Still, there it is.

This buying has been instrumental in lifting prices for British Government securities well above minimum levels fixed last August. I am assured by market dealers that the buying has come largely from small investors. This gives clear indication of the confidence placed in the financial position of the country.

The buying movement has spread well beyond the bounds of the gilt-edged market. Home industrials of the better type have been bought in substantial lines. It may be recalled that last September when the gilt-edged market was frozen and dealings were difficult, industrial equities were thrown overboard.

They were sold by holders forced to find liquid resources at the time. Such selling has long terminated. New buyers came in and have virtually cleared excessive floating supplies of stock. That has resulted in sharp recovery in prices.

For instance, Imperial Tobacco £1 units of ordinary stock had a price of 6 $\frac{7}{16}$ when the stock markets reopened soon after the outbreak of hostilities. Earlier in the year the price had been over £7 a unit, but that was before war clouds began to gather.

From the level of 6 $\frac{7}{16}$ in early September the price steadily dropped to 4 $\frac{27}{32}$ reached about the end of that month. Since then there has been persistent recovery. The market value has rallied to £6 per unit. There are other examples.

General Electric £1 units during last September fell in market value from 75/9 to 61/3. Since then the whole of the drop has been recovered. It must be recognised that the recovery in prices has been due to purchasing on the part of the public. There is evidently no lack of confidence on the part of the British public during this war.

Those operating in stock markets must, of course, be prepared for temporary irregularity in markets. Trade is known to be good particularly in the industrial areas. Public companies are no doubt making good profit, but such profits are severely clipped through extra taxation. In many instances dividend prospects are very obscure. Some undertakings have already announced cuts in dividends, although publishing higher profits.

The buying of industrials under such circumstances may be rather surprising. At the same time it must be recognised that the authorities are pursuing a cheap money policy. New War Loans will soon make an appearance. Preparations for new borrowing are far advanced. It is the avowed intention of the Treasury to borrow for war purposes on the cheapest possible terms.

This factor has been clearly recognised. There is, therefore, purchasing of securities which are likely to show yields in excess of what may be expected on War Loans. That, however, does not in any way indicate lack of success for new Government borrowing.

In fact the whole country is eagerly awaiting terms for new War Loans. The assistance of investors, large and small, will undoubtedly be secured to make new borrowing an outstanding success. It is well known that large supplies of credits are already earmarked for new loan purposes.

The buoyancy which has been seen in markets since the end of September is an excellent augury for successful new War Loan borrowing. A departure from speculation to investment clearly indicates the temper of the public. Markets are in good trim to face extensive new borrowing. It must be readily admitted that this favourable position has been built up almost entirely by the operations of the average investor.



how time flies

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THE CHARM OF VARIETY

An Angling Holiday in Retrospect

DURING the dull days of winter thoughts turn to past pleasures and more so to-day when anticipation can scarce be indulged in.

So my thoughts dwell on last Spring when I had a fishing holiday of exactly a fortnight. The first four days of it were to be spent salmon fishing at Dinnet on the Dee; the next five trouting at Monymusk on the Don; and the last four at Barton Court on the Kennet at Kintbury. That was variety, and I arrived at Dinnet in bright, clear weather with tremendous anticipations. On my previous visit there I had caught forty salmon in six days, with an unfishable Friday after eleven o'clock, and a Saturday on which I had had to leave early.

Immediately I arrived I was sent up to those most delightful of all pools—Cobbles, Highburn and Twenty-nine. The water was very low, and dead clear, and the tiniest possible flies were necessary. Fish had come up the Dee this Spring in February and March and early April. There had been a record March on the Upper Dee, where usually few are caught, and I very soon discovered that the fish were extremely stale and about as hard to interest as I have ever found them. Indeed, all those four days I could only interest fish in the very fast water at the top of the pools, and then usually by holding the rod point straight up in the air and letting my flies dangle round.

To do this successfully you want to get as much above the fish as possible, and there should be no half-measures about holding the rod point high; it needs to be perpendicular. In this way the fly is held and moves very slowly across the fast current, and there is a big belly of line in the air which allows the salmon time to turn and go some way down to its lie before it feels the hook. If you see it break the water (and you do not always) you ought to drop the rod point down towards the fish, and this will give more line to belly in the current, and to pull the fly into the corner of the fish's mouth.

During those days I caught most of my fish on the dropper. In fast water the dropper which dabs on the surface is more attractive to salmon than the Tail Fly. Although I always—or almost always—fish with a dropper, I find that when the water is cold and the salmon are lying in the deep parts of the pool, I get only a small percentage on the dropper—perhaps one in ten. But when the water is warm and the fish are lying in the streams, then the percentage grows greater and greater.

I had, however, one appalling disaster. Having written in my book that I hardly ever lost a fish from getting the dropper caught, I suppose it was retribution for being dogmatic! I hooked a fish which I soon realised was a very big one. I usually get in my fish as rapidly as most people, but it was twenty-five minutes before I got a glimpse of this, and almost all the time it was on the extreme far side of the pool. I was certainly afraid for my 1x cast, but finally it began to come my way, and to show on the surface, and I saw that it was at least 30lb.

As there was a very wide shingly shallow on my side of the river, I gave the rod to my gillie and went in to gaff it. My gillie presented the fish to me perfectly, but I was a shade too late, and it went out again. The second time he got it in and I was about to pull the gaff into it when again it turned quickly and darted out. I raised the gaff in order not to catch the gut and the gaff caught in the dropper! That would certainly have been the biggest fish I had caught in the Dee.

I hooked three or four fish dabbing at the tops of the pools in places where the fly could not be controlled owing to rocks sticking out of the water, or owing to a multiplicity of eddies and backwaters. The great secret of dabbing is that the fly should be drawn along the top of the water, held in the fast streams, and drawn across the slacks with a very short line indeed. A rod's length of line, and a rod's length of cast.

To do this, it will often be impossible to keep the dropper on the water at all, but that does not matter. I had one fish come four times to me as I dabbed across it; the fifth time it took. It is very important to continue moving the rod until the fish has actually taken the fly into its mouth, then drop the rod point and let the fish have time to turn. Fish hooked while dabbing are almost always well hooked. It is a fascinating form of fishing, and you can catch salmon with it which in other places would be hopeless.

When I reluctantly said good-bye to Dinnet, after rather a poor week, I put out my trout rod determined to learn how to catch Don trout. I remember meeting the late Dr. Baigent on the Don, and he used to catch innumerable trout casting upstream in likely places with two dry flies. He would not bother about waiting for the rise or looking for rising fish.

I tried this for some time, but found it both tiring and rather boring. I also found that I was being much too slow in fast water in tightening on the trout. I got too many small ones, and taking them off and putting them back became a nuisance; indeed I found it much more interesting to fish those places where I could estimate whether a trout was keepable or not. There was one lovely long stretch of about three hundred yards of deepish, slow water alongside the Monymusk drive, and there I found a number of good trout to which I could apply south-country methods. North countrymen may despise me, but I do find the south-country dry-fly methods infinitely more exciting.

I found these fish rose extremely well to a fly called Roy's Fancy, with which I had previously had considerable success on the Test. It is rather like a Hackle Wickham, but it has a turn of blue hackle in front of the ginger. There was one big trout which I rose the first day and which I saw every day I was there; however I could never get it to look at anything I presented again.

The last day of all I had ten minutes left before going in to pack up my rods. So I went to see if Rupert—as I had named him—was on the job. I waited five minutes and saw no sign of a rise. I thought I would have a cast over his usual position. I put on a Roy's Fancy and as it dropped on to the water he rose to a natural fly and my fly landed plumb on his nose! I thought, "That's done it anyway." However, I put it down again 2in. further upstream; he took it at once! To my great disappointment he was an old fish going back which ought to have turned the scales at 3½lb., but actually only weighed 2.6lb.

While I was on the Don I had a curious experience with the evening rise. Between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m. the shallows opposite the house were boiling with fish and there was no doubt in my mind that many good fish had dropped back from the pool to feed on the shallows. The first night I tried every fly I could think of, and there were several kinds of spinners in the air. The second night I thought they were taking caenis, but again I had no success whatever, until very late I tried Lunn's imitation of a Pale-Watery spinner, the tiniest fly in my box. Immediately I had a fish. But then the rise was over.

The third night the rise started late, but in three-quarters of an hour I had five trout between 1½lb. and 2lb., and got broken by one which took me on my backing. That was unfortunately my last evening. I had not previously tried a Pale-Watery spinner, for although I had seen a fair hatch of Medium Olives, I had not seen any Pale Watery. Will Test trout accept a Pale-Watery spinner when they are taking caenis? I cannot depart from Monymusk without a protest against the misuse of the Scottish Sabbath which I always understood was made for man. The most beautiful fishing day went wasted, and in my opinion it was nothing short of sacrilege not to use a day which was so obviously intended for the especial benefit of fishermen.

After a night's journey I arrived on June 2nd on the Kennet. The May-fly in that part of the Kennet has greatly suffered for years from gales, and except in one sheltered carrier there were scarcely any at all. I had, however, one extremely good evening and caught three fish averaging 3lb. on the same Roy's Fancy, which was such a success on the Don. I found they took it when I could not interest them in any of the usual spinners. In the morning I hooked a fish or two under the trees on a Black and Gold Variant, but I have never seen the Kennet so dead until the evening, and even then I hardly put on a May-fly until my last day.

Then my kind host of many years sent me up to the sheltered carrier which was known to contain the most enormous fish. Mr. John Rennie had won a bottle of sherry only the night before by catching one of 4.6 lbs.; and when I arrived there about a quarter to eight, the whole air and water was hazy with May-fly. I soon found a rising fish; he refused a Spent Gnat but immediately accepted a Straddle Bug. He ran me 200yds. down-stream as hard as I could go, then took me round a post and broke me. This fish had been seen, and there is no doubt that he was over 5lbs.

After that I went all feverish. I do not know what there is about May-fly but I do know that I am the worst May-fly fisherman without any possible exception in the whole country. I have never yet had a really successful May-fly day's fishing. Instead of fishing very quietly and sticking to a few yards of water, I prowl up and down the banks and cast feverishly before I have really summed up the fish. That evening I undoubtedly missed three fish over 3lb. by being too quick.

"Much too quick!" said Mr. Rennie as he watched me remove my Spent Gnat from one surprised mouey-for-jam monster. But year after year, though I swear that I won't do it again, I perpetrate the same ghastly fault. It is doubly annoying in that I have schooled myself to be quiet with salmon, and I usually give trout with a small fly any amount of time.

Probably the cure for this irritating habit of snatching May-flies away from trout would be a fortnight of dry-fly fishing for sea-trout on one of the Norway rivers where you have to be very slow.

MEDIUM OLIVE.

TOBACCO-FLAVOURED BAIT

By BERNARD MATTHEWS

DO fish, especially fresh water fish, possess the senses of taste and smell? This question has doubtless been put and answered many times, and yet some anglers do not apparently credit them with possession of those senses.

Fish, of course, can see their food plainly enough, but they may have other means of testing whether it is suitable or not. I imagine pike are no exception; yet they are so greedy that, when hungry, they seem to rely on sight alone, and nothing that is moving is allowed to pass; in fact, as every angler knows, the weird contraptions of spoons, plugs, &c., of pike fishermen account for many captures. In spite of this, I think pike must possess the same senses as other fish.

The fish I have in mind are those commonly caught with paste as bait, *e.g.*, carp, roach, rudd, &c. In all my angling days I have specialised in the use of this bait, possibly because I have never lived in a neighbourhood where gentles were easily procurable, and also because with it one can use a larger hook (a No. 8 or 9) than with most other baits.

It has always been my practice when making up my paste to see that my hands were perfectly clean, so that the bait might have no taste or smell of anything but bread, and whilst fishing I should no more have thought of smoking than of . . .

Some years ago I had a whole month of fishing in Norfolk. As was my custom I abstained from smoking throughout the day, and only indulged after my evening meal. But it occurred to me during that month how easy it would be to give up smoking altogether, and this I managed to do with but little regret, and I have never had the slightest wish to return to it.

It seems strange that when baiting with paste my catches have almost invariably been far larger than those of neighbouring anglers. I am reluctant to make this statement which sounds horribly egotistical, I know, but I have noticed it so often that there must be something in it. The explanation seems to be that the others have been smoking most of the time and quite unknowingly infecting their paste with the smell or taste of tobacco. I leave out of account anglers whom I have seen with pipe tobacco and paste in the same pocket, and one who broke off small pieces of bread which he moistened with his own saliva and rolled into little pellets for the hook, smoking all the while!

The readiness of bread to absorb other flavours was demonstrated to me quite recently. My family and I were away on holidays in August, and due to return on September 6th. On the 2nd (the day before war was declared) I came home alone, sooner than I had intended, chiefly to see to the black-out, about which nothing had been done. During our absence parts of the house, including the larder, had been redecorated.

I returned in the afternoon to an empty house. I put a kettle on the gas to make tea, and cut bread and butter from a loaf I found in a metal bread-pan in the larder. The whole place smelt of distemper-*cum-size*, and when I came to eat the bread and butter, it not only smelt of the distemper, &c., but *tasted* of it, too. I then tried making toast of it, but to no purpose. The sparrows, however, did not object to it, but I would not have made paste from it, had I needed bait.

I do not suggest that if using other baits such as worms or gentles the flavour or aroma of tobacco would be conveyed to the fish.

I claim no special skill in bottom fishing, just having, I suppose, the technique of the ordinary angler of experience, and if my catches when baiting with paste are greater as frequently happens—than those of my smoking colleagues, I attribute that to my abstention from tobacco

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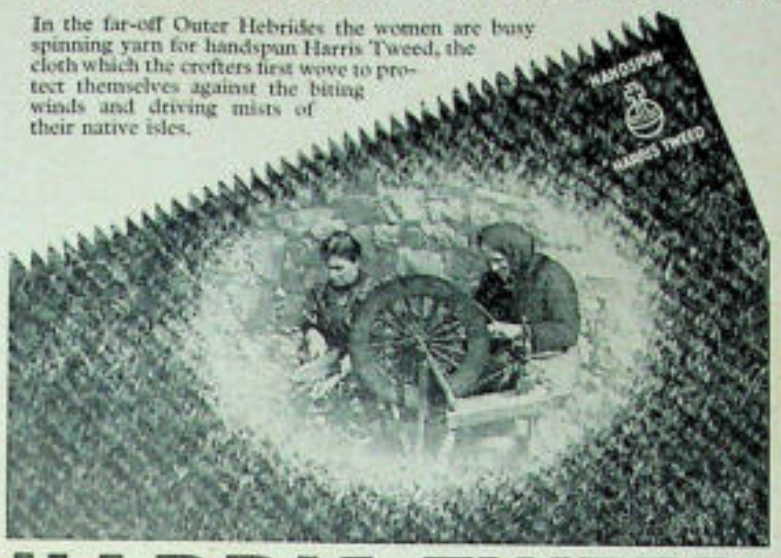
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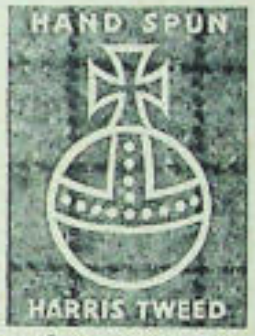
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GOLF IN THESE DAYS

By LOUIS T. STANLEY



A PERFECT FINISH TO A DRIVE BY HENRY COTTON
A. H. Padgham is watching the flight of the ball

SINCE war broke out many people have lost the flair for competitive golf, or, for that matter, golf of any description. Life has become too grim and earnest to spare time and thought for sporting activities. In many ways such an attitude is regrettable because golf can be the finest cure for nerves and depression. Once start to play and it is almost impossible to concentrate upon two things. The odds are that our minds will be applied to the business on hand with most restful after-effects. There is nothing like golf to restore one's sense of proportion.

There is also another side to the plea for continued playing. In peace time golf can safely be ranked as the largest sporting industry. In Great Britain alone there are close on two thousand recognised clubs with an average membership of five hundred. In addition artisans and players on public and municipal courses almost double this total. Expenditure by this army is colossal. To take but one item. A grand total of some 12,876,000 balls are made and sold every season by the various manufacturers. Placing the price at an average of 1/6 the sale of balls amounts to roughly £1,000,000.

On top of these come the hundred-and-one other items that form the average golfer's equipment. The manufacture of these calls for a host of workers, apart from the large section required for the upkeep of the courses. A great number employed in this huge industry are now almost idle, and if people continue to desert their courses, as is happening in many parts of the country, it will spell ruin to thousands.

Then there is the problem confronting the club professional. In spite of the fortunes spent on the game the lot of the average professional continues to be a disgrace. Too many people still are inclined to place false estimates of their earnings by referring to the financial successes of national champions.

Statistics are most boring and often prove nothing, but in this case they are not misleading. There are just over a thousand professionals and about five hundred assistants on the books of the P.G.A. The average wage of these men is £3 per week, and some are fortunate to make £2 per week. The professional's retaining fee alternates between £2 and £5 per week. The rest has to be accounted from lessons and profits from sales in the shop. Some clubs do not even pay a retaining fee. During the past few weeks I have visited clubs in different parts of the country and many of these professionals are in a sorry plight. If ever they need support from their members it is now, otherwise many faithful retainers will be lost to the game.

Golf, however, cannot be kept out of the news, and for this our thanks must go to Henry Cotton and several of his fellow-professionals who are engaged in magnificent national service. There is no need to enlarge on Cotton's individual contributions as they are already common knowledge. His success, however, caused me to recall a conversation I once had with J. H. Taylor. If it had not been for the shrewd ability of "J. H." to judge a golfer in the embryo stage the Red Cross might now be almost £3,000 lighter, and the game robbed of its leading personality.

This G.O.M. of golf and five times Open Champion was instrumental in Cotton entering upon golf as a profession. On August 6th, 1923, Taylor received a letter from Mr. George Cotton. This contained the request that Taylor might put his two sons, Henry and Leslie, through a test as both were anxious to follow golf as a career. But before a decision was reached he would value Taylor's candid opinion. A game was arranged, and the two boys shaped so well that Taylor replied to the effect not only did he consider the choice a happy one, but he was sure that, if properly trained, they would make good at the game. Seldom has a prophecy received such confirmation.

Tribute should be paid to the wonderful response made by the Royal Burgess Golfing Society during Cotton's recent visit. In the light of the demands made upon us by the Chancellor of the Exchequer it was a noble effort to raise close on £600. Another proud page has thus been added to this club's long and distinguished history. I found, however, that patriotic expressions are by no means new to this society. On turning up their records I discovered that in 1794 several members introduced bottles of port to drink to the memory of "Lord Rodney and the glorious 12th of April"!

Their recent herculean effort is understandable after a visit has been made to Barnton. From such excellent company no less could be expected. Among them one finds such stalwarts as Willie Torrance, of Walker Cup fame; Secretary Stanley Graham, who excels at both golf and snooker; ex-Captains J. M. Scott and Sir William Sleigh; Sir William Thomson who was responsible for the romantic rise of the extensive S. M. T. Company; "Ginger" Wood, a popular medical member, John B. Peden and C. D. Stevenson; whilst the last time I was there the Society was justly proud of their remarkable quartet comprising John A. Smith, Andrew Smith, R. B. Blanche, and James Aitken, whose combined ages exceed 280 years!

Whilst on the topic of raising funds for the Red Cross, I heard last week of a club that is holding a monthly competition for this cause. A feature of their event is that scores in four ball matches will be eligible provided they are holed out. This is somewhat of a contrast to the traditional custom of players in a medal competition sallying forth in couples. The change may suit some, but for many it is bound to exercise a disturbing influence, particularly I should imagine in the quality of play. I always feel that the atmosphere of a four-ball match is slack, concentration is often difficult, whilst there is frequently a tendency to play quicker than one is want. Still that is only one side of the argument. Hamilton M'Inally, the Scottish International, answered the other most effectively a few days ago when, as one of four players, he carded 70 in such a Red Cross competition.

It is almost impossible to avoid mentioning the war even in golf notes. Every day brings fresh news of players lining up for national service in one capacity or another. To mention but two. Jessie Anderson is now busy doing clerical work with the Perth company of the A.T.S., and looks very smart in her uniform. I also heard from Kathleen Garnham. She said that ambulance work now claims so much of her time that her clubs have lain untouched for weeks.

Many of the continental clubs have been affected by the war, but few more so than the Vittel Club in the Vosges. It is only a few months ago since I was a member of a party that spent a most enjoyable stay there. Seldom has a more happy company set out upon a golfing trip. It included Lord Annaly, the well-known member of Princes' Committee and the Army Golfing Society; Baron Marochetti, who plays at the Berkshire club; three enthusiastic club golfers in Seymour Harding, who is tireless in his efforts to lure famous sportsmen to those delightful dinners of the Royal Institute of Health and Hygiene; James Fenton, the M.O. for Kensington; and Dr. Jack Hogan, full of Irish humour; four professionals in Padgham, Rees, King and Lacey, and lastly, that most popular London figure, Freddy Benguć.

Apart, however, from the fact that Vittel is now very much in the war zone, an incident occurred one afternoon which is of topical interest. A large gallery had collected at the first tee to watch the four professionals commence their exhibition match. Among this gathering was Admiral Darlan, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Navy. He was watching the proceedings closely when Baron Marochetti passed the remark . . . "I never realised you were a golfer, Admiral!" Back came the reply . . . "I'm not. This is the first game I have ever seen. I'm only waiting for the polo to begin. It seems a sheer waste of time."

The condemnation appeared final. On the homeward half, however, it so happened that these two men found themselves again neighbours. Padgham played his shot, and the crowd surged forward towards the green. Marochetti expressed his surprise that the Admiral should still be watching. "I've changed my opinion," came the answer, "most interesting game. Can't understand how it is that I've never seen it before. I must arrange to have a course constructed at Brest." Unfortunately the outbreak of hostilities have temporarily quenched the Admiral's enthusiasm, but maybe after the war is over the French navy will become golf-minded!





ADMIRAL DARLAN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH NAVY, WATCHING GOLF AT VITTEL
Admiral Darlan is in centre of left-hand photograph, and on the right in the second. His increasing interest is obvious. It was such that, from describing the game as "a sheer waste of time," he resolved to have a course constructed at Brest. On the left of the second picture are Lord Annaly and Madame G. Boulonnie

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SPANIELS

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By

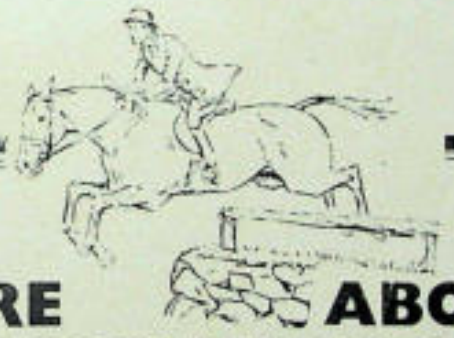
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RUGBY TEAMS I REMEMBER

Famous Fifteens in Which I Have Played

By COMMANDER W. J. A. DAVIES

In the following article Commander Davies recalls some interesting international matches in which he took part with such well-known contemporaries as Poulton-Palmer, C. N. Lowe, N. A. Wodehouse, and others

THE question which was the best Rugby team in which I have played is more easily asked than answered, and to give a definite and convincing statement without a great deal of qualification and reserve is difficult. My task is not made easier by the passage of time, especially as I bridged the gap between pre-war and post-war Rugby football.

I played in several not undistinguished English teams. Perhaps I cannot do better than recall interesting features of the play, and, as it is impossible to dissociate the play from the players, to give some details of the leading personalities.

I was fortunate to play my first international match when Rugby in this country was in the ascendant. The game was never so bright nor so entertaining as in the years preceding the war.

England had recovered from the shock of the success of the first New Zealand side, which, except for a narrow defeat by Wales, then at the zenith of her fame, returned undefeated after amassing the mammoth score of 830 points against 39. England's recovery from a very low level was slow but sure, and in 1910, coinciding with the opening of the new ground at Twickenham, she won the International Championship for the first time since 1892. In this halcyon period of rebuilding, England owed much to the genius of A. D. Stoop. He and his colleagues readily assimilated the open type of play upon which the successes about this time depended.

I first played for England against South Africa in 1913, when we lost by two penalty goals and a try to a try—the first defeat at the Rugby Union headquarters. Many shrewd observers thought we were unlucky, as it was only two prodigious penalty kicks from the touch line at halfway by Morkel, for petty infringements in the scrum, which gave South Africa victory. England took the lead early when Poulton-Palmer scored a try under the posts. It was not converted, to our disappointment. How far this influenced the final result I do not know. Apart from the value of the two points, the moral effect was considerable, but it was neutralised within the next quarter of an hour when a South African player missed a conversion, equally simple. It was during this game that Poulton-Palmer made one of the most brilliant runs I have ever seen on a football field. He was always delightful to watch, but never could he have played so well.

Only one change was made in the team for Cardiff. A close fight was predicted, but the prophecy was not fulfilled. It was eighteen years since England had triumphed in Wales. She had never won at Cardiff, and not even scored a try there since 1893. The day was unpromising. Rain fell heavily during the night and early morning, and Cardiff Arms Park, although not at its worst, was considerably heavier than any of our own grounds. Wodehouse, our captain, realised that, although our backs were probably the better, too many liberties could not be taken, and that the pack must lay the foundations for victory.

After an even ten minutes we maintained a slight but definite superiority forward. The Welsh three-quarters were given little opportunity to display their traditional team work. Our own backs, although not in their best mood, were playing confidently. Poulton-Palmer dropped a goal, as good a one as could be conceived in the circumstances, and we won by 12 points to nil. Ireland and France were more decisively beaten. Against the former I had explicit instructions to prevent Dicky Lloyd from dropping a goal, but it was of no avail. Lloyd got in a very clever kick, the only score registered against us during the season by the home countries.

Scotland put up a magnificent fight for the Calcutta Cup. After a very even game, when hope and fears alternately changed sides, we established a marked supremacy and the Scottish three-quarters, although showing fine defence, were rarely dangerous in attack.

The English team of 1921 was another good one. It won the championship outright with victories against all the other countries. The team remained practically unchanged throughout the season, and our line was only crossed once, Wales scoring a try, although in France two penalty goals were registered against us. Statistically, with 61 points to 9 this team may be considered a better one than the side of 1913 which in the same matches scored 52 points only against 4. But the standard of play throughout the British Isles was at a very poor level.

The 1923 team also went through the season undefeated, but only after desperate struggles against Wales at Twickenham and Scotland at Inverleith. Against Wales the game opened sensationally. From the kick-off against a strong wind, H. L. Price fielded the ball and fell over the Welsh line for a try. Wales equalised later, but in the second half, although we penned the Welsh team almost to their own 25, a dropped goal by Smallwood was our only score. Defeat against Scotland was confidently predicted by even the most impartial critics, more on account of the maturity of our veterans than the inexperience of our recruits. These fears proved groundless and we just managed to win after one of the hardest and most exciting matches in which I have ever played.

Smallwood scored a brilliant try for England in the first quarter of an hour. Running never more than three or four yards from the touch line, he eluded several Scottish players brilliantly before grounding the ball. Scotland equalised soon afterwards and in the second half gained the lead when Gracie scored a try which was not converted. About ten minutes from no-side, Harold Locke, playing in his first international, made a beautiful run and passed in the nick of time to Tom Voyce, who hurled himself over the line. The kick was taken successfully by W. G. E. Luddington with his clubmate, E. R. Gardner, placing the ball. I mention this as the two had assiduously practised place-kicking during the fortnight preceding the match. So ended one of the most exciting and memorable games ever seen at the old Scottish headquarters at Inverleith.

Of these three teams, I think the 1913 side was probably the best. As one gets older there is a natural tendency to think that the players of one age are inferior to those who have preceded them. I have tried to discard any conclusions based on this premise, but I do not think that the standard of play just after the war was as good as in 1914.

England had no difficulty in beating France before the war, generally by very large margins. Since that time France became a formidable competitor in the international tournament. The standard of French Rugby could not have improved very much during these years, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion, a little reluctantly perhaps, that the standard was not quite as good in the years just after the war as in the ones preceding it.

There were several distinguishing features in the 1913 team. With N. A. Wodehouse as captain and leader of the forwards, and Ronald Poulton-Palmer in charge of the outsides, no side was ever better led. As a player Wodehouse always returned to the heat of the fray with resourceful energy—a characteristic typical of Wakefield in the post-war era. Then there was Ronald Poulton-Palmer, steeped in the Stoop tradition and playing his best. He will assuredly go down in Rugby football history as one of its greatest players. There were others who may have surpassed him in technique, some may have surpassed him by their consistency, but it is hard to think of any other footballer of my day or since who played more brilliantly or who endeared himself more to the Rugby public. Wodehouse and Poulton-Palmer in the most natural manner were leaders in every sense of the term, imperturbable when things were not just right, inspiring their colleagues by a cheery word to give their best. It was easy enough to respond to them.

The pack contained stalwarts like L. G. Brown and J. E. Greenwood, both of whom played conspicuous parts in England's revival after the war, and C. H. Pillman, with G. Ward, of Leicester, as hooker. Then there were C. N. Lowe and Vincent Coates, the former considered by many to be the classic wing three-quarter, fit to play in any team, while Coates, even if his success was ephemeral (he never played for England again), was in wonderful form that year. W. R. Johnson was one of our greatest full backs.

There are two other teams to which I will refer. The London side which defeated the South Africans at Twickenham in 1912 deserves recognition because it was the only English side to achieve this distinction. It was mainly composed of the Blackheath pack and Harlequin outsides with two or three members of the Guy's Hospital side. I was asked to partner Sibree at the very last minute as Adrian Stoop had broken a collarbone.

Our forwards, ably led by Craven, were in great form, and scored two tries which were converted. Poulton-Palmer and F. M. Stoop, in the centre, defended heroically, the latter especially, so that South Africa was only able to cross our line once. The try was converted and Morkel kicked his usual penalty goal; the scoring ended there, and we emerged triumphant by the bare margin of ten points to eight.

If only for sentimental reasons I ought to mention the team which represented England and Wales against Scotland and Ireland in the Centenary Match on the famous Close at Rugby School. As befitted the occasion a brilliant exposition of modern Rugby was given. The fortunes fluctuated wildly, Scotland and Ireland opened the scoring, but England and Wales led at the interval by 9 points to 6, a lead which increased quickly to 16—6 soon after half-time. This was not long maintained. Irish forwards can always be relied upon, even in apparently hopeless circumstances, to cover up any deficiencies in their tactics and wage a losing battle. For about a quarter of an hour, Collopy, McClelland and Crichton were invincible. They were ably backed up by Bannerman and the Scottish contingent, and ten minutes from no-side the scores were level. It was anybody's game now, but the ubiquitous Voyce just managed to score after an opening by Cornish, the Welsh three-quarter, and a match which was brimful of interest from kick-off to no-side, ended in a narrow victory for England and Wales. Either of these teams on their form that day would challenge comparison with the other sides I have mentioned.



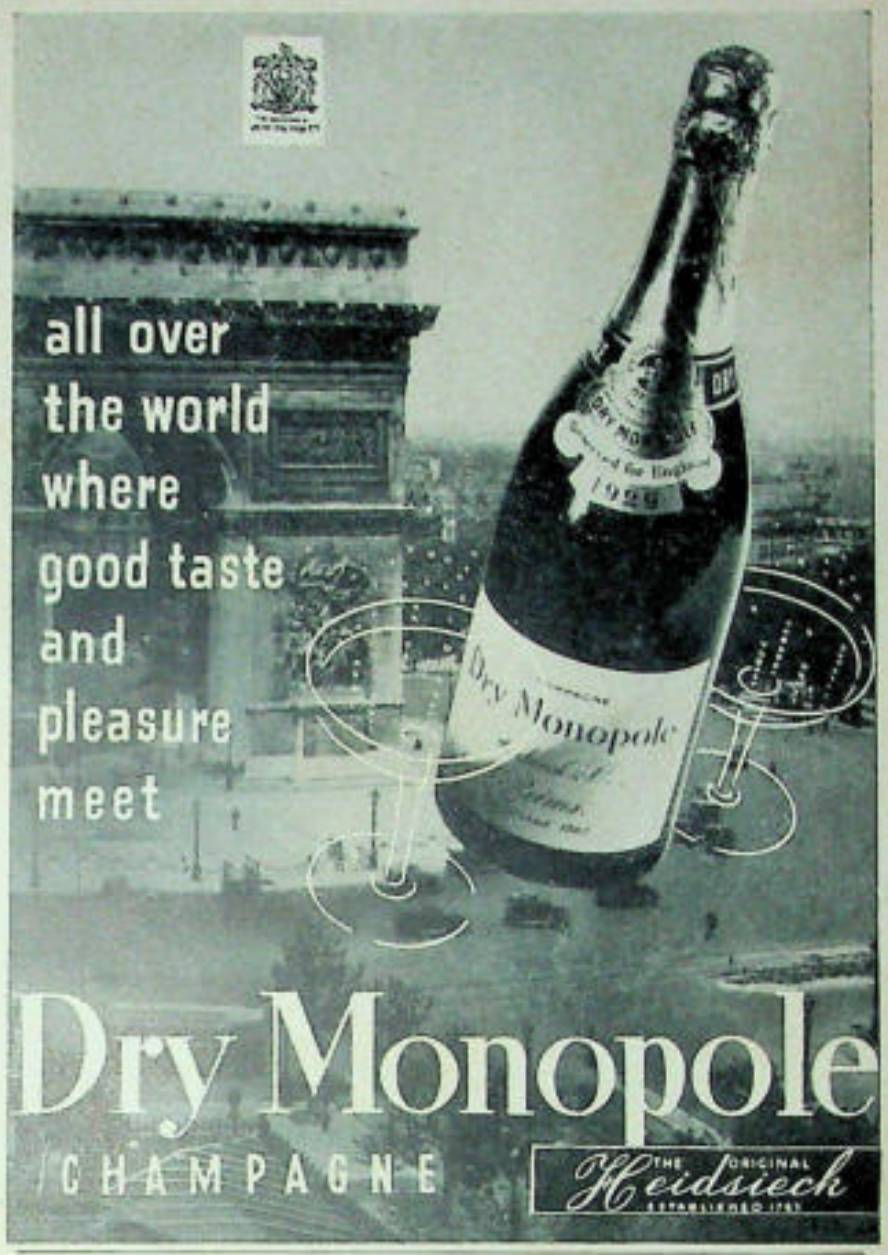
THE CENTENARY MATCH AT RUGBY SCHOOL

Standing (left to right): H. W. V. Stephenson (Ireland), H. M. Locke (England), J. M. Dykes (Scotland), A. T. Voyce (England), A. Baker (Wales), L. M. Stuart (Scotland), R. Y. Crichton (Ireland), S. Morris (Wales), T. A. McClelland (Ireland), G. S. Conway (England), W. G. E. Luddington (England), G. V. Stephenson (Ireland), D. S. Davies (Scotland), J. M. Bannerman (Scotland), C. Michael (Wales), V. M. Cartwright (England), Referee, J. R. Lawrie (Scotland), R. Harding (Wales). Seated (left to right): W. P. Collopy (Ireland), C. A. Kershaw (England), W. E. Crawford (Ireland), W. W. Wakefield (England), W. J. A. Davies (Captain, England), W. E. Bryce (Captain, Scotland), F. Baker (Newport), T. Johnson (Wales), D. J. Cussen (Ireland), R. A. Cornish (Wales). Seated: A. L. Gracie (Scotland)

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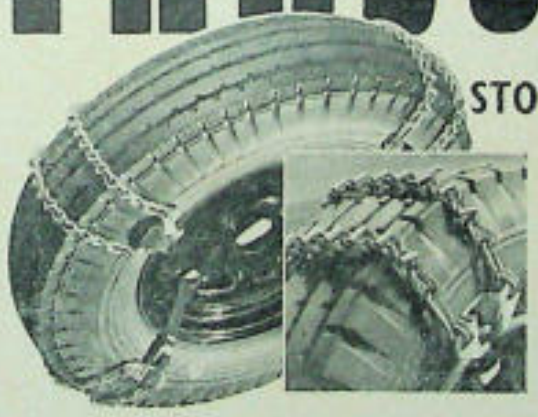
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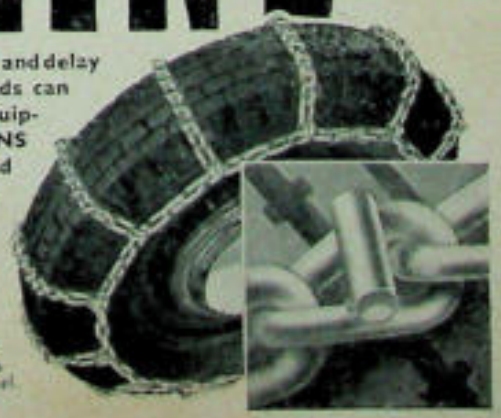


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A JOURNEY *through* BERBERLAND

By CAPTAIN F. H. MELLOR

ALL the hotels were full when I arrived at Marrakesh, for the Sultan Sidi Mohammed was in residence, the season was in full swing, and visitors had flocked to the Moslem capital of Southern Morocco. Thus prospects of a bed did not seem very bright, and rather disconsolately I went off to the fair, which had only been officially opened an hour before, in the hope of meeting some of my Moorish friends. Half Morocco walked in the grounds—the Moors love exhibitions—but luck was with me as I soon ran into the arms of Mulay El Arbi, the Sultan's cousin who had been in attendance on His Sherefian Majesty, and he with his usual kindness invited me to stay in his house while I was in Marrakesh.

Then began a wonderful week. Marrakesh was *en fête*, the scene of pageantry staged in that picturesque romantic style so typical of Franco-Moorish celebrations. Each day some entertainment or other took place; each night there was a dinner party in one of the great houses and I met amongst other notables the M'Tougi, a prominent member of a great Atlas clan, and Lieutenant Madani El Glaoui.

The latter spoke French fluently and with him, partly owing to the fact that we were soldiers, I soon became on intimate terms. His father, also named Madani, was perhaps the greatest of those Berber lords whose deeds are renowned in Moroccan history. It was he who enabled Mulay Hafid to seize the Sultanate from Mulay Abdul Aziz, and subsequently became Grand Vizir; it was he who, when the French Protectorate was proclaimed in 1912, helped Marshal Lyautey to pacify the south, and then from his lonely eyrie at Telouet, headquarters of the great Glaoui clan, kept the essential Atlas Pass for France. In 1917 he died—it is said of a broken heart after a favourite son had been killed in battle—and that redoubtable warrior, his brother, El Hadj Thami El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh, took his place. Thus, it is not surprising that Mohammed Madani El Glaoui, a scion of such famous fighting stock, should be a lieutenant in the 2nd Spahis Marocain.

The weather during the greater part of the week displayed most perverse tendencies, with the result that the High Atlas passes became blocked by heavy snow, cloud and mist obscured the mountain ranges, and one watched the Sultan proceed to the Friday Prayer in the midst of a somewhat bedraggled entourage, during a blessed interval of some half an hour between storms. But fortunately for the Cours Hippique the weather mended, though not until the polo ground had suffered such ravages as to render the use of a rubber ball necessary during the final match, much to the disgust of all the players.

Most of the officers were mounted on Barbs and gave an excellent display of jumping, a welcome sight in these days when mechanical vehicles seem almost everywhere to have put the horse into the background. It was welcome also to see the manœuvres of the 2nd Spahis Marocain, a remarkably fine regiment, which would, I am sure, still be able to show in warfare that cavalry can carry out tasks no tank can undertake.

Above all, I admired the Fantasia, or Powder Play, which was given by the Rehamna tribes. A very large number of horsemen took part in this typically Moroccan display and enjoyed themselves so much that they went on until darkness put an end to the revels. In the Fantasia the tribesmen form up in line, and then advance at full gallop, leaving the reins loose over the horse's neck, while they fire their long guns into the air. It is a stirring and a brilliant spectacle; the shouts, the shots, the drumming of the horses hoofs, and then the gallop past as the tribesmen emerge from a cloud of dust.

On this occasion the effect was immense as they passed before the Sultan, but at the same time, if one remembers these were the methods used when the tribes used to engage in battle, it does explain the very low casualties suffered. Both sides would



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advance at the gallop firing from the saddle ; both then turn aside so as to avoid meeting. It is, on the whole, a method of warfare enjoying great advantages, being both spectacular and exciting, though also, apart from the somewhat frequent accidental explosion of the guns, particularly safe.

For a long time I had been anxious to visit Berberland ; now exceptional facilities were offered me by the authorities, of which I was determined to avail myself. And so the day after the Cours Hippique I left on a journey of eight hundred and sixty three kilometres from Marrakesh to Meknes.

It is not generally recognised that the Moslem inhabitants of Morocco consist of three Berbers to every Arab. Long before the Arabs came to the country the Berbers, who belong to a white race and have sprung, it is thought, from common ancestry with the Celts, lived in Barbary and were many of them Christians. Later, after the Arab conquest, they embraced the tenets of Islam and retired to their mountain castles, where they could defy their enemies since none dare follow them. Thus, though nominally subjects of the Sultan, they obeyed only their own Kaids except when a Khalif of great strength, such as Mulay Ismail, ruled the land. Even their ideas and instincts remained pagan and they followed their own customary law ignoring the Chraa, though it must be admitted they showed themselves Moslem to the core once the cry of the Jihad rang through the land.

Gallant warriors, they put up a fierce resistance to the French advance, but once all was lost they showed themselves to be far too good sportsmen to bear any malice, and soon became on excellent terms with the officers responsible for Native Affairs. Their mentality is to a certain extent a European one, and, though all either farmers or brigands or both, they possess a marked mechanical aptitude.

My journey over the Atlas passed off without incident, as, to my great relief, a storm, which had threatened for some time, waited till we had descended from the heights of the Tichka before blotting out everything.

I stayed the night at Ouarzazate, a sort of African Carcassonne, which is held for the Glaoui, whose influence extends among the Ait Atta tribesmen as far as Tinerhir, by a nephew installed amidst the barbaric grandeur of the great keep. In a pocket between the High Atlas and the Anti-Atlas, Ouarzazate lies. The fortified town is situated near the bank of the river Draa, which in winter is a mighty stream, though even then the waters become lost in the sands of the south and



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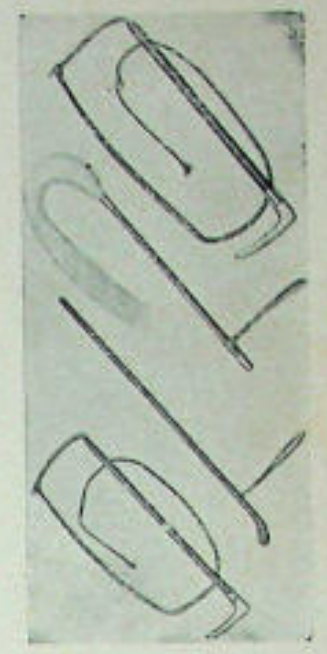
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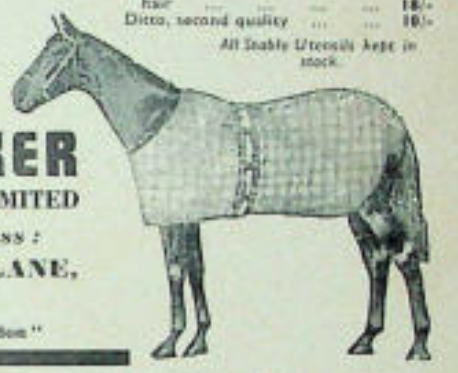
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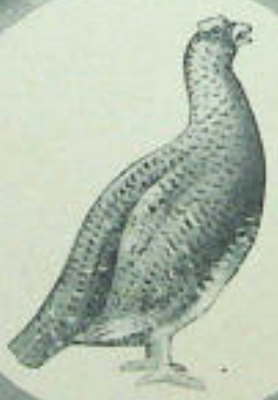
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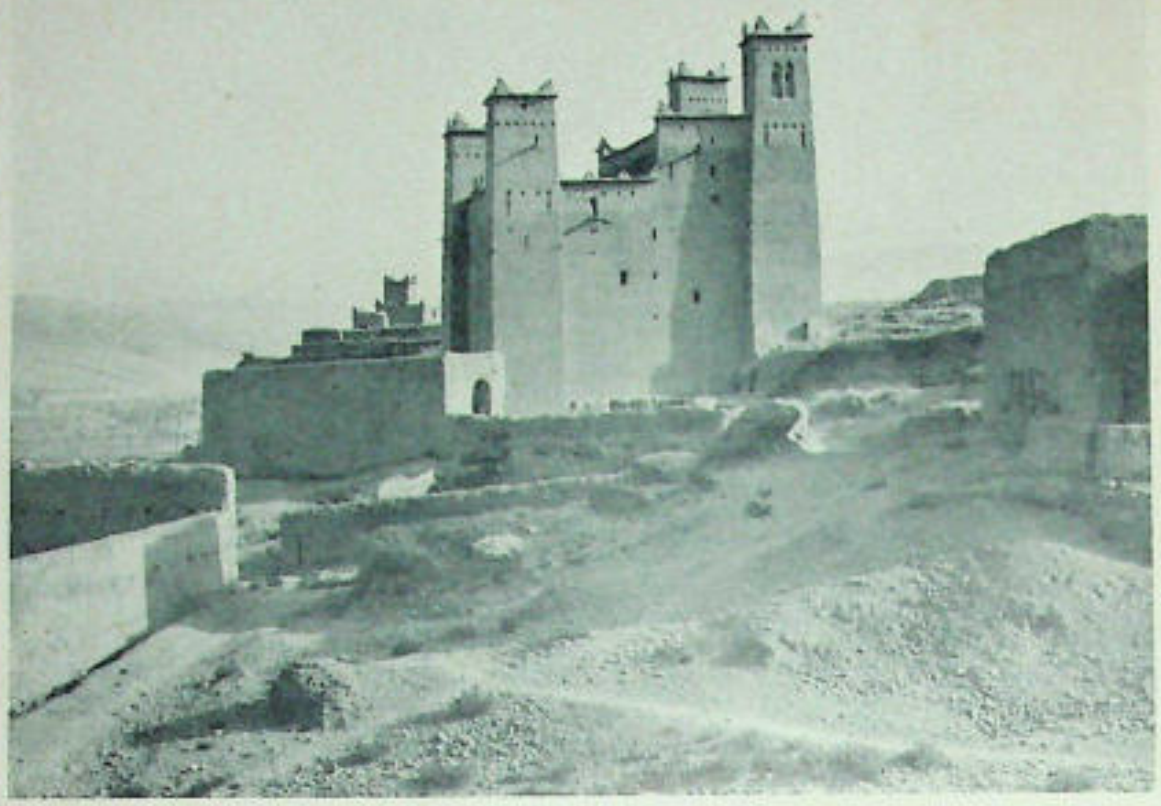
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THE CASTLE AT BOU MALUE

never reach the sea. In summer the river bed becomes dry and only two years ago the Ouarzazate Region was devastated by a terrible famine, which all the efforts of the French administration were unable to avert.

Three main causes contributed—drought, large decrease in infant mortality and the peaceful conditions existing in the country. The population increases apace and General Noguès during his speech to the council of the government in December, 1938, when announcing the measures taken to increase barrages and local irrigation works, said: "The soil which in a dry year cannot maintain six million people, must in less than a century support twenty to twenty-five million."

This is the problem the French have to solve; one which they have tackled with the intelligence and skill we would expect such a brilliant people to show.

I left Ouarzazate without regret, for it is a place where continual dust storms make life intolerable, and followed the road along the banks of the River Dades. This tract of country borders the Sahara Desert and is devoid of people or any living thing. There is no sign of vegetation. But when you come to the river valleys the case is altered. They are smiling valleys; they are fertile to a degree and in them all the people are concentrated. Skoura, for instance, provides an oasis in a desert of fire and the innumerable bright red castles rising up amidst bright green palm trees must astonish any traveller.

At Bou Malue, the French station is situated on a hill overlooking the River Dades. On one side rise the Jebel Sagho, where such fierce fighting took place six years ago; on the other, tower the high Atlas, mighty and snow-capped.

My friend Madani El Ghaoui had given me a letter of introduction to the squadron leader of the Foreign Legion Cavalry, and he received me with the greatest kindness and entertained me in the mess for the duration of my stay, thereby saving me much discomfort and adding immensely to the pleasure of my visit. It was interesting to see the difference between French methods and our own. They believe, and who shall say they are wrong, that units must be self-supporting, and that men who are made too comfortable in peace will never be able to put up with the hardships that have to be endured in war. Thus the Legionaries had done everything for themselves; they had even built their barracks and, considering the indifferent material available, done it extremely well.

The chargers of the Legion Cavalry are mostly Barbs, that remarkable North African horse which seems able to exist on almost nothing, and though of a light stamp be able to carry great weight. The officers swear by them and say they make ideal cavalry horses.

I was also interested to see some Saluki greyhounds, proud animals, which are prized and well treated by the Moors, who believe the Salukis, unlike other dogs, possess Baraka, that unction from on high which in Morocco sanctifies everything and everybody on whom it descends, or rather, shall I say, is believed to descend. They are great hunters the Salukis, but, so I am told, they have no nose at all and hunt entirely by sight.

The squadron leader took me with him to visit the valley of the Dades, a remarkable valley about a kilometre wide, dotted with red castles. Here the French, by means of irrigation work, have made it possible for the people to exist without fear of famine, a spectre which in the old days always haunted them.

I left Bou Malue with regret and continued on my journey to Tinerhir, which is one of the most beautiful places in all Morocco. In a large oasis innumerable date palms rise up above fields of bright green corn, and there are orchards of fig and peach trees. The people live in a number of ksars, or walled towns, the largest of which contains no fewer than fifteen hundred people. Immensely strong, they must in the old days have been impregnable, although merely constructed of red earth and lime with a foundation of boulders from the river bed.

Kaids and rich men prefer not to live in these ksars, where living conditions cannot be very pleasant, and so build their own castles with outer curtain walls in open country. In the new houses, indeed, the outer wall is often omitted and owing to the peaceful conditions now prevailing in Berberland the whole style of architecture is changing, and the general appearance of these buildings is becoming far less military and as a result, unfortunately, less attractive.

I stayed some days at Tinerhir and then continued through part of the Tafilalet to Ksar es Suk, and from there went on to Meknes by way of the pass through the Middle Atlas.

All the people of Berberland are agriculturists and arts and crafts are practically non-existent. Even rugs are rarely made by the Ait Atta tribesmen. Thus the people owe a great debt to the French, who have made it possible for them to harvest adequate crops, thanks to the irrigation work already done.

For years, Berberland was quite unknown to Europeans, though the gallant Vicomte de Foucauld did penetrate into the country at the risk of his life. But anyone can go there now, for the veil has been torn away from Berberland and the Berbers themselves have few regrets.



A GREAT BERBER KAID UNDER THE STANDARD OF THE PROPHET



THE WALLED TOWN OF OUARZAZATE



A CASTLE IN THE VALLEY OF THE DADES



TULIPS ARE SO STATELY, THEY NEED SOME SORT OF FORMAL SETTING

TULIP PLANTING TIME COMES ROUND

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

DURING the next few weeks tulips, the most colourful of all the spring-flowering bulbs, have to be planted, and in most gardens they are the chief feature of the late spring display. In planning for effect they demand more care than any other spring flowering bulb, for, whereas daffodils can be strewn broadcast in any semi-wild part, and crocuses look their best in short grass, tulips are so stately that they need some sort of formal setting.

Fortunately, we have almost given up planting them in masses all of one colour, and now it is customary to mix them with other kinds and colours of flowers to secure a posy-like effect. Cottagers in my childhood were past-masters at this art of mixing flowers, probably because they retained the characteristics of the old English border throughout the time when, in large plots, landscape gardening became the craze, and anything in the nature of flower beds was banished as far as possible from the house. To this day the largest flower borders are frequently to be found in the kitchen garden at some distance from the house.

Here are some recollections of particularly happy arrangements of tulips that I saw last season. A large square central bed of that most gorgeous of all cherry red tulips—Pride of Haarlem—with a carpeting of lavender blue violas, and edged with double daisies. This bed was surrounded with oblong beds planted with wallflowers and tulips in mixed colours, and sparsely with pheasant's-eye narcissi with a surround of polyanthus. And I saw a charming effect with wallflowers and tulips in mixed colours and a border edging of mauve and pink aubrietias in a narrow bed with a background of golden privet.

So often little, if any, use is made of these narrow beds with a background of privet because privet is a greedy feeder, but with generous feeding good effects can be secured. For instance, in the case mentioned, China asters or antirrhinums could have succeeded the spring effect. White honesty is also useful to associate with tulips in narrow beds against a hedge.

For planting purposes tulips can be divided into two sections. The April-flowering kinds, particularly the delightful double sorts, should be planted immediately, and the May-flowering kinds should be planted some time before mid-December. One well-known tulip expert says he considers the last day of the year the ideal time for these. The drawback to April flowering tulips is that either on very poor or very heavy soil they rarely flower their second season, whereas May-flowering tulips can be left for years. But the April-flowering kinds are cheap. I saw an effect last season that reminded me of Kate Greenaway's illustrations—double tulips in mixed colours with polyanthuses and forget-me-nots made this gay picture, and it had a childlike charm not easy to forget.

To my thinking the pick of the early tulips is Prosperine, a lovely rich cherry, and one of the best effects I have seen was this rather small tulip associated with pale blue hyacinths and an edging of aubrietias.

May-flowering tulips ought to be planted quite 6in. deep on light soil, and 5in. on heavy soil. No fresh manure should be incorporated, but before planting bone manure can be forked in, allowing 2oz. to every square yard.

Many modern gardeners plant tulips far too shallow to secure early flowering with the result that tulip fire and other troubles follow. For real success there is no doubt that trenching and manuring are essential. Why were the old cottage tulips so healthy and so long-lived without deteriorating in the least? Sometimes they were left twenty years. Chiefly, I imagine, because cottagers planted deeply and fed generously with natural manure before putting it in the bottom spit.

Once the bulbs were planted they were left to themselves and gradually worked themselves down to quite 2ft. deep. The tulips flourished, disease was unknown and the fact that they were perhaps ten days later flowering than those in the garden of the big house worried the cottagers not at all. As long as they had a cheerful display of colour every spring with no trouble, they were content.

The tulips to avoid are the striped and variegated kinds, and parrot tulips. The former are much admired by some people simply because they associate them with the old Dutch flower paintings in which they frequently figure prominently. But these tulips are in reality diseased, and never do so well as the healthy kinds.

Parrot tulips attract every eye at shows with their exquisitely laciniated petals and remarkable colourings. But in the open they present a very different appearance, for they are so weak stemmed that they can stand no buffeting from spring winds and have to be grown in the most sheltered spot. Fantasy is one of the best, and not so weak-stemmed as most. The ideal way of growing these tulips is in hanging baskets. They droop over the sides most effectively and the beauty of the flowers can be seen to perfection. I once saw them grown thus in baskets hanging at intervals all along a verandah used as a sun room in spring, as it was completely sheltered from cutting winds.

Tulips in the open need care all through the winter. The ground should be carefully ærated round them, using a very small handfork. It is those which come up prematurely that frequently succumb to the cold and damp of February and March. They should be watched. If any leaves show grey mould lift and remove the whole plant, or the infection will almost certainly spread.

THE FOOD VALUE OF BLACKBERRIES

THE various small fruits are now as important a consideration as vegetables, for both fresh and bottled they are a valuable substitute for the sweet course.

Of all the small fruits blackberries always seem to me the most unduly neglected, but I think we shall soon learn to appreciate their value. Unlike raspberries, they fruit their first season, the birds leave them alone, they are the only small fruits that can be used with apples to make a cheap and usually very popular jam, and they do well no matter what the season may be like.

Blackberries do well in almost any soil, but it is useless to plant them in heavy poorly-drained soil, as they make feeble growth and die back. On soils that are even inclined to be heavy it is safer to incorporate plenty of well-decayed green manure, hop manure, &c. Another important point is to avoid any site that is too enclosed. Also blackberries are greedy feeders, though they do not respond to artificial manures. Too much natural manure makes for magnificent growths but not for prolific fruiting.

In the garden blackberries do best grown fan-fashion trained along wires stretched between posts 6ft. high. The plants should be put in 10ft. to 12ft. apart and the Himalayan blackberry needs to be quite 15ft. apart. In small gardens blackberries are sometimes planted against fences, but it is not so good as growing them in the open.

It is important to put in plants that are only a year old, and therefore it is unwise to get them from the hedgerows. The canes should not be cut at the time of planting. Canes that have fruited should be cut out yearly, and some commercial growers believe in tapping the canes back to 5ft. This makes for increased lateral growth and it is lateral growths that are so prolific. Some people grow blackberries in bush form and in this case they have to be cut back yearly to 4ft.

In regard to varieties, the earliest of all the hybrids is Bedford Giant. It is a very strong grower and the fruits are large. John Innes is a late variety with excellent flavour that fruits till the frosts come, but it is not a vigorous grower. The so-called Himalayan blackberry, which is believed to be a native of Eastern Europe, is a rampant grower with an exceptionally long fruiting season, but the fruits rather lack the characteristic blackberry flavour. The parsley-leaved blackberry, which is a native of parts of Surrey, has large fruits, but is not very prolific.

Edward Langley was regarded by the late Mr. E. Langley as the best hybrid; it is early and the flavour excellent. The best of the American blackberries are rather tender. Wilson Junior, for instance, which is one of the best flavoured, needs protection in winter, and Lowberry, a Californian kind, has to be grown under glass. Whatever varieties are obtained it is advisable to get them from a reliable firm, for there are numerous inferior blackberry hybrids.

If I could grow only one of the hybrid berries it would be the Vetchberry. It is a cross between the raspberry November Abundance and a blackberry.

Bottled blackberries or blackberry jam can at this season be used for many delicious sweets. Blackberry and apple meringue can be made with either the bottled fruit or jam. Mix equal quantities of blackberries with cooked apples, line a shallow tin with pastry, fill with the mixture and bake. When the pastry is cooked, remove from the oven and cover with white of egg whipped with a little sugar to a stiff froth. Replace in the oven and bake till the meringue is golden brown. Blackberry and apple mould is made by mixing equal quantities of bottled blackberries or blackberry jam and cooked apples. To every pint of this mixture allow five sheets of gelatine (or according to directions of the gelatine used). Simmer for ten minutes, stirring well till the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, and then pour into a bowl rinsed with cold water. When set, turn out and serve with cream or a little top milk.

Blackberry fool is also as easily made with jam or bottled fruit. To make it mix equal quantities of cooked apples and blackberry jam or fruit. To a pint of this mixture allow quarter of a pint of custard. Mix well and serve in individual glasses. Blackberry mould is much liked by children and it is a good way of using up stale bread. Mix equal quantities of cooked apples and blackberry jam or bottled blackberries. Put slices of stale bread of equal size in a dish and put some of the blackberry and apple mixture between each slice. Pour the remainder over and leave overnight till the bread has absorbed all the juice. Pour some custard over just before serving.

E. S. R.



THE HARVEST OF THE WOODLANDS

RESTOCKING PRIVATE WOODLANDS—II

By REGINALD DAVEY

The nation's forest and timber reserves are of vital importance in war time and, as trees cannot be grown to order, the work put into forest conservation in the past is now being reaped. With a view to assisting owners of woodlands the following articles have been published in the "Field" during the last two months: "Restocking Private Woodlands.—I," November 11th; "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodmen," September 23rd

TREES produce a crop of seeds every year but only periodically, about every three years, is the crop heavy enough to be regarded as a seed year. Only the older and larger trees produce the quantity needful to restock an area, though if the trees are younger, a greater number per acre may have the desired effect. The seed is fertile from young trees, having been collected and used with success from a Scots pine seven years old.

The young plants will be eaten by rabbits, as everyone knows, unless they are exterminated in the way outlined last week. The alternative is to enclose the areas for restocking, with wire netting, which is more expensive. A square area one acre in extent will cost £14 to enclose by a rabbit-proof fence. A four acre plot of the same shape will cost £7 per acre. Sixteen acres will cost £3 10s. 0d. per acre, while sixty-four acres can be enclosed for £1 15s. 0d. per acre. In the majority of cases the area to be dealt with will be four or five acres, and one cannot rely upon them being contiguous to enable a larger area to be fenced.

Having dealt with the rabbit, the actual method of restocking is to fell the crop of timber, leaving from twelve to twenty trees per acre to remain for three years as parent trees. There may be a little difficulty about this, owing to the need for timber for war purposes, but it is thought that the Timber Control will approve the object and the retention of sufficient trees to attain it. The alternative is to leave a belt of trees on the windward side of the area, and other belts parallel to it and between 50 and 100 yards distant. This would use less trees, and be almost as satisfactory, though the trees should remain longer to ensure full seeding.

Most of the common species can be relied upon to seed naturally. Everyone has seen oak, beech, ash, sycamore and Scots pine. Larch cannot generally be relied upon. Douglas fir would set seed under suitable soil conditions, but spruce would not. For practical purposes natural seeding will be confined to native trees, hardwoods and Scots pine, with a possible exception in favour of Douglas fir.

The germination of the seed will be beneficially influenced by the access of sunlight to the humus formed by the leaves of the last crop. While the trees remained, the humus accumulated, as a dark deposit, full of plant food. The removal of most of the trees opens the canopy, and the sunlight causes oxidation of the humus and the release of a plentiful supply of nutriment for the seedlings. Another fortuitous benefit is the dragging out of the trees, which acts as would a scarifier in forming a tilth for the seed to germinate in.

Everything favours natural seeding, and with reasonable luck a thick carpet of young seedlings will reward the labours. But some seeds do not germinate at once, so it will be two or three years before the whole area will be fully covered. The parent trees are accordingly left standing for three years, after which time they are felled and hauled out, doing surprisingly little damage.

The bare places are then filled up by planting or seeding by hand, and the area may be left to its own devices for a few years. If the summer weed growth threatens to overpower the young trees it should be brushed over, but this will not be necessary in the case of oak, which benefits from shade. An interesting instance of this is a plantation of oak, formed by planting acorns on the Marquis Camden's estate near Tunbridge Wells. The trees were covered with a dense and impenetrable mass of brambles. A thorough attempt at cleaning failed, and the area was abandoned as hopeless. Four years later the young oaks were observed rearing their heads above the brambles, having surmounted all obstacles.

The plantations will call for little attention for three or four years, after which time it will be necessary to cut back undesired growth to free and encourage the best trees. Even if the tree crop is very dense it may be left, the increased competition making for rapid and straight growth. By about the twelfth year competition will have become so intense as to retard growth, and the area should be visited and all suppressed and badly shaped and dead trees removed. This will leave three grades of stems, easily recognised. The top storey will contain the dominant trees of rapid and robust and perhaps rather coarse growth. Below them are the main bulk of the wood, trees of more than average growth and with their crowns well up. Then come the suppressed trees, with their crowns below those of most of the trees.

The first thinning, required perhaps at fifteen years, perhaps not until the twentieth year, depending on density of seeding and rate of growth, will take the form of the encouragement of the best trees. Which these are depends upon the object of the forester. If he aims at quality of timber, he will remove the coarser growing dominant trees and encourage the more desirable sub-dominants. If mere bulk is to be the criterion, as when trees are grown for pulp, or railway sleepers, the larger and coarser dominants will be allowed to remain.

The suppressed trees, of value only in preserving the canopy and excluding sunlight, will be removed in thinning as necessary to prevent them crowding the dominant stems. The maintenance of the canopy is a matter of great importance in woods. When broken, weed growth is encouraged, which uses up plant food that should be reserved for the trees. The leaf humus will also be oxidised, to the detriment of the soil fertility. Apart from this any large gaps in the canopy let in the wind, and trees grown in a protected place may be blown over.

For this reason the felling of most of the trees in a wood, in order to promote natural seeding, is attended by the risk of the parent trees left suffering wind damage. On the Continent, the felling is a gradual business, a few trees at a time being taken over a period of years. The risk must, in the present crisis, be taken, but it will only be serious on soils where roots penetrate but little, or on the stony gravels, where there is no roothold.

Experiments are being carried out in the New Forest in the promotion of seeding by ring barking. This is taking a leaf out of the horticulturalist's note book, as for years it has been the custom of fruit farmers to encourage fruiting in a tree that is making too much wood by partial ring barking. Its effect is to administer a shock, causing a tree to feel a danger and the need for ensuring reproduction.

GOOD FARMING

By H. C. LONG

WHAT is often called good farming must, of course, in essence depend upon profit—and over a series of years that means at least fair prices, if not high ones. In recent times prosperous periods of farming have depended not so much upon high yields as upon high prices—in turn commonly owing to short crops overseas, or to difficulties of transport, as during the years 1914–18. Nevertheless, fair to high prices greatly encourage good farming, and this usually means high yields. If good farming were ever desirable at all it is utterly necessary at present, for in 1940 the country will look for great things from our 29,000,000 acres, and will expect at least 1,500,000 acres of arable ploughed from grass under the Government scheme.

If farmers are to practice good farming in the national interest just what does it involve? Not only does it demand thorough preparation and tillage of arable land, but an increase in the arable area as suggested; not only does it involve ploughing up of permanent grass, but a strenuous endeavour to improve poor and medium grass—making full use of the lime and basic slag schemes; it means also high farming in the old sense of developing a high state of fertility that will enable big crops to be grown and more stock to be kept; and this implies drainage, applications of lime and fertilisers, destruction of weeds, and war on diseases, insects and fungi injurious to stock and crops.

In normal times high farming means the possession of adequate capital to purchase necessary machinery, fertilisers and feeding stuffs, livestock and the rest; and the employment of sound, knowledgeable workers sufficient in number to keep everything on the farm running smoothly and well. For over half a century farm workers have been getting increasingly difficult to secure, mainly owing to the attractive wages in manufacture, and the desire for what may be described as urban amenities and amusements. This has naturally tended to increase the growing use of farm machinery which in turn has helped to reduce the number of men required for a given acreage. Happily, higher wages and growing amusements are not sufficient to attract every true man of the soil to leave the land.

After the repeal of the Corn Laws farmers felt that they were put to desperate straits to pay their way, and Caird published (1849) an account of co-operation between a landlord and tenant at Auchness, in Wigtonshire, to indicate how high farming might prove successful. He observed that "the leading principle herein developed will be found to be a greater reliance on *green crops, grass and forage*, as contradistinguished from *corn*, but by no means exclusive of corn. In connection with this, the writer desires to direct attention to the prosecution of a high system of farming, which enlarges the field of labour and its remuneration, leads to the accumulation and economy of manure, and affords the means of applying it to the crops in a far more liberal manner than has heretofore been thought either necessary or advantageous."

It is true that the need for grain was then less necessary than at this moment, and whereas on the 260-acre arable farm concerned the area devoted to grain fell from three-fourths of the farm to little more than two-fifths, the costs for rent, labour, manure and food increased by over £900, while the total value of the crops and stock together increased from about £640 to over £2,500; the yield of wheat

rose from 20 to 36 bushels per acre, and that of oats was doubled: potatoes rose from 15 acres to 55 acres, with great additional increase per acre: the area of turnips was multiplied by seven, and the yield per acre was at least doubled; while "the land now appropriated to summer feeding, soiling, and grazing, though not one-half the extent of that under the old system, keeps much more than double the former stock." The main point is the great improvement in the fertility of the soil and the increased output of food from the farm.

An old view as to the importance of agriculture in time of war was expressed by the famous authority Sir John Sinclair in 1828. In a letter that was recently in my possession he wrote to Sir John Cayley that, "Nothing but our agricultural resources, brought out by the exertions of that Board (*the old Board of Agriculture*), enabled us to go on at all, and so terminate the last war successfully."

It is interesting also to note that in a four-page leaflet printed in 1827 Sir John Sinclair observes that by the exertions of the Board of Agriculture, "some millions of acres were added to the cultivation of the country." He adds that, "To what extent our produce was augmented by *improved skill* cannot be accurately ascertained. But in regard to *increased cultivation*, and the improvement of waste, or unproductive lands, its amount can be placed beyond the possibility of doubt." He then puts forward figures to prove that the area amounted to no less than 2,268,000 acres of "additional cultivation" in 20 years—an achievement indeed at that date!

Our circumstances are different, it is true, but we are still largely dependent upon imported food, and any improvement or change in farming that will increase our home production of food must be regarded as of the highest importance.

To attain the end in view crops of every description, whether for man or beast, should receive the very best treatment that the farmer can give them in order to increase the yield and improve its quality, so that grassland may carry more stock, and arable crops support both more stock and more human beings. The Minister of Agriculture has said that the Government is carefully watching over the situation, and it is clear that the question of prices is being closely followed, so that while there may be no great rise in the prices paid to farmers there shall also be fair prices for fertilisers and feeding stuffs. There is little doubt that the Ministry of Agriculture and the big business undertakings will do everything possible to help farmers with supplies, without undue hardship as to prices. In the long run, good farming, even high or intensive farming, should at present have no adverse influence on bank balances, and increased yields are urgently desirable. Any farmer who has any doubts should get into touch with his County War Agriculture Executive Committee, or one of the farmer members of it. With controlled prices both ways, and the fact that, in settling these, costs are taken closely into account, the best farming is the safest.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following announcements of importance to farmers have been made by the Ministry of Agriculture

IT is still necessary to exercise the utmost economy in the use of concentrated feeding stuffs. We must make the best of available supplies, for the only thing that can be said with certainty about the future is that we must anticipate shorter supplies of imported feeding stuffs than in peace time, and temporary dislocations. We can no longer expect that a postcard will automatically bring by return a lorry load of perfectly balanced rations.

More careful use of hay probably offers as wide scope for economy as any. Dairymen, like shepherds, are inclined to err on the generous side when estimating the food requirements of their charges, and if the hay ration for each cow were weighed, there would often be some surprises.

To quote a specific instance, a progressive dairy farmer who had always made a profit on his dairy, decided to weigh each cow's hay ration and compare with the ration advised by Reading University. He found that he was wasting just over half a ton of hay a week on his whole dairy, equivalent to one-third of the net profit he was then making.

Hay can be used for more than the maintenance part of the ration. On full winter feeding a daily allowance of 18lb. of first-class hay will supply enough nutriment for maintenance and the first gallon of milk; 24lb. to 25lb. of average hay will do the same. But this would be rather a bulky ration for cows in full milk. A better winter ration would be 18lb. of average hay and 30lb. to 35lb. of marrow stem kale, or 40lb. to 45lb. of roots.

The bulky, home-grown foods can replace concentrates for the first gallon of milk and this will have to be the system for many dairy farmers in war-time. But when they plough up their grassland it is essential that they think of some of the coming crop in terms of food for their cows, if they wish to maintain milk supplies. Many have forgotten that an acre with a good crop of mangolds, narrow stem kale or seeds hay will go twice as far in nourishing their cows as an acre of average meadow.

Oats, together with tail barley and wheat and also dried beet pulp, can replace maize and most of the maize foods in compounding rations for all kinds of stock. Beans and peas will make up the protein to balance these starchy foods. But beans and peas have fallen into disfavour. Once we grew 600,000 acres of them, but now little more than 100,000 acres. It is true they tend to make the ground weedy, but they enhance its fertility in nitrogen and should now be most seriously considered as a home-produced source of protein to make good some of the ground nuts and concentrated cake that may never arrive here.

Solving a Sheep Mystery

"Swayback" in lambs was, until recently, one of the mystery diseases. Young lambs affected by it lose power in their limbs, sometimes completely. Those that can rise stagger in their gait and tend to topple over, and in cases show evidence of blindness. Some lambs are affected at birth, others show no sign of the disease for some days. They usually die, mainly from causes other than swayback, though a few may recover.

The disease, also known as "Swinglebuck," "Swingback," "Jinckback" and "Warfa," occurs in many parts of Britain, especially Derbyshire and Yorkshire, though the number of lambs affected varies from season to season. In some districts the disease is so prevalent that farmers have given up keeping sheep in them.

Now the disease has been investigated, and although its cause has not been discovered, a remedy has been found. The indications are that the brain and spinal cord are affected, the lamb begins to be affected before it is born, and the disease is associated with a deficiency of copper.

Experiments have been made in Australia and Derbyshire. In both cases it was found that the feeding of copper, in the form of copper sulphate (blue stone), to ewes before they lambed reduced very greatly the incidence of the disease. Ewes from farms where the disease was prevalent were given access to salt licks containing copper in amounts of 0.3 per cent. and 1 per cent. On the same land ewes were kept with no access to such licks to act as controls.

Those fed with copper produced far fewer lambs with the disease than those that had none. The nearer the time to lambing when the ewes had access to the 0.3 per cent. licks, the greater was the chance of swayback developing in the lambs, but when the ewes had access to the 1 per cent. licks, even for only six to seven weeks before lambing, the disease did not occur in their lambs.

It must be remembered that copper in large amounts is poisonous to stock, and therefore it is recommended that ewes should receive the 0.3 per cent. licks at the time of tupping and throughout the time the lamb is being carried. But if it is impossible to feed the salt licks until about six or seven weeks before lambing, then the 1 per cent. licks should be fed.

Licks should be protected from the weather, for heavy rain and snow will cause them to melt away. They should therefore be placed in hay racks or some similar holder.

Outwitting the Wood Pigeon

Attempts to organise the destruction of wood pigeons have not, hitherto, been distinguished by great success. The chief reason has been the difficulty of inducing people over a sufficiently wide area to combine to shoot them on the same day. But the wood pigeon problem must now be faced. They are most voracious birds; they eat almost every kind of food the farmer grows and prefer the best. Collectively, they are taking toll of foodstuffs equivalent to the cargoes of several merchantmen, and they are probably increasing in numbers, for each year more migrants arriving here from Scandinavia remain and breed. Now is the time to deal with them.

The N.F.U. have expressed their willingness to assist in the organisation of sectional shoots and the Forestry Commission have asked all their shooting tenants to co-operate to the fullest possible extent in anything that may be arranged. It is important that owners and tenants of shoots should join in too, or the pigeons will merely take cover in their preserves until the "all clear" sounds.

Success can be gained by waiting for them where they come into roost, but the best results of all are achieved by using "hides" and decoys. "Hides" are merely natural cover, sometimes improved by using boughs, grass or other herbage growing on the spot. Decoys can be bought cheaply, or a dead bird may be used, supported in a natural position by a stick stuck into its head from underneath.

Potatoes for Pigs

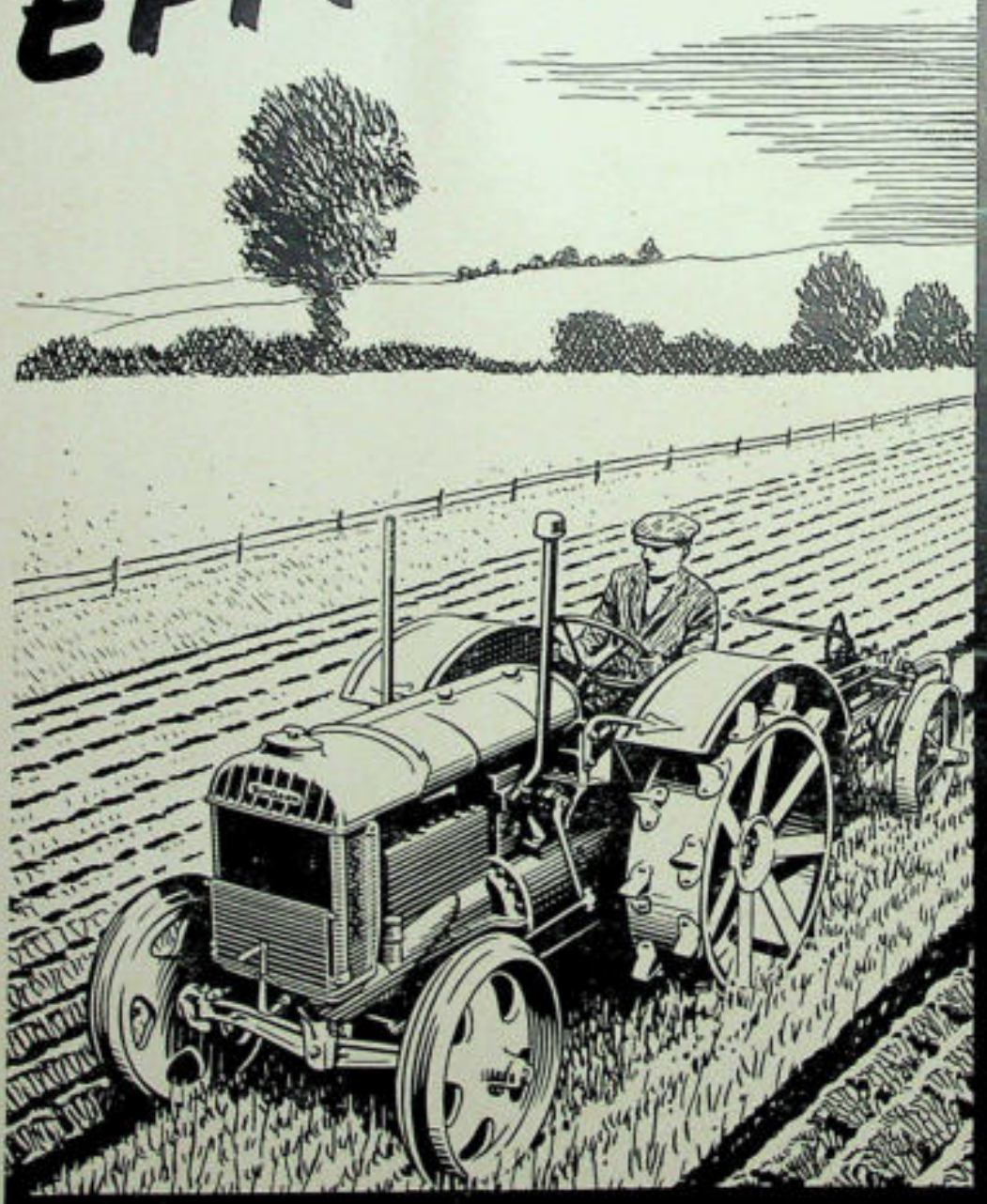
In some districts the potato crop was attacked by blight. The ensilage of such potatoes is most simply and economically carried out in the following way: A pit should be excavated on a piece of dry, well-drained ground, which should, if possible, be situated close to the feeding pens. The excavation might be 6ft. to 7ft. wide and 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. deep, and the sides should slope slightly inwards. If possible it should be lined with straw.

The potatoes should first be washed and then cooked in a steamer or copper for about 45 minutes. From the steamer or copper, the potatoes, whilst still hot, should be transferred to the pit and consolidated as tightly as possible to ensure thorough exclusion of air. When finishing off the silo, the mass of pressed material should be raised into a ridge in the middle and the sides and top of the ridge covered with straw or wet sacks. This, in turn, should be covered with a heavy layer of soil or clay well rammed down.



BUILDING UP THE CLAMP WITH NEWLY LIFTED MANGOLDS

The Farmer's Part in the National Effort depends on his.. EFFICIENCY



Once again the country looks to the farmer. In the words of the Minister of Agriculture the Government "Have called on Farmers to intensify and increase production from their land." More land is to come under the plough. More acreage is to be sown. More crops are to be raised.

But in the National interest—and in the farmer's interests, too, it is essential that this vital increase in food production should be achieved as efficiently and economically as possible. Efficiency, indeed, has become a national duty.

For the farmer, nothing can more certainly ensure efficiency than the possession of a British-built Fordson Agricultural Tractor.

Over and over again, the Fordson has proved, on thousands of British farms, that it saves time and money. Over and over again it has proved the simplest agricultural tractor for the farm labourer to handle. Over and over again it has proved the most reliable tractor for all farming operations.

In the great effort before us, the Nation's life-line will be—efficient food production. And on this most important side of National Service the Fordson Tractor is going to help the farmer to play his part—with maximum efficiency!

FORDSON AGRICULTURAL TRACTOR, from £150 at works · Choice of Models Choice of Gear Ratios · Completely built at Dagenham, England

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., DAGENHAM, ESSEX, AND AT 88, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE STANDARD HEADLAMP SHIELD

Simple to Fit and Effective in Use

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country pursuits.



"HALT" SIGNS ON THE ROAD ARE NECESSARY, AS LAMP BEAMS NO LONGER CATCH THE SIGNS AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

WHILE I have little sympathy with grumblers, especially in times like these, it does seem reasonable to criticise the series of measures and counter-measures that have been forced on us with regard to car lighting.

True, it is easy to be wise after the event, but it does seem a pity that experiments to determine just how much car lighting could be used safely in a black-out were not completed before war broke out. As it is, instead of a few experts getting together with the air, police and street lighting authorities, the experiments were made at the expense of hundreds of thousands of private motorists and extended over the first eight or ten weeks of the war.

During that period both manufacturers and motorists honestly attempted to meet the requirements of the authorities. The former produced, made and marketed gadgets which at the time fulfilled these regulations. Owners fitted these shields, masks and what-nots to the lamps as best they could. Reflectors were either wholly or partly painted out and bulbs removed or exchanged. But no sooner had these preparations been completed when a new regulation, or amendment to an old one, made them obsolete, and makers and motorists had to start work all over again.

The latest, and it is to be hoped final, design for headlamp shield or mask looks rather like a tophat. In the crown there are three shielded slits and a white panel.

When the authorities approved this mask it was stated that it was to be fitted to the offside headlamp. In fact, literature distributed by leading lamp manufacturers stresses this point; but more recently it has been announced that the shield can be attached to the nearside headlamp, should an owner prefer that position. It has also been asked whether a mask can be fitted to both headlamps provided they are controlled by separate switches. At the moment of writing this problem has not been settled.

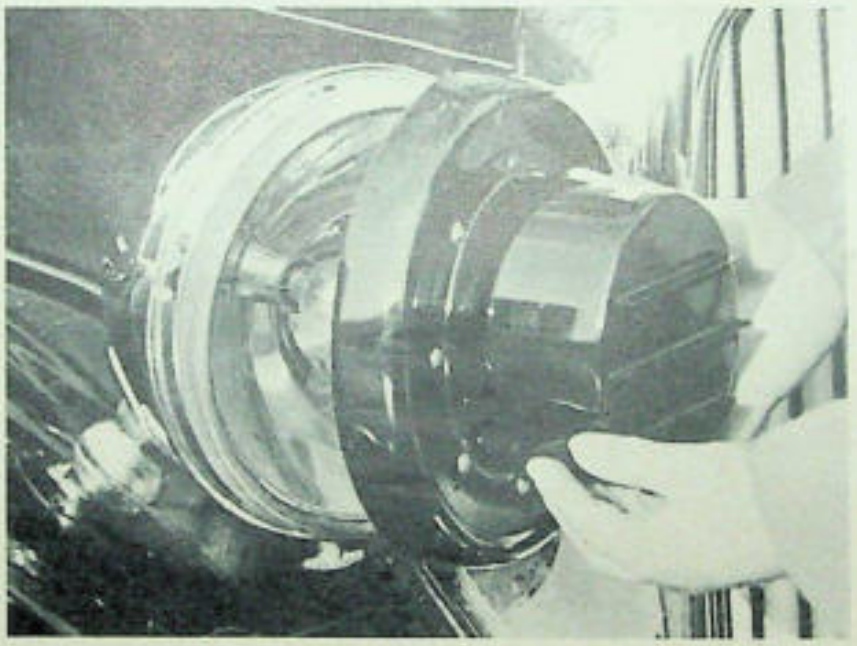
In any case, whether the mask be fitted to the near or offside lamp, the other headlamp bulb must be put out of action. The simplest way of doing this is to remove the bulb or to disconnect the terminals of the cables leading to the bulb and cover their ends in insulating tape. An owner, unversed in electrical technique, in doing this will be wise to mark the cables and the terminals on the bulb holder so as to ensure correct re-wiring at a future date.

Some of the new headlamp masks are made to fit in the place of the existing lamp rim and glass. An excellent example of this design is made by Joseph Lucas, Ltd., Great King Street, Birmingham 19, who supply the lighting requirements of the great majority of British made motor cars. This shield can be fitted in a few seconds merely by removing the standard rim and its glass front. This is effected in many types of lamp by unscrewing the locking screw at the base of the rim and then lifting the rim and glass outwards and upwards. Generally the top of the rim is located on the lamp body by a lip or clip so that care should be taken in releasing this, and the use of a screwdriver to prize the rim away from the body of the lamp should be avoided at this point.

Having removed the rim and glass it will then be necessary to erase the black paint with which the reflector should have been painted. To do this remove the bulb, or bulbs, and with a soft clean rag steeped in acetone rub off the paint. Paraffin or petrol is no good for this cleaning process. Acetone can be bought at any chemist in small quantities as it is largely used by women for removing the enamel on their finger-nails.

At this point it may be noted that the wattage of the headlamp bulb to be retained in use must not exceed 36. Bulbs are marked, so there should be no difficulty in ascertaining whether the one fitted conforms to the regulations.

It will be seen from the above that the fitting of this type of shield is a matter of a few minutes only, provided the right type of mask is available for the headlamp. The Lucas people make a number of patterns to suit standard headlamps at prices ranging from 7/- to 9/6. These masks can either be obtained from garages, motor agents or Lucas service depots, a number of which is scattered about the country.



FITTING THE LUCAS HEADLAMP SHIELD IN PLACE OF THE RIM AND GLASS OF A STANDARD LAMP ONLY TAKES A FEW MINUTES

For headlamps of non-standard size the same concern provides an universal shield without a rim. This shield is designed to replace the glass only, leaving the headlamp rim in position. For this reason the brim of the mask is marked with several concentric circles and can be cut with metal shears to fit snugly and as tightly as possible within the headlamp rim in place of the glass. In a case of this sort it may be necessary to separate the reflector from the rim to which it is secured by wide angle W-shaped springs, the ends of which are tucked under the edge of the rim. These ends can be depressed with the aid of a screw driver in order to free them; their replacement being effected in a similar way.

Owing to the fact that the metal brim of the shield is thinner than the glass it replaces, it will be necessary to pad the brim either by sticking insulating tape round its edge or by fitting a brown paper or composite washer at its back. This precaution is necessary in order to ensure the brim being held tightly in the rim by the springs. If this is not done the whole shield may tend to move in the rim owing to the vibration of the car, with the result that the lighting slots will no longer assume their correct horizontal position relative to the road. This type of mask costs five shillings.

Having fitted masks to my two cars my reactions to their practical use may be of interest. In both cases the masks were set on the offside, the near-side illumination relying on the ordinary side lamp as the headlamp bulb had been removed. At dusk the illumination appeared meagre, so meagre in fact that I should advise other drivers to wait until full darkness prevails before taking the road.

Under the latter conditions it is possible to proceed at thirty miles an hour as the beam illuminates the road up to a distance of about 60ft. ahead. It is also wide enough to encompass both verges of the ordinary two-way road. When properly set, the beam should not light the road within 10ft. of the car and should slope very slightly downwards from a headlamp set some 2ft. above the road level. This gives the effect of a wide angle bowl of light cut off at lamp level.

The setting shows up white lines, road reflectors and white posts fairly well. Its effect is in fact no worse than the results obtained from the pair of black masks with their semi-circular holes and half blacked-out reflectors which I had been running on previously.

It is important that the beam should not rise above the horizontal and this can be checked in the following way: Train the beam on to a light-coloured wall at a range of about 20ft. when the bright patch should be slightly lower than the height of the lamp from the level of the road. Alternatively, and again on a level road, an observer stationed 20ft. from the car with his eye at the same height from the road as the headlamp should just fail to see the beam.

A small point, which bears on the same subject, is that the test should be made with the car carrying its normal load. If the rear seats are generally occupied, the extra weight at the back may alter the trim of the car and tend to raise the beam. In setting the lamp this point should be allowed for.

While on the subject of lamps it may be mentioned that under certain circumstances the use of fog lamps is now permitted. The regulations are that under fog conditions an unscreened fog lamp may be used provided that the lamp is additional to the ordinary headlamp and is also controlled by a separate switch. It is also necessary to ensure that the fog lamp is fitted below the level of the headlamps and that its beam shines downwards and towards the near side of the road.

The fog lamp may only be used under conditions when a motorist's progress is impossible without it. This lamp, like the side and head lights, must naturally be switched off on the sounding of an air raid warning.

It is to be hoped that owners will have their cars properly equipped with as little delay as possible. Observation of cars at a car park shows that far too many alleged shields and masks are of the skimpiest character, while on the road one is constantly meeting cars whose lights appear to be far too bright. In this connexion it has been suggested that garages should install an example of correctly adjusted and lighted headlamps so that owners may be able to compare them with their own form of equipment. Some authorities have even gone so far as to suggest that a "brightness" gauge should be available at service stations.

FORDS AND FOOD PRODUCTION.—At the start of this year there were some 60,000 agricultural tractors in use in the British Isles. Last spring the Minister of Agriculture announced his plan by which thousands of new Fordson Tractors were to be produced as a reserve for the emergency that has now arisen. Thus Ford Motor Company is now able to announce that in the first month of the war they delivered more tractors to British farmers than in any month during the history of the company. Recently a record production has been stepped up still further and there is evidence of this not only in the numbers of Ford tractors in use but in the immense new areas of land now coming under the plough.

CONTRACT BRIDGE PROBLEMS

A Christmas Competition for "Field" Readers

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

First Prize £3 3s. Second Prize £2 2s. Third Prize £1 1s.

THE above prizes will be awarded to the competitors who send in solutions which are adjudged correct or most nearly correct. In case of several correct solutions, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Cards Editor. The Cards Editor's decision is final and no correspondence about the competition will be entertained.

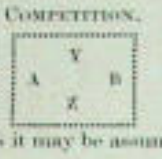
RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

(a) Answers should be brief and reasons only given when asked for.

(b) Each competitor may send in only one set of answers.

(c) Replies should be addressed to "Bridge Competition," The *Field*, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. The latest date is first post December 16th, 1939.

COMPETITION.



In all the problems it may be assumed that there is no part score.

1. Score game all. Z deals and bids One Heart; Y Two Hearts; Z Two Spades; Y Three Spades; Z Four Spades. A B pass throughout. A holds ♠ A, 2; ♡ 9, 8, 7, 6, 2; ◇ K, Q, 2; ♣ Q, J, 10. What should he lead?

2. Score love all. Z deals and bids One Club; A One Heart; Y Three Clubs; B No bid; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds: ♠ Q, 8, 7, 2; ♡ A, Q, 10, 9, 4; ◇ A, 2; ♣ 4, 2. What should he lead?

3. A B love. Y Z game. Z deals and bids One Spade; A No bid; Y Two Hearts; B Three Diamonds; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds: ♠ K, 10, 5, 4; ♡ 10, 9, 8; ◇ Q, 7, 2; ♣ 10, 9, 4. What should he lead?

4. Score game all. Z bids One Spade; A Two Diamonds; Y holds ♠ K, 2; ♡ K, J, 8, 2; ◇ K, J, 8, 2; ♣ A, 10, 2. What should he say?

5. Score game all. Playing Culbertson, Z bids One No Trump; A No bid. Y holds: ♠ 4, 2; ♡ 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2; ◇ 5, 3; ♣ 2. What should he say?

6. Score game all. Z deals and holds: ♠ A, J, 8, 2; ♡ K; ◇ A, Q, 7, 2; ♣ K, Q, 4, 3. What should he say?

7. Assuming that in problem 6 Z bids one of a suit, A doubles, Y and B pass. What should Z say and why?

8. Score love all. Y has ♠ Q, 6, 5, 4; ♡ A, K, 3, 2; ◇ A, 10, 2; ♣ 8, 6. Z has ♠ A, K, 9, 8, 7; ♡ Q, 8, 6; ◇ K, J, 3; ♣ A, J. Z is playing the hand in Six Spades, the opponents have not bid and A leads the King of Clubs, taken by Z's Ace.

(a) What card should Z now play and why?

(b) Assuming the trumps break 2-2, how should Z play the hand?

9. Score love all. Y deals; Y has: ♠ J, 6; ♡ Q, J, 8; ◇ A, K, J, 10; ♣ A, J, 6, 2; Z has: ♠ Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3; ♡ 4, 3; ◇ Q, 7, 4; ♣ 5. The bidding has gone:

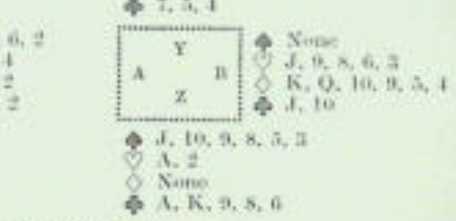
Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	One Heart	One Spade	Two Clubs
No bid	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Spades	All pass

and the following cards have been played:

A	Y	B	Z
8 ◇	K ◇	5 ◇	4 ◇
2 ♠	6 ♠	K ♠	3 ♠
2 ♡	8 ♡	K ♡	3 ♡
2 ◇	10 ◇	6 ◇	Q ◇

How should Z play the remainder of the hand and why?

10.



Score love all. Z deals.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Diamonds	Double
Four Clubs	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Spades	All pass

A leads the eight of Diamonds. How should Z play the hand?

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A lively game from the match between Holland and Ecuador.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. T. D. van Schelfhout (Holland.)	BLACK. N. Ponce. (Ecuador.)	WHITE. T. D. van Schelfhout. (Holland.)	BLACK. N. Ponce. (Ecuador.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to K 5 (a)	Kt tks R P (b)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. K takes Kt	Q to R 5, ch
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	16. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt P
4. Kt to B 3	B to K 2	17. K takes B	Q to Kt 4, ch
5. B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2	18. K to B 3	Q to R 4, ch
6. P to K 3	Castles	19. K to K 4	Q R to K sq
7. Q to B 2	Kt to K 5 (a)	20. R to R sq (f)	Q to Kt 5, ch
8. B takes B	Q takes B	21. K to Q 5	B takes Kt, ch
9. P takes P	Kt takes Kt	22. K takes B (g)	Q to Kt 4, ch
10. Q takes Kt	Kt to B 3 (b)	23. K to K 4	Q to Kt 7, ch
11. P takes P	B takes P	24. P to B 3	Q to Kt 4 (h)
12. B to Q 3	B to Q 4	25. B to Kt 5 (i)	Q takes B
13. Castles (K R)	Kt to Kt 5 (c)	26. K to B 4	Resigns.

(a) A mistake. The usual move is P to B 4.

(b) Best, since in return for the pawn lost he gets an advantage in development. If, instead, P takes P, then Q takes P and Black, in addition to being a pawn down, has an isolated Queen's pawn.

(c) Threatening 14. . . . B takes Kt; 15. P takes B, Q to R 5; 16. P takes Kt, Q takes Kt P, ch, with a draw by perpetual check.

(d) A good move, better than K R to K sq.

(e) Beginning a furious attack—his only chance.

(f) A good move. If, instead, 20. K to Q 5, then 20. . . . B takes Kt, ch; 21. P takes B, Q to Kt 5, threatening R to Q sq, ch followed by P to Kt 3, ch.

(g) Not P takes B because of R to Q sq, ch followed by P to Kt 3, ch.

(h) Threatening R to K sq, mate.

(i) Best. If, instead, P to Q 5, then P to Q B 3.

A game from the match between Sweden and Brazil.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. E. Lundin. (Sweden.)	BLACK. Silva Rocha. (Brazil.)	WHITE. E. Lundin. (Sweden.)	BLACK. Silva Rocha. (Brazil.)
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	11. P to K 3	Kt to K 4
2. P to B 4	P to K 3	12. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. Kt to B 3	P to B 4	13. B to K 2	R to R sq
4. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14. Q to Q 3	R to R 5 (f)
5. B to Kt 5 (a)	B P takes P	15. R to Q 2	R to Kt 5 (g)
6. Q takes P (b)	Kt to B 3 (c)	16. K to Kt sq (h)	R takes Kt
7. B takes Kt	P takes B	17. R to Q B sq	P to K 5
8. Q to R 4	P takes P	18. Q to Q 4 (i)	B takes Q
9. Q (the Q B P) (d)	Q to Kt 3	19. R takes R, ch	K to K 2
10. Castles (e)	R to Q 2	Resigns.	

(a) 5. B P takes P followed, after 5. . . . Kt takes P, by 6. P to K 4 is an alternative line of play.

(b) K Kt takes P is the usual move.

(c) B to K 2 is better.

(d) An inferior move which by removing the attack on the pawn at K B 3, allows Black's Queen to move. White should, instead, play 9. R to Q sq, e.g., 9. . . . R to Q 2; 10. P to K 5, Kt to K 4; 11. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 12. Q takes B P with the better game for White (Pilsbury v. Dr. Lasker, Cambridge Springs Tournament, 1904).

(e) Very risky.

(f) A strong move. If now 15. P to Q Kt 3, then 15. . . . R takes P; 16. P takes R, Q takes P with a winning game for Black.

(g) Another strong move. Black now threatens R takes Kt, ch, to which White would have nothing better in reply than Q takes R for, if, instead, P takes R, then R to R 8, ch, and mate next move.

(h) White has no good move.

(i) If Q takes P, then R to Q B 2 followed by R takes R.

PROBLEM No. 4040

By F. GODAGER and T. FJELD.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K B 3, Queen at K Kt 4, Rooks at Q B 5 and Q 8, Bishops at K Kt sq and Q Kt 5, Knights at Q sq and K B 8.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at Q B sq, Bishops at Q B 2 and Q Kt 6, Knights at K 4 and K B 4, Pawns at Q Kt 5, K B 5 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, British Chess Federation, 1938-39.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4039

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

CHESS

ELISKASES' PLAY

The following game, from this year's German Championship Tournament, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master, E. Eliskases.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Eliskases.	WHITE. Gilg.	BLACK. Eliskases.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to Q Kt 4 (g)	P takes P, e.p.
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	28. B takes P	Kt takes B
3. P to B 4	P to K 3	29. Q takes Kt	Q to Q B 5
4. B to Kt 5	B to K 2	30. Q takes Q (f)	P takes Q (m)
5. Kt to B 3	P to K R 3 (a)	31. Kt takes P	R takes R
6. B to R 4	Castles	32. R takes R	B takes P
7. P to K 3	Kt to K 5	33. P to B 3	B to B 4 (n)
8. B takes B	Q takes B	34. Kt to Q 4	R to Q sq
9. Q to B 2 (b)	P to Q B 3	35. K to B 2	P to B 6
10. B to K 2 (c)	Kt to Q 2	36. K to K 3	R to K sq ch (o)
11. Castles (K R)	Kt takes Kt	37. K to B 4	P to B 7
12. Q takes Kt	P takes P	38. R to Q B sq	B to R 2
13. B takes P	P to Q Kt 3	39. P to K R 4 (p)	R to R sq
14. P to K 4	B to Kt 2 (d)	40. P to Kt 4 (q)	R to B 6
15. K R to K sq (e)	K R to B sq	41. Kt to R 5 (r)	B takes Kt
16. Q R to Q sq (f)	P to R 3 (g)	42. K takes B	R takes P, ch
17. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4	43. K to K 4	R to K Kt 6
18. P to Q 5	Kt to B sq (h)	44. P to Kt 5	P takes P
19. Kt to K 5 (i)	Q to B 2	45. P takes P	R to Q B 6
20. R to R 4 (j)	R to Q sq	46. K to Q 4	R to R sq
21. P takes P	P takes P	47. P to Kt 6	K to B sq
22. B to Q 3	Q R to B sq	48. K to Q 5	K to K 2
23. B to B 2	P to Q Kt 4	49. K takes P	R takes R
24. P to Q R 3	P to R 5	50. K takes R	K to B 3
25. Kt to B 3	Kt to Q 2	Resigns.	
26. Kt to Q 4	Kt to B 4		

(a) A useful preparatory move to Lasker's variation (Kt to K 5). If P to K B 3 is not played, White in some variations can gain a valuable tempo by an attack with Queen and Bishop on the pawn at K R 2.

(b) An alternative line of play here is 9. P takes P, Kt takes Kt; 10. P takes Kt, P takes P; 11. Q to Kt 3.

(c) The variation 10. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 11. Q takes P, Q to Kt 5, ch; 12. Kt to Q 2, Q takes Kt P; 13. Q to Kt sq, Q to B 6; 14. Q to B sq is probably slightly in White's favour.

(d) Black has now to try to play P to Q B 4.

(e) Threatening P to Q 5.

(f) Not 16. P to Q 5 because then 16. . . . B P takes P; 17. P takes P, P to Q Kt 4 wins a piece.

(g) A very good move. If now 17. P to Q 5, then 17. . . . B P takes P; 18. P takes P, B takes P (not P to Q Kt 4 because of P takes P); 19. R takes R, Kt to B 3; 20. Q to Kt 3 (if Q R moves, then P to Q Kt 4). R takes B; 21. Q takes R. P takes P with advantage to Black.

(h) If, instead, 18. . . . P takes P, then 19. P takes P, Q to Q 3; 20. Kt to R 4 (threatening Q takes P, ch) with advantage to White.

(i) Threatening Kt to B 4 followed by P to Q 6. If now 19. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 20. P to Q 6, Q takes P; 21. B takes P, isolating Black's Queen's side pawns.

(j) If 20. P to Q 6, Q takes P; 21. B takes P, then 21. . . . Q to B 2 and Black has still united pawns on the Queen's side.

(k) Not good. He should, instead, play P to K 5 and then try for an attack on Black's weakened King's side.

(l) There seems to be nothing better.

(m) Black has the better game.

(n) Played to prevent R to Q 7, but B to R 2, instead, would save valuable time later (see move 38). In reply to B to R 2 White could not play R to Q 7 because of P to B 6.

(o) Driving the King further away from the passed pawn.

(p) Not Kt takes P because then R to B sq wins a piece.

(q) After 40. K to K 3, R to B 6, ch; 41. K to K 2, R takes R P; 42. Kt takes P, R to B 6; 43. K to Q 2, R takes Kt, ch; 44. R takes R, B takes R; 45. K takes B Black's distant passed pawn gives him a winning pawn-ending.

(r) There is nothing better.

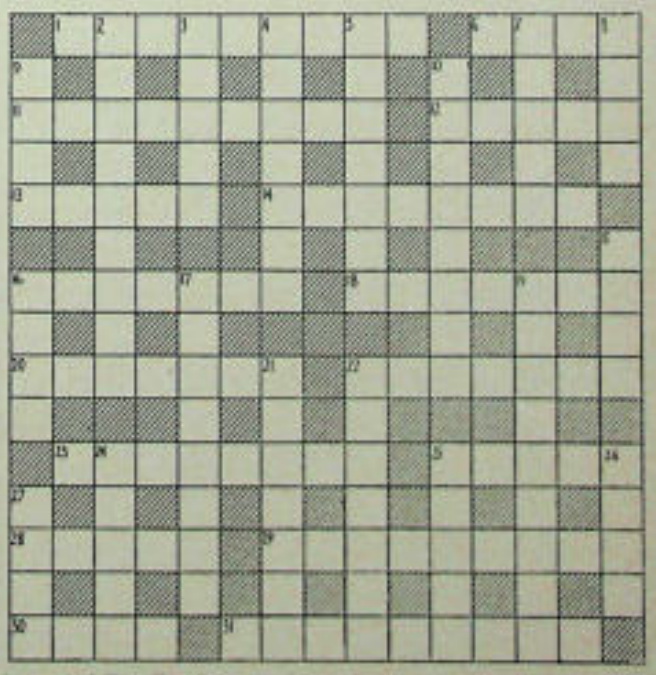
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 543

ACROSS.—1. This tide will never go out (9). 6. The 1 kind is a Christmas custom (4). 11. Country folk (9). 12. The place for the Yule Log (5). 13. Fashionable part of a flower? (5). 14. More than one enters the Christmas story (8). 16. He stands up well to a white Christmas (7). 18. He, or she, does well to start early for Christmas (7). 20. In addition to kisses under the mistletoe perhaps (7). 22. Cuts are, for instance (7). 23. Even an A.R.P. warden cannot black-out this (8). 25. Run away with the stuff in reverse (5). 28. On most Christmas dinner menus (5). 29. Hardly done as a lark at Christmas (9). 30. Where the Magi followed the star (4). 31. Gifts are not only at Christmas (9).

DOWN.—2. Not timber from a favourite Christmas tree (9). 3. Tea with the I.R.A.? Result—I blow somebody up (5). 4. Deserves death and has much more sense decapitated (7). 5. You are trying to find them out (7). 7. The Magi believed the stars to (5). 8. Resembles animals (4). 9. Christmas and New Year have noted ones (4). 10. Children like this inedible part of the turkey (8). 15. Many do, especially on Christmas Day (4). 16. Father Christmas expects to find something bigger than this, even in war time (4). 17. Time-line (slang) (8). 19. A Christmas treat for many (9). 21. The famous philosopher, and the poet (7). 22. Many of these at 2 (7). 24. Exhort friends in shoes (5). 25. Girl's name (5). 26. Used in making the Christmas pudding (4). 27. Children love the Christmas one (4).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 542

Published November 11th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Fruit Trees Doing Badly Against a Wall.—It is impossible to say what is wrong with these trees without seeing them and knowing the condition of the soil. It would be advisable to get the opinion of a first-rate local expert. There is evidently something wrong with the soil.—*L.*

Strange Meals.—The material sent for identification and which was taken, you say, from the stomach of a rook, was composed largely of elastic bands of the type used for keeping letters together. We have come across similar cases before in starlings and pheasants.—*J. de C., Yarmouth.*

Farming

Women Land Workers.—Applications for employing a land girl should be made to the Women's Land Army Agricultural Committee of the county, or to the County War Agricultural Committee.—*A. G., Bucks.*

Gardening

Garden Planning.—A scheme has been designed to help gardeners to adapt their grounds to war time conditions through the services of the Institute of Landscape Architects. A moderate fee is charged, and applications should be made to the Secretary, 38, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.—*W. H., Herefordshire.*

Kennel

Training a Labrador. The book that would answer your purpose is *Dog Training for Amateurs*, by E. Sharpe (*Country Life*). The lady you mention has not written on the subject.—*P. M., Oxford.*

Working Labradors.—As field trials have been discontinued during the war you should be able to get trained Labradors without much difficulty. Some addresses of owners are: Lorna, Countess Howe, Idsworth, Horndean, Hants; the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, 58, Montagu Square, London, W. 1; Mr. H. A. Saunders, Liddly, Gomshall, Guildford, Surrey; Mr. J. Allsopp, Alby Kennels, Mundford, Norfolk.—*E. C., Denmark.*

Harriers. You do not say whether your French correspondent wishes to get old English harriers or small foxhounds. Mr. John Fawle, Little Havers Park, Bishop's Stortford, Essex, Secretary of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles, would probably advise you where you would be most likely to buy a few couples. For old English harriers you might try Mr. W. D. Eames (Cutley), Broadoak, Wambrook, Chard, Somerset, or Miss Ashton (Quarmet, Court House, Exford, Somerset.—*H. S., Fulborough.*

Miscellaneous

London Markets.—We have not the space to give you a full list of London's markets. There have been markets in London for more than two thousand years. The City authorities use their rights not for profit but for the benefit and convenience of the town as a whole. Billingsgate Fish Market.—Near London Bridge. The fish sold at Billingsgate is chiefly discharged direct from the ships into the market. In normal times the output is about 1,000 tons of fish a day. Caledonian Market.—In Caledonian Road, North. Open on Tuesdays and Fridays and well worth visiting. You can buy almost anything in this market. Covent Garden.—Originally the Convent Garden of Westminster Abbey, and now the largest market for fruit, flowers and vegetables. Should really be seen before breakfast on a Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leadenhall Market.—In Leadenhall Street and noted for poultry and game, but also sells meat and provisions. Smithfield.—The largest dead meat market in the world. It was originally the site of the Bartholomew Fair which was held each Bartholomew Day until 1855. Spitalfields Market.—The largest market of its kind in Great Britain; it was established in 1682. Specialises in fruit and vegetables. There are also many street markets, the majority of which might well be avoided. But three should certainly be seen:—The Borough Market, which is now a "Market of London," and which adjoins Southwark Cathedral. Middlesex Street, near Aldgate, famous as "Petticoat Lane." Should be seen on Sunday mornings; and The New Cut, which is open daily, and is close to Waterloo Station.—*E. M., New York.*

Scapa Society.—The society's headquarters have been transferred from 71, Eccleston Square, London, to The Hall, Southstoke, Bath, Somerset, where the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and the National Playing Fields Association are also accommodated.—*L. C., London, S.W.*

Naturalist

Noctule in November.—The bat sent for identification was a male noctule (*Nyctalus noctula*). The noctule is the largest of the twelve British bats. November records are distinctly uncommon, but it is quite wrong to suggest that bats hibernate regularly throughout the winter. Of the smaller bats, the pipistrelle and the whiskered are by no means uncommonly found on the wing on warmish winter days. The noctule is as a rule a closer hibernator than the others, and as you say the day was cold we can only presume that this example had been disturbed.—*N. S., St. Albans.*

Abnormal Starling.—The bird sent for identification was not a woodpecker, but a starling with an exceptional beak.—*A. C., East Ham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Air-sac Mites.—The emaciated Pekin bantam was suffering from two distinct diseases, coccidiosis and a severe infection of the lungs by air-sac mites, *Cytodites nudis*. This very minute insect to the naked eye appears as a yellow-coloured speck. From the bird's respiratory organs it spreads over the membranes covering the internal viscera. The infected bird has a rattling cough, sneezes at intervals, loses flesh, becomes anæmic and eventually dies of exhaustion. No curative treatment of the infected bird has been found of any avail. To prevent the spread of the disease the interior of the fowl-house should be thoroughly spring-cleaned; all litter and nest-box material should be burned. Feeding and drinking utensils should be boiled in water. This disease almost invariably arises owing to the unhygienic conditions of the fowl-house and pen.—*I. M., Herts.*

Shooting

Cartridge Tests

Your Eley 16-bore Xitrone cartridges appear to be a mixed lot, as whereas some contained Diamond Smokeless powder others contained E.C. The patterns from a choke barrel at 40yds. were good, averaging 63 per cent. Velocity, however, was on the low side, averaging 1,026ft. per second. We, however, do not see why you failed to kill hares at normal range. No doubt better killing power would be obtained by employing the usual felt and two card wads between powder and shot in lieu of the one ½in. felt wad.—*M., Dunfermline.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Travel

Visiting the Free State.—There is no reason at all why you should not visit the Irish Free State for a holiday. Shooting and fishing are excellent, and cheap; you can find excellent walks in magnificent scenery; English people are welcomed and in no way boycotted. For information as to hotels and so forth we would recommend you to write to the Irish Tourist Association, Regent Street, London, W.—*L. S., Ashford.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the *Field*, together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions. The Editor, while exercising every care in handling and returning manuscripts and photographs, cannot accept responsibility for their loss.

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name).....

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed).....

Address .....

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Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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*Delete the periods that do not apply.

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With which is incorporated "LAND AND WATER" *and* "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN"

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MRS. HACKET-PAIN AND "THE JESUIT"

A painting by Mr. Frank E. Beresford exhibited at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition. The rider is the wife of Major T. A. Hacket-Pain, of the Irish Guards, and the daughter of Lord George Scott. "The Jesuit" has won among other races the £1,000 Surrey Foal Stakes

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ARRIVAL OF WINTER

IT came as something of a shock to find, after ten weeks of war and ten weeks of black-out, that we had all the while been enjoying the benefits of summer time. Even the extra hour in bed scarcely compensated for the realisation that winter had come.

We black-out now at half-past four, or as near that hour as makes no difference. And each passing day sees time added to the hours of darkness. No one can pretend that that is not a depressing outlook; it is. But though we shall all grumble, we shall get used to it. We can get used to anything.

These extra minutes of darkness are bad for trade. The brightly-lit shop windows of other Christmases will be absent this year. And the Christmas trade will suffer sorely. Many businesses are closing now at 4 p.m., and it will be surprising if their number is not greatly increased during the next fortnight or so. That is unfortunate, but inevitable. People do not like going out in the pitch blackness of these modern nights, for not only is there nothing to see, and very little to do, but each step is an adventure into the unknown, an adventure not unaccompanied by danger.

There have been many pleas for increased street lighting recently. If a form of lighting could be devised which would enable the pedestrian to see, the while it offered no assistance to enemy aircraft, it would be a most excellent thing. For if the black-out is bad for business and depressing for the ordinary and sociable individual, its worst feature is the greatly increased death-rate in street accidents.

The authorities are quite right not to allow extra lighting. The fact that we have so far escaped air-raids does not necessarily mean that we shall continue to escape. And nothing must be done, in a spirit of foolish optimism, which might in any way assist the enemy in air raiding. We must, therefore, resign ourselves to increased hours of darkness. It is, indeed, a small price to pay for immunity from bombing.

The death-rate in street accidents is unlikely to increase, and will almost certainly decrease, as fewer cars take the roads. Business that cannot be done after four o'clock will have to be done before that hour, and employers can help employees here. Both are in this war, whether they like it or not, and there must be a general spirit of give and take.

There remains the problem of the actual hours of darkness between the end of the day's work and the time for sleep. Entertainment houses are crowded already, and in any case no one desires to be entertained every night, and no one can afford to be entertained every night. More time will have to be spent at home. The black-out obviously affects the townsman more than the countryman, for the latter is accustomed to entertaining himself.

Book publishers can do much to help here. The publishing business should enjoy a boom—and not only in sensational literature. Reading is a great relaxation in addition to a great, and educative, entertainment.

For lighter entertainment there is the wireless, and always—without extra charge—the English news from Germany. We are not altogether without amenities during these hours of darkness.

THE UNIVERSITIES

AS a whole the universities have been hard hit by the war. Oxford and Cambridge have not escaped, but London University, which before the war numbered some 12,700 students, would appear to have suffered most. Evacuation, and the expenses necessarily incurred in that process, have compelled many students to forgo the remainder of their course; while the rise in the cost of living, reduction in the family income, and innumerable other causes have all helped to reduce enormously the number of men in search of degrees. Furthermore, the Government grant of some £2,000,000, without which the universities could not carry on, has been paid only for a period of six months, and no one seems to know whether any more is to come or not. While we do not subscribe to the view that men at the universities should be exempted from military service or that their service should necessarily be postponed, we do think that the future of our universities is a matter of the greatest national importance. At the moment that future can only be regarded with concern. Some Government pronouncement is sorely needed.

DEER CONTROL

Owners and tenants of deer forests are urged, in their own interests, to pay particular attention to the killing of hinds during the coming winter. A number equal to the number of stags killed is recommended as a minimum. "Yeld" hinds, it is recognised, provide the best venison, but persistently to kill only such hinds is a course bound to have detrimental effects on the forest. Owners, therefore, are urged, where possible, to kill first all late and sickly calves, and then the mothers and old hinds. Such a course, however unpleasant, is in the interests of individual owners and of deer forests as a whole. Owners, tenants, and factors are also recommended to give away the amount of hind venison which they are accustomed to distribute, and to arrange with local retailers for the disposal of such venison as the latter may agree to take.

WIREWORMS WANTED

The Jealott's Hill Research Station want living wireworms in large quantities. They are, furthermore, prepared to pay for them at the rate of £1 per 1,000. Wireworms are, of course, a pest, and this generous offer should do much to help the fight against them. They may be collected, by the way, from under potato riddles and root-pulping machines. They should be sent, packed in moist litter in tin boxes, to the Research Station at Bracknell, Berkshire. Evacuee children might well prove useful in this work.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

In Dublin recently Tommy Farr knocked out Manuel Abrew in the third round. And already in some papers is talk of another meeting with Joe Louis. But Manuel Abrew, though a competent heavyweight, is nowhere near any world ranking, and Farr is not even champion of England. This fight may have given the latter some sorely needed practice; it certainly brought him no nearer a world championship contest. Farr should fight Harvey. He is very willing to do so, and the Wembley authorities are very willing to stage such a contest. It has been suggested that any purse should be absolutely nominal and that the proceeds should go to the Red Cross. That is an altogether admirable suggestion, and we sincerely hope that nothing will stand in the way of a contest that should obviously take place.

GRAYLING DAYS

A disappointing feature of the present autumn has been the dearth of true "grayling days"; it seems almost as if the weather department had decided on a strict system of rationing and was handing out its weather without regard to quality; we have, it seems to say, an ample stock of autumn days to last until winter arrives but rationing is being introduced to prevent anglers getting an undue number of them fit for grayling fishing. And so, instead of sparkling hoar frost of a morning, when the world is clothed in misty spirals which half reveal the dripping bents of the opposing bank, with a red ball of a sun which presently will clear away the mist and set the water gay with dimples from the rising fish, we have a sombre rain-encircled morn, a wind from any quarter which is cold, and later, towards sunset, when all hope of rising fish is gone, a touch of spring as if to mock the fisher on his early homeward way, before the black-out spreads its dangers to returning cars. Now that proprietary brands have been restored to their place in our allowance of fats, may we hope that the Clerk of the Weather will take notice of it?

WHEN THIS IS OVER

When this is over, I will sit at ease
On some good horse beside a winter ride
And watch the scarlet flit between the trees;
Or up the rustling rows of beet I'll stride
And feel the barrels balance to the stock;
And when some spring comes and the world is sane
I'll scan the silver surface of the loch
And handle once again the supple cane.

What matter if no whimper breaks the hush,
Merely the rasp of jay or pigeon's clatter?
Or if the only covey which I flush
Is topping yonder distant hedge—what matter?
When this is over, full will be the day
If I but see the prelude to the play.

J. C. LYTH.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1060.)

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

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

ONE of the hardest scripts to read and translate is the slope of a hill. One reason is that its conditions are always changing, another that the factors governing these changes are often very complex. But there is a pleasure in deciphering the meaning of a hill-side as absorbing as that of unravelling the hieroglyphics of a newly discovered manuscript. There is a slope in the south-western Chilterns as wild as any mountain-side, as forsaken as any wilderness and only less desolate than any place that has received the imprint of twentieth-century man. The way leads through a tunnel of wild privet and suddenly emerges, in the Chilterns way of these sunken lanes, into the open down which faces south-west. It becomes a narrow shelf with a natural ditch on one side and a bare declivity on the other, somewhat steeper than the gradient beyond the groove beside the path.

A singular contrast then confronts the wayfarer. On his right is falling ground so infested with rabbit that only close inspection reveals that it was once old sheepwalk where the turf was a close resilient pile, delicate for the feet, succulent for the sheep. It is probable that at one time a colonizing scrub from the heights above was scattered over this luxuriant turf and, judging by analogy with other regions and the angle of the fall, by juniper, the aboriginal bush of the chalk downs. But the only vegetation that now clothes this barren is a single elder in a hollow, bird-sown and rabbit-resistant, and the stems of St. John's wort.

On the other side of the shelf down to the slight ditch is the densest yew-forest I have ever seen. This is not at all like the noble yew-forest of Kingley Vale below Butser Hill on the Sussex-Hampshire border, where the trees are of very great age, from 700 to 1,000 years, and a man may walk between their massive outspread wings at his ease. Only the ghost of a man could penetrate the yews that lie on the hill-side above Watlington like a dark clot. The trees are dwarf, none of them over 12ft. high, pyramidal in growth, spreading and quite impenetrable. That does not mean that they are young: a yew bush only 7in. high is usually more than 50 years old. But it does lend colour to the hypothesis that this sombre, pigmy, practically uniform forest was once nothing but juniper, since it is by using juniper scrub as a protective screen, just as a Greek hoplite used his shield, that yew advances down a chalk slope, especially on a hill-side facing south-west.

Now, look where you will, there is not one of these charmingly stilted, quaintly attitudinizing bushes to be seen in the yew darkness; a very few privet and wild rose bushes and a sprinkling of whitebeam are the only other vegetation. It was doubtless the juniper guard that fended off the rabbit as well as the winds, but, as the vestiges of turfen sheepwalk on the lower slope indicate, the rabbit population was much less abundant when the yew-forest was establishing itself than it is now. Over the entire slope, the only relief in colour from the white of the flint-strewn, chalk-exposed ground and the darkest green of the elbowing yews were the ruby berries of the trees, rather less rosy than spindle-berries and of a wine-red the richer for their neutral background.

What would happen in the future? Would the rabbits render the entire escarpment as sterile as they had already rendered the lower slope; would the yews advance into it or would the battle between mammal and vegetable be a deadlock? One thing was certain: no vegetation could colonize the lower slope any more because the rabbits had scraped it clean; the rains and the thaws would wash the thin soil downhill and it would become as barren as a naked rock. What incredible folly that we spend £750,000 annually on imported rabbit flesh! But it was possible that the yews might defend themselves against the rabbits, partly because their lowest branches swept the ground and partly because they had been successful in attaining a certain growth before their arch-enemies had multiplied.

Anyhow, that hillside had expelled man. It looks to-day far more unyielding to him than it did when the flocks of Bronze Age and Iron Age man doubtless fed among the juniper bushes. Nature was prodigal, generous and virgin then, and what man had to do was to tap her wealth and remove the impediments thereto. Now the slope is a spectacle of poverty, of a condition prior to what we call the primeval, prior even to the horsetail forests and the steaming swamps of the Jurassic period. Then she was too young to bear; now, thanks to us, she is too old.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An emphasised paragraph from an account in a daily newspaper of the sinking of the *Africa Shell*:

"The German party stripped the tanker of all foodstuffs and even bottles of wine before sinking her."



PARLIAMENT AND THE HORSE

Army Remounts of the Right Type at the Right Price

THE very large number of people all over the country who have viewed with dismay the horse-purchasing activities of the War Office, and who are now awaiting with apprehension a visit from the requisitioning officers, must have been pleased to see in the daily Press a brief extract from a speech in the House of Commons by Brigadier-General Sir Ernest Makins, M.P. That extract did not tell them very much, but it at least made it plain that there was someone at Westminster who was viewing their problems with intelligence and who had the courage to speak his mind.

General Makins's speech was quite a long one and may be read in full in Hansard, No. 186, Vol. 352, and it will be seen from this verbatim report that he made many points. There can be no doubt, in spite of official denial later on, that the commandeering of horses does represent a form of capital levy upon that section of the community whose living is made from horses of one kind and another; nor can there be any doubt that many of the incidents which have been reported from those areas, in which horses have already been requisitioned for Army purposes, are "a scandal and ought never to have been allowed to occur."

We may profitably examine the debate a little more closely, and if we do so we shall be reminded that the speaker had already broached the subject in the House of Commons, and had then received a reply which he was quite justified in thinking satisfactory. On this occasion he was informed that, "The instructions to impressment officers prescribed a maximum price for horses, based on the prices at which the type required for Army service is normally obtainable. Owners who are not satisfied that the price tendered represents fair market value have the right to appeal to a county court judge. The instructions that have been issued regarding requisitioning generally are designed to secure that unduly expensive property shall so far as possible be avoided." There is nothing with which to find fault in this statement. Although nobody has so far been told what type of horse the Army does require, it may be safely assumed that the type which will be of the most use upon active service at this juncture is the type which can usually be purchased for the prescribed figure of £60.

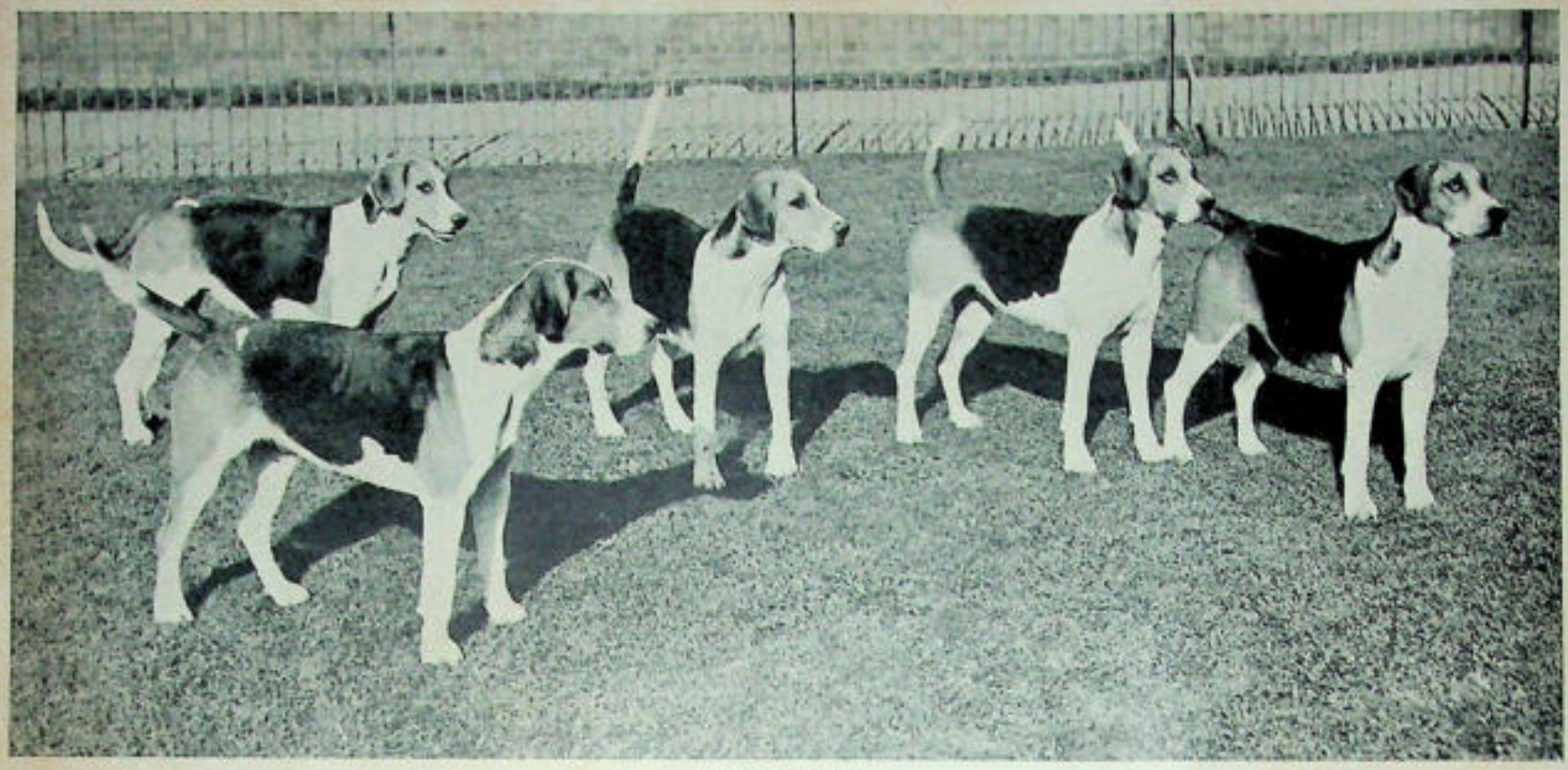
The trouble which has arisen has done so, not from the regulations stated above, but from their non-observance by the officers concerned, and it is of no use for Sir Victor Warrender to say that he can find no instances where the regulations have been disregarded, since it is a matter of common knowledge that there have been many cases of injustice and unfair requisitioning. If the Financial Secretary to the War Office can find no such instances, he has only to look in the daily and sporting Press to repair the deficiency. The secret of the whole business would appear to lie in the latter part of Sir Victor's reply, in which he said: "I think it was inevitable that where a man was having difficulty in producing his quota of horses he naturally had to purchase horses of a better class and type than perhaps he would have done had he had more time at his disposal."

It is now too late to deplore the thoughtless and stupid policy, which has brought the Army to a point at which it has been compelled to acquire, at such short notice, the horses which informed opinion has always told it would be necessary for war. But it is not too late, and must not be too late, to impress upon the responsible authorities the need for employing people who know their business to acquire those horses which they now find to be necessary. Very many of the cases of hardship, which have been reported since the beginning of the war, are directly attributable either to the laziness or to the incompetence of the purchasing officers, who have made unfair demands upon the owners of large stables of high-class horses, from which, in some districts, almost the total number of animals have been acquired, thereby considerably depleting the resources of those who are the backbone of the very large and important light-horse industry in this country.

Had the Government placed themselves in the hands of those who have made a life study of the production and purchase of horses, there would have been no occasion for anything of this sort to have happened. At a time like the present, when the usual market for horses is very considerably reduced, it must surely be obvious that the amount of money which the Army intends to expend upon the purchase of horses, which we may estimate at somewhere about £1,000,000, should not have to be laid out in the form of inadequate compensation for a great wrong; such a sum should and can represent a very welcome and opportune stimulus to the industry.

Those who have a detailed and expert knowledge of the horse trade know that the £60 horse will be of more use to the Army than the £200 horse, and they know also that the £60 horse is the horse which is bred by the small farmers all over the country. Such men each breed but one, or at the most two horses a year, and the animals which they produce are therefore more scattered than the more expensive types of horse, but the men who breed them are the men who need support and encouragement in these difficult times.

The dealer in expensive horses may have to tighten his belt for the period of the war, but he has the financial reserves to enable him to wait until more prosperous times return; the small man, on the other hand, has no such reserves. If the Army would only take advice and turn for assistance to those who know where the horses are, they could avail themselves of the services of expert buyers, who could easily acquire the modest number of horses which is necessary from those who are anxious to part with them at the prices which have been fixed. By doing this the authorities would inflict no hardship upon anyone, and would be expending their money, the public money, in such a way that it would encourage and help to support a vital industry instead of crippling it.



A QUORN LITTER
Five bitches by Bendigo out of Stalin (Colin '33)—Spitfire, Spangle, Spinaway, Spotty and Sprinkle

THE FUTURE OF HOUND BREEDING

This is the final article of Mr. Ansell Wells's survey of the problems confronting foxhunting in wartime. "The Future of Hunt Horses" appeared in our issue of November 11th, and "The Upkeep of Kennels" in that of November 18th

By R. ANSELL WELLS

ONE cannot sit down to write upon the future of hound breeding without being reminded, by the title, of some of the more foolish remarks which have been made by the pessimists in these early days of the war, remarks which in their turn remind one of the old gentleman who used to say that there were two classes of people, optimists and "pestimists." "Pestimist" is a very good name for the man who goes about saying that foxhunting is doomed, and the only reply that one can make to such a person is to remind him that we are now engaged upon a war, after which, we are told, there is to be a permanent and lasting peace. When that peace comes we shall, presumably, take care to make it upon such a pattern that we need not thereafter worry our heads with thoughts of war; if we do this then we can say with certainty that all peaceful pursuits will flourish and abound, and we are surely entitled to think that foxhunting will not be the exception.

Such is the answer which we may give to the pessimist who predicts the end of hunting; if foxhunting is to come to an end other forms of hunting will end at the same time, and no more will hounds of any sort pursue their quarry within these islands. We give that answer because the man to whom it is given does not deserve a more lengthy one, but if we care to examine the subject for ourselves we shall see that many and excellent reasons can be advanced in support of our optimism.

To begin with, hunting has never been anything else but doomed, but, like all those who live long under the sword of Damocles, it has become accustomed to the imminence of its end and the thought has long since ceased to trouble those who go out hunting. Some may say that whereas hunting has survived many dangers in the past, it has not until recently been hemmed about by those who would like to see its early decease, and who lose no opportunity, even in these troublous days, of putting their spoke in the wheel, or trying to.

This is a mistaken idea. When Beckford wrote his inimitable "Thoughts Upon Hunting," nearly two hundred years ago, there were many who condemned the book out of hand on the grounds of its subject. Tempers were lost and a battle royal raged over the whole theory and practice of hunting, by reason of the activities of people who were, even in those days, strongly opposed to sport upon grounds of cruelty. Things have not changed very much since those days, and the same arguments are still being used by the opponents of sport, arguments which are for the most part specious and tenable only by those whose ignorance of the practice of that which they condemn is such that they cannot see the errors into which they fall so readily. Hunting has survived these attacks in the past, and the fact that we are now engaged upon a war will not materially alter the position.

Then, hunting is to-day in a much stronger position than it was in 1914; in the year in which the Great War began everybody entered upon the struggle in a light-hearted spirit which could only have been born of ignorance. There had not, up till then, ever been a "modern war" upon a large scale, and people did not realise the horrors which were in store. The nation's war effort got going but slowly and many mistakes were made, while the foe was then much stronger than he is to-day, both morally and materially. The result was that there were some very anxious times indeed. Hunting survived those days, packs managed to carry on almost till the end, and when they did cease hunting, eventually, they were still able to maintain a foundation stock of hounds upon which the packs could be built up once more when peace was declared.

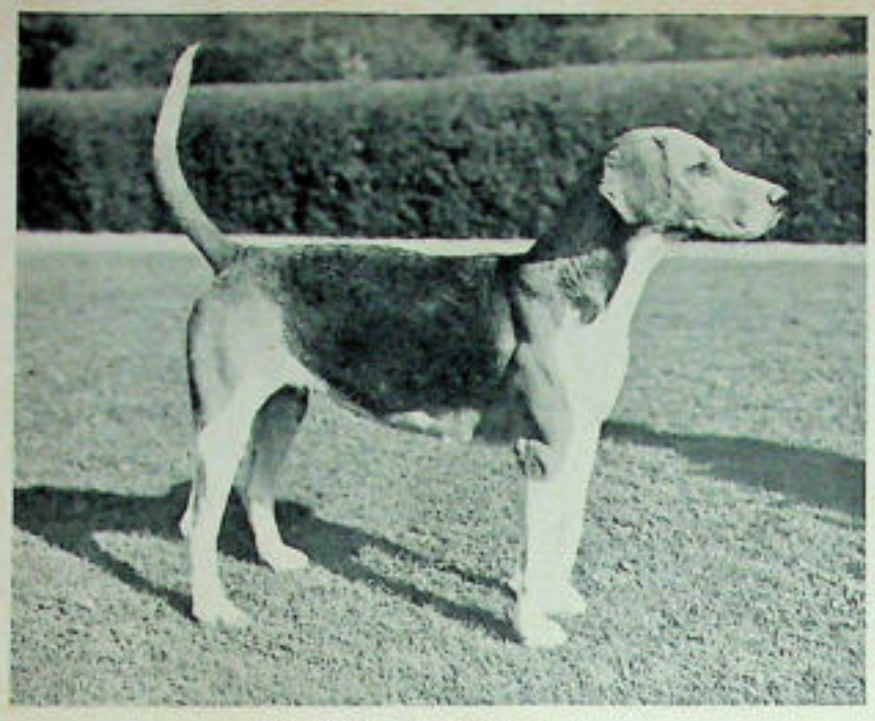
Hunting came through the Great War by reason of its own spirit and because it is one of the most cherished traditions of this country; men and women, rich and poor, came to the rescue of hunting in its hour of need, and by their united and unselfish efforts they managed to pull through. The result was that the sport of foxhunting had not suffered at the end of the Great War, as its subsequent history has proved. There may have been temporary inconveniences, but the sport as a whole had gained in strength from the trial through which it had come so triumphantly. Having come through that ordeal it showed up in a new light, or rather in an old light which had not, up till then, been fully appreciated; it showed up in the light of a national institution which was the priceless heritage of all who dwell in the countryside, quite regardless of their means or of their position. It was this broadening of the base upon which hunting rests that was the most valuable of the things which it gained from the last war. The Great War killed, once and for all, any false idea that there might have been that hunting was the pastime of the rich; it was established thereafter as the most democratic sport in the world, and the maintenance of that reputation has been a task of the greatest pleasure and the greatest pride for all hunting people ever since.

For this reason we may say with truth that hunting is in a better position to withstand the privations of a war in 1939 than it was in 1914, and there are yet other facts from which we can draw encouragement. In the course of the last twenty years we have seen a tremendous improvement in the motor-car, and that which was something of a rarity and a not very satisfactory luxury at the beginning of the last war, is at the beginning of this war the commonplace and the necessity of modern life. This improvement in the motor-car has had a very marked effect upon hunting generally, and, more than anything else, it has been responsible for bringing the townsman to the country and for adding red coats, white breeches and top boots to the wardrobes of the business man. Hunting is no longer the peculiar property of the countryman, the townspeople have entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the chase, and have brought to the pursuit of wild animals by hounds not only their enthusiasm but also their money. This means that the potential financial reserves of all kinds of hunting are now immeasurably stronger than they were before the Great War.

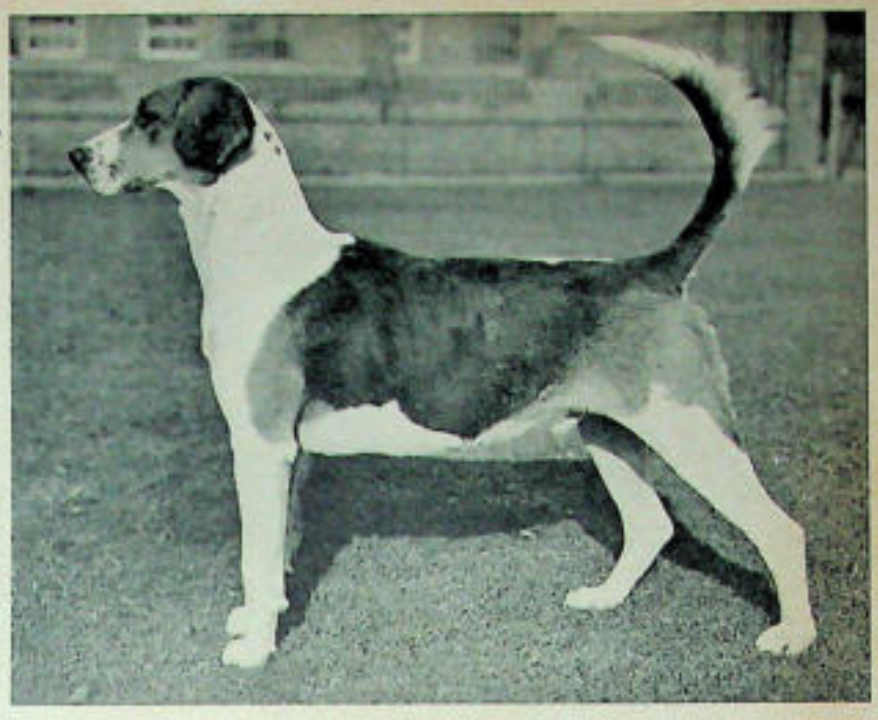
The enthusiasm of the townsman may, at times out-run his discretion and his knowledge, and some hard words may have been said about rich city foxhunters, but the way in which all but a very small minority have done their best to learn from their own mistakes and from the mistakes of others has long ago earned for them the right to take an honourable place at the coverside. They have taken to hunting and hunting has taken to them in such a way that the fusion is now complete, and town and country ride side by side without occasioning comment. The present war may mean that those who live in the towns will be removed from the sphere of active hunting for a time, and only those who live in the country will be able to snatch odd days with hounds, now and then, but the sympathies of the townsfolk will be with hounds. By their financial support in these difficult days they will be able to do a great deal to help the sport in which they have found so much pleasure, and to ensure that in time to come they will once more be able to take their places with hounds.

So hunting enters upon another great crisis with a spirit of determination, and no false ideas about the gravity of the situation or the duration of the war.

We are facing something, fully alive to what it may mean, and with no kind of exhilaration or false optimism we are "down to earth" from the beginning, and we are very well equipped for the task which lies before us. Fore-warned is fore-armed and we have not only the benefit of our realisation of the facts, but also that knowledge which we have gained from past experiences. We have also the benefit of the very strong position of the country as a whole, and of the energetic measures which have already been taken to ensure the food supplies of the nation. It is upon food more than anything else that the hunting question depends;



WARRANTY, A QUORN BITCH



VALESMAN, OF THE QUORN DOG PACK

while we have food we can have hounds, and while we have hounds we can hunt.

The question of the inevitable reduction in the size of packs of hounds has been dealt with in a previous article, and in that article was discussed the way in which packs should be reduced in size with a careful eye to the question of future breeding. But few puppies can be bred during hostilities, though when they are over packs will, once more, have to be made up to full strength. When that time comes we must be in a position to build up our packs with hounds which are up to the present high standard—there must be no retrogression.

The British foxhound of to-day is the outcome of many years of hard work and careful thought. For close upon two centuries men of wisdom and of judgment have striven to improve upon the hounds of their own day, and their efforts have resulted in the production of an animal which is now nearer to perfection of form and complete suitability for the task which he has to perform than any other creature. This high standard must at all costs be preserved and it can only be preserved by the careful fostering of an adequate breeding stock. If this stock is allowed to disappear, or is mismanaged, in the days which will come after this war, the work of two hundred years will be in danger and there will be retrogression which it may take us many long years to make good.

The very fact that the modern packs of foxhounds have reached such a high standard, representing as they do the highest achievement of science and skill, coupled with knowledge of the animal and the conditions under which he has to work, is sufficient proof that those who are now responsible for our hounds are worthy successors to the great hound-men of the past. To such men it would be impertinence to offer advice, but for the information of others, and not at all in the spirit of the wishing to teach those from whom wisdom can alone be learned, it may be said that the best policy to pursue will be one of co-operation. The breeding of hounds has always been carried on by men who, as a result of the localities in which they hunted, have set themselves a definite object; they have succeeded in attaining to a very high standard, but no man has done anything entirely single-handed. Although conditions vary so widely from country to country, and hounds have to vary to meet them, the same general lines run through nearly every pack and the same methods are employed.

To attain the standards which they have set themselves breeders have used their own hounds, but they have also had to make such additions as from time to time appeared to be desirable. They have had to go outside their own blood and to cross with such lines as they thought would "nick" with their own.

Packs of hounds which have for long been established have also had to resort to out-crosses in order to keep their blood fresh and virile; they have in many cases gone for those out-crosses to other packs which had previously been to them, and so they have got back their own blood, freshened and enlivened by that of the pack from which they are now drawing. This has been the practice through countless generations of hounds and it would seem that, in the face of any drastic reductions which may have to be made in the future, it would be as well for masters to co-operate. Packs between whom there has been a free interchange of blood can work out their own internal economy to the best advantage, arranging to keep those hounds which when mated will produce whelps of the strains each hunt wishes to perpetuate.

This would mean that if ever extreme measures have to be taken it will be a question of preserving the blood rather than of preserving individual hounds, and most people will agree that this will be the better course. If packs have to be reduced in such extreme circumstances it is not likely that it will be possible to hunt, and so all thoughts of the present will have to be subordinated to those of the future, and in the future it will be the blood which will tell and be of such importance.

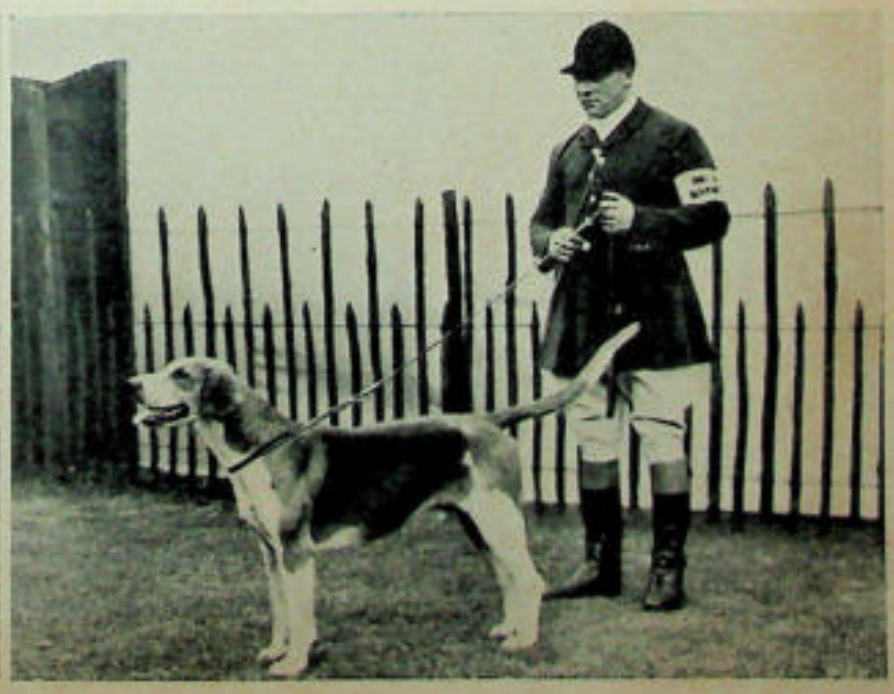
Let us hope that such extreme circumstances will never arise to make their demands upon us, but if they do let us concentrate upon the preservation for posterity of the super-excellent foxhound lines, which have been so laboriously built up at the cost of so much in both money and time. It has taken two hundred years to bring the foxhound to his present state of perfection, let us see that the product of those centuries is not squandered. If we do so we can rest assured that we shall have played a worthy part in the annals of foxhunting, and shall have ensured the continuance of the sport, for it is the hounds that hunt the fox, and the foxes will remain the same.

If we can see to it that the great hound lines are preserved intact, what with hounds and foxes we shall still have the essentials of sport as good as or better than that which we have to-day; sport which will be inherent in the two creatures and in itself; sport which will be inherent in those who participate in it, and sport which will not be affected one way or the other by the presence or by the lack of that expensive "finish" which money alone can provide.

Hunting is a matter between the fox and the hounds, and the "spit, and polish," though very nice when it can be afforded, is not essential either to enjoyment, to the killing of foxes, or to the making of good points.



THE MIDDLETON'S VILLAGER, CHAMPION DOGHOUND AT PETERBOROUGH SHOW 1938



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S DARNLEY, CHAMPION DOGHOUND, PETERBOROUGH SHOW, 1939



SPORT DURING WARFARE

Opportunities Seized in France and Macedonia

By LORD DORCHESTER

THE only thing to be said in favour of war, that I can see, is the opportunity that it sometimes affords the sportsman soldier of striking out new lines for himself. This was especially the case during the last war, where our many side-shows took the British Army all over worlds hitherto closed to it. Such a choice in variety is scarcely likely to eventuate during the present struggle, and members of the B.E.F. will be lucky if they get a crack at an occasional partridge behind the lines.

But even such mild diversions are likely to be frowned upon by the authorities, since the French Grand Quartier General by no means approved of our sporting proclivities during the late war, besides which conditions generally are entirely different to-day from what they were in 1914. In 1914, however, under the then existing conditions, and certainly during the earlier months of the war, many a mess supplemented its generous Army ration with game of all kinds.

It was during the advance from the Marne to the Aisne that I first noticed how the country across which we were marching swarmed with game. Partridges, hares and pheasants abounded, and once I saw a couple of Highlanders winging a roe-buck between them as they hastened to join their company, which had just emerged from a wood.

These observations gave me food for thought, and later, when, the battle of the Aisne froze into position warfare, I took immediate steps to procure a gun and cartridges from Paris, and many an afternoon's shooting did I enjoy round Fere-en-Tardenois before a turn in the military machine sent me early in 1915 to a Yeomanry Brigade stationed on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. This, in the vernacular, was "a bit of orl-right," because most of the owners or tenants of shootings were only too thankful if the Yeomanry officers would come and shoot their birds, and in some cases take over their shoots, so we got plenty of shooting until another revolution of that same military machine flung us forth to come to rest in the Fayoum Oasis in Egypt.

I like to imagine that such Israelites as share my tastes were only too glad to clear out of Egypt where, as far as I was concerned, my only sport was trying to ride down jackals. I certainly did have one first rate hunt while spending Boxing Day with a squadron of West Riding Yeomanry. All the officers, most of the N.C.O.'s, and many of the men took part, and great fun it was. I sent an account of this hunt to the *Field* some twenty-five years ago.

We found a brace of jack on the edge of the oasis, who went straight out into the Western Desert, with Morocco apparently as their point, but after three miles one of them turned off down a sand gully, and was seen no more. The other, a real straight-necked 'un, kept straight on and was finally ridden into and shot by . . . well, I forget his name now, but I think it was one Hugh Smith, who later took a pack of hounds in Yorkshire. This was a seven mile point, and although the word desert conjures up visions of palm trees and golden sands, easy going and soft falling, it was the hell of a rough ride in parts, what with sheet rock slippery as glass, hard shale and deep sand, to say nothing of scrambling up 100ft. sandhills, and cascading down their reverse sides; grief was plentiful.

Duck are to be got, of course, in Egypt, but I never touched a gun while in the land of the Pharaohs, and consequently did not regret the next turn of fortune's wheel which spun me to Salonika, or rather Macedonia. At first sight Salonika presents to the arriving traveller no more than a musical comedy sea front, with its celebrated White Tower, its garishly stuccoed houses and public buildings, fringing a bay of deepest blue, the waters whereof are studded with multi-coloured trading caiques, the whole framed in a background of theatrical looking hills. Better acquaintance, however, soon taught me that in and beyond those hills, lay a veritable sportman's paradise.

It should be, but never seemed to be, understood that Salonika was no more than the port of entry, and, incidentally, the G.H.Q. of the Salonika Army, whereas the front proper in the form of a rough semi-circle, lay some sixty to seventy miles to the north of the town to which it owed its name, and within this semi-circle is to be found some of the finest natural rough shooting in the world.

It is, of course, a matter of personal taste as to which particular form of shooting a man prefers, and therefore in this article I limit myself to telling him what he might have got in Macedonia if he had been there, or what he still may get should he have the luck to visit it.

As regards quantity, first prize must undoubtedly be awarded to the wild fowl, which in their hundreds of thousands, if not millions, swarm all over the country, especially in the vicinity of the greater lakes such as Langaza, Tahinos, Beshik, Ochrida, and many lesser sheets of water, also along the courses of its rivers and streams, especially in the Vardar Delta, and finally in every marsh and swamp of this wild and desolate land.

There are wild fowl in quantities, ranging from swans to teal, embracing most kinds of geese, and every duck indigenous to Europe, as well as chance-come visitors from Asia and Africa. Waders, too, of all sorts, from curlew to jack snipe, golden, green and stone plovers, bitterns, coots, moorhens, grebes, and divers, there seemed no end to their varieties. As an instance of their numbers, it used to be a regular practice for a certain machine gun nest, stationed in the Struma valley, to salute the clouds of mallard with bursts of fire, and with considerable effect. This practice was stopped by the divisional commander, on the grounds that it was a waste of ammunition, and alarmed the troops, allegations which were quite untrue. I suspect that the prohibition was due to the fact that the D.C. was very fond of duck shooting, and was always accompanied by an orderly carrying a gun whenever he rode round the outposts in no-man's-land, a duty performed meticulously during the shooting season.

As another example of the multitude of ducks; the office of the Record department, which was established near a favourite grazing ground for duck, close to the Galliko river on the outskirts of Salonika, during one winter not only fed themselves on duck, but supplied quantities to the hospitals and other units, and in addition "laid down" in cold store a cellar of some five hundred birds.

On one foggy morning, one officer alone collected ninety-six mallard to his own gun, just wandering around the aforesaid grazing ground.

But wild fowl by no means exhaust the sporting possibilities of Macedonia, grey partridges were to be had for the seeking; in fact, in many places one had but to listen to the coveys calling in the evening to be able to locate them with exactitude next day, either on the corn or maize stubbles, the rough grass, or among the young tobacco plants, or in the vineyards, according to the time of day, or where you happened to find yourself. Apropos of partridges, they were uniformly robust and healthy, and I never saw a weakly bird, which I attribute to the survival of the fittest in a country swarming not only with hawks of all kinds and other vermin, but which is also afflicted by an extremely swift and agile grass snake, which here grows to an average length of six to seven feet.

These snakes are most voracious bird fanciers and work havoc among domestic fowls, so I have no doubt that the partridges, too, suffer from their attentions. A brother officer told me that he killed one of these snakes which had a bulge in its middle. Subsequent investigations disclosed a newly-swallowed stoat. I have since wondered whether even a six-foot grass snake would tackle a stoat, and whether my friend had not mistaken a constrictor, of which there exists a small variety in Macedonia, for an outsize grass snake. Perhaps one of my readers will tell me whether grass snakes do or do not constrict their prey. I feel I ought to know, but do not.

Talking of hawks, I had an interesting experience one day in the Struma Valley, when shooting partridges over a setter. A covey rose out of shot, when with a whizz of wings, a peregrine, whom I had not noticed, flashed down and just failed to catch the hindmost bird. Up went the hawk again, and "waited on" above me, as I and Ponto once more sprung the partridges, again the hawk stooped without success, because the covey kept very low and was down into the grass before he could "connect."

Thrice the performance was repeated, the covey getting nearer and nearer to some low bushes, into which they finally dived. Determined not to be done out of my dinner I worked those bushes for all I was worth, but they never moved a feather, so both I and the peregrine had to give them best.

In addition to grey partridges, we got a lot of fun out of chikor, a local variety of frenchman, or vice versa. They were much harder to get at than partridges as a rule, for they usually kept to the hilly ground, but when flushed high up, chikor, though lacking speed, would often give a colourable imitation of driven grouse in the variety of their flight, sometimes swooping down a gully on stiffened pinions, at others darting along the hill side, rising and falling with the lie of the land, and sometimes, risking a long flight in the open, the whole covey would soar boldly out across a ravine to seek safety on a distant hill.

Wild fowl, partridges, chikor, would seem to offer entertainment sufficing for a soldier in his limited spare time, but Macedonia is no niggard in her favours, for to those already granted she added the finest woodcock shooting in the world, all free, gratis, and for nothing, asking no more of you than that you should work, but not too hard, for your sport. In fact, if you found the right spot to wait in (and this was the chief point), you need not work at all, but could always be sure of a twilight flight of 'cock from the hills to their low lying feeding grounds.

Woodcock, unlike partridges and chikor and many of the wild fowl, are winter visitors, pure and simple, but of such regular habits that the dates of their arrival and departure form calendar points for the Greek sportsmen, who refer to the 23rd of October as the day woodcock arrive. Punctually to the day, the 23rd of October, do they arrive, and as punctually depart during the third week of March. Thus it is said of them, and so did I find it at the beginning and end of three seasons.

I shot but one pheasant during my stay in Macedonia, yet saw them very frequently during early morning patrols in the wide no-man's-land between the opposing lines. These birds were very evasive, and they always kept close to thick cover, usually an impenetrable marsh, dense wood, or a hill side clothed in ilex scrub or Mediterranean heath, which here grows to a height of 10ft. or more. At the first signs of danger they would make for cover hotfoot, and would run on indefinitely, very seldom rising even if pursued by a dog. I cannot say whether as a usual thing they jug on the ground or roost in trees. Probably they do both, but while I have found jugging places I have never heard them going up to roost as they do in this country. They certainly jug on the Turkestan steppe where I have seen them, because here there are no trees for them to roost upon.

Turning to other sport, wild pig were very plentiful, but extremely difficult to shoot owing to the nature of the country, but I and some brother officers accounted for an immense boar in an offshoot of the Orliak Ravine, just below the Lahana Plateau. On this occasion we were assisted by a Greek shepherd and "Venezelos," his diminutive dog, half a Greek beagle and half anything. "Venezelos" was a tiger after pig. He boldly threaded the densest underwood, and so harried and annoyed a couching sounder that it was compelled to break cover, and one of our party managed to wound the boar which "Venezelos" kept at bay until help arrived. I shot another boar in the Forest of Belgrade, near Constantinople, this time again with the help of some Greeks and a single pig-tracking cur. Red deer and roe deer are also plentiful but require more planning than we could manage.

During the British occupation all the peasants were relieved of their guns, and this may have accounted in some measure for the immense quantities of game and it certainly did account for the great increase in wolves which, towards the end of our stay, had become very numerous and fairly bold. There was one particular litter that lay up in a rocky juniper-clad hill close to the Guvezne-Amber Keni road and these I used to see most mornings when riding in that direction.

In conclusion I must just refer to the wild cattle in the Mesca Marshes; whether originally tame, which natives assured me they were not, they are now as wild as any bison, and are very seldom seen by man, and no Englishman as far as I know has either shot or seen one. Their habitat is confined to what might be termed the Mesca Sanderbunds, a huge tract of grass and reed-covered marsh, pierced by a multitude of boggy creeks. Incidentally, too, the whole area is infested with malarial anopheles and the natives shun it as they would shun the plague.

The Mesca Marshes lay in enemy territory, so we had no opportunity of trying conclusions with these most retiring beasts; but they are still there, and I am always hoping to hear that some one has taken them on.

This sketch of the shooting possibilities of Macedonia makes no mention of many of its other attractions that fall within the category of "Sport in War," but I can assure my readers that both horse and hounds (of a sort), fox, hare and jackal, played their part nobly in helping to keep us amused by providing a much-needed anodyne to an army of exiles.

FLAT RACING REVIEWED



LORD MILFORD'S CHALLENGE (E. SMITH UP) WINNING THE KINGSCLERE PLATE AT NEWBURY FROM TOUT CHANCE AND CILLAS

A FAMOUS trainer recently said, *apropos* the the best sprint horses of recent seasons, that there was not one among them who could be compared with Gold Bridge and Tetratema. These, in his opinion, have been the best horses over five and six furlongs of the last 20 years.

Most people will agree with him. There may have been this year more horses in the top class among sprinters than usual, but there was so little difference between the best that they repeatedly beat each other. I think that the championship, for what it is worth, should go to the three-year-old Portobello.

When not quite at his best he met Panorama at Newmarket in April. Neither had been beaten as two-year-olds, and none would have been surprised if on this occasion the verdict had been a dead heat. It went by a head to Panorama, but they met again at Hurst Park in May, and this time Portobello won by a short head.

Panorama proceeded to lose his form, and the filly Cosmolone became Portobello's most persistent rival. They met three times. On the first occasion—at Ascot—he was left at the post, and she won. Twice later he beat her narrowly, over six furlongs at Newmarket, and five furlongs at York.

The old horse, Mickey the Greek, twice asserted strong claims to the championship. He won the King's Stand Stakes at Ascot by three lengths with 20 representatives of the best sprinting form behind him—including Portobello, who was third. At Goodwood he beat Cosmolone by a short head at weight for age and sex, but he had lapses during the season, and twice finished behind Portobello.

Another very fast three-year-old, Gold Vista, a daughter of Gold Bridge, only ran twice. She was three lengths behind Portobello and Panorama at Hurst Park, but beat Panorama by a neck for the Fern Hill Stakes at Ascot.

Negotiations for her sale to the United States were dropped when the war started. Major Beatty, who trains her for Lady Beatty, tells me that the present intention is to mate her next spring to Bahram, and to run her once or twice in the first part of the season.

The most striking feature of the last part of the flat-race season was the performances of the handicap sprinter Antecedent. Three times his trainer, Geoffrey Barling, obtained leave from the Artillery unit with which he is serving, to see the gelding run and each time he won. The victory which Antecedent gained at Newbury last week showed that he had become one of the best handicap sprinters of the season. He was receiving 3lb. from Shalfleet and giving 1lb. to the remarkably consistent Carnival Boy. He finished two lengths in front of them and is evidently superior now to Shalfleet at even weights.

It is worth turning to this year's Wokingham Stakes form to see precisely the improvement which Antecedent made in the second half of the season. When he was second in the Ascot race he was receiving 17lb. from Shalfleet, who ran him to a short head. At the age of eight years, Shalfleet is not improving, but if, as is probable, he was much the same horse last week as he was at Ascot, Antecedent must have improved about 21lb. meanwhile. By Beresford out of Countess of Hainault, Antecedent was bred by Mr. D. O'M. Leahy and sold by him as a yearling at the Newmarket July Sales for 850gns., to Mr. T. F. Blackwell, who still owns him.

The merit of the best sprinters was not above the average standard of other seasons, but the stayers, who competed for the principal honours, fell far below it. With the possible exception of Scottish Union, the best representative of last year's classic form, the field for the Ascot Gold Cup was of comparatively poor quality, and Flyon, the winner, will never be regarded as a good horse.

RECORDS OF 1939

Lord Rosebery leads the owners with £38,540 in stakes, and had victories by Blue Peter in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the Eclipse Stakes. Lord Derby is second with £22,275. They occupy the same position as breeders, Lord Rosebery, with £37,377, Lord Derby with £17,455. Jack Jarvis leads the trainers with a total of £56,220, J. Lawson following with £33,192. Gordon Richards leads the jockeys with 155 winners.

Scottish Union, who was not a true stayer according to cup standards, did not enhance his reputation as a four-year-old notwithstanding his Coronation Cup victory and the horses of his age were on the whole a moderate lot. One of them, Challenge, second to Scottish Union in the St. Leger last year and winner of the Jockey Club Stakes, did not win a race this season until he beat Tout Chance and the disappointing Cillas, winner of last year's French Derby, at Newbury last week.

Lord Milford intends to keep Challenge in training for next season. At ordinary times he would not be difficult to sell as a stallion for a fair price, assuming his owner did not wish to keep him at stud himself. He was narrowly beaten by Scottish Union for the St. Leger. This season he was third to his stable companion Blue Peter in the Eclipse Stakes and filled the same place behind Heliopolis in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. He is by Apelle out of Molly Adare, a descendant of Pretty Polly. Molly Adare has had several other winners, Bold Devil (by Horus) and Fearless Fox (by Foxlaw) among them.

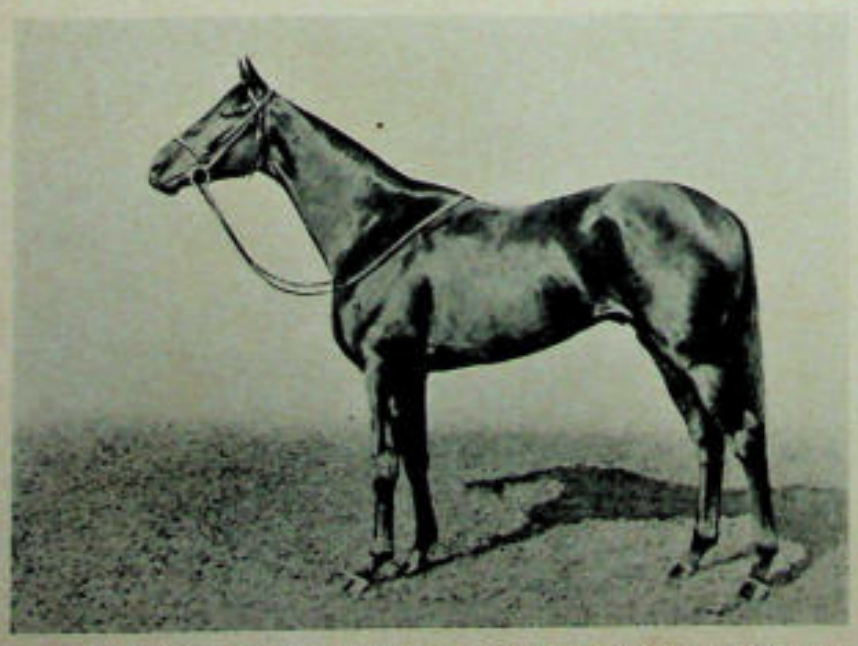
Since Cantatrice II won the Cesarewitch her owner, Sir Alfred Butt, has reconsidered his intention not to run her again. All depends on the prospects of next season's racing when the time comes to decide whether she should be covered or not. He is wondering if it will be possible to run the Ascot Gold Cup, as he would, I think, be inclined to have the mare trained for it.

The past flat-race season has, in fact, been rather a "one horse" show. The £31,964 which Blue Peter won in stake money has placed his owner, Lord Rosebery, at the top both of the owners and breeders' lists. His trainer, Jack Jarvis, heads the list of winning trainers for the first time in his career, while it is entirely due to Blue Peter that his sire, Fairway, has been easily the most successful stallion of the year. And though E. Smith, the rider of Blue Peter, does not head the list of jockeys, it has certainly been for him a memorable season. In addition to his Two Thousand, Derby and Eclipse Stakes, victories on that colt, he also won the Ascot Gold Cup on Lord Milford's Flyon. This happy association of owner, trainer and jockey finished the season in great form by winning the November Handicap with Tutor and another race with Titan at Manchester last Saturday.

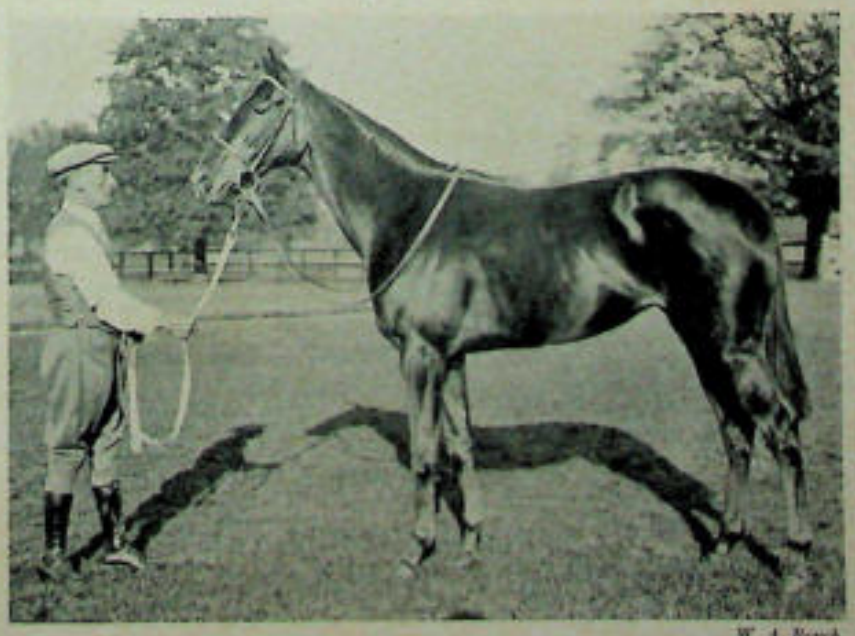
There is nothing new for me to say about Blue Peter; those who can listen to the broadcast which Jack Jarvis is to give this (Saturday) evening will hear from him all about this truly great colt.

Gordon Richards was again the most successful jockey and this was the thirteenth time in the last fourteen years that he has headed the list. He rode 155 winners compared with 206 last season and 214 in 1937. His best year was in 1933, when he had 259 winners, and beat Fred Archer's record. Richards, who is 35, can still "do" 7st. 11lb. Whilst this comparatively light weight gives him more opportunities to ride in handicaps than are available to the best of his contemporaries, it is one of the smallest factors which contribute to his well-merited pre-eminence. One in five of his mounts this year was successful and his percentage of winners to losers was about double that of most of the other riders in the front rank.

YEOMAN.



"THE CHAMPIONSHIP SHOULD GO TO THE THREE-YEAR-OLD PORTOBELLO"



W. A. Rouch

GOLD VISTA, A FAST THREE-YEAR-OLD, DAUGHTER OF GOLD BRIDGE

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Normanton-by-Bottesford is a fixture to gladden the eye of those acquainted with one of the nicest corners of the Belvoir country. Alas! at the recent meeting a gathering of less than a score were present, and Lord Daresbury, on leave from military duties, had no over-riding problems to fear. Tweed coats and coloured stocks gave his field the air of perpetual cub-hunting, and a few khaki figures proved that the army is not entirely restricted to mechanical "exercise." Second horses and horse boxes are things of the past, the ubiquitous aeroplane being the only discordant feature of the scene which, mellow with autumn as in an old print, must have looked much the same a century ago.

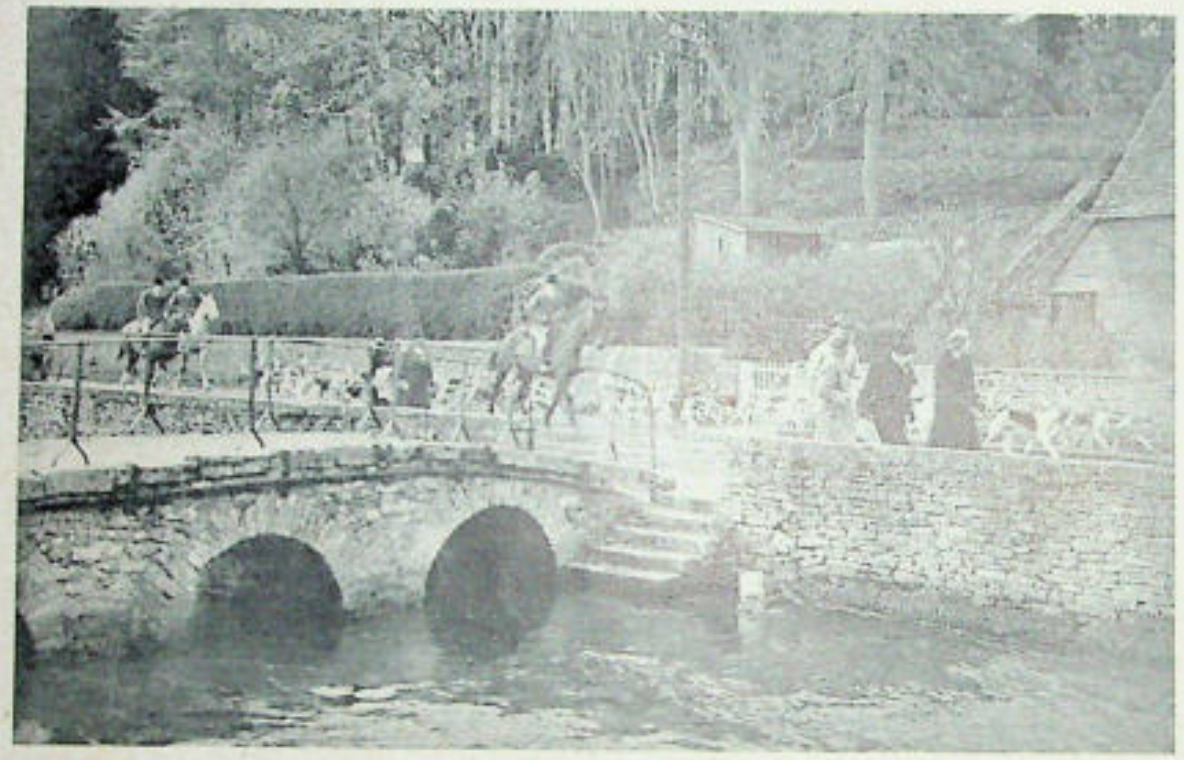
Normanton Little Covert was not considered a certainty as starlings had been busy in it, but Mr. and Mrs. Lovett's fox wards are tough enough, and one at least was there to provide a good pipe-opener. Crossing the low fields towards Staunton there was never much scent, and several foxes jumped up as the hunt progressed, or rather diminished. A nip in the afternoon air paradoxically warmed things up. When Allington was drawn only a lucky few remained. Foxes broke out on every side of the low covert, but this time the bitches were of one mind, as they swept up the hill to the park with a tumultuous cry. Probably headed in the lane the fox turned down as if for the covert again, but, changing his mind, led at a smart pace across to Half-crown Thorns, and then carried on towards Debdales, but leaving this to the left, hounds hunted more slowly across the railway between Muston and Bottesford. Once over the road, however, they picked up the line and crossed the river Devon, leaving the field to wonder whether they would ever make the necessary detour in time to see the pack again. Information said that the pack had disappeared over the rise towards Muston Gorse. Here is a lovely bit of country to ride over, mostly pasture with rock fences and inviting bits of timber. Relinquishing the idea of Muston, however, the fox turned right-handed and probably went on to the Rectory, but by the time hounds checked just beyond Scrimshaw's Mill horses had had enough, after a four-and-a-half mile point, full of enjoyment. UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—There was a good show of foxes at Manmead when the pack met at Alford on the 14th, but unfortunately two, in quick succession, found an open earth within a few fields of the covert. From Behester Gorse a fox started as though for the Vale, but swinging left-handed ran through Barrow Village. Hounds hunted him at a fair pace through Sparkford Wood and Wearyall, to Castle Cary, where he went to ground near the cemetery.

On the Thursday Colonel Digby was hunting hounds when they met at Holnest, and a good hunt was scored from Burton Hill Wood. The pack run by Broke and Bishop's Down Plantation to Fernie Down, before turning back to Broke and going more slowly on towards Folke where scent failed.

On Saturday, Captain Taylor-Whitehead entertained a large war-time field at Sutton Montis. Several foxes were soon afoot in Marston Thorns, and hounds hunted the one selected out towards Rimpton. He soon doubled back and running through the covert continued on to the southern slopes of Cadbury Rings, where scent failed. After chopping a fox in Wearyall hounds went on to North Cadbury, and a stout fox from the kale field at Cadbury Court provided the hunt of the day. The pack ran fast by Galhampton Manor to Wearyall, but finding the main earth stopped the fox retraced his steps by Galhampton Manor almost to Woolston, when he swung left-handed to Yarlington and found sanctuary underground near Yarlington House, after a good hunt of 75 minutes, though not over the best country.

B. Y. H.



HOUNDS PASSING THROUGH BIBURY ON THE WAY TO A MEET OF THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S)

BRAES OF DERWENT.—Saturday (November 18th) from Broomley was a good day. Going away with one of several foxes in Broomley Wood hounds screamed over the Broomley Lane towards Hedley, there turning right-handed passed Broomley Village, going on straight to Broomley Fell. Skirting this they went on over the Hexham—Shotley Bridge Road into Healey Big Wood. They hunted a big circle round the wood, and came back parallel with the main road to Sandyford Cottage, crossing the road to Broomley Fell, where the fox was marked to ground in the main earth after a good 40 minutes, without a check.

Hounds were next taken to a field of kale, near Broomley Village, where a fox had been seen to enter. Sure enough he was there, but hounds were too quick for him, as they had a view and caught him in the first field. There were several foxes in Cat Dene, and after hunting for some time in covert hounds pushed one away to Shelford Wood and Whiteside to the Broomley Road, where he was headed back outside the covert for some distance before he entered, to go to ground under an old tree.

Finding again in Cat Dene hounds ran to Broomley Wood and Broomley Grange, back to the wood, over the Hindley Road to Stocksfield. Still bearing right-handed past the ford to Hindley Hall and New Ridley Village, left-handed to Stocksfield Golf Course, and over the Branch End Road, the pack entered Apperley Wood. Hunting straight through hounds ran on to Lightfoot Gate and turned sharp back to Apperley Bank, sinking the hill near Linderagg. Now closer to their fox they went nearly up to the Hollins. Gaining a view at him in some long rushes and fallen branches, they hunted him up and down for some time till he completely beat them. Hounds had hunted this fox wonderfully for 1 hour 45 minutes. B. D.

CATTISTOCK.—After a fairly successful cub-hunting season, a meeting of the subscribers and supporters of the Cattistock was held at the King's Arms, in Dorchester, on October 30th, Colonel The Lord Digby, M.C., D.S.O., being in the chair. He pointed out the difficulties which faced the Master during the coming season, and explained that it had been necessary to guarantee him a matter of £2,000 to defray expenses for the coming season. He hoped that subscribers would be generous and that this amount would be forthcoming, so that the committee would not have to resort to their reserve in order to provide necessary funds. The meeting voted unanimously to approve the reduction of hounds authorized by the committee, and that it was the sense of those present that hunting must be carried on as efficiently as possible.

Hounds met the following day at Upwey and, finding their first fox in the gorses above the Wishing Well, staged a spectacle which must have been exciting for about forty evacuated London children. If a drag had been laid it could not have been better arranged for the onlookers; and although the hunt, from a riding point of view, was nothing, it was worth going a long way to hear those children cheer when the end came in the middle of a field below the hill on which they were gathered.

A second fox furnished a better hunt and was killed after a nice twenty minutes gallop; but it remained for a bold customer, unkenneled from Darrybouse Gorse, to furnish the best sport of the day. Crossing the valley to Hyde, hounds bore left-handed toward Upwey village, and drove over the meadows through Hewish, where the fox was headed, and returned to Hyde, where he dwelt. Scent was good, however, and hounds forced him out towards his original point, but this time he avoided Hewish and crossed the railway line, running nearly to Upwey village, where he turned left-handed for the Monument. The field, which had dwindled to half a dozen, was hard put to it to stay with hounds, as they crossed the Waddon Vale; for many horses are not on regular feed this season and a really hard hunt takes it out of them. At Friar Waddon hounds were close at their fox's brush and going on at a pace that had outdistanced everyone save the hunt-man, Miss Hayes, Mr. Peter Bishop, and your correspondent—even they were grateful when hounds were at fault in the gorses at Bronkham, and breathed a sigh of relief when, finally stopped, the signal to go home was given.

Again on the following Saturday, when hounds met at North Perrott, there was a great crowd of children gathered to watch the sport, and although on that occasion the spectacle provided was not so good, perhaps the field were glad to get a really nice day's sport from Maltraver's Gorse, which can always be trusted to provide a pilot in that district. With Captain Martyr the junior joint Master away on duty, and Major Batten busy with the duties which naturally fall upon him as head of many of the auxiliary organisations at Yeovil, it falls upon Gosden, the Cattistock huntsman, to provide the best sport possible for Cattistock subscribers, and he is making a gallant effort to do so.

LINCOLS.

COTSWOLD NORTH.—Mr. W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H., has rejoined his regiment and during his absence Major E. Weld Forester has consented to act as deputy master.

COTTESMORE.—Although these times one feels rather diffident about chronicling good runs, on the other hand when I remember in France, during the last war, how eagerly we looked forward to the arrival of the *Field* so that we might read of the doings of the various packs, I then feel I am doing some small thing to lighten the boredom now existing in France. Therefore, I am sure all will be interested overseas to hear we have had an excellent week since last reports.

On November 13th Holywell was the fixture. Hounds did not find in Holywell, but a fox from Turnpole was hunted slowly over some bad scenting ground into Holywell and lost. Woodhead Woods redeemed the day with a nice gallop of thirty-five minutes over an unusual line, hounds running nicely towards Great Casterton. Leaving this on the left they passed Tickencote Hall and lost their fox between the Lawn Wood and Bloody Oaks.

From Whadboro Cross Roads on the Tuesday they had a good day. Finding at once in the south corner of Owston Big Wood, the fox crossed the road for Masfield, but turned back into covert, and going away at once on the Withcote side and leaving the Hall on the right run well into Launde Park Wood, where he was lost after a good twenty-five minutes. Another from Chereldyne Coppice was some time breaking covert before taking to the Lovers' Walk at Launde, where scent vanished. At Knossington a big dog fox was soon away, and leaving Sewerby Village on the right completed a ring through a part of big Owston Wood and back to Knossington; thirty-two minutes over a splendid line. Going away again from Knossington hounds ran past Cold Overton, which was held on the right, past the breeding earths at Alton Banks and killed their fox in the open just over the Sewerby-Owston road, after a first-rate hunt of fifty-five minutes. He was a big dog fox. Hounds had run well all the time and over a big, but fair line of country.

A HUNTING DECISION THAT MET WITH MUCH APPROVAL





THE WHADDON CHASE DECIDE TO CARRY ON AFTER A MEETING HELD AT THE BELL HOTEL, WINSLOW

Left: Major Digby Whitehead, the Field Master, talking to Captain H. S. Roberts, and Captain H. Morton discuss the decision to continue the hunt for the benefit of the country until serving members return. Right: The Whaddon Chase field moving off with Mrs. Digby Whitehead leading



AT THE WHADDON CHASE MEETING

Lord Auckland, Chairman of the Hunt Committee with Messrs. J. North, W. Norman and T. Buckingham



A NEW ASPECT OF THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR EVACUEES

Among the spectators assembled at the Bolney village meet of the Crawley and Horsham on Armistice Day were many young folk from the towns



NOT IN ENGLAND BUT NEAR THE HAGUE IN HOLLAND WHERE HUNTING IS POPULAR

Beaumont chase on the 18th provided another excellent day. Scent was poor in covert and outside in the morning but improved later. There were several foxes in Wardley, but scent was bad. Nothing much was done with one hunted up by the old golf links. The pack found in the wild gorse at Quakers and ran well over the hill and crossed the Rillington road, almost reaching Leighfield Lodge. Here the hunt turned over the Hog's Back and ran well past Turner's Gorse, before swinging left-handed into Wardley Woods, where a well-hunted fox was not accounted for after an excellent thirty minutes. From Quakers another fox ran up to the Toll Bar, turned left-handed, and went on almost to Mr. March's farm before turning down towards Leighfield Lodge. He continued on straight through Launde Park Woods, past Witheote and into Chesseldyne Coppice, where hounds were stopped after an excellent hunt of one hour.—Foxy.

Dorset, South.—Hounds have had a good cub-hunting season, and, in spite of the epidemic of foot and mouth disease which seriously interfered with hunting for three weeks, have killed well over thirty-five brace of foxes to date. I had a good day with them from a meet at the Golf Club on Thursday, November 2nd, when Captain Welkesley-Wesley brought the bitches to hunt the cubs that are always in the gorses on the golf course, in spite of the fact that ordinarily people are playing on it on every day of the week. One of the caddies told me the other day that the cubs like to play with lost golf balls, and his statement was born out by the S.D. Terrier-man, who told me that no less than seventeen were found in and near the mouth of one earth from which a fox was evicted some years ago.

On the day in question hounds found their first fox not far from the club-house and killed him close to the eighth hole which overlooks Weymouth Bay. It was not a great hunt, but hounds worked remarkably well and stuck to their fox till the end. Subsequently another from Down Wood gave a better gallop, but saved his brush at an un-stopped earth.

On the 6th hounds met at Stinsford House, the residence of the late Master of the Cattistock, and there partook of the hospitality which was set before them by Mr. and Mrs. Higginson. Shelter, too, they needed, for a rougher morning it would be hard to imagine. Rain, wind, thunder and lightning, and even hail-stones, "as big as golf balls" as one man put it, prophesied anything but a good day's sport, and the fact that Stinsford withy-bed was without its usual occupant was anything but encouraging. However, on Mr. Tory's land a fox was unkennelled, and hounds gave the field a short gallop, that was unluckily brought to a close by a second hail-storm which destroyed every vestige of scent. Lovelace's Gorse provided the next fox and this time the fates were kinder, for he gave a good gallop, running towards Piddletrenthide and taking a big left-handed swing, before he finally went to ground in the covert from which he started.

It was a nice hunt, and many of the field, who were pretty well soaked and whose horses had had enough anyway, went home; but the Master and the "faithful" who always stay till the end (and get many a good hunt by so doing), followed him to Lackington Gorse where a fresh fox was soon found.

Away he went—up wind—setting his mask for King Grove, and running over the lovely pastures that border the South Dorset country, along the Sherborne road which divides it from Cattistock territory. At King Grove he swung square left-handed and crossing into Cattistock country went over Black Hill, then sank the Cerne Valley which is on the far side. Crossing the road up from Dorchester, this stout customer pressed on towards Sydling, and once hounds were on the good grass fields, which lie on the western slope of the valley, they drove on at a pace that told on horses who had been running hard for half an hour. Perhaps it was as well that a shepherd watching his flock on Crown Point pastures, saw the fox coming—for we should have had a hard time to keep them in sight much farther—but be that as it may, certain it is that he did turn the fox, who faced with the on-coming pack close at him found safety in an open earth in the nearby gorses, at the end of a brilliant forty minutes.—Lincoln.

Haydon.—Hounds showed a capital day's sport on the 11th, after meeting at Sewing Shields. Finding at once on the Crags they ran by the Black Covert in a big circle, then struck away east by the Lake Covert, making a big right-handed circle. Just touching the west end of Fozzy Moss, they crossed the military road, pointing south as if for Camp Hill. Swinging left-handed the pack raced across Greyside Fell by Middle House, checking for the first time by Settling Stones Dam, when a fresh fox jumped up and hounds divided. The Master went on with one lot, and they ran straight to Camp Hill and Carryside, catching their fox in the open just short of Quarry Wood, after making a four mile point, and covering ten miles of country.

The Master found he had only three-and-a-half couples of hounds, and going back to Sewing Shields got news of some hounds running to Bonny-rigg. He collected another five couples by the Roman Wall, at Moss Kennel, and with eight-and-a-half couples went on and found another fox in the Lake Covert. Going away east this one ran almost the same line as the first, and hounds went at a great pace through Fozzy Moss, over Camp Hill to Settling Stones Dam, by Ladyshields, over Mill Hills, and back through Moss Kennel, catching their fox in the open on Jack Davidson's farm at Bradley, after a brilliant 40 minutes without a check. When hounds divided in the first hunt, six-and-a-half couples, with a whipper-in in pursuit, ran south to Ladyshields, by Beanwham, through Muckle Moss, straight to the Old Mines, at Chesterwood, where they marked their fox to ground. This was one of those rare scenting days, when hounds can hunt and catch foxes without assistance.—H.

Hertfordshire.—The Hunt Club, at a meeting held recently, decided unanimously to request the Joint Masters to continue hunting the country in a modified way, for the purpose of killing foxes and to keep the packs going. The horses and hounds in kennels have been drastically reduced. Hounds will meet two days a week at 10 a.m. and return to kennels early.—H.

Stevenstone, East.—The Master and his wife are both serving their country and therefore are seldom able to have a hunt with their hounds, the mastership of which they took over when the Stevenstone country was divided into two packs, each one hunting two days a week. Mr. Moor-Stevens is huntsman and C. Johns is whipper-in to the Stevenstone, East. The feeling of goodwill is 98 per cent., and farmers in the country are most anxious to keep the pack going during the War.

Mrs. Bond, the Master's wife, was home on leave on Tuesday in last week, when hounds met at the Kennels, and brought the pack good luck and a nice hunt. It was raining when Mr. Moor-Stevens drew hounds out of kennels and there was a fog. However, by the time they had found in Squirrel Wood (which was the first draw) the fog had lifted. Hounds were soon away on good terms with their fox and ran fast towards Dodscott before turning left-handed to Ward. Here they wheeled to the left again over the Belle Vue High Bullen Road into Deepmoors. After a short time spent in hunting round these big moors the pack forced their fox away over the Torrington—Barnstaple Road, and with the Reservoir on their left reached Waggdon Farm, being at fault near Huntshaw Wood. Hounds hit the line back to Deepmoors and again went on towards Hatchmoor, but could make little of it, and it was not until that covert was entered at 1.30 that they fresh-found their fox. Then came a fast half-hour past Peagham Barton into Deepmoors, in the middle of which the pack checked for a short time, but they went on over much the same line as they had traversed in the morning. This time after leaving Waggdon they raced through part of Huntshaw Wood over Darracott Moor, and killed their fox in the open at the top of Prescott Brake at two o'clock. Everyone was pleased to see Mrs. Bond there when hounds killed their fox, and wished that the Master and other absentees could have been there too.—S.

Tynedale.—Hounds met at West Wharmsley Gate on November 13th, and after killing a fox in Bush Spinney found again in Carr's Burn, then ran towards Glen Dhu, making a circle back into Carr's Burn, where they marked to ground. Some time was spent hunting the foxes in Wharmsley Crags, without going far afield. Finding again in the Hirst hounds ran over the Carlisle Road into Glen Dhu, where they lost their fox and the day ended.

From the meet at Bygate Cross Roads on Wednesday a brace of foxes were found in the spinney close by, and hounds dividing nothing much was done. At the School House Plantation a fox was found at the Belsay Village end and, crossing the main road into the Morpeth country, hounds continued on towards Ogle Village in a big circle, then coming back lost their fox a few fields from Belsay Village. Finding on the Crags hounds ran to the far end and caught one fox; in the meantime a hound killed another single-handed.—T.

Tipperary (Ireland).—Several visitors were among the field at New Inn on the 15th. The first fox from Kelly's went to ground close to the Cahir Road, after a short and twisty hunt; then, finding in Marlhill, hounds ran well through Rockwell College, passed Dogstown, and nearly reached Rathcoann Cross before being defeated. A fox from Dogstown disappeared in a few fields, but another from Halley's Bog provided a good hunt. Hounds ran fast towards Rosegreen, and bore left-handed nearly to the commons, short of which they crossed the Cashel Road to Lyonstown. Running on through Treyer's Glen they marked in the bog about a mile beyond. However, the fox bolted, and being on terms, hounds hunted well through Lowesgreen to Mr. Quinn's farm at Kilbragh. Leaving this on their right, they continued to within a field of Coolmoyne creamery before turning left-handed to Kilconnel Castle. From here the pack persevered well to Kilbragh, where they were stopped, as all the horses were dead beat. Hounds had run for two hours, covered about eleven miles of country, and made a point of five and three-quarter miles.—T. C. V.

CHARM OF NOVEMBER'S COUNTRY

There are those to whom the country only appeals in the high months of summer. Bright, warm days, flowers, luxuriant foliage, lush grass, sparkling streams, and the setting for picnic parties are to them the blessings that the country bestows. But as soon as the season changes and autumn mists, winds or rain, transform the scene to a grimmer, wilder aspect they shake the mud from their feet and repair to the cosier attractions of the city.

It is all understandable. For unless one has the urge to probe into the inner meaning of the countryside, it is natural to appreciate alone what lies on the surface. As a child will choose the most colourful cake from the dish or pick the brightest flower, so will an urban dweller skim what appears to be the cream from the woods and fields of our shires.

Lucky then is he who has a perennial interest in the life of the soil. He may be farmer, field sportsman, naturalist, or just one who has been born and bred in the heart of rural England. To such every season, every month, every kind of weather, holds out some interest or attraction. A pouring day, a gale, frost or snow, each and all have a very definite meaning and a direct bearing upon his activities. It may be what he wants or what he does not want. But whatever it is, it holds his attention and gives him food for thought. And so a deep understanding grows and an outlook that at once places him as a real countryman.

There may be, in fact there are, followers of field sport to whom the inner secrets of the soil are a closed book. But it is true to say that the majority come under the spell that long associations are able to give. And one of the strongest spells is that which November casts upon the shooting or hunting man. It can be argued that this is just because the month sees the big pheasant shoots in progress or the beginning of hunting proper. It may be because of these things that the sportsman has learnt to love the thinning coverts and waterlogged fields. Shooting and hunting may have been the factors that first initiated him into the love of wild life. But having once penetrated beyond the surface, he is gripped by a force which holds him and which can well keep him irrespective of his love of the chase. The praises of autumn tints, of the gold and russet leaf have been sung all down the centuries. But November means winter, when the combined effects of wind, wet and frost have laid bare another world. A world of damp earth and decaying foliage, of bare trees and no longer blind fences, in which one finds new sights, new mysteries and new adventure. A tree is a thing of beauty to behold in all the glory of its summer clothing. But is it less beautiful when, stripped of its embroidery and trappings, its true figure is exposed to all who care to see? Not a bit of it. It is rather a pattern of intricate tracery in which life ever stirs.

Perhaps the day is bitingly cold. Then at once the larch and spruce or the evergreen undergrowth, the patches of gorse and brambles give a sense of warmth and snugness, an attraction that game will never be slow to enjoy. The mellow feeling of harvest, of October, has gone. But each field and spinney, each hedge and wood, every tree in fact stands out distinct with a character of its own. This is a time of distinction, of true colours, of real unvarnished truth. It is a time when those who are abroad are those who belong, those who have at least found some of the secrets, some of the mysteries of a wilder world.

But the scene may not be that of an arable or pastoral land, of dark secluded woodlands and gorse strewn commons. Perhaps there is hardly a tree, hardly a sign of vegetation, and not a dwelling for twenty miles. Just a desolate tract, an apology for a road, almost limitless brown bogland stretching away to dim mountains, sometimes blue, sometimes green, never quite the same, always remote, invincible. Winds that blow straight off the Atlantic, rocky islands, loughs, rivers and estuaries. Geese honking in from some lonely bar, curlew calling, snipe to be flushed. A land that has defied the hand of man or time to alter its grim and savage nature. What is there here, in November's harsh hours, for human soul? Nothing or perhaps everything! Everything indeed for him who can read, mark and learn what is offered and to be had for nothing. The best things in life are free.—"Scolopax."

HIGH AND OVERHEAD

Cardinal Points of Balance and Backward Swing

By W. H. T. LONG

THOSE of us who are able to carry on with our sport will be anticipating the best of the pheasant shooting during the next month or so. Partridges are now taking a back place, and the bigger bird is assuming the more important position in the sporting calendar.

Of all the sights in orthodox game shooting, none is more spectacular than that of a big cock pheasant in all his glory rocketing high over the wood and making straight for the waiting line of guns. It exemplifies the culmination of the best efforts of keepering and the golden chance for which the shooter has been waiting. Nothing is more satisfactory and spectacular than the successful execution of these "Little Gabriels," and nothing so depressing and disappointing than when they continue to sail on an uninterrupted course across the field to the haven of refuge in the far distance, especially if the latter happens to be across the boundary. Is there any other experience that gives quite such a sense of complete frustration? A grouse or partridge, because of its smaller size and less showy appearance, never seems to matter so much. But a pheasant! Well, it is a pound of flesh all right, and the superb chance has gone, perhaps for good!

A great deal is heard about the difficulty of killing high birds. Certainly they are the birds, *par excellence*, to kill. But there are one or two qualifications that should be made. For instance, there is really no difference as regards the amount of skill required between bagging a pheasant crossing high and one crossing low, provided, of course, that both are within range. Indeed, the high bird might actually be the easier shot, as it should show up more clearly against a background of sky, and there would be a clear field of fire. Yet it would be looked upon as the better bird, being more spectacular and probably giving an impression of greater speed.

Low birds are very often missed because the shooter is put off by considerations for the safety of other guns and beaters, but not always. A bird flying low in a bad light across, say, plough, may not disclose the fact that it is moving on a slight curve, a curve that may require allowance. The bird that is well up will at least be more visible and its movements more clearly defined. Such things are a greater aid to the shooter than may be supposed.

The ideal type of high bird is the one which comes towards and over the shooter. It should be not less than 30yds. up (90ft.). Even so, if it is flying straight, it should not present extreme difficulty. The real "teaser" is the high curling bird. But to-day we are only concerned with the straightforward high type. It is the ambition of every shoot-owner to provide high birds, and the ambition of everyone to be able to bring them down.

Sometimes a bird will of its own accord get up a long way back and come rocketing over the line. More often it means a matter of skilful work on the part of the keeper, such as driving the birds away from home and then bringing them back over the guns, the use of netting, and so on. Few shoots are of a kind naturally fitted for showing birds at their best. Among them are some on the Welsh border, where it may even be necessary to take steps to prevent birds passing over out of range.

It is seldom that this happens, but there are places where it is advisable to place guns part of the way up a slope, rather than at the bottom of a valley. Such places are ideal for putting people to the test, though there is no sense in encouraging the taking of out-of-range shots. It may, however, be as well to use a well-choked gun and an extra powerful cartridge when really high birds are expected. Where shots at a good 40yds. are the rule rather than the exception, an improved cylinder will leave too many thin places in the pattern, which will result in pricked or possibly untouched birds in spite of the straightest shooting. Cartridges loaded on the "Maxi" system may usefully be employed.

The shooting of oncoming birds was dealt with in the special Shooting Number of the *Field*, published in August of this year. The oncoming bird was described as one coming straight forward at or above the level of the shooter up to an angle of about 45 degrees. If birds can be taken well out in front at such an angle, so much the better, seeing that in this way more time is allowed should several birds be flying over more or less together. But a really high bird will be out of range if fired at at this angle, for it will be too far out in front. Suppose a pheasant is something over 100ft. above the earth. When it is right above the shooter it will be between 30yds. and 40yds. from him, which means that if it were taken when well in front of the line it would be more than 40yds. away. The thing to do, therefore, is to take the bird when it is nearly overhead. If the gun is then properly aligned, a clean and most satisfactory kill should result.

To shoot a high overhead bird the technique is as follows. When the bird is still in front, that is, before it is overhead, throw up the gun in front of it, at the same time raising the heel of the right foot. The body will, of course, be balanced forward, and most weight will come on the left foot. The latter will have to be well forward, to make the action fully effective. The left arm should be extended well out under the barrels. Thus, with the body forward and the right toe only of that foot touching the ground, a position is gained from which a powerful backward swing can be given to the gun.

Keep the muzzle of the gun swinging well ahead of the bird and press the trigger as the right heel comes back on to the ground. There must be no check throughout, the whole movement being continuous. A good lead must be given, of course, but the most important thing is to keep the gun swinging well back all the time till after the trigger is pressed. Do not think so much in terms of lead as of swing. When one carries out the action properly one at once feels one is swinging on the line of the bird and then the latter is as good as in the game cart.

The three cardinal points are: left foot well forward, body forward and right heel raised. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. Any cramped movement is at once fatal. Naturally, a man has to be active and supple of body, especially as in the final phase there will be a slight bending back from the waist. It is a shot that should be practised at odd times, so that when in the field and the right opportunity offers, it will be performed automatically.

If one has to start thinking about it at the critical moment, one will probably fail. Do the thinking in between times; do not worry overmuch about allowance, and start the day with a clear mind. Remember, too, that all the most vulnerable parts of a bird are exposed from underneath, and even if a bird is 120ft. up—a very high bird indeed—it will be killed stone dead when the alignment is correctly made. Often, indeed, the shot pattern catches the head and neck.

Men who get plenty of practice at these high shots are able to bring them off one after the other. There are, indeed, some who are better at them than at crossing birds. In fact, many people have their favourite angles and try as much as possible to take their birds accordingly. At the same time I do not know if such a habit is altogether wise, as sooner or later it may be necessary to deal with a whole series of birds at an unpopular angle. It is surely best to be an all-round performer, though when birds come thick and fast it is tempting to pick the favourites.

In conclusion, I will repeat that I do not consider straight-flying high birds so very difficult. They allow time and an absolutely clear field. The fact that the average man does not enjoy a great number of such chances may be the reason why they have gained the reputation which they possess. Everyone who shoots at all gets used to going-away and crossing shots. But the other kinds are not so common.



IT IS THE AMBITION OF EVERY SHOOT OWNER TO PROVIDE HIGH BIRDS AND THE AMBITION OF EVERYONE TO BE ABLE TO BRING THEM DOWN



A TWENTY-POUNDER LANDED AT THE DAMAZIN GORGE

WITH ROD AND LINE ON THE BLUE NILE

LIKE most of the big rivers of the tropics the Blue Nile is rich both in numbers and variety of fish, but for most of its length it is of too uniform a flow to provide profitable results to the fisherman with rod and line. It is only where rocks, rapids, or other irregularities produce circumstances which are specially favourable to a high concentration of fish that good sport is to be expected.

Proceeding south from the junction of the Blue and White Niles at Khartoum the first fishable water is the rocky stretch of rapid water at Sennar, on which the Sennar dam is built. Accounts of the fishing here have already been published, and it is my intention to describe the less known upper reaches of the Blue Nile. For a distance of about a hundred and sixty miles south from Sennar there is again little fishing water, but directly Roseires is reached the whole character of the river changes; the clay cliffs and extensive silt-beds of the lower river are replaced by broken stony banks, rocky gorges, and shingle banks, while the swifter flow of the river is broken by islands and rocks.

Immediately south of Roseires are the Damazin Rapids, after which the general course of the river changes to an easterly direction. At a distance of about fifty miles up stream of Roseires the Abu Shendi cataracts are passed, then the Famaka Gorge, flanked by Jebel Fazoghli, and after this mile upon mile of water to delight the fisherman's heart, until the river finally crosses the Abyssinian boundary in a narrow valley leading into the foothills of the Gubba plateau.

The fish usually met with are the Nile perch and the tiger fish, and they may be taken by almost any variation of spinning, trolling or live-baiting. The last-named method is good, so long as the bait can be kept fresh and lively, but it is comparatively dull work, and the most satisfactory method is spinning with a dead bait. Fresh bait must be caught from day to day in a casting net and should be about 4ozs. to 6ozs. apiece in weight, and in bright silvery condition.

A simple wire trace fitted with two triangles about 5ins. apart, and a keel-shaped anti-kink lead with two swivels, is just as satisfactory as the more complicated spinning flights, and new ones can be readily made up as required. A stiff rod 8ft. to 10ft. long of the sea-fishing type may be used, and any big spinning reel carrying 150yds. to 200yds. of undressed line to match the rod will serve. The tackle, and especially the hooks, should be of good quality, as fish up to 150lbs. may be met with, and the strain on the gear when playing them in the strong water is tremendous.



MENDING THE TRACE AFTER A BREAKAGE

The season for fishing may be said to begin in November, as soon as the water is sufficiently clear, but the river at that time of year is still very big, the flow is frequently split up into minor channels, and the fish are not yet sufficiently localised to provide the best sport. By the end of January the river is of a more manageable size and the main channel accessible in most places, but the best time of all is during March and April, when the level is at its lowest and the whole force of the river is confined at certain places to narrow channels not more than 30yds. wide.

By the end of April the water in Lake Tsana rises and the first flushes of clear water begin to arrive, but these do not adversely affect the fishing, and it is only when the red Abyssinian silt begins to colour the water at the end of May that it is of no further use attempting to fish.

In a six mile length of rocky river such as that running down from the Damazin rapids to Roseires, every kind of water may be found, varying from the tearing narrow race at the head of the rapid to the slow, oily water of the gorges, which looks as though it might be of any depth. Fish are to be found at all places, but in general they take less freely in slow, deep reaches, and the fishing is less interesting, though there is more likelihood of meeting the heavier fish. The best places are sheltered bays and backwaters lying off the fast water, behind small promontories and at the tails of islands where a side-channel rejoins the main stream. In fact, the conditions required are those in which taking fish may be found in any running water, namely, shelter from the force of the current, and sufficient proximity to it to allow advantage to be taken with a minimum of effort of any food being swept down.

The river is heavily infested with crocodiles which are attracted by the great concentration of fish, and it is well to keep back from the edge of deep water while fishing, especially when a flush is coming down.

A silvery bait in fresh condition, preferably with some red about its fins and tail, about 7ins. to 9ins. long is best of all. The trace is detached at the swivel, threaded through the gills of the bait and out of its mouth. The top triangle is hitched in just behind the gills and the lower triangle just above the tail, so as to provide the right amount of curvature to cause it to spin attractively. As in most fishing, it is profitable to spin deep, and the lead should be adjusted accordingly, but the bottom of the river is very rocky and irregular, and the

danger of losing tackle may preclude spinning at the best depth.

A small or medium-sized Nile perch up to about 40lbs. in weight, when hooked, will play very briskly within a limited range and half-jump out of the water like a pike, shaking its head to rid it of the hooks, but finally comes into the bank fairly quietly. The bigger perch seem to run out as much line as possible without stopping or breaking water, and can easily be distinguished by the slow, heavy beat of the tail as they swim. It is best to follow such a fish as quickly as the rough and rocky nature of the banks permit, for it will usually continue down stream and may easily travel twice the total length of the line or more before it is finally beached. A big fish will usually break water at the end of the first long run, but on becoming tired will frequently lie down in a rock-cleft on the bottom, from which nothing will remove it until the tackle breaks or the line is cut on a rock-edge.

Tiger fish are, on the whole, more prevalent than perch and runs will be had from them most frequently, but the proportion of fish landed to those hooked, owing to their very hard mouths, is usually disappointingly low. The bigger fish generally take with tremendous force, running out line and jumping freely. The smaller ones under about 10lbs. sometimes play with the bait before taking, and if line is slackened off may get it far enough into their mouths to be hooked in the softer inside parts.

I remember reading an article once describing how tiger fish could be more certainly hooked by spinning across and down stream, thus enabling the fish to be hooked in the corner of the mouth, as is a salmon on the greased line, but, I imagine, as in greased line fishing, this method is not so suitable to very fast broken water, and I have not had much success with it. In any case, one cannot regret losing the majority of these fish in the end, as they are such game fighters and are of no use for eating purposes.

Other fish which may occasionally be met with are the "Garmoot" and the "Bayada," both of the whiskered cat-fish family and uninteresting to catch. The latter, however, like the Nile perch, is extremely good to eat, and round steaks cut from the lower half of a freshly-caught fish and fried are as good as the best sea-water fish.

The method of fishing described above is by spinning a dead bait, but in cases where bait is not available artificial spinners and wobblers may be used with success. A large plug-bait often does well, but spoons seem to hook few fish, though they attract a good many. I have had great sport fishing a fly-spoon or a tin. quill minnow on a trout fly rod in some of the smaller rivers of the Southern Sudan, and I believe a fly-spoon or "Aaro" spinner, fished with a light salmon rod on the shallower rapids of the Blue Nile might give very good results, though I have never yet had a suitable rod with me to make the experiment.

In the warm weather the Nile perch seems to take best during the early morning from dawn until about 8 o'clock, and during the evening from 5 o'clock until dusk, but I believe their habits are governed rather by the sun than by the time of day, as I have had excellent sport at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the sun was covered by clouds. During the cooler weather of January the above times may be extended somewhat. In general, it is best to fish the shady side of the river, as taking fish may still be found behind rocks and in the shade of tall trees after all the fish have stopped taking in the open water.

Tiger fish may be caught at any time of day; in fact, they sometimes feed more freely during the heat of the forenoon than in the early morning or evening.

For those also interested in shooting there is considerable scope in the upper reaches of the Blue Nile. Guinea fowl, francolin, green pigeons and red-eyed pigeons are all very common and can provide excellent sport for the shot gun, while for those who are prepared to take out the necessary game licences there are lion, hartebeeste, tiang, roan antelope, oribi, gazelle and, greatest attraction of all, large numbers of the greater kudu.

The district is reached by railway from Khartoum to Sennar or Suki, and thence by hired car to Roseires, a distance of about 160 miles from Sennar. The motor road, which is open from November to May, continues on both banks of the river up stream of Roseires to the Abyssinian border, and the journey from Roseires can be made by car or by animal transport (camel or donkey), but rest-house accommodation is very simple and a camp outfit is necessary to make the most of the opportunities. Detailed information about licences, travelling facilities, etc., can be obtained from the Game Warden, Khartoum.

G. M. H.



THE HEAD OF THE DAMAZIN GORGE



A 40LB. NILE PERCH



THE BLUE NILE LOOKING SOUTH FROM ABU SHENDI

Advice to Young Foxhunters

CHOOSING A GOOD HORSE

The following is the third of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman"

CRUELTY to either a horse or a hound should never be permitted. The following extract from the late Lord H. Bentinck's famous letter to Mr. Henry Chaplin is admirable:

"Goodall's chief aim was to get the hearts of his hounds. He considered hounds should be treated like women—that they would not bear to be *bullied*, to be deceived, or neglected with impunity. For this end he would not meddle with them in their casts until they had done trying for themselves, and *felt the want of him*: he paid them the compliment of going to *fetch them*; he never deceived or neglected them; he was continually cheering and making much of his hounds; if he was compelled to disappoint them by roughly stopping off a suckling vixen or dying fox at dark, you would see him, as soon as he had got them stopped, jump off his horse, get into the middle of his pack, and spend ten minutes in making friends with them again. The result was that the hounds were never happy without him, and when lost would drive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him again, and it was very rare for a single hound to be left out. . . ."

"It is impossible to overestimate the mischief done to a pack of hounds by *unfairly* and *habitually* leaving a hound behind out of its place: it is *teaching them to be rogues*. For this purpose Goodall had one particular note of his horn *never* used at any time except when his fox was *gone*, or his fox was in *his hand*: the hounds, learning the note, would leave a fox in covert to *fly* to it. Hounds are very sagacious animals; they cannot bear being left behind, nor do they like struggling through thick covert; but if that note is ever used *at any other time* the charm is gone, the hounds will not believe in it; you cannot lie to them with *impunity*. This was Goodall's great secret for getting his hounds away all in a *lump* on the *back* of his fox, and hustling him before he had time to empty himself. This was his system for getting his hounds through *large woodlands*—to come tumbling out together without splitting and sticking to their run fox. This is the explanation of the famous old Meynell saying, 'In the *second field* they gathered themselves together, in the third they commenced a terrible burst.'"

Again to quote Lord Henry Bentinck's comment on Goodall and his hounds, "When he wanted them he invariably went himself to fetch them."

This is a compliment which every huntsman should pay his hounds.

A good example of this is when hounds are drawing a covert; possibly a few hounds may have opened to the line of a fox which is halloaed away down wind. To quote from *Hunting the Fox*: "The leading hounds may or may not go to the halloa.

"But the worst thing the huntsman can do is to gallop off to the halloa with these and begin blowing his horn when he gets there. The fox having gone away down-wind, most of the best hounds will be left in the thickest part of the covert and may not hear the horn at all, and will at best get a bad start, a poor reward indeed for having generously gone into the thorns and brambles to get the fox on his legs, and one which may well make them rather chary of repeating the process."

When hounds are seen hanging outside a strong gorse or blackthorn covert, instead of drawing, it is generally because on one or more previous occasions they have been beguiled by their huntsman as mentioned above. You cannot deceive hounds with impunity, for once bitten twice shy.

All keen foxhunters know how heartbreaking it is to be left at a covert by not knowing that hounds are away on the line of a fox; but to foxhounds this is even more heartbreaking, because their life is concentrated on their sole vocation. It cannot be expected that hounds will draw well if they are afraid of being ignored and left behind.

When a fox is halloaed away down-wind, the huntsman must get his hounds together; sometimes this is easily done; but on most occasions he should ride up the wind, get in touch with the body of his pack, blow "Gone away" on his horn, a call to which his hounds will fly. He can then canter round to the halloa, where the whipper-in should be standing on the line, having stopped any hounds which may have got on to the line before the main body of the pack has arrived.

I was told by some of my contemporaries when I was young that the celebrated Tom Firr rode away regularly after the first two couples of hounds to come out of covert, irrespective of the rest. I was sceptical, and the first day I ever hunted with the Quorn Hounds and saw this remarkable huntsman at work, a fox left a covert down-wind, an ideal instance; I was gratified to see that he trotted up-wind, blew his horn, got the body of his hounds together, and then laid the body on the line with the rest at their heels. He certainly did this both quietly and quickly.

Referring to slow huntsmen, if a huntsman repeatedly fails to get his hounds quickly after a fox which has been found or viewed, he can justly be called slow, and is probably a poor performer.

Good hounds are most learned in the art of hunting, if only permitted liberty to show their fine qualities.

If a Master is so fortunate as to have a good huntsman he should not interfere with him so long as hounds can make out anything of the line of the fox which they are hunting.

When hounds are systematically given full latitude to use their hereditary hunting powers, it is astonishing what almost incredible wonders they will perform.

Referring to the qualifications of a huntsman, Peter Beckford wrote:

"He should be young, strong, active, bold and enterprising, fond of diversion, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it. . . . He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit."

Some huntsmen like to keep their hounds fat and sleek during the summer, and do not give them full exercise until after July.

Some round the ears of their entry in May, then put them in what they call dressing, and keep them on straw for days together. This is supposed to make their coats look well, and undoubtedly young hounds stand and show themselves much better unexercised than they do during the first few weeks of regular horse exercise; because when first exercised on the roads their feet become sore, especially in these days of tarmacadam, and secondly, they lose flesh, which is, in time, substituted by muscle.

Hounds which are exercised throughout the summer seldom look at their best before August.

Personally I believe in keeping entered hounds light during the summer, but hounds under fourteen months old may develop if they are not allowed to become light in condition. I personally dislike to see the ears rounded. The only two advantages I can see are that whereas the size of their ears varies, by rounding them they look uniform; and also a small ear makes the neck look longer.

Nature provides voluminous ears as a protection against wet, when hounds have their noses on the ground, and that tampering with Nature is generally wrong.

One exception to this is that unless the dew-claws are removed hounds are liable to injure them and become lame.

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A few remarks on earth stopping might not be out of place here. It is almost impossible to have continual good sport unless the earth stopping is good. Real organisation is essential for efficient work.

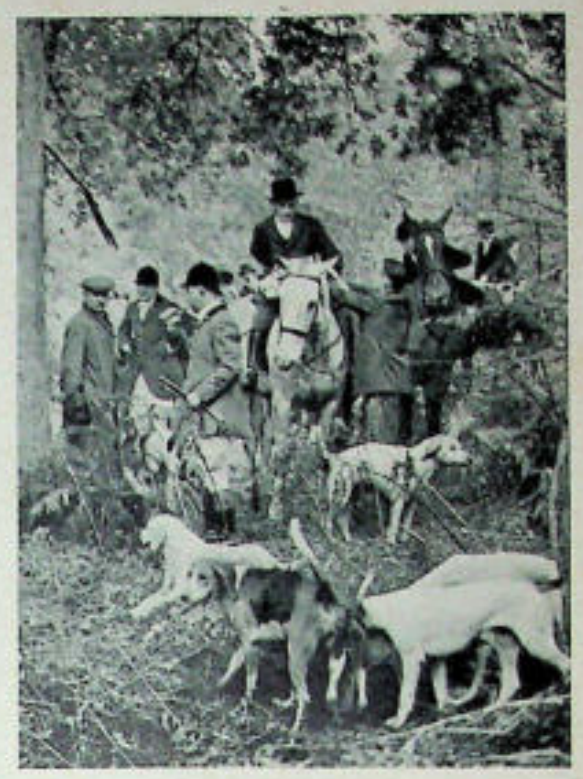
A huntsman has far too much other work to be able to control these operations, although he may assist those who are responsible for them. Every M.F.H. has his own method for efficient earth stopping.

The system I advocate is as follows: All earths should be permanently stopped during October. The exact method for stopping these must be decided upon in all details; and for such purposes it is best that, if there is one central permanent earth stopper, he should attend to this.

The hunting country must be carefully divided into many small districts over which one earth stopper, who should receive a gratuity, must be responsible.

I advocate a large scale map of 6in. to one mile of the entire country. This will probably be too large to be on one roller, and will probably consist of three large maps which must be mounted on rollers and hung on a wall of a convenient room at the kennels or in the huntsman's house.

Unless the position of every natural earth, artificial earth, badger hole and refuge drain is known and noted it is most difficult to assure that



GONE TO GROUND

all are stopped. And in the case of a change of management this is a great help to the new man.

For this purpose all of the above should be marked on the 6in. maps and numbered.

I suggest first that several colours of ink be employed for this purpose:

1. Natural earths and holes—marked yellow.
2. Artificial earths—marked blue
3. Grated drains—marked red.

Every one of these should have a number written against it, and there should be a notebook kept up to date, comprising a description of the refuge.

E.g., No. 47 drain grated (marked red).
No. 6 old breeding earth (marked yellow).
No. 1 artificial earth (marked blue).

All refuge drains should have iron gratings, and a quantity of these should be kept in stock.

Whenever a fox is marked to ground in a place hitherto unknown, this place should be marked and numbered on the map, and the number with description entered in the notebook.

All instructions to earth stoppers should be written or printed.

Packets of postcards should be bought, and the names and addresses of the various earth stoppers written on them.

The secretary can issue these after consulting the M.F.H as to the country he is to draw, and he can write on the cards, *e.g.*, "Stop 6.30 p.m., Monday, December 23rd," or "Stop Tuesday, December 24th, before 10.30 a.m."

The country which is likely to be drawn should be stopped not less than one hour after dark the previous day. This is stopping out.

Country into which hounds are likely to run should be put to (which means stopping in) the morning on which hounds hunt. The reason is that the chances of changing foxes are less. All the country which is not stopped out should be stopped in within a radius of ten miles each way.

If all earths are permanently stopped it seems that this is unnecessary; the truth is that all earths and even drains require ever constant attention, even when permanently stopped. Where there are badgers they continually open places.

When there is, over and above the scheduled earth stoppers, a permanent earth stopper, his orders should be written, and they should be minute, otherwise he will do nothing. He should be directly under the orders of the M.F.H.

The system as explained above is simple, but requires accuracy and careful attention.

It is a fact that little earth stopping is done after dark unless the stoppers are kept up to the mark, but when all earths are permanently stopped this question is modified; where there are badgers the earths require perpetual attention.

Never have an earth inside a small artificial covert unless there are really special reasons in its favour.

If foxes are plentiful artificial earths are generally a mistake; huntsmen sometimes use them as a trap which enables them to kill more foxes.

If one of these is kept open during the hunting season, it is most likely that the foxes will ring round and round, in hopes of getting back to the earth.

Choosing a good horse is a matter of considerable thought.

Some people always have good-looking hunters, some never have; it is more a matter of judgment than of money. Some have an eye for a horse, others have not.

Of all books on this subject, I place first *The Points of a Race Horse*, by General Sir John Hills. Another good book is *The Points of a Horse*, Hayes. *Horses and Stables*, FitzWygram, is good; and *Veterinary Notes*, by Hayes.

The first thing I, personally, look at is the eye. If I do not like his eye I never look any further. The eye should protrude, and the bone over it should be well pronounced.

No horse is any good unless he has good sound feet. Be careful to look carefully at the action. Some horses with toes slightly turned out trot more or less true. A horse that turns his toes in may wind in his trot, but he is safe; a wind in his trotting may shorten his useful existence because his joint are more liable to fill.

Read the advice given both in FitzWygram and Hayes.

True action is practically essential, although sometimes one has to put up with imperfections.

I never knew a really good gelding without a good middle. He must have a good girth.

Never buy a gelding with a long loin, he will be a poor feeder; sometimes mares with such are good.

The shoulder is most important, and to judge a shoulder one should get on a horse's back. At the same time, so long as the humerus is nearly perpendicular, there is seldom much wrong with the shoulder. A horse's forelegs should be put on well forward. This ensures a perpendicular humerus or vice versa.

A horse should be well filled up between his hindquarters. The rectum should not be unduly indented. A horse with such is probably delicate. It is sometimes said this comes from a very old dam.

The hind legs should be fairly straight. The hocks deep and fairly low. Pay particular attention to the hind shoes. If unduly worn at the toe, the hocks are generally stiff from some cause.

A man with a short purse must put up with certain defects.

Never look at a common horse. A common horse is a danger to life, and is seldom any real good as a hunter. Personally, I never was able to ride a common horse without coming to grief.

A well-bred horse, said to be up to 13st., will probably carry a man who rides 15st. better than one said to be up to 14st. which is short of quality. A big horse has to carry his own weight as well as that of his rider. A man riding under 13st. should always aim at a thoroughbred horse or one nearly so.

A Master of Foxhounds should keep an ever watchful eye on every horse bred in his country. He will require horses for his Hunt servants, and should never miss an opportunity at any time of buying a good young horse.

There are several good books on training and riding horses, and I cannot take on this subject fully, but I may say that I never have kept a hard puller, and never could ride one. Few, if any, horses are pullers by nature.

I never bought a pulling horse in Ireland, where horses are ridden almost entirely in snaffle bridles. I believe that a heavy-handed man will ruin any horse's mouth unless he rides him in a snaffle bridle. At the same time, excepting with exceptional horses and in Ireland where I hunted many seasons, I never rode a horse in a plain snaffle bridle.

I am not a believer in trying many kinds of bit. When hunting regularly I had only one kind of double bridle, viz., one with plenty of metal and a low port. I had this same bit in three forms: with a long, a medium and a short cheek. I do not think it makes much difference if the mouthpiece is shifting or fixed. Latterly I have found a Rugby Pelham useful for horses with very light mouths. I have known only occasional horses which I could ride in hills in a snaffle bridle. One's horse must be behind the bridle in order to ride properly in a hilly country without losing time.

Never did I use a martingale if I could help it. I have bought star-gazers and have had success riding them in a standing martingale fixed on to the wide noseband. If a horse throws up his head I prefer an Irish to a running martingale. I detest a breastplate excepting for a horse with no mane, when one must have something to catch hold of.

Despite the above I have known good horses on which it has been essential to keep the saddle in its place by means of a breastplate.

My experience of a badly ribbed horse has been that when going uphill the saddle slips back, or with a breastplate the horse gets choked.

Never be persuaded to hog a horse's mane. A mane is a most useful thing out hunting, when mounting, when going up a steep hill where it is almost essential. If anything goes wrong with the stability of one's seat a mane may save one. Once when hounds were running hard near Belvoir I jumped into a road, meaning to jump out the other side. My horse went half-left, my inclination was straight on. My horse's mane was plaited; I missed it and fell off, losing my horse. This was the last time I hunted on a horse with a plaited mane.

When I first hunted no man rode a horse with a hogged mane. The fashion for hogging manes was started by a well-known sportsman who was anxious that all his horses should look alike. Later on, when motor cars became established, there were large numbers of carriage and omnibus horses on the market. Dealers hogged their manes, pulled their tails, shaved their legs, and many were the mugs who bought them as blood horses.

Most horses do every bit as well in stalls as in boxes. Probably after a hard day's hunting it is good to put a horse into a loose box, but in many cases horses which live in the company of other horses are not so excitable as those kept in isolation. Over and above the usually credited advantages I believe that it does horses good to turn them out in the summer, because they then live in company and not in isolation.

In the matter of seat and spurs I recall that when I was a boy those of the generation previous to me used to ride in saddles with rolls in front of their knees, so they all rode very long. I used to be told, "You cannot ride too long."

After the plain flap saddle came in, many continued to ride as long as before. In many cases this was a mistake, and I have seen, in consequence, horses spurred on the shoulders, besides quantities of voluntary falls. In those days almost all rode with sharp spurs.

I was still a boy when my father told me that many women caused sore backs from riding too short; the women should ride long. Then came a temporary reaction. Some of the best women to hounds rode short. Hence many who copied them used to bound to an inordinate height over fences and look ridiculous. Now most women ride astride.

When I joined a cavalry regiment we had some magnificent riders, but all in riding school used to ride long. General Drury Lowe (Inspector-General of Cavalry) used to complain that the men rode too long.

The first time I realised how necessary it is to pull up one's stirrup leathers was when riding fast over fences in schools with a famous gentleman rider over his training course. Since this I have always ridden shorter than before, except when hunting over banks in Ireland.

In these days it is generally customary for women on side-saddles to ride very long, and men to ride much shorter than formerly. The secret is, I think, to ride exactly how one feels most secure and comfortable in the saddle. If a man is not secure in the saddle he probably hangs on to his horse's mouth.

The side-saddle is of great advantage to a woman's hands, because it enables her to ride with a long rein. There is the happy medium for a woman riding. If she rides too short she gives a horse a sore back; if she rides too long she gives her horse a sore wither. She must sit in the middle of her saddle. The long stirrup may shorten a woman's rein, thereby making it less easy to hold a horse inclined to pull.

I once had a wonderfully good but profoundly lazy hunter who buck-jumped. No man could sit him at his worst. He would not stand sharp spurs. I gave up wearing sharp spurs, and have never regretted it.

I had to carry a cutting whip to beat him at some places. He never again got rid of me, excepting once. I had been riding a rather common sticky first horse, not my own. I put on sharp spurs for this and forgot to take them off when I rode the Whale, as my wonderful horse was called. Hounds were running well, and I wished to wake him up at a fence with a ditch on the landing side. He stopped dead short three lengths in front, bucked me off and stood still. I remounted and he went easily over the fence and on. I never again even looked at a pair of my sharp spurs.

Common horses are said to stand sharp spurs, but a really well-bred horse resents them. I believe that few wear sharp spurs now. Are spurs in any form necessary? I have had several nasty falls from my spur buckle catching in the stirrup, when I have been unable to get away even with safety bars.

Personally, I advocate that the ordinary rider, with average legs, should ride with a long rein and dummy spurs. A young man will probably be able to ride fairly long; as he gets older he will gradually have to shorten his stirrup leathers as his elasticity diminishes.

Many old men tumble off from riding too long. They are also liable to job their horses' mouths. Of course, steeplechase riders always ride short.

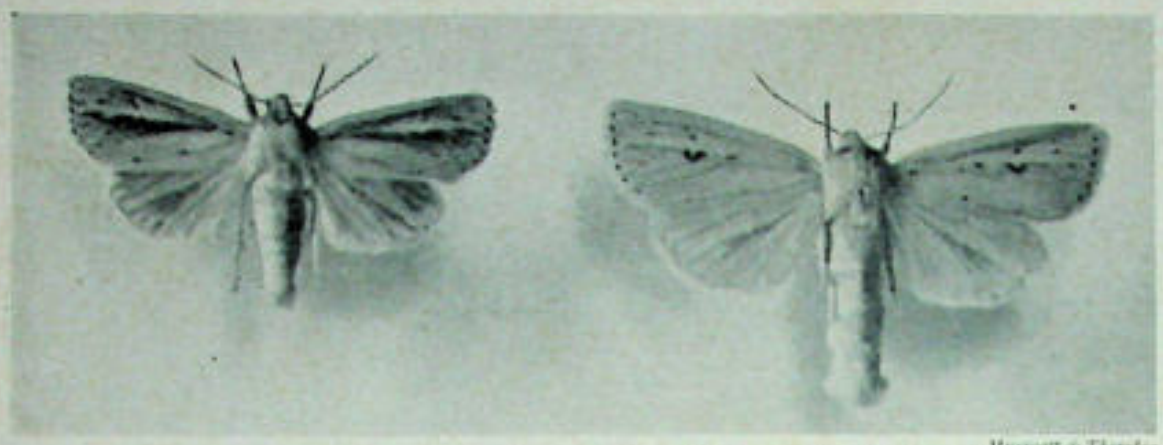
KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)



THE MASTER, MR. A. W. H. DALGETY, MAKES A PASSAGE FOR THE HOUNDS

A recent photograph taken with the Southdown



Musgrott & Thresher

TWO OF THE EARLIEST RECORDED DORSET SPECIMENS OF WEBB'S WAINSCOT

DORSET MOTHS *and* BUTTERFLIES

By ANTONY RUSSELL

FEW eighteenth century collections of moths and butterflies are now extant. It was not till the nineteenth century that the pursuit of entomology assumed its present popularity.

Among those who collected in Dorset during the last century E. R. Bankes, J. C. Dale and O. Pickard-Cambridge stand pre-eminent; but their collecting grounds (confined through lack of transport to a small area) are shorn of much of their former glory: Glanville's Wootton is no longer the home of the Wood White (*L. sinapis*) or the Swallow Tail (*P. machaon*); the Bloxworth Blue (*C. argiades*) and the Bloxworth Snout (*H. obsitalis*) have not been seen for years near the village after which they are named; Corfe has not been the home of a collector since Bankes's death. After the War, therefore, Dorset was a field which might be entered by the collector with some assurance that serious work would bring forms and species unknown to the district and probably new to the county.

A glance at the map will show that the promontories of Portland and Purbeck, from their comparative proximity to the Continent, are the most likely places for rare immigrants to arrive and reproduce their kind. This indeed proves to be the case. Due to its isolated position and peculiar formation Portland has a small colony of moths which are not to be found on the adjacent mainland; such are *C. absinthii*, which rejoices in the awe-inspiring name of the Wormwood Shark, and the Portland Ribbon Wave (*P. degeneraria*); the writer knows of only one specimen of the latter, taken outside the island of Portland itself, at Swanage in 1936. The caterpillar of the Wormwood Shark feeds on the absinth growing among the quarries where the well-known Portland stone is obtained.

Further west, near Lyme Regis, is to be found Bond's Wainscot (*C. bondi*), an anæmic-looking insect which feeds on the tough grass growing on the undercliff.

Formerly, Royston in Hertfordshire took pride of place for varieties of the Chalkhill Blue (*L. coryton*). This locality has been overworked and now Worth Matravers has at least equalled Royston in popularity.

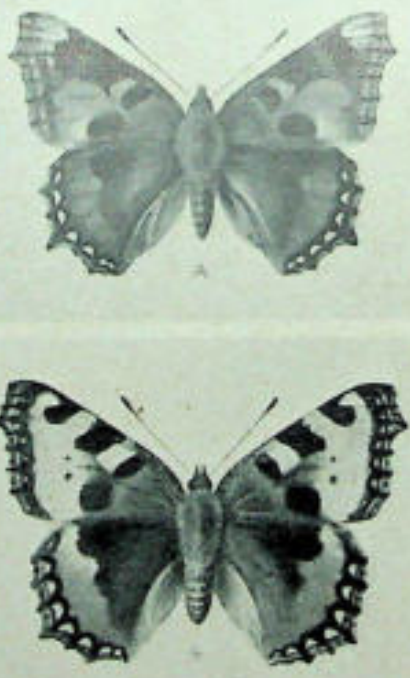
Distribution of insects is largely dependent on botanical conditions; if there is no suitable food-plant then there is but small hope of obtaining any given species in any given locality. Thus Poole Harbour, which is covered with a hybrid grass on which none of the macrolepidoptera feed, is useless as a collecting ground. The marshes near Wareham, with a more varied flora, have, however, been the scene of one of the most interesting entomological discoveries since the War.

For this discovery credit must be given to Mr. H. L. Andrewes, who some few years ago, in the company of Mr. E. Greene, lighted on a marsh, small and well-reeded, not apparently differing from others in the vicinity. This marsh has a fauna altogether remarkable; there are to be found species not otherwise known to exist within a range of 250 miles.

A fine form, larger than the East Anglian, of the Reed Leopard (*P. castaneæ*), is plentiful in June and July. This insect is one of the most primitive of the macrolepidoptera and is peculiar in having a body longer than its length of wing. This construction is due to the habit of spending the early stages within a reed-stem and is possessed in a modified form by other internal feeders. Another inhabitant of the marsh, the exact locality of which cannot for obvious reasons be given, is the Flame Wainscot (*M. flammea*), which is less common than the Reed Leopard and of which only some dozen specimens have to date been taken. Both the foregoing are otherwise to be found only in East Anglia.

The next species, found also in the North and the Shetland Islands, here assumes a remarkable form. Whereas the Reed Leopard and the Flame Wainscot differ only in size and brilliance of marking from those to be found elsewhere, Haworth's Minor (*H. hawerthi*) differs so widely that the authorities were for some time divided as to its identity, which has by now been settled. The Dorset form, which is of a uniform reddish brown, lacks the white markings, especially on the veins, which characterise those from other areas. It may be added that this variation from type is constant in all the specimens which have been taken in the locality.

The Isle of Purbeck, as has been shown, enjoys a position peculiarly favourable to entomologists.



From a drawing by F. W. Frohawk

TWO VARIETIES OF THE SMALL TORTOISESHELL TAKEN AT SWANAGE IN 1931 AND 1929

Geographically it consists of downland and cliffs in the southern half, changing to marsh in the vicinity of Wareham, heath and pineland in the Rempstone area, bounded on the east by the sandhills of Studland. At Studland, saltmarsh, heath, sanddune and pineland meet in a small compass; it has in consequence a fauna varied out of proportion to its size. Studland is the home of the Portland moth (*A. proteus*), named after the Duchess thereof and not after the island of the same name, where it does not occur. The Portland moth is to be found on the heather, together with the Archer's Dart (*E. vestigialis*), an insect which there ranges from var. *albidior* to a very dark grey, including a handsome rosy form. The Sand Dart (*A. ripæ*) is uniformly lighter than elsewhere in the country and specimens are often taken with scarcely any markings.

Studland, sharing with Wareham the distinction of being one of the few places where the Speckled Footman (*C. cribrum*) can be obtained, is well known to collectors, and it is somewhat remarkable that Webb's Wainscot (*N. sparganii*), the Twin Spotted (*N. geminipuncta*) and the Fen Wainscot (*C. phragmitidis*) should for so long have escaped observation. It was not till the marsh became exceptionally dry in 1934, making it possible for those so minded to venture among the reeds, that Webb's Wainscot was discovered, no collector having hitherto risked the treacherous surface of the bog in search of an insect which might or might not exist.

The species has presumably always led a secluded and happy existence there until its discovery; there is no reason to suppose that it recently arrived, since it is sluggish in habit and seldom leaves the reeds. A light placed but 10ft. or 12ft. from the edge of the water will only draw an occasional specimen.

Further south, towards Swanage, is a well-known haunt of the Beautiful Gothic (*H. hispidus*) and also a favoured hunting-ground for the Crescent Dart (*E. trux*), which has its headquarters on the north side of the Swanage Valley.

Swanage itself, owing possibly to the proximity of a lighthouse, has been the scene of some remarkable captures. The Clifton Nonpareil (*C. fraxini*) and the American Wainscot (*A. unipuncta*)—both great rarities—were taken in one night last year by a collector; a specimen of the latter was taken at Swanage in each of the years 1931, 1932 and 1934. Both these rare immigrants might occur anywhere, but it seems that two other species of almost equal rarity have obtained a sound footing in the district—to wit, the Delicate (*A. citrilina*) and the White Point (*A. albipuncta*). These have been taken in some numbers at sugar and occasionally at light; it remains to be seen whether they will survive a cold winter.



Musgrott & Thresher

THE FIRST DARK CRIMSON UNDERWING TAKEN IN DORSET SINCE 1866

A single Pine Hawk (*S. pinastri*) taken at Swanage last season calls to mind the frequent captures of that insect during the past few years in the Wareham district, which insect was formerly considered indigenous only to Suffolk. It seems reasonable to suppose that the Pine Hawk was always a native of Dorset and only awaited discovery in the same manner as Webb's Wainscot and Haworth's Minor.

Fishermen are notorious tellers of tall tales; entomologists are of necessity—though not perhaps by inclination—more truthful, since they must produce the insect in question for identification by their critics; credit will only be given for the "ones that got away" in so far as the tale applies to certain species. Most of the rare hawkmoths have been found all over the country, and there is no reason to believe that any one locality is better than any other.

But the story of the occurrence at Swanage of a small moth, native only to Essex and Sussex, the Rosy Marbled (*M. comstuda*) would be treated with grave suspicion unless the specimen could be produced. Such a capture was made, though how it arrived, too fresh to have flown all the way, and therefore presumably a native born and bred of the neighbourhood, and why only a single specimen should have been taken must remain a mystery.

No tale of Dorset insects is complete without mention of the Lulworth Skipper (*P. acteon*), found on the downs between Lulworth and Swanage.

When it is remembered that almost all the captures referred to have been made since the War, the majority in the last decade, it gives some idea of the vast field that must yet remain to be discovered in Dorset alone. The northern, central and western parts of the county have seldom seen a collector, and it is not unlikely that discoveries, at least as interesting as those made in the south-west, can be made by those who possess inclination and initiative enough to collect, not where others have been before, but on virgin territory.

MING, THE GIANT PANDA AT HER REFRESHMENT AND TOILETTE







PANDAS ARE SUPPOSED TO FEED ON BAMBOO CANES, BUT MING DOES NOT OBJECT TO OATMEAL PORRIDGE AND MILK, IN FACT LICKS THE PLATTER CLEAN AND IS READY FOR MORE

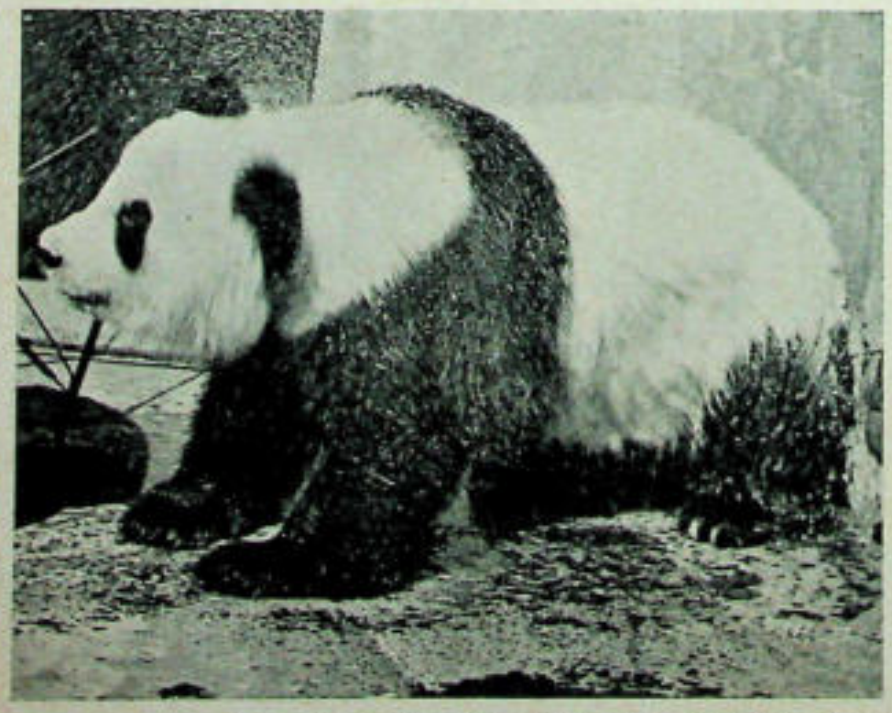


ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK JUST TO HELP THINGS DOWN A BIT



"AND I THOUGHT MY COAT SO WHITE UNTIL I SAW YOUR SOAPSUDS! THIS BATHING BUSINESS IS NOT TOO BAD, BUT I DON'T CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT THE BACK RUBBING"







"THAT'S ALL OVER, AND AFTER A GOOD SHAKE ONE CAN SOON GET DIRTY AGAIN. HOW'S THIS FOR A GYMNASTIC TURN?"

New Books

MAKING OF YOUNG HORSEMEN

Horsemen All. By Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O., M.C. (Constable; 5/- net.)

The truth of the author's admission that there is already a great deal of literature on the subject of teaching riding to the young is equalled by his claim that his personal experience may add something of value to the problem.

His first remarks deal with the necessity of instilling confidence into the pupil—or rather of eliminating everything that may tend to make him lose his nerve. The most important point here, of course, is the choice of the pony, and Major-General Brooke recalls the different types he had as a child. There were the reliable, the too keen and the brilliant, but from every one of them he learnt a useful lesson.

It is, in a way, delightful to know just what one's horse can or cannot do, but clearly the good horseman is the one who can sum up a horse in a few minutes—and ride him. Countless men and women, as the author points out later on, are ill at ease on a strange horse, and this attitude might well have been avoided by a variety of ponies in their youth.

The correct way to treat the child's pony on arrival at his new home is then discussed, and also the first essentials, such as learning to mount and how to walk. After remarks on trotting, cantering and galloping comes an excellent chapter on jumping. The reasons for the forward seat are fully explained, and the importance of "going with" the horse is emphasised. It should, perhaps, be made clear at this point that the text and the illustrations (admirably done by Pamela Searight) should be studied as one.

The author has successfully carried out a novel idea in his chapter on the lessons to be learnt on a hack in the country. Such matters as shutting gates, the value of fallen tree trunks as natural obstacles, the importance of riding according to the state of the ground and a hundred other observations on behaviour and etiquette are dealt with.

After some hints on more advanced training—including passaging, cantering on the desired leg, and reining back—there is a very valuable chapter on the first few appearances in the hunting field.

This book will not be of more than a limited use to those children whose instruction is confined to riding schools in cities, enlivened by occasional excursions into the country. But for those children—for whom the book is intended—who live in the country and have their own ponies, Major-General Brooke has indeed compiled a most useful and attractive book.

* * *

Blue Water and Green Fields. By Admiral Sir William James. (Methuen & Co.: 8/6.)

As the title may be taken to imply, this book is divided into two parts. In the first the author deals with various episodes in the history of the Royal Navy, and in the second he tells us of days spent with rod and gun, at home and abroad, in places he would never have visited had he not been in the senior service.

Admiral James is able to infuse the spirit of the sea into what he has to say. He makes the great figures of the past live again and he throws much interesting light upon both history and politics. His love of the sea and his respect for the great traditions of the British Navy are the feelings that permeate the book from end to end. All Englishmen, whether landlubbers or not, must own to a pride in the thought of what our seamanship has meant and is meaning at this critical juncture. Once again our naval supremacy is proving the greatest factor in a war waged to rid humanity of a curse and threat to modern civilisation. No one who reads this book can doubt but that our fleet will prove worthy of its glorious past and will not fail us.

Characteristic of the spirit of quiet, unboastful confidence, the author writes in an unassuming style, which is yet vivid, graphic and at times, thrilling. Whether it is of Nelson or Jutland, there is food for new thought. And there are some amusing anecdotes. The illustrations are by Jack Matthew, and there is a foreword by Lord Mottistone.

Shooting trips in such places as Cyprus and Albania bring home the fact that the naval officer enjoys unique chances for first class sport of the less usual type that are denied the ordinary man. The author has evidently found inspiration in his wanderings in the shooting field which widens the scope and appeal of his work and throws a pleasing sidelight upon his outlook and interests. There is indeed here a happy combination.

* * *

Victorian Snapshots. By Paul Martin. (*Country Life*, 8/6 net.)

During the last few years there have been a number of books reproducing photographs of our Victorian forerunners employed in their several activities. The examples in this book are neither better nor worse than the rest. But what does mark the book out as one of peculiar fascination is the interesting text which Mr. Martin has written and the fact that he himself took many of the photographs.

Mr. Martin recalls how he started his career as a wood-engraver, and he contrasts the labour and time taken over one block of this kind with the speed which enables an event in a foreign country to be photographed in the afternoon, and to appear in the English press in the late evening editions. Early in life he became fascinated by the camera, and his account of his early experiments, especially night photography, is full of interest and humour.

Some of the most interesting photographs concern the early history of the art. There is one of a photographic tent invented in 1859 by Mr. W. W. Rouch, and another of a donkey heavily laden with the outfit. The following examples show the Victorians at the seaside, at Henley, Lords and in the Church Parade. Perhaps some of the best concern life in the country—wild duck shooting, a meet of hounds, otterhounds crossing a river, farmers with their coursers and the abandoned practice of netting wildfowl. Many interesting hours will be spent over these pictures, and as many instructive comparisons drawn.

* * *

The Bridge Player's Bedside Book. By Norman de V. Hart. (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 5/-.)

This is one of the most enjoyable Bridge books since *Coffin's End Plays*. About a fifth of the book is devoted to general knowledge questions and answers thereto, but the remainder deals with a most carefully chosen selection of hands played by European and American experts in the last few years. Many of the hands are described by those taking part, and this particular feature adds a special attraction and reality to what might quite easily have been merely a good technical analysis of some very interesting hands. Each hand has been chosen to illustrate some particular part of playing or bidding technique and yet, although the problems require a certain amount of intellectual digestion and could not be absorbed at one meal, they are nevertheless so well described as to be of continual interest.

Many readers have probably felt irritated when following a closely reasoned discussion of a particular hand if the discussion is on one page and the hand is on another. Mr. Hart's book very neatly overcomes this by putting in small type, in one corner of the page, the full hand. It certainly has considerable advantages and might be profitably followed by future authors.

The price of this book is very reasonable, and it can be recommended to those of my readers who wish to give a present which will be appreciated by their bridge playing friends.

* * *

Report on the Fish and Fisheries of Lake Rukwa in Tanganyika Territory and the Bangweulu region in Northern Rhodesia. By C. K. Rickardo, M.A., F.L.S. (Crown Agents for the Colonies; 6/- net.)

Tanganyika territory has been much in the news recently on account of Germany's insistent demand for African colonies, so Mr. Rickardo's report on its fishing possibilities is timely. It ought to be said at once, however, that it does not deal with acclimatised species, such as rainbow trout, about which there was some interesting controversy a year or two ago, but with the possibilities of improving commercial catches from those lakes to increase the supply of fresh or dried fish, mainly for native consumption.

The most important of the native fishes there is Tilapia which, incidentally, has some interest for the sportsman, since it can be taken on fly, and may later become the sportsmen's standby when trout are unobtainable. A key to the indigenous fishes is given and suggestions made for conserving the stock as well as for more efficient methods of exploiting the waters.

* * *

A Book on Duck Shooting. By Van Campen Heilner. (The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia; $7.50.)

Some of the titles to the chapters of this book may give an idea of the range of the sport with ducks and geese which the author describes. "The Wheat Fields of Alberta," "Mississippi Mud," "Winter Along the Baltic," "From Illinois to Arkansas," "Down by the Rio Grande," "The Plains of Hungary"—these are not a third of the far distant areas traversed by one for whom wild weather and wild surroundings are the atmosphere in which he loves best to move. Perhaps the chapter which will attract the English reader beyond others is "The Marshes and the Fens," in which Mr. Heilner's host is Mr. Peter Scott, on the Solway and in the Fens. Mr. Heilner is evidently one who can adapt himself rapidly to conditions and circumstances—here he describes, among other adventures, his first shot with a punt gun—and it is without surprise that we find him hoping that it will not be long before he sees wigeon and pink feet—and for that matter Bewick swans—again in England. He is also, as Mr. Robert Murphy, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes in a foreword, "a dry sponge for local traditions, superstitions, prejudices, yarns and ballads." The result is a varied and vividly interesting book, finely illustrated with coloured drawings by Mr. Lynn Bogue Hunt and with photographs.

Not at Home. By Parr Cooper. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.; 8/6.)

Parr Cooper's India stripped of glamour is all the better for it—flies, dust, sweltering heat and sweat—a far more satisfying picture than India the mysterious and picturesque. Local colour has been touched in with a selective brush, a curry not too highly flavoured for the stay-at-home palate. And the characters? A sample taken at random from those whose die is cast for them by the Indian Army. John and Mary, Veronica and Richard are very possible people. They do not go winging away on plausible adventures and yet the tale of their interwoven troubles and affairs ("romps" is the word) sustains the interest from cover to cover.

And there is more than this network of broken and mended romances. Between the lines runs a frank and competent study in psychology—the reactions of over-strained nerves to stifling conditions and hot weather idleness, combined with such factors as drink and gossip and others you must find out for yourself. The findings may be disturbing but are probably correct.

* * *

How to Breed a Racehorse. By M. Miller. (Knapp, Drewett & Sons; 18/- net.)

Mr. Miller's book is published at an opportune moment, for it is dedicated to the small breeder. Since the last war many small breeders, discouraged by the fee of recognised stallions, have fallen back on an attitude of hoping for the best with the stallions which were most convenient for a variety of reasons—among which, however, really scientific considerations did not loom very largely. After this present war is over there are likely to be increasing numbers of small breeders, and Mr. Miller maintains that, as there was no real reason for the abandonment of science in the past, so there is even less in the future.

Briefly, Mr. Miller's theories, which are put forward with much clarity and conviction, indicate the possibility of producing a racehorse of character, speed and stamina without paying large sums in fees, provided that the lower priced stallion is chosen correctly and the mating conducted with great regard to pedigrees. These theories have sometimes been discussed, but, so far as is known, Mr. Miller's book is the first to work them out in detail and to put the conclusions beyond doubt.

In addition, there are many valuable hints on such subjects as feeding, shoeing, the in-foal mare and fertility. The book is profusely illustrated with racehorses of the past and present. It is quite certain that no small breeder will willingly be without it, and its interest will catch the attention of the most casual necgoer. It will be as useful on the course as in the establishment.

* * *

Fair Exchange. By Barbara Beauchamp. (Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 7/6.)

Two character studies on the same lines have been published in the same week; in one of them a woman is brought into contact with three men, and in Miss Beauchamp's book a man is brought into contact with three women. The idea is a good one, but in this case it fails because the author has endeavoured to make bricks without allowing herself any straw; she has tried to work out her theme on a basis of contrasted characters without providing the characters to contrast.

Every person in this book is not only weak but utterly negative; they are "little" people in every sense of the word and may be said to be not only without character but also without characteristics. With this unpromising material it is hardly surprising that the result is an illustration of the saying that the study of the mediocre engenders mediocrity.

* * *

Confidential Agent. By Graham Greene. (Heinemann; 7/6.)

It would be easy to mistake Mr. Greene for just another writer of thrillers. It would be a very grave mistake. Mr. Greene is a poet and an artist, and he has evolved a new style in English literature—rigidly economical (there is not an unnecessary word in this book) and magnificently pointed. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Greene is the most significant novelist in England to-day. This book is certainly a thriller—just as *Gun for Sale*, *It's a Battlefield* and *Brighton Rock* were thrillers. But it is very much more. It is like its predecessors, a psychological novel of importance, in some measure, though in less degree than *Brighton Rock* a picture of the tragedy of our times. It is magnificently exciting, but it is also beautiful in a quiet, poetic way. A really fine book.

* * *

My Friends the Baboons. By Eugene N. Marais. Methuen; 5/-.)

If you read *The Soul of the White Ant* you will not need any pressing to buy this book. If you did not, then let me tell you that Marais was one of the greatest naturalists of all time, and a man, moreover, who could write as simply and as charmingly as any "best seller," despite his great scientific learning. This book, the result of several years of intensive study in the wild, is utterly remarkable in its interpretation of baboon mentality. I do not think anyone could read it and not be moved by its sincerity and impressed by its obvious truthfulness. The world should have known of Marais long, long ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HISTORIC TREES OF THE EMPIRE

SIR,—Under this heading, in your issue of November 11th, Mr. E. R. Yarham's article deals with a subject deserving the widest attention from all interested in the preservation of notable trees.

His reference to the Earl of Jersey's efforts to form a representative collection from seedlings or cuttings obtained from trees of historic importance, opens afresh the very difficult question of how to verify the claims made in regard to many specimens that undoubtedly are venerable in point of age.

Lord Jersey, in a letter published some months since, stated that claims would need careful scrutiny. A little consideration of the facts relating to some trees referred to by Mr. Yarham emphasises the need for establishing pedigrees, just as would be done in the case of shorthorns, racehorses, or other live stock.

The Gray's Inn Catalpa is a noteworthy tree, meriting a place in the collection for its scion, but its reputed connection with Francis Bacon is quite another matter. The famous Chancellor Bacon died in 1626, just a century before Mark Catesby brought home from South Carolina the first Catalpa to this country, after a prolonged journey collecting rare trees and plants under the auspices of Sir Hans Sloane, who was largely interested in developing the Physic Garden at Chelsea.

Mr. Yarham mentions "a Judas tree, a white Magnolia and a *Ginglo* (?) tree, reputed to have been brought by the first Lord Balfour of Burleigh from Tuscany over 300 years ago, to Wick House at Christchurch, which "also boasts the largest Maidenhair Fern tree in Britain."

As it happens, "Maidenhair Tree" is the popular name for *Ginkgo biloba* (the sole member of that family), introduced from Japan about 1750—less than 200 years ago—and the first Lord Balfour died in 1606.

Several species of white-flowered Magnolias from America and Japan have been in cultivation here from about the year 1710.

The Judas Tree comes from the Mediterranean region and Gerarde (author of the celebrated "Herbal"), had one in his garden in 1596, so that possibly Lord Balfour may have brought or received one.

Many fine old trees of various sorts exist in unsuspected places in England and their discovery is a source of pleasure to all real lovers of garden and woodland.

Mr. Yarham does not mention Cedars of Lebanon and Oriental Planes; both would furnish romantic stories, some of which it has been my good fortune lately to disinter.

Yours faithfully,
NORTHUMBRIAN.

OTHER "TOADS OF TOAD HALL"

SIR,—Mr. Glover's account of the toad in a hedge-sparrow's nest reminds me that it is not unusual for toads to adopt such a retreat. Many years ago I found a toad in a yellow-hammer's nest built in a low thorn bush and reeds about a foot from the ground. The nest contained one intact and one broken egg. I have a note of a toad in a robin's nest which contained eggs, and another in a song-thrush's nest some distance up a holly tree. I once saw a toad fall quite 6ft. from an oak tree. It began to climb again almost at once, and progressed 3ft. up the trunk in a quarter of an hour, resting after every few inches advance. Evidently the climbing powers of toads are considerable.

Yours faithfully,
Holt Anstiss, E. W. HENDY.
Porlock, Somerset.

GANNET FEEDING YOUNG

SIR,—It is chiefly in September and October that the dark grey young gannet of the season is seen learning to fish in the company of its parents. Once, from a steamer's deck, I saw a young gannet fishing with its parent, and after each parental dive the young bird begged food from the old using a screeching note like, but louder than, that made by a young herring gull. The old gannet was diving for mature mackerel in fairly deep water, and going down deeply, emerged so forcibly as to shoot a couple of yards in the air, before coming to rest, when the fish it held could be seen depending from its beak. The young gannet sometimes made futile dives when its parent was under, but it invariably begged food after each of its parent's dives.

Obduracy in the parent gannet is usual, and has a natural cause, but it does feed its emancipated young at long intervals of time. I saw that take place on several occasions. The old gannet alights on the water, and sits motionless, when a change of cargo between it and its offspring is to be effected. The young bird alights near, and swims to it. The two birds remain beak to beak for some time, when, all being ready, the old bird opens its beak widely, and the young one inserts not only its beak, but actually its head, in the wide gape. The screeching of the young bird dies away in a throaty gurgle as the exchange of food is effected.



A BIT OF "UNKNOWN BATH"
(See letter "A Dickensian Relic")

Woodview, Yours faithfully,
Comrie, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Perthshire.

OLD BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES

SIR,—I notice in several of your recent publications there have been photographs of the various types of old bicycles.

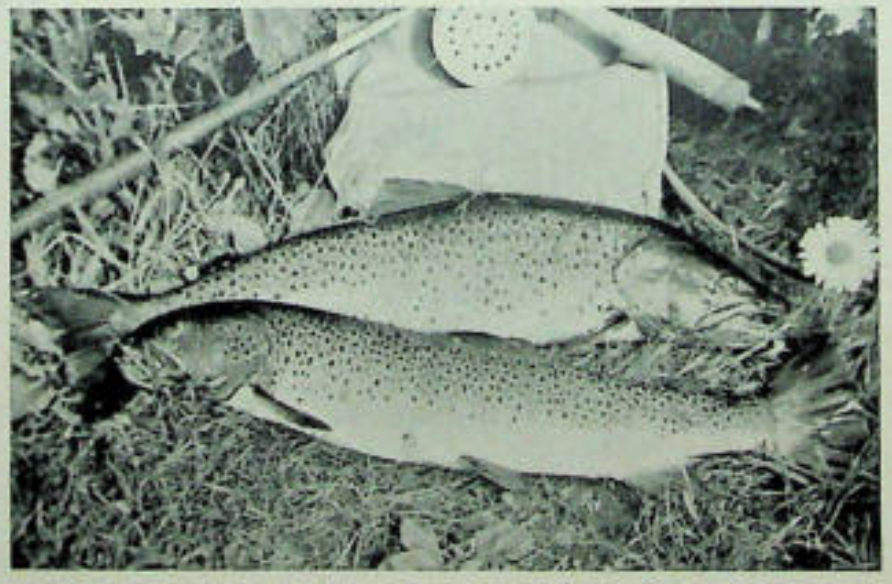
I have ridden bone-shakers, ordinaries, all kinds of tricycles, tandem with the lady in front and steering from the back handlebars, and tandem with the lady in the rear; also triplet and quad.

The strangest machine I think I have ever ridden was a sample machine which the Rudge Company sent to Dundee in the summer of either 1897 or 1898. It was called the "Sociable." There were two wheels, one behind the other, and on each side of the wheels there was a frame, something like the original lady's cycle, with saddle, pedals, and handlebars complete. It seems strange that a machine like this could balance, where the weights of the two riders in the saddles differed. But it did so, very well, especially after you got started.

I would be interested to know if any of your readers ever saw this machine, or rode it, or have a photograph of it. Perhaps the Rudge Company who introduced it would oblige?

I understand it was a sample machine sent with a view to see whether it would catch on with the public, but it never did here, and I never heard of any other.

Yours faithfully,
"Ardvorlich," CHARLES ROBERTSON.
61, Strathern Road,
West Ferry, Dundee.



A BRACE OF SPOTTED BEAUTIES
(See letter from "Trout from Jämtland")

INTRODUCING FOREIGN ANIMALS

SIR,—After reading Mr. Roger Graham's article in the FIELD of Oct. 21 I cannot help asking him to take the advice that Mother Carey gave to little Tom in "The Waterbabies." If he has never read it it may not be too late for him to do so. The advice was to "Look backward." Many well-meaning people have introduced foreign animals and birds into this and other countries before, and in nine cases out of ten they have been a great nuisance. The New Forest is part of England and still has some of her characteristic wild life left. Why upset it?

Nethercott, Yours faithfully,
Iddesleigh, N. Devon. S. W. M. BURDETT.

CAT VERSUS FOX

SIR,—While out looking for a roe on Craig-Dhu, Newtonmore, one day recently, I had an interesting experience. A very fine fox came in view amongst some rocks and brackens about 150yds. below where I was sitting. I watched him for some minutes, when suddenly from a hole in the rocks out jumped a wild cat, which went for the fox with teeth and claws. A savage fight ensued which lasted for about a minute, when the fox, who seemed to have had the worst of it, slunk away, sitting down a few yards from the spot shaking his head and looking round in wonderment. He then made off.

Yours faithfully,
Craigellachie Lodge, KATHERINE PELHAM BURN.
Craigellachie, Banffshire.

A DICKENSIAN RELIC

SIR,—It will be remembered that after the Bardell trial, Mr. Pickwick went to Bath for "a little change and gaiety." He stayed "at the White Hart Hotel, opposite the Great Pump Room, Bath, where the waiters, from their costume, might be taken for Westminster boys, only they destroy the illusion by behaving themselves much better."

The Dickensian who follows the footsteps of Mr. Pickwick at Bath will be disappointed to find that the White Hart Hotel was demolished many years ago. Its sign, a well-modelled effigy of a stag, was, however, preserved, and set up over the door of a modest little public-house on Widcombe Hill, where it stands to this day. This most interesting Pickwickian relic, of which I enclose a photograph may be regarded as a bit of "unknown Bath"—I have never seen it referred to in any guide-book.

Yours faithfully,
High Wycombe, JOHN B. TWYCROSS.
Bucks.

THE WARREN INN, DARTMOOR

SIR,—I was very interested indeed in your reference to the Warren Inn, Dartmoor, in the *Field* of October 14th. I knew the inn many years ago and have stayed the night there. I rather wonder, however, if the peat fire is the same as that of 100 years ago, because some ten years since the inn was completely modernised to meet the increased motor traffic, and its old-time character completely altered. In old days there was only a small peat fireplace, which is now replaced by something much larger.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. BIDDELL.

The Vicarage,
Sandown, I. of W.

TROUT FROM JÄMTLAND

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of two trout, which were taken by W. H. Stoneman on a minnow, in August, 1938, from the lake called Valsjön, in Jämtland, Sweden. One weighed 3 8/10 kilos, the other 3¼.

I think you will agree with me that the photograph is a fine one, I don't think I've ever seen its equal, for the play of light on fishes' scales.

Yours faithfully,
P. M. CASHEN.

White Hart Hotel,
Launceston, Cornwall.

FINLAND'S PROGRESS

SIR,—Many of your readers should be grateful to Moira Savonius for her recent account of Finland and the wonderful progress made in that country since the last war. British people on the whole can have very little conception of the advanced state of social life in that country, superior in many ways to our own.

I remember once expressing surprise when viewing some pictures of Finland, which caused a lady from that country to remark "Yes; we are quite a civilised race!" Incidentally the manner in which the Finns have utilised the natural wealth of their land explains the covetousness of their powerful neighbours.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. A. SKIDMORE.

SHOEING IN CHINA

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows how a Chinese blacksmith shoes a pony that is restive. The apparatus, known as the stocks, consists of six poles fixed vertically in the ground with cross pieces above. A block and tackle hangs from the framework.

The pony is led in between the two rows of poles and a broad webbing sling placed under its belly. By means of the tackle the animal is then slung well off the ground. Each of its legs is now secured to one of the vertical poles.

In this photograph one leg has not actually been tied up though the other three have been secured. In this case the head was also tied to one of the front poles, probably to even further immobilise the animal. The "shoey" then gets on with the job.

The Chinese pony has the reputation (quite undeserved in my opinion) for being vicious, hard-mouthed and a kicker. Some, it is true, are, but the great majority are not. During the six years that I was stationed in China, both North and South, my wife and I owned a number of ponies from time to time, and found the virtues far exceeded the vices.

The Chinese pony is of wonderful stamina, and though averaging only 13.2, will carry up to 13 or 14 stones in many cases; plucky and keen, it will give his last ounce to a good master.

I personally never allowed any of my ponies to be shod in this manner. I did not find such restraint necessary with them.

I have also seen the stocks used when a veterinary surgeon wished to operate on a pony's hoof and required complete immobility. They are certainly less unkind to the pony than a severe twitch.

Yours faithfully,

Barrackpore, India. F. D. ANNESLEY (Lieutenant-Colonel).



TAKING NO CHANCES
(See letter "Shoeing in China")

BUTTERFLIES OF INNER LONDON

SIR,—Even in October one may see butterflies in inner London, though, to be sure, they receive considerably less attention and publicity than London's birds. In the Victoria Embankment Gardens, Westminster, so late as October 12th, I saw a red admiral (*V. atalanta*) in good condition imbibing nectar from autumn flowers, in company with several small whites (*P. rapae*) and one small tortoiseshell (*A. urticae*). Another butterfly, seen in flight, may have been a second small tortoiseshell, but it looked more like a comma (*P. c-album*).

It would be interesting to hear if the red admiral is often seen in inner London. This rather belated specimen is the only one I have seen in Westminster this autumn, but had I more opportunity for observation I have no doubt that others would have been noted. Unfortunately my observations are restricted to all too infrequent periods of half-an hour or so at lunch-time. Nevertheless they have been sufficient to show that London, and more particularly the Westminster district, has a larger share of butterflies than the average provincial lepidopterist would imagine.

This season, in the aforementioned gardens alone, the admittedly ubiquitous small white has been comparatively common, while the other two "whites"—the large (*P. brassicae*) and the green-veined (*P. napi*)—have put in an appearance now and again. Several times, over the near-by Thames, "whites" were observed making their way, mostly towards the south-west, at varying heights and speeds; but whether they were taking part in the large-scale migrations, which occurred during the past summer, I cannot say. In any case, "whites" appear to have been more numerous in inner London than for some years past, and despite the quite logical remark, made by a naturalist, that a "cabbage white" would be out of place in Leicester Square, the appearance of unusually large numbers of white-winged "invaders," sailing like snowflakes over Whitehall roofs, either evoked no surprise or passed unnoticed.

But "whites," small tortoiseshells, and red admirals are by no means the only butterflies that the observant amateur lepidopterist may see in Westminster. Not so very many weeks ago, for example, while the writer was basking in brilliant sunshine on the Embankment near Westminster Bridge, a wall-brown (*P. megera*) settled in characteristically restless manner a few yards away; but though—surprise No 2!—it immediately became the object of a playful "attack" by a more brightly jewelled small copper (*L. phlaeas*), which appeared from nowhere in particular, not an eye was turned in their direction.

Yours faithfully,

56, Cranmore Lane, Aldershot. PETER MICHAEL.

YEW TREES AND PHEASANTS

SIR,—With regard to the pheasant which was sent to you for examination, and which you said had yew poisoning, I have tried to find out the nearest yew trees, and the nearest that I can find are by the houses of two of our neighbours. Both are at least a quarter of a mile away. These trees are in both cases very near the house.

It seems unusual that this bird should stray so far as it was reared on the lawn in front of the house, and we used to see it very frequently.

Yours faithfully,

Rhiwlas, Pentraeth, Anglesey. N. J. MILLS.

GERMAN DOCTRINE

SIR,—Please accept my congratulations and thanks for your memorable leader on the "German Doctrine." Let us make no mistake this time; there is only one guarantee for the future peace of Europe, the dismemberment of the German Empire into harmless states, without any powers of cohesion. The Germans themselves will be much happier under such conditions.

Yours faithfully,

Idole Rocks Hotel, St. Mawes, Cornwall. F. W. PILKINGTON.

THE HOUSE IN THE ROCK

SIR,—I was especially interested in two recent letters to the *Field* and the accompanying photographs of chapels cut out of the rock.

One of the letters referred to the Crag Chapel, Knaresborough, and it is also interesting to note that in this same cliff, almost directly above, is Fort Montagu—commonly known as "The House in the Rock."

This peculiar four-storey dwelling, which commands a fine view from its high situation in the cliff overlooking the Nidd Valley, was hewn out of the rock by a weaver towards the close of the eighteenth century, or nearly 400 years later than the nearby chapel. After sixteen years' hard work the task was finally completed by his son. The house is reached by steps in the rock leading up directly from the chapel grounds.

The name is due to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who is said to have visited the place during the excavation (Montagu being her family name).

Yours faithfully,

30, Swan Road, Harrogate. BERTRAM USSHER.



A PROMISE WHICH IS NOT SO GOOD AS IT LOOKS
(See letter "To-morrow Never Comes")

TO-MORROW NEVER COMES

SIR,—As a result of a chat with an old inhabitant in the Wensleydale hamlet of Downholme I was shown an interesting old Yorkshire joke, "Good Ale to-morah for Nothing. August, 1694"—cut in stone near the eaves of a cottage.

By borrowing a ladder I was able to obtain a photograph. It is known that the cottage was once a wayside tavern—used as a stopping place for the pack-horse teams toiling the Dale. Evidently the landlord had to do something to stop those teamsters who sought credit, promising to pay next time!

Yours faithfully,

48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate. J. A. CARPENTER.

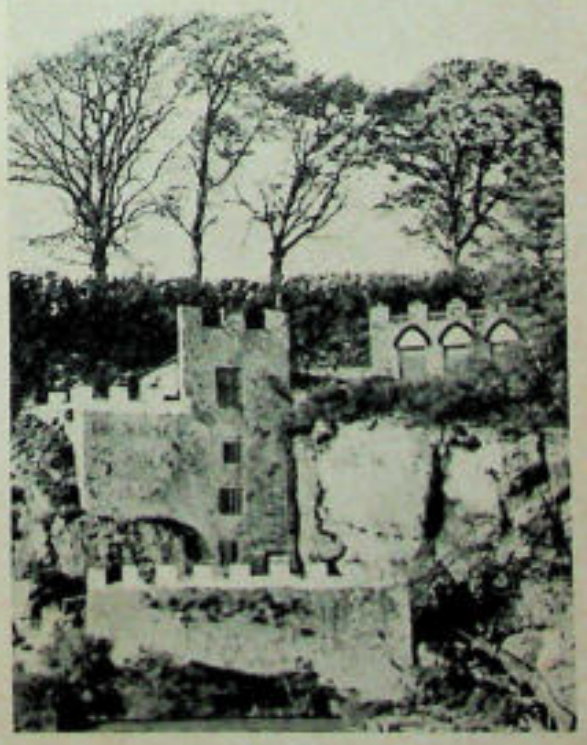
CROWS AND RABBITS

SIR,—On three occasions in a week I have come across a full-grown rabbit with the flesh eaten away from between its head and shoulders. The rabbits were still alive when found. On each occasion three corbie crows flew away from where the rabbits were lying. Is it a habit of corbies to attack and kill full-grown rabbits? I know they are very voracious birds.

Yours faithfully,

Low Warden, Hexham, Northumberland. J. T. GRACIE.

[Crows will attack full grown but ailing rabbits. It seems that these rabbits must have been diseased.—ED.]



CUT FROM THE CLIFF FACE
(See letter "The House in the Rock")

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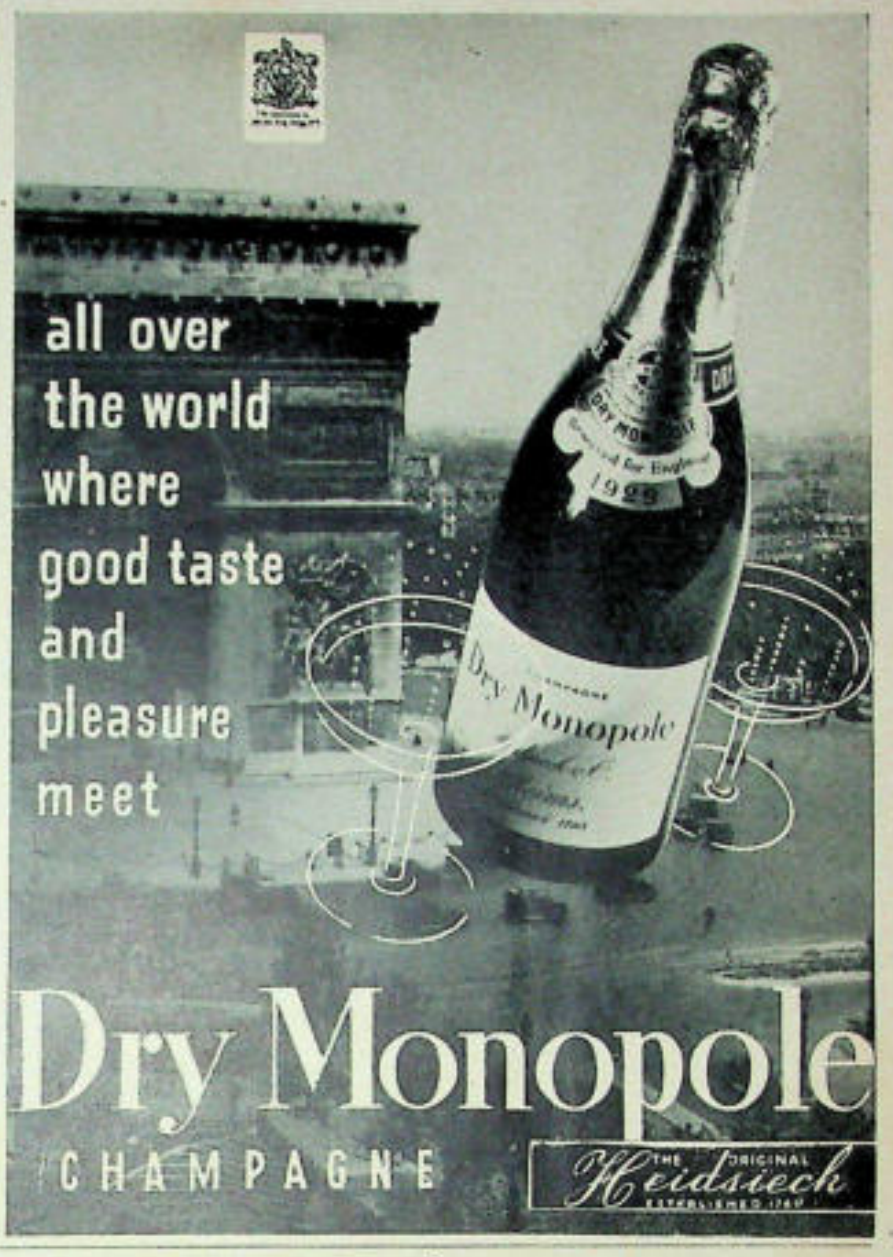
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TREE STUMPS REVEALED BY THE TIDE
(See letter "Submerged Forests")

MACKEREL FISHING

SIR,—The status of the mackerel in salt water is on a par with that of the sea-trout in our rivers, and two, at least, of the methods in general use for taking mackerel are eminently sporting.

For fishing from a boat the outfit is extremely simple: a couple of yards of fine gut or gut substitute, with a hook at the end. A shoal is found by trailing, when the boat is anchored, and the fish kept in the vicinity by putting out a ground-bait net. A bait is then attached to the hook and the bait paid out astern until bites are obtained. The excitement consists in playing a powerful fish on very light gear; beyond this there is nothing to learn, and the tyro has as good a chance as the experienced angler.

It is quite otherwise when the fishing is from a pier or breakwater with slider float. In this case the tackle is comparatively complicated. The best form of float is a torpedo shape, about eight inches long by three-quarters of an inch greatest diameter. It may be of either cork or balsa, the latter being the more satisfactory. There can be either a thin celluloid tube down the long axis of the float or two very small porcelain rod rings can be whipped on the outside.

In the latter case the upper ring must be at the very tip of the float in order to avoid fouls when casting against the wind, and a loose bead must be put on the line above the float, when a little bit of doubled wool will be sufficient for a stop.

It is essential that the float stop should be very small and soft, so that it can fly through the rod rings as easily as the line itself. A 12lb. silk line will run freely through an ordinary glass bead; the bead itself must be of such outside dimensions that it will not go through the rod rings.

Though the short shanked model Perfect is all right for pollack, it will be found that the long shanked pattern responds more effectively to the strike with the quick-biting mackerel, and fewer fish get off. It is rather a mistake casting far and fishing a long way out, as with a lot of floating line it is difficult to strike fast enough.

If one can have someone at hand with a circular drop net to land the fish it is possible to use very fine gear. Ordinarily, however, anglers depend on being able to lift the fish on to the pier platform without the help of a net. Gut substitute of 11lbs. to 14lbs. B.S. is strong enough to lift any ordinary fish. The rod itself should be stiff enough to reel up a 2lb. mackerel without undue strain. A whipper rod is pleasanter to cast with, but it is very tiresome to have to hand-line practically every fish. Where there is a good depth of water close to a pier one usually puts the stop pretty high up; 12ft. to, perhaps 15ft., whereas in shallower water the depth fished at may be only 6ft. or thereabouts. If the stop is of scarlet wool one can see it run along the top of the water, up to the float tip, after each cast.

There is a great fascination in this pier fishing for mackerel, and when fairly bitten with it anglers find ground fishing comparatively uninteresting.

Yours faithfully,
FLEUR-DE-LYS.

Paignton.



SUBMERGED FORESTS

SIR,—These two photos which I took recently on the submerged forest of the foreshore sands on the south Lancashire coast at the Alt estuary, near Crosby, illustrate an interesting survival from prehistoric times, when great forests covered a coast that is now the largest stretch of sandhills in England. The winter gales expose the tree trunks, and sometimes large trunks of bog oak, alder, willow and birch are flung up from the bed of the sea.

One I once measured I found to be 10ft. long. We have easily recognised pieces of birch bark in this prehistoric forest, and a botanical friend has identified the pollen of hazel catkins in the submerged peat bed.

The forest is not so well known as that on the Cheshire coast near Leasowe, frequently alluded to in literature, but now considerably reduced by the destructive action of the tides. In recent years there has been an interesting reversion to the original forest belt, by the successful planting of some 2,000 acres of the west Lancashire dunes with a pine and birch forest. Before 1889 there were no trees on the dunes between Formby and Ainsdale.

The stumps and roots in the sands of the foreshore at Crosby comprise oak, willow and birch. The roots of the royal fern have also been found, as have human and horse bones when sewers were cut from Hightown through the peat bed.

Yours faithfully,
ERIC HARDY.

Wavertree,
Liverpool.

SCOTERS INLAND

SIR,—I send below some experiences of Scoters on inland water for inclusion in your correspondence columns if of sufficient interest.

Mr. Reed's letter *re* Scoters on fresh water published in the issue of October 28th is of interest to me, because of similar occurrences at Eccup Reservoir, near Leeds.

In Volume III of Coward's Handbook—the latest edition—it is stated that parties have been seen in Cheshire, Hertfordshire and Staffordshire in July and August; Witherby mentions that small parties have been seen inland in April and November.

A friend of mine has seen Scoters in small numbers from about the middle of July to the middle of August at Eccup Reservoir in 1938 and 1939. I saw one in early August this year, but on Saturday, October 28th, another friend and I watched a party of fourteen female common Scoters. We saw them at about 70yds. through a 35x telescope, and there could be no doubt of their identity.

It would be interesting to hear of the experiences of others who watch large stretches of water. Does a coast-to-coast migration overland actually take place in the North of England about this time?

None of this party was present on Sunday morning. The way in which they kept themselves in not mingling with the other duck was as noticeable as their close approach to the shore.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. PARSONS.

The General Infirmary,
Leeds.

BLACKSTONE EDGE ROMAN ROAD

SIR,—Many of your readers may be interested in the accompanying photograph of what has been described as "the most perfect specimen of a Roman paved road in England." It is to be found on Blackstone Edge, above Littleborough, Lancashire, and the causeway is 18ft. wide, being formed of ashlar set in regular courses and with cambered surface.

Down the centre runs a groove which is believed to have been worn by the brake-pole of the Roman waggons. The even nature of this groove, however, suggests that it was constructed to assist the brakes rather than its having been worn.

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.

Bolton-le-Sands,
Lancs.



AN ENGLISH ROAD UPON WHICH THE ROMAN LEGIONS MARCHED
(See letter "Blackstone Edge Roman Road")

THE ZOO'S CHOUGH FROM PUTNEY

By JAMES FISHER

A WEEK or two ago a young woman rang up the Zoo and informed an official that she had found a Chough in her garden in Putney. Of course the Society is continually getting information of this sort, and very often it relates to quite common birds and is based on wrong identification.

The Zoo authorities can perhaps be forgiven for having had suspicions, therefore, that the bird was perhaps a cock blackbird. However, a friendly Fellow living in the district offered to bring the bird in, and sure enough it proved to be a Cornish Chough.

The bird is in perfect condition and has clearly been kept in captivity. In spite of several mentions in the Press, however, nobody has so far come forward to claim it. The Chough is one of our native birds which has been going through hard times, but it shows no signs at the present time of disappearing altogether from our fauna. Chough localities in Cornwall and Devon are known only to a handful of ornithologists who are for the most part ardent protectionists, and there seems to be some chance that the bird's numbers will increase.

In Wales, one or two of the sea-cliff haunts are still inhabited and there are one or two other pairs inland in secluded valleys. So far as is known none now inhabit the mainland of Scotland, but on some of the Inner Hebrides, particularly Islay, there is a fair number breeding. On the west and south-west coasts of Ireland the Choughs come into their own, and are relatively numerous.

The specimen now in the Zoo exhibits all the agility and swiftness of movement which one would associate with a strong-flying cliff dwelling bird. It is continually on the move, darting about a cage which it shares with some herons and ibises, and clings to almost any roughness, however small, that it finds on the vertical walls.

It is remarkably tame and, though it will not stand on its keeper's finger for long, shows great interest in the room in which bird-food is cut up and in the keepers' private sitting-room. It waits eagerly for the bread to be cut so that it can peck at the crumb. However, the keeper tells me that it is getting a little bored with plain bread and prefers butter on it.

All the energies of the Society are being directed towards preserving the comprehensiveness of its collection, and so far there is certainly little difference to the eyes of the ordinary visitor. In the paddock by the office, which houses agoutis in the summer, half-a-dozen large domestic rabbits—a buck and five does—have been introduced. The object is to breed rabbits as a source of food supply for some of the carnivorous birds and mammals. The rabbits are being fed on scraps from the restaurant and crusts and lettuce that the office staff bring them in the mornings. Two litters have already appeared and seem to be doing well.

It has been announced that Mr. David Seth-Smith, the Curator of mammals and birds to the Zoological Society, has retired. It is pleasing to be able to record that the enormous public which Mr. Seth-Smith had attracted in his position as the Zoo Man of the B.B.C. (and the most popular children's broadcaster) is not likely, however, to lose him, since he is carrying on with his broadcasting work and with his contact with the Society.

Mr. Seth-Smith was the first and only curator of birds that the Society has ever had. The office of curator was not instituted until 1908 and his was the first appointment. At first he fulfilled the duties of Curator of Birds and Inspector of Works. Before coming on the staff he had for long been a Fellow of the Society and had at times been on the Council. Originally he was trained as an architect, but early in life he devoted himself to ornithology and, in particular, aviculture and was one of the earliest members of the Avicultural Society. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on parakeets.

One of his first duties as an official of the Society was to visit Australia in order to make a collection of animals, and the great traditions of the exhibition of marsupials in the Zoological Gardens have dated from this visit. Later he became curator both of birds and of mammals, a position which he held until his retirement, after serving the Society for thirty-one years. To one who, as assistant curator, has worked with him for three years, he was a continual source of erudite and accurate information upon anything that might have bearing on the management of animals in captivity.

It might also be said that Mr. Seth-Smith was a very good photographer, and the negatives he had made during the time he has spent in the Gardens, especially those of birds, must be one of the most important collections in the world.



THE ZOO'S CHOUGH WAITS EAGERLY FOR THE BREAD TO BE CUT UP

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

WAR is waste—waste of lives and treasure, of time and of labour. There must be no other waste in war-time. Economy in war-time is a moral duty for all of us; it is also a matter of dire necessity for most of us. But common sense must not be scrapped altogether in war-time. Economy must not be made the excuse for going without the food that we cannot do without, in order that we may still afford the fine feathers that we can easily dispense with. What really matters should come first, always. That is why food must come first, always. The love of show, of mere shadows, is by no means the privilege of the rich. The poorest of the poor, many of them, are ready to go without food rather than miss paying their funeral insurance: they will starve to death cheerfully so long as they can be sure of a carriage and pair for their last journey. This is undertakers' philosophy, not common sense.

Caviare and birds' nest soup may be dispensed with during the war and we can easily do without butter and bacon now and again, eat less meat and sugar and still enjoy excellent meals. Let us draw upon our imagination a little more than usual and we shall not mind rationing in the least. As a matter of fact, enforced war economies may turn out to be a blessing, a double blessing if they teach us to avoid waste in the kitchen, and to enjoy all manner of excellent foods which have had such a poor chance until now, either owing to prejudice or sheer laziness.

We cannot and must not eat banana skins—let alone paper bags—like the elephants at the Zoo; nor can we swallow fish as the sea-lions do. Whether it be fish, meat or beans, our food must be cooked to be acceptable; most of it, before we can digest it, has to be boiled in water, and in the process it parts with much of its goodness: the poorer it becomes, the richer the water, which is no longer water but "stock." This stock is all-too-often poured down the sink, a most sinful form of waste. The water in which meat, fish or most vegetables have been boiled, simmered or stewed *must* be saved and used as a basis for nourishing and flavoursome soups, or else, after being slowly evaporated, as a basis for sauces.

Now also is the time to explore new fields where gastronomic adventure and delight await our pleasure. There are ever so many quaint and wholesome berries, roots and shoots in hedges and copses to be picked and enjoyed by country dwellers, and there are, in the cities, all kinds of heads, tails and entrails to be bought from the butcher; all kinds of birds and land game from the poulterer or game dealer, which would add greatly to the interest and pleasure of our daily meals, did we but choose to ask for them. There are also all manner of queer creatures in the air, the land and the waters, curlews, squirrels, hedgehogs, carp and mud fish which we need not trouble about just yet: let them remain and multiply as a reserve in case the war should last seven, fourteen or twenty-one years!

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

WAR has brought acute difficulties for the investor. There is difficulty, for instance, in deciding what type of investment should be selected. Some industries stand to benefit as a direct result of war conditions. Others will doubtless be heavily penalised.

The nation will without the least possible doubt subscribe freely towards new War Loans. A large number of investors will place their savings in National Savings Certificates. This is an excellent form of investment.

The buyer of Savings Certificates is contributing directly towards financing the war in exactly the same way as when supporting new War Loans. The holder is on perfectly safe ground. He avoids capital depreciation. The value of Savings Certificates increases year by year and they are entirely free from income tax.

There must be many, however, who desire to take some financial part in other directions, particularly in British industry. The problem here is to decide which security should be bought in order to produce the best results. The average man has insufficient capital to spread his interest as it should be done.

This is where the investment trust undertakings come to the rescue. Investment trust companies have been formed to buy and manage selected investments. The directors, as a general rule, have a wide knowledge of financial affairs. They probably know of forthcoming favourable developments and disappointments long before such conditions are realised by the man in the street. They act accordingly in buying and selling securities held in their portfolios.

The idea of investment trust companies originated in Scotland some 50 years ago. There are now some 200 such concerns in existence. Their capital is well spread so as to minimise risk. They usually follow a conservative policy of distributing profits, and what is very important is a constant survey of the securities actually held.

The stocks and shares of the principal and most successful investment trust undertakings command rather high prices in stock markets. Supplies are at times difficult to secure and the money at the disposal of the average investor will only touch the fringe of the investment trust organisations.

This is where "Investment Trust Units" come to the rescue. Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd., as managers of Investment Trust Units, purchase for the benefit of the unit holders blocks of shares in selected investment trust companies as favourable opportunities occur.

Securities thus purchased are then converted into "Investment Trust Units." This is a recognised and most suitable form of investment for the public. The units enjoy free marketability. There is a contract between Equity & Law Life Assurance Society and the managers of the trust whereby the society undertakes to purchase units of the trust or underlying securities to a total value of £250,000 at prices calculated on current Stock Exchange quotations.

The managers undertake at any time, if desired by the unit holders, to convert his units into cash at net realisable or realised value on the Stock Exchange of the underlying securities. Not more than 7½ per cent. of its funds may be invested in any one company. On October 21st last it had spread its funds over 78 companies.

Market value of the issued capital of these companies exceeded £160 million. During the past year the total revenue available for ordinary or deferred stockholders amounted to £3,337,467, out of which £2,648,325 was distributed. That left a very satisfactory margin. This conservative distribution of profits makes for dividend stability.

Investment Trust Units can be purchased through any bank, stockbroker or the Managers, Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd., 30, Cornhill, London, E.C. 3. A half-yearly distribution of 2.976*8*d. net per unit will be paid to unit holders on November 30th. The units have a present buying price of 11s. 6d. xd.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, urgently ask your help for a poor paralysed woman, who has been completely bedridden since the age of five. She is 52, and has managed to earn a little throughout her life by needlework, but now she has reached the stage when she can no longer sit up in bed. Until recently she was cared for by her old mother, but she, too, has now become practically bedridden. Will those who read this appeal send the Friends of the Poor something to enable them to send 5/- weekly for one year? Their need in these days of stress is greater than ever.

SOME ROYAL FOLLOWERS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME

By LOUIS T. STANLEY



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AT LAST YEARS' WALKER CUP MATCH AT ST. ANDREWS
With him are the Hon. John Lowther (left) and Colonel Macmillan

FIGURES of international repute move daily across the stage of world events. No Greek tragedy ever witnessed such activity under the shadow of death. Outstanding perhaps have been the elderly Queen of Holland and the youthful King of the Belgians, whose mediation offer brought these two peace-loving countries to the fore. The latter monarch has lingered long on the borders of sorrow, but although these setbacks may have made his heart heavy, they most certainly have not undermined his magnificent fighting spirit.

In a different sphere this was amply demonstrated during the past summer when as Count de Rethy he made golfing history by becoming the first reigning king to enter the lists of a national golf championship. At such a moment it is not entirely out of keeping to recall what happened.

The first round saw him drawn against M. Chupin, the owner of a local hotel. Pre-match forecasts pointed to the King as an easy winner on the score that his opponent had only been playing golf for some four seasons. Once again prophecy proved to be the most gratuitous form of error. From start to finish it was a duel of fluctuating fortunes, until finally little M. Chupin was left to negotiate a stymie on the home green to save the match. After several tense moments he succeeded in lofting the ball into the hole and won a brief respite. Very brief, as it turned out, for King Leopold made no mistake about finishing the game at the nineteenth.

His second round match against Peter Clive, the son of the British Ambassador, will always be remembered by those who watched that thrilling encounter. It was throughout a battle royal. The lead changed hands in bewildering fashion, but gradually the King forged ahead, until, with three holes to play, he held the invaluable lead of two holes—a margin that looked substantial enough to carry him into the next round.

Then, for the first time, the King wavered, and began to press—a fatal mistake over that testing Royal Zoute lay-out. He lost the sixteenth in 4 to 5; rallied to halve the seventeenth in 5; but over-clubbed himself for his approach at the home hole and the match was brought back to square. A most remarkable recovery on the part of Clive. More surprises were still to follow. The King let loose an uncontrolled drive at the nineteenth which strayed far off its course and found an almost unplayable lie. Thus did his baptism of fire in championship golf come to an end.

King Leopold undoubtedly ranks first among royal golfers, and in fact takes high place among the leading amateurs of his country. His drives are long. In this particular championship I saw him pass the 300yds. mark on several occasions. His work round the greens has always been of high standard, but perhaps the most noticeable feature of his play which first catches the eye is his exceptionally wide stance. When sanity once more returns to the world I am convinced that little Belgium, through the enthusiasm of her King, will play a prominent part in continental golf.

Any reference to the active participation in the game by royalty would, however, be sadly incomplete were mention not made of the contributions by our own sovereign and his brothers.

King George first made his acquaintance with the game when, he and the Duke of Windsor, as boys, played at Newquay, that delightful haven of peace along the Atlantic coast. That his first impressions should have been so favourable is understandable, for this club, which traces its history back to 1894, possesses an idyllic layout, with the famous headland, sandy bays, and extensive Cornish moors as a picturesque setting.

King George shares with King Leopold a similar distinction regarding public appearance in golf. Just as the Belgian king is the first monarch to take part in a championship, so our sovereign is the only member of the royal family to have figured in an exhibition game.

This was at the official opening of the nine-holes course at Ton Penre in South Wales which had been constructed by miners in their off-time. The King, then Duke of York, had as his partner Captain Basil Brooke and was opposed by Mr. Frank Hodges, the miners' M.P., who had issued the challenge, and Mr. Evans, the chairman of the Mining Association.

The match was played under extreme difficulties. The trouble lay in the fact that the majority of the miners who formed the gallery, knew next to nothing about golf etiquette, and were so eager to obtain front-seat views that they surged forward as the unfortunate players were about to play their shots. The crowning incident came when a stray dog decided to take an active part in the proceedings and ran off with the Duke's ball after he had putted. To meet the unusual situation it was ruled that the putt should be played again without penalty. After many and varied adventures the match drew to a close, the royal partnership having to admit defeat by 2 and 1. Before leaving, the Duke was presented with a set of pipes by a girl in the Welsh national costume, and so ended a truly memorable occasion.

If he could only devote more time to the game King George would become a first-class player and many of us recall how well he came through that most trying ordeal of playing himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1930.

The keenest golfer of the royal brothers is, of course, the Duke of Windsor. He is the most widely-travelled golfing ambassador this country has ever had. His extensive perigrinations have taken him all over the globe, and wherever possible he has played golf. The Duke of Kent, on the other hand, has not displayed such keenness, but at the same time has always followed the game with interest. His visit to St. Andrews last year on the first day of the Walker Cup match was greatly appreciated by the American team.

The mention of Belgium has caused us to reflect upon the appearances of royalty on the course. The reference to Holland takes us into the remote past, to that vexed question as to whether the royal and ancient game had its origins in this land of clogs.

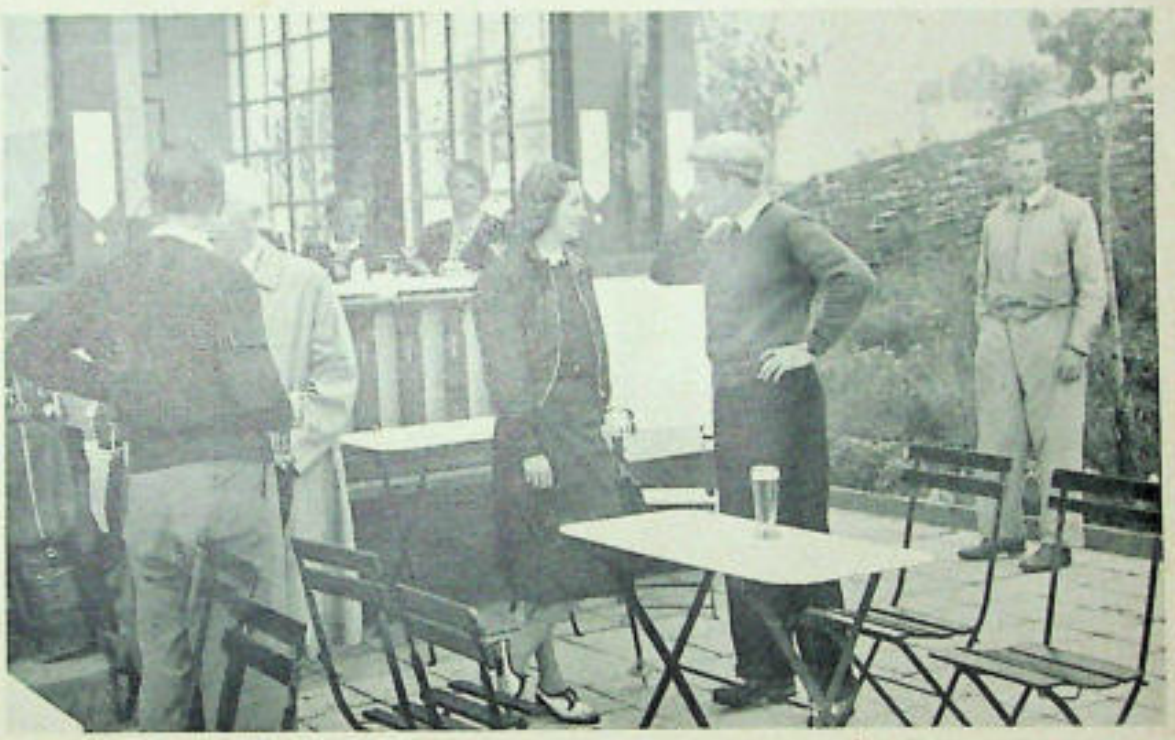
It is only a few months ago since I walked by the side of their canals which reflected something of the surrounding peace and calm. Now those same waterways form a vital part of the national system of defences. They safeguard not only human lives, but such priceless art treasures as the Rembrandts and Holbeins at The Hague and in Amsterdam. The last-named city contains in the Rijks Museum a painting that is of particular interest to golfers. It is "The Eve of St. Nicholas," by Jan Steen (1626–1679).

The scene it depicts is of a typical family grouping in which the youngest child has just received a present. The figure that demands our attention is a young boy in the background holding a club and ball. The interesting point is that they are quite different from the ones traditionally used in the game of kolven, which is still played in parts of North Holland. The ball in the painting is not so big, and the club has quite a whippy shaft, as though designed to propel the ball greater distances. It is therefore on the borders of possibility that a form of Scottish golf was played by the children of old Holland.

If so, then one of its finest descendants has just come into our midst in the person of Jonkeer Michiels van Verduynen, the new Netherlands Minister to London. This 6ft. athletic-looking diplomat has twice won his country's golf championship, and although now 55 years of age, can still play a good game. It would be a delight to see him play in a match against the Hon. Michael Scott, who, at the same age, in 1933, became the oldest player to win the British Amateur Championship.

His advent swells the number of golfing diplomats in this country, but I often wonder why it is that more do not play, because the opportunities of getting to know one's partner intimately during a friendly, offer excellent opportunities to those called upon to fathom the British character.

It is, of course, impossible to dogmatise even here, for if it were always so, then Herr von Ribbentrop would have profited from his experiences in this country. During his stay he played sufficient golf to have surely read the British character, but even on his first visit to Gleneagles he was quiet and repressed, and a man who can be like that amid surroundings of such perfect beauty is quite capable of being unable to recognise other absolute values!



AN INFORMAL GROUP AT THE ROYAL ZOUTE CLUBHOUSE
The King of the Belgians has placed his glass of beer on the table and is talking to Mrs. Peter Clive. From left is Peter Clive with Sir Robert Clive, Ambassador to Belgium, and on the extreme right Aubrey Boomer, professional at the Waterloo Golf Club



IRISES BY THE SEASHORE

"I know a seashore garden where surplus irises were thrown out almost within reach of the waves, and the effect of these lovely flowers with the sea for a background is enchanting"

RENOVATING THE IRIS BORDER

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IRISES have become such a cult during the last few years that in many gardens they make the chief display in June. I know one garden where the lawn immediately below two sitting-room windows has a large raised iris garden (about a foot high) laid out in the form of a figure eight, with the usual curves replaced by straight lines, and there is a small square in the middle. The sides are supported by rough stones and over these grow aubrietias in mixed colours. The effect for the greater part of early summer is both attractive and unusual.

At this time of year the iris garden usually needs attention. If left for over three years the plants deteriorate, the foliage becomes poor and the petals thin in texture. They need careful lifting, and if they are to be divided this should never be done when labour is short. They need neither staking nor watering, and can usually be left to themselves for three seasons. They are among the exceptionally healthy plants and it is slugs that are the real worry. These pests like the young eyes and, with a discerning taste, they invariably attack the more expensive varieties, leaving the commoner sorts untouched.

Meta and bran make almost any plants slug-proof, and in rainy parts it is not a bad plan to put this mixture (a large handful of bran with one meta tablet well crushed and mixed up in it) in little tin boxes, about the size of matchboxes, with holes pierced in the sides so that the slugs can get at the bait easily. Slugs are so fond of bran that they will leave even young French beans and lettuces alone to secure it.

Rhizome rot is the only serious disease from which irises suffer and it is easily discernible, for the leaves come out with the slightest pull and the rhizomes are shiny and soft. Every diseased plant has to be dug up and all the infected parts cut with a clean knife dipped in a strong disinfectant. The plant and leaves should be dipped in a solution of permanganate before replanting in fresh soil. The solution should be a good pale pink.

Irises are amongst the few plants that look equally well either in a formal garden or in the wild garden. I know a seashore garden where surplus irises were thrown out almost within reach of the waves, and the majority of them flourished so well that each year the surplus is added, and now the effect of these lovely flowers, with the sea for a background and almost within range of the spray, is enchanting. The irises probably do so well on this site because it fulfils two conditions essential for them, *i.e.*, a sandy, very well-drained soil and full sun. Frequently irises are planted with a background of flowering shrubs, and while this is ideal in some ways it is not the same as sun all day.

In another garden I know there is a field immediately adjoining the garden proper and across this a straggling path leading to the village. The path has gradually been planted on both sides with surplus irises and beyond are drifts of lupins. Both irises and lupins are rabbit-proof so there is no trouble in that direction. Some lupin seed is saved each year and the seedlings planted out in large, informal drifts.

Irises want little, but that little they must have; sufficient sun, a perfectly drained soil, sufficient lime in some form (mortar rubble seems particularly to their liking) and feeding. No animal manure should ever be added to the soil. Choice irises are best top-dressed with leaf mould annually, or bone meal is an excellent manure for them. On sandy soils the plants flourish almost without attention, and I have had them flowering splendidly planted almost on the top of privet roots—I do not know any other handsome plants which tolerate these conditions. On heavy soils they afford a problem. It is useless to plant them unless the soil is thoroughly lightened, and even then it is best to give them a raised bed if possible.

The oldest cultivated iris is *I. florentina*, which is the source of orris powder. The old name for this iris was Flower of Light (*fleur de luce*) and it used to be a favourite for church decoration. In mediæval times orris root and aniseed were used for scenting linen. Its perfume is delicious, and it is still an iris which deserves a place in every garden, for it is one of the loveliest white flowers. The dwarf early-flowering irises are becoming more popular for use as edgings to iris beds and for the rock garden, though I prefer them as edgings. The earliest is Atroviolacea and the most attractive is Lieutenant X. de Chavagnac, which is a pleasing reddish-purple and slightly scented.

THE CULTIVATION OF RASPBERRIES

AMONGST the soft fruits few give so profitable a crop from a small space as raspberries, and, like Gooseberries, they do particularly well in the North of England and Scotland. In many gardens considerably more space is being given during war-time to all the small fruits.

If raspberries are included it is no use planting them in poor, hungry soil, for they are greedy feeders. Unlike most fruits they are surface feeders, the important roots being the ones near the surface, as the long woody roots merely hold the plants securely. Planted on poor soil these surface roots cannot get enough moisture, and, as a result, produce thin inferior canes which are not robust enough to carry even a fair crop.

It is for this reason also that raspberries should never be planted near large fruit trees. It is a common blunder to use up vacant space near fruit trees in this way, and the results are disastrous, for it is impossible for them to get sufficient moisture or food on such a site. Wild raspberries, it is true, grow in part shade, but the cultivated varieties which produce an abundant crop of large fruits must have a position in full sun.

The ground should be trenched two spits deep and plenty of humus should be incorporated in both spits. Planting is best done this month and not deferred till later. The best arrangement is to have them in rows, as this makes staking and picking easy, and the rows should run north and south to secure the maximum of sun; 6ft. should be allowed between the rows and 2ft. between the plants. Another common mistake is to crop between the rows. This is most unwise, even with lettuces.

Except in very sheltered parts it is essential to put in stout poles at the ends of the rows and to run wires or strong tarred twine between them. In the case of very long rows the poles have to be put in every 12ft., otherwise the wires or twine would sag. The wires or twine are not merely to prevent the canes being battered in high winds, but also to support them when loaded with fruit.

It is very important not to plant raspberries too deep. The white buds at the tops of the roots are usually easily discernible, and if these are put in more than 2in. deep on heavy, or 3in. on light soil, they perish, with the result that there are no young canes the following season. After planting make the soil very firm and cut back the canes to within 2ft. of the ground. It was formerly the custom to cut them back within 6in. of the ground, but this system is now condemned, for the canes may be cut back to only blind buds. In spring, when the healthy buds show clearly, the canes can be cut back to one of these buds within a foot of the ground.

The pruning of established raspberries is frequently deferred till autumn. This is a mistake, for the young canes need all the light and air they can get, and weak growths left on for weeks after they should have been cut out sap the vitality of the plants. Six canes at the most should be left on each stool. Frequently young canes spring up well out of the line, and these are best lifted and used to make a new plantation.

Care should be taken to take only those suckers that have been thrown up by healthy and prolific plants. Even with good stock it is unwise to continue with this method of propagation for long. It does not pay in these days to waste ground on fruit that is steadily depreciating.

The time that a raspberry plantation lasts depends on the nature of the soil and the variety. Six years is usually the limit on light soils and rather longer on thoroughly well prepared rich soil. In my childhood cottagers regarded raspberries as a more or less permanent plantation, but in those days all fruits in cottage gardens were liberally fed with natural manure. Consequently the plants were very healthy and disease far less frequent than now.

Most gardeners top the raspberries in March to strengthen the canes and the rows should be done evenly if possible. The tall growing kinds should be topped so that they are left about 4ft. 6in. high, and the dwarfer kinds 3ft. 6in. high. A little extra tying is usually necessary at this time. Young canes should never be tied up tightly the first time, namely, when the old canes have been cut out, for they mature better if loosely tied. It is in spring they need firmer tying to support them well during the fruiting season.

Everyone has their favourite amongst raspberries. Mine is Baumforth's Seedling, a very strong grower and delicious, with deep red fruits. Park Lane is usually regarded as the epicure's choice, but it is apt to suffer from die-back. The universally popular Lloyd George usually does best treated as an autumn fruiting variety.

These autumn fruiting varieties require rather different pruning to the summer fruiting kinds. After planting in autumn cut the canes to within a foot of the ground in February, and on the young canes produced during spring and summer fruit is borne in autumn. In late spring or early summer these new growths are thinned, leaving six to a clump. It is essential to support the autumn fruiting kinds, because they bear their fruits towards the tops of the canes and not the whole length, and so are very top-heavy. If making a new plantation in war-time it is best to get Lloyd George, as then fruit will be secured the first season. E. S. R.

WIREWORMS AND SUGAR BEET. Wireworm attack on the sugar beet crop is only important in the early stages; that is, before, and for a short while after, singling. Subsequent feeding on the roots is of little consequence. Where grassland has been ploughed in the spring and the turf has been buried deeply and efficiently, losses due to wireworms are much less serious during the first year than in the second. There is abundance of evidence in support of this conclusion. In fact, it is confidently believed that when the ploughing is done in this manner there is little need to fear a bad wireworm attack during the first year with a wireworm population up to 500,000 per acre. Recent investigations have shown beyond doubt that heavy seeding and interdrilling with wheat together give a definite measure of protection to the crop.

WINTER SPRAYING OF ORCHARDS

Tar Distillate Washes and Insect Egg Control

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



THE KNAPSACK SPRAYER AT WORK

IN the original *Recommendations for Growers of Horticultural Crops* sent out by the Ministry of Agriculture at the beginning of the war, these words appear, "During the period of war the amount of fruit imported will be below normal and growers should be encouraged to produce the maximum crops from established trees. Growers should be urged to increase their sprayings." The most important of all these sprayings is undoubtedly the Winter Tar Distillate washing. The tar oil does seem to be the one effective insurance which will ensure healthy crops.

The tar distillate wash should be used during the dormant season as a matter of routine. It is better to get this spraying over before Christmas, for weather conditions are usually more suitable then than after the turn of the year. Further there are varieties of soft fruits, and top fruits too, for that matter, which are liable to spray injury if winter washing is delayed until January or February. The falling of the flower buds of plums just before the blossom period is often attributed to birds, but it can easily be due to tar wash injury, if the application is made in January or February.

There are some varieties of apples, such as Cox's Orange Pippin, Stirling Castle, Newton Wonder, Grenadier, Beauty of Bath and Gladstone which show signs of tar oil injury if this spray is applied after December 31st. Many others on the other hand can be tar oiled until the end of March, providing a 5% solution is used. Where a 10% solution is applied it should never be used on *any variety* after the end of February.

Early spraying is therefore advisable and all fruit growers should endeavour to carry out their winter washing within the next few weeks.

In small orchards of a couple of acres or so, time is not of as great importance as on farms where the acreage of fruit is 80, 100 or even 300 acres. With a restricted acreage the spraying can be carried out with a hand pump. With such machines as the Cascade (manufactured by Messrs. Cooper, Pegler & Company), a pressure from 200lb. to 300lb. per sq. inch may be maintained. High pressure is useful for it ensures that the wash impinges with force on to the bark of the tree and so gives greater insect egg kill. It also ensures that the tar oil gets into all the nooks and crannies, and further, it allows the job to be done in the minimum amount of time.

The larger fruit farm will, of course, use a motor power spraying unit, which may enable the wash to be put on at 400lb. or even 500lb. pressure at the nozzle. Where possible the sprayman should ride on the machine and thus the work is done with very little labour. Such a spray plant is light and compact, has wide steel wheels or rubber tyres and has a tank which holds sufficient spraying material to last for 30 minutes' work.

The tar distillate wash does control many important pests. It prevents the tremendous damage done by the Apple Sucker to blossoms each year. It controls the numerous species of scale insects. It eradicates all the masses and lichens and removes the loose bark which provides a cover for many a pest. Applied at 10% it gives astonishingly good control of the caterpillars of the Winter Moth and Tortrix group and will materially reduce, if not destroy altogether, the colonies of Woolly Aphides.

It is equally successful in smothering the eggs of the various types of aphides which attack root trees, for instance, the "Blue Bug" or hop-damson aphis on plums, the black aphis which attacks the cherries and other stone fruits, and the "green" aphides, which do a great deal of damage to apples, gooseberries, black currants, raspberries and the like.

It is not really necessary to spray pears every year for they are seldom attacked with aphides. They do, however, want washing every third year or so in order to remove the moss and lichen and generally clean the trees. Filberts and cob nuts should not be sprayed for fear of damaging the female flowers and nor should strawberries. Blackberries and loganberries, however, usually respond favourably to tar distillate washing and so should be sprayed in addition to the raspberries.

Those who are planting young trees will get the most economical results from dipping instead of spraying. A large tankful of the solution should be made up and the trees should be dipped in before they are carried out into the field to be planted. This not only saves time and wash but it obviates going over the ground once more and treading round the trees.

The tar distillate wash is black when it emerges from the can, and turns pure white mixed with water. This is a great advantage for it is quite easy for the operator to see whether the tree has been covered completely. It is important to wet thoroughly the branches as well as the trunk, and right to the tips, too. It is often on the spurs and end growths that the eggs are laid.

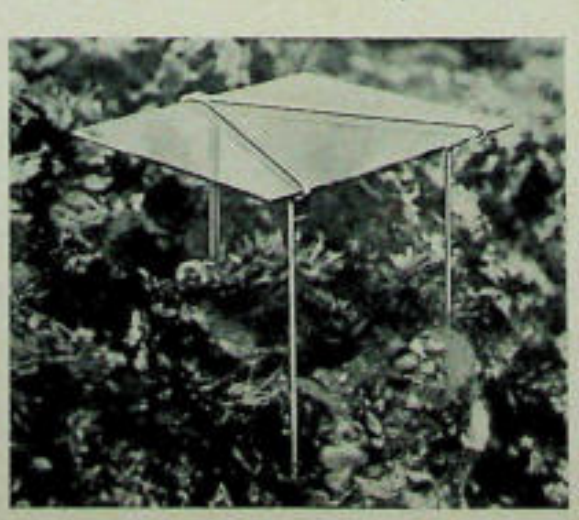
A large number of manufacturers have given an assurance to the Ministry of Agriculture that their Miscible Tar Distillate Winter Wash conforms to the specification for this type of wash as issued in 1938. The list includes Messrs. Plant Protection, Ltd., of Yalding, Kent; Messrs. William Butler, St. Phillips, Bristol 2; Messrs. Walter Voss & Co., Carlton Works, Millwall, E.14; The Pan Brittanica Industries, Waltham Cross, Herts; The Lawes Chemical Company, Barking, Essex; Messrs. Bugges Insecticides, Sittingbourne, Kent; Messrs. W. J. Craven & Company, of Evesham; The Murphy Chemical Company, of Wheathampstead, Herts; and Messrs. Burt, Bolton & Haywood, of Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.2. Any of these firms will be glad to give quotations to fruit growers.

Commercial fruit growers often enquire whether it would be advisable to omit using the tar distillate wash one season. The answer is NO. Tar oiling is one of the sprayings that should never be omitted—until of course something better turns up to take its place!

WORK IN THE GARDEN

EVERY winter takes its toll. How often have you heard keen amateurs say, "Now, I wonder where that plant has got to?—It was so beautiful last year and it seems to have disappeared completely. Is it slugs, I wonder? Or could it be the frost?"

This is the time to think about giving those somewhat tender plants some protection and then they will be able to face the coming rigours of winter with boldness. Determine this war year not to lose any plants. Many of us will have to do more in our garden owing to the economies we are practising with labour, and this is the kind of simple, yet important, job that no one is too much of a beginner to carry out.



WINTER PROTECTION

A sheet of glass held in special clips a foot or so over an alpine plant

Do not be over zealous in tidying up for the winter. Many plants get sufficient protection if the old growth is left intact. I prefer for instance not to cut back red hot pokers, catmint, delphiniums, gaillardias and pyrethrums.

Never allow water to lodge in and around the crowns of plants. Tiny little channels may be made, if necessary, with a trowel or spade, so as to get excess moisture away to the edge of the border. Old hollow flower stems are a snare and a delusion, for water will collect in these.

Slugs will attack delphiniums, lupins and perennial scabious as well as many other plants. They may be trapped by the use of bran and powdered meta fuel. A saltspoonful of meta fuel to a handful of bran is quite sufficient. Sprinkle this over the border one fine dry evening. Repeat again, say, once a month or once a fortnight if the weather is wet. Finely ground copper sulphate and hydrated lime may be mixed together in equal quantities, and this, when sprinkled round precious plants in a ring, provides a barrier no slug can pass.

Some plants love lime. The perennial scabious, gypsophila, and the pyrethrum are three examples. These can have protection given them in the form of hydrated lime—a handful can be thrown over each plant. The scabious will often stand as much as a shovel full!

Continuous cloches can play their part in giving the necessary protection without coddling. It is the open ends and the spaces between the individual panes of glass that provide continual ventilation. Rock plants, particularly those with soft or spidery web-like leaves, suffer severely from excess of moisture in the winter. Cloches are invaluable here for preventing the crowns from getting wet, or sheets of glass may be held in special clips, provided for the purpose, a foot or so over the plants. These give the necessary rain protection.

The best way of protecting plants that keep their leaves during the winter, like red hot pokers, is to loop up the leaves to a point and tie them round into this position with soft green cotton twine. Plants with soft large leaves that lose them in the winter, like the eremurus, can be best protected if a little wire netting cage is made over the ground, and this is covered with bracken or dry straw. The wire netting protector saves the crowns from being damaged by a solid wet mass of straw which might easily form in rainy winter. The litter should be removed from time to time and replaced.

Other methods of protection that may be carried out is the screening of tender shrubs from the east and north winds with sacking, the covering of tender climbers and fruit trees like the fig with old netting, and the protection of plants in pots such as bay trees or hydrangeas by standing them in some protected corner and heaping leaves around them.

W. E. S.-C.

HARDENING WINTER GREENS

THERE is always a danger that winter greens that have been growing profusely during a mild autumn will get a severe check directly the first hard spell comes. The curly kales, the sprouting broccoli, the winter cauliflower, the borecole, has this year grown rather sappily, owing to the wet weather in late October and early November.

Many a gardener has congratulated himself on the growth of his plants, only to have been very sorrowful after the first two or three hard frosts. It is advisable, therefore, to try and harden the plants immediately so as to prepare them for the coming rigour.

This can be done if a long tined fork is pressed down perpendicularly beside each plant it is hoped to harden. The handle of the fork should then be levered down in an attempt to lift the plant, and as soon as the tap root snaps (it is quite easy to hear this, or feel it), the fork may be withdrawn, the soil trodden down again around the plant, and the next kale, broccoli, or whatever it may be, treated in a similar manner. It does not take long for the tissues of the leaves to harden.

Sulphate of potash may be given also at 3oz. to the square yard, or wood ashes used as a substitute at ½lb. to the square yard. The main operation is, however, this particular form of root pruning.

HARVESTING—THE MODERN WAY

By REGINALD DAVEY

Mr. Davey, whose articles on estate matters have been appearing regularly in the "Field," has recently contributed a series of considerable interest to owners of woodlands. They have been as follows: "Restocking Private Woodlands" November 11th and 18th; "The Country Needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 21st; "Prices for Standing Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd

WHATEVER may be the origin of the expression "hangers," those woods of beech and oak which line the sides of a road passing along a winding valley, there can be no question as to their beauty, nor as to the aptness of the term. The woods, separated from the road by a few hundred yards of rising sward, and with farm lands visible above, appear in very truth as if hanging from the heavens. It is invidious to declare that one example is more beautiful than another, but surely a high place must be accorded to those at Faccombe in Berkshire, just south of Newbury.

A visit to this tiny village gave a welcome opportunity for making the acquaintance of this beauty spot, and the discovery, unsuspected amidst the leisured peace of the countryside, of one of the most modern examples of complete mechanisation of corn harvesting brought to perfection in this country. Does the replacement of man and horse labour by machines remove something from the countryside? I do not think so, for where there is a farm there will always be horses, which do many operations cheaper and better than machines. There will always be the horse moving unhurriedly along the lane, the reason, some misguided folk say, why farming does not pay. I do not think that the tractor-drawn harvester is any less in place in the rural scene than the less efficient horse-drawn reaper. Less efficient, only relatively, because for that special task the machine can perform more in a day, work longer hours, do it all cheaper.

Certainly at Faccombe, on the farm of the Hon. E. B. Butler-Henderson, the ageless traditions of the land remain, preserved as if by the fine beech hangings, unalterable. But the methods are very different. With some 700 acres of land under corn the machines were silent and housed for another year when I arrived, on a very different mission, early in October. While on other farms the thresher was doing his noisy, smoky and dusty rounds, Mr. Butler Henderson's corn had been threshed some time, and some of it already on the market.

I saw two combine harvesters, huge machines, drawn by tractors, and with their own built-in crude oil engines, used not for propulsion, but for operating the threshing plant. Twelve feet of corn is cut in a single sweep, and the corn and straw are elevated into the threshing drum. There the corn is beaten out of the ears, and the straw ejected either tied in bundles, or, if too green, spread for drying in the sun. This is particularly useful for barley straw, which often beats in a year when the seeds have grown more than usual.

The corn is then bagged on the machine, so that instead of the usual sheaves of corn, the machine delivers straw and sacks of corn. The corn is next taken to a modern version of the granary, lacking perhaps some of the charms of its predecessors, but having instead the beauty of utility and its aggressiveness softened by nearby rows of conifers.

Within this building are corn bins on the grand scale that one would expect. Huge receptacles stretching from end to end of the building, and from floor to ceiling, fed by wooden shoots, along which the corn is passed by compressed air.

The corn, on passing into the machine, is treated first by a very ordinary and satisfying looking winnower, which removes the husks. The only traditional item in the complex machine, the winnower appeared to inspire confidence and to give just that link with the past which made the whole undertaking feasible and practical instead of fantastic. The corn was next allowed to drop on to a moving metal platform, where its depth and speed of progress are under control, and through which a regulated supply of hot air passes, so as to reduce the moisture content to a carefully predetermined figure. This calculation is the most critical of all, for upon its accuracy depends the keeping qualities and value of the produce.

The dried corn is then treated with jets of cool air, after which it can be dealt with in a variety of ways. It can be led direct into sacks, for early transport to market. It can be elevated to any one of the corn bins. Whatever its resting place, elaborate steps are taken to ensure absence of damage by vermin, complete dryness to avoid mildew, and the due emptying of the bins, so that there be no accumulation of stale corn at the bottom.

A tremendous undertaking, and a great tribute both to the inventor, and to those like Mr. Butler-Henderson, who have the courage to invest large capital sums in a manner which now greatly adds to the security of the realm. It is a little reminiscent of another advance of recent years, the machine which cuts grass when fairly short, and immediately dries it, turning it out in sackfuls still green, but dry and with most of the nutrient value of the pasture retained. I saw one operating at the Sussex County Show a year or so ago, and to anyone who has not seen it it would be a revelation of the compact and comparatively simple manner in which the great problem of conservation of grass supplies has been overcome.

Unfortunately these machines still involve a large, in fact, very large outlay of capital, and call for either farming on the grand scale, or an association of farmers, to make them workable. Another implement of this kind, the gyrotiller, every year becoming more widely known, has been popularised by being bought and hired out by steam ploughing merchants. From personal experience I can testify to the good work done by this tool, to the neat way in which it moves, even in the confined space of a triangular one-and-a-half acre estate nursery, and to the tremendous aid to production. To stir land up to a depth of 24in., and yet to bring none of the sterile subsoil to the surface, is an operation of which our fathers dreamed. Its importance is clear when the depth to which ordinary crop roots penetrate is commonly 3ft., and sometimes double this.

Farming progresses, with bigger and better crops more cheaply grown, and more expeditiously reaped. Of such stuff is progress, but the essential countryside remains, as unaltered as by the equally revolutionary introduction of turnips by Mr. Townsend, or of the Leicester sheep by the ancestors of the present Coke's of Weasenham in Norfolk.



THE MODERN METHOD: CUTTING BARLEY WITH A COMBINE HARVESTER ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS NEAR WYLYE. THIS ACTUAL PIECE OF LAND WAS ILLUSTRATED AS RECLAIMED IN THE *FIELD* OF FEBRUARY 19TH, 1938

PIG PROBLEMS

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

THESE are difficult times for all farmers, when no one quite knows how, or where, he stands, or what demands may be made on him to increase food production in one way, or another.

Especially difficult is the path of those who maintain live stock, for, apart from sheep, the majority of our animals are fed, as regards about 75 per cent. of their concentrated rations, on imported food stuffs.

A good many folk are apt to blame the farmer for having allowed himself to be pushed into this position, and I have frequently been one of the critics, but it must be remembered that there have always been two national values set upon agriculture, one for peace and the other for war.

During peace time, agriculture has been the Cinderella of all industry, something to play with and to bring to the front, or push to the back, just as it suited Party Politics.

In war, however, every government has been brought to realise the vital importance of the land, and the kindly fruits of the earth, and then it is,

and only then, that agriculture has come into its own. Incidentally a position it has only been allowed to enjoy for a very brief while.

To-day the demands made upon agriculture are great, and while arable land farmers, and those who have put the major portion of their farms to grass, may feel that they are being called upon to bear the brunt, yet . . . I would remind them that stock breeders and feeders too, are being called upon to play a very big part in helping to win the war, because they are being asked to remodel their system of feeding, and to adapt themselves, as well as they can, to the production of more home-grown feeding stuffs.

When one has been accustomed to sending an order to the cake and corn merchants, and have foodstuffs delivered as regularly as clockwork by the fleet of lorries kept for this purpose, it comes as a shock to find that the major portion of rations will have to be produced by the work of the plough.

Lately pig breeders have told me they are going through a rough time, for, just at present barley meal is hard to come by, and substitutes for this, the most popular of feeding stuffs for pigs, are not easy to find.

Then, too, mids (or wheatings as they are generally called now) are not so nourishing as they were, for the simple reason that milling takes a greater toll from them, to the extent of about 10 per cent, which now goes into flour, and which previously went to offals.

It is true that barley can be bought about £10 per ton (to include the cost of grinding), but the demand for this, just, now, exceeds the supply.

On top of this the 15 - per score price fixed for bacon pigs is not enough to make it worth while feeding pigs to bacon weight, for to do so is to court a loss, and that is just what the farmer cannot stand, with cash so short. Then, too, the store pig trade of late has fallen right away, and as against small stores just off their dam selling up to 30 - apiece, quite recently they have dropped away to 15/- to 18/-, a price that leaves no margin upon which to work. It is these fluctuations in the pig market that make the pig breeder's and feeder's lot so precarious, while the shortage of feeding stuffs, albeit a temporary one we hope, makes it difficult for the pig producer to see daylight.

It is generally reckoned that 4lb. of steamed potatoes are equal in feeding value to 1lb. of barley meal, and after all more potatoes can be grown to supply this essential food per acre here at home, than barley.

Undoubtedly the most perplexing question with which the farmer is now faced is the one of feeding stuffs, and how he can tide things over until supplies are more abundant, and easier to obtain.

It is too late to put in crops now to provide feeding stuffs next season, and all he can do is to plan his rotations for next year, having due regard to spring cropping, and what he can sow in the way of catch crops and mixed corn crops to supplement what feeding stuffs he can buy.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

THE increase in prices guaranteed for wheat and oats, announced in Parliament by Mr. W. S. Morrison recently, is probably the most encouraging news farmers have had since war was declared. The standard price of wheat is to be raised from 45/- to 49/6 per quarter (or from 10 - to 11/- per cwt.) and the standard price of oats from 24 - to 27/- per quarter (from 8 - to 9 - per cwt.). These increases relate to wheat sold during the present cereal year and to oats grown for harvesting in 1939. The barley market will remain free.

The object of the increase is to assist farmers in growing a larger cereal acreage for 1940, out of the proceeds of the 1939 crops and to encourage others to follow suit. It is realised that farmers' costs have risen in some directions and also, as the Minister of Agriculture has pointed out, farmers are now being asked to carry out farming operations that would not be economic at pre-war prices. The higher prices should make bank managers feel happier where the ploughing up has to be financed through overdrafts.

It will be noted that the standard price of oats is referred to as 27 - per quarter, or 9 - per cwt. This does not indicate any change in the structure of the oats scheme, by which growers of oats are paid the subsidy on the basis of acreage and not per quarter or per cwt. of oats. It means, in effect, an increase of 14/- per acre in the rate of subsidy payable (unless the average market price rises above 8 - per cwt. to farmers) on all the land they had under oats in June of this year. It is arranged in this manner (*a*) so that those who grow the oats get their money without the price of oats to buyers being artificially raised; (*b*) to ensure that those who grow oats for their own use receive encouragement to grow the crop and (*c*) to help those growing oats on land that may not give heavy yields. As is now known the primary purpose of the oats scheme is to encourage the production of home-grown feeding stuffs and to make farms, where stock are kept, more self-supporting.

War-time Cropping

It is a very proper belief that to take two corn crops in succession is bad farming. Certainly it is desirable to avoid farming the heart out of the land with a series of wheat crops as was done all too often from 1914 to about 1920. Now, however, we must produce the greatest possible amount of foodstuffs from our soil and if a larger output of such crops as cereals and beans can be obtained by some simple modification of the cropping routine, without detriment to soil fertility, the end would seem to justify the means. Two successive corn crops are an established practice in some rotations, e.g., barley after wheat in a five-course rotation, and oats or barley after oats in a six- or seven-course rotation where the land lies two or three years in grass. In fact, barley thus grown is usually of better quality than when it follows roots, especially if the roots have been fed on the land by sheep.

Discretion and judgment must be used, and the following hints may be useful. The land must be clean; foul land makes the risk of failure too great. A sowing of 2-3 lb. of trefoil and 8-10lb. of Italian rye grass under the corn crop in spring will help to keep down the weeds and provide useful autumn grazing for sheep. Judicious catch cropping will help to meet a reduction in the area under food for stock caused by taking an extra corn crop or ploughing out pastures.

A second corn crop should receive some manure as a matter of course; even if the plant looks well at the beginning of the year, it is liable to finish badly unless given some help. Some nitrogen compound is almost always necessary, in the form of soot, sulphate of ammonia, nitro chalk, or nitrate of soda. Normally, 22 bushels of soot, ¾-1 cwt. sulphate ammonia or 1-1¼ cwt. nitro chalk or nitrate of soda per acre would be enough. Larger dressings might be used for wheat, say, ½ cwt. at seed time, followed by a top dressing of 1 cwt. in April or early May. Phosphates are also needed; they give the corn an early start and hasten maturity and for this special purpose superphosphate is the best material to use.

Both for oats and barley the following mixture is recommended under average conditions:—

Sulphate of ammonia	½ cwt.	per acre applied
Superphosphate (20 per cent.)	2 cwt.	before the
Steamed bone flour	½ cwt.	final harrowing

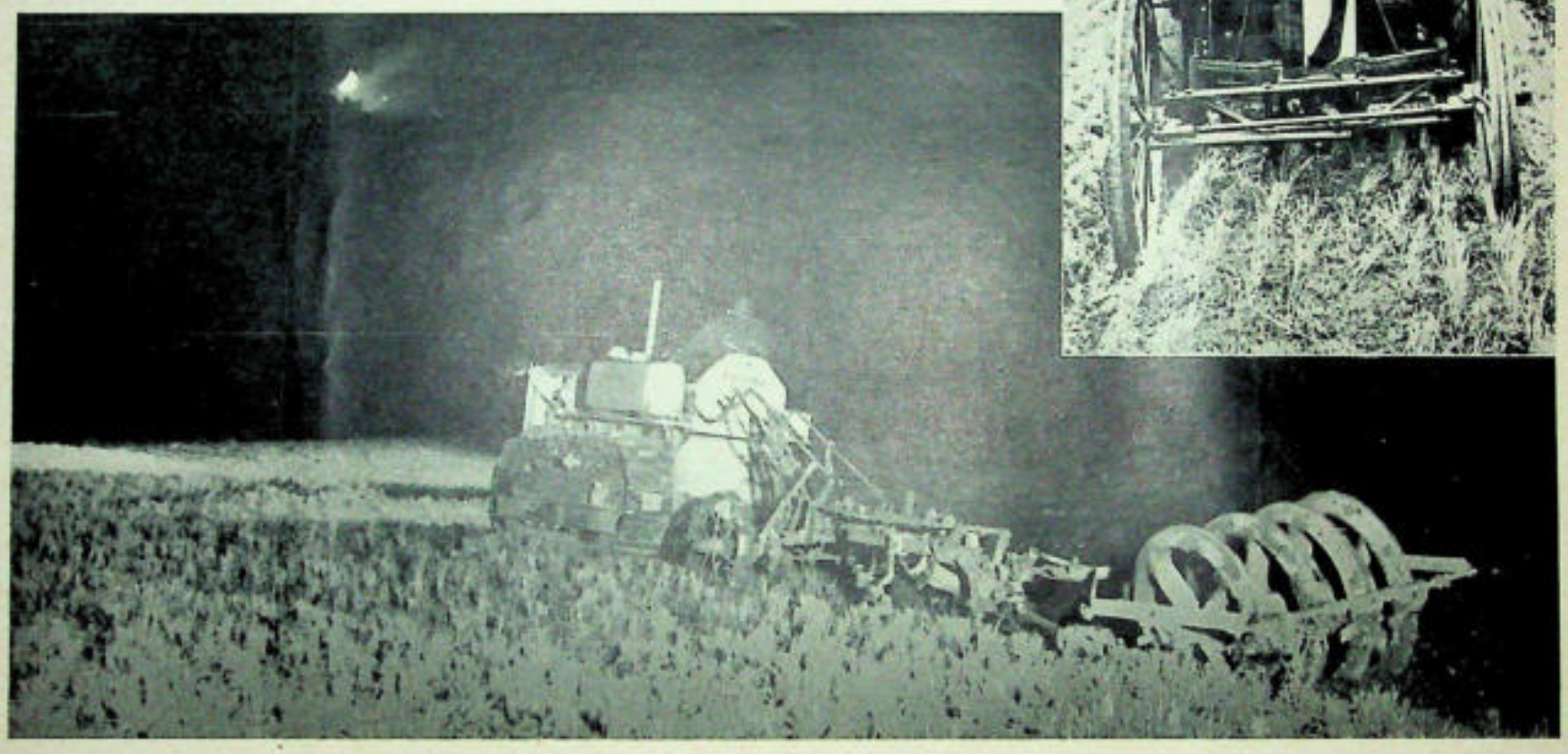
Greenfly and Lettuce

Greenflies attacking lettuce must be kept in check, for they damage the leaves, stunt the plants, and act as carriers of a virus disease known as Mosaic, that causes stunting and yellow mottling of the leaves. This is how winter lettuce may be protected from the infestation that occurs in spring.

At the time of transplanting, which should be done in autumn, in advance of severe weather, the young lettuces should be submerged for three minutes in a nicotine solution composed as follows:

Nicotine (95%, 98%)	1 fluid oz.
(Wetting agent to be used according to maker's instructions)	
Water	9 gallons

This quantity of wash will dip about 1,000 plants at a time and can be used six times over. The plants should be pressed under the solution and very gently moved about during the treatment, great care must be used, for injured plants may fail to grow when set out.





FROM 1916 TO 1939. A RECORD OF TRACTOR PROGRESS

The inset photograph shows Mr. W. E. Rootes, the well-known motor car and aircraft manufacturer, driving one of the early tractors in 1916, during a respite from service in the last war. He is now taking energetic measures to cultivate more land on his Wiltshire estate. The larger picture shows a tractor drawing a five furrow plough and working by the aid of powerful headlamps. A fine idea, but what of the black-out regulations!

YUGOSLAVIA'S COMING OF AGE

By LILIAN F. GRAY

WHATEVER the political situation outside her frontiers, there is one anniversary which Yugoslavia is holding this year with deeply sincere rejoicing, and that is her 21st birthday as a free Slav kingdom, for on December 1st, 1918, was first declared the "Union of all the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes."

Those of us who have visited her year by year have known of the inevitable growing pains which this newly formed nation has fairly naturally had to



CROATIAN PEASANT COSTUMES

endure. Gradually, however, order has come out of chaos, and the recent settlement of differences, long standing and bitter, between Serb and Croat has welded together a solid foundation on which Yugoslavia will go ahead to prosperity. Indeed, no more desirable coming-of-age present to herself could have been conceived.

Not so long ago Yugoslavia was often, in English minds, confused with Czechoslovakia, yet no greater contrast could be imagined. The latter, in spite of its peasant population, was definitely and solely a western Republic, with western ideas. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, is still a bewildering mass of West and East—a complex mixture of western efficiency and eastern indolence.

In the early days of its formation the country called itself the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The late King Alexander, however, thought that this title was both cumbersome to foreigners and contributory cause to petty bickering among his subjects, so later decreed that it should be known as the Kingdom of *Jugoslavija* (Yugoslavia), an embracing designation which literally means "South Slavs."

The country is now divided into nine *banovinas* or districts, for administrative purposes and, generally speaking, is divided into three with regard to the main religions—Serbian Orthodox, Roman Catholicism and Mohammedanism. The different Slavs who make this composite whole are Slovenians, Croatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Dalmatians, Slavonians, Serbians and Montenegrins. Although the same language is common to all, subject to very slight variations in dialect, the differences in feature and characteristic between each type are quite discernible to the competent observer. Each section has its own individual history—Bosnia, Croatia, Serbia and Montenegro have had their kings, Herzegovina and Dalmatia their dukes—but with the exception of Serbia and Montenegro all have been more or less subject to other races from about the eleventh century.

This variety of race, religion, history and outlook offers a never ending interest to the student visitor. Add to these an even greater variety of topographical attractions—snow-clad mountains, lakes, waterfalls, forests, the rivers Sava and other rushing streams, the sunny Dalmatian shore—add again the primitive grandeur of ancient Serbian churches and monasteries, the oriental atmosphere of Mohammedanism in parts of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Serbia, the lonely regions of Karstland, the delicate beauty of Venetian survivals along the Adriatic coast, the sturdy Baroque of Slovenian towns—and you have the secret of a fascination which draws its devotees again and again.

Even the much maligned Belgrade is no exception to this allure. True, it has not the happy atmosphere of Budapest nor the stately buildings of Vienna. Its society has not the worldly sophistication of Bucharest, and its night life cannot vie with that of Paris. Apart from the view from the Kalemegdan Gardens it has little to offer the critical tourist. Belgrade is, quite frankly, more akin to a rapidly expanding provincial town than anything else. From the other side of the river, skyscrapers dominate the scene. Closer investigations reveal cottage-like houses clinging to the great ones' shadows. Within a few minutes from the main thoroughfares are steep cobbled alleys from past eras. Modern restaurants, shops and cinemas line the streets radiating from the Terazije Square, along which flow never-ending streams of limousines and smartly dressed Belgradians, yet the homespun-clad peasant with his oxen cart still so frequently mingles among them as to excite no comment. Orchestras of the few first-class hotels play the latest film and dance numbers, but round the corner the more emotional gypsy bands of the humbler *kafanas* pour forth strange and exotic melodies.



MINARETS AND MOSQUES OF SERAJEVO, TOWN OF TRAGIC MEMORIES

It is this blending of new and old, conventional and bizarre, this not discordant rendering of a Balkan symphony, however, which makes Belgrade so attractive to those who wander there. Besides, the site is saturated with past warring histories, as a visit to the National Museum will amply show. Moreover, there is most interesting country outside to explore. To the north is the Banat, in the villages of which you see notices in Yugoslav, German, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian and Czech; no racial boundary line could be satisfactorily drawn here. To the south is the Sumadija, a quiet agricultural district with soberly clad peasants. To the west of their confluence lies the Sava and Danube. To the east, the strengthened Danube rushes past the vineyards of Smederevo, through the Iron Gates and on to the Black Sea.

The young king's palace lies in the wooded suburb of Dedinje, with Prince Paul's English-styled house close by. Beyond, on Mount Avala—surely one of the most beautiful sites in all Europe—lies the impressive black marble tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

To the average traveller the best known parts of Yugoslavia are Dalmatia and Slovenia. The former has the exquisite medley of joys which an



A MARKET SCENE, SERAJEVO

island studded coast can offer. Architecturally, it is the richest part of the kingdom, with Sibinik, Trogir, Split and Dubrovnik being but the better known jewels of an overflowing casket.

Slovenia is a paradise for mountain lovers, particularly that region crowned by massive Triglav and watered by the lakes of Bled and Bohinj.

Zagreb is the leading town of Croatia, yet although its fine academic buildings give proof of western learning, the market square, with its gaily coloured stall umbrellas and even more gaily clad stall-holders, give reminders of a virile peasant world outside.

South-east lies Sarajevo, heart of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Mohammedan district. Seen from the surrounding hills Sarajevo is like a dream city from "The Thousand and One Nights."

Further south, past the Durmitor Mountains of Montenegro, lies Prizren and Skoplje, where the results of centuries of Turkish domination are still very strong. Here, too, in these somewhat primitive parts, lie virgin forests in which bears are still hunted. Everywhere are streams and lakes abounding in fish. In this regard, *The Mocing Tent*, by Stephen Graham, bids fair to become a south Serbian nature epic.



ON LAKE BLED.—IN THE BACKGROUND IS ITS ISLAND PILGRIMAGE CHURCH

A MOTORIST'S BUDGET

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.

WITHIN the next few weeks many owners will be considering their motoring budget for 1940. Its contemplation will not be a pleasant one with the horsepower tax at 25/-, petrol rationed at approximately 200 miles a month, or 2,400 miles a year, and the price per gallon approaching two shillings. Whether the insurance companies will be able to offer any rebate in view of the reduced distances covered is not known at the time of writing, but if they can the concession will counterbalance to some extent the other price increases.

The outstanding fact brought out by a consideration of one's motoring expenses in these times is the dominating part played by the standing charges. Many owners in adding up what they call motoring expenses take in such items as petrol, oil, tyres and repairs, but often omit fixed charges like tax, insurance, garaging, driving licence and interest on the capital invested in the car. Having overlooked some or all of these items they claim ridiculously low running costs.

The relation between standing charges and running costs naturally varies with the total annual mileage. The standing charges will be the same whether the owner covers three thousand or thirty thousand miles in a twelvemonth. But his running costs will vary directly according to his year's total. The two added together produce a sum which when considered in relation to the year's mileage will produce a figure of so many pence per mile.

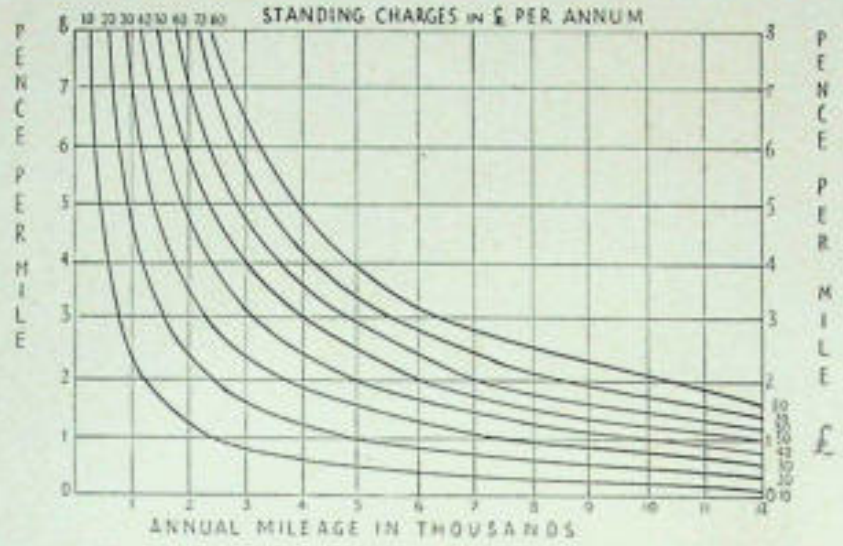


LIGHTS ON PARKED CARS

Where formerly cars could in some places be parked without lights, the law now compels all vehicles to show lights after dark

The accompanying graphs show how standing charges or the overheads of motoring are reduced by mileage when converted into a figure of pence per mile. The curves concern standing charges varying from £10 to £80 per annum plotted in relation to a yearly mileage from nothing up to 12,000, while the vertical columns deal with the pence per mile rate. It is thus an easy matter to arrive at the cost per mile of known overheads in relation to any given mileage. It is obvious, too that the reduced distances due to the rationing of petrol will increase the cost per mile debited to the standing charges out of all proportion to the convenience or pleasure resulting from the use of the car.

To quote the example of an 8 h.p. car. The new tax will be £10, insurance another £8, garaging, say, £17, and interest on capital £5, making a total for the year of £40. If the owner only covers 2,400 miles as allowed by his fuel ration his overheads alone will cost him fourpence a mile. If he is allowed sufficient fuel to cover 12,000 miles this figure will be reduced to .8d. per mile.



THE OVERHEADS OF MOTORING ARE REDUCED BY MILEAGE

The trouble is that the overheads cannot be reduced except by laying up the car. And even then the less the car is used the higher is the cost per mile.

With this prospect it seems certain that not tens of thousands but hundreds of thousands of cars will be laid up for at any rate one or two quarters of the year. The effect on the revenue, which directly or indirectly through the fuel tax drew something like eighty millions from the motorist, will therefore be disastrous. Indeed, so serious will this loss of income be that it has been suggested in some quarters that the proposed tax on horsepower should be reduced instead of being increased with the idea of producing a larger sum than at present seems likely to materialise.

As a side issue on the subject, the recent announcement of the Ministry of Mines on the increase in the price of petrol was accompanied by a warning that it might not always be possible to obtain as suitable brands of fuel as those now available. As some owners are already complaining about the present brand on the score of poor consumption, liability to pink and uncertain starting from cold, the future is not bright.

Most serious of these defects is the difficulty in starting. Presumably this is due to the heavy specific gravity of the pool spirit. A long time ago motorists could purchase what was called aviation spirit which had a specific gravity of .680.

Then came fuel with a figure of .710—.720 known as No. 1, whereas what was called commercial spirit had a specific gravity of .730. Recent tests of pool petrol show its specific gravity at .805 which is approaching that of paraffin which is .815. So that if pool spirit becomes any heavier starting difficulties due to bad vapourisation are certain to occur. One way of counteracting this is to fill the radiator with boiling water before starting, a plan that will also reduce the work thrown on the battery while enabling the starter to spin the engine faster.

Another plan is to fit a device in the inlet pipe designed to atomise the fuel more completely than it is in the normal way. And, lastly, it is now time to change over from summer to winter oil of the lighter kind.

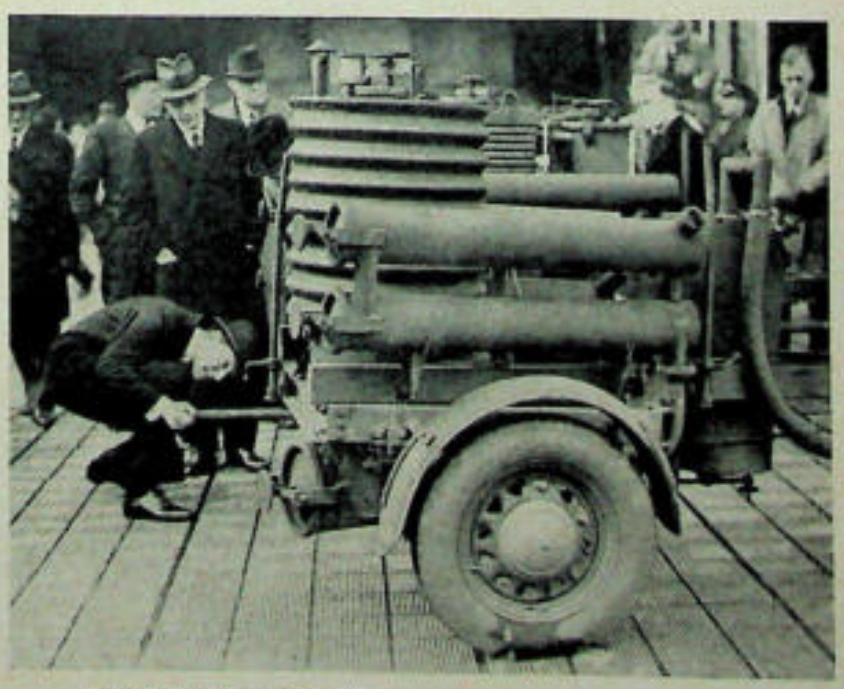
In my last article I noted that whereas it was originally stated by the authorities that the new headlamp mask should be fitted to the offside the regulation was modified subsequently to permit an owner fitting the shield to whichever side he preferred. Apparently one of our leading technical journals was instrumental in securing this modification, for after careful tests it came to the opinion that the nearside fitting was preferable when everything was considered. It is therefore not without interest to find that the other technical journal takes an entirely opposite view, also as the result of extensive tests, and proclaims that the mask should be fitted on the offside. There are doubtless good reasons for both points of view.

Personally I can see fairly well with the mask on the offside lamp and as already noted, the beam is bowl-shaped and wide enough to illuminate both verges of an ordinary two-track road. But there is one point on which I feel strongly, and that is that lighting arrangements should be uniform. At the moment they are anything but that, and to meet some cars with offside headlamps and others with nearside, only adds to the dangers and difficulties of night driving. Also, despite the frequent notices in the press and elsewhere, many drivers are still going about with two headlamps in use. True, one may be masked, but the regulation is that it should not be used at all.

There is also lamentable slackness in the lighting of animals and horse drawn vehicles. Twice within the last few weeks I have nearly been involved in a head to tail collision, once with unlighted horses and once with an unlighted gypsy caravan. The latter was struggling slowly up a long hill an hour after sundown and would constitute a danger to all other overtaking traffic until it reached its parking place at the crest. I was so shaken by this escape that I decided to report the matter to the local police station, but having arrived there I thought otherwise, as I found my own tail lamp was out!

Driving tests are to be revived on January 1st. This news will be appreciated by many young people who have been prevented by the hold-up of the tests from taking a share in piloting the family car. While these tests have achieved something in teaching young motorists the rules of the road as set forth in the Highway Code, they cannot instil road sense into those who do not possess this quality. They may even fail young drivers who have acquired an excellent road sense owing to an apprenticeship served on a bicycle or motorcycle. For some examiners seem to rely more on the letter of a technique partly developed by themselves and partly by the schools than on such virtues as care and consideration for other users of the road. Indeed, I am certain that many experienced motorists with an accident free record extending over hundreds of thousands of miles would be failed if examined by these experts.

No amount of highway and highbrow code or school study can make up for practical road experience or judgment. And it is the possession of these two things to a high degree that makes some drivers accident free for long periods. These men may not be rule of thumb drivers in regard to such details as taking corners, reversing or manœuvring, but they will never be found in a dangerous position while driving. They may not hold the steering wheel in the officially recommended way and their seat may not meet with the examiner's approval. But it may happen to suit them and an accident free record will bear witness to its effectiveness as far as they are concerned.



MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, SECRETARY FOR MINES, INSPECTING A PRODUCER GAS VEHICLE

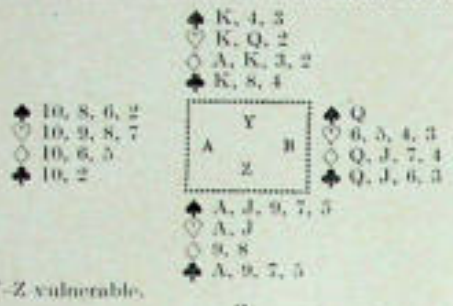
The producer plant is carried on a trailer and the gas conveyed by pipe to the driving vehicle. Various methods of making gas were described in the "Field" of November 11th. As opposed to the use of coal gas for propulsion, which has to be replenished at frequent intervals, enough solid fuel can be carried for producer gas plant to drive for some 200 miles

BRIDGE

AN INTERESTING SLAM HAND

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

THIS week I have been reading a really fascinating book on Bridge by Norman de V. Hart, the Bridge correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is called *The Bridge Player's Bedside Book* and is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 5/-. About forty pages are devoted to a short series of general knowledge papers and answers thereto and the remaining hundred pages are given to forty-one interesting hands taken from play in the last few years. The hands are not restricted to particular systems, but deal with fundamental problems and the way in which they are tackled by the leading European experts. The hands have been very well chosen by a writer who has had considerable opportunities for watching first-class bridge. One of the hands, entitled "A Master's Insight," particularly appealed to me and I think that when I say this is typical of the collection readers will realise the excellence of this book.



Y–Z vulnerable.

Z		Y	
One Spade	Two Spades	Four No Trumps	Six Spades

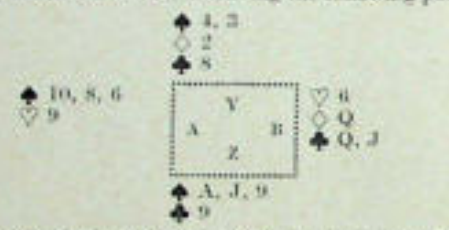
Two Diamonds Four Spades Five No Trumps No Bid

A–B pass throughout.

The play of the hand was interesting in itself, but the subsequent analysis by dummy, who was Dr. Harry Molnar, one of the finest bridge players in Hungary, indicated his remarkable powers of analysis.

The opening lead of the 10 of Hearts was taken by Z's Ace and a small Spade led, taken by Y's King. The fall of the Queen of Spades indicated that Z must find some way to avoid losing a trump trick to A as well as a Club trick.

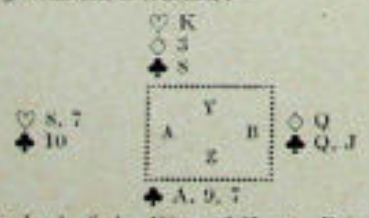
The Ace and King of Diamonds were led and a small Diamond ruffed by Z. Now the Ace and King of Clubs were made and the King and Queen of Hearts, discarding a Club from Z's hand and leaving the following position:



The 2 of Diamonds was now led and ruffed with the Jack of Spades, A discarding a Heart. Now when Z led the 9 of Clubs, A was forced to ruff and lead to Z's A, 9 of Spades for the last two tricks.

Now for Dr. Molnar's analysis. The first point he had to make was that as the hand was played A could defeat the contract by underruffing the Jack of Spades with the 6 of Spades. He could then discard the 9 of Hearts on the Club lead which would be taken by B's Jack of Clubs and then A must make a trump trick.

Dr. Molnar then pointed out that the contract could have been against any defence if at the third trick Z had played a small Spade from dummy, playing the 9 of Spades from his own hand. A's most probable return would have been the 9 of Hearts taken by Y's Queen. Y's Ace and King of Diamonds should now be led, a Diamond ruffed by Z and A's trumps extracted. Dummy should now be entered with the King of Clubs and the following situation is reached:—



On the lead of the King of Hearts B is squeezed, a Diamond discard establishes Y's 3 of Diamonds and a Club discard establishes Z's Clubs.

PROBLEM—NOVEMBER 11th



The 5 of Spades is led against a contract of Three No Trumps. How should Z play the hand?

SOLUTION

After taking the first trick with the Ace or Queen of Spades, Z can see that it is essential that he makes four or five Club tricks and therefore he must play the Clubs so as to guard against a 3-1 or 4-0 distribution. He should therefore lead a small Club and duck in dummy. If the Clubs are divided 3-1 he will then make five Club Tricks. If the Clubs are divided 4-0 he will probably have to duck a second round of Clubs and try to establish the extra trick by finessing in Hearts.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A hard-fought game from the match between Estonia and Sweden.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Keres. (Estonia.)	BLACK. Stahlberg (Sweden.)	WHITE. Keres. (Estonia.)	BLACK. Stahlberg (Sweden.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	29. Q takes R	Q to Q B 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	30. Q to R 3	Kt to Kt 3
3. Kt to Q 2	P to Q B 4	31. R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
4. K Kt to B 3 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	32. Q to Kt 4 (k)	Kt to B sq
5. K P takes P	K P tks P (b)	33. Q to Kt 3	R to K 3
6. B to Kt 5	P to B 5 (c)	34. K to B 2 (m)	P to Kt 5 (n)
7. Castles	B to Q 3	35. P takes P	Q to Kt 5
8. P to Q Kt 3 (d)	P takes P (e)	36. Q to Kt 2	Kt to Q 2
9. R P takes P	Kt to K 2	37. P to Kt 5	P to B 3 (o)
10. R to K sq	Castles	38. P takes P	Kt takes P
11. Kt to B sq	B to K Kt 5 (f)	39. R to Q B sq	R to Q 2 (p)
12. P to B 3	Q to B 2	40. K to Kt sq	R to K sq
13. B to R 3	K R to Q sq	41. Kt to Kt 2	Kt to K 5
14. B to Q 3 (g)	B takes B	42. Kt to B 4	Kt to Kt 4
15. R takes B	Q to B 5	43. K to Kt 2 (q)	B to Kt 5
16. B to K 2	Kt to Kt 3	44. R to B sq	R to K B sq
17. Kt to K 3	B to K 3	45. P to R 4	Kt to B 6 (r)
18. P to Kt 3	Q to Q 3	46. B to K 2 (s)	R takes Kt
19. R to R 2	P to K R 3 (h)	47. B takes Kt (t)	R takes P (u)
20. B to Q 3	B to R 6	48. B takes B	R takes B
21. Kt to Q 2 (i)	Q Kt to K 2	49. Q to K 5 (v)	Q to Kt 3
22. P to K B 4	B to Q 2	50. P to Kt 6	R to Kt 5 (w)
23. Kt to B 3 (j)	P to Kt 4	51. Q tks Q P, ch	K to R 2
24. Kt to K 5	Kt takes Kt	52. R to R 8	Q to B 7, ch (x)
25. B P takes Kt	Q to Q Kt 3	53. K to R 3 (y)	R to Kt 7
26. P to Q Kt 4 (k)	P to Q B 4	54. Q to Kt 8, ch	K to Kt 3
27. P takes P	B takes P	55. P to R 5, ch	K takes P
28. Q to Kt 3	B takes R	56. Q to B 7, ch	Resigns (z)

(a) If K P takes P, then Q takes P leads to an even game.

(b) If 5. . . . Q takes P, then 6. B to B 4 (White's Queen's pawn having been guarded by Kt to K B 3), Q to Q sq; 7. Kt to Kt 5 with an advantage in development to White.

(c) Played to avoid an isolated Queen's pawn, but it does not fulfil its purpose. Black should, instead, play 6. . . . Q to Kt 3, although after 7. Q to K 2, ch, B to K 3; 8. P takes P, B takes P; 9. Castles White, who threatens Kt to Kt 5, has a slight advantage.

(d) A good move.

(e) If, instead, P to B 6, then Kt to Kt sq, followed, if Q to R 4, by Q to K sq, ch, wins a pawn.

(f) Threatening to break up White's King's side by playing B takes Kt.

(g) Threatening 15. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 16. Kt to Kt 5, ch followed by 17. Q takes B.

(h) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5, but it weakens his King's side.

(i) Threatening 22. Q to R 5, B to B sq (the only move to avoid the loss of a pawn); 23. P to K B 4 followed by Kt to B 3 and Kt to K 5.

(j) Grabbing the Queen's pawn and so threatening P to B 4.

(k) Played to prevent P to Kt 5.

(l) White has the better game.

(m) If, instead, 34. B takes P, then 34. . . . B takes B; 35. Q takes B, Q takes P with counter-chances. The text-move is better and White now threatens B takes P.

(n) Best.

(o) A good move.

(p) Preparatory to R to K sq, which, if played at once, would be answered by R to B 6.

(q) Not Kt takes P because of Q to K 3.

(r) A bold move.

(s) White cannot play 47. B takes Kt because of 47. . . . B takes B, ch; 48. K takes B, P to Kt 4.

(t) Possibly White could play 47. P takes R, e.g., 47. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 48. K to R 2 (if, instead, K to Kt 3, then Kt to B 4, ch, White being unable to play K takes B because of Q to Kt 3, ch and mate next move), Q to K 3; 49. R to B 2 (better than B takes B). However, to avoid the dangers of that continuation he decides to give back his advantage in material and remain with a small one in position.

(u) Not 47. . . . B takes R, ch; 48. R takes R, R takes Q P because of 48. Q to K B 2, threatening not only either 50. R to Q 3 or 50. R to R 4 but also 50. R to R 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. Q to B 5, ch, Q to Kt 3; 52. R to R 8, ch. If, instead, 47. . . . Q takes Q P, then 48. Q takes Q, R takes Q or 48. . . . B takes R, ch; 49. R takes R, R takes Q; 50. R to Kt 3); 49. R takes R, R takes R; 50. R to Q Kt sq with a winning advantage for White.

(v) A strong move. If now 49. . . . P to Q 5, then 50. Q to K 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. R to B 8 and wins; or, if, instead, 49. . . . Q to Q 5, then 50. Q to K 8, ch, K to R 2; 51. Q to B 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 52. Q to Q B 8, ch, K to R 2; 53. R to B 8, Q to K 5, ch; 54. K to R 2 (not 54. K to R 3 because of 54. . . . Q to R 8, ch; 55. K takes R, Q to K 5, ch, and Black draws to perpetual check. White being unable to play R to R 1 on account of P to R 4, ch and mate next move), Q to K 7, ch; 55. K to R 3, P to R 4; 56. R to R 8, ch, K to Kt 3; 57. Q to B 6, ch, and wins.

(w) Not Q takes P because of Q to K 8, ch followed by R to B 8.

(x) If 52. . . . Q to Kt 5, then 53. Q to Q 3, ch, P to Kt 3; 54. Q to Q B 3, R to Q 5 (if 54. . . . Q to K 5, ch, then 55. K to R 2. If, instead, 54. . . . Q to K 7, ch, then 55. R to B 2, Q to K 5, ch; 56. K to R 2); 55. P to Kt 7, Q to K 7, ch (if Q to K 5, ch, then K to B 2); 56. R to B 2, Q to K 5, ch; 57. K to R 2 and wins.

(y) White now threatens P to R 5 followed by Q to Kt 8, mate.

(z) If Q to Kt 3 or P to Kt 3, then P to Kt 4, ch, followed by Q to B 4, mate. If K to Kt 4, then Q takes P, ch wins the Rook.

RESHEVSKY'S PLAY

The following game, from the American Chess Federation's Championship Tournament at New York, is a good example of the style of play of the well-known master S. Reshevsky.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Horowitz.	BLACK. Reshevsky.	WHITE. Horowitz.	BLACK. Reshevsky.
1. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	18. Kt takes B	Q to Kt 4
2. P to B 4	P to K Kt 3	19. Kt to Q 4	Q to Kt 3
3. P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2	20. Q to K 2	K R to Q sq
4. B to Kt 2	Castles	21. P to K 5	Kt to Kt 5 (f)
5. Castles	P to Q 4	22. P to R 3	Kt (Kt 5) to Q 6
6. P takes P	Kt takes P	23. P to Q Kt 4	Kt to R 5 (g)
7. P to Q 4 (a)	Kt to B 3	24. R takes Kt	R takes Kt
8. P to K 4	Kt to Kt 3	25. R takes R	Q takes R (h)
9. Kt to B 3	B to Kt 5 (b)	26. R to K sq	P to Kt 3
10. R to K 2 (c)	Q to Q 2	27. Q to R 6	R to B 7
11. Kt to K 2 (d)	Q R to B sq	28. R to K B sq	Kt to B 6
12. Q to B 2 (e)	P to Q B 4	29. Q takes R P	R takes P
13. P takes P	Kt to R 5	30. Q to R 8, ch (i)	K to Kt 2
14. K R to Q sq	Q to K sq	31. K to R sq (j)	Kt to K 7
15. B to Q 4	B takes B	32. K to R 2	R takes R
16. Q Kt takes B	Kt (R 5) tks B P	33. R takes R	Q to Kt 8, mate
17. P to K R 3	B takes Kt		

(a) A position in the Grünfeld variation of the Indian Defence has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) White has two pawns in the centre, but Black has pressure on Q 4.

(c) White adopts a defensive formation. P to Q 5, to be followed as soon as possible by B to B 4, is better.

(d) Here too P to Q 5 is to be preferred.

(e) R to Kt sq is slightly better.

(f) Black has a good game.

(g) Not R takes Kt because of P takes Kt with the better game for White.

(h) Black's command of the two open files gives him the advantage in position. White cannot play R to Q sq because of Kt to B 6 followed, if Q to Q 2 or Q 3, by Q takes K P.

(i) If 30. R takes R, then not 30. . . . Kt to Q 8 (because of 31. Q to R 8, ch followed by 32. Q to B 3), but 30. . . . Kt to K 7, ch; 31. K to R 2 (if K to B sq, then Q to Q 8, mate), Q takes R; 32. P to K R 4, Q takes P, ch; 33. K to R sq, Q takes P, ch; 34. R to R 3, Q takes R, mate.

(j) K to R 2 at once is only slightly better. Black's reply is Kt to K 7.

END-GAME STUDY

WHITE (3 pieces): King at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q B sq, Knight at K Kt 5.

BLACK (2 pieces): King at K R 3, Bishop at Q B 4.

White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 4041

By F. R. ALLEN.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at K Kt 6, Queen at K B 5, Rook at K 3, Bishops at Q Kt 3 and K B 8, Knights at K Kt 2 and Q B 5, Pawns at K 4 and Q Kt 4.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q 5, Queen at K 4, Rook at Q 7, Pawns at Q 2, Q 3, Q B 3 and K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

*Observer, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4040

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

EUWE v. KERES.—We understand that a match between Dr. Euwe (Holland) and P. Keres (Estonia) will be played in Holland at the end of the year.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 544

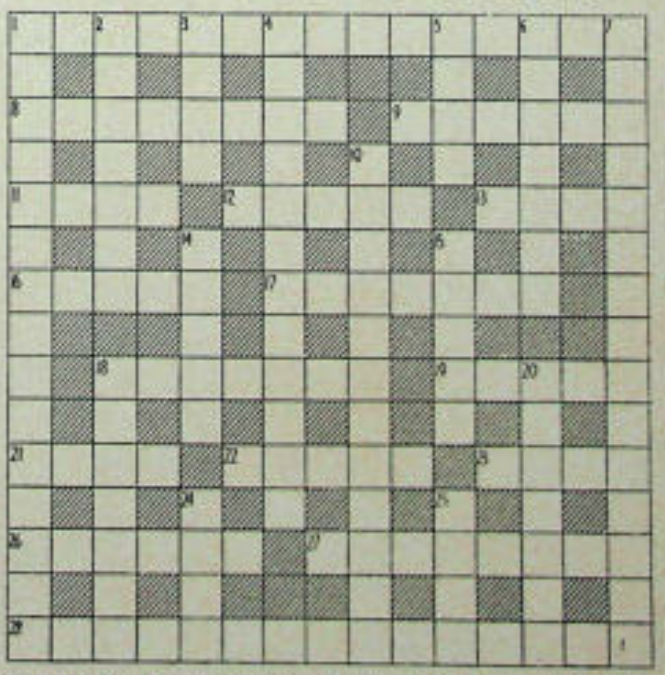
ACROSS.—1. Happening at the same time (15). 8. What this man produces is fiction (8). 9. Poisonous (6). 11. How time goes back (4). 12. Fate this is an asset to a War Minister or a fisherman (5). 13. You are often asked to do this on the dotted line (4). 16. You do this to its anagram when you are roasting it (5). 17. Find the anagram of general and make something bigger (7). 18. Members of one of the tribes of Israel (7). 19. To put able after this boarder would not make him any happier (5). 21. You and I, and even Hitler, have been this at one time (4). 22. These should throw some light on the subject (5). 23. South Sea Islands (4). 25. When you 17 you make something this (6). 27. A jump and an amphibian for a schoolboy's game (8). 28. The Standard of the United States (5, 3, 7).

DOWN.—1. These look beautiful in a garden and sound beautiful in one Cathedral City (10, 5). 2. British workmen (7). 3. Fish (4). 4. Foul and destructive (12). 5. You this a word meaning want and necessity here (4). 6. Sketch (7). 7. These matrimonial ventures have been called by a cynic "the triumphs of hope over experience" (6, 9). 10. Spoils her hop (anag.) (12). 14. "They also —— who only stand and wait" (Milton) (5). 15. These forms of transport are not considered what they are when they read backwards in these days of motor traffic (5). 18. African Republic (7). 20. If you use this to mount, you will put your foot in it (7). 24. Kipling wrote about seven of them (4). 25. Knocks backward in the rigging of a ship (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 543

Published November 18th

	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	
E	O	R	R	N	W	U	O			
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Carp Lice.—The organism known as a carp louse is a parasitic crustacean which usually attacks the gills of fish, but can live on other parts of the body. It can also swim freely in order to change its host. The males are slightly smaller than the females, and are more transparent. Between the ventral suckers is a poison spine, and just behind this a sectional proboscis for obtaining food from the host. One louse will attack several species of fish at different times. Eggs are laid on stones or other hard objects. The British species, *Argulus foliaceus*, lays eggs in July and August, but it may also do so during other months in addition. To find out whether the parasite is still present in the waters, net out a few coarse fish and examine the gills, as it is always here they attack first. So far as we know, no method of freeing a water of them has been tried on a large scale. In fish hatcheries, salt solution can be used when the whole proceeding is under control. It is usually fish which are out of condition that seem to be the sufferers from this parasite.—*H. J., Winchester.*

Country House

Felling of Old Chestnut Trees.—The felling of old chestnut trees will not give rise to root suckers shooting up from a distance as would be the case with elm or plum trees, but there would be a ring of shoots growing up round the stem, though this would not be a serious detriment. The pollarding of trees 100 to 150 years old is a very serious operation and must certainly be regarded as endangering their life as well as probably ruining their appearance. The tops of the pollarded trees will not provide strong shoots and there would be a series of shoots growing at different points up the stem and probably a certain number of stool shoots growing from the foot of the tree. The only practical position for successfully pollarding trees is to cut the trees at a point not more than 10ft. from the ground, but even then it would be a gamble and the result would scarcely be pleasant to the eye even if successful growth ensued. An alternative would be to reduce the span of the trees by shortening back the branches all round, but this also would be expensive, costing perhaps £1 or £2 per tree, and so far as the falling leaves are concerned the club would not be much better off. We think your best solution would be to decide to fell the trees, but in doing so it would be preferable for the trees to be pulled over with the roots still on. This involves trenching round the tree to cut the main supporting roots and leaves a stem which can be sold and a root which can be burnt with the aid of the cordwood from the top of the tree. This method is not essential if tree stumps remaining in the ground are not objected to. When this has been done doubtless the committee could consider planting in the place of the trees a row of younger specimens to take their place.—*R. E., Fareham.*

Farming

Lime and Disease.—The last December issue of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture has a most interesting and valuable section on the subject of lime and crop disease. The reaction of the soil, i.e., its lime status, it says, is a determining factor in the incidence of several diseases. On the one hand, lime deficiency or soil acidity may be an important factor in favouring the spread of disease, *e.g.*, finger-and-toe in turnips, swedes and other cruciferous crops. On the other hand, a high lime content, leading to alkaline conditions, may be an equally potent factor in the spread of disease. A farmer growing a variety of crops, therefore, may seem to be faced with a difficult problem in trying to suit them all in this matter of the lime content of his soil. For instance, common scab of potatoes is a disease which is encouraged by alkaline soil conditions and the fear of inducing this trouble has led many potato growers farming land deficient in lime to refrain from liming their land. This omission has often had serious repercussions on other crops in the rotation and has tended to encourage the spread of finger-and-toe in some market-garden districts where potatoes and cruciferous crops are grown extensively. A good general rule in these, and indeed in most, circumstances is to keep the soil as near neutral as possible by the use of occasional small dressings of lime. In other words, avoid the necessity for heavy dressings of lime; be careful not to give more lime than is necessary to bring the soil back approximately to neutral; and in the particular case mentioned above, apply the lime as long as possible before the next potato crop is to be planted, *i.e.*, for the crop immediately following a potato crop if possible.—*C. M., Cheltenham.*

Gardening

Lawn Sand.—We recommend the use of lawn sand made up as follows: Three parts sulphate of ammonia, one part calcined sulphate of iron and five parts of sand. Should you be unable to get sulphate of iron, you may omit this and mix the sand with the sulphate of ammonia in the same proportions, five to three. This mixture should be used at the rate of 4oz. to the square yard.—*M. J., Markyate.*

To Prevent Canker in Apple Trees.—No, the spraying you suggest is of very little use. Nor would your suggestion of covering the stems in any way be practical. The fungus gains entrance by wounds of all sorts, including those made by the woolly aphis and the scab fungus. Any method of covering which excludes these would make the tree unhealthy. The predisposing causes of canker are very badly drained soils and overcrowded growths left on trees. Certain varieties of apples, notably Cox's Orange and Warner's King, are very susceptible to canker and should not be planted where the disease is prevalent.—*C. C., Midhurst.*

Kennel

Falling Hair.—It is not easy to diagnose the trouble from which your dachshund is suffering without seeing her. It would really be safer if you were to consult a veterinary surgeon. If you had mentioned the appearance of any scabs we should have thought it was what is known as dry eczema, an old-fashioned remedy for which is a mixture of oil and powdered sulphur. It might be simply alopecia, or falling of hair, a lotion for which is: Tincture of cantharides, 5.0; Balsam of Peru, 10.0; and Spirits vini rect., 100.0.—*D. G., Exeter.*

Cairns in Scotland.—Breeders of Cairn terriers in Scotland who would have stud dogs are Baroness Burton, Dochfour, Inverness; Mr. R. Atholl-Stewart, Atholl House, Errol, Perthshire; Mrs. Alastair Campbell, Eskdale, Ambersier, Inverness-shire.—*G. H., Caithness.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Naturalist

Black-tailed Godwit in Dorset.—The bird sent for identification was a black-tailed godwit. The black-tailed godwit is a regular visitor in small numbers to the South Coast at this time of year.—*G. W., Wareham.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Injury to a Grouse.—We received the body of an old cock grouse, which had been shot. The body was emaciated owing to infection of the bowels by trichostrongyle thread-worms and by the germs of coccidiosis. The particular interest of this case was a hole just behind the lower beak, in the intermaxillary space, through which the bird's tongue could be pushed. This type of injury is occasionally met with in game birds, almost invariably cocks; it is probably the result of fighting. Despite the injury, which was of long duration, as the edges of the wound had been completely healed, the bird had been filling its crop just before it was shot.—*M. I. B., Aberdeenshire.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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STILL ON THE WING

In the big picture A. Obolensky is seen in a peace time match, affording Sever an opportunity of demonstrating a perfect Rugby tackle. Obolensky is now an officer in the Royal Air Force, and recently, when he turned out for Major Stanley's XV against Oxford University, showed that his game lacked none of its old dash

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SPORTSMANSHIP!

JUST about now we should be thinking of the Olympic Games. The Finns have never ceased to do so and in the midst of their own troubles are optimistic enough to believe it will yet be possible to hold them at Helsinki. The Germans, it is not surprising to learn, have abandoned the idea of the Garmisch Partenkirchen winter sports part of the programme. War has long dogged this fine conception of forming a great bond of sportsmanship between the nations of the world. The 1940 Games, it will be remembered, were to have taken place in Tokio, but the conflict between the Japanese and the Chinese made this impossible. The Great War was being waged when they should have been staged in Berlin in 1916. Twenty years later they were overshadowed by the Italian hostilities in Abyssinia, and the 1936 Olympiad in Berlin held a note of national ostentation which must have been quite foreign to the ideals of the founder of the Games.

We approached that meeting in a spirit of goodwill and good-fellowship. An article written by the Reichsportführer, Herr von Tschammer und Osten, appeared in the *Field*, and he wrote us that it gave him pleasure to read of our interest in German sports and our aim, in view of the Olympic Games, to do everything possible to foster the spirit of comradeship and good feeling between German and English sportsmen.

Thus at that time we were very perturbed by a work published by Herr Kurt Münch which threatened to undo all our efforts. Herr Münch wrote for young German sportsmen and a translation of passages from his book appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. He held that athletics and sport are the political driving power in the service of the State, and his tenets were such that they were wholly contrary to the English conception of what sportsmen of one country should think about sportsmen of another country. They proclaimed, among other things, antagonism to Jews and the Roman Catholic faith, and outlined an Empire for Germany which included Czechoslovakia and parts of France and Switzerland. The Boers of South Africa were claimed as Germans. "Hatred," said Herr Münch, "is a power of the soul as much as love or faith. Though hatred is destructive it is also creative in its ultimate effect." Germany's only guilt was that she did not attack and destroy Britain during the Boer War and, later, Russia when she was engaged with Japan. Sport, the young Germans were informed, "is a protest against the tyranny of liberalism and similar philosophies over the living man," whatever that may mean.

Herr Münch's doctrines seemed so much the negation of all we were striving for that the German Embassy was approached to see if a denial could be given to the acceptance of such views by the German Government. An Embassy official could give no assurance on the point. He advised us to apply to Herr von Tschammer und Osten. Two letters were written to the Reichsportführer neither of which were answered, but a reply came through a third party as follows: "I wish to say that the book by Mr. Münch, which has been repeatedly quoted in the English Press, must not be regarded as a semi-official publication. It is merely a private work of a gentleman working in my Department. Knowing the Nazi opinions on "private works," it is obvious that this gentleman's views were countenanced.

There is nothing to add to this plain statement of fact, but this, that one of the most powerful weapons of the Nazi régime has been to work for the undoing of your opponent, or possible opponent, by gaining his confidence and friendship, and "sportsmanship" is one medium to employ for this purpose.

HORSES FOR REMOUNTS

THE Government's policy with regard to the requisitioning of horses has caused much complaint in many quarters. It is good news, therefore, to hear that the War Office is establishing a register of owners of horses desirous of selling them to the Government at a reasonable figure should they be required. Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas elicited from the Minister for War in the House of Commons the information that owners wishing to be registered should write to the Director of Remounts at the War office, and also the fact that information as to the types of horses that may be required will shortly be published. This is good news indeed. No patriotic horse-owner objects to the Government taking over his horse, even though the price paid is far below the animal's value; it was the fact that animals quite useless for the purpose for which they were wanted were taken that caused many complaints. Information as to the type of horse wanted will save much trouble in the future, and also much needless correspondence. Sir Jocelyn Lucas is to be congratulated on the success that has attended his efforts.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1100.)

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

RUGBY FOOTBALL "CARRIES ON"

It is good to see increasing activity on the Rugby football front—particularly good to those who remember the almost complete cessation of the game not only among the clubs, but among the schools, that followed the outbreak of war in 1914. There could surely be no better augury for the fitness and fighting spirit of our young men than their determination to carry on with the game while they can. And it is no bad thing for the game's future that traditional club fixtures give place to new; and that famous clubs find worthy contests with some of the lesser lights, such as the Harlequins' well-fought game with Beckenham. On the other hand, the carrying out of that attractive annual match between Oxford University and Major Stanley's XV at Oxford recently proved its own justification. Oxford gave a display almost worthy of peace-time best in running Major Stanley's team, bristling as usual with internationals, to a narrow victory by a goal and a try to a try. Just as the foundation of University and club teams rests on the schools, now more than ever should the game benefit from the way in which Schools Rugby has developed since the last war. May that development be continued as far as possible in all its vitality, for it is at once an antidote to war nerves and a compensation for necessary restrictions in other directions.

A MACON MYSTERY

Some time ago a sheep's carcase was sent to a Reading firm to be cured as bacon. And immediately everyone was talking about macon, and its possibilities. Since then we have heard nothing. It should be possible to reproduce all the usual cuts in macon as in bacon, but the question the bacon addict most earnestly wants answered is "What is it going to taste like?" There were substitutes in the 1914 war—honey-sugar was very good—and macon will no doubt be excellent. But it is time we heard more. Is it to be green? Will we be able to get streaky macon? And particularly when?

THE SALMON SEASON ENDS

Now that St. Andrew's Day, with its annual tribute to past memories, has gone by, a brief period of peace has descended on the salmon rivers, which can frolic, or foam, spread themselves disdainfully over their banks or shrink to a discontented dribble with none to publish abroad his discontent at their behaviour. Save, perhaps, a rugged watcher guarding their salmon from disturbance while they provide the runs which sportsmen will greet some four or five years hence, when they, too, will have gained a peace such as now invests their rivers. It is difficult in these days to look on the bright side of things, and the past season has shared in the year's sombreness; but in truth there have been bright spots in the record of sport to set off in some degree its general rather unsatisfactory character. Spey had a season of surpassing splendour, and Dee, though memories of its strangely dour fish remain to irritate its tenants, gave some exceptional sport in its higher reaches when the season opened. Atlantic rivers, perhaps, are still under a cloud, but since these things seem to run in cycles there is, at least, the prospect of good times ahead.

A MOORLAND DALE

All here is still. Only the clouds
Sprinkle the fells with light. The shrouds
Of a sky like a ship come dappling too
The fields with shadow out of the blue.
The leafless trees are brown and cold;
Brown, where the gulls flit, is the mould.
The hazel shaws on hows are bare,
The hedges wither'd everywhere.
White with lime are fallows. The plough
Goes creaking up the windy brow.
Here is a dale forgot of Time.
Only in heaven the sun sublime.
Only on earth the harsh dry toil
Of mouse-skinn'd men that till the soil.

EDMUND CASSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

RECENTLY I read a Commons debate about bacon and butter, but more particularly about butter, a subject of conversation almost as absorbing as that of guns. In this debate, followed by the usual flood of leading articles and correspondence, one side argued that people should be compelled to eat less butter at once, while the other side argued they should wait. But nowhere in an acre of print have I observed the sort of question that any child, unversed in present-day economics, would ask as the most natural and obvious thing in the world: "If there's not enough butter, why not make some ourselves?" But even this child, who seems to be almost the only sane person now existing on earth, would not know that fifty years ago every farmhouse in England made butter.

This butter-brouhaha is chosen as an illustration of the condition of mind that prevails in an urbanized country like our own. But there is an incomparably more important problem than butter which this mentality never on any account thinks about, not out of a conspiracy of silence, but because it has never heard of it. That is the problem of the soil, which is more important than peace terms or war aims, than victory or defeat, than despotism or democracy, than anything else in the world except God and death. It is of this paramount importance because, if something is not done pretty soon about the common soil of the earth on which we live and move and kill each other, the days of the human race upon this same earth are numbered.

What could sound more extravagant than such a statement, but then who of the countless generations of Englishmen, who felt towards their native soil something we no longer understand, would have regarded as other than the wildest fantasy, the prophecy that a day was coming when Englishmen would have forgotten it?

The other day I received a letter from a friend, whose name will be remembered after we are all dead, and he said, "The true issue seems to me to be between treating the soil as dirt and treating it as a being, with all there is of tone, rhythm and its opposite therein implied." For the past eighty years, and never more so than at present, we have treated the soil as dirt: in other words we have treated it as a nigger-driver treated a plantation slave and as Henry VIII treated his wives.

We have abandoned it to Suburbia on the one hand, faked and ginned it up with chemicals, and wrenched the goodness out of it by mechanical contrivances on the other. The peasantry, which traditionally understood it, we have driven off the land; we have regarded it as a production-factory, while science, with its usual blindness to all but material factors, and confusion of half with whole truths, has occupied itself with nothing but devices as to how to whip the last ounce of productivity out of it.

Since the soil is not dirt, but a living organic being, like man, dog, fly, it has reacted like an oppressed man, a starved and beaten dog, a fly with its wings torn off. It has been denatured and year by year sinks into greater and greater infertility, or, as we ought to put it, into apathy and sickness. Unfortunately for us, a sick soil (as that child could inform us) means sick plants, sick beasts and sick men. That has happened already: how many of the diseases produced by our civilisation are the consequence of bad nutrition? The same exasperating child exclaims: "But if the land is alive and ill and starved, why not feed it back with the elements of plant-foods taken out of it?" "Quiet, child, that would involve peasant-farming and growing our own food, and where would our financial system be if we did that?"

Is there anything more mysterious on earth than a compost-heap? In the cycle of time, in the rhythm of the seasons, by the play of cosmical forces, by the transmutations of nature, by the secret operations of dynamic life, that which was a plant has become the soil it grew from, and that which was dead has risen from the grave of itself to produce more life. That is the cure for the malady of the soil, for the living dead to replenish the living earth, for the organic after many days to return to the organic. The ancient Egyptians believed that the ear of barley was a god born of the womb of the earth. That seems to me vastly nearer the truth than the way our scientists, economists and bureaucrats regard the soil. If anybody asked me what my war-aims were, I should reply, "A compost-heap for every family in its own home"—but that would be sedition.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known N. India daily paper: At the finish of an account of a Karachi polo tournament: "The winners played five men."



WHICH KIND OF GAME GIVES THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT?

THIS is a subject over which much ink has been spilled down the years. And it has never been settled! Nor probably will it ever be settled. For if there is an answer, it is that most birds can, under certain conditions, give most difficult shooting, just as they can, and do, give easy shooting.

The question really should be what set of conditions conspire to make birds hard to hit, or what are the circumstances of which birds may take advantage so that their adversaries are most hard put to it to accomplish their undoing. For there is hardly any quarry which does not afford an exacting shot at times. Gamebirds, wildfowl, ground game, snipe and woodcock, pigeons, plover and vermin all can demand the best efforts of the De Greys and Walsinghams at times, just as they all can give simple shots. Yes, even snipe and not necessarily the tropical birds which seldom dart away like greased lightning as their custom is in the British Isles. I have shot snipe, in Norfolk and in the west of Ireland, for instance, which after a night's heavy feeding in some favoured spot rose almost sluggishly and offered an easy mark.

The issue, I feel, can be greatly clarified if that type of shot which is well nigh impossible is set aside. In thick covert, amongst trees and stumps and across narrow openings, birds and ground game often offer chances that are really not chances at all. In other words, the odds are so tremendously in favour of the quarry by reason of its surroundings that, in spite of the highest skill on the part of the gunner, the chance cannot be considered a fair one. Woodcock and rabbits especially are encountered under such circumstances. And yet rabbits particularly, sporting and difficult shots though they can give, cannot be classed among the most exacting targets. One of the hardest shots a rabbit can give, and which is an absolutely fair one, is when it is running over really rough, uneven ground or dodging among grass and rushes, for then it is all the time changing its course and changing its plane on account of the undulations of the terrain.

The conditions under which the quarry should be moving should be such that there is a fair chance for the shooter to connect his charge. A woodcock dodging between two tree trunks that are only a few feet apart is obviously impossible. But the same bird darting over a ride is a fair chance, especially if there is no timber of a size to impede alignment on either side. Any animal in the open is, of course, a fair chance, provided that it is within range. Driven game therefore fulfils the conditions under which it is possible to make comparisons as to the degree of difficulty of the different kinds of birds.

Grouse, partridges and pheasants all give comparatively easy, straightforward shooting at times. Pheasants, perhaps, particularly so. If it is flying straight and at its usual rate, any of these birds should be bagged by a man having normal skill. Of the three under ordinary conditions, the partridge probably gives the hardest shot, since it is most inclined to swerve on sighting its enemy. But a grouse can give very difficult shooting when it follows the contours of an uneven moor. Coming down wind, banking and perhaps diving towards lower ground, a grouse can beat any but the very best of shots. Similarly a partridge, especially in a bad light against a drab background and when it can only be taken behind. And the fact that grouse and partridges fly in coveys and that therefore birds have to be picked, adds to the difficulty. This selecting of a bird calls for quite a bit of skill in itself. It is a case of he who hesitates is lost.

A great deal is heard about the difficulty of high pheasants. Actually a high pheasant is not so difficult so long as it is flying straight. It is a longer shot and a very pleasing and spectacular one. But only when it is curling, banking, dipping or otherwise flying out of a true plane is it really an exacting target. And then it can beat the best of us. Perhaps it is that partridges more often give their most difficult shots than pheasants. But certainly I do know that there is nothing harder in game shooting than pheasants at their best. A gale, good coverts and other factors may be necessary to make pheasants do their "hottest stuff," but do it they can and to the undoing of many a confident performer. It must be remembered, too, that a pheasant possesses immense wing power, and when it is driven to do so, it can use it to its own immense advantage. The most exceptional powers of judgment and marksmanship are alone successful under such conditions. And the man has not yet been born who can make a clean score.

Coming to rough shooting, pigeons and golden plover can be extremely hard to hit. Pigeons are most clever at changing their course, seldom flying in one and the same plane once they have spotted the shooter. Rock pigeons, fired at from a boat, as they dart out of their caves and twist and turn at express speed, are among the most difficult targets. There is, indeed, probably nothing harder, and a boat scarcely affords the best of stances. Flighting duck in a half light or under the moon can upset a hitherto good average. Wildfowling indeed may give varieties of teasers, and the conditions under which they are so often fired at are against the gunner.

Can it then be said that there is one bird that is more difficult than any other? In any case there is the consideration that shooters do not all find an equal degree of difficulty in a given set of conditions. Some men are more at home with high birds than low birds. Some can never seem to kill a low bird coming straight at them. Some habitually shoot behind a rabbit going away at 35yds. Some can snap rabbits and snipe, and nothing else. Dozens of other such examples could be quoted. And naturally a man is inclined to regard as especially hard those shots at which he personally is weak; or, inversely, he may regard as easy the kind of bird at which he happens to be particularly deadly.

Again, there are comparatively few people who have a real experience of every kind of shooting. And it is only natural that a man whose shooting is limited to certain species should think his own pet kind of sport the most exacting. I know men who consider that rabbit shooting requires as much skill as any other kind, if not more. But I feel that this is rather a case of the wish being father to the thought. No definite conclusions should be drawn from the fact that men with a reputation as shots may at times show up badly when faced with a species of quarry to which they are unaccustomed. An extra big target like a goose, for example, has been known to defeat a first-class game shot on the first few occasions. Geese, of course, can give difficult shooting, but they can also offer simple shots. The factors of range and gun power are, as a matter of fact, often the great obstacles against the shooter when after geese. If well within range the latter should be bagged without the exercise of special skill. But being so different from game, they may put off a man who is unused to them until he has had a bit of experience. Their rate of flight is made deceptive by their great size.

"SCOLOPAX."



SPYING IN GLEN CHORAN, STRATHCONAN FOREST. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NIALL RANKIN

THE MANAGEMENT OF DEER FORESTS

By FRANK WALLACE

Mr. Frank Wallace was recently appointed Deer Controller for Scotland, in which office he acts as adviser to Agricultural Executive Committees and as liaison officer on the subject of deer control between them and the Department of Agriculture. The powers delegated to the Committees relate to the action to be taken under the Defence Regulations to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer, and Mr. Wallace's extensive knowledge will be available for co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production and the supply of venison as an article of food. The latter subject he deals with in next week's article.

NOW that the hind shooting season has begun, an entirely new set of problems confronts the owner of a deer forest in war time. The question of hinds, I am sure most students of deer will agree, is the most important and, at the same time, the most neglected of any which occur in the management of a forest.

The first query which arises, whether in peace or war, is: "Which are the right hinds to shoot?" I was discussing the point with the head stalker of, perhaps, the best known forest in Scotland last week, and after we had finished our talk and I was leaving, he looked at me in a speculative way, and said: "Are you going to teach me how to shoot hinds?" I replied, "Heaven forbid that I should try and teach you anything!" He was a professional and I an amateur, and though the amateur may think he knows a great deal, the professional may be confronted by difficulties of which the amateur is entirely ignorant.

The question uppermost in the mind of the owner who really has the welfare of his forest at heart is, "What hinds ought I to kill for the ultimate benefit of the forest?"

Many years ago I was given a translation of the chapter on red deer in a work entitled, *Kein Heger—Kein Jaeger*, which, I am told, may roughly be translated "No Care—No Sport." It is a work not unknown to some stalkers in Scotland, and should be known to all, for it summarises the important points in forest management in a way which I have never seen equalled in any other book. Shortly before war broke out I got into communication with the Berlin publishers, Messrs. Paul Parey, and obtained their permission to quote from it with suitable acknowledgment, which I hereby make.

The author is Count Ernst Sylva-Tarouca. His observations and inferences are based on Continental deer. They may, with great advantage, be applied equally to deer and deer forests in Scotland. To imagine that the system which he advocates will be whole-heartedly adopted by Scottish proprietors can scarcely be anticipated; but it may be studied with advantage.

He starts his remarks with a quotation from a well-known stalker named Merrem, who died more than 40 years ago.

"In theory one may say that a good stock of red deer should be constituted in its several parts just as nature, without man's interference, would produce and maintain it. Such herds of red deer living in absolutely natural conditions no longer exist . . . and even if they did, one could not accurately observe their constitution in regard to age, because it would not be possible to judge the age of deer living at large after the fourth or fifth year."

Count Sylva-Tarouca then makes the following points, which I will summarise as briefly as possible.

In general (except where irrational shooting has counteracted nature), there are more stags than hinds.

Where care is taken to create or imitate natural conditions a comparatively strong and healthy stock can be maintained, and *per contra*, where the natural life of the animal is not considered, degeneration must result.

Degeneration may be either external or internal (i.e., organic). The external cause may lie in the nature of the ground, resulting in insufficient suitable food, both in quantity and quality.

The internal causes of degeneration result from the incorrect composition of the stock as regards age and sex, and are:

(*a*) Excessive sexual exertion on the part of the stags due to the excess of hinds in proportion to the number of strong stags.

This cause of degeneration can only be removed by the regulation of the proportion between the sexes, and nature indicates the true ratio by the fact that as a rule an equal number of male and female calves are born.

(Incidentally I may here remark that there is a widely spread notion that "yeld" hinds produce a very large percentage of stag calves. I have made many inquiries from stalkers about this, and the most intelligent and experienced stalker that I know tells me that after many years' experience and investigation he has come to the conclusion that the calves of "yeld" hinds are equally proportioned as regards sex. This is confirmed by other observers.)

The principle should be kept in view that there should be a sufficient number of fully developed stags to serve all the hinds without over-exerting themselves, and without allowing the weak stags to participate. This means that for every fully developed stag there should not be more than three or four hinds.

(*b*) After-rut. This means that certain hinds rut in November, or even later in the winter, and incite the stags at that period, thereby diminishing their chances of starting the winter in good condition.

This after-rut is due to hinds remaining barren in the rut because stags were overtaxed in consequence of the fact that there were too many hinds. It also occurs because of young hinds that were calved late, as their dams were covered in the after-rut.

All hinds that rut late, and all calves born after August 1st, should be ruthlessly shot.

(*c*) Reproduction by individuals unsuited to parenthood (i.e., immature, diseased or sickly beasts of both sexes).

Such animals under natural conditions would

disappear in hard winters or by the attacks of beasts of prey.

(*d*) In-breeding.

All causes of degeneration thus enumerated can be traced, more or less to irrational shooting.

All diseased or weakly hinds and calves, all late hinds and calves, all stags unsound in regard to health or good heads, should be destroyed.

What, how many, where and how should deer be shot ?

In order to know what he may shoot a stalker must first know what he has got. For this a census is necessary, and such a census is by no means impossible.

The best time to take it is in early summer, and if the stalker knows his ground and acts in conjunction with neighbouring forests, a pretty good idea should be obtained of the number of deer in a district. It should be carried out on the same day and the same hour. Though there are difficulties these are by no means insuperable. There are sure to be a certain number of nomadic deer which should be considered the common stock of the whole aggregate formed by neighbouring forests. (There are other points which could be discussed, but I do not propose to go into them in detail.)

The object of a census is to discover not only the number of deer, but the proportion of the sexes, how many stags may be considered fully developed, and how many weak or young stags ; how many hinds are of full reproductive age, and how many are under that age ; the number of calves.

One may assume an annual increase of from 60 to 80 calves for every 100 fully-grown hinds. By a careful count and estimation of the class to which individuals belong a pretty accurate estimate of the percentage of increase can be obtained.

(Natural loss in a Scottish forest may vary, but the author of the work from which I am quoting puts it at not higher than 3 per cent. to 5 per cent.)

The annual number of deer to be killed may equal the annual increase, minus the natural annual loss.

If the composition of the herd is correct one-fifth of the total number of fully developed stags may be shot annually. This in practice works out at about half, the remainder being undesirables from younger stock. An equal number of hinds to stags should be shot. If the composition of the herd is not correct more hinds should be killed than stags, until the natural proportion has been attained.

The number of calves killed should be so regulated that the remaining stock of calves should always be equal to the normal stock of knobbers and young hinds.

(It is unnecessary to repeat the author's remarks as to which stags should be shot as undesirable, this being obvious.)

Hinds which are known to be old, and as having remained barren for two or three years, should be shot, and all weak and sickly hinds, but their calves should, of course, be killed first. If a hind has twin calves the weaker should be destroyed.

A pedantic adhesion to a pre-arranged scheme of shooting is not desirable ; but the total number of stags and hinds shot should always be such as to maintain the proper ratio between the sexes. In a bad season spare good stags and kill more bad ones.

There should be at least 40 younger stags in the stock for every first-rate stag shot.

Young and bad stags that ought to be killed are better killed in summer than later in the season, as their venison is then good. For the same reason the author advocates the killing of yearling and barren hinds at the beginning of August, it then being easier, too, to distinguish older hinds from young ones (under two years) and because barren hinds are then more easily recognisable.

I should like to have quoted a great deal more fully, but in the above notes I have given the main gist of the statements contained in this very valuable treatise, which I can only hope will meet with the attention they deserve.

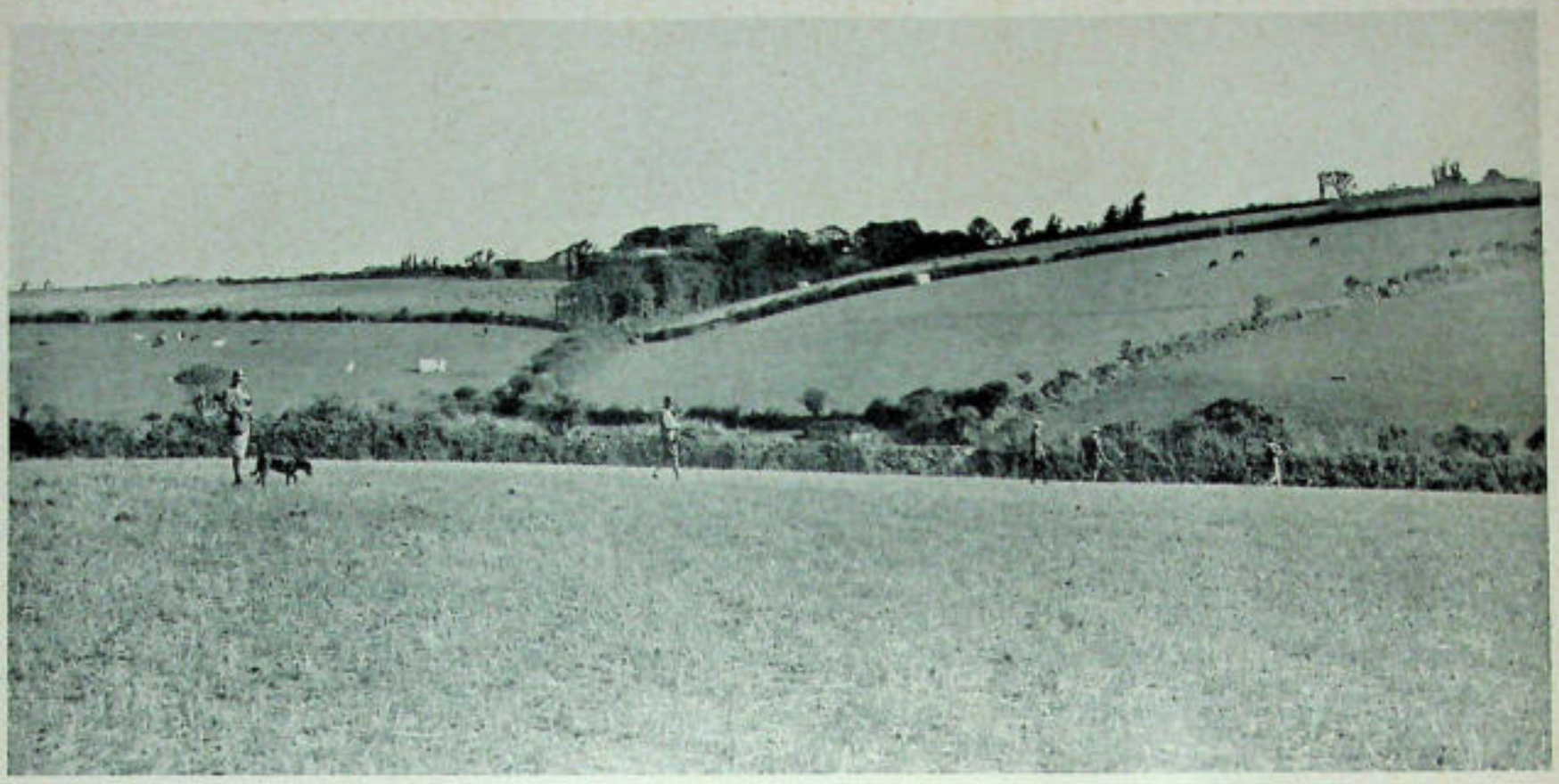
In another article I propose to deal with some of the difficulties which confront the owners and tenants of deer forests so far as hind shooting is concerned.



AN OLD ONE
A stag with a poor head known to have been in to feed for 17 winters



BRINGING DOWN THE VENISON
As a means of supplementing the nation's food supplies venison has been advocated as an addition to the larder



FROM THE PURELY SPORTING POINT OF VIEW, ONE OF THE MINOR TRAGEDIES OF THE WORLD-UPHEAVAL WAS ITS OPENING DATE

The Gun Month by Month

SOME REFLECTIONS ON WAR-TIME SHOOTING

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

FROM the purely sporting point of view, one of the minor tragedies of the world upheaval was its opening date. For most of us, even the over-aged and unfits—going straight to war-work of one kind or another, had little chance for several weeks of confirming or confuting the pre-shooting season prophets. Though, generally, I think, the optimists were right. In happier circumstances this should have been a partridge year above the average, and, despite the heavy rains and chilly winds, as a consequence of which disease was prevalent on many rearing fields, wild pheasants, thriving amazingly, more than made up the losses in the hand-reared stock.

It is impossible to estimate with any accuracy, of course, but, taking the country by and large, it may be doubted whether 40 per cent. of the game quota of a normal year has yet been shot. And if this should prove to be within measurable distance of the truth we shall face some difficult problems in the coming months. Of which perhaps the most vital is the maintenance at concert pitch of super-abundant stocks.

In this connection there are two important points to be considered. The cancellation (or restriction) of partridge driving fixtures involves not only failure to break up the coveys, but also the survival of an abnormal percentage of old birds which, past the age of usefulness themselves, are no more than an internal nuisance in the mating season. And personally I believe that thanks to increasing debility, these ancients are to a greater extent than many people suppose responsible for the carrying of disease. Be that as it may, the fact is uncontrovertible that over-population combined with under nourishment is the predisposing cause of strongylosis. The Grouse Commission of 1907 initiated this contention; the Partridge Inquiry of 1932 supported it; and experience on countless properties up and down the country has since confirmed its truth beyond a doubt. But it is a fact no less significant that in nearly every instance of more or less serious epidemic with which we have been inflicted since that disastrous winter of 1930/31, losses on estates where winter feeding is the rule have been from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. lower than on those where partridges are left to work out their own salvation.

So if ever hand-feeding was justifiable it is doubly so to-day. Doubtless the war turn over from grass to arable will help our birds in due time, but cereals will not spring up in a day. Meanwhile we cannot hope that ground barely adequate to the harbourage of 50 birds will support twice that number. Were it a question of the purchase of large quantities of foodstuffs, neither individual consciences nor probably the law would sanction it. But the partridge is no glutton. One ounce of food a day is ample even in the most adverse circumstance for an adult bird, and a mash of wheat or barley, millet and dari seed, into which a spoonful of olive oil is stirred may often make the difference between satisfaction and starvation of a covey. It simply comes to this. Unless we can ensure the stamina of our surplus population, disease among next year's breeding stock is as nearly certain as anything in this uncertain world. In which case, quite apart from the expense involved, neither the importation of Hungarians, penning under the Continental system, nor hand-rearing are, with depleted staffs of keepers, practicable methods of restocking in time of war.

With the steady absorption of the able-bodied into the war machine, shooting fixtures are becoming increasingly difficult to pre-arrange. There seems to be no lack of guns as yet, but beaters are more difficult to find. Except, I hasten to add, in any military area where supply is more than equal to demand, and all ranks seem to welcome invitations as an antidote to the daily monotony of watching for signs of Nazi frightfulness. But as time goes on, neighbouring shoots, particularly those of the small to medium variety, will probably find that co-operation whereby a wider acreage can be driven in a day to the certainty of increased bags, will be advantageous, even essential. For it is pretty certain that shooting fixtures will have to be cut down if only because the cartridge supply is not illimitable. Lead and explosives are required for other purposes to-day, and in time the sportsman will very likely be rationed as strictly in these commodities as in margarine and butter. Wherefore it behoves us all neither to hoard, nor to waste.

To lay in a vast stock of ammunition may have the effect of denying a supply to less affluent individuals. To squander it on clay birds (or even live ones at outrageous distances) is equally indefensible. More than ever, we need to shoot with common sense, recognising that every bird killed clean not only contributes to the national food supply but also to the reduction of breeding stocks to reasonable levels.

Whatever shoots go by the board, however, it may be hoped that those usually arranged at Christmas time will stand. We may not have much heart for traditional festivity, but these fixtures, I always think, are peculiarly the prerogative of youngsters home from school. There is a delightful informality about them; the keepers, beaters, even the dogs are old friends and no one is in the least interested in the percentage of kills to cartridges. Which reminds me of a day not long ago when three enthusiastic sportsmen aged about sixteen challenged their elders to a foot-slog on an Irish bog. And as luck would have it, before we had got fairly started the youngest of the party killed, by some astounding fluke, a mallard which came suddenly and very high. And then we realised, unhappily that peace would no more reign unless and until the other infants achieved equivalent distinction. So we walked and we stalked, and we waded almost knee-deep into quaking bogs and breast-high into bullrush belts, until from sheer exhaustion the middle-aged gave up the unequal contest and watched the rest of the proceedings from afar. But the youngsters did it: that is to say, that they shared out half-a-dozen various between them (including an out-of-season grouse), and the subsequent argument, submitted for adjudication to the casting vote of three presumably unbiassed referees, as to the relative skill displayed, was even more exhausting than the actual pursuit of the aforesaid victims. Incidentally, to his intense discomfiture the grouse's assassin was disqualified. But he got his own back later on, when the six guns lining out below a hanging coppice heard a woodcock halloed "forward." He came flickering ghost-like in and out the silver birches and three professors missed him handsomely. Threading through the barrage, on he went when a voice was heard to offer 10 to 1. "You've said it," responded Smith, minor, a fraction of a second before the bird somersaulted in the air, and no-one ever parted with ten bob with a better grace than the writer, whose eye was most indecently wiped on that occasion.

May one suggest, too, that of other back-end fixtures those we should make every effort to preserve are the shoots normally arranged for tenants and farmers. We owe them material acknowledgment of the goodwill without which game preservation would be an infinitely more difficult business than it is. And there is nothing possibly they enjoy more than an invitation shoot with plenty of liquid refreshment to wash down a solid lunch. We may remember, too, that only a small minority have game licenses, so that one day for feather and another for fur and "lesser breeds without the law" may appropriately be arranged.

Incidentally, such shoots afford a first-rate opportunity for stinking-out rabbits and making war on pigeons. For pigeons are in the front rank of agricultural pests, and at a time when every acre of food supply is of vital importance their destruction over as wide an area as possible is more highly desirable than usual. But what, for want of a better term, I may call the moral effect of these fixtures is more important than their material results. They preserve the traditional amenities of the countryside, and as I wrote in the *Field* some years ago—more than any other single factor, the friendship of all those who wrest their living from the soil contributes to the maintenance of sport as we have always known it. If that was true in a time of peace, it is doubly true to-day, when, irrespective of class or creed, we are all united in one common purpose, the preservation of our heritage.

ALL THE AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS FOR SALE

Potential Classic Winners for Bidders

WHEN the war started, the Aga Khan was the owner of approximately 150 thoroughbreds in England, Ireland and France, including stallions, brood mares, yearlings, foals and horses in training. There were nearly 40 with his trainer Frank Butters at Fitzroy House, Newmarket, including a number of yearlings which by then had joined the stable. That he should wish, in the present circumstances, to reduce such an extensive and expensive holding in bloodstock is not surprising. Even in normal times, owner-breeders have to sell annually if only to make room for the young stock passing into training, and for the fillies who are to be retained as potential brood mares.

The Aga Khan, however, intimated recently that any or all of his thoroughbreds were for disposal, and there was a suggestion that his Derby winners, Bahram and Mahmoud, who are now at stud, might be sold at any time. As the services of both stallions are fully booked for the next breeding season, Bahram at 500gs. and Mahmoud at 300gs., I do not think for one moment that those arrangements will be disturbed.

The big owner-breeders have always been ready to sell at a favourable opportunity. Though they have great wealth, most of them could not pursue this costly sport and hobby on such a liberal scale if they did not regain, with reasonable consistency, a considerable part of their outgoings by means of stallion fees, sales of surplus stock and by winning rich stakes.

The prize money won in any one season by most owners who race in the style of the Aga Khan, seldom covers their racing costs for the same period. There are many whose account at Messrs. Weatherby's for entries, forfeits, jockey's retainer and other riding fees, amounts annually to over £10,000. In several cases the sum is nearer £15,000, and on top of all this there are training bills and the cost of sending horses to the meetings, with incidental expenses. These items can account in some instances for another £10,000. Those owners who undertake these enormous liabilities must therefore win about £30,000 in stake money in the course of a season if they are not to be out of pocket over their actual racing—quite apart from the purchase of breeding stock—and they have little chance of reaching that total if they do not win at least one classic race, the Eclipse Stakes, or several of the rich prizes for two-year-olds.

It was in 1921 that the Aga Khan decided to start racing in England and to form a stud. At the Doncaster sales of that year the Hon. George Lambton bought on his behalf eight yearlings, at a total cost of 24,520gs. Of these the fillies, Cos (5,000gs.) and Teresina (7,700gs.) were destined to achieve fame on the racecourse, and to assist as matrons towards the immediate success of their owner's stud. Cos was his first winner. The following year at Doncaster his investment in high-class bloodstock was continued, his yearling purchases including Mumtaz Mahal (who after her brilliant racing career became the grand-dam of Mahmoud), Diophon (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) and Salmon Trout (winner of the St. Leger).

His Highness continued for some years to spend lavishly in the bloodstock market. He bought his first Derby winner Blenheim for 4,100gs. as a yearling. Of course, he had the proportion of costly disappointments to be expected in such a venture. He acquired Feridoon privately from the National Stud for about £17,000. He was a complete failure as a racehorse, and was sold in France for about £13. Amilcar (9,700gs.) never won a race, while Aftab who cost 14,000gs. as a yearling, won one race for His Highness, worth £270, and was later sold for 125gs.



W. A. Rouch

BAHRAM, WINNER OF THE TRIPLE CROWN



H.H. AGA KHAN WITH THE SMILE OF VICTORY

He has won the Derby three times, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the Oaks once, and the St. Leger three times

Here are the details, showing the English racecourse successes of the Aga Khan from his first season as an owner up to the present time:

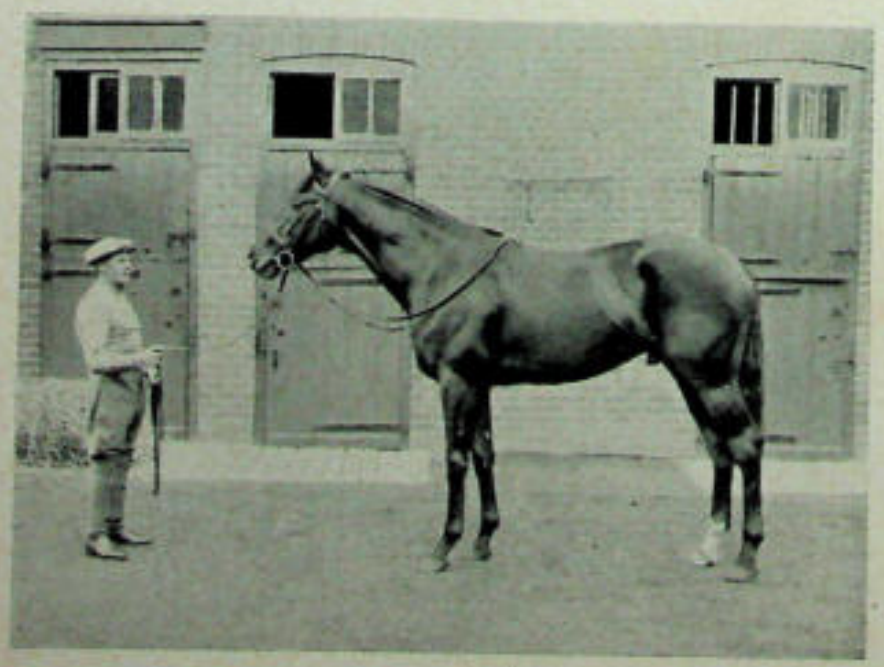
	Winners.	No. of Races	First prize money
1922	5	13	£13,733
1923	11	22	£33,409
1924*	11	19	£44,377
1925	13	28	£32,974
1926	10	15	£14,774
1927	13	21	£21,918
1928	11	14	£20,570
1929*	20	35	£39,886
1930*	16	23	£46,259
1931	17	27	£19,484
1932*	14	28	£57,778
1933	16	24	£19,311
1934*	18	45	£64,898
1935*	13	23	£49,302
1936	11	18	£29,057
1937*	17	30	£30,655
1938	14	19	£20,965
1939	7	10	£10,798
Total	237	414	£570,148

* Headed the list of winning owners.

This is a truly remarkable record. The average stake winnings (first prize money only) has been nearly £32,000 per season, and seven times in eighteen years the Aga Khan has won more in stake money than any other owner. The past season appears to have been the least successful. The two-year-old Stardust, winner of £7,582, is owned jointly by the Aga Khan and his son, Prince Aly Khan.

In addition to Bahram and Mahmoud, the following stallions, the property of the Aga Khan, are advertised at stud: Dastur (fee £148), Umidwar (£98), Felicitation (£75) and Khan Bahadur, brother to Mahmoud (£24).

At the December sales, at Newmarket, the Aga Khan will offer for sale, on the second day, December 5th, fifteen horses in training and nineteen yearlings.





W. A. Rouch

TWO OF THE TEN TWO-YEAR-OLDS WHICH ARE TO BE KEPT IN TRAINING

Morvadabad, by Blenheim—Miracosta and Stardust, by Hyperion—Sister Stella, which H.H. Aga Khan owns in partnership with Prince Aly Khan

Of the horses in training, the five-year-old horse Mubarak is by Massine out of Bedam, by Tetratema's brother, Arch Gift. Massine was the great French stayer and the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup of 1924. Mubarak's last race was in the Cesarewitch, in which he finished unplaced to his stable companion, Sir Alfred Butt's Cantatrice II, after running prominently. As a two-year-old he won the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket and was then sent to France, where he was successful. He returned to Fitzroy House in 1938 and during the past season he won the Lambton Handicap (1 mile 7 furlongs) at Hurst Park and was narrowly, and perhaps unluckily, beaten by Colorado Boy over two miles at Kempton.

The three-year-old Emir D'Iran won races in France last year of a total value of 232,376 fr. and was then sent to England. By Epinard out of a mare by Flying Orb out of Donnetta (dam of Diophon, Diadem, &c.), he is bred for great speed, but he ran four times last season without success.

I thought that the three-year-old Sadri (Solario—Friar's Daughter), brother to Dastur and half-brother to the mighty Bahram, was soon to win a race, after he had finished third to Heliopolis at Goodwood, but he has not run since. Another Solario horse which the Aga Khan will offer is the four-year-old Foroughi, winner last year of the King Edward VII Stakes at Ascot. He is out of Felicita, the dam of Felicitation. There are two three-year-old fillies straight out of training, Fair Joy (by Mr. Jinks out of Felicita) and Persian Folly (by Dastur out of the Son-in-Law mare Lady Lawless), both of whom have, even under present conditions, considerable value as potential matrons.

The other horses in training to be sold are all two-year-olds, some of which no doubt would have been drafted even if there had not been a war. They are the colts: Benagi (Blenheim—Firouze Ranee), Bokhari (Blenheim—Rapina), Blitz (Blenheim—Friar's Lady), Unter Den Linden (Fairway—Udaipur), Nizami (Firdaussi—Mumtaz Mahal), Burhan Ali (Umidwar—Teresina), Shere Khan II (Blenheim—Fille de Salut), Bahman (Blenheim—Volense), and Kidogo (Ruston Pasha—Cap d'Ail).

Blitz won the Gatwick Foal Plate and was second, third and fourth in other races; Nizami was placed three times in good company, and recently at Newmarket Kidogo was second in a large field to Black Toni, who won again at Newbury. There seemed to be great promise in the first performance of Shere Khan II, when he finished fourth and behind the more strongly fancied Nizami, at Nottingham in August, but owing to the war, he has not run again.

The Aga Khan is keeping ten of his two-year-olds in training, including Jindani, Moradabad and Stardust. Two or three of those retained he owns in partnership with his son.

The most surprising feature of his sale arrangements, however, is his decision to sell all his yearlings without reserve, with or without engagements at the option of purchasers. This means that none can be retained; they must all go for what they will fetch, and so, seemingly, the Aga Khan will not have any two-year-olds of his own breeding in training next season.

He sold six yearling colts at the first July sales. There are nine more colts and ten yearling fillies for disposal next week. At ordinary times their sale would create exceptional and world-wide interest. It would produce enormous sums. It would be the most important disposal from the stud of one breeder for many years.

Most of the best blood is collected in the ownership of the great private breeders, and only rarely is it thrown, in mass and without any kind of reserve, on the market. The fact that this is a most unfavourable time for such a sale, demonstrates starkly the Aga Khan's inflexible determination to reduce his racing interests wholesale, and apparently to accept immediately the great loss, imposed on all owners of bloodstock, by war-time restrictions and consequent depreciation of values. That he intends to give up all active interest in breeding and racing in this country I cannot believe, especially as his son, Prince Aly Khan, is so enthusiastically associated with it.

Some idea of the costs of a big stable may be gathered in that the engagements already made for the nineteen yearlings involve minor forfeits of £3,325, and many important races for which they can be entered—such as the Derby and other classic races of 1941—will not close until after the sale. They have been liberally entered for Irish races, to provide them with alternative engagements should racing in England suffer drastic curtailment.

These yearlings are by Bahram, Solario, Hyperion, Windsor Lad, Fairway, Umidwar, Dastur, Mahmoud Ut Majeur and Vatout. I have not seen them, but they are all bred to be "good enough for anything," and in spite of the prevailing conditions, some of those who in make and shape are particularly attractive, will doubtless create brisk competition and produce substantial prices. Of the two by Hyperion offered, Selim Hassan, a bay colt foaled on February 1st, is out of Blanc Mange, a good winner and half-sister to Blandford. The other, Alibhai



H.H. AGA KHAN IN THE SALE RING
He is seen talking to Mr. R. C. Dawson. In the background is Lord Carnarvon

is out of Teresina, the famous race-mare and dam of Grand Terrace, Theresina, Gino, Alykhan and Alishah.

How I wonder will the price forthcoming for Bakhtawar compare with what might reasonably have been bid for him at normal times? He is a bay colt, foaled April 10th, by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter, the dam of Bahram and Dastur. This colt is three-parts brother to Bahram, as that horse is by Blandford, who is also the sire of Windsor Lad.

There are fillies by Bahram from La Dousairière (dam of Bulandshar, winner of Chester Vase, Le Duc, and Le Grand Duc, winner of New Stakes, and third in Derby), Una (half-sister to Ukrania, winner of French Oaks, Ut Majeur, Umidwar and the Oaks winner Udaipur), Beeri and Queen of Scots. The sale includes Udaipur's yearling filly Mambaka by Mahmoud and a Solario filly named Soga out of Mrs. Ruston. Fairway (sire of Blue Peter) is represented by a colt out of La Voulzie, a Teddy mare.

In seventeen years during which the Aga Khan has been represented in the classic races, he has won the Derby three times, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the Oaks once and the St. Leger three times. Six of these nine classic victories have been gained with horses he bred himself. It cannot be long odds against this batch of yearlings containing one or more potential classic winners, and there will be many bidders next week with sufficient confidence in the future of racing to take the chance.

The Aga Khan has not so far announced any arrangements for the sale of his brood-mares, of which he has about thirty in England and Ireland, nor for the disposal of about thirty foals which are in these countries. The rumour that he might sell the whole of his bloodstock to a syndicate in the United States, apparently has not materialised.

YEOMAN.

A BLOODSTOCK BARGAIN BASEMENT

IT can at least be said that the prospects for those who are selling at the December sales might have been much worse. The Jockey Club stewards have stated that they will do their best to provide as much racing as possible next season; recent meetings have demonstrated that public support is strong enough to justify larger stakes than were provided for the early war-time fixtures, and those who are maintaining, as far as circumstances permit, their active interest in racing and breeding, cannot be without hope of an early return to brighter times. Moreover there is a fairly brisk export market at present. Would-be buyers abroad are ready to take advantage of the conditions caused by the war, and to purchase animals for breeding or racing at much below the prices they would have to pay in peace-time.

The sale will begin at 10.45 a.m. on Monday and at 9.30 on the following mornings. As there is a jumping meeting at Newbury on Thursday and Friday Messrs. Tattersalls have arranged, for the convenience of owners and trainers, selling or wanting to buy horses in training, to devote the first two days of the sale almost entirely to animals of this description.

The December sales may be described as the "bargain basement" of the bloodstock market. The catalogue contains every class and description of thoroughbred stallions, brood-mares, horses in training or just out of training, some jumpers, young fillies ready for the stud, yearlings and foals. There are 850 lots this time. The entries for the sale have been severely limited, owing to lighting restrictions. In normal times they are continued after dark with the ring brightly illuminated.

The catalogue does of course reveal some effects of the war, but many owners and breeders are sending up only animals which they would have entered for these sales in peace-time. They sell their surplus stock annually. There are the usual lots to dissolve partnerships and those submitted by the executors of deceased owners. These include eight mares and three fillies out of training, which belonged to the late Sir George Bullough, and numerous lots which were owned by the Lancashire industrialist, Major R. B. Glover.

With the notable exception of the Aga Khan's yearlings, to which reference has already been made, there are not in the sale as many potential stallions and young brood mares of a high grade as usual.

Two stallions who have been at stud for some years will be offered. One is Mrs. D. Crossman's Gay Light, who was a good hurdler, and the other Mrs. Arthur James's Salmon Leap, winner of the Goodwood and Coronation Cup and second to Trimdon for the Gold Cup.

Mrs. Whitburn's five year old Dragonnade, who dead-heated with Buckleigh for the Manchester Cup, can be bought as a stallion.

Among the horses to be sold are many who contributed to our sport last season, some of the best known being Edgehill, Campion, Royal Chaplain, the mare Knole Star, Orichalque (winner of the second division of the Cambridgeshire), Roderick Dhu, Canny Lad, Real Estate, Paladin, White Swan, Felt Slipper, Vesperian, Longchamp, St. Patricks Day, Incantator, Golden Idol, Nosegay, Never Surprised and Satanic. Pantolus—a good racehorse—is in a draft from Mathew Peacock's Middleham stable.

His Majesty is sending Jubilee, his half-sister Judica, Osman Pasha, Wavelength and Makina to the sale, as well as the mare Parity, covered by Bosworth.

Buxton, who attracted considerable attention in connection with the Derby, is to be sold to dissolve a partnership of three, of which his trainer, Hugh Sidebottom, now in the Army, is one.

Lord Derby is selling one young brood mare. He sends his usual draft of horses in training, and in it are Colorado Claro, Tamworth, Sierra Nevada, Ministrone and Sedgefield.

Three brood mares are Lord Astor's only contribution to the sale. Among them is Pennycross, covered by Pay Up and believed to be in foal. She won the Falmouth Stakes and was second in the Coronation and Nassau Stakes.

Lord Rosebery offers seven mares. Mr. J. A. Dewar is sending three, and three horses in training, Forager, Caledonian and Dispenser.

Little Mark (covered by Caerleon) is one of the four mares which Lord Milford will sell. She is the dam of Black Speck, Mark Time, Blot, and Pecked, and one of a famous sisterhood. Little Mark, Morals of Marcus, Madawaska and Watervane, by Friar Marcus out of Lilaline, were all good winners and all have bred winners.

The Pen, winner of the Cambridgeshire of 1927, is to be sold with her filly foal by King Solomon. She has been covered by Gold Bridge.

One of the largest drafts will come from Sir Abe Bailey. He is selling 21 horses, in training or just out of training, nine brood mares, eight foals and six yearlings, but Miss Dorothy Paget plans to dispose only of three mares, five horses in training and five yearlings.

Though the war found Lord Glanely with perhaps a larger number of thoroughbreds in his possession than any other owner, with the possible exception of Miss Paget, he is offering only eight horses in training.

The veteran Duke of Portland, who owned

St. Simon, is selling seven brood mares on Wednesday and three horses in training, and the same day's sale will include four well-bred brood mares owned by the Aga Khan's trainer Frank Butters. One of them, Constant Law, by Portlaw out of a Stedfast mare, is believed to be in foal to Bahram. She has a colt foal at foot by Felicitation. Another of his mares, Celestine, by Friar Marcus is believed to be in foal to Mahmoud. Mr. Butters' establishment will be greatly depleted by the Aga Khan's sale of yearlings.

Several of the mares which Mr. Arthur Sainsbury bought to assist in "making" his stallion William of Valence, may find new owners next week, while there are some well-known mares among Major McCalmont's lot on Thursday. Of these, Studareena (1925), sister to Mr. Jinks, won the Queen Mary Stakes, and Queen of the Nore (1927) has the rich National Breeders' Produce Stakes to her credit. She is the dam of King's Gap. YEOMAN.

DOGS AT THE FRONT

By A. CROXTON SMITH

THE Germans, who made great use of dogs in the last war, are evidently determined to repeat the experiment this time. It is said that they have conscripted all dogs in the country that measure more than 15in. in height. No doubt, among that number will be many misfits that will prove to be unsuitable for the work after a trial, but all the same the inference is that they propose getting together a vast army of these handy auxiliaries. When the French set about demobilising their army dogs in 1919 it was estimated that they would have to dispose of 15,000. Casualties were high, as might be expected, considering the dangerous nature of their duties. Something like 3,500 fell in action and 1,500 were reported as missing.

A small proportion of the trained dogs were retained by the French for peace-time service, where possible others were returned to their original owners, and the rest were either sold or given away. One appreciates how useful they were to the Germans in the Great War from a notice that appeared in an official newspaper in 1917: "The army again needs dogs between the ages of one and four years, which are healthy, quick, sharp and not shy. They must be offered free. The breeds required are sheepdogs, fox terriers, Airedale terriers and mongrels of those breeds . . . They are to act as watch-dogs for our troops, and will at the same time make possible a considerable lightening of the latter's duties."

Besides using dogs for ambulance, sentry and liaison work, the French and Belgians also employed them for draught purposes, some even pulling light guns. Operations in the Vosges mountains were particularly difficult when the winter snows were deep, and it was then that dogs were called into service. Mr. A. A. (Scotty) Allan, one of the founders of the great race from Nome in Alaska, has told in his book, "Gold, Men and Dogs," how at the beginning of 1915 he took 400 sledge dogs for work in the Vosges. He relates that one section carried 90 tons of ammunition to a battery within four days to a place that men, mules and horses had been trying to reach ineffectually for fourteen days. Of the several breeds that were thus in commission it was found that Huskies were the best. After the snows had melted they pulled trucks on narrow gauge light railways, eleven dogs being able to draw a ton up precipitous slopes.

The cost of their keep was infinitesimal, as horse flesh was to be had in abundance, and while they were there they multiplied considerably. They are likely to be in great demand during the present war. Pack dogs are also serviceable for carrying munitions. Terriers, of course, were wanted in large numbers for destroying rats in the trenches, where their presence was always acceptable. Several veterans that had killed innumerable rats, and shared the hardships of their masters, returned with the British forces in 1918 to live in honourable retirement.

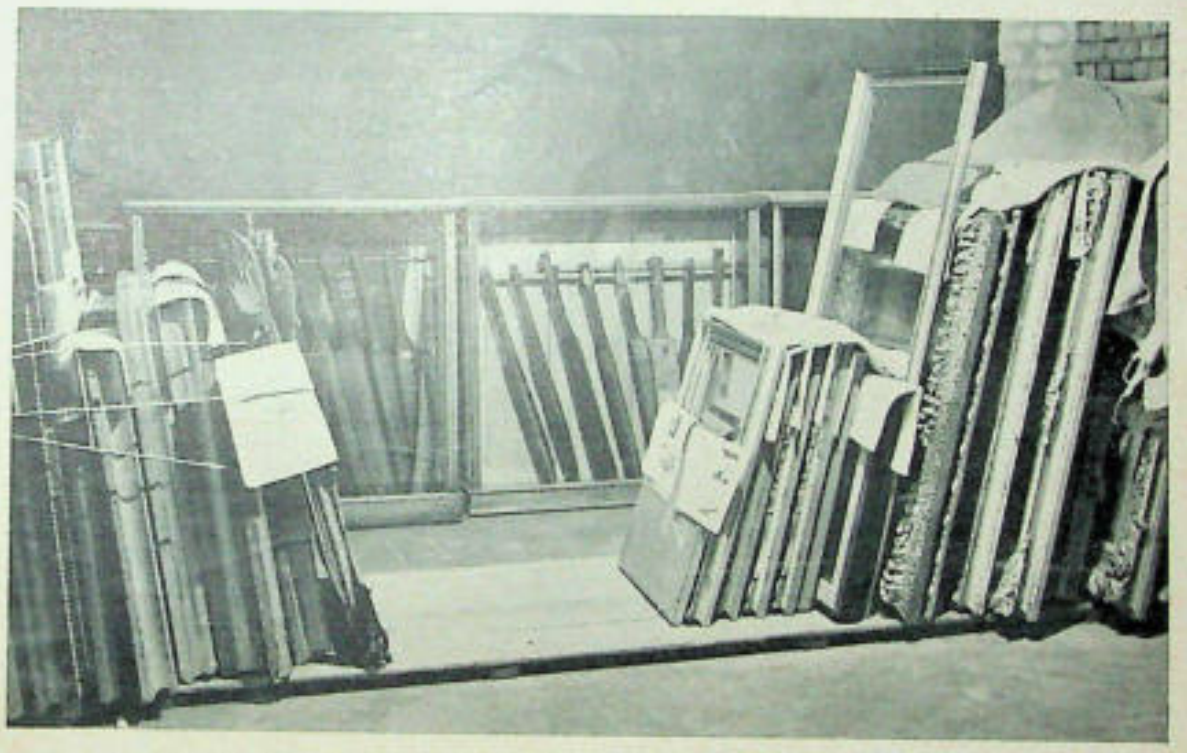
In ancient days dogs were actual combatants, being protected by armour, and wearing formidable spiked collars. One old writer described dogs so powerful that they could drag a man off a horse, "large dogs of the size of asses, fierce as lions, covered with rich cloth, silver collars, and neck rings, and a circle of iron points round the neck. Some of them are all clad in armour." Pliny mentions that the Colophonians trained their dogs with great care, having squadrons of them which fought in the first ranks with high courage.

SQUASH RACKETS.—Owing to the war, the competition for the Londonderry Cup, normally held under the auspices of the International Sportsmen's Club and confined to public schools old boys teams, will not take place this season. In consequence, Harrow, last season's winner, will continue to hold the Cup for another year. The earlier winners of the Cup, since the competition was inaugurated five years ago, were Eton (twice) and Winchester (twice).

WHAT LORD'S LOOKS LIKE TO-DAY



THE COMMITTEE ROOM WHERE GREAT DECISIONS WERE MADE IS NOW BLACKED-OUT. THERE ARE NO PICTURES ON THE WALLS. THEY HAVE GONE, BUT—



—HERE ARE THE FRAMES AND SOME OF THE MORE SOLID TREASURES IN THE DEEP DUG-OUT UNDER THE RACKET COURT



THIS MEMBERS' STAND LOOKS VERY FORLORN, BUT IN SPITE OF IT ALL SIR PELHAM WARNER, WAR-TIME SECRETARY, IS CARRYING ON WITH ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT SEASON



ON NO. 2 BEAT OF THE TEST AT ROMSEY

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

IN his inimitable book, *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons*, Chaytor has a flair for saying things in a way which make them remain in the reader's mind because of their appositeness. Take, for example, his remark: "One thing you may be sure of about a salmon, you never can tell either what he will do, or when he will do it." Does not that sum up in a few words the idiosyncracies of *salmo salar* to perfection? Yet in spite of this *x*, or unknown, quality about the fish, I suppose most salmon anglers of experience have certain times of the day when they are most hopeful of meeting a fish, and it only confirms what Chaytor said that these times vary with the individual to a very great degree.

I imagine that there might be a majority who felt more confident before lunch than after, and my own belief is that the hours from 9 a.m. until 1 p.m. are worth all the rest of the day put together. Recently, when fishing the lower Test at Romsey, I made this remark, and Geary, the keeper, a very good and experienced angler, who is on the river long hours every day the season through, thoroughly agreed with it. But one must admit there are any number of exceptions. I remember one day on the Dart fishing from 9.30 until 2.40 without a rise. Then I caught two fish in successive casts, and a third at 5.25 p.m.

Chaytor, like most others, had his pet times. He says: "There are—or one gets to believe there are—certain times of the day which seem to be critical times when salmon take, if they are going to take at all. About 9 o'clock, about 1 o'clock, about 4 and at dusk are, I should say, the best times, and of them all I should put dusk first and mid-day second." On the other hand, the late Mr. A. H. E. Wood, of greased-line fame, had no favourite times at all. In *Greased Line Fishing for Salmon*, by "Jock Scott," he is quoted as saying: "My charts show that there is no special time of day at which salmon take. All hours are equal, except possibly on a stiff day the last 20 minutes of daylight, then again only if conditions are ordinarily good. The Cairnton records show no favourite hours except those controlled by weather." However, a little later he goes on: "There is always a peak period in the morning between 11 and 12, and an equally high peak in the afternoon or evening."

This point arose recently in conversation with a very successful West country angler who not only catches a great many salmon, but also succeeds in getting far more than his share of the big 'uns. As is well known, these streams do not produce fish of the same size as the Wye and some other big rivers. The number of 20-pounders killed in a season is limited, and it seems remarkable that one man should account for so great a proportion as does my friend.

Once I asked him for the secret of his success. "It is really quite simple," he replied, "in a river like this, which is very clear. It is always possible to have a look round before you fish to find what salmon there are in the pools, and at the same time which are the big ones and which are small. Personally, if I find a big fish I rather lay for him, and pay him frequent visits until I find him inclined to take. In my experience, unless the day is a very bad one, there is nearly always some time when a fish wakes up and takes an interest in mundane matters. My favourite times are 9.30 to 10; 2 to 2.30; and 6 to 6.30 (God's time, of course), and if I am aware of the presence of a really good specimen I generally look him up at these particular hours until I persuade him to take. Too often he knows more than I do, but now and then the great ones nod."

I confess this narrowing down of taking times to separate half-hours was something of a surprise to me, and I decided to look up my angling diaries and make a table of the times I had hooked my last hundred salmon. The result is, I think, interesting. From 9 to 10 o'clock the number was 8; 10 to 11, 23; 11 to 12, 25; 12 to 1, 9; 1 to 2, 11; 2 to 3, 8; 3 to 4, 6; 4 to 5, 6; 5 to 6, 3; 6 to 7, 1.

This shows that my own preference for the hours between 9 and 1 is well founded for no less than 65 of the fish were hooked in that period, and 48 of them between 10 and noon. At the same time it would not be right to place too great an emphasis on the superiority of this period because I am on the river far more often between 9.30 and 12.30 than during any other three hours of the day.

I do not very often fish after 3 o'clock, and probably not half-a-dozen times in the season do I continue after 4 o'clock. A doctor friend who can only rarely get out in the morning kills plenty of salmon after 3 o'clock, which seems to bear out Mr. Wood's dictum that there are no especially good taking times, and that the success of individuals at certain hours is because they are most often fishing then, and in course of years a feeling of confidence has been gradually built up that they are likely to meet salmon at around about such hours.

It is curious what a potent effect confidence has in fishing. To expect to catch a salmon often seems to be more than half the battle in the consummation of that desire, and so, when the witching hour approaches, confidence rises and somehow or other this increases the chance that such a feeling will be justified. One sees the same thing in the matter of favourite pools. Every salmon angler has his pet places, but the beloved of A is not necessarily the favourite of B, and may be actively disliked and despised by C. WEST COUNTRY.

A TROUT TRAGEDY

STRICTLY speaking, this is not a personal experience. It is the story of a man and a trout which happened in New Zealand years ago, when huge rainbows were commoner than they are to-day. I had it from the man himself in 1931, not long before his unexpected passing, and I judge it to be unique in more ways than one. So far as I can ascertain it never has been published and it impresses me as a duty to place it on record.

First for the man. Hoka Down was a full-blooded Maori who occupied a position of some importance in his tribal community near Lake Taupo and acted as my guide during two fishing trips in New Zealand. There were few sports he had not sampled during his fifty years, but fly-fishing was his real love, and what he did not know of the Tongariro river and its trout was negligible. Hoka was a sinewy giant of 6ft. and 17st., untirable and strong as an ox. He was surprisingly well-informed and utterly truthful, an optimist who neither smoked nor drank, and an individual I was proud to call my friend. The photograph shows the manner of the man.

One sunny April morning as we sat at lunch on Tongariro's bank I asked Hoka what was the heaviest rainbow he had seen. The big fellow's face clouded over and he looked unusually serious, before he answered, "Twenty-six pounds, but that was a sad day." So unusual a reply set one's ears a-tingle, and presently he unfolded an astonishing experience. I give the story as nearly as I can recall it in his own quaint words:

"Doctor, I was casting a Matuku fly over the Down's pool one morning by myself when I hook a tremendous rainbow. He is so strong I can do nothing with him, and for a long time he run me up and down the bank. At last he tire, but I have no net or gaff. Presently I see a man who fetch a net and together we get him out, the greatest trout ever I have seen. At once I carry him to Tokaanu where he is weighed, 26lb., the heaviest rainbow taken from the river, and I am asked to send him to Wellington for exhibition.

"But first I take him home to show my friends before he is packed up. At my house everybody is out, but there is a message for me to hurry to a sick friend. I hang the trout in my larder and I go up the hill to my friend and do not get back till the evening.

"When I return there is no trout where I put him. I call to my wife, 'Where is my fish?' 'Oh,' she say, 'that lovely trout, what a beauty, I find him and I cut him up and now he is in the pot for the supper!'"

In the course of a long experience I cannot recall a more pitiful angling occurrence. Was ever so miserable a climax? The fish of a lifetime consigned to the cooking-pot! For every fisherman this story touches such extremes of triumph and defeat as boggle description and leave one aghast. A sad day indeed.

Yet there remained one item to complete the psychological interest of this tragedy of error.



HOKA AND A 8-LB. TROUT

"Hoka, what did you say to your wife?" and the reply was charcteristic of the man. "Doctor, I go out and I walk by myself for an hour."

Good old Hoka, may his bones rest in peace.

"SILVER DOCTOR."

MAHSEER AND TURTLE

An addition to the long list of good angling stories comes from Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Toogood and is published in the August issue of the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society*. It has—as so many angling stories have not—the merit of being true. At about 8 a.m. on January 14th, 1939, His Excellency the Marquess of Linlithgow was fishing in the Canvery river about two miles from Seringapatam in a large pool. The bait used was a mixture of *atta* and *goor*. About five minutes after the bait had been thrown in, it was taken by a mahseer which weighed 14lb. On landing the fish there was no bait on the hook, but in the mouth of the fish was a turtle (*Lissemys punctata*) alive. It is presumed that the turtle was feeding on the bait which was at the bottom of the pool and the mahseer took the bait and the turtle. His Excellency played the fish for about ten minutes. The turtle, which is at present in Bombay, is none the worse for its alarming experience, and is feeding freely.

THE SHORT-EARED OWL

By G. K. YEATES

Status, Habitat and Habits



HE SUDDENLY ARRIVES, AS SILENTLY AS A MOTH, AND LOOKS AROUND

LIKE the crossbill, the short-eared owl is a capricious species, frequent in some years, decidedly rare in others. During the winter of 1938-9 it seems to have occurred in more than usual numbers, and, at any rate in the area where I have recently been working them, the breeding population has consequently increased. In point of fact, the decisive factor in the status of the species is the vole population. If these rodents upon which those owls so largely rely for their food prosper, the short-ears breed regularly in certain districts. In bad vole years they may be almost wholly absent: when plagues occur, they arrive in phenomenal numbers, as for instance during 1891–1893 on the Borders when this species was exceedingly abundant and because of the increased food supply laid clutches up to thirteen eggs.

Yet my recent observations on the species show that another very important factor is entering into the life of this fine bird—locally at least. The activities of the Forestry Commission naturally mean that the bird life of the often tree-less districts which are planted undergoes a radical change. The coming of trees drives out many species but encourages others. To the short-eared owl this afforestation during its early stages is a great blessing. That a ground nesting bird which delights in rolling moors or sweeping marshland should benefit from trees may sound curious. Yet it is so, at least temporarily, and the reason is not far to seek. The Forestry Commission ban sheep from their forests, with a consequent improvement in the rough moorland grass. This is further assisted by careful drainage. Improved grass means improved conditions for the mice. More mice bring more short-eared owls.

There can be no question that this afforestation is the cause, for on the ground where my observations were made, the short-eared owls began to appear immediately inside the boundaries of the afforested area and left off as soon as one was quit of it. About four-and-a-half miles of road ran through such country. From it I located 20–21 different cock short-eared owls with territories. All these were seen on Forestry ground. Outside its confines I knew of only one pair! Such numbers on so small a part of the large area now afforested are indeed surprising, and it makes one wonder what the total breeding population must be, for, let me repeat, these figures are given from observations along the road. The greater part of the large area now planted and therefore equally suitable country I never saw at all! Fifty pairs seems to me a conservative estimate, and I should not be surprised if it was as many as seventy.

The short-eared owl is a most fascinating species to watch. In the first place it is a diurnal bird and can therefore be watched during the daylight hours instead of in the poor gloaming in which the other members of the family begin their day's activities. Although an owl, it is nevertheless in flight more reminiscent of a buzzard or a harrier, as it quarters the ground or circles high up into the air. Indeed it is a species which is at its best in flight, and I never tire of watching it either hunting or displaying.

Short-eared owls may be seen hunting at any hour of day, but they are most active up to 9.30 a.m. and from 5 p.m. (winter time). Warm, still days, however, see little cessation even at mid-day, but in rain or wind they cut down their hunting to a minimum. As the cock bird is responsible for feeding the hen, it is he whom one sees quartering the ground during the breeding season. Territory rights are strict, at any rate when the birds are thick on the ground, and interloping males are ruthlessly driven off. Only when he hurries such invaders or when he is going to the nest does the cock bird fly in a direct line. In hunting he twists and turns, spirals and glides, even at times hovers, with wonderful grace and ease—a truly glorious sight. Every now and then he plunges to earth. Here he lands "all of a heap," wings splayed out over the grass. His first reactions are most amusing. Instead of looking to see if he has been successful in his stoop, he seems smitten with a feeling that he has made a fool of himself! His head turns from side to side as though to make sure that no rival is laughing at his undignified posture! Satisfied, he continues his hunting or, if successful, flies off in a bee line to the nest.

Fascinating as the cock bird is at his hunting, he is even so at his best in display. This again may occur at any hour of the day but is essentially an activity of the late evening when appetites are satisfied and the day's hunting is over. Then he rises high in the sky and with steadily beating wings holds the same position in the upper air. A low, penetrating *hoo-hoo-hoo* note resounds at frequent intervals. This performance is broken up by unexpected dives. The wings are clapped together beneath the body as the bird takes 200ft. of twilight in the twinkling of an eye. The wings are only once actually struck together, but the clapping continues for four or five times—presumably from the carpal joint. He then swings back to his original display position, hoo-hoo-ing and marking time in the upper air.

(To be continued)



PREENING HER UNDERWING



HABITAT OF, AND RIDE FOR, SHORT-EARED OWL

Typical rolling country, rich in thick grasses that harbour mice

Advice to Young Foxhunters

RIDING TO HOUNDS

The following is the fourth of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best-known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman"



IT is a good plan when at the meet at once to ascertain which pack is hunting (dogs or bitches), and to try to count them on every possible occasion. With practice this is easily done, and it keeps one thinking of the hounds. It irritates people if a man is continually saying the number of the hounds which are on. Keep this knowledge to yourself unless you are asked.

Dog hounds will not stand anything like the interference that bitches will stand. If ever you notice dog hounds slack and hanging about it is an almost certain sign that they are being too much interfered with in some way or another. Hence one often hears huntsmen say that bitches are the best. Probably they are safer in the spring in sheep countries when there are ewes and lambs about, when hounds have to be lifted round these.

The famous John Watson of Meath used to say: "It is a grander thing to see dog hounds working than bitches."

On the way to draw, ride as near the front of the column as possible.

Never allow conversation to lose you your place in the column.

If hounds are drawing a wood which you don't know, unless asked not to do so, ride inside fairly near the hounds when drawing. Most people stand outside jabbering, and a fox is unlikely to break near them. It is bad to hug a huntsman, but you won't find many inside a wood, and if you don't know it you can try to watch the huntsman.

Always try to keep down wind of hounds in a wood, or anywhere else.

When hounds are drawing a gorse or blackthorn covert you will be herded together and may find it difficult to get a start.

Never talk, but listen carefully.

Look for the easiest place in the first fence; discard this because others will have spotted it. Remember most people funk, and comparatively few take their own line. Your horse is fresh, so you must go for some other feasible place.

Having thus got over the first fence you will find yourself well placed. Use the same tactics at the second fence. You will then be well placed if hounds really run. Keep the down-wind side of hounds. When hounds come to a check stand still at once. Don't speak. Never talk during a hunt.

Once when acting M.F.H. during a good run hounds came to a check, and a dear lady came up and said: "Oh, a few days ago somebody told me such a funny story, but I quite forget what it was." Surely this was a trial to the best of tempers.

When hounds have run hard for a few minutes there will seldom be necessity to jump another big fence. Anyhow, you will not be hustled if you do.

Go quietly over deep ground or plough. Do not mind people passing you. They will soon fall back again.

Watch hounds carefully throughout. Never bucket. If you have a fall or make a bad turn do not be in too great a hurry to regain your position. If you pump your horse you are done for, and there is always a chance of hounds checking. Even a short check will probably be good enough to get you to the front.

Never take an ounce more out of your horse than you can help. Never jump a fence because somebody else has jumped it.

Whenever you get a chance dismount. This rests your horse. Ride at every fence, big or small, with the utmost care. It saves your horse and you have fewer falls.

If when you first start, your horse is fighting to go faster than you wish, a good plan is to slacken the snaffle rein and ride him on the bit. Of course, you may pick up all four reins if you are jumping, but I have known horses which I have had to ride over one or two fences on the bit rein.

If you get on to moory ground with surface drains your horse may put his feet into one or two drains, but afterwards he will not do this unless he is jobbed in the mouth. A good plan is to sit well down and well back, with a long rein; do not ride too fast over the soft ground, but when you get to sound ground you can then slap along. Go straight down steep ground; slantingways up it. As a rule you should ride slowly at walls, but if jumping uphill you must go along at a good pace. Horses always jump well under such conditions.

After a hard run slacken your girths: keep your horse on the move and go home at once. If you can, put your horse in somewhere to stale. Give him some gruel if you can obtain it at once, linseed if you are very fortunate to find some boiled, otherwise oatmeal in warm (not too warm) water. Mix it up well. This will buck up your mount, and help him home.

A horse's stomach is very small, and it soon gets empty.

Never be persuaded to keep a horse out after he has been through one good run. If you have two horses out, when you change send your first horse home at once. A horse can do an immense amount of work if he is regularly fed: *vide* cavalry horses on active service.

Do not hurry a horse home. If your horse is tired always try to ride home with somebody else. Tired horses go much better in company.

* * * *

The good management of artificial fox coverts is a vital one. Comparatively few have the remotest idea as to how a fox covert should be managed.

Of all kinds of artificial fox coverts the best for holding is gorse. The disadvantage of gorse is that it is precarious. At the same time, with efficient and autocratic supervision, a gorse covert should be comparatively easily maintained.

Blackthorn, on the whole, makes the most efficient fox covert, because it is less liable to be eaten by rabbits, destroyed by frost or accidentally burnt. But it takes many years to establish the blackthorn plants. In Yorkshire and north thereof gorse is termed whin.

To make a gorse or whin covert from four to six acres of land, not too stiff, should be enclosed in a suitable place. The land must be thoroughly clean. I give a particular instance—a whin or gorse covert, six acres, which died out completely during the Great War. There was not a single plant left. It was a waste of rabbit-eaten benty grass.

I was asked to get it into its former excellent condition. I approached a farmer, who grew first a root crop then two white crops, so far as I can remember. He particularly asked to be allowed to take a light crop of barley off the land the third year.

The rabbits were killed down and gorse seeds sown in the same way as young grass seeds are sown. The light crop of barley was an uncommonly heavy one, much laid by rain. When the corn was cut the area was carefully netted in. This particular case was a complete success.

N.B.—Never try to economise with wire netting. This must be at least 42in. in height, 18-gauge, 1½in. mesh, of which 6in. should be under the ground. In sandy soil where rabbits can burrow easily it may be necessary to use netting 48in. high, giving 1ft. under the ground. Probably the best netting for wear is "Rylands" in rolls of 50yds. A strong wire should run along the top of the wire netting to prevent hounds from bending it down. Never be induced to put any jumping rails into the top of the wire netting. It is quite unnecessary for a huntsman to ride into such a covert; where a horse can jump in, so can rabbits, and good hounds will draw properly.

It is possible that it is best to sow gorse seeds without another crop, however, nothing could have been better than the result, as mentioned above.

It is a good plan to plant several hundred small blackthorn plants the autumn following after sowing the gorse seeds. Eventually the blackthorns will assert themselves, and the whole become blackthorn, but not for many years.

If a gorse covert is for any reason divided, it is essential to have each division wired in separately. Never listen to any advice excepting from a competent forester, as to when to cut a covert over. Hunting people and huntsmen invariably ask that a favourite covert may be left for another season. This may be fatal, and at best will delay its growth two years.

When you do cut it over it must be cut over during February, and the gorse near the fence raked away for a few yards to prevent the latter being burnt. When the cut gorse is absolutely dry, burn it as it lies on a still day. If there is any wind it must be burnt up-wind. If absolutely still, burn from the outsides towards the centre. Thus all herbage is burnt and the seeds sprout as well as the stems.

The main curse of all coverts is rabbits. Even one may ruin a covert. Two most certainly will. Blackthorn takes many years to become established, and grows best on stiff soil. If rabbits are entirely absent every time it is cut over the blackthorns will become thicker.

Some advocate privet. Generally speaking, I don't advocate it: it is cold. Broom is shocking covert. It is perpetually rattling, and foxes detest this. I have known spruce firs successful in damp ground. It is a good plan, when planting spruce, to plant small blackthorns in between each spruce and the next. When the spruce firs have grown a certain height they should be heavily topped. This will cause their branches to spread out laterally, which will afford good dry covert for some years. When these have eventually to be cleared out the ground below will be absolutely clean, and the blackthorns may be established. If so, they will spread with rapidity. If at first the gaps are too large, the bare ground can be raked and sown with gorse seeds, which will grow in the dry portions.

I know one first-class covert which was never even ploughed. It was a fir plantation, nine acres, and when cut down the bare ground was raked and sown with gorse seeds. Part, being stiff soil, was planted with blackthorns.

Always protect your wire netting from stock, which must never touch it. A fence must therefore be erected outside the wire netting. If your covert is very thick, it is probable that your huntsman will ask either for a ride through the middle or for the covert to be worked in two halves.

I have several times seen coverts ruined by doing either. If a gorse covert is too thick one year the next it will have grown a lot and hounds can get in.

N.B.—The object in view is to find foxes, not to make a covert easy for hounds to draw.

* * * *

It has often been truly said of foxhounds that condition is the key of success. Those with experience may slightly differ as to the best way to produce the acme of condition.

Some believe in more summer exercise than others, and some like to see their hounds lighter in condition than others, when they first begin cub-hunting; but all aim at getting their hounds in perfect hunting condition.

The late Lord Willoughby de Broke wrote, in *Hunting the Fox*:

"The feeding demands primary attention. There is good ground for supporting the rule that the quantity of food should be reduced in summer, rather than the quality.

"In some kennels the thick oatmeal and flesh that is, or ought to be, served during the hunting season is watered down. This is surely a mistake;

solids are the natural sustenance of dogs. They will no doubt swallow gallons of slush if they cannot get anything else, but as it does not stay by them, it is doubtful if it does them any good, and it is really wasted.

"By giving them thick food in a greater or less amount all the year round, the sound quality of their tissues will be maintained.

"After a fortnight of slush a hound will become flabby: his coat, that true index of health, will lack lustre. He will lose his vitality, and his whole system will take weeks to recuperate at the very season of the year when he ought to be fit for long exercise."

So far as the coats of foxhounds are concerned, there are ways of bringing them on in the spring, which, although sometimes employed years ago, are seldom, if ever, recommended now. One method was to put on to the hounds what was called dressing. This consisted of sulphur and other ingredients, and the hounds were shut up in the kennel on straw for perhaps a fortnight.

This had the effect of bringing on their coats, but was not approved of by the majority of the old school, who believed in open air and exercise, and the practice is seldom, if ever, employed now.

The visiting stranger naturally judges the results of feeding and kennel management in a kennel by the lustre he sees on the coats of the hounds. If their coats look dull or backward, he may draw the conclusion that there is something amiss with the feeding.

As a general rule if the coats of his hounds look only moderately well, a huntsman will make excuses, which may or may not be valid, such as that it is owing to the cold weather, or that the hounds have not recovered from "the distemper," or that the hounds are of a sort whose coats never look well; or else, "Wait until they have drawn and been through a few gorse coverts," which has a wonderful effect in improving the lustre of the coats of foxhounds; but visiting strangers can sometimes be tiresome, and without arguing may form impressions other than favourable.

During the last few years large strides have been made in the science of feeding and vitamins.

If hounds are looking well it is superfluous to interfere; leave good alone. If any M.F.H. is not satisfied with anything connected with his hounds in the kennel, he will be well advised to consult the Animal Diseases Committee of the Agricultural Research Council in England, or the Animal Diseases Research Association in Scotland, who are always willing to give expert advice on the question of food.

Supposing, for instance, certain excellent dog hounds fail to get stock, or certain first-class bitches appear to be sterile, both the Council and the Association can give valuable and practical advice as to how the essential vitamins can be introduced into their systems. In this case advice will be given as to how to feed these hounds in order to introduce sufficient vitamin E. The advice given for cases of abortion can also be invaluable.

There is sometimes in a kennel what almost amounts to an epidemic of abortion. When this is the case all sorts of theories are started, such as that the heavy bitches wander into the gardens of cottagers who beat them out, or that they crawl through narrow holes in hedges, or else they are said to have jumped wire netting; and other hypotheses are advanced at random. One hears the same statements regularly in all kennels suffering from abortion. If one of the above-mentioned councils is consulted, the information given will probably be that "contagious abortion with dogs" is not admitted by most, and that the abortion is probably caused by an absence of certain necessary vitamins in their food; probably owing to lack of sufficient fats. It is useless to blame any individual for such mishaps.

But it is dangerous to try experiments with the food of foxhounds.

In one kennel it was decided, from a misguided view on economy, to buy meal from a place where that which was said to be equally good meal could be procured at less cost than that supplied by a firm famous amongst all managers of foxhounds. During the course of time most of the heavy bitches slipped their whelps. In this case those consulted were good enough to make a scientific analysis of everything connected with the diet provided for these hounds.

In the diet there were two kinds of meal, namely (*a*) described as the ordinary meal, (*b*) as special meal.

The analyst had no notion whence either was obtained, and the analysis showed that, although there were more albuminoids, there was a lack of fats in meal (*a*); there were more fats in meal (*b*), which was, in fact, that supplied to most foxhound kennels.

It was recommended that more fats should be introduced into the diet by means of cod liver oil and the use of the meal which had done excellent service for generations of foxhounds, also by using some wheat germ meal. After these points were attended to, the abortion soon became less, and finally ceased.

A layman on the subject cannot be expected thoroughly to understand the functions of different vitamins, but in cases of doubt the assistance and advice of the ever-helpful scientific experts are available, from which a great deal of good can be achieved. Sometimes conceit acts as a deterrent against consulting scientists.

N.B.—There is a book procurable, called *Vitamins: A Survey of Present Knowledge*, issued by the Medical Research Council. This is well worth buying. Sometimes hounds are sent in from walk wrong in their backs. This has been ascribed to various hypothetical causes, including that of "inoculation" against distemper. I was informed by a high authority on the subject that, provided the antecedents were thoroughly sound, the hounds thus affected had, in all probability, suffered from rickets.

Rickets in its turn is generally caused by unsuitable food when very young. Young puppies must have plenty of milk, and it is false economy for any M.F.H. to try to give his whelps substitutes for milk. If this is tried, at any rate, there can be little surprise if some whelps develop rickets.

Nearly all puppy walkers give their charges plenty of milk when quite young. KENNELMAN.

(To be continued)

WAR-TIME SALMON POACHING

WITH the increasing prices of ordinary foodstuffs in war-time comes a demand for poached salmon, and even if the salmon spawning on the redds are not, strictly speaking, edible, they can be kippered like out-of-season herring and so form "kitchen" for a meal.

Poachers find little difficulty in catching spawning salmon when the rivers are low at the back-end, and I should say that a majority of salmon complete their spawning between the middle of November and the end of December. An extra salmon watcher or two for the months of November and December would save thousands of potential salmon, but salmon watchers should not be local men, for various obvious reasons; and, in addition to wages, should have specified monetary rewards for all convictions.

The post of bailiff on a salmon river which is near a big town or a colliery is no bed of roses, and is, in fact, a position of danger. Crowds of poachers primed with drink are queer customers to handle. That bailiff is a wise man who has assistance at hand when he goes to interview a band of salmon poachers by night or by day.

Most of the salmon which are poached in my district are got by an improvised gaff. A long handle for this gaff is cut in the wood, and if the salmon are out in the streams and shallows, they are stoned until they seek shelter near a bank, when they are gaffed.

While the fishing season remains open the poacher, who carries a rod and has liberty to fish, often gets a visible fish unfairly by the use of a large treble and heavy sinker. Firing the water is not so prevalent as it used to be, as the sight of lights by a river's banks attracts attention.

Poachers who know their business make a point of finding out how the rivers are watched, and at what hours and places the bailiffs arrive in their cars. When a party of bailiffs have been at a certain great spawning spot for salmon one day the probability is that the party will go somewhere else next day, and the poachers know that.

Honorary water-bailiffs for the period of this war would, I think, be rather hard to find, as the post is not one which I should care about. The idea of monetary rewards, say £1 for each conviction, and offered alike to river watchers and gamekeepers, has been tried out in my time, and it worked very well. As things are in most parts of Scotland the salmon spawn away up among the mountains, where there are no salmon in the actual angling season. The keepers of those out-of-the-way places are not interested in the salmon, and do not mind much whether they are poached or not, as their masters and shooting tenants get little sport out of them.

It is not pleasant to see gravid fish vanish from the clear mountain streams of the Highlands day after day in fine, frosty weather, as at the beginning of November of this year, but in practice which of us care to interfere with a poacher? Who, in fact, might ask an ordinary civilian by what authority he presumed to question, or interfere with, a free citizen of Scotland.

The man to deal with salmon poaching in war-time ought to be a paid official and should be chosen for his courage. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



FOLLOWERS OF THE SOUTHDOWN MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET NEAR RINGMER



HABITAT SCENES FOR BEARS

A VISIT TO THE CHICAGO ZOO

By MARTIN STEPHENS

I SAW a good many remarkable things when I was in the United States, as everybody who visits that country must do. I saw the Empire State Building, and the World's Fair, and Niagara Falls, and the reception given to the King and Queen in New York. (Incidentally I also saw Hitler and Mussolini triumphantly enter Berlin in 1937, and it was nothing to it.) But I think the most remarkable thing of all that I saw was the Chicago Zoo. The reason why I think it is such an outstanding achievement is that it was only opened in 1935, and already at the end of five years it is one of the finest zoological collections in the world.

It must of course be remembered that those who start late are able to take advantage of the ideas of others, and begin uncramped by any legacy of out-of-date arrangement or old-fashioned building, much of which it is impossible, physically impossible, to overcome. But I am not so much thinking in terms of space and arrangement as of the actual quality, and indeed quantity, of the collections accumulated in this short time.

The origins of the Chicago Zoo are after this fashion. In 1920 Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick felt that Chicago should have a zoo of its own and generously offered to present a large acreage of land in the neighbourhood of Brookfield for the purpose.

Under the leadership of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson a non-political Zoological Society was formed, as in the case of the New York Zoo, and it works in a clearly defined relationship with the local government. The latter carries out construction and maintenance, and the collection of animals is paid for by private gift, exchange, and the funds of the society.

Construction began in 1926, and though somewhat retarded by the depression, is now three-quarters finished, in so far as a zoo is ever finished. There is adequate space to meet any new demands not already scheduled.

The Zoo was formerly opened on June 30th, 1934. Admittance is free on three days a week, and always free to children. During the first year a million and a half visitors entered the gates, and this amazing figure is increasing.

As one who has plodded round innumerable zoos and countless museums, I think that not the smallest reason for the popular appeal of the Chicago Zoo is that the various exhibits are laid out so that the Grand Tour can be made progressively, and with avoidance of that pitch of fatigue, when one would far sooner see a bench than a brontosaurus. There are adequate parking places, picnic spots and children's playgrounds.

The cages are barless and have been designed, where possible, to give some sort of an idea of the natural habitat of the species.



A TRIO OF SHOEBILLS

The small mammal house is, I think, the best I have ever seen, and I dislike small mammal houses, as a rule. There was a delightful ocelot with her kitten—always my favourite of the cat tribe—a binturong and a litter of fennec foxes. With their colossal ears, bright little eyes, and coats that merge so successfully into the sands of Africa, I think the fennec is one of the most attractive of his tribe.

Beyond the small mammals the visitor comes to the bears. The society is well supplied with varying species of these animals, and their dens are excellent. Pride of place must be given to the kodiaks, who have a large and special enclosure of their own called Kodiak Island. It is circular and offers the public a good opportunity of studying these terrific beasts. Beyond Kodiak Island are a couple of musk-ox brought back in 1936.

The lion and tiger cages are the most attractive I have ever seen. Apart from the fact that they are extraordinarily roomy, doing away with the up-and-down, up-and-down, which so distresses the sentimental public, they were at the time of my visit thick with green vegetation. Looking across the dividing moat the spectator does not feel that he is looking at a zoo animal.

These enclosures are very well filled; indeed, I know of no other zoo where the whole race of tigers is shown, the Western Russian, the Indian and the Sumatrian. All the felidæ had a remarkably fit appearance.

The pachyderms are housed in a vast rock-like structure, which from a distance looks rather like the Mappin Terraces; indeed, when I first arrived at the zoo, I expected to see a big-horn sheep come carracolling across it.

The society possesses the usual quota of African and Indian elephants, and an African rhinoceros, while arrangements are being made to collect an Asiatic rhino group. I was lucky in my visit, for Bebe, the Zoo hippo, had presented Toto, her lord and master, with a calf three or four days before, and it was diverting to watch them swimming about in their tank together.

Among the antelopes the pronghorn will always be of interest to the European visitor, though taken much as a matter of course by Americans. There is a fine greater kudu and also several lesser kudu,



POLAR BEAR ENCLOSURE

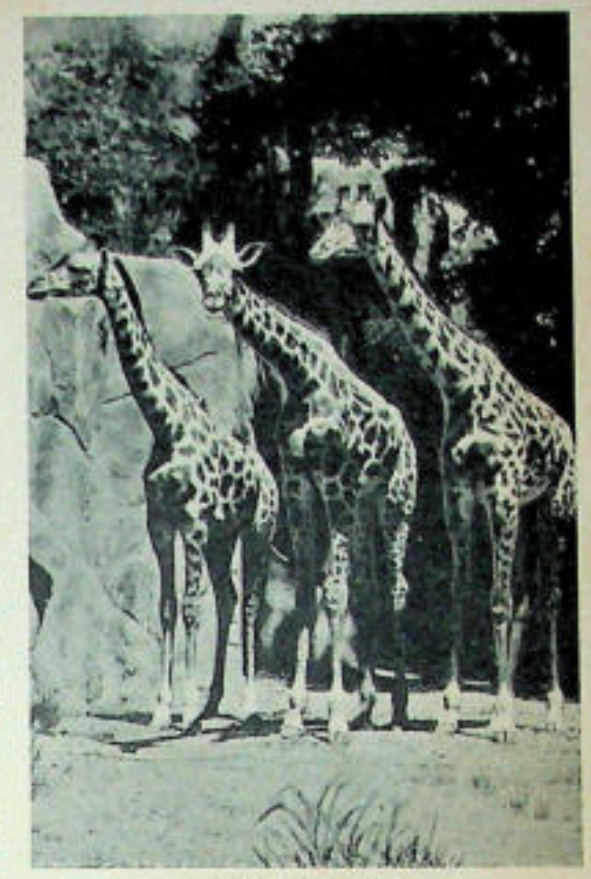
Next door to Mei-Mei were the three young gorillas—Miss Congo (who arrived from the Congo weighing 13lb.), Suzette and Sultan. They form a happy family party, or rather they should. But Miss Congo is incurably jealous and is also something of an exhibitionist. If the keeper, who is still on terms of walking freely about the cage with them, shows any favour to the other two, Miss Congo becomes very peevish. I dread to think what will happen if Sultan becomes partial to Suzette when he grows up.

Among the rest of the primates the collection is also good, and there is a very large house for them, with indoor and outdoor cages. Great care has been taken wherever possible, and especially in the case of the primates, to have at least two of every species, where this can be done. In the case of the monkeys there are generally three or four of each species.

I think Tia, the orang-outang, must be given pride of place in the monkey house. I would have given a good deal to have known what was going on in her mind as she sat and looked at me.

Space forbids me to go deeply into the inhabitants of the bird and reptile house. There are three buildings for birds, the aquatic bird house, the parrot house and the perching bird house. The aquatic bird house has a splendid flying cage 70ft. by 96ft. by 22ft. high. There is a fine collection in this house of herons, flamingoes, egrets, ibis, cranes and storks, including several shoebills.

There is the usual parrot house with optimists reiterating "Pretty Polly" to birds which have said everything they have to say at 10.30 a.m. And I met that much maligned bird the kea. What I should like to meet even more would be somebody who has actually seen a kea killing a sheep.



MASAI GIRAFFES

Incidentally there are special quiet breeding runs for parrots and the results have been very satisfactory. In the perching bird house, as in New York, a good number is shown of each of the smaller species, which makes for a greatly increased interest, and there is a first-class humming bird cage with a mist spray to take the place of dew.

In the formal pool in front of the bird house there are a number of waterfowl which winter in the aquatic bird house, and there are peafowl at large throughout the gardens. Mention, too, must be made of the nine-acre wildfowl pond deep in the recesses of a wood, where all manner of species from the redbreasted and snow geese to the mallard and pintail can be watched in almost natural surroundings.

The zoo from its inception owes a great deal to Mr. Edward H. Bean, its director, and his son and assistant Robert Bean, who have put into its development a degree of enthusiasm and care that defies description. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* I should also like to thank George Speidel, the head of the Zoo police, and Mei-Mei's own particular friend, who took me round and displayed such an extraordinary varied zoological knowledge. The fact that he carried a loaded revolver (which he assured me he has never used) added just the required touch of what the unsophisticated visitor expects of Chicago.



ABOVE: THE SOUTH GATE

a fringe-eared oryx and a couple of addax, which I have seen in no other zoo in the world except the Khartoum Zoo, and a good roan.

But pride of place must go to the giant eland, certainly the most remarkable acquisition I know of in any zoo. The specimen I saw, a female, had a peculiar interest for me, as it is I think the identical cow—then a calf—that I saw in the little collecting zoo at Tanj, in the heart of the giant eland country. A bull was arriving in New York at the beginning of June, so let us hope they will increase and multiply and reward the Chicago Zoo for its enterprise.

Incidentally the authorities have been lucky in the way their rarities have bred, and also in raising the offspring. To add to this already remarkable collection efforts are being made to obtain a bongo and an okapi. (No good American zoo likes being behind any other American zoo, I suspect! A bongo in Regent's Park can be born: a bongo in Bronx Park just must be matched!)

The most popular exhibit in the zoo is (as elsewhere) Mei-Mei, the giant panda (pronounced "May-me"). Her name means "little sister," but I believe there are some doubts that she may not be "little brother." She certainly is the most engaging creature. She took my hand between her paws and clasped it with fervour.

BELOW: WESTERN TIGERS



HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—A large field met these hounds at Long Clawson, one of the "plum" meets in the Belvoir Vale. It is always worth an effort to get there, and a leavening of Quornites came over the border, only to spend most of the day in their own country after all. Is there any more delightful prospect than the approach to Sherbrook's? Those few fields down which followers canter to the covert are just right for back-reducing purposes, and if not too busy riding one is free to enjoy the view of Leicestershire *de luxe*. A long wait had first to be endured whilst hounds tried to press their fox enough to make him leave this dense retreat; but presently the longed-for holloa was heard. As hounds surged out and owned the line it was clear that scent was far better in the open than it had been within. Away they went in fine style over the vintage pasture; the going was soft but good, and although a blind ditch here and there made traps for the unwary, fences were at their most inviting.

Over the Quorn border straight away the bitches raced off to the Curate's Gorse. Probably changing foxes here they then hunted back along the Melton—Nottingham railway line beyond Broughton Station. When the Hunt was pointing for Dalby a hound was killed by a train, and this tragedy took away much of the enjoyment of a delightful hunt. Though of no great distance the pace was good throughout, and any wire there may have been never interfered. Enough had been done with the war-time ration of one horse apiece, so there was no question of drawing again.—UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—After meeting at Thornford on November 20th, the Blackmore Vale soon found on Knighton and hunted to Lewesto, where they killed their fox. The Lewesto coverts were full, but little could be done, and the remainder of the day was spent between Whitfield and Conway's Gorse. On the Tuesday hounds were at Mudford Bridge, then finding at Ashington ran to Lymington Warren, and pushing their fox through this covert hunted him in a small circle back to the warren, where he was killed. They were then taken in search of an outlier in Lymington Village, and roused an old dog fox lying out towards Ilchester. Hounds ran fast by the river meadows and right-handed into Lymington Warren, where they killed their fox.

November 25th was spent almost entirely in Sherborne Park, after meeting at Crackmore Lodge. Two foxes were chopped in the home plantation, and another found in the park went to ground at Goat Hill, but was evicted and killed. A fox put up near Haydon Lodge was hunted slowly to Tripp's Lane Kiln and then by Hannover's to Venn, where scent failed. Coming back to the park they soon found again, and ran by Haydon Lodge to Alweston before turning back via Snagg's Arbour to the park, where the day ended. This was a useful, if not a spectacular, day, and one could have wished for better country for the several soldiers who were taking a brief respite from their training in a day's hunting.—B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—Hounds had an excellent day after meeting at Maiden Newton Foundry on November 20th. There was a nice field out on this, the unfashionable side of the country, and we all wished that the junior joint master, who is at present on active service, might have been out to enjoy the excellent hunt which the bitches provided that morning. There were plenty of foxes in Lord Wynford's coverts, and a brace was added to the tally, while another was marked to ground, in the first hour and a half.

At twenty-five minutes to one a determined looking customer went away from Kickhorn Gorse, which lies on the northern slope of the valley above Wynford House, and setting his mask for Kingston Russell led over the grass to the Roman Road. Near Brakes he was headed back, then ran to Round Hills and sank the valley toward Wynford Eagle, bearing slightly right-handed past the village to turn further right toward Compton Barn. Crossing the Maiden Newton Road just below that well-known meet, hounds drove over the open pastures through the southern end of Cruxton Gorse, bearing slightly left-handed to the ridge above Frome Vauchurch. Here they turned to the right again and led parallel with the river Frome to the coverts above Frampton House.

Scent was excellent and the fox, who had evidently hoped to beat his pursuers in the thick coverts, failed to do so, being forced to break again over the fields toward Town Hill Farm. A flock of sheep grazing on the hillside caused a check, which allowed him to gain considerably and also allowed the field, which had been hard put to it, to get on terms with the pack again; but the delay was short, for Gosden, holding his pack forward, hit off the line past Town Hill Farm toward Kingston Russell. If the fox had stuck to the open hounds would probably have rolled him over within ten minutes, but he took a chance and ran for the main earths at Compton Valence, hardly a mile away. Luckily for him, they were open, and hounds marked him there at the end of a capital seventy minutes. A really nice hunt.

It was particularly pleasing to see the enthusiasm of the farmers encountered that day. Two or three were out with hounds, and at every farm passed through there were others on hand to open gates in the farmyards and give news of the quarry. "'Tis grand to see hounds again," one man said as the field galloped past him. "We thought they'd forgot us down here. Come again soon. We've plenty of foxes."—LINCOLN.

COTTESMORE.—The country is now riding very deep after a lot of rain mostly during the night, and we continue to have on most days a fair holding scent. From the fixture at Stratton on November 20th a small field enjoyed a pleasant day, hounds running nicely over this wild country all day.



CAPTAIN F. W. HARTMAN LEAVES SUSSEX

Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety (left), Joint Master of the Southdown, shaking hands with Captain F. W. Hartman at a meet at Firle, Sussex. Before the mare off Captain Hartman was presented with a silver fox mounted on ebony as a token of appreciation of services as Joint Master from 1935-9. He is leaving Sussex shortly

From Oxey Farm on the 21st an excellent day was recorded. As usual, there were foxes in that nice covert—Loddington Redditch—one of which completed a fast ring on the Skeffington side before returning to covert. Then, going away again, he was lost near the railway. Launde Big Woods were next called upon and provided a great fox, who stood up before the bitches for one hour and forty minutes and gave as fine a hunt as anyone could wish for over a splendid line of country, and with the present small field one could enjoy the working of the pack with comfort. First of all they ran fast through Launde Park into Launde Park Wood and it was twenty minutes or so before the fox was forced out. He ran towards Leighfield before bearing left-handed, and leaving Prices Coppice on the right, crossed the bottom (a nasty obstacle in most places) and followers were lucky to find a good place to jump it. Over this the hunt continued and on over the "Wisp," then came the Cheseldyne Spinney on the left where it circles into Little Owston. The fox did not delay here but crossed the road and leaving Witheote Hall on the right, ran the length of the Lovers' Walk before turning into Launde Big Wood where hounds caught him.

On the 23rd Thistleton was the meet in a grand country. It was a real wet morning and did not clear all day. Nevertheless it was enjoyable and when hounds were stopped at 2 p.m. all had had enough as the going was heavy. During the day a fox was viewed who had most likely left Woodwell Head before hounds were thrown in; they were soon on his line and at once started to run fast through Marriott's Spinney, continuing on fast over the Witham Road, to kill their fox in the open a mile further on after a good twenty-five minutes. The Wild Thorns at Gunley held a fox but he had gone too long. Hounds next found an outlier in the vicinity who ran through Woodwell Heads and out over the Ironstone Railway for a couple of miles where hounds were defeated on the cold plough land.

On Saturday last, when Tonesby was the fixture, there was a sharp white frost in the morning and scent was never good. A good-sized field turned out for the time, including many in khaki. A nice hunt race took place in the afternoon. Hounds found their first fox near the old Roman encampment on Burrough Hill and crossing the Sowerby road ran down past Hanes Gorse where they lost him. Wymondham Roughs held a brace of foxes, and one raced towards Whissendine Station before bearing left over the Wymondham-Edmonthorpe Road. Here hounds checked for some time but after an exceptionally good cast they raced on again through Mr. Tom Marriott's farm, beyond which the fox turned back as far as the road leading to Crown Point. Here the hunt turned towards Woodwell Head. Some men carting wood prevented the fox entering the covert, so he continued on over the old Canal Bed and hounds stopped east of Teigh at 4 p.m. This hunt redeemed to a great extent a moderate day.—FOXY.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Hounds have had a good cubhunting season. Their Master, Major Hon. C. G. Cubitt, and the second whipper-in left for service abroad at the beginning of the war; the pack has been drastically reduced and hounds are now hunting two days a week. They had a nice run from Bentons after their opening meet at Knepp Castle. On November 18th, after meeting at Partridge Green, a fox at Monastery Woods was hunted superbly by the bitch pack over the Brighton Road to Gratewicke Farm. He bore right-handed through Shermanbury Hanger to Ewhurst Farm, then across Cratemans and Dragons Farm to the main road south of Cowfold, hounds working well, to hunt along the brook through the Sewage Farm to kill their fox in Eastlands Wood. Scent was not good, but hounds had worked hard.—C. H.

CROOME.—It was a busy and eventful day when hounds met at Naunton Beauchamp. They trotted down the road from the meet to the famous Naunton Bushes and immediately had a brace of foxes on the move. One was holloa'd out towards the village, but hounds went away with the other to Abberton Bushes and then in a southerly direction for Bishampton. Here the famous Banks loomed black on the skyline and promised security to the hunted fox. All the foxes in the world seemed to be on foot and hounds were stopped. It had been a good hunt whilst it lasted and they had run well.

At Shutwell a brace of foxes went away almost before hounds were in covert. Going by Happy Land they were hunted across the road to Frog Hall and thence to Naunton Bushes, from which the fox had evidently made Day's Coppice his goal. But the line could not be carried beyond the brook and hounds were taken back to Shutwell, where they again found. A cold rain began to fall about this time and continued for the rest of the day. After hunting out for a few fields towards the Peopleton Road hounds turned for Shutwell Bushes once more and were stopped. A stale line which they picked up beside the Bow Brook led them across to Aston Hayes as if for Farthing Hill, but scent soon faded out, and a wet, bedraggled remnant of the field turned for home.—D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Hounds had a good week, adding five brace to the tally, which now totals 34 brace in 41 days' hunting. On November 20th hounds met at Anstey, and finding their first fox in Breach Wood killed him after a short burst. There was another fox in the covert and hounds, going well away on his line, ran to Melcombe Park, where they hunted up and down, sticking well to his line in spite of numerous deer, for an hour. Then they forced him out of the covert, hunting him over the high ground to Melcombe Horsey, where he was marked to ground. Returning to Melcombe Park, the third fox of the day followed a similar procedure, and the field were forced to sit on their horses while hounds hunted him steadily up and down the park for another hour and a half, after which this fox, probably a litter-brother of the preceding one, ran almost exactly the same line, field for field, to seek sanctuary in the same earth. Both were eventually bolted and accounted for. No one who is not familiar with the South Dorset country could be asked to believe that there was a third fox in the park, but such was, nevertheless, the case. This one, however, was made of sterner

(Continued on page 1084)

A PAGE of SPORTING CELEBRITIES SEEN in WAR-TIME KIT



FLYING OFFICER L. G. CRAWLEY, OF GOLF AND CRICKET FAME, WATCHING RUGBY AT RICHMOND WITH MRS. MAHONY AND MRS. CRAWLEY



FOUR GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS: F. WALWYN (REYNOLDSTOWN, 1935), F. FURLONG (REYNOLDSTOWN, 1936), BRUCE HOBBS (BATTLESHIP, 1939), AND T. CULLINAN (BRAUX GOLLIN, 1930)



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL STILL BELIEVES IN SPEED, BUT THIS TIME WITH A MOTOR CYCLE



T. HAMPSON, THE OLYMPIC ATHLETE, ARRANGES FOR R.A.F. ATHLETES RUGBY, ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING



THE HON. MRS. G. LAMBTON WITH HER SON AT THE WINDSOR STEEPLECHASE MEETING LAST WEEK



OUT OF THE SADDLE AND INTO BATTLE DRESS. S. MAGEE AND D. MORGAN, THE JOCKEYS, WITH T. MORGAN, THE TRAINER, IN THE CENTRE



BLUES OF THE TRACK AND THE OAR. M. BRADLEY AND A. PENNINGTON AT REVOLVER PRACTICE

stuff, for after hounds had hunted him a short time, he broke over a nice line of country, and, running past Lovelace's, continued on by Nettlecombe Tout and Liscombe to Tan Hills, where he was killed, after a good hunt, which made up for the early part of the day.

On the Wednesday the Master spent the day in Dewlish Park, hounds accounting for a brace of foxes. It was purely a "punitive expedition," and there was only a small field out.

November 23rd—the roughest day of the week—saw the pack at Druce Farm, where, in spite of the dirty weather, hounds lost no time in finding a fox on Druce Hill. Whether it was the driving storm that made him afraid to face the open, or whether he was an inexperienced cub, it was hard to judge, but he was accounted for in short order. Hounds were then taken to West Farm at Chesilbourne, where they found almost at once, and going away well ran fast by Chesilbourne Down to Druce Farm, where they swung left-handed to Cox's Farm, killing their quarry at East Dewlish.—A. H. H.

Morpeth.—J. Scott is back in harness again hunting the Morpeth, and this is his 49th season with hounds. He has for his whippers-in, Frank Land, who was first whipper-in to the Morpeth for over 20 seasons, and the stud groom. Hounds are hunting well, and had killed 21 brace of foxes with a four-mile hunt over good country. Going away over the brook, hounds took a nice line over Upper Barn to Anchor Wood, where they checked, but recovering the line ran on through Tanglewood and Birchen Copse to Cinderhill. Here the pack divided, some going on to Tye Copse, while the main body hunted through Branslands and over Doghurst to Sandhills, losing their fox short of Blechingly Village.—O. S. B.

Tynedale.—It was a grand hunting morning on November 20th, when the pack met at Nunwick Park Gate. Finding in Peckett's Dene, hounds ran to the river below Nunwick and straight on by Nunwick Mill, marking their fox to ground on Struther Farm. Another found in the Scrogg, ran to Keeper Shield and Struther Farm. Coming back left-handed, hounds ran hard by Fairshaw on to Sharpley, and swinging right-handed to Upper Town made for Peppermoor, where they were stopped when pointing for the moors in the Haydon country, after a capital 45 minutes on a greatly improved scent.—T.

Warwickshire.—This pack is, like others this season, carrying on as well as it can, hunting four days or, rather, four half-days a week, for it is not possible to do more, when the Hunt stud is so reduced that Gilson and the whippers-in can only have one horse each out a day.

Saturday is the special day of the week, when



SPOILERS OF SPORT WHOSE CURIOSITY HAS TO BE CURBED

up to the time of writing. On the day they met at Whalton they killed one fox at Ogle Dene, and going away with another ran to Shilvington. They slipped the field in the blue haze, and when they were found were taken on to Edington Whin, where two-and-a-half brace of foxes were on foot.

After working well in here on a moderate scent two brace left, and the pack were then taken to Molesden Wood, where they found at once and ran east to Mitchesons. Here the fox, being headed, turned by the North Farm, Lyndaw, into Riplington Wood, then crossing the racecourse to the Milestone nearly reached Shortflatt. Hounds were making for Belsay Haugh House, but were stopped at North Trewick, after a good hunt of 50 minutes on a moderate scent.

They had a great scenting day after meeting at Longhorsley West a few days later; 45 minutes were recorded with the first fox, then they had bad luck to change and run heel line upwind of a fresh fox. Next followed a brilliant 55 minutes, hounds beating horses all the way. Finding in Black Pool Bog, they ran by View Law, The Birks and Todburn Dene to Ghyllheugh, racing on by Linden Hill Head into Tennant's Whin, where this gallant fox beat hounds. It was only 12.50, but all the horses had had enough.—M.

Surrey and Burstow, Old.—These hounds had good sport from their meet at Mark Beech. After a woodland hunt in Ford in the morning they found again at Dry Mill. With good scent they hunted well through difficult country, then ran fast to Colony Wood. The fox seemed to be heading for Westlands Gorse, but swinging right ran parallel with the river to Haxted Bridge. Taking a line over Starborough Farm the fox was headed on the road making for Ford, and turning to the left ran hounds out of scent at Starborough Castle, after a good hunt of 60 minutes.

These hounds had good sport from Newchapel Green on November 25th. Finding first in Baker's Wood, they hunted the covert and drove their fox out through West Park on to Wilmot's Farm, then swing left-handed back to Baker's Wood, where they were run out of scent in covert.

A fox from Court Lees gave an excellent run serving soldiers and other busy people have a holiday; and last Saturday a good gallop took place from a small covert between Idlicote and Halford Bridge. Hounds ran up to the Fulready Road, where a car dog chased the fox and caused a check; but they recovered the line, and with Fulready rough field to their left and Oxhill Gorse to their right ran on towards Blackford Spinney.

Swinging right-handed, the pack left Oxhill Village to their right and ran by Burland Farm almost to Tysoe. Here they rose Edgehill, and ran on as far as a kale field close to the Upton Coverts, where hounds had two foxes in front of them. A fresh one and the hunted fox. Both crossed the road into the gardens of Sunrising House, and there hounds turned left-handed and marked to ground in some large earths on the steep hillside near the Sunrising Gorse. One of the Masters, Captain Forster, was enjoying a day off from his military duties. In his absence, and that of his colleague, Mr. Samuel, on active service, Sir Walter Cowan is acting as Master. Captain Wickalls, the secretary, has issued an urgent appeal to all followers to avoid unnecessary jumping as likely to lead to damage to fences, to shut gates and to give hounds as much room as possible, as more than one hound has been injured this season by being ridden over or kicked.—Patience.

IRELAND

Limerick.—Mr. Alexander being disabled Mrs. Alexander carried the horn on two days recently. From the Kilfinny pasture on November 17th, Mrs. Cahill's covert on the Adare—Rathkeale Road was the first draw, and a brace of foxes were at home. Hounds hunted one over the tarmac road to ground at Smithfield after a fast gallop. A fox from Ruse crossed the Ballingarry Road, and keeping Kilfinny on the left went to ground near Graigue Wood.

From Dhora hounds went quickly away, and keeping parallel with the Charleville Road raced on a first-class scent through Banogue and right-handed to Morenane. Leaving this on their left they ran hard through Ballygrennan, then turning right-handed skirted Cloosh Covert before re-crossing the Croom—Liskennett Road. Returning into Dhora hounds marked to ground after a fast and enjoyable 40 minutes.

On the following Monday Fedamore was the fixture, when a fox on Upper Fedamore went to ground in the covert. From Lower Fedamore a brace were away, the hunted one taking a line through Garryellen. Hounds ran well through Badgerfort leaving Kilpeacon Cross on the left to Friarstown Bog. Turning right-handed up Friarstown Hill they crossed the upper road, continuing straight through the wood and out on the further side. Crossing the valley below, however, the pack marked their fox to ground at Cloghane, but he was bolted and killed after a fast 35 minutes. From Friarstown Bog hounds again ran at top speed for 25 minutes. Crossing the Dson—Kilpeacon Road, they went on through Badgerfort to mark their fox to ground at Rockfield. Ballyregan, drawn for the first time this season, was well stocked with foxes, and an hour was spent routing those about before marking one to ground at Badgerfort, this ending a good day's sport.—L.

Tipperary.—A small but determined field undertook the long journey to Ballingarry on November 23rd, where a fox was found in a small patch of gorse on Stokes' Hill. Scent was not good, but hounds were able to run fast nearly into Garranareole, over the hill to the Creamery, and right-handed to Coalbrook, where they marked close to the river after a pleasant 20 minutes. A move was made to Maher's, where, finding at once, the pack broke at the lower side, and, running well, crossed the Ballingarry—Lismolin Road. Turning left-handed they re-crossed the road further up, and with a fine cry pushed their fox back through Maher's towards Prout's. Without entering the covert they hunted to Crow's farm, where they checked. A long forward cast by Mrs. Masters recovered the line. With great perseverance hounds carried it nearly to Ballingarry, over Dublin Hill and down to the King's river. Running through Tehen's Gorse they turned back up the hill to Maher's, and were ultimately beaten close to Prout's after an interesting if circular hunt of 75 minutes.—T. C. V.

THE HORSE THAT WOULD NOT RETIRE

BEHIND the curt announcement, in the official scratchings, of the death of Ferrans lies the story of one of the most remarkable, though humble, steeplechasers of modern times—the horse that would not retire.

Ferrans was seventeen years old and for eleven seasons he had been "going round" the steeplechase courses of this country. He contested races on 41 of them and appeared at Newbury, his favourite battle ground, on no fewer than 20 occasions, winning nine times. He won 32 races in England, was second 31 times and third 24 times. He had 21 riders in English races, of whom eight rode him first past the post, and J. Moloney was his partner in 55 events, of which thirteen were won.

This hardy animal, a gelding by Meleager—Bright Eyes, first came into prominence when he won the Kildare Cup in his native Ireland eleven years ago, and his rider was the Hon. H. G. Wellesley, who is now training at The Curragh after a spell at Newmarket.

Ferrans' early days in England were spent in the small stable run by W. T. Ancil at Weston-on-the-Green, near Bicester, who first came into distinction when he trained the Grand National horse Carfax, and at that time Ferrans was the property of Captain W. B. Radford, who used to ride him in his races, military and otherwise. In 1931 he went close to accomplishing a double that would delight any soldier-rider's heart, for after being third in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park he won the Grand Military Handicap the next day. This was his biggest prize, though worth but £296, for Ferrans's triumphs have been in small races, and all told he won no more than £3,432.

Captain Radford won nine of the 30 races in which he rode Ferrans, and in the summer of 1932 the horse went into E. G. Pease's stable, then at Kineton, near the Warwickshire Hunt kennels. A year later he went into the ownership of Mr. A. Smith-Bingham and the care of George Beeby and remained with that trainer to the end, first at Waltham, near Melton Mowbray, and then at Compton. Then began Moloney's association with the horse, who was ridden by T. F. Carey in 22 of his last 24 races. Carey won on Ferrans four times.

Ferrans became an institution at certain meetings. A year or two ago Mr. Smith-Bingham, a member of the Warwickshire Hunt, decided that the time had come for Ferrans to retire and so the gallant jumper was introduced to the hunting field. He could not understand it. The frequent stopping at gates, and the other necessary checks, puzzled him, so eager was he for action. The owner thought again. Ferrans returned to the life he loved, and it is pleasant to record that he won the last two races in which he competed.

LUCKY THIRTEEN IN THE HESKETH CHARITY GOLF MATCH

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

"PROVIDENCE obviously designed this for a golf links"—this famous saying of General Moncrieffe's, uttered in the early 'sixties as he gazed for the first time upon that noble expanse of ground, now the Royal North Devon Golf Club, would have been re-echoed had he travelled to Hesketh the other week to watch the Red Cross match between Henry Cotton, Dick Burton and the two Bentley brothers.

Many have been the occasions that I have visited this impressive stretch of rolling sand dunes, but never once have I ceased to marvel at the wealth of famous courses lying along this Lancashire coast to Southport. Even the golfing centres of East Lothian, Prestwick and Troon, and that select corner of Kent containing Royal St. George's, Princes' and Deal, fall short in comparison. Merely to repeat their names captures something of their delights. Formby, with its naïve charm; Southport and Ainsdale, of Ryder Cup memory; Birkdale, with its heartbreaking length and tiger rough; West



DICK BURTON, BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION, PRACTISING PUTTING

Lancashire, of more venerable tradition; and Hesketh, perhaps less distinguished than its neighbours, but nevertheless providing an exacting test of golf.

The history of how the game was introduced to this coast makes interesting reading. I remember well how, after lunching with Major Nason, the genial secretary of the West Lancashire Club, we retired to the smoking-room and solemnly waded through the minutes relating to the beginnings in 1873 of this nursery of Lancashire golf. I sometimes feel that we do not always realise the great debt we owe to the early scribes who so faithfully penned the records of those pioneer days. Their writings are often surprisingly entertaining, for, disregarding anything like the present dry official style, they embellished their stories with touches of humour and irony that impart an intimate touch of reality to their accounts.

To return to the charity match. Thirteen is obviously not Cotton's unlucky number, because in this, the thirteenth match of his series, the receipts resulted in a magnificent total. As usual, the balls were auctioned and the one used by Cotton came into the possession of that most popular Formby member, Cecil Moores. As it happened, Cotton only played it for two shots during the match. He lost his original ball at the twelfth in the afternoon, pulled out a new one at the thirteenth, and two shots proved sufficient to finish the match.

From a spectator's viewpoint the match was a little too one-sided to rouse excitement. Before the start the scales seemed heavily weighted against the two brothers. Subsequent events showed this to be correct. At the same time interest was sustained throughout by studying the players' styles. I often wonder how many people's golf is benefited from watching leading players in action. Such occasions provide excellent opportunities for those quick enough to note important points, but they are rarely seized. The average spectator seems more concerned about finding a front seat, or forecasting the result.

At Hesketh, for instance, it was interesting to compare the styles of the Bentley brothers. Harry has for long been accorded a place among the select company of champions and his name will, I suppose, always be associated with that incident in the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews last year. Johnny Fisher, after missing his putt, struck the ball out of turn by knocking it into the hole, thereby making his side liable to the usual penalty. The referee, Harold Pierce, laid on Bentley the option of claiming the hole. I have a great respect for the rules, but I was delighted when Bentley refused. His sporting action, although technically wrong, was a fine example to international sport.

Until this season his brother Arnold seems in comparison to have been overshadowed, but by winning the English title he has now come into his own. Stroke for stroke Arnold is every bit as good as his brother, his only weakness being a tendency to be short off the tee when judged by modern standards of length.

Dick Burton, on the other hand, ranks among the longest hitters in the game to-day. At Hesketh he was revisiting the scene of his triumph in the 1937 Dunlop-Southport £1,600 tournament. My recollections of that event centre upon the extraordinary glut of low scores. Returns of 66 were common, but in the end Burton's final total of 280 gave him victory by a margin of three strokes from Charles Whitcombe. Of Burton's last round I can just recall him almost holing-out with his tee-shot at the short fourth. It is bad luck that his first success in the "Open" should coincide with the outbreak of war, but there could be few happier choices for the rôle of Open Champion "for the duration."

Cotton, looking somewhat strained, contributed to the day's enjoyment with a brilliant exhibition of putting. Through indefatigable practice and con-



ARCHIE COMPSTON WATCHING SAM KING, WITH WHOM HE FIGURED IN A CHARITY MATCH

centration he has gained the undisputed rôle of the finest mechanical golfer in the world. His scientific methods of approach to the game have tamed all the clubs in his bag with the exception of the putter, and whenever he has failed it has invariably been this club that has caused the downfall; but once he finds his "putting-touch" he moves into a class of his own, as he has demonstrated on so many occasions.

Several other well-known professionals have also figured recently in Red Cross matches, among them being Sam King, Alfred Padgham, W. J. Cox, and Archie Compston. The first-named would surely have caused Mr. Jingle to have included "golfers" in his well-known observation . . . "Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women," for not only is King the champion of to-morrow, but he is a true son of Kent.

He has all the instincts of a farmer and is just as happy with his gun and dog as with his clubs. In this respect I recall an incident that happened in France this season. Several of us were chatting when conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a large rat. Apparently distrusting the *entente cordiale*, the rodent hastily disappeared, but not before King exclaimed: "Did you see its bushy tail?"—and it was some time before we were allowed to forget this phenomenal appendage!

Everyone is genuinely delighted to see Compston so fully restored to health. At one time it was feared that the game might be robbed of one of its most colourful personalities, but with typical fighting spirit Archie won through in his fight against ill-health, and the past season has seen him once more full of energy in the competitive arena. Just as most well-known golfers are associated with some particular round or championship, so this "big man of golf" will always be linked-up with Bobby Jones's Open Championship victory at Hoylake in 1930.

With a record-breaking third round of 68, Compston displaced Jones from the lead by one stroke. Everyone went into lunch feeling optimistic. This happy state was short-lived, for great was the crash in the afternoon. Nothing would go right in that final round and in the end Compston had to register 82 to finish five strokes behind Jones.

Compston, of course, is only one of many who have made successful come-backs after serious illnesses. In fact, it has sometimes happened that an injury, whilst making the game harder, has indirectly resulted in an improvement of play. For instance, take the case of C. Sellick, the Bulwell Forest artisan. In 1935 he reached the last sixteen in the English Close Championship after a series of remarkable close finishes. In the first round he was taken to the nineteenth; in the second to the twentieth; in the fourth round he defeated Dale Bourn at the nineteenth, and finally went out to N. C. Selway at the twenty-first.

These narrow margins in themselves are interesting, but the remarkable feature of the performance was that Sellick had to contend with the handicap of an artificial leg, having lost his left limb in a pit accident in 1923.

Another player similarly handicapped is Ernest Jones, one of the finest of teaching professionals. Before the last war he was regarded as a promising golfer, but being badly wounded his hopes in this direction appeared remote. Yet the first time he played after leaving the hospital was over the Clacton course when he returned 72, and has since gone from strength to strength.

Injury to the eyes would appear an even greater handicap, yet Tommy Armour had the sight of one eye slightly damaged during the last war, but this has not prevented him from winning several national titles, including our own Open Championship. In fact, he declares that his work on the greens has improved.

This opens up an interesting side channel. Would the studying of our putts with one eye produce better results? Take the case of E. W. B. Scratton, a one-time Cambridge captain. Just before turning out for the Royal West Norfolk Club against a Cambridge team, he injured his left eye. The damage was more troublesome than serious and a remedy was sought by bandaging.

Upon returning to the clubhouse after his match, he declared that whilst his long approach shots were difficult to judge accurately for distance, the effect of his injury upon his putting was remarkable. Throughout the match he never failed to sink a putt of under three yards.

If such a performance could be guaranteed every time it would soon be a common sight to see would-be champions adjusting eye-shades on the greens. Perhaps, after all, Cyclops was Nature's model golfer!



HENRY COTTON, CHAMPION SUPPORTER OF THE RED CROSS

New Books

HAWKS, DUCKS AND GEESE

The Handbook of British Birds. Volume III. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 25/-.)

THIS volume, which deals with the hawks, ducks and geese, will be of particular interest to *Field* readers. The amount of information gathered together by the authors (with, of course, some outside assistance) is utterly remarkable, and yet there remains (praise be!) a great deal still to be discovered about almost every species mentioned in this volume. Most of the birds dealt with here will be familiar in varying degree to *Field* readers, and of many of them it may well be thought that there is nothing new to learn. That is not so. No matter how expert an ornithologist, or wildfowler, or photographer, or what-not you may be, you will, having read this book—or having read about any single one of the birds dealt with (yes, even the mallard)—be shocked at the amount you did not know.

The illustrations—the geese by Peter Scott deserve particular mention—are, perhaps, better than in the two earlier volumes, but the subjects, of course, lend themselves to illustration. The volume as a whole is beyond praise.

Indeed, the whole project—it is the devout wish of every ornithologist that the war may make no difference to its completion, though it may necessitate some delay in the publication of the various volumes—is one that defies criticism and deserves only praise. The *Practical Handbook* was remarkable in its way; the *Handbook* is a better, more complete, and infinitely more interesting history of the birds of a country than that published anywhere else in the world, including America, where they know how to do these things. The complete work will be on every ornithologist's bookshelf—that goes without saying. This volume should be in the possession of every shooting man and every landowner, who, no matter on what scale, preserves game.

* * *

Hinterland Liberia. By ETTA DONNER. (Blackie and Son; 12/6.)

The majority of people know very little indeed about the only native republic in the world, Liberia, for the simple reason that so little information about that interesting country is ever published. For this reason, if for no other, anyone who has made two journeys through the wild hinterland of the country will have a great deal to tell which will be of interest, but this is very far from being the only reason why Miss Donner's book should be read.

The author has wisely refrained from recounting her journeys and the experiences with which she met as those of a traveller; instead, she has approached her subject from the point of view of a student of ethnology and has developed each subject in turn, illustrating it with her own experiences. In doing this she has been remarkably successful in developing the narrative without obscuring the particular aspect which she is studying, and without undue repetition. The scientific results of her work are not included in this book, but the ordinary man-in-the-street does not want these, and will be more than content with a very-well-told tale, to the writing of which a shrewd sense of humour and a never failing sympathy have been applied in a quite effortless manner.

So well has Miss Winifred M. Deans done her work as translator, and so very English in outlook is the author, that, although she is an Austrian, it would be hard to realise it if the translator's name did not appear on the title page.

* * *

The White Buck. By ALLEN SEABY. (Nelson; 6/-.)

A book about the New Forest (which was "new" about 850 years ago) is sure of a public, both a local public and one further afield. For the forest is as certain and national a subject as is angling.

This book is built round the biography of a white fallow, a colour which one reads is a rarity in wild deer, though common enough, as we know, in a park herd. But our deer (whom we meet first as a fawn and leave a master buck of ten years) is only a peg upon which is hung a very pleasant collection of forest customs, forest sport and forest inhabitants, both human and animal. It comes as a surprise to learn that cattle-and-horse stealing exist in England to-day. It apparently does, and Mr. Seaby pictures it with a regular Wild West palette.

He has also a lot to tell us of the Forest Buckhounds, and of hunting in the great woodlands. There are roe in the woods; they have been there since Time began, and these little deer give an occasional run. One imagines that nowadays the forestry authorities shoot down the destructive little beauties with shotguns? A pity so, for the stalking of a roebuck with a rifle is well worth while.

The author denies that the red deer of a Highland forest are truly wild deer, because in some cases winter feeding is resorted to. He forgets that the forest deer, and those of Exmoor, have the cultivated lands at their doors, the choice of swede or mangold, and all the fat feeding of the woods, the autumn jetsams of oak and beech. But he can be forgiven because he has written a very pleasant and instructive book, to which his own illustrations add a distinction.

The Children of Shallowford. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. (Faber & Faber; 8/6.)

The author of *Tarka the Otter* and *Salar the Salmon* needs no introduction to any lover of the countryside, and certainly no recommendation. Mr. Williamson's descriptions of country life and animal habits are beyond criticism.

But this new book is somewhat different. No one could deny that the prose is well up to Mr. Williamson's best standard. No one could find fault with his descriptions of animal life and country ways and scenes. But in this book much space is devoted to his children, and it is obviously a matter of personal taste whether or not one wishes to read all the details of a nursery. Bottles and napkins are essential, we know, but surely rather commonplace! The children sound unique in many ways, and are undoubtedly characters. But their early life, interesting as it must obviously be to Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, does not hold the same interest.

* * *

More About the Forward Seat. By Captain V. S. LITTAUER. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

In the course of the last few years there has been so much written about the forward seat that the threat of hearing any more about it is apt to create a slight feeling of nausea. It is a pity, therefore, that Captain Littauer has selected this particular title for his book, especially as when one reads it one realises that Less About the Forward Seat would have described the work quite accurately.

In the past the very mention of the forward seat has implied an almost fanatical adherence to certain doctrines, but it seems that time is now exerting a moderating influence. Captain Littauer has far too keen a perception and far too great an experience of horses and riders not to admit that there may be exceptions to every rule. In this, his latest book, he is at pains to emphasise that his theories are part and parcel of a carefully-thought-out system of horsemanship, applicable to all people at all times, but not to every horse.

Nevertheless, the forward seat and all that it stands for is here presented in the light of a science which is somewhat divorced from the realities of riding, as experienced in the hunting field and other places where it is put to practical, as opposed to artistic, use. Although the American public, for which the book has been written, do start training their horses much younger than we do, three years being a common age at which to begin, the time which is said to be necessary for turning out a well-trained horse is quite excessive, and we learn with surprise that even the accomplished horseman may be allowed to relax at times during his ride in order to rest himself.

It is perhaps not surprising that under these circumstances the theories which this book so ably sets out have not yet found the public support which their exponents think is their due.

* * *

Watch for the Dawn. By STUART CLOETE. (Collins; 8/6.)

If you were a disciple of Rider Haggard, then, maybe, most of the ground Mr. Cloete covers will not be new to you. This is definitely a book with an appeal to male readers and those of the fairer sex who like their literature tough; a tale of the Kaffir country and the Boer rebellion in 1816. The story moves swiftly through forest fires, encounters with tiny bushmen (apparently fleet runners who can outdistance mounted men), and elephant hunts, to the final clash with the English, who ruthlessly stamp out the subterranean rumblings of the rebellion with a mass hanging—rough justice in a rough country.

It is rather disconcerting, however, to be left with five dangling figures on the scaffold and the hero and heroine—the former very much the worse for wear, racked with illness and with a price on his head; the latter with her relatives either executed or killed in odd skirmishes—riding in a bullock cart away into the unknown.

Mr. Cloete must, one imagines, be contemplating a sequel to this unusual novel. If that be so, it will prove interesting to learn of the rebirth of the Boer community, and the subsequent trials and, it is to be hoped, eventual tranquillity—of Kaspar van der Berg.

Rogues Gallery. By K. F. BARKER. (Heinemann; 10/6.)

Mr. K. F. Barker rather unkindly names his book on terriers. "The Piper of Dundee" was a "roguie," as distinct from a rogue. In the idiom of Lowland Scotland a "roguie" might apply to a terrier—for "roguie" means a dear, insinuating, light-hearted devil-may-care sort of fellow, all of which pleasant things the proper terrier (or piper) ought to be and quite often is. A rogue seems somewhat different. In cases where the terrier is a rogue—a useless, yapping cur—it is probably not his fault. It is the fault of the show-bench breeder who has, for instance, spoilt the Sealyham and, as Mr. Barker truly says, of the people who do not think twice before acquiring a terrier. Terriers who live in towns and suburbs are too often under exercised and overfed, and so tend to be noisy nuisances to their neighbours.

Mr. Barker's dogs are happier starred. He writes of terriers of all sorts and sizes from the Airedale and the bull-terrier to the diminutive Cairn. And most of these are countrymen, "genuine terriers doing a terrier's work" in holt and cairn and rat-plagued rickyard.

The book consists of twenty articles, many of which are short stories illustrating the quality of the particular dog who is the hero of the piece in question. It is not entirely free of sentiment but then no dog fiction ever is, or ever will be. There is, however, a chapter on working terriers which is not fancy, but commonsense. Yet ought a hunt terrier to be a *hard* dog? Really hard? Perhaps not. One wants the fox bolted, not battled with. *Killing* hardness is, of course, not out of place in the cairns of the sheep countries where no fox-hound comes, but in the shires and provinces it is a mistake.

Mr. Barker's personal pencil illustrates his book, which is a long one of its kind, 40,000 words at least. His pictures make up in liveliness for what they seem to lose in strength.

* * *

The High Seas. By Dr. EDGAR B. SCHIELDROP. (Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.; 5/-.)

The title of doctor before the author's name and the many degrees which follow it, conferred upon him by institutions in Norway, might be enough to deter the more timid from embarking upon this book, but they may be reassured. Dr. Schieldrop is a very eminent person in the world of which he writes, but he is one of those rare people who, although they are experts, can appreciate the layman's point of view, and he is therefore admirably fitted for the task of introducing the mysteries of ships and shipbuilding to the ordinary layman.

In the execution of this task Dr. Schieldrop has been eminently successful; his book is at once authoritative, informative and interesting, and it is also very readable. The most difficult problems are touched upon and dealt with in simple language which makes them clear without detracting from their importance, and so the reader is enabled to gain a balanced view of the history and romance of ships without the need of mental acrobatics. This is a book which will be much in demand now that ships figure so largely in the news, and the pictures, which are many and well chosen, admirably illustrate their subject.

* * *

Agricultural Progress, Vol. XVI, Part 2. (Shrewsbury: Wilding & Son, Ltd.; 2/6, postage extra.)

The current number of *Agricultural Progress*, which is the journal of the Agricultural Education Association, deals chiefly with the subjects discussed at the Belfast Conference last July. Considerable prominence is given to farming problems in Northern Ireland, but subjects of great importance to agriculture in general are also dealt with. The control of pine disease in sheep through the administration of minute quantities of cobalt; the possibility of cutting down the amount of protein fed to dairy cows; feeding problems in relation to bacon production; the effect of smoke pollution on crops; these titles show that the members of the Agricultural Education Association are fully alive to the problems facing the practical farmer. Other articles deal with such topical subjects as flax growing, the teaching of agricultural engineering, grassland problems, and the testing of fungicides. Professor R. G. White contributes a special article upon the early days of the University Department of Agriculture at Bangor. The volume includes notices of scientific bulletins and reprints, book reviews and an Index to Volumes XIII–XVI inclusive.

* * *

Irish Gold. By PAMELA HICKSON. (Collins; 10/6.)

"The opening of gates to a Galway man or woman is as natural an occupation as the opening of doors to a dog lover." Miss Hickson opens the door of Southern Ireland—an enchanted door through which, having strayed, you may not retrace your footsteps. The road beyond leads you gently and quietly to the heart of the Irish countryside.

Only through this door may you meet Old Michael, the gardener, pensioned at 80, only to return to his beloved garden—and working now, for all we know; or Young Michael, his son, who, though a grandfather, will be Young Michael to the end of his days.

If you are Irish you will feel homesick for the smell of the peat, and will not need telling how the peat smoke is the bluest in all the world and the grass the greenest under Heaven. And if you are not Irish, and love horses and dogs and the open air, then you will, if you are wise, go out and buy this book (it is no good borrowing it because you will not want to return it) and spend in its company an hour or two (or a lifetime) in an enchanted country.

Of course, if you insist on facts and figures or even dates—"No Irish story-telling, in the best traditions of Irish story-telling, ever gave a definite date"—then you won't like this book and you will have to remain in your own dull and precise world.

Otherwise—well, here is your book. Here is your escape from all the things you don't like. Here is your way to the grand, kind mountains of Ireland, to the horse coper and the saints, to the sounds and the scents and the colours of the enchanted isle.

Miss Hickson has written one of the best books of any sort for many years.

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ALL BEQUESTS ARE INVESTED

THREE MONTHS OF WAR

and the recent Budget have resulted in the suspension of many subscriptions and the diminution and entire cessation of other sources of revenue.

It is earnestly hoped that all old friends in the hunting world will make a special effort to continue their help to a Society so specially and generously favoured by them in the past.



ANOTHER PANDA

Though not so striking in appearance as his big brother, the Giant Panda, the Common Panda is a beautiful and curious little creature

THE ZOO IN WINTER

JUST now the deer in the Zoological Society's possession at Whipsnade and Regent's Park are about at their best. In the paddocks near the southern aviary the Hangul deer are in very fine antler, and in the cattle sheds the male Wapiti shows head adornments of a size and shape better than he has ever shown before.

This animal is an interesting one. He was actually born in Regent's Park Zoo as long ago as 1925, and is at present in his prime. But the size of his antlers cannot be ascribed only to the stage he has reached in his normal span of life, since for the last year the Zoo authorities have been feeding Sesame cake to their deer.

The effect of feeding Sesame cake on the size of antlers has been known ever since Mr. Franz Vogt, who owns a deer park in Czecho-Slovakia, pointed it out two years ago. In some cases it may produce an increase in antler size of some 50 per cent. Apparently the seed which forms the basis of Sesame cake contains an excellent balance of protein and fats, a large quantity of vitamins and a fair amount of calcium.

At Whipsnade, owing to the size of the paddocks it is possible to have several male deer together, and they are now in full display. The Sika deer in the Asiatic paddock are particularly pugnacious, and those of the staff who tour Whipsnade now that it is closed, often report sharp battles, accompanied by the curious squeaky whistling of these deer.

However, no damage seems to have been done and so far the Zoological Society has never seen fit to separate or remove any of its male deer, except in the normal process of thinning-out the collection when it becomes too numerous.

One of the most interesting inmates of Whipsnade is the baby common panda, which I mentioned in these columns a fortnight ago. It is a pity that the public cannot see this beautiful and curious little creature. Common pandas are very seldom bred in captivity and this is the first the Zoo has had for nearly forty years. It is doing extremely well and has proved to be very tame.

Most common pandas become tame in captivity, but it is usually no more than cupboard love. The particular favourites "Tony" and "Chico" at Regent's Park, which so often come out of their cages to interview visitors, will slip out of their keeper's arms if his attention is taken away for half a second, and make a beeline for the food bins in the room next door. But the little animal at Whipsnade seems to have an interest in its keeper which is not confined to meal times, and follows him about whenever it is allowed to do so.

The adoption scheme is going extremely well, and now nearly a hundred animals have acquired foster-parents from among the Fellows and friends of the Society. But there are still quite a lot of favourite animals which have so far not got patrons.

The latest Zoo baby is a Wallaby, a hybrid between Bennett's and the Red-necked species. Quite often wallabies are born at the Zoo during the winter months. It might, however, be more accurate to say "taken on the strength," since it is often the case that the keepers have no evidence of the birth of a wallaby or kangaroo until the young one is seen poking its head out of its mother's pouch.

At this stage it may well be three or four months old, since when it is born it is only about 1in. long. In spite of being in such an early stage of development, the wallaby embryo apparently makes its way to the pouch under its own power; the mother appears to play no part in this journey beyond licking a path in her fur up which it climbs.

Having pushed its way through the mother's fur, it then crawls into the pouch, where it immediately fastens itself to one of its mother's nipples—to which it becomes to all intents and purposes fused for several weeks, during which it grows remarkably fast. The young ones usually leave the pouch at four months of age and only return in case of danger.

The breeding season of the wallabies at Regent's Park seems to be rather different from that at Whipsnade. At the latter they are seldom seen free of their mothers until late in April.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

VENISON is royal meat, strong meat, too, and deer meat. There is the meat of the red deer, or buck venison, which is in season from June to the end of September; the meat of the roedeer, which comes into the market in October and lasts to the end of December; and last as well as least, from a gastronomical point of view, the meat of the fallow deer or park deer, usually stall fed and uninteresting.

The penalty of death for whosoever killeth the king's deer may or may not be still on the Statute Book; it does not really matter much since nobody bothers nowadays about the king's deer. Venison is no longer popular in England. It is a great pity, more particularly in war time, when there is likely to be a shortage of butcher's meat, but it is not surprising. The channel is narrow between the Charybdis of freshly killed venison, tasteless and tough, and the Scylla of too well hung venison in a state of putrefaction. But there is a channel between these, and venison that has been hung just long enough is both nutritious and delicious. No venison is fit to eat that has not been hung for a week, and two weeks is better than one, sometimes three weeks, provided the weather is right and the larder airy.

The haunch of venison has been sung in verse and in prose, but the loin or saddle may be even better; the neck can also be very good indeed and so is the steak taken from the shoulder.

A haunch of venison is usually baked or roast, but if you are to enjoy it at its best you must have time on your side, and be prepared to take a little trouble over it. It is well worth it. First of all, the joint should be left to soak in a *marinade* of olive oil, white wine, brandy, onions and herbs for 24 or 48 hours. Then it is dried and "coloured" in a little very hot butter or fat, and left alone until it gets dry again and cold. Then you bind it in oiled paper and wrap it up in a blanket of flour-and-water paste, about ½in. or ¾in. thick, allowing a little funnel for the steam to escape. Thus prepared, the venison is put into a moderate oven where it remains for four hours or even longer, when the paste and paper are removed and the haunch put back into the oven for another half hour, and basted constantly with melted butter. Served with mashed chestnuts and a youngish Rhône wine it is a dish truly royal, fit for belted earls, lords, mayors and poachers, also for you and me.

THE 1939 VINTAGE

THE following reports on the 1939 Vintage have been received by Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., the well-known wine merchants of Regent Street:—

CHAMPAGNE.—*The gathering of the grapes began later than usual; there will be a good quantity of wine pressed, but this will not be a "Vintage Year."*

SHERRY.—*The yield in different districts has varied in quantity, and where the grapes were gathered early, before the rainfall, the quality will be fairly good; however, the average quality will be below normal.*

PORT.—*Generally speaking, the quality of the wines will be below normal; but some useful wine will be made in places which did not suffer from heavy rains. The wines of the* 1938 *Vintage are said to be maturing very well.*

BURGUNDY.—*Grapes ripened slowly this season, and the Vintage, therefore, commenced in October later than usual. It is impossible as yet to say how the wine will turn out, but it promises well.*

BORDEAUX WINES.—*The Vintage was later than usual, but the grapes ripened normally. The quality of the wine will be much the same as that of the* 1938 *Vintage. The yield is above that of an average year.*

BRANDY.—*There will be a smaller quantity of wine than usual available in Cognac for distilling, but the quality will be fairly good and of high strength.*

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

FINANCE is urgently needed to assist in winning the war. Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took immediate steps at the outset of the war to raise large sums for war purposes through higher taxation.

An appeal for financial assistance is now made to the average public. The small man in particular can give most valuable assistance. This is where those on the home front can assist in winning the war.

The State invites all investors to lend money on highly favourable terms. The outstanding feature of the appeal is the total absence of any risk of loss of capital. The appeal is made through National Savings Certificates and new 3 per cent. Defence Bonds.

Both the Certificates and the Bonds are available at any Post Office. They can also be secured through joint stock banks, Trustee Savings Banks and stockbrokers. The machinery for attracting the savings of the public has been in existence since 1916. It has been kept in good condition and is now functioning.

War Savings Certificates were introduced during the last war in 1916. By the end of December, 1918, the Certificates sold were worth £217,543,317. By the end of last September the total amount outstanding to holders of Savings Certificates, including accrued interest, was £518,000,000.

The result has been excellent. More money is now needed. It can be found from the savings of the public. It is estimated that the savings of the small investor in Post Office Savings Banks, Trustee Savings Banks, Savings Certificates, in friendly and industrial societies comes to the huge total of £3,500,000,000.

By lending this money to the State assistance is rendered British industry. The money lent is not withdrawn from activity. It is put into use in industry thus making employment in many forms.

The small investor is invited to purchase Savings Certificates which are available at 15/- each. This new series become worth 17/6 a certificate at the end of five years and 20/6 at the end of ten years. They are not subject to income tax.

The Certificates can be cashed, plus accrued interest, at any time. They are entirely free from capital depreciation. The maximum holding of National Savings Certificates is 500.

A large number of investors already hold the maximum number. To such come a fresh appeal in the shape of 3 per cent. Defence Bonds. They cost £5 each, and interest is paid in two portions on May 1st and November 1st each year. The bonds may be bought up to the value of £1,000 in units of £5, or in multiples of £5.

These bonds are particularly attractive. They answer the requirements of many. If the bonds are held for seven years they can then be cashed at £1 premium for every £100 held. Throughout the seven years, 3 per cent. interest will, of course, be regularly forthcoming.

This interest is subject to Income Tax. The tax, however, is not deducted at source. This is also the case with the existing 3½ per cent. War Loan Stock. Payment of interest before tax has been deducted is a particular advantage to the small investor. They are, of course, guaranteed by the British Government.

If the money is required before the end of seven years the bonds can be cashed at their face value plus accrued interest on six months' notice. In cases of urgent necessity the bonds can be cashed on special terms after a few days' notice. The holder is, therefore, certain of regular interest payments and of securing a return of the exact money paid out for the bonds.

There can be no doubt that success will be enjoyed. It makes vast difference to the individual whether his savings are taken from him through taxation, or he lends to the Government on interest. There is an opportunity here of affording the State vital assistance.

The more money the State is able to obtain for war finance out of the savings of the people, the less need there will be to make large increases of credit and currency. Large increases of these would cause an undesirable amount of inflation, causing a rise in prices with most disturbing effect upon general business life.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, would like to help a farmer's widow, aged 66, living in Wilts. She has been bedridden for eighteen years and is cared for by a middle-aged daughter, suffering from bronchitis. The sole income for the two is 19/6 per week which is mostly provided by the Agricultural Benevolent Fund, and a small sum from the local church, and from her son. Half of this goes in rent and rates, so we are earnestly appealing for 5/- a week for food and extra nourishment. Her farmer husband, after severe suffering, died of cancer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIG GAME RIFLES

SIR,—I started big game shooting with a single barrel four bore when I was a boy of nineteen and weighed eleven stone.

What I hit I got; I do not remember a wounded animal ever getting away. Later I used a double barrel eight bore and again never lost a wounded animal.

Shooting with such big barrelled rifles was very exciting as it was necessary to get very close indeed to the quarry. It was unusual to fire at a longer range than 20yds. or 25yds.

For the following twenty-five years I shot with a double barrel hammer .470 H.V. and consider that it is the queen of rifles for dangerous game. It is worth noting that an Assistant Game Warden, who was recently mauled by a lion and had a marvellous escape, thanks to "693," has adopted a .470.

For non-dangerous game I used a Ross for some time and found it a little more effective than a .256 Mannlicher Schonauer.

Recently I have been using a .404 for dangerous game in Africa, and think it is on the small side if one is shooting alone. In Africa it is the custom—I think a bad one—to shoot in parties; while in India and Burma one shot by oneself and if one made a mistake had to pay for it, whereas in Africa the unfortunate animal is in the position of a hare being coursed by three greyhounds, or a pig being hunted by dogs as well as by spears.

I have used a Hornet .22 lately and do not think it is a fair weapon to use on anything bigger than small antelope, though I admit it will kill if the bullet is placed exactly. The longer one lives the more one knows that bullets are not placed exactly.

Another thing is that in India and Burma people are far more conscientious about following up wounded animals than they are in Africa; this and the fashion for using medium or small bores accounts for the enormous number of wounded animals there are in the latter country.

No one will deny that the new H.V. apparatus will kill if the shot is put right; sooner or later it will not be and trouble comes to the shooter unless he is one of a gang.

Yours faithfully,

Kenya Colony. 'SPEAR.'

P.S.—I think the most dangerous animal is a wounded tiger and that it is more difficult to kill dangerous game in the East than in Africa.

AN EXCEPTIONAL HEAD

SIR,—Heads with a large number of points have at times been killed in Scotland, but seldom with so many as nineteen. I enclose a photograph of a stag killed at Stratheonon this year by Captain C. Combe. It is marred by lack of spurs, but the majority of points are good and the thickness of horn is unusual. The stag was a wild one, carrying fifteen points last year. During the winter he somehow got inside an enclosure and the problem arose as to what was to be done. There were no hinds within the enclosure and it would have been a matter of some difficulty to place any there. The narrowness of the head also rendered the stag undesirable as a sire. After some hesitation Captain Combe reluctantly decided to shoot the stag in order to make certain that the head should be preserved.

Yours faithfully,

Old Corriemony. H. FRANK WALLACE.



WITH SIXTEEN POINTS
(See letter "An Exceptional Head")

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. George Dickinson, writes that for years now he has not seen a flea, though his habits have been the same. And he thinks that his not meeting with the insect is due either to there being fewer fleas about, or, alternatively, that they only go for younger people.

May I say it is probable that fleas, human ones (*Pulex irritans*) are, generally speaking, much fewer in numbers owing to the widespread use of the vacuum cleaner? This machine is infinitely more effective than a brush in removing dust, etc., from mats and carpets, the places where the flea lays her eggs, and the resulting non-blood-sucking larvæ find their food. And the now very popular custom of smoking in trains, buses and theatres may also have something to do with the decrease in numbers of the insect. As a non-smoker I have often noticed the strong smell of tobacco smoke when taking off my jacket in my room, after an evening at the cinema. This may serve as a repellent. However, I must admit, I have occasionally picked up a flea in some public vehicle or place of entertainment.

As regards a host: doubtless, the flea prefers to pierce the skin and imbibe the blood of a child rather than resort to a not-so-easy middle-aged, or elderly person. Forty-five years ago, when I was twelve, an attack was made on me in bed at a boarding-house in Brighton by several fleas, but in a night or two a liberal sprinkling of pyrethrum powder had got rid of the invaders.

Yours faithfully,

15, Bristol Road, Brighton, 7. CAMERON SHORE.

STARTING YOUNG

SIR,—This photograph is of my son William (aged 8) with the shark he caught off Polperro just before war broke out. The shark was 7ft. long and weighed 112lbs., and was caught on a conger eel line with whiting bait.

Yours faithfully,

Buntingford. C. S. B. SWISLEY.

TOYS WANTED FOR EVACUEES

SIR,—May I please appeal for your co-operation at this time of the year, by providing any toys or novelties for Christmas. The children have been evacuated from a poor district in Birmingham, and, together with our own children, would greatly appreciate your kindness, as they have in the past.

We are doing what we can to help the younger lives. Will you please help us in any way?

Yours faithfully,

Ysgol Tre Elsiyr, Llanover, Nr. Abergavenny, Mon. T. D. GRIFFITHS (Head Teacher.)

HOUNDS AND GUNDOGS WANTED

SIR,—I very much regret to learn that many Hunts are greatly restricted this winter, and probably many valuable hounds will be destroyed. Should anyone know of a pack reducing numbers that would be willing to give a couple away to a small lot of local farmers who are forming a pack to keep foxes down, I would be very much obliged if you will forward them my name and ask them to communicate with me, as I have already started to have some.

Yours faithfully,

Tanffynnon, Penuwch, Tregaron, S.O., Cardiganshire. D. EDWARDS.

SIR,—I understand that certain Hunts are destroying some of their hounds, as they are unable to maintain them during the war. May I suggest that Masters should get in touch with American Hunts. I am certain that they would take over any surplus hounds, and would probably pay for the cost of transportation to America.

Yours faithfully,

Monkswood, Great Hallingbury, Essex. L. V. HART.

SIR,—I hear that many good gundogs are being put away in England owing to rationing difficulties, and should like to say that many good homes could be found for them over in Ireland. I could personally place a dozen working spaniels or retrievers with local sportsmen. If anyone would care to write to me I could put him in communication with good homes for them. It does seem such a shame to have to kill them, and at present there does not appear to be any shortage of food for them over here. I am not asking for myself, as I have as large a kennel as I can manage.

I am sure local packs would be glad to get some hounds, too.

Yours faithfully,

Borleagh, Inch, Co. Wexford. R. P. WEMYSS QUIN (Colonel.)

THE HORSE COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

SIR,—I enclose a photograph showing a saddle-tree maker of Ripon, whose trade is likely to undergo something of a revival if the present tendency to resort to horse-drawn vehicles increases as a result of the petrol restrictions.

Ripon was once famous for its saddle-trees, but there has been little change in the craftsman's methods since the trade's peak-period in the reign of George I. Locally-grown ash and beech supply the material, and the only tools used are the draw-knife (seen in the photograph), the adze, and the chisel.

The crutch itself is first shaped with the draw-knife, then the trough which eventually carries the shaft-chain is chiselled out, and finally two boards are fixed, one at each end of the crutch, so as to provide a "fitting" for the horse's back. Before being assembled the various parts are smoked over a fire fuelled with shavings. This darkens the wood to a mellow brown shade.

Yours faithfully,

Leeds. G. B. WOOD.



A SMALL BOY WITH A BIG CATCH
(See letter "Starting Young")



A BUSY TIME AHEAD?
(See letter "The Horse comes into its own again")



THEIR TURN NEXT. A HERD OF GRÉVY'S ZEBRA RUSHING TO THE UASO NYIRO AFTER THE NATIVE'S STOCK HAD BEEN WATERED
(See letter "Drought in Northern Kenya")

FIELD SPORTS IN FRANCE

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that some of us out here are not entirely missing field sports that are the order of the day at this time of the year.

While in the assembly area in September, the mayor of the town in which we were billeted arranged a shoot. He provided guns, dogs, beaters and everything, and we bagged a brace and a-half of partridge as well as some rabbits.

Later, when I was at No. 1 General Base Depot, some cavalry and gunner officers started a pack of "hounds." They ranged from a Great Dane to a terrier and were mostly nothing else but "pie-dogs."

We more or less entered them to rabbit, but up to the end they showed a distressing tendency to be more interested in sheep and rubbish heaps.

We staged one memorable meet in the main square, and with cherry brandy at 45 francs the litre no wonder the entertainment was better than the hunting.

Finally unfriendly farmers and the French law led to the pack being disbanded, but while they met they provided great fun for many of us.

Yours faithfully,
Somewhere in France. G. C.

THE MASTER EYE IN SHOOTING

SIR,—I should like to know how other readers who shoot from the right shoulder get over the affliction of the left being the master eye. Many solutions are advocated, none of which seem to have the desired effect, and the best method may be to make a change and shoot from the left shoulder. The round disc attached to the hand-grip seems to come into play too late, especially with birds crossing from left to right, as the master eye is changed over to the right eye when the gun comes into the shoulder, and the aim is then well behind the bird; this would also apply to glasses with a clouded piece over the left eye.

Another solution is the cast-off stock, which means an entirely rebuilt gun and getting used to it, or again closing the master eye before the gun is brought to the shoulder. Perhaps an oculist could supply the remedy.

Yours faithfully,
Buckinghamshire. PERPLEXED.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. G. Blain's letter in your issue of October 21st, as I too have found bracken tips and seeding blooms of bell heather in the crops of grouse killed in the Kintyre district of Argyll.

Blackgame shot in the same district had full crops of bracken tips on some occasions, and I remember particularly one old greyhen, which, in addition to a full crop of bracken, held in her crop numbers of those large green caterpillars which are found on bracken.

The time of the year when the crops of game-birds can be examined is confined to the shooting season, of course, but red and black grouse are exceedingly fond of the cool shade of bracken in the hot days of summer, and may feed on bracken and the living things which abound among it without anyone knowing about it.

Grouse feed on the yellow bumble bees commonly seen among blooming heather to some extent, but the habit (or opportunity) to feed on the bees seems to be rare.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

BLACK REDSTART IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—On the afternoon of November 12th I saw a black redstart in the garden here. It was feeding on the lawn with pied wagtails and when alarmed took refuge on the window-sills of the house. I thought this may be a sufficiently unusual occurrence to interest your readers.

Yours faithfully,
Longford Castle, Salisbury. ISOBEL SOWERBY.



THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT"
(See letter "Eldon Hole")

DROUGHT IN NORTHERN KENYA

SIR,—There has been a drought during the last 30 months throughout the Northern Frontier of Kenya. Nearly all the water holes have dried up and the many thousands of head of stock, belonging to the Somalis, Borans, Derobo and Samburu, are collected along both banks of the Uaso Nyiro, which is now reduced to the dimension of a small stream. Further inland from the river are collected herds of animals which have been drawn by thirst from scores of miles to the river. At midday the stock is driven down from the ridges above the river to water, and no sooner are the ridges left clear than herds of game collect and line the ridges, anxiously waiting for the stock to leave the water.

As the stock turn from the water to go back to the grazing grounds the whole line of wild animals advance towards the water. As they descend the steep approaches to the water they are forced by the broken ground to move in narrow columns, and it is not uncommon to see stock moving up the slopes while a few yards away the game is going down to drink. Zebra appear to be very impatient of thirst, as they jostle and kick, and the younger animals frequently trot or gallop to the water.

The photograph was taken without a telephoto lens and several times the animals were driven away. They moved off very reluctantly for about 50yds., and as soon as they were allowed to, rushed back to the water. A herd of Grévy zebra, about 500 in number, is now on the river. It is believed to be the largest herd of Grévy in existence.

Yours faithfully,
Nairobi, Kenya. B. N. ARRAY (Colonel).

ELDON HOLE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at the opening of Eldon Hole, that great gash in the slopes of Eldon Hill, near Castleton, Derbyshire. The rift is oblong in shape, having a maximum length and breadth of 111ft. and 18ft. respectively.

From the lip of the hole the shape of the shaft, which is considerably out of plumb, prevents the bottom being visible, and it is curious to learn that explorers standing at the foot of the chasm are able to read the small print of a newspaper without artificial light, yet are unable to see any sign of daylight if they look upwards.

For centuries this stygian pit was regarded as being bottomless, an old-time poet expressing the popular sentiments of his day, when he wrote of a stone flung into the Hole:

> "The lowest deep descending, it broke through
> Hell and the centre."

Since then it has been established that the main shaft is 200ft. deep, and beyond this a long rake, or slope, of scree leads into a deep underground chamber with its lowest point 268ft. below the surface of the hill. To-day, however, all entrance to the inner cavern from the bottom of the shaft is cut off, through the passage between the two having been choked with stones that have apparently been thrown there by visitors to the brink of the Hole.

Bolton-le-Sands, Lancs. Yours faithfully, S. MOORHOUSE.

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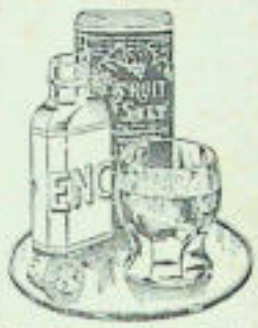
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COLOUR IN THE WINTER GARDEN

Some Early December Flowers

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN a mild season such as we have had the survivors of the autumn flowers are usually numerous—roses as a rule in fair abundance—but apart from these the flowers of late November and early December are comparatively few: I think the most valuable for colour and picking are the little button chrysanthemums and *Schizostylis coccinea*. The former were once prime favourites in cottage gardening and are now in the forefront of fashion, chiefly, I suppose, because they conform to the modern demand for Victorian favourites. They certainly make delightful Victorian posies for indoor decoration, especially in mixed colours.

I have collected these miniature chrysanthemums for years and am always on the look-out for unusual colours. I have one which was given to me with the name Anastasia: a rich wine colour and most attractive. These flowers never seem affected by any amount of rain and bad weather. The plants increase rapidly and even in cold parts where most border chrysanthemums are not too hardy they can be left out with impunity. They should be divided up every year.

Why *Schizostylis coccinea* is not more commonly grown is difficult to understand. It was for long regarded as a pot plant, but it is perfectly hardy, so hardy in fact that unless the ground is frozen stiff it can be divided up and replanted in winter. We always have it in full flower in early December no matter what the season may be.

The Caffre lily, as it is sometimes called, was introduced about 1860 and in south-western parts it grows like a weed. It is essential to plant it in thoroughly well-drained soil, but on the other hand it should not suffer for lack of moisture in summer. It is best planted in March or April and should not be disturbed till the flowers deteriorate. In very cold parts dry leaves or ashes give sufficient protection in mid-winter.

If it is to be grown as a pot plant it should be grown in a cold greenhouse, for it does not need any real warmth. The rhizomes should be planted in spring in 5in. pots in a compost of two parts loam and leaf mould and one part sand. Place the pots in a cold frame in May and then sink in ashes in the open till November when they can be brought in to flower.

The earliest of the Christmas roses to flower is *Helleborus niger maximus*. This is one of the finest of the Hellebores, with white flowers pinkish on the outside and in the bud stage not unlike tulips. The pinkish tint fades when the flowers have been open about a week. The foliage is richly coloured, and, unlike the type, it grows quite 2ft. high.

It is worth any trouble to have the Christmas roses well grown. The site should be thoroughly prepared, for once planted they should never be disturbed. They are amongst the longest lived perennials; clumps 30 to 50 years old are fairly common, and I know one clump which is just over a hundred years old.

The ground should be well trenched and the bottom spit liberally enriched with well-decayed manure. Lime in some form is essential, preferably in that of finely powdered mortar rubble. A sheltered position and part shade are ideal. It is useless to plant Christmas roses in poor soil, for the only results are poor foliage and stunted blooms.

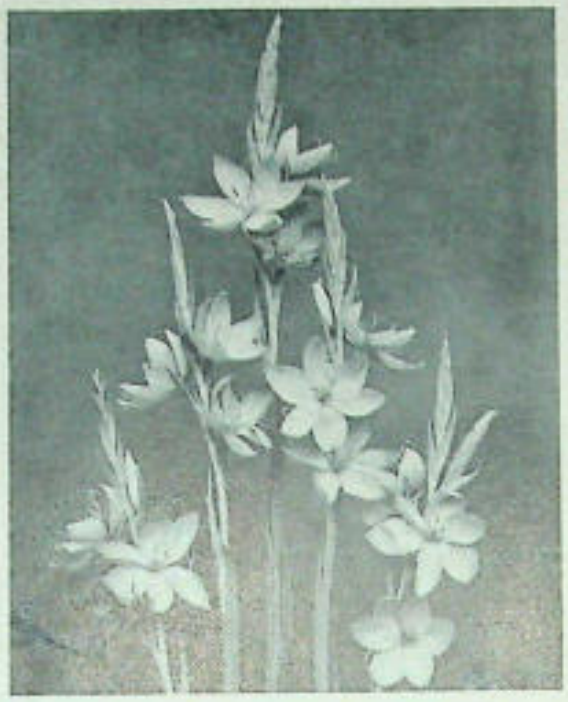
The time when hellebores should be planted is a matter of opinion. Most experts are of opinion that April is the best time as then the plants are well over flowering and have time to get established before warm weather sets in. After flowering, Christmas roses should be given a liberal mulch, and occasional feeds of liquid manure in the summer are also most helpful.

Very often, after a summer of prolonged droughts, these plants flower either very poorly or not at all, but liberal supplies of water together with mulches after flowering counteract the effects of drought. It is no use giving mere surface driblets, enough has to be given to reach the furthest roots; and all hellebores are deep rooters.

Christmas roses should never be allowed to run to seed and all flowers when they fade should be cut off as near the base as possible. Also, it is very weakening to the plants to leave the handlights over them a day longer than necessary.

One of the most sweetly-scented flowers in bloom now is *Tussilago fragrans*, the Italian coltsfoot. Unlike our native coltsfoot it is in leaf and flower simultaneously. In spite of its delicious scent this is a plant that should never be introduced into any garden. It is a rampant weed and sends out numerous stolons yards long that, once established, are almost impossible to eradicate. In early Victorian times it was a favourite mid-winter pot plant.

The Italian arum will soon be in full beauty. Indeed, few plants in the winter garden have such handsome leaves and so abundantly produced. It is so hardy that it does not resent being moved at this season. The glossy leaves are quite a foot long and nearly 6in. across at the bottom. In poor soil the leaves are finely variegated with a dark green margin round the edge.



SCHIZOSTYLIS COCCINEA AFFORDS THE MOST BRILLIANT SCARLET FLOWERS IN THE DECEMBER GARDEN

WORK *for the* WEEK-END

THE garden is apt to look a bit bare and straggly at this time of the year. Even the Michaelmas daisies have finished their work, and the herbaceous border indeed has a sad appearance. It is perhaps because of this that so many people give up doing any gardening at all. There is nothing much left to garden for—so they say.

Even at this time of the year there is much to do during the week-end. If the dahlia tubers are still in the ground they should be dug up immediately and put into boxes of dry sand or earth in a frost-proof and dry potting shed. Note particularly—"and dry"—because so many dahlia tubers are lost each winter owing to dampness rather than frost.

A good general fertiliser may be applied in and among the herbaceous plants at 2oz. or 3oz. to the square yard. This should be lightly forked in. Forking should be done carefully and cautiously for fear of damaging bulbs or plants which are quite dormant at this time and so are not obvious. If there is a grass edging to the bed it should be cut neatly, with one of those half moon turfing irons which are so useful.

Though it is not advisable to carry out the routine pruning of roses in the winter, it is quite a good plan to cut back some of the taller growing branches by a third or so, so as to prevent the bushes from being rocked about by the wind. The cutting off of the seed pods and the old flowering heads is also a good plan, and at the same time the weak growths that will be useless next year should be pruned back by half. The ramblers may be pruned also, if they have not been done already, and any loose growths should be tied in securely.

It is always a temptation to prune back shrubs in order to make them tidy. Most of the flowering shrubs bear their blossoms on the stems that have grown this year and to clip these back thoughtlessly is a great mistake. A bush that is overgrown or crowded can be pruned, the object being to thin out the growths, and perhaps to cut away some thick branch in the centre of the tree so as to let in the light and air. With overgrown laurels or lilacs and the like, a really hard sawing down to within a foot or so of the ground level may be advisable, but when doing this, of course, one has to sacrifice blossoms for a year or so.

As most of the leaves are now down, they may be collected and rotted down with sulphate of ammonia on the compost heap. It is important not to allow them to decay round choice alpines or many of them will rot. Decaying foliage should be cleared away around the Christmas roses, too, and a light forking done between the plants. They can then be covered with a glass cloche so as to keep the flowers clean.

If the weather remains open this would be a good week-end for planting flowering standard trees or a good rose hedge. Zephirine Drouhin is a delightful rose hedging plant because it is thornless, while the Sweet Briar has great advantages because of its scent. Other roses that make good hedges are the Wichurianas and the Austrian Briars.

The lily pool should now be drained and cleaned, if the weather keeps open. The "slime" and weeds should be removed and the dead foliage, too. If the water lily roots appear bare, they may be covered over with a turf placed upside down over them.

W. E. S.-C.

VEGETABLES *in* SEASON

EVERY hour of daylight is precious now, the chief job being to get the whole kitchen garden clear of weeds by the end of the month; especially groundsel, which continues to sow itself through the bleakest weeks. All woody rubbish should go straight on to the bonfire. Wood lying about only brings pests, whereas when burned it becomes valuable ash.

Jerusalem artichokes are usually the last vegetable to be harvested, and I think they are at their best when newly lifted. This vegetable nearly always suffers from overcrowding, with the result that the tubers are small and find scant favour in the kitchen. They should be as big as large potatoes and nearly as smooth. These large tubers can only be secured by planting 3ft. apart.

Although a delicious vegetable, they cannot be served frequently, as most people tire of them. The tubers are usually peeled first, but the best flavour is in the skin, and if steamed in a bowl the liquor that collects is almost honey-sweet and, left to get cold, makes a solid jelly that is a good foundation for soup. Indeed, merely with the addition of milk, it makes an excellent soup.

Artichoke soufflé is also very good. To make it rub the cooked tubers through a sieve, take equal quantities of this purée and a good sauce, such as Béchamel, and the yolks of two eggs. Beat all with seasoning well together, and finally fold in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and bake for 20 minutes.

Artichoke pie is often liked by those who do not care for the tubers plainly cooked. To make the pie mix cooked and sieved artichokes with a little lemon juice and onion purée, and then put alternate layers of this mixture with grated cheese in a buttered pie dish. Cover with breadcrumbs, add a few nuts of margarine and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Garden swedes planted early in July are now also at their best. Swede fritters are excellent. Cut the swedes in slices about ¼in. thick, and parboil them. Dip them in egg and breadcrumbs or in batter, and fry them.

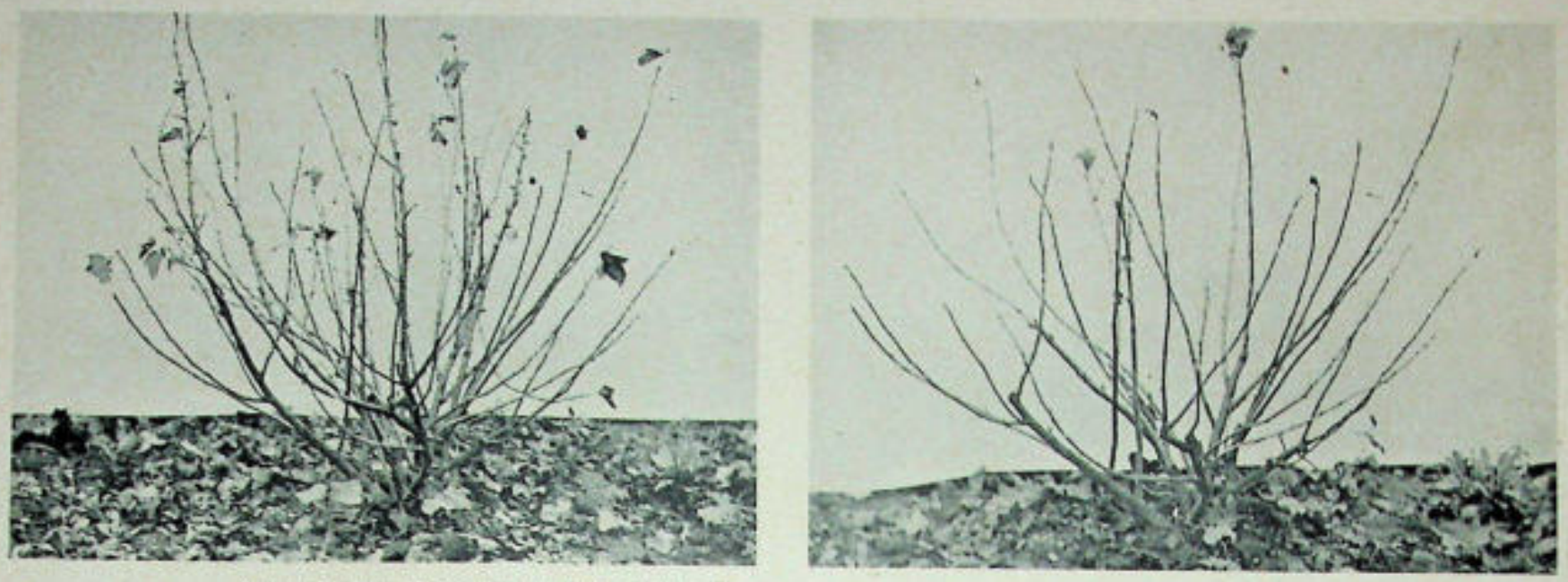
I have for some years now grown the golden thistle (*Scolymus hispanicus*). I would certainly advise anyone who likes unusual vegetable soups to grow it. The roots are very long and thin, and not easy to serve as a vegetable. We make soup of them by rubbing 4oz. of the cooked vegetable through a sieve together with a very little cooked onion or shallot (not more than a teaspoonful to 4oz. of *Scolymus*, or the flavour will be spoilt). To a roux made by mixing a little flour with a nut of butter, milk is added, then the sieved vegetable. The mixture is then brought almost to the boil, removed from the fire, and the yolk of an egg added. If the soup is boiled after the egg is added it curdles.

Coleworts sown in July have just headed up in most gardens. They are amongst the tenderest of the cabbage tribe and various delicious dishes can be made of them. With tomatoes and onions they make an excellent pie, putting layers of these vegetables (cooked) in a pie-dish. The last layer should be tomatoes covered with brown bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes.

Colcannon can be either fried or baked. For the latter, mix cooked vegetables, which should include potato, with milk and seasoning, and fill a greased pie dish with the mixture. Turn out and serve when thoroughly hot all through.

As a war time economy a one-dish supper with a sweet to follow is popular, and cooked coleworts make a delicious pie with cheese and nuts. Put alternate layers of cooked colewort and tomato with cheese or nuts in a pie dish. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over and a few nuts of margarine, and bake in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes. Or a colewort can be stuffed with nut meat or minced meat and onion. The stuffing should be put between the leaves and the colewort then tied up and steamed for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

E. S. R.



WITH BLACK CURRANTS THE OLD WOOD SHOULD BE PRUNED OUT AND THE YOUNG GROWTHS LEFT UNSHORTENED
Left: Black currant bush before pruning. Right: After pruning—note the old wood cut out

BLACK CURRANTS *for* THE MARKET

Jam as a Help During Butter Shortage

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

THE commercial cultivation of the black currant is by no means confined to the South of England. In the north, notably in Lancashire and Cheshire, quite considerable acreages are devoted to the culture of this fruit, and the undertakings are found to be most profitable. It is a fruit which will succeed over a wide range of soil conditions. It is known to put up with poorly drained soils, though it seems to prefer a deep sandy loam. Its cultivation in Norfolk has extended considerably in the east in the naturally drained easily worked medium loams. Such soils are not only deep, but have the advantage of retaining moisture also.

High wind-swept land should never be chosen, for the blossoms of the black currant are extremely dependent on insect visitations to ensure the necessary pollination. If the flowers are not properly fertilised the little fruits drop off before they are developed. This is known as "running off." Some varieties like French Black, Seabrook's Black and Boskoop Giant are more subject to it than others.

To get the best results it is necessary to plant in sheltered situations, especially those that are sunny and warm. Here insect visitors will be able to work freely, and the result will be a full crop. Hive bees are very methodical and industrious pollinators, and it is claimed that where there is evidence to show that the visits of wild insects are not sufficient bees should be kept—one really good hive being sufficient for four acres.

Low-lying land is equally unsatisfactory for this crop. The blossoms are very liable to damage by frost. Though valley land is often particularly fertile lack of what is called "air drainage" is often a serious fault. The frosty air comes flowing down from the surrounding ground and collects like water in the lower levels. The most serious frost damage, therefore, occurs in the hollows. These are sometimes described as "frost pockets."

Whatever land is chosen it should be cleaned of perennial weeds before planting. It may be necessary to grow a cleaning crop for one season. Once clean, the land may be ploughed, subsoiled to a depth of 18in., and then hoed. It is better not to incorporate farmyard manure before planting, but to use what dung is available as a mulch around each bush later.

Just before the harrowing a good dressing of some proprietary complete fertiliser may be applied at 4cwt. or 5cwt. to the acre. Experiments have shown that the berry quality is always poor when potash is deficient, and that the combination of farmyard manure and complete artificials does increase yields considerably. As black currants require liberal manuring it is necessary to apply farmyard manure or pig dung regularly each spring as a top dressing. In addition, a complete manure may be applied once every three years at, say, 5 cwt. per acre, and nitro-chalk or sulphate of ammonia alone at 2cwt. per acre in the intervening years. It is convenient to make such applications in the late winter.

Systems of planting differ from district to district. In order to save costs of cultivation fruit growers tend to give a wide plant between the rows, and in parts of Norfolk, for instance, the distance extends sometimes to 12ft. In such cases the bushes are planted as close as 3ft. or 4ft. apart. Normally the rows are about 7ft. apart, and the bushes about 3½ft. apart in the rows.

In the south it is more customary to plant on the 6ft. square principle, though the dwarf variety, Baldwin, will often give a heavier weight of crop if the rows are 5ft. apart and the bushes 4ft. asunder in the rows.

The close planting in the rows has its advantages in that a type of black currant hedge is produced. Insect visitors can work readily from bush to bush and heavy yields result. It is extremely important under such circumstances to spray regularly with lime-sulphur to control the big bud mite, and thus to prevent both the ravages of this pest, and of the dreaded disease, reversion. The disadvantage of the hedge system is that cultivations can only be done one way.

When purchasing black currant bushes it is of the utmost importance to see that a good stock or strain is obtained. Where a large acreage is to be planted three or four varieties should be grown so as to ensure an extended picking season. It is always advisable to purchase from a reliable nurseryman, whose bushes have been consistently inspected by the Ministry of Agriculture, and who has had regular certificates for freedom from reversion.

It is difficult to be dictatorial about varieties, for one will do particularly well in county A, and will fail to prove profitable in county B. A succession, however, could be provided by planting Boskoop Giant, Seabrook's Black, Hilltop Baldwin, and Daniel's September Black.

The East Malling Research Station have found that Wellington XXX is one of the heaviest croppers. Davison's Eight is a good variety in favoured places, but, unfortunately, it is easily injured by frost. Goliath, on the other hand, is not considered an important variety, because it is more difficult to pick than the others, and yet in the 1938 East Malling Report it is shown as bearing the heaviest crop owing to the fact that, at the time of the frosts, the flowers of this variety were mostly in the bud stage.

It should be possible to consult the county horticultural superintendent as to the behaviour of varieties already established in plantations in the neighbourhood, and then to plant vigorous healthy bushes which have been obtained from stocks whose history shows that they give a satisfactory performance.

Immediately after planting the bushes should be cut down to the ground so that plenty of new wood can be produced. In subsequent years the old wood should be pruned out and the young growths left unshortened. With black currants it is necessary to prune hard to get the best results.



CULTIVATING BETWEEN THE BUSHES

PRACTICAL WORK ON THE FARM

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

I SUPPOSE that the majority of men who, like myself, have followed the markets for a great while now, must have been astonished during the last few weeks at the extraordinary trend of the beef trade.

Never before, or so I should imagine, have so many fat cows (even cows carrying a calf, provided they were fairly full of flesh) been poured into our markets to compete with prime beef steers and heifers, and not being controlled, realised up to 48s. per live cwt. This, while it lasted, seemed to most of us a deplorable state of affairs, for not only was the cow population being depleted, not so much on account of the cows themselves, for a good proportion of these were old, but because when in calf, and sold for slaughter, two lives were taken when the cow was killed, and many of us are of opinion that we shall need all the live stock we can breed ere this war is over, and moreover, such beef as that provided by old cows is hardly of even third-rate quality, and only likely to put the consuming public off home-fed beef.

Fortunately, this craze has come to a sudden end, and when fat cows suffered a drop of about £4 to £5 per head, there was a notable decrease in the numbers that were sent to market, although cows of a beef breed from the West seemed to find their way to certain South Country markets.

While on the subject of cattle I cannot help thinking that any man who has some spare grazing land on his own farm, or who knows where he can rent some cheap grass land, cannot go wrong if he buys some good class heifers and buys them worth the money, while at the same time acquiring a bull of good breeding, and turns them out together. These heifers sold as down-calvers next year should show a nice little turnover, provided they have not cost too much to keep meanwhile. Those who have studied the trade are all in agreement that cattle of this description will be needed. Dairy farmers will want to replenish their herds, and these heifers will come in just at the time they are likely to be required.

I need hardly say such heifers, not necessarily pedigree, should yet bear the stamp of being well bred, and they should be well grown, mately, and done fairly well.

In the past I have known many a man who has done remarkably well by catering for this kind of trade and who, by specialising in a good type of heifer, doing them well, and selling the genuine article, has established so good a reputation that, after a few years there have been buyers for his cattle from all over the country.

In these times of stress one must look ahead, for it is an axiom amongst successful farmers that they owe their success to looking at least four years ahead. Here we need only look to next year, and if we can call ourselves any judge of cattle at all, such heifers should show a profit.

Poultry farmers tell me they are not feeling any more comfortable than pig feeders just now; there is a definite shortage of feeding stuffs and the future is somewhat uncertain.

It may be that some will fall out of the ranks during war, if it is to be a prolonged conflict, and that is why many a farmer holding a substantial acreage, and knowing that, owing to the ploughing-up campaign he will have more stubbles, and more tail corn, is seriously thinking of buying up pullets, or purchasing them next year in time to turn out on the stubbles to pick up the loose grain that always falls out, no matter how carefully harvested the corn may be, and thus turn his attention to egg production in view of a possible shortage from the smaller producer.

It is to be hoped, however, that everything possible will be done to keep the small producers in business, for the poultry industry is of enormous importance to the country, providing, as it does, a living for hundreds of small producers, and at the same time yielding thousands of tons of valuable food.

I do not think that quite enough stress has been laid, so far, on the importance of the small food producer, the man who has a smallholding, or market garden, or who keeps a few pigs and poultry.

It is to be hoped that some of the peace-time regulations concerning the keeping of pigs in villages or even in towns, may be relaxed, for there is no doubt that there is a tremendous amount of potential foodstuffs for pigs and poultry wasted. Many have been the suggestions that some sort of scheme should be worked out for the collection of household scraps, and of turning them into some sort of central pool for each town of moderate size, in order to encourage the keeping of fowls and pigs by the small man.

One has only to realise the immense waste of potential foodstuffs that occurs on the average market garden, or even in greengrocers' shops, to recognise that there is a fertile field lying untilled for some genius to cultivate, and who might not make the reputed riches of Mr. Boffin, but might render his country a signal service by bringing into food production household scraps and trade waste that otherwise would be lost.

* * * *

The need for economy in pig feeding is emphasised in an announcement by the Ministry of Agriculture, which points out that pigs are a problem in war-time because we have grown more and more into the habit of keeping them on cereal rations largely imported from abroad. We need the pig meat, but it has become essential to find means of keeping the pigs that make less demand upon imported rations and shipping space. It takes from 6lb. to 7lb. of concentrated food to produce 1lb. of pork or bacon. Yet 7lb. of cereals yields about 5lb. of flour, or 7½lb. of bread. The Ministry of Agriculture have therefore just issued a leaflet on *Pig Feeding in War Time*, that shows in detail how the present pig population might be maintained and how they could be fed from the food likely to be available.

Our pig population represents less than ten pigs per holding, and while many holdings carry no pigs at all, on others there are large pig establishments almost independent of land. If anything like the present number of pigs are to be maintained, there must be a gradual return to home-grown rations of the kind used for generations before oil cake and other concentrates were known. There is scope by such methods to keep some pigs on practically all holdings, even on those under one acre and on groups of allotments. Small efforts in the aggregate could lead to a large contribution of pig meat.

On most farms there is a variety of by-products suitable for pig-feeding. The conversion of grass and arable will provide more tail corn and more small potatoes. In return there will be valuable "muck." Although there is no present intention to curtail grain supplies to feeders, they must be ready for such an emergency. They would be wise to prepare immediately to restrict pig feed, so far as possible, to materials that cannot be used to feed human beings, such as grass, roots, silage, millers' by-products, damaged grain, dried blood, dried grains, malt culms, oil cakes and meals, together with surplus from the dairy, the garden and allotment. The collection of suitable waste food from shops, houses, gardens and hotels might well be organised by voluntary effort.

Special consideration is given in the leaflet mentioned to the pig or two kept by cottagers, garden owners or allotment holders, including the type of pig to buy, its housing, bedding and feeding.

The general question of feeding is dealt with by dividing some 30 feeding stuffs into three groups: (1) Protein-rich, (2) Intermediate, (3) Protein-low, starch high. This shows clearly what feeding stuffs are relatively interchangeable.

Further economies in meal feeding, it is pointed out, can be made by replacing a substantial proportion of the meal ration by such foods as potatoes, mangolds, swedes, sugar-beet, kale, grass, and forage crops. An experiment on these lines showed that the time taken to reach a live weight of 200lb. was, in some instances, increased by four to six weeks, but the quality of the carcase was not appreciably lowered and the cereal requirements were halved.

Those with access to grazing or woodlands should give outdoor methods the fullest trial. It is claimed for them that they will save meal, keep breeding sows healthy and prolific, produce bigger and hardier young pigs, improve pasture and utilise valuable food material such as acorns and beech mast. Green food alone will not fatten pigs, but it will keep them growing with a saving of meal. With a few weeks of sty-feeding on concentrated food at the end of the grazing period, prime bacon can thus be produced. The leaflet, "Grow more," Leaflet No. 7, can be obtained free on application at the Ministry of Agriculture, 10, Whitehall Place, S.W.1.



EARLY LAMBS IN WEST SUSSEX

Lambs have already made their appearance at Woolbeding, near Midhurst, where at one farm more than 60 Dorset Horn-Southdown cross breds are on show. This picture shows some of them

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

THE stress of war has forced us to carry out, in days, reorganisation that we could not have undertaken in as many months in normal times; so, of course, there have been untidy ends and pieces, anomalies and even abuses. But they are being straightened out. The promise of full control for sales of fat stock, for example, should mean the removal of one large load of uncertainty. As soon as it is applied the Ministry of Food will be the only buyers of fat stock, at fixed prices according to grade. The prices at which they will be bought have already been published and they approximate to the present maximum prices plus the appropriate subsidy. Their publication has already had a steadying effect. Sales have tended to ease up: buyers' offers have hardened in some cattle markets where bidders appear to have been somewhat shy.

In addition, it has been officially announced that adjustment in these prices will be made from time to time in the light of seasonal trends and variations in production cost. For the first time since the last war the beef man will be *guaranteed* a price for his fat cattle. Sellers of sheep, too, have been guaranteed an average price of 1s. per lb. dressed carcase weight over the year. Pigs have already had a rise of 2s. per score since the fixed price for them was first introduced, and their price will continue to be regulated by the cost of feeding, with regard also given to changes necessitated by war conditions.

There remains the question of the super-quality cattle that commanded, say, 52s. to 55s. in Aberdeen or Ipswich, when top-grade cattle elsewhere were fetching about 48s. Consideration is now



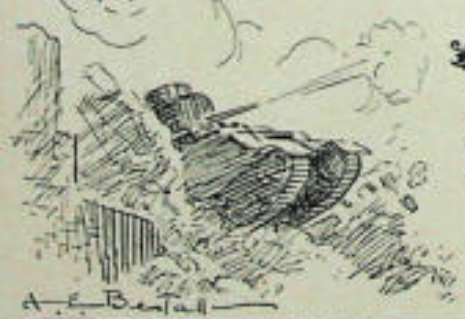
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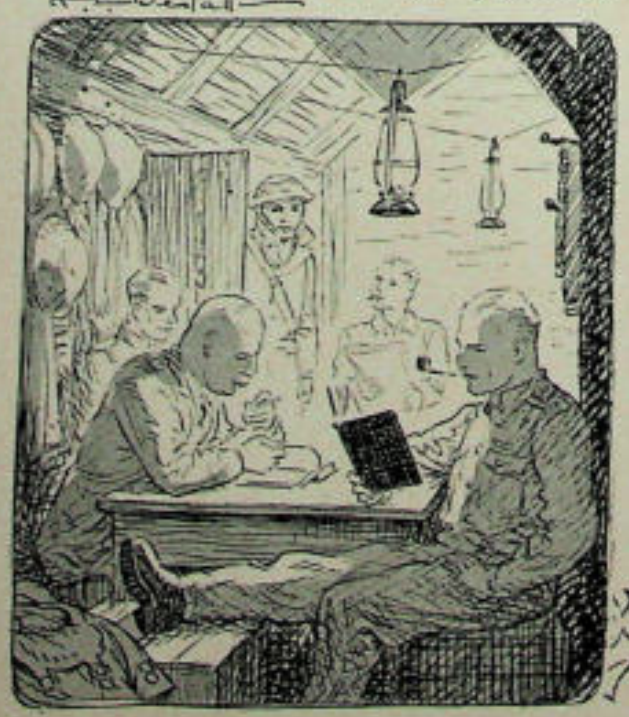
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being given as to how far it is possible to deal with this special case; but we cannot in wartime afford to use the feeding stuffs for producing super-beef cattle with quite their peacetime bloom.

But there are cattle of the true beef type that can mature into first-class beef without such feeding, provided they are given the chance. Before this war many fatteners were being forced into rather extravagant habits and were killing such cattle as "baby" beef before they had time to realise their most valuable potentiality, namely to produce first-class beef on a diet of little or no cake or corn. Under present conditions it may well be more desirable to let them run to maturity on almost entirely a grass diet and kill them at 12cwt. or more. In the arable areas, where fattening is a slower process, it may only be possible to produce one lot of yard cattle instead of two.

Roots will save the use of starchy foods; hay of good quality will reduce the quantity of protein-rich cakes. Moreover, in the last ten years, it would seem that there has been a tendency to over estimate the fattening bullock's protein requirements.

Catching the Early Bite

What with ploughing up and feeding stuffs difficulties, farmers this winter will look forward with more eagerness than usual to "the time when the grass comes." Nothing more can be done now to increase the amount of winter grazing, but there are ways and means of starting growth as early as possible next spring. The important thing is to decide now which fields are best suited to produce early grass.

The lighter, well drained land is to be preferred; for no amount of fertiliser will make heavy, wet land come into bearing early. Sheltered fields sloping to the south are desirable and unless a sward contains a good proportion of early grasses such as perennial ryegrass, cocksfoot, rough stalked meadow-grass and meadow foxtail it is very little use trying to get an early bite from it.

There is one other important consideration. Grasses store up reserves of food in their roots. An autumn rest encourages development in the root and bottom of the stem, but continuous close grazing prevents such development occurring. Therefore, pasture that has had a rest in late summer or early autumn will respond best to manurial treatment.

The best time to apply the nitrogenous fertiliser will vary with the season. In late districts the end of February or early March is soon enough, but in earlier districts the first half of February may be a more suitable time. Experiments over five seasons in the Eastern Counties suggests that an application of 1cwt. sulphate of ammonia per acre early in February can usually be relied upon to produce an additional 7½cwt. of grass per acre by the second week in April.

Nitrogen is the main factor in increasing the amount of early growth, but there must be adequate supplies of phosphate and potash in the soil. Fields deficient in lime are unsuitable if only because the herbage is likely to contain a too high proportion of late species. Where good pasture has received proper treatment in the previous year, a nitrogenous top-dressing in early spring has enabled ½ to ¾ acre to provide early grass for one cow for fifteen days. Dung or liquid manure applied before 1st January may be equally effective and farmyard manure has the additional advantage of protecting the grass from cold winds and frost.

Temporary grass, say, of one to four year's duration, starts growth some weeks earlier than permanent grass and responds more readily to stimulation. Italian ryegrass is pre-eminent in producing early spring keep, while the ordinary commercial strains of perennial ryegrass and cocksfoot that form the bulk of temporary mixtures also shoot up quickly in the spring and so are well adapted for forcing.

It should be remembered that early spring grass is a laxative; consequently dairy cows should not be turned in for more than a few hours each day, and their grazing should be supplemented with hay. In this way the rich young grass can be made to go farther.

Frost and the Farmer

It has been mild weather so far, but any time now a cold spell may arrive and catch some of us napping. There were some unpleasant experiences last December, when a sudden cold break caused thousands of pounds worth of damage to farmers' tractors and cars alone. After that experience it should be hardly necessary to emphasise the need to empty radiators after the day's work if there is the slightest risk of frost.

As regards the protection of farm crops, potatoes are more susceptible to frost when they are moist than when they are dry, so they should be put away as clean and dry as possible. Clamps should be made on dry, well-drained sites and covered with straw as soon as practicable. The straw "roof" should not be covered with soil too soon, or ventilation will be impeded; but if there is a threat of intense early frost, further protection should be given without delay.

NOTICES IN RENT BOOKS

By REGINALD DAVEY

Mr. Reginald Davey has been covering subjects connected with Estate Management for some years in these columns. He contributed from September 23rd to November 18th a series of nine articles dealing with grazing and marketing of timber

We live in an age of bureaucratic control. The rights of the individual must give way to the common weal. How hard it is to apply this principle to a nation of individualists is well shown by the number of penalties for which many people are liable, but which are not enforced. As a race we lack the tractability of a certain Latin people, who in fleeing from a police baton charge kept studiously to the footpaths in accordance with strongly worded police notices, thereby materially reducing their chances of escape.

Control is proceeding to extend its influence, and although its necessity in principle may not be refuted, it is open to question if it is either needful or desirable that it should be applied in so complex a manner. In this country each particular subject is dealt with separately, so that, to take an extreme example, a man who wishes to erect a petrol-filling station adjoining a classified road which is scheduled for widening has six separate applications to make to different authorities. Each application is subject to different provisions, and the consents or refusals must be received within varying time limits, and in some cases no time limit at all. In some cases a refusal leads to compensation, sometimes it does not; and when it does there is usually a provision that excludes compensation if the land is subject to similar restrictions under any other Act.

As between landlord and tenant of a dwelling house, the Legislature have from time to time sought to protect the tenant against the landlord. First a series of by-laws requiring sanitary living conditions did much good. Then various methods of dealing with the problem of insanitary houses and slum areas were tried. One of the principles was that the tenant should be told how he could take steps to have defects dealt with. The earliest attempt was a requirement, under penalty, that landlords should insert in all rent books their own names and addresses and the names and addresses of the Medical Officers of Health.

This has now been improved upon, or the reverse, and all rent books of controlled dwellings must under the various Rent Restrictions Acts contain a form of notice prescribed in the 1938 Regulations giving a mass of information, including the address of the premises, name and address of landlord and agent, standard rent, amount of the permitted increase, and address of the sanitary authority.

The overcrowding provisions of the Housing Act, 1936, require the insertion in the rent book of all dwellings occupied by or suitable for occupation by members of the working classes, a summary in the prescribed form of the overcrowding sections of the Act, the name and address of the Medical Officer of Health, and of landlord or person responsible for the sanitary condition of the house.

Substantial penalties are provided for cases of non-compliance, and it would be interesting to know how many landowners have rendered themselves liable to proceedings on this account.

Cottage rent books are beginning to assume the aspect of standard legal works. It is to be hoped that future legislation will not increase the forms and penalties. It is not the trouble of inserting them. It is the unfortunate effect that they have upon the mind and attitude of a certain type of tenant, who, unable to understand, generally misread them and cause much needless friction.

Absentee landlordism was bound to lead to neglect of repairs and disregard of the tenant's living conditions, but these faults find no place on the agricultural estate, whose owner is placed in the same category. What is needed is a few simple and well-chosen words to be printed on the flyleaf of all rent books to tell the tenant what he ought to know, give him the necessary addresses so that he can find his landlord or the agent, and the medical officer. Beyond this it is futile to go.

As the law stands at present landowners are under a definite obligation, but all the needful forms, or rent books with them already printed in, can be bought from the Estates Gazette, Ltd., 33/5, Kirby Street, E.C. 1. The landlord's obligations are fairly well defined. The Rent Acts cover the question of the rent that he can charge. He is also under an obligation to keep the premises in a state of repair fit for reasonable habitation. If he does not do so, the local authority can undertake the work themselves and recover the cost.

Tenants are apt to interpret the complex rent book notices as imposing a greater obligation, including possibly questions of internal decoration. This is beyond the scope of the Acts, and the only obligation will be that contained in the agreements, which normally will provide for the landlord being responsible for the structure and the tenants for decoration and glass.

BROWSING *over* CATALOGUES

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

I SUPPOSE engineers get the same thrill at looking through engineering catalogues as I do reading those dealing with gardens and gardening—but I very much doubt it!

A nice fire and the black-out had enabled me to settle down to browse through the pile that had been gathering during the past week or so. Quite a considerable pile, thought I, considering it is war-time. As I picked up each publication I thought wistfully of the loving care behind its preparation. I know what it is to write books, and catalogues are like books—full of information which must be accurate. I ruminated on the choice of photographs, the captions employed, the general set-out, and I could not but admire, on the whole.

Talking of photographs, perhaps the one that struck me as being *par excellence* was that of Messrs. George Pyne, of Denver Nurseries, Topsham, Devon. The life-size photographs of fruits printed on beautiful paper were a delight to behold. The pollination charts should prove useful to all those interested in fruit growing.

Another catalogue, printed on similar paper, and full of lovely photographs, was that of Ernest Ballard, of Old Court, Colwell, near Malvern. I grow many of his Michaelmas daisies and admire them. They range from the 7ft. high pure-white pyramid, Mount Everest, through the delightful dancing featheriness of Silver Spray on to the immense lavender Mammoth, whose flowers are often 2ins. across and more, and down to those beautiful babies, like Marjory—a pink, or Victor—a blue. It is also a tonic to go on imaginary plant-hunting expeditions with Colonel Grey's (Grey's Hocker Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent) Garden, Bulb and Shrub Catalogue. His remarks are always frank and helpful.

I lingered long over *Hoheria compacta*, a handsome plant, with flowers flame-red above and golden-yellow below. I coveted the *Eucryphia pinnatifolia floreplena*, which is magnificent in July and August, covered with double white flowers. Colonel Grey is right in describing it as the most beautiful of all the late-flowering trees.

Messrs. Dartington Hall, Ltd. (Dartington Hall Nurseries, Totnes, Devon) call their catalogue "Ornamental Plants," and they divide it into sections. There are the hedge plants, the peat-loving shrubs, the primulas, the gentians, the border phlox and so on. I pondered much on the chart of flowering heaths.

What a lot can be packed into a little catalogue! Johnson's (chrysanthemum growers, of Tibshelf, in Derbyshire) have produced a beautiful little brochure, well illustrated, and with good descriptions of the chrysanthemums new and old which they offer.

L. R. Russell, of Richmond Nurseries, Windlesham, Surrey, have a comprehensive list of all kinds of plants ranging from water lilies through roses to trees. They are anxious to help, too, for they list plants for various conditions and shrubs for game coverts, growing under trees, &c.

H. Woolman, chrysanthemum specialists, of Shirley, Birmingham, have not been able to issue their "illustrated" catalogue this year but, as they point out, in their simpler booklet they are doing everything possible to retain their fine collection of these plants.

George Jackman & Sons, of Woking, Surrey, call their yearly catalogue The Planters' Handbook, and well is it named! I have used it again and again these last two or three years as a kind of reference book. They offer all kinds of trees and shrubs, climbing plants, roses and the like, and they give the clearest information about each one, set out in tabular form. This year they have included a book mark which will prove useful.

If Amos Perry's catalogue (Hardy Plant Farm Enfield, Middlesex) seems smaller it is certainly no less beautiful or well-got-up. He offers many new and rare Alpines, aquatics and perennials at reasonable prices.

I do hope we shall all do our best to encourage our nurserymen friends by ordering what we can this season. Many of them have built up large stocks and are facing difficult times owing to the international situation.

We must have some beauty in war-time, so let us plant flowering shrubs, flowering trees, masses of perennials, and so keep up our morale, add beauty to our lives, and have plenty of flowers to cut at to beautify our hospitals and convalescent homes.



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

IN THE AFRIDI BAZAAR, PESHAWAR CITY

PESHAWAR—GATEWAY TO INDIA

By PATRICK TURNBULL

ALTHOUGH many cities of India are more picturesque and more architecturally beautiful than Peshawar, the rugged capital of the North West Frontier Province, it is in many ways the most interesting city of the Empire.

Apart from the fact of its immense strategical importance, the bleak savagery of the surrounding countryside, the fierce, lawless, battle-loving people who inhabit its crowded bazaars, and its ever-changing nomadic population make of it a fascinating study for anyone who appreciates the cold majesty of relentless nature and the study of humanity.

Like most eastern cities Peshawar lies hidden within its walls, and the stranger crossing the arid plains of the Punjab on the journey from Rawalpindi, the usual approach, sees, at first, only the bare undecorated mud walls, whose monotony is relieved by an occasional cluster of date palms, and is made aware of the teeming population by a faint murmur, which rises continually day and night, mysteriously, like the muttering of some savage animal kept apart from the world by the barrier of the mud ramparts.

My first impressions of the city were memorable, for I had been travelling alone by car and arrived towards evening, when damp mists from the low-lying fields were rising to form a filmy curtain of fog. Through this diaphanous white haze the city walls seemed to speak of a million hidden beauties and mysteries, more rare and curious than any unfolded by the Arabian nights seen through the dreaming eyes of a smoker of hasheesh.

I longed, therefore, to enter the gates and to wander at leisure, exploring in my own time and my own way the narrow lanes and dark corners. Unfortunately, however, two serious obstacles considerably hindered my plans, the first being that Peshawar city is still considered insecure, the second that idle or active curiosity in native life is very much frowned upon by officialdom in British India.

There is no doubt that a certain amount of risk exists at Peshawar owing to the nature of its inhabitants, and that to neglect precautions would be unwise and foolhardy. Even the European quarter, which lies some two miles west of the native city, is patrolled continually by groups of armed police, and is surrounded by a strong barbed wire defence, for it should not be forgotten that in the troubles in the Peshawar district during the spring and summer of 1930, raiding tribesmen actually reached the wire before being dispersed.

Finally, however, I managed to arrange for a visit to the native town, but was warned that I should go armed and that the visit in question should take place between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon; above all, I was told, it was strictly forbidden to be inside the gates after dark.

Actually my first impression of the city was one of surprise at its extreme appearance of poverty, but I was seeing it under unfavourable conditions, for it had rained heavily the previous day and in the early morning, so that the approach to the gate and the streets were churned by the passers-by into a veritable sea of mud, and the people had a miserable and bedraggled look. Rain and cold are so out of keeping with an eastern setting that they rob the scene of all its glamour, and seem to stress only the sordid side of Oriental life.

But this initial disappointment was soon forgotten as I progressed further into the heart of the city, which unfolded itself before my eyes as a true example of life unspoiled, modelled upon the plan of the days of Haroun al Raschid and the poems of Abou Nowas and Ishak.

It is said that Baghdad, Fez, and Peshawar are the three most perfect specimens of an eastern city in the world to-day.

Unfortunately I have never visited Baghdad, but although Peshawar is less decorative and lacks the architectural splendours of its famous Moroccan rival, it is perhaps more impressive because of its very ruggedness and aloofness, even hostility, to all outside influence. Moreover, all the outstanding features of communal life, of which we read in tales of the past, are there before one's eyes, for the whole of the centre of the town is divided into streets or squares, each one devoted to a separate trade.

There is the square of the letter writers, for the majority of the people are illiterate, and those lengthy and flowery addresses asking for a rise in pay, exalting the greatness of the "master," and emphasising the extreme humbleness and lowliness of the devoted servant, come mostly from the nimble pen of the aged scribes. Further on is the square of the moneylenders, whose adherence to the principles of Shylock is one of the greatest social curses not only of India, but the whole of the East from Marrakesh to Shanghai.

Unfortunately, the Indian, especially the tribesman of the North West Frontier, has an incredible facility for getting into debt, and so falls an easy victim to the wiles of the moneylender, who lends him a minute sum at an exorbitant rate of interest. Greatest sufferers from this curse are the small independent farmers and landowners who, once in the clutches of the moneylender, find themselves ruined and sold up in a remarkably short space of time.

The square of the brass workers is both picturesque and deafening. Before the tiny stalls the workers sit beating out the copper and brass into bowls and trays, filling the air with metallic clamour as their hammers ply ceaselessly, stolidly indifferent to the eternal din in which their lives are passed.

There is the street of the jewellers, of barbaric ornaments of gold and silver, and the street of the shoemakers, gawdy with the embroidered colours of the curving toed native slippers.

Apart from the curiosities of the city, the crowd itself is a never ceasing kaleidoscopic pageant, for although the city is essentially a Mohammedan stronghold, owing to the huge nomadic population, the types encountered in the street are of infinite variety.

Predominating is the tribal type, tall and muscular, eagle featured and clear eyed; there is the paler Afghan and the more delicately built southern Punjabi. Occasionally one sees the slant-eyed Mongolian features of a wanderer from Shillong, the bloated Hindu merchant, and the crafty yet dreamy-eyed Sikh with his uncut beard and large, rather effeminate, turban.

As can be imagined, the work of keeping law and order amongst so motley a population is a veritable labour of Hercules, and special praise is due to the efforts of the Indian police. Theirs is a ceaseless fight against violence, brutality, cunning and intrigue, but so efficient is the organisation and the personnel that unpunished infractions of the law are rare.

There is constant danger arising from the eternal question of strife between Moslem and Hindu. Being so near the Afghan frontier, and therefore a great terminus for the caravans from distant lands, the bazaars of Peshawar are noted as being a refuge for outlaws and criminals as well as disturbing elements—Communists in particular—whose aim and object is to stir up the population to rebellion against the British raj.

Many of these oriental gangsters are far more cunning and desperate than their American counterparts, as the following anecdote told me by a police officer will show.

On one occasion a group of three robbers entered the stall of a Hindu banker in broad daylight, stabbed him to death and made off with his safe. A police patrol arrived on the scene just as they were about to plunge into one of the narrow alleys leading to the square, and opened fire, wounding one of the bandits in the legs. Yet so that the wounded man should not be identified or give away secrets under a possible cross-examination, one of his companions, risking the fire of the police, deliberately hacked off his friend's head, leaving the police with the hopeless task of tracing a headless corpse.

But, despite the difficulties and dangers of their task, the police meet cunning with cunning and force with force with such skill and success that, even in the days after the war of 1914, when India was in a ferment of agitation, the then Prince of Wales was able to make a tour of the city on foot.

One of the most fascinating sights, and one which remains most deeply in my memory, is the arrival or departure of the great caravans from the north, whose way lies from Persia through Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass.

This great trade terminus, added to the immense strategic importance of Peshawar as an outpost of India against invasion from the north, made the city renowned throughout the continent of Asia centuries before the arrival of the British.

From Bokhara the caravans bring Persian rugs and carpets, silver, lace and hides, and from the Kabul horses, mules, fruits, woollen and skin coats.

They come laden on sturdy, long-haired camels, in caravans which are sometimes as much as three miles in length, driven by the tough, wiry nomads, whose entire life is spent on the march.

The hardships which the nomadic women and children are forced to share with their menfolk are incredible. It is, in fact, little short of a miracle that any of them live to survive childhood, for the caravan takes no notice of the elements. It marches when the sun is so hot that the rocks are like molten fire under the fierce unbroken rays, and the pads of the camels are blistered by contact with the scorching earth, and when the snow lies in drifts in the mountain passes, the bitter winds bowl down from the peaks of the Hindu Kush, and stragglers are soon frozen to death. Sometimes the caravans are attack by marauding bands. Often they may be sniped at as they make their way through the gorges and defiles of the mountains, for most of their journey lies through dangerous and lawless country.

Throughout their entire lives these nomads have no fixed home, and no other existence than the eternal tramping by day, the rough shelter of the caravanserai by night, and the perpetual struggle against man and the rigours of the elements.

It is a brave and gallant existence, and one which has been threatened with annihilation within recent years by the rapid spread of the motor vehicle to even the remotest corners of the globe.

But lately people have been realising that petrol is not inexhaustible, and that the strongest motor is, under certain conditions, more likely to break down than the slower but surer beast of burden. So once more the camel has come into his own, and, despite the twentieth century, the plodding silhouette can still be seen against the early morning sky, picking its way towards the bleak frowning barrier of the Khyber.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN AN UNUSUAL CAR

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.



THE LANCIA APRILIA BY THE HAWESWATER DAM, DURING ITS 10,000-MILE ADDITIONAL RUNNING

AN annual mileage of twenty to thirty thousand over every conceivable sort of road in England, Scotland and Wales gives one a pretty good idea of the sort of car that a hard-boiled driver of moderate means requires. The first point is entire reliability, and then comes economy, service facilities, ease of maintenance, complete light control, comfort and performance. If possible, the ideal car for the twenty-thousand miles-a-year-man should combine the large car's capacity for covering long distances easily, with the small car's facility for manœuvring and moving in traffic, together with the latter's all-round economy of running.

I am well aware that the case calls for a specialist sort of machine. And it was a specialist machine in the shape of a 12.85 h.p. Lancia Aprilia, that I bought second hand last spring as an auxiliary to another car. Since that date the Lancia has added 10,000 miles to the original 12,000 scored on the speedometer at the time of purchase.

Before recounting my experiences and impressions of the car let me say a few words about its design, for it is one of the most interesting and advanced types on the road. The body and frame form a single box-like unit of great strength and rigidity. The floor forms a metal pan which adds further strength to the construction. All four wheels are independently sprung, while the engine is a narrow angle double V, four cylinder, using an overhead camshaft. The outstanding feature of the general plan is compactness combined with a high power to weight ratio. Thus the complete car scales under 17cwt. while the 1,352 c.c. engine develops over 46 h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m. Some idea of the compactness of the design may be gained from its overall dimensions, which are very similar, to those of the Popular Ford Eight of a year or two back. Thus the length is 13ft. 7½in., the height 4ft. 9½in., which is less than that of the Popular Ford, and the width about 4ft. 6in.

The Lancia body not only provides room for three at a pinch in the back seat, but also accommodation under lock and key for two big suit cases, the nine-gallon petrol tank, the spare wheel and tools. There are four pillarless doors which facilitate access to the seats, a good view ahead, but a restricted rear view, owing to the rear curve of the back panel which embraces the boot.

The chassis is unconventional and it took me several days' study of the instruction book to master its salient points. The four-wheel independent suspension relies on enclosed coil springs which are hydraulically damped. Consequently the oil reservoirs at this point must be replenished regularly. And here I would draw attention to a characteristic of many modern designs, and that is that to service them quickly and easily one needs a pit. This is due to the fact that modern wings embrace the wheels more fully than they used to, and often include aprons or fenders, which make access to oiling points difficult except from underneath.

In the case of the car under review it is possible to fill up the front suspension oil containers by lying on the ground, and the same remark applies to the lubrication of the swivels. But the job is better done over a pit or when the car is on a ramp. The latter is absolutely necessary when greasing up the four universal joints on the cross driving shafts of the rear axle, an important maintenance feature if wear is to be guarded against. Having dealt with the suspension the only other parts of the car requiring routine inspection or lubrication are the gearbox, which is built in unit form with the engine, an intermediate bearing on the propeller shaft and the rear axle. These points are reasonably accessible and do not require the use of a ramp.

The routine of engine maintenance is easily carried out. The oil filler is on top of the overhead camshaft cover. The dip stick is handy as is the water drain tap. The battery is instantly accessible under the bonnet, which can be removed bodily in an instant by undoing two spring catches and a sliding bolt. Another ingenious feature is the radiator cowl, which incorporates thermostatically controlled shutters. This is held by two hooks and a spring clip and can be detached almost instantaneously to give access to the dynamo and petrol pump, which lie snugly in front of the radiator. It will be seen therefore that this quick removal of bonnet and cowl gives speedy and clear access to the engine.

As I have not yet decarbonised the motor I cannot write as to its accessibility. Tappet adjustment appears simple enough, but I found it easier to remove the camshaft cover on the single occasion that I cleaned the plugs. At the same time provision is made in the design to allow the plugs to be withdrawn without lifting the cover.

It is too early yet to give reliable information on tyre wear for I fitted two new Michelin covers in place of the old ones when the speedometer read 20,000 miles. At the same time I rather think that the near side front cover is wearing rather more than the offside, probably owing to the camber of the road. In any case, it is a good thing to change the wheels over not only from side to side, but also from front to back in order to distribute the wear equally.

The Lockheed brakes have behaved splendidly. They have never been adjusted and are still immensely powerful. The central hand brake is also extremely efficient, a very different thing to the parking brake found on some cars.

The performance and stability of the car are really astounding. Maximum speeds on the four gears, are 80, 60, 40 and 20 m.p.h. approximately. And on the higher gears at speed the car runs with the assurance and steadiness of a much larger vehicle. This characteristic may be due in some measure to the fact that the top gear is high. Coupled with this high speed and flashing acceleration, especially on second and third speeds, are the benefits of extremely accurate, light steering and an exceptionally delightful suspension. Back seat passengers have remarked on this again and again, and it is true to say that there is literally no more movement at the rear than in the driving seta.

This high, safe and stable performance, if used, can result in some fantastically high average speeds for what is, after all, a small, light and compact car. Thus on a 32 mile cross country stretch of fast road, embracing only two towns, I have on several occasions averaged 60 m.p.h. against the watch. Thirty-five to forty minutes is a standard time for this stretch. On longer cross country runs an average of 50 m.p.h. is a common occurrence. Petrol consumption averages, say, 30 m.p.g., though since rationing came in this figure has been improved by frequent coasting with the engine switched off.

Oil consumption is negligible, but should it increase I imagine I can change the hard cast cylinder liners which are fitted in the aluminium monobloc.

The jacking-up arrangements rely on pads attached to the frame adjacent to the extremities of the dummy running boards. Their use entails a certain amount of grovelling, but once one discovers their position the job is straightforward enough.

The only renewals made to the car have been one shock absorber bracket and a set of oilless bushes for the steering connections. I do not count the rear universal joints as such, as these were added in order to bring the car's specification up-to-date and the old ones were by no means worn out.

The only crab to the car that I have discovered so far is that the running is inclined to be rough at the lower end of the speed scale. Having reached the fifties the machine seems to run more and more sweetly right up to its maximum. Cruising, by the way, can be reckoned at anything from fifty to seventy-five. To compensate for this lower speed roughness is the fact that the car is so alert that it brings back a real thrill to motoring, which more sedate vehicles sometimes lack. One gets a definite kick out of a run on this car every time one takes it out.

Another small criticism is the tendency of the car to plaster its back panel and wings with mud. The front and door panels do not suffer noticeably in this respect. The rear muddiness must be due to the creation of a considerable low pressure area, caused by the passage of the car through the air. Mud thrown up by the rear wheels, or spray spread sideways from the front wheels, is sucked into this low pressure area and the result is that a film of dirt soon covers the door of the boot. But apart from those small points the car has a tremendous appeal for those to whom motoring is something more than mere transport.

WAR-TIME LIGHTING REGULATIONS

CONSIDERABLE uncertainty still appears to exist regarding the regulations in force at the present time affecting lights on motor vehicles. This is evident from the many and varied methods now commonly adopted for screening. The R.A.C. has prepared the following summary of the regulations with which motorists have to comply.

SIDE AND REAR LAMPS.—These are obligatory, and the aperture through which light is emitted must not be larger than 2in.; the reflectors must be painted matt black or otherwise rendered non-effective, and the glass must be partially obscured by placing behind it paper or some other uncoloured material having a density equal to that of two sheets of newspaper. Alternatively, a thin coat of paint to obtain the same effect is permissible.

Any windows at the side, rear or top of the side lamps must be completely obscured, and also the clear window at the side of the rear lamp which normally illuminates the rear number plate.

STOP LIGHTS.—These are permitted provided the area of the aperture through which light is emitted does not exceed one square inch. This aperture has to be partially obscured in the manner which has been described for side and rear lamps.

DIRECTION INDICATORS.—The transparent panels must be treated in a manner which restricts the light to an arrow-shaped window having arms not exceeding ¼in. wide.

HEADLAMPS.—The new official three-slit standard mask for headlamps is not yet compulsory, and will not be until adequate supplies are available. It may be utilised, however, and can be fitted to either the near or offside head-lamp. Where this mask is not employed, the existing regulations require that the bulb must be removed from the off-side lamp. Behind the glass of the nearside lamp must be fitted an opaque cardboard disc in which is cut a semi-circular aperture 2in. in diameter with the base uppermost. The centre of the base must coincide with the centre of the lamp. The lower part of the reflector must be blacked out by means of black cardboard, black paper or two coats of matt black paint up to a distance of half an inch above the centre line of the reflector.

Headlamps must be extinguished during the period of an air-raid warning.

COMBINED HEAD AND SIDE LAMPS.—Certain types of cars are fitted with combined head and side lamps. In this case, the offside lamp is treated as a side lamp after the main bulb has been removed. The "dim" bulb is retained. The glass should then be screened or blackened off to a diameter of 2ins., the reflector rendered non-effective and the aperture through which light is emitted partially obscured in a manner similar to that prescribed for side and rear lamps.

FOG LAMPS.—An unscreened fog lamp is permitted provided it is additional to the ordinary head lamps, is operated by a separate switch, and is fitted below the headlamp level. The beam must be directed downwards and towards the near side. The use of fog lamps is only permitted when fog is so thick that progress without it is impracticable. Such lamps must be switched off immediately on an air-raid warning.

BRIDGE

BIDDING TO OPPONENT'S SUIT

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

I CAME across a hand recently which caused a certain amount of trouble, both in bidding and play.

Bidding by the A-B pair made it difficult for the Y-Z pair to reach a game contract.

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

B	Z	A	Y
One Heart	No Bid	One No Trump	Two Hearts
No Bid	Two Spades	No Bid	Three Diamonds
No Bid	Four Clubs	Double	Redouble
Four Hearts	No Bid	No Bid	Four Spades
All pass			

With no ruffing values and a very weak hand A bid One No Trump, although Two Hearts would have been preferable since he did not have a stop in the other major suit. Y, with his very powerful hand, decided to force his partner to call by making a bid in the opponent's suit. With a No Trump response from A it appeared probable that most of the remaining Hearts strength was massed in Z's hand and therefore B passed. Z's next two bids do not call for any comment. Having opened with practically no defensive tricks, B took out Y's redouble and Y decided to try for game.

The opening lead of the 9 of Hearts was ruffed with Y's 9 of Spades. Y now decided that B must have the King of Diamonds and so led the Ace and Queen of Diamonds, did discard the 3 of Hearts from his hand. Y now received a nasty jolt when A produced the King of Diamonds. In an endeavour to stop Z from ruffing the hand A led a trump, the 10 of Spades was played by Y, the Queen by B and the Ace by Z. A small Club was led. A split his honours by playing the Jack and Y took the trick with the King. The Jack of Spades was now played and the 7 of Diamonds ruffed. A Club was returned, A played the 7 of Clubs and Y's 10 of Clubs took the trick. The King of Spades was made and Y's hand took the remainder of the tricks. It will be noted that if, at the fourth trick, a Heart had been returned and Z ruffed, A-B must make a Spade trick and Y-Z find their trump strength somewhat uncertain.

It is rather difficult to say exactly how Z should have played the hand, but in view of the trump weakness I think he should discard a Diamond on the first Heart lead. If B takes the lead with the King of Hearts he is very awkwardly placed, since a low Heart allows Z's Queen to make and the Ace of Hearts ruffed by Y establishes the Queen. Assuming B returns a Club and Y's King takes A's Jack, Z can now afford to take the King and Ace of Spades and finesse Diamonds, intending to throw B in the lead again. After the successful Diamond finesse a Diamond can be ruffed, Clubs played through A, A's last trump extracted and Y-Z make the remainder of the tricks.

In the following hand played in a duplicate pairs tournament the A-B pair managed to obtain a top score by coaxing Y-Z to double them into a game contract.

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

A-B Love Y-Z Game.

B	Z	A	Y
One Club	One Diamond	Two Spades	Double
No Bid	No Bid	Three Hearts	Double
No Bid	No Bid	Four Clubs	Double
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

The following neat problem has been sent me by Mr. Farrant, of Winchester.

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

Diamonds trumps. Z to lead and Y-Z to make all the tricks.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT MONTEVIDEO

We give below a game won by the World's Champion in the recent tournament at Montevideo (*Field*, November 11th).

(Indian Defence.)

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

(a) P to Q Kt 3 followed by B to Kt 2 is considered to be the best line of play for Black here, e.g., 4. . . . P to Q Kt 3; 5. B to Kt 5, B takes Kt, ch (5. . . . P to K R 3; 6. B takes Kt. B takes Kt, ch; 7. P takes B, Q takes B is an alternative line); 6. P takes B, B to Kt 2; 7. P to K 3, P to Q 3; 8. B to Q 3, Q Kt to Q 2; 9. Castles, Q to K 2, to be followed by P to K 4 with an even game. The text-move is premature, and allows White to play his Queen's Bishop to a good post at Q R 3.

(b) Threatening to win a pawn by 11. B P takes P, B P takes P; 12. P takes P, Black being unable to play 12. . . . Kt takes P because of 13. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 14. B takes Q P.

(c) If, instead, P takes P, then P to R 6.

(d) Threatening B to B 6.

(e) Not B to R 6 because of the reply R to K 3.

(f) If 20. . . . B to Kt 3, then 21. R takes Q, B takes Q; 22. R to Q R sq followed by 23. R takes P.

(g) A bad mistake which loses a pawn. Black should, instead, play P to K B 3, to be followed by B to B 2.

(h) Threatening R takes R.

(i) If 26. . . . Q takes R P, then 27. Q to K 5, P to B 4 (if 27. . . . P to Kt 3, then 28. P to Kt 4 followed, if 28. . . . B takes P, by 29. Q to Kt 5); 28. Q takes Q B P with advantage to White.

(j) Making a flight-square for the King. If, instead, Q takes Q B P, then Q to Q 8, ch; or, if Q takes K B P, then Q to Q 5.

(k) If, instead, 29. . . . R takes B; 30. Q takes R, Q takes R P, then 31. Q to K 6, ch, K to B sq (not R to B 2 because of Q to R 8, ch); 32. Q takes P, ch, B to B 2; 33. Q to B 8, ch, B to K sq; 34. Q takes P.

(l) Threatening P to Q 6 followed by B to Q 5, ch.

(m) He is helpless against the threat of 35. P to Q 6. P takes P; 36. P to B 7.

NEGLECTED DEVELOPMENT

In the following game, played in a tournament for the championship of Jugo-Slavia, neglect of development by Black led to his speedy defeat.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Vukovic.	BLACK. Rosic.	WHITE. Vukovic.	BLACK. Rosic.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	11. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4 (e)
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 2	12. Kt to B 3	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4	13. P takes P	Kt to Q 4 (f)
4. B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2	14. Castles (K R)	Q takes B P (g)
5. P to K 3	P to B 3	15. B to Kt 5, ch	B to Q 2
6. P to Q R 3 (a)	P takes P (b)	16. B takes B, ch	K takes B
7. B takes P	Q to R 4	17. Q to R 4, ch	K to Q 2 (h)
8. B to R 4 (c)	Kt to K 5	18. Kt to K 5	Kt to Kt 3 (i)
9. Q to B 2	Kt takes Kt	19. Kt takes P, ch	Resigns (j)
10. P takes Kt	Kt to Kt 3 (d)		

(a) Played to avoid the Cambridge Springs Defence (6. . . . Q to R 4).

(b) This is not a good move. Black should, instead, play to complete his development, e.g., 6. . . . B to K 2; 7. Kt to B 3, Castles, 8. B to Q 2 and now either 8. . . . P takes P or 8. . . . P to K R 3; 9. B to R 4, P to B 4.

(c) If Kt to B 3, then Kt to K 5 practically forces White to move the Bishop.

(d) Not 10. . . . B takes P because of 11. Q to Kt 3, P to Q Kt 4; 12. B takes K P, P takes B; 13. R takes B and wins, Black having nothing better than 13. . . . Q takes R for, if, instead, 13. . . . Q to B 2 or Kt 3, then 14. Q makes P, ch, K to B sq; 15. B to K 7, ch, K to K sq; 16. B to Q 6, ch and mate next move. 10. . . . R to Q 3, preparatory to castling, is, however, better than the text-move.

(e) P to K R 3, to be followed by B to Q 3 and Castles, is preferable.

(f) Black, already behind in development, should not waste time in an attack on a pawn.

(g) This is fatal. Black should, instead, play P to K R 3, to be followed by R to Q 3, but, in any case, White has the better game. If, instead of P to K R 3 14. . . . Kt takes P, then 15. Kt to K 5 (threatening Kt to B 4), Kt to Q 4; 16. B takes P (threatening Kt takes P) with a winning position for White.

(h) The only move to avoid the immediate loss of the Queen.

(i) If, instead, Q to B 2, then Kt to B 4, ch and wins.

(j) If 19. . . . K to Q 4, then 20. Q to Kt 5, ch and wins. If, instead, 19. . . . K to B 2, then 20. B to Kt 3, ch, Q takes B; 21. Q to B 2, ch wins the Queen.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Holland and Poland.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. A. D. de Groot. (Holland).	BLACK. P. Frydman. (Poland).	WHITE. A. D. de Groot. (Holland).	BLACK. P. Frydman. (Poland).
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	9. B P takes P	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	10. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. P to B 4 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	11. P takes P (d)	R to K sq, ch
4. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	12. B to K 3 (e)	Kt takes P (f)
5. P to Q 4	P takes P	13. Castles	B takes Kt
6. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5	14. P takes B	Q to R 4
7. Q to Q 3	Castles (b)	15. B to Q 4	R to Kt sq
8. B to Q 2 (c)	P to Q 4	Resigns (g)	

(a) A useless move, since Black cannot be prevented from playing P to Q 4. White should, instead, play P to Q 4.

(b) Black can, instead, damage White's pawn-formation by playing B takes Kt, ch, but at the cost of parting with one of his Bishops. The text-move is better.

(c) B to K 2, preparatory to Castles, is better.

(d) If 11. P to K 5, then 11. . . . Kt to Q 2; 12. P to B 4, P to B 3, with the better game for Black. (If 13. P to K 6, then 13. . . . Kt to B 4.)

(e) Not B to K 2 because of P to Q B 4 with the terrible threat of B to K 3. K to Q sq is, however, better than the text-move.

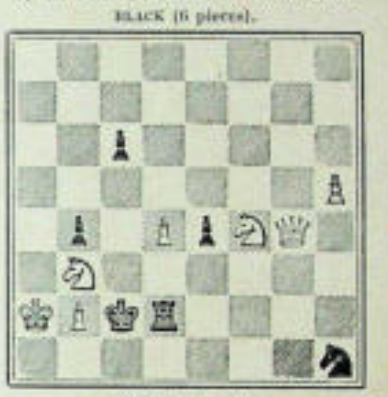
(f) Threatening to win a piece by playing Kt takes Kt.

(g) Black threatens 16. . . . Q to R 6, ch, and White has no good move. If 16. R to Q 2, then 16. . . . Q to R 6, ch; 17. K to Q sq (if K to B 2, then R to K 8, Q to R 5, ch; 18. K to B sq (if Q to B 2, then R to Kt 8, mate; if, instead, 18. R to B 2, then 18. . . . R to Kt 8, ch; 19. K to Q 2, K R to K 8, and wins), R to K 8, ch; 19. R to Q sq, R takes R, ch; 20. Q takes R, R to Kt 8, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4042

By H. OTT and Dr. P. DIKENMANN.*

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4041

1. Q to Kt 4. Any move; 2. Q, R or B mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. K to R 4, B to Kt 3 (the only move to avoid the immediate loss of the Bishop); 2. K to Kt 5, B to R 2 (again, the only move); 3. K to R 6, K to Kt sq (once again, the only move); 4. K to Kt 7 and wins (the Bishop is lost).

EUWE *v.* LANDAU.—A recent match between Dr. M. Euwe and Dr. S. Landau ended in the victory of the former by 7½ points to 2½.

TOURNAMENT AT BUENOS AIRES.—Shortly after the congress at Buenos Aires a tournament was held there. The first and second prizes were shared by Keres (Estonia) and Najdorf (Poland), each with 8½ points out of 11. Among the other competitors were Stahlberg (Sweden), P. Frydman (Poland) and Gras (Argentina).

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 545

ACROSS.—8, Eats (4, 4). 10, Is he always on edge? (6). 11, The man on duty replied that the house was built on cement (hidden) (4). 12, This is no robbery (8). 13, 6 without a postscript (6). 14, Swindled (anag.) (8). 16, Where the hiker sleeps? (6). 17, One way to start a race (4). 18, The messenger's accent really was terribly bad (hidden) (6). 22, Settle oneself comfortably (6). 24, This lily is a daffodil (4). 26, A trim tree (6). 27, Easily alarmed (8). 30, Long John Silver's weapon (6). 31, A form of mental derangement (8). 32, The men made neat heaps of the fallen trunks (hidden) (4). 33, "So sweetly she bade me adieu. I thought that she bade me ——" (Shenstone) (6). 34, Soothes (8).

DOWN.—1, Dances all over the place (6). 2, A broad carved sword (8). 3, Run against in London (6). 4, I can never believe Roger is in earnest (hidden) (4). 5, Most people have a pet one (8). 6, Reel past (anag.) (8). 7, Tea fines (anag.) (8). 9, What some wild elephants are (6). 15, "The worst of madmen is a —— run mad" (Pope) (5). 19, No longer a gate-keeper? (8). 20, Confiding (8). 21, His memory is perfect (8). 23, What one should be in all one's work (8). 25, The children of Uranus and Ge (6). 28, You won't be able to see through this (6). 29, Not dense (6). 31, I hope a true story of the massacre will be written one day (hidden) (4).

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

SOLUTION TO No. 544

Published November 25th

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges, Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Pike.—There is no doubt that pike do an immense amount of harm in salmon rivers. They are very prolific, lay an enormous number of eggs, and take a very heavy toll of the salmon parr. Small pike are often more troublesome than large ones, for big pike feed on small ones to a great extent, and so reduce the number of their own progeny. I believe that some fishery boards in this country undertake their own netting, but details could only be obtained by approaching the boards themselves. In general it is not a question of whether pike should or should not be destroyed, but whether the number destroyed justifies the cost. As to means of destruction: in rivers with a fair flow of water (there are seldom pike in very rapid rivers which contain little weed) the French pike trap is probably the most economical method. These traps do not need baiting, but should be put in the river within reach of the bank and examined every day or two. The best positions for them can be found by experiment. They can be obtained in England from Farlow & Co., 11, Panton Street, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1; no doubt from other firms also. I do not know an address from which they can be obtained in Ireland, but possibly the Fisheries Department, 3, Kildare Place, Dublin, could supply an address. They are not so efficient in still water. In rivers which open out into a slow-flowing and rather weedy stretch pike are very destructive of smolts on their way to the sea. If you have such rivers in your district the most economical method is to grub up the weed in such stretches. This destroys the cover for the smaller fish which are preyed upon by the larger ones, and their number is reduced very appreciably. Open water is good for salmon parr and bad for pike. The most difficult problem occurs when there are loughs in the course of a salmon river. In this case the pike are usually in the lough and the problem of their destruction is difficult. It is best to observe closely the habits of the pike. In many loughs they have special breeding grounds in shallow weedy places, where they can be seen spawning in May. The weed bed with the fish on it when located can be encircled with a net and the pike shot while spawning; some success has been had with lime in such cases, but it is rather a risky business unless the area is some distance from water likely to contain gamefish. Unfortunately, no satisfactory method of poisoning newly-hatched pike has yet been discovered. It is a matter on which scientific experiment is badly needed.—*S. S., Sligo.*

Gardening

Fig Tree Fruits Not Ripening Properly.—Fig trees require no pruning except to keep them in shape. The fruits are produced on the young growths, so they should not be cut. Fig trees should not be manured, but if the fruits are small and dry it indicates lack of moisture, which is essential with thorough ripening. A mulch of well-decayed green manure would be helpful. Yes, all suckers should be cut away.—*M. M. L. C., Cheltenham.*

Miscellaneous

Game Reserves in East Africa.—The following is the list of game farms in East Africa which you require. Egypt: The Ibex reserve, 100 miles south of Cairo, which the ibex migrate to at certain season periods. Sudan: National Park in Equatoria Province under consideration. Reserves in Senkat-Erowit district, in Berber and Khartoum province, and near Abyssinian frontier. Three partial reserves on the Upper White Nile. Belgian Congo: Parc National Albert and Parc National de la Kagera. The Kundelungu, Lusuma, Kibali-Ituribiele, Lualaba and Semliki reserves. Various partial reserves. Uganda: Bunyoro and Gulu reserves, Lake Edward, Lake George and Toro reserves. Kenya: Northern and Southern reserves. Tanganyika: Serengeti National Park. Reserves at Katisr, Kilimanjaro, Mtanda, Mount Meru, Lake Natron, Ngorongoro, and the Saba and Selous reserves. Nyasaland: Reserves at Chidzimpiri, Kasungu, Lengi, Tangadzi. Northern Rhodesia: Kapie reserve, David Livingstone Memorial Reserve, Mevero Marsh Reserve, Victoria Falls Reserve. Southern Rhodesia: Gazuma Reserve, Chibi, Wankie, Matopol, and Victoria Falls Reserve. South Africa and Bechuanaland: Kruger National Park, Kalahari National Park, and a number of small reserves, chiefly for particular species. S.W. Africa: Reserves at Etosha, Grootfontein and Walfisch Bay. Algeria: Eleven small reserves of doubtful value. Cameroons: Reserves at Duala and Edea, Garoua, Kribi and Fort Foureau. French Equatorial Africa: National Parks at Oubangui-Chare, Gon-Sassuiko, National Park of Middle Congo. Reserves at Lake Chad. Madagascar: Ten complete reserves, but their efficacy not known. Dahomey: Reserves in Mayen Niger, and Circle of Savalou. Guinea: Reserves of Boke, Dinguiraye, Kankan, Yago: Reserve of Soxode. Mauritius: Assalia and Bentillimit reserves. Senegal: Reserve on Portuguese Frontier. Ivory Coast: Reserve of Sassandra and one other reserve. Angola: Reserves at Luando Quanza, and Huila. Mozambique: Matapo, Limpopa, and Inhambane reserves. Eritrea: Reserves on Sterit River, Aragali, Plain of Samuti, Hazamo Plain and Mount Alghet. Italian Somaliland: One reserve. Libya: Bengazi reserve.—*Dr. H., Weybridge.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis Among Rodents.—We have received the bodies of a wild rabbit and a red squirrel which had died as a result of the contagious germ infection of the bowels and liver known as coccidiosis. In each case the animal had been infected for some weeks at least, the bodies were emaciated. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of infected rodents. Young are more highly susceptible to the disease than old rabbits. In order to prevent the disease from spreading, kill off the rabbits in the warrens beside which dead or dying rabbits have been picked up. Dig in the holes, and dress the ground over and around the warrens with quicklime. If shot rabbits are thin and, when opened, show white spots in the liver, the flesh when properly cooked is suitable for human food, but the insides should be burned. Dogs, ferrets and cats must not be fed with the uncooked flesh or internal organs of such diseased rabbits.—*R. B., Strathspey; D. M. R., Somerset.*

Aspergillosis of Budgerigars.—We received for post-mortem examination the bodies of two budgerigars in an emaciated condition. The cause of their illness was a germ infection of the lungs known as aspergillosis. The disease had been slowly progressing over a long period; usually it causes attacks of wheezing, which one of our correspondents likened to asthma. Later on the disease usually causes laboured breathing, particularly after any exertion. There is no known curative. Aspergillosis is usually confined to only one or two birds in an aviary; it is not a spreading disease. Usually the source of the disease is spoiled food or mouldy litter, and insanitary aviaries or cages. Thus regular and thorough cleanliness of the aviary, the daily removal of wasted and stale food, and the storage of seed in airtight tins are the preventives of this fatal disease. One of the owners expresses anxiety about being able to procure food for her collection of budgerigars. We are given to understand that no shortage of budgerigar seeds is expected by the trade. There are numerous supplementary foodstuffs for aviary birds; fountains are still available in fields and hedgerows. Bread crumbs, or pieces of waste bread dried crisp in the oven and ground fine, should be damped with milk and fed as a mash. Rice, wheat, oats and maize can be ground to the size of millet seed and fed as a mixture. Pieces of fresh fruit such as apple, pear, orange and grape should be given as a routine, alternated with fresh vegetable, such as the heart of lettuce, the inside of brussels sprouts, a piece of cucumber, carrot from which the skin has been scraped, and the yellow-green tops of celery.—*A. E. S., Aberdeenshire; K. M., Herts.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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THE FIELD

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H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham

DEER CONTROLLER FOR SCOTLAND

A recent portrait of Mr. Frank Wallace who writes on the transport and marketing of venison in this issue

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THOUGHTS ON FOOD

FOOD is a subject that has loomed largely in the news recently. We are to be rationed for bacon and butter to 4oz. per person a week. And we must register for sugar. That is no very great hardship, and, since the rationing does not in any case come into force until after Christmas, the burden is still further lightened.

But we must not imagine that our personal responsibilities cease the moment this rationing comes into force. Such a view, unfortunately a fairly prevalent view, is altogether wrong. The most difficult thing in the world to control, in the sense of limiting, is a war. No one knows what is going to happen on the Continent.

It may be that we shall have to be rationed yet further; almost certainly prices will rise still further. A rise in prices automatically means rationing for certain people not so well placed financially, a fact which their more fortunate brethren either do not realise or conveniently forget.

Here we can all help—not only those less fortunate than ourselves but also our country as a whole. We can be economical in our use of those commodities that are not subject to rationing. We should, as a national duty, adopt such an attitude in our homes.

War means inevitably a dislocation of the usual methods and channels of trade. A great proportion, far too great a proportion as the *Field* has always maintained, of our foodstuffs comes from overseas. It has to come at present in ships under the convoy system. That system, as we well know, is a sure safeguard against the submarine. But it has, inherent in it, one or two weaknesses from the trade point of view. There is delay while the convoy is collecting; the speed at which it travels is controlled by the speed of the *slowest* boat; and its port of arrival may well be one from which distribution facilities are not all that they might be.

There may, therefore, be from time to time a certain delay in the arrival of certain commodities in the retailers' shops. While that is probable it does not mean that there is to be any permanent shortage in those commodities. That is most improbable in this war, which is just one other way in which this war differs from the last. But it does mean that we should, all of us—but more particularly perhaps the rich (if there are any)—be economical in the way in which we stock our larders.

It also means that we should pay more attention to home-grown foods. We are paying such attention, of course. We hear a lot about the Grow More Food plans and Dig for Victory. All excellent. But have we taken that quite far enough? Have we looked at it in its widest aspect?

To take but one commodity—cheese. This country used to make cheeses second to none in the world. Many districts had their own special varieties, and they were all excellent. Yet in almost all the big London and provincial restaurants before the war there were on sale many foreign cheeses but few English—and now that the foreign ones are hard to obtain there is scarcely any selection at all.

Cheese is good food—satisfying and nourishing. The English were once a great cheese-eating nation, and a great cheese-making nation. Could not the Government devote some attention to this question of cheese?

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE

AT the advanced age of 91 Her Royal Highness Princess Louise died in a period she can never have expected to have troubled the last year of her life. It was a life that had witnessed great social changes and in the early part of which she had been in advance of the thought of her times. Princess Louise was a champion of women's causes, and a talented sculptor as well as an artist and authoress. She took part in out-door pursuits when they were not usually indulged in by her sex, for she was a keen angler and expert skater, and Canada introduced her to tobogganing. It was to that country she went when her husband, the Duke of Argyll, was appointed Governor-General in 1878, and with her death the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders lose their Hon. Colonel-in-Chief, as also do the Kensington Rifles. A personality of charm and kindliness has left us; another link with her august mother, Queen Victoria, has been severed.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1142.)

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

DEEDS WITH THE BAT

"Don Bradman, the Australian cricketer, scored 300 runs in a club match yesterday." This laconic sentence in the course of a radio sports bulletin kindled visions of sun-baked wickets "down under," with the Bradman machine engaged in mass production. But 300 runs "yesterday" smacks of super-human speed even for a Bradman on show in a club match. Where and what the match was remains a matter of speculation, for neither radio nor Press threw further light upon it. Meanwhile cricket is going on in various parts of the Empire and it seems to us that the daily Press would be doing good service by giving more news about such sunny diversions in these days of black-outs. There are the Sheffield Shield matches in Australia processing as usual and bringing fresh deeds by such old friends as Bradman, McCabe, Fingleton, Badcock, Barnett, O'Reilly, Fleetwood-Smith, and even the evergreen Grimmett. Nor is the game less lively in India, where the Pentangular Tournament has been won by the Hindus, last year's runners-up, who beat the holders, the Muslims, by five wickets at Bombay, thanks largely to C. S. Nayudu, who took seven wickets for 78, and V. Merchant, who scored 88 not out.

TRUE FOXHUNTING

The present situation in the hunting world has certainly given cause for the determination of the reasons why hunting exists at all. It is not, as one of our correspondents writes this week, because of the pomp and ceremony, nor is it continued for the purpose of affording a pleasant gallop across a good line of country with a fox as the excuse for riding over other people's land. Far from it. The object of hunting, as we see it, is to form a partnership with one's horse so that one can see hounds working all day long with as little interference as possible. It is the men and women who hunt in this way who will be responsible for the continuance of hunting after the war. As hounds and hound-work are the basis of hunting, it is more the pity that those responsible for hound breeding are still so much in the dark as to the future. Every kennel in the country is in a state of doubt. For the offices of Minister of Agriculture and Secretary for War, as at present filled, we have the utmost respect. But we are still awaiting Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's pronouncement in the House of Commons on foxhunting.

EARLY WINTER ON THE STREAMS

Unless the weather hardens up very definitely between now and Christmas there will be more water in the coarse-fishing rivers than anglers will know what to do with. Wide-stretching flooded meadows at the head waters of Ouse and Nene last week suggest a plethora of water when it gets to the low levels where the best fish congregate. But a good stream in autumn does much to free the bed from its souring load of waterlogged leaves, which this autumn seem to have spread a heavier curtain than usual on the surface, as though the rivers needed a black-out of their own. But should the weather favour—and it is nature's way to re-adjust the balance—there should be good spinning these next few weeks for pike and perch whose erstwhile weed-grown haunts have been torn from them by the push of water—and spinning before the weather gets too cold for comfort is the best of all antidotes for December's chills and ills.

THE CORNHILL

With this, the December issue, the *Cornhill Magazine* is suspended. The *Cornhill* was founded in 1860 and its first editor was William Thackeray. For eighty years the magazine has maintained a standard second to none in English literature, and Lord Gorell's editorship was in every way what his famous predecessors would have wished and expected. The loss of the *Cornhill* is a grievous blow to English literature. We can only hope that the suspension will not be for long.

PLAIN COUNTRY

The seeming waste, the level, the humble land
Which tucks its hamlets carefully away
From the smart highroad and the casual stay
Of hurrying eyes, reveals with motherly hand,
To those who love her golden moods and grey,
Her secret tones; of sedges pale as sand,
Of lights in peaty tilths more rich in play
Than raven-purple silks of Samarcand.
No, not to them who search with worldly stare,
In the high pomps of June-light are revealed
Her innermost ways; power kills what it would share.
It is to laden skies, to hearts annealed
By pain that her wind conjures, like an air
Of magic, her subtlest hues of dyke and field.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

TO find one of the old wood-hodgers, turning chair-legs with the pole-lathe in a clearing of the beechwoods, is as difficult as finding a marsh-warbler's nest in a forest of corn or marsh-grasses. The analogy is just; not merely are these particular craftsmen almost extinct, but none living or dead have been so intimately an expression of the secluded nature in the depths of which they ply their ancient art. The whole scale of processes—felling or "falling," splitting and chopping, shaving on the draw-shave horse, measuring, sawing and finally turning—is played through not only in the midst of primitive nature, but following her laws and according to her rhythms. Wordsworth wrote:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

This is true of the wood-hodger, who is even worthier of the poet's imaginative sympathy (which he has never got) because, while hand-in-hand with nature all his life, he does not idle about like the favourites of literary folk, but spends his time, his labour, and his inherited aesthetic capacity in the service of man. In the old days these hodgers used to make chairs as well as their legs, and of a variety of different woods including yew, walnut and fruit-woods. Now there is only one left who does that, and one of his chairs I possess cannot be distinguished in beauty of line, complexity of ball-turning and elegance of shape from the best Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Queen Anne Windsor designs.

The pole-lathe is the most primitive hand-made contrivance that exists for finishing work of great skill and delicacy in execution. The pole is of larch or beech (if a sapling straight enough can be selected), but the larch must not be grown in clay, when it makes too clumpy a growth. It is fixed outside the "hovel" in the wood, passes through a square opening in the wall and hangs by its flexible tip over the lathe, hand-made (like everything else in the hodger's outfit), with planks, uprights, "rests," centres and their "thumb-screws" and foot-treadle. A cord is tied to the tapering end, twisted once round the chair-leg, and attached to the treadle. When the foot presses down upon the treadle the leg revolves towards the hodger, and this is the moment when he applies his chisel, and not on the up stroke, when the leg turns away from him.

The pole-lathe as an implement does not merely look traditional—a translation of the beechwood into terms of human use and industry—it is so in historical fact. Its original, I believe, is the bow drill of the bowl-turners whose handicrafts have given fame to the Glastonbury Lake Village of 50 B.C. Earlier still, Kimmeridge coal-money and shale-bracelets were turned out by a kind of pole-lathe in the late Bronze Age. If an implement is very old, our generation, which has kicked the past into the dustbin, immediately regards it as an antiquity to be dumped in the basement of a county museum. The barbarian culture of the twentieth century is incapable of realising that, if such an implement has been in use for two or three millenia, the reason is, not that its users are old-fashioned, petrified in their ways, unprogressive, but that it is so perfectly adapted to its particular office as to be independent of change. Not the most expensive machine that has been or could be invented, even in the most completely automatized era of specialisation, could turn wood as the pole-lathe does, and that is why it has lasted from B.C. to A.D.

The pole-lathe worker in the wood, the purr of whose chisels is but a change of tone from the suspiration of the wind in the beechen tops, has been blessed by nature in another sense. He works with her, and she has conferred upon him her three greatest treasures, good health, personal dignity, and the economic stability of mastery of his craft. Upon the human community he, in his turn, has conferred life-long service and objects of utility graced by beauty. It is these things that are old-fashioned and not the pole-lathe. So much so that the very utmost he can earn, working ten hours a day for six days out of seven, is 30s. a week. Now he cannot earn even that, and this hallowed craft has reached its last days out of more than 2000 years. The last time I saw and talked with a hodger in his "hovel" among the beeches, the wood was hung with banners of golden bronze and the floor was cloth of gold. Nature was honouring a long line of craftsmen who have been faithful both to her and to men in the heroic ways of peace.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Nature note:

"There are the rats which eat young ducklings alive. Foxes too, which wantonly slaughter a whole henroostful of birds and carry off one alone to satisfy their hunger.



The ideal rough shoot holds a little of everything

THE DEMAND FOR ROUGH SHOOTING

Combining Variety with Economy

ONE of the effects of this war will, I think, be to increase the demand for rough shooting, both over the duration and after the end of hostilities. After the 1914–18 war, many people, chiefly for financial reasons, were glad enough to get a bit of rough sport, people who in former days had been accustomed to rear their own game and have several shooting parties during the season. Others of this class availed themselves of the opportunities offered under the syndicate system, a system to which is due a great deal of the game rearing that has been carried on over the last 20 years. Syndicates have had their share of criticism, but certainly without them there would have been comparatively little preservation and less business for the gun and allied trades, and unemployment for many a keeper.

What always seems to constitute a problem is the demand for rough shooting in the vicinity of big cities, especially in the case of London. Judging from inquiries and reports there must be thousands of men who would jump at the chance of getting a little knockabout shoot within easy train or car ride of the Metropolis. London may be the spiritual as well as the material home of millions, but it is only the material home of a multitude whose hearts and interests lie elsewhere. It is, indeed, truly cosmopolitan in every sense. Many of these are not in a position to join syndicates, let alone do any game rearing on their own. Their only chance of getting any sport, apart from what they may be fortunate enough to enjoy as guests, lies in their finding some sort of rough shoot.

The ideal rough shoot is, of course, a place that holds a little of everything. A few covies of partridges, an odd pheasant or two, some hares, snipe, woodcock and duck, and, naturally, plenty of rabbits and pigeons. These latter form the backbone of most rough shoots, and offer a number of advantages. They can be shot during about three parts of the year, affording practice for both gun and miniature rifle. They cost nothing to preserve, being generally considered more of a pest than anything else. Pigeons at least can give as sporting shooting as any bird that flies. Both are excellent eating when properly prepared, and can be cooked with greater ease and less elaboration than real game.

So on a rough shoot sport may begin in June when delightful evenings may be spent with a suitable .22 rifle, stalking the more forward of the young rabbits. By July pigeons will be feeding on the ripening corn, and may give some excellent shooting if a good vantage point is located and set in order. Even if there is no corn land, a certain number of birds will be about, and by knowing his ground the shooter will be sure of burning some powder at them. In August there will be more and better rabbit shooting, perhaps better pigeon shooting. Thereafter the season proper stretches away with all sorts of possibilities. Then when February comes and many a game-shooter puts away his gun, there are still the rabbits to turn to; and, perhaps the best of the pigeon shooting. For by then there may be hordes of foreign birds to augment the home supply, and the big organised shoots will begin. As a matter of fact, provided the winter has not been unduly mild and breeding has not begun, some of the best ferreting may be enjoyed in February. At no other time are the hedges so bare, and the buries so exposed. What is more, rabbits will often be found sitting out in scattered and unexpected places, in obedience no doubt to the earliest promptings of the coming spring. During the whole of March pigeon shooting will go on—it may even extend into April. There is, too, the sport to be had in keeping down vermin.

No wonder, then, there is a demand for rough shoots. They provide so much for so little. The trouble is that so little of the country around London seems to be of the rough shooting type. It appears to be for the most part one or other of two extremes—either highly-preserved shooting or of no-sporting value at all and merely a breeding-ground for vermin. And in those places where just pigeons and rabbits abound, farmers do not seem too keen to let the shooting. This characteristic is so different from that shown in districts that are far removed from great centres of population. For there, in many places, pigeon shooting at least can be had almost for the asking. I suppose it is that farmers near the big centres suffer to such an extent from trespassers and other intruders who either do not understand or do not care what harm they do, that they think twice before giving some stranger permission to shoot what to them is a harmful pest. Certain it is that many an absolutely bona-fide applicant receives a blunt refusal.

It may be that as a result of the present war shoots on which game has been reared in the past will have to be allowed to lapse from their original status and become more or less rough shoots. Again, the demand for rough sport may have the effect of bringing home to owners and farmers the potential value of what lies neglected at their doors. Thus it seems likely that there will be more opportunities for those who want rough shooting. And certainly in view of the financial burdens that we shall all have to shoulder, there will be more of us who will be only too glad to have this kind of sport.

Indeed, in the best sort of rough shooting, some of the finest sport imaginable can be enjoyed, and anybody who has the chance of it is lucky. For here there is all the charm of variety and uncertainty, and the need for the greatest exercise of woodcraft. Hard work and exposure to every kind of weather will be the rule. And with it all comes a realisation and satisfaction that more orthodox sport may fail to bring. The man who has the freedom of some wild rough area where he can knock about at will and who occasionally comes in for a bit of driven game shooting, has little about which he can complain.

"SCOLOPAX."



"QUADRUPEDANTE PUTREM SONITU QUATIT UNGULA CAMPUM"

"TO THY SPEED

IF there is a word in the language which has a loosely defined meaning, and is generally misinterpreted, that word is Speed. Usually it is given the narrow definition of the rate at which man can travel from one location to another, which, of course, is far too circumscribed to convey its true meaning; rather should we regard Speed as the rate at which any operation can be performed in a given time.

There are many who condemn speed whenever the word is mentioned in their presence, merely because of their imperfect understanding of what that word really implies, and yet those same people would be indignant if, through the lack of speed in some form or another, they were caused inconvenience in their daily routine of life.

The true definition of speed is undoubtedly general and not specific. From prehistoric times, man has always striven to crowd more and more operations into the time at his disposal, in order to make life easier and more tolerable. All through the ages he has incessantly endeavoured to speed up the means of producing the necessities and luxuries of life; in other words, the end to which he has striven is to attain more and yet more speed, and that is exactly what is still happening at the present time. Speed, therefore, should not be regarded only as a definition of the time that is taken to move from one location to another.

If we allow our minds to travel back over the ages we can imagine the primitive hunter who depended for his existence on his capacity to outwit far stronger and swifter creatures than himself.

To obtain his food and to ensure his safety he was obliged to find some means of striking in a manner more quickly and surely than nature had originally intended. Here his capacity to think came into operation, and realising he would never be able to run so fast as the animals he hunted he invented the bow and arrow, the spear, and the boomerang. We can also well imagine how and why man first devised the fishing net. In all probability he had noticed a fish becoming entangled in a mass of weeds, and the idea occurred to him if only he could reproduce that tangle by the work of his own hands, and set it where the fish were numerous, he could catch them faster than he could by employing a single hook, or by using a spear. And so a net was devised, made, probably, of fibres gathered from a wood nearby.

It will be appreciated, therefore, that our prehistoric relatives were for ever seeking after means of quickening up, an operation which was not only essential to the life of that day but which has since become far more necessary to intensify during the present age. It appears evident that we can assume that as time goes on, more, and even yet more speed will have to be employed in all these and other operations as civilisation advances.

When the old-time hunter found that it was not enough to send a missile flashing through the air he was forced to find a means of transporting his own person from place to place as quickly as possible. His task was to find a swifter creature than himself, and to train it to carry him. He chose the horse for that purpose, and through countless centuries he never dreamed of the possibility of devising any faster means of locomotion.

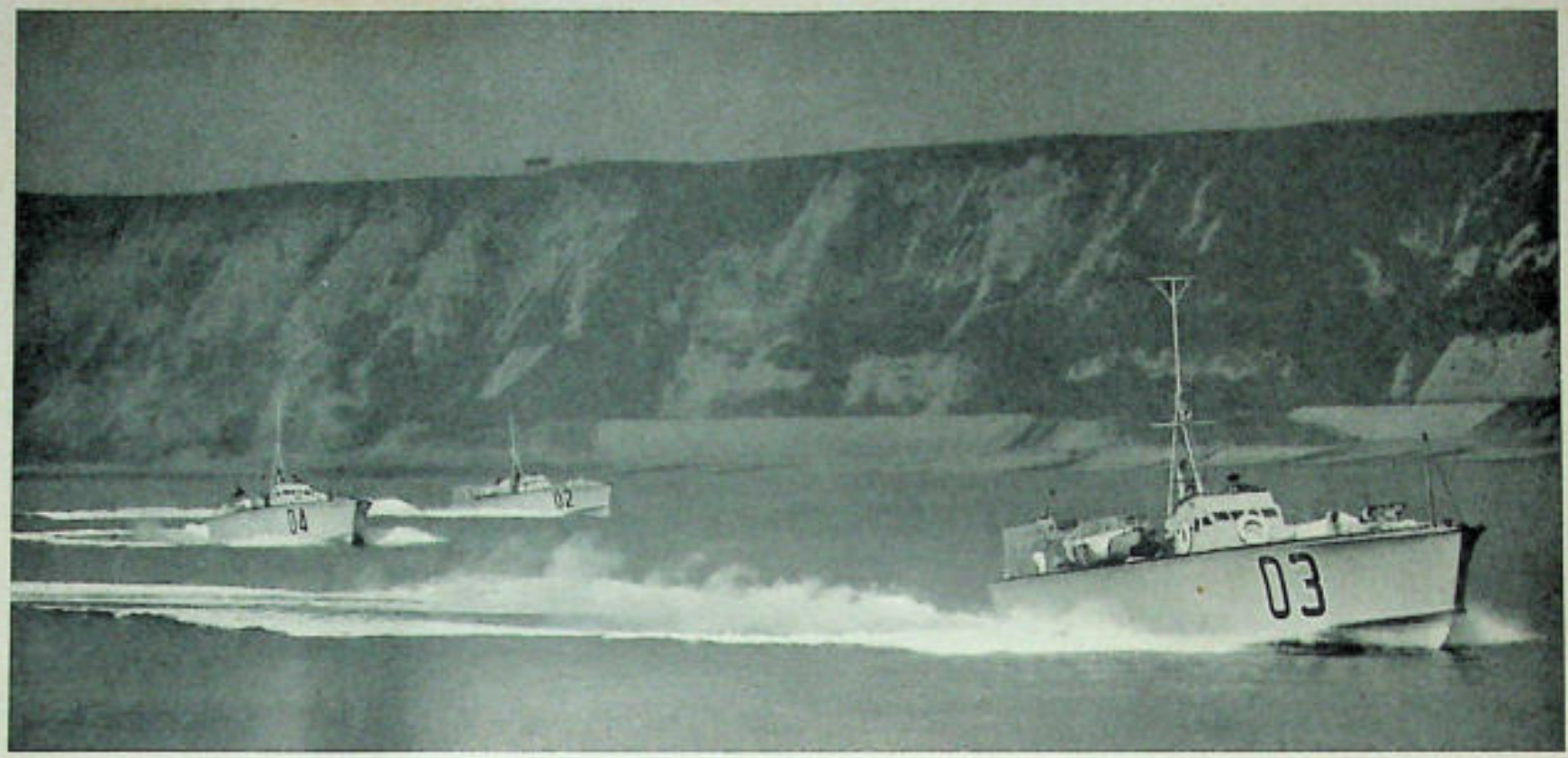
Without doubt the wheel has proved to be the greatest invention that man has ever devised; without it no progress could have been made. It is the wheel and the manner in which it has subsequently been employed that has been the means of speeding up operations, as nothing else could ever have done.

It is only, figuratively speaking, in very recent times, with the discovery of the potentialities of steam power, that there came a reshuffling of ideas and a realisation that the limit of an animal's running capacity was not the ultimate limit of speed.

When Stephenson invented his first locomotive, and the Stockton—Darlington Railway was completed a few years later, the majority of people in this country were aghast at this new means of transport, and it was openly stated by those who were sadly lacking in imagination that man was not meant to travel at a greater speed than that which a coach-in-hand could attain. All kinds of theories were put forward that the human body could not stand the strain of travelling at the rate of eighteen miles per hour, and it was even stated that when railways became universal the crops throughout the land would be ruined by the noxious fumes and the smoke of the locomotive. Yet, notwithstanding the tremendous opposition put



THE "CORONATION SCOT" RUSHING ON ITS COURSE BEYOND WATFORD



THREE MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS PATROLLING THE CHANNEL OFF THE DOVER COAST

ADD WINGS"

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

up by those who should have known better, the human race is even healthier than it was then, thanks to the advance of science and the medical profession.

In every generation there have been those who have deprecated speed, but we must not forget that they were speaking in the light of the knowledge of their day, which very seriously limited that outlook. It has been so all through the ages, whenever mankind has discovered a means of speeding up any of the operations which affect individual or communal life, and so it will always be.

Our trains to-day travel at more than four times the speed of the Rocket, which, a little more than 100 years ago, was regarded in very much the same light as the automobile when it was first introduced. It will be remembered how prejudiced the people of the country were against the motor car towards the end of last century, and how, for several years, the pioneers of the movement were not permitted to travel at a greater speed than four miles per hour, and, moreover, were obliged to be preceded by a man holding a red flag.

It does not matter what sphere of human activity we choose as the subject of research, we shall always find that every development is due to that demand for more and more speed.

In travel, in manufacturing process, in transport of every kind, and even in home life, we are continually asking for new inventions and devices that will assist in enabling us to live more quickly. In the office, the telephone has made it possible for us to accomplish more work and effect a far greater number of transactions in one day than could probably ever have previously been completed in a week.

In the home, we now have vacuum cleaners, and central heating apparatus worked automatically; kitchen stoves that keep burning throughout the 24 hours, electric or gas fires; all these devices are labour-saving, and consequently they spell speed. On the farm, all kinds of new and modern methods are at last being introduced. The tractor, for example, can do the work of six horses or more; then we have threshing machines and mechanical reapers, just to mention a few, all of which are means of speeding-up operations. Man has ever been seeking for new ideas and for faster locomotion, with the purpose of bringing places and countries near together, drawing ever closer the link of commerce and of family life, and spreading knowledge over the face of the earth.

In speeding up operations we are able to produce commodities at a much lower price than would otherwise be the case, thus bringing those commodities within the reach of rich and poor alike. Man's desire is and has always been to save as much labour as possible, to enable him to pack as much experience as he can into the very short span of human life. Obviously, these objects can only be achieved by attaining a higher rate of speed, not in transport alone, but in everything.

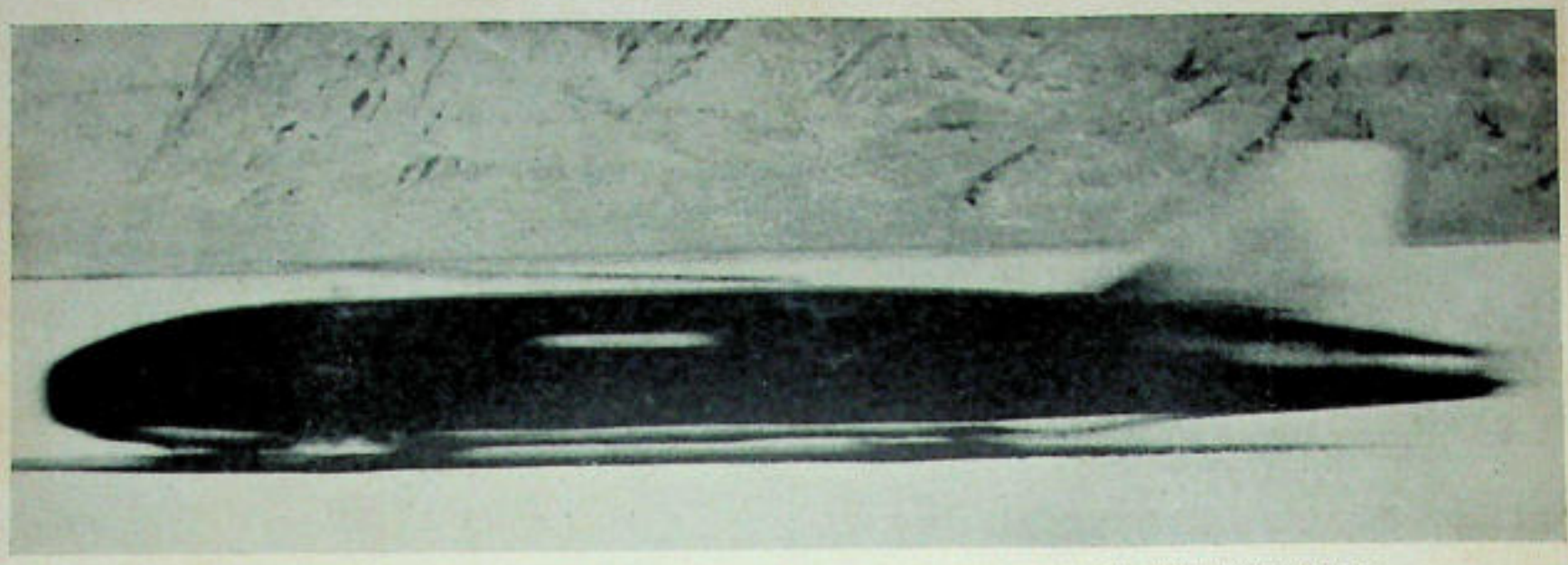
Even our amusements are speeded up, and just to give one example I would refer to the Newsreel, with which I have been associated for several years. We have to cram as much news of topical interest as is possible in a given length of film, which must not exceed more than eight minutes to run through the machine. Our commentary has to be concise and to the point, with just sufficient length and no more



A GERMAN CHALLENGE ON THE TRACK. THE SON OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GERMAN ARMY RACING AT DONNINGTON PARK



AT 20 KNOTS ON THE THAMES: THORNYCROFT LAUNCHES, BUILT AS FAST TENDER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY, DEMONSTRATING NEAR DAGENHAM



CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON'S "THUNDERBOLT" STREAKING ACROSS BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS ON HIS RECORD-BREAKING RUN

to each subject to enable the audience to follow clearly the subject that is portrayed on the screen. Every cinema theatre works to a timed schedule and not one moment is wasted, and the public are given a full entertainment, consisting of a certain number of pictures which they see in the minimum of time.

It is true we are now living at a very fast rate when we compare our present mode of living with that of our grandfathers, but this craze for speed in every sphere of our activities has not so far reduced us to the nation of neurasthenics which our fathers predicted. Rather has it given the community a wider life and better amenities than could ever have been possible under the older conditions. I often wonder how the clerk or factory worker employed his leisure hours during the week-end under the old regime.

In the days I have in mind, there were no bicycles, nor motor-coaches, and even if he possessed a pony and trap a man would never have been able to make excursions to the heart of the countryside as he now can. He would have been obliged to stay within the limits of the city or town in which he dwelt, and since his only means of locomotion was by walking the distance he could cover was therefore very limited.

Although civilisation brings within its train many disadvantages, yet the gains are so considerable that surely it must be agreed that speed, with all its attendant dangers, is definitely well worth while.

I am often asked what is the limit of speed and where is it eventually going to lead us? My answer is always the same; there is no limit whatever to speed itself when it is based on the velocity of a machine, or when the question is referring to the speeding up of operations. If we take as just one example the maximum speed at which it is possible to travel on a motor car, I say most emphatically there is no limit.

There are periods when we arrive momentarily at a limiting factor, and I have faced this myself on more than one occasion, but it has proved only to be of a temporary nature. In 1924 we were travelling at speeds which were then at the very limit of the durability of the tyres, and one might easily have then said that to travel faster than 150 m.p.h. was suicidal; it was for a short period, but remember what has been achieved in more recent years. Tyres were subsequently so greatly improved that for many years they could stand up to far greater strains and stresses than we were able to subject them to on world record-breaking cars. As speed increased so we once more reached the breaking point, until in 1935, when we exceeded 300 m.p.h., the tyres were so highly stressed that one burst whilst the car was travelling at its maximum velocity. When I pulled up we found that all the others were on the point of failing too.

Since that time tyre manufacturers have evolved even better tyres, and, consequently, the record stands to-day at 353 m.p.h. I contend that there is no reason why that speed in the future should not be raised to 400 m.p.h., or even higher, always, of course, provided ample funds are available for carrying out this highly scientific and costly work.



A GREYLAG IN FLIGHT

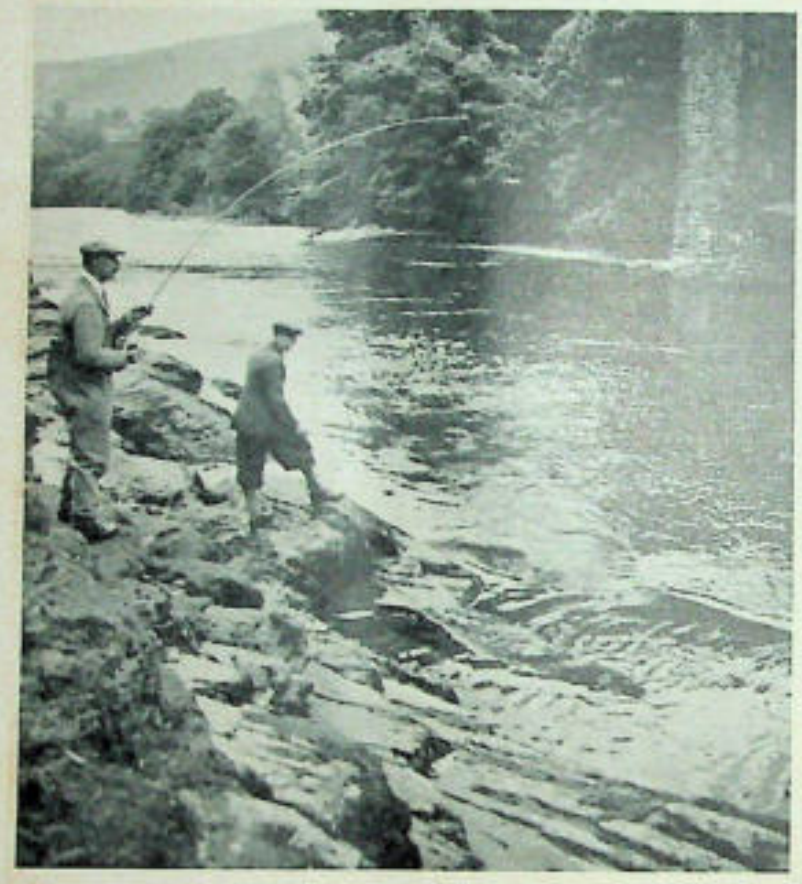
Nature's demonstration of speed on the wing. From a photograph by James Justice

THE SALMON OF THE ROUND POND

By ERIC TAVERNER

THIS is a story of the Round Pond, not the familiar sheet of water in Kensington Gardens, the particular preserve of very youthful fishermen armed either with penny canes, string lines and bent pins, or with bedraggled muslin nets, who proudly carry home—or as far as interest or curiosity survives—jam-jars stocked with minnows and other small fry, but a pool, quasi-circular in shape, on the Welsh Dee. I admit that the name, Round Pond, is a private one; but anglers who have fished between Carrog and Glyndyfrdwy will agree that it is appropriate to the broad pool immediately below Henfforddd and just above the long dub of the Mount Pool.

Over a long period of years our Round Pond, especially the strong run unequally dividing it, maintained the reputation it had earned of holding a large number of salmon and at the same time of offering the slenderest chance of sport. I knew this stretch intimately for eleven seasons, and can recall only one claim to have taken a fish by casting from the bank belonging to the Glyndwr Association—from the Ty Mawr side; the people opposite were never observed to fish this run at all.



THE BRIDGE POOL, GLYNDYFRDWY
Top: Into a twenty-three pounder. Right: The pull of a fifteen pounder. The angler is Major Douglas-Jones

We of the Association, who paid eight guineas a year, strongly denied any piscatorial virtue to the "fifty-pounders," as we derisively dubbed them. On days when the river was in spate it was common enough to see from the vantage of either bank fish after fish rising in the run; and these my fishing companion and I automatically marked down for careful attention as soon as the water was again in ply. And yet we were never quite certain whether, after all, these fish were travellers with a through ticket to some other pool higher up the river, and whether no more than an odd laggard would remain as the solitary tenant of what we imagined to be a very desirable lodge for salmon.

Viewed from the Glyndwr side the Round Pond consists of a backwater of fair depth, upon the surface of which are carried round many of those duns which, owing to malformed wings or some other cause, had been unable "to flie quite awaie into the ayre," as John Taverner phrased it over three hundred years ago. The bed of the backwater is soft mud and too treacherous for wading. Beyond that a rippling run flows strongly over a bed that, from observations made while taking a coracle down it in low water, I know to consist mainly of medium-sized boulders, flanked halfway down by two large, submerged rocks. On the far side of the run lies a broad stretch of quiet water, about 5ft. deep. The run issues from the pool above at a point in the "draw" fairly close to the Glyndwr bank; and a small, secondary stickle, situated about midstream, flows into the quiet area, but is so insignificant, that in high water it is merged with the main flow and in times of drought becomes the merest trickle.

At all states of water-level I used to fish the run, sometimes because I had seen a fish show there, sometimes just "on spec." Flies in many sizes and of various patterns, flies I had dressed with lead wire wrapped round the shank, rolling worms, floating worms, prawns trotted down with a cork to support them, prawns presented by "sink and draw," and the heaviest of minnows I could procure: all these tactics I pursued; and the others persevered in similar fashion. No one suggested he had had a touch, much less a rise. Yet it became a matter of tradition to try the run, when every other "catch" had failed to afford any sport, or when the river had fallen in, until there was no longer any current through the pools and the long reaches by the aid of which a fly could be fished effectively.

It was a wonderful evening just after midsummer that I found myself with my companion sitting on the steep, grass bank overlooking the Round Pond. We were there in obedience to a rumour of more than usually doubtful authenticity that some early sea-trout had ascended Llangollen weir. I had heard on the previous evening, just after dark, some splashes that were associated in my mind with sewin; and they had come from the direction of the run. Thus about dusk I began to wade cautiously across the "draw" of Henfforddd.

As no "fifty-pounders" were about at that hour, I determined to fish the run from their side, which by the rule that ownership extended as far as the *medium filum* it was surely my right to do! It ought in fairness to be mentioned that the local rule allowed a fisherman to wade and to cast wherever he liked, provided he did not face his own bank—a most useful arrangement in some places, but in others most of us felt that the legal presumption of ownership as far as the "middle thread" was the better authority!' Thus, if a "fifty-pounder" had turned up that evening with his retinue of gillies, valets, cupbearers and other attendants, I was ready to present him with an argument as watertight as his own waders.

But all these thoughts of fishing rights vanished suddenly. I beheld a salmon rise with a gentle nose-rise, as though it were delicately picking a spent spinner from the surface of the water, and beheld it where I had least expected—in the little stickle. Off came the seatrout fly in exchange for a small Silver Grey. Then, to avoid being observed against the western light, I made a short *détour* upstream until I was beyond the stickle. At the second throw there was a quiet boil on the surface very close to where my fly was swimming. The line appeared to draw. I tightened and to my joy discovered I had guessed right; but, without giving me a moment for thought, that salmon made straight for the top of the run, and went down it as fast as a powerful tail and a helping current could send it.

Several yards of line were stripped from the reel and half-drowned by these energetic tactics. A perilous situation; but the salmon went on. I thrust the rod-point as high as I could, and managed to swing the belly of the line clear of the stream's fatal embrace and after the escaping fish. A moment later I realised that all was well. If only he would stop before the end of the backing was exposed! And turn he did and came upstream pretty fast, leaving me with yards of line to recover.

But, as soon as he felt anew the taut line, away he went for the top of the run. Four times in all he descended it and four times, when he turned, he turned into the centre of the pool. Had he turned into the far backwater, no skill I possessed, no trick I could have employed would have availed. The force of the current upon the bellied line would have caused the gut to part or the hook to straighten.

The hook itself would never have pulled out, for it had taken a text-book hold, right in the corner of the jaw. Arthur Wood could have done it no better by design than I had done it by chance.

After a fight lasting twenty-five minutes a male fish in perfect condition came to the gaff. The spring-balance creaked as the pointer went down to register 24lbs.

I had barely recovered from this surprise when two other fish showed in much the same way in the lower end of Henfforddd, at the edge of which we were standing. My companion, who had waded across to gaff the fish I could now fairly call my own, threw all scruples to the wind, seized my rod and began casting over the nearer of the fish. Almost at once he was fast in it, which also, he told me later, took under water. He played it steadily until darkness fell and then, losing for a moment the direction of the line, allowed the fish to gain the safe hold towards which it had been straining, a sunken alder. "It's gone. Just poacher's luck," he said with a laugh. "Rather tough luck," I replied, "especially after you have wasted a perfect salmon evening by acting gillie for me."

A pound a minute; a ten-foot trout-rod; 1x gut. Those were our thoughts, as we walked silently back through a night whose texture we could touch. It was soft velvet. When we reached the stone bridge, that has defied the strength of Dee since the days of Cromwell, we sat on its parapet and talked. There was no doubt, we decided, that success had been achieved, not in spite of, but on account of, fineness of tackle, which had encouraged the salmon to spend its energy in its efforts to rid itself of the puny restraint on its liberty. That fish had, as Richard Franck said many years ago, "played the part of the felon who, putting the knife to his own throat, secretly murders himself."

Looking back at the methods we used in those days, I often wonder whether it would have been possible to take fish by casting from the Glyndwr side, but employing the greased line. The Round Pond is, alas! no longer part of the Glyndwr water; but, perhaps one day, I shall try.



"NO GROUND FREQUENTED BY DEER, WHETHER RATED FOREST GROUND OR NOT, SHOULD REMAIN UNDISTURBED"

TRANSPORT AND MARKETING OF VENISON

By FRANK WALLACE

Mr. Frank Wallace was recently appointed Deer Controller for Scotland, in which office he acts as adviser to Agricultural Executive Committees and as liaison officer on the subject of deer control between them and the Department of Agriculture. The powers delegated to the Committees relate to the action to be taken under the Defence Regulations to prevent or reduce injury to crops or trees or wastage of pasturage by deer, and Mr. Wallace's extensive knowledge will be available for co-ordination of policy with regard to agricultural production and the supply of venison as an article of food.

IN a previous article I mentioned some of the more important factors to be considered in forest management, particularly with regard to hinds, quoting extensively from that most valuable of all works with regard to the practical running of a deer forest, *Kein Heger—Kein Jaeger*. In these notes I should like to allude to some of the actual difficulties in war-time which beset the proprietor, his factor, or his stalker.

The first is transport. Having shot your hind, which may or may not be a matter of some difficulty, dependant largely on the weather, the carcase has to be conveyed to the larder. Many ponies have been commandeered and, without ponies, save in very exceptional circumstances, nothing can be done. Where those in charge of local arrangements for such matters as this are working together to make the best of a difficult job not only stalkers and gillies are pooled, but ponies also, and such an arrangement goes far to make things work smoothly. Such co-operation is, of course, very much more easily undertaken when hinds are in question than in the stalking season proper. Having then secured your ponies, the hinds are brought in.

The next question which arises is "Shall they be despatched to their destination with their skins on, or without?" It depends largely on the destination. Owners have been asked, so far as is possible, to carry on as usual, that is, to give away the amount of venison which they usually distribute and which is so much appreciated by those who receive it; to sell what they do not want through local retailers; and, if there is any surplus of which they wish to dispose beyond this, to make their own terms with any of the wholesale dealers who are ready to take venison in varying amounts.

In the first two cases the problem is easy. When it is a question of sending venison to a wholesale dealer who is probably in a large town, which means despatching it by rail, difficulties arise. After a considerable experience throughout the past two months I have no hesitation in saying that the advantages of sending the carcases in their own skins outweighs the disadvantages. This, in spite of the fact that to-day a great friend of mine, the head stalker in a very large forest roundly declared at a crowded meeting that he would not look at a hind which had not been skinned! Supposing the beast is skinned; it leaves the larder in splendid condition and if it could be eaten at once would be as good a meal as anyone could wish. It arrives, somehow or other, at the railway station. It may or may not be left lying about on a platform. Remember that it may not have been possible to cover it with sacking, as during the stalking season this was often impossible to obtain. It is then hurled into a goods van which may, or may not, be clean. Probably not. It may have to change before reaching its destination. If so the mishaps which it encounters during its odyssey will be magnified. At any rate it eventually reaches the bourne which awaits it. It is then hurled once more on to a platform and, having triumphed over wet platforms, perambulating and eclectic dogs the feet of porters, guards, freighters of various sorts, and all the many dangers which lay in wait to mar its pristine beauty, it arrives at the end of its journey and if anyone can convince me that it will arrive in a better condition skinned than unskinned he will have to be a very persuasive person.

Wholesale dealers in nearly every instance have asked for deer to be sent in their skins owing to the fact that they do arrive cleaner and in better condition. (In normal times, of course, there is no question which is the better way.) Venison is not rationed, nor is the price controlled so that it is entirely a matter for individual owners, tenants and factors to find the best market they can get.

There were many complaints among stalkers after the stalking season that they had received very poor prices for their stags. I happen to know that out of a total of over 500 stags sent to one dealer, seventy were condemned as unfit for human food. This was entirely owing to the fact that they had not been properly cleaned. What is euphemistically alluded to as the "pelvic cavity" had not been properly cleaned out. The bladder had not been removed and portions of excreta had been left. Failure to remove these will ruin a whole carcase in a very short space of time.

One stalker I know was very indignant at the prices he had received. He, as any other stalker of his age would have done, assured me that he had been connected with deer for forty years and that what he did not know about cleaning deer could be put in a very microscopic space. Of this I am quite sure but the fact remains that the carcases were condemned and I also happen to know, though I did not tell him so, that he was one of the culprits.

A beast may be perfectly, properly gralloched but unless something more than this is done it will rot. A very well known proprietor told me only this week that he was watching one of his stags being cleaned and in this process the larder man burst the bladder, which is not a difficult thing to do. A gillie who was standing by said "You've ruined that beast." The larder man replied "Oh, no. I'll wash it." He washed it in water but in spite of this the entire carcase was affected the next morning. I am only giving these facts in order to emphasise the necessity for the greatest care.

In my previous article I have alluded to the difficulty attaching to the question of which hinds ought to be shot. I cannot believe that the general policy of killing yeld hinds can, in the ultimate end, be good for the forest. Granted that the yeld hinds of one year are the milk hinds of the next, they are the best breeding stock on the ground, and in what other class of stock does the proprietor kill off his best females year after year, which is the policy which is being pursued on the majority of Scottish deer forests.

What I should dearly like to see ruthlessly shot throughout all Scottish forests are the late hinds and the late calves. They only do harm to the forest by prolonging the rut, exhausting the stags and transmitting their bad characteristics to their descendants. The ultimate aim of the forest owner should be to reduce his stock until it has reached a limit which his acreage can comfortably carry, with a proper ratio between the sexes. This, in Scotland, would probably be correct if there were four or five hinds to each stag. I do not want to bore anyone who takes the trouble to read this article with figures. If he hates them as much as I do he will probably be equally bored. Clever people have worked out tables showing all sorts of things, but from a practical viewpoint it may be taken as read that the proportion of sexes, from an ideal point of view, should be equal. Such a proportion, in practice is too much to hope for, but anyhow a number of hinds equal to the number of stags killed should be aimed at and I would strongly urge that *all* late hinds and calves should be exterminated.

It is a mistake to suppose that yeld hinds only are good for food. A good milk hind fetches about three shillings less than a yeld hind and the Provost of a large town in the north asked me only last week if I could help him to procure any class of hinds for making soup for poor persons.

Another very important point is to make sure that no ground frequented by deer, whether rated forest ground or not, should remain undisturbed. The Deer Committee of Inverness-shire have issued a circular asking those concerned adjacent to such ground to bring it to the notice of the committee. It is the only sensible course, for such ground inevitably becomes a sanctuary from which deer can issue to commit depredations when and where they like.

I fully admit that the hind shooting question is a very difficult one. Every stag that is shot before the 7th of October, say, is a potential source of good food. Not every hind is in the same category. Out of a bunch, say, of a hundred hinds and calves one may assume that not less than a quarter and not more than a third are good edible beasts. That is not to say that a greater proportion than this should not be killed!

It is a mistake to take all the hinds which are to be shot from one particular locality. I know one forest famed for its good beasts prior to 1914. During the war nearly all the hinds on the home beat, as being the most convenient, were shot, and the ground has never really recovered. Here again there are great difficulties but commonsense and co-operation with neighbouring stalkers will go far to overcome them.

That there is a considerable prejudice to be overcome with regard to venison as food is undeniable. English markets hardly deal in it at all. Why it is hard to say. If one goes into any restaurant on the continent between July and January there is always venison at a very moderate price on the menu. In Germany during the season 1937–8 a sum of 8,250,000 R.M. was paid for licences and nearly 23,500 stags were killed. The Germans do not waste food and yet venison here is not appreciated. Probably if those persons who turn up their noses at it here were to eat it unknowingly they would consider it delicious, as it is when properly cooked. Messrs. J. Roger, 28, Union Street, Dundee, have taken the trouble to issue a small booklet describing the best and simplest ways of cooking venison, and I would recommend those who are in doubt as to the best way to prepare it to write for a copy.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS OF 1939

MR. ARTHUR FAWCETT, who has been handicapper to the Jockey Club since 1931, does not play for safety when he frames, annually, his Free Handicap for two-year-olds. If the form-book does not give very definite indications of the precise merit of a noteworthy youngster, in relation to his or her contemporaries, he will sometimes grade the animal according to his personal opinion.

There are several flourishes of this kind in the recently published handicap of the two-year-olds of 1939, and Mr. Fawcett's treatment of Lord Astor's filly Golden Penny (Hyperion-Pennycomequick) affords a striking example. He makes her inferior only to four others and a mere 3lb. below the top-weight Tant Mieux, the grading of the top five being Tant Mieux 9st. 7lb., Rose of England colt 9st. 6lb., Stardust 9st. 6lb., Black Toni 9st. 5lb. and Golden Penny 9st. 4lb.

Golden Penny may be every bit as good as Mr. Fawcett reckons her to be. Her private reputation at Manton, where she is trained, is a high one and all who saw her win at a Newbury war-time meeting were impressed. She was receiving 10lb. from Prince Tetra, who was second, and beat him in excellent style by three lengths. In the Free Handicap she has been placed 10lb. above Prince Tetra, which makes a difference of 20lb. compared with the weights they carried in the Newbury race.

Obviously this is not in accordance with ordinary handicapping procedure. Golden Penny had one previous race and on that occasion was third at Derby to Prize Poem filly and Nizami, whom she met at even weights, subject to sex allowance.

The handicapper quite justifiably ignores that form, so far as it concerns Golden Penny. Doubtless she was backward, and suffered from her inexperience, but it is interesting to observe that in the Free Handicap she is rated 17lb. superior to each of the two-year-olds who beat her then on level terms.

To attempt to handicap satisfactorily a two-year-old who has only run twice and with a record similar to that of Golden Penny, is often hazardous, a fact which has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by the case of Bala Hissar, who was placed top of the Free Handicap of 1935. His exalted position could not be justified by his form. He was by Blandford out of the dam of Theft, and because of his breeding, his good looks and the exceptional success of the Aga Khan's stable at that time, he was widely reputed to be a colt of great merit and promise.

He did win the Dewhurst Stakes as a two-year-old, after being well beaten in a race of two runners by the moderate Concordat, but his trainer Frank Butters has told me more than once that neither as a two-year-old nor later did Bala Hissar show him anything at home to convince him that he was a good horse. And after his two-year-old days he only won one more race and that was when he beat three wretched rivals in a £200 plate at Haydock Park just before the Derby of 1936.

When the latest Free Handicap for two-year-olds is examined the relatively poor quality of the best horses of this age in 1939 is manifest. The French colt Djebel is not included. If he had been given a place it would have been at the very top and several pounds above the reigning champion Tant Mieux, whom he defeated by a very comfortable two lengths in the Middle Park Stakes. Djebel apart, Tant Mieux, the Rose of England colt, and Stardust were the obvious selections on form for the top three places. It was to find the next best that Mr. Fawcett exercised freely a personal opinion, not readily substantiated by deductions from, or interpretations of, public form.

Black Toni won two war-time races; previously he had been twice unplaced. He, like Golden Penny, may be well worthy of his exalted mark, but there seems to me to be far greater uncertainty about it than there is usually about the record of a two-year-old placed only 2lb. below the top of the Free Handicap. Many who are in the top 20 would not have been so high in an ordinary year. Epilobium, unplaced in moderate company, in a nursery at Manchester a few days before the Free Handicap was published may be flattered with 9st., while I cannot see why he and Black Toni should be so much higher than another war-time winner, Paprika (7st. 13lb.), whose merit, in my opinion, has been considerably under-rated.

It may be that this Free Handicap gives false values in more cases than usual. I have been looking at the Free Handicap of each season back to 1929, and noting, firstly, the subsequent career of the two-year-old at the top, and secondly, the place in it of the colt destined to win the Derby of the following year. The topweights of the period have been:

1938, Foxbrough II; 1937, Portmarnock; 1936, Foray; 1935, Bala Hissar; 1934, Bahram; 1933, Colombo; 1932, Myrobella; 1931, Orwell; 1930, Jacopo and Portlaw equal; 1929, Diolite.

Previous to last season the champion two-year-old for three successive years was in Boyd Rochfort's stable. Foxbrough II, who only ran twice at that age, was a complete failure as a three-year-old. Portmarnock also went through his second season without winning a single race, though he has been more successful this year as a four-year-old. Recently he was purchased on behalf of the Maharajah of Kolhapur, and he is going to India.

Foray continued to be smart over short courses, but did not stay well enough to distinguish himself in the classic races. Bala Hissar, as I have said, proved as a three-year-old that he had no right to his exalted place in the Free Handicap. We all know what Bahram accomplished, and Colombo won the Two Thousand Guineas and was third in the Derby. Myrobella did not stay, but was always a brilliant sprinter. Orwell won the Two Thousand, as did Diolite, who later was third in the Derby. Jacopo, unfortunately, went wrong at the end of his two-year-old career; but Portlaw, who was bracketed top with him in the Free Handicap, continued to be a good horse over short courses.

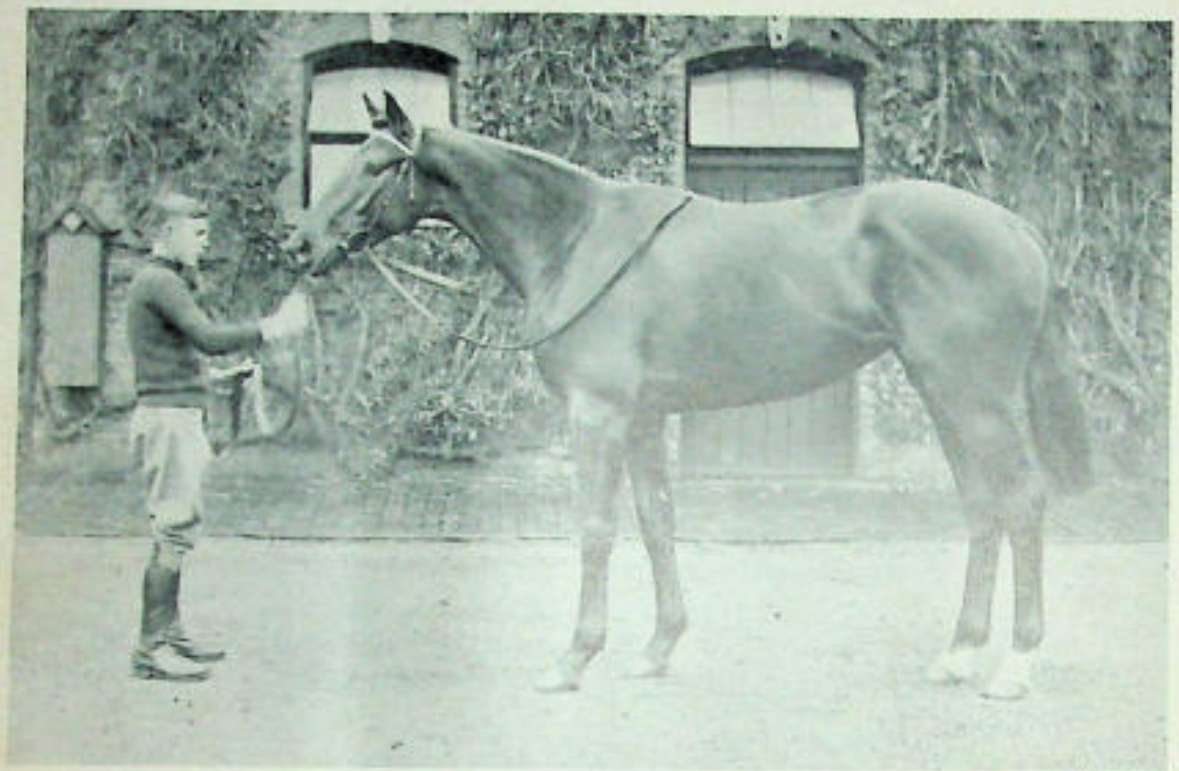
Here are the positions in the weights for Free Handicaps of subsequent Derby winners, the topweight each year being 9st. 7lb., except in 1929, when it was 9st. 3lb.

1938, Blue Peter, 9st. 3lb. (second); 1937, Bois Roussel, not placed—Scottish Union, 9st. 6lb. (second); 1936, Mid-day Sun, 7st. 11lb.; 1935, Mahmoud, 9st. 6lb. (equal-second); 1934, Bahram, 9st. 7lb. (top); 1933, Windsor Lad, 8st. 3lb.; 1932, Hyperion, 9st. (equal fifth); 1931, April the Fifth, not placed; 1930, Cameronian, not placed—only ran once at two years; 1929, Blenheim, 9st. (fourth).

These details show, I think, that the best two-year-old form stands the test of the classic races fairly well. Four champion two-year-olds in the last ten have won the Two Thousand Guineas, and though only one of them, Bahram, has won the Derby in the same period, Blue Peter and Mahmoud were second on the list, as was Scottish Union, winner of the St. Leger.

The Rose of England colt, equal-second in the Free Handicap just published, is my present favourite for the next Two Thousand Guineas, but the potential Derby winner is probably much lower in the list, if he is in it at all.

YEOMAN.



W. A. Rouch

LORD ASTOR'S FILLY GOLDEN PENNY, BY HYPERION—PENNYCOMEQUICK



W. A. Rouch

LORD GLANELY'S ROSE OF ENGLAND COLT, BY COLOMBO

USING MAP AND COMPASS

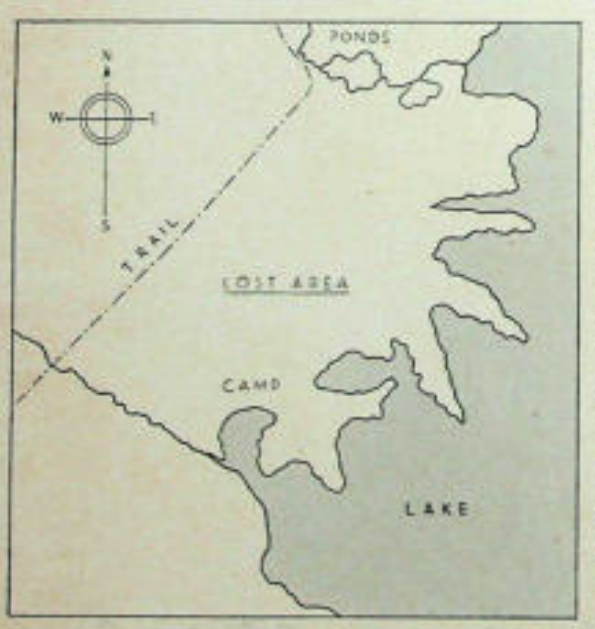
JUST because you own a trombone you are not necessarily a musician, nor does owning a compass make you a competent timber cruiser, as many a good man has learned to his sorrow. Have you ever been lost in the wilderness? Well, take it from one who has, that it is probably the most demoralising and shattering experience which a man can have, Akin to a nightmare, except that it gets worse and worse, until a hopeless terror engulfs you, rising like a tide higher and higher until it chokes.

To begin with just a lurking suspicion hints that you are wrong and you laugh it off, a stream that you expected fails to materialise, or is running the wrong way, the hills about you are all alike. Slowly it dawns upon you that you are lost and do not know where to turn. The first impulse of your awakened helplessness is to run away from where you are—wherever that may be. You try to reason it out but the mind is too confused to function properly. Off you start again hurrying breathlessly through the forest. You will be running presently if you do not watch out, tearing blindly through obstacles and then the Willies have got you.

We are advised that the tips of the tallest spruce always dip to the south, that the moss is thickest on the north side of the trees and the bark the roughest on that side, too, or is the moss thickest on the south side? Seems more reasonable; it is warmer there. I forget which it is, and I am placing no dependence upon it, for you may be in a pocket where the signs are all wrong.

Another bit of advice which often leads to trouble is that water always flows downhill and leads to civilisation. Hence if lost without compass or direction, follow the little rills down to the larger streams and thence to the mighty rivers. It is true, if your strength lasts, you may reach a factory town, but it would not always work. If you were in Western Canada north of 55 you would have a devil of a long walk. Up there for thousands of miles about, the waters all flow north to the Arctic Ocean. You would have to go up over the Polar ice cap and swing down the other side into Europe before you found a very civilising influence, and at that it might not be so hot.

However, this suggests being lost in a big way, which is not likely to happen unless you are an



explorer and then you expect it. Competent guides do not let their "sports" far out of sight in north-west. It would be difficult to lose yourself anyway in a country where the landmarks are so plain—all you have to do is pick out a mountain and hunt to it. It is the members of a shooting party camped on their own in the Maine woods or the Adirondacks who get lost.

It is in a flat second growth country like Nova Scotia, and the rolling woodlands of Maine and New Brunswick, cut up by bogs and ponds, so that you cannot travel a couple of miles on a straight line without wings, that danger lurks.

To illustrate my point I recall an experience of many years ago while moose hunting in Nova Scotia, near Lake Rossignol. My guide directed his brother, who was without previous experience in that part of the province, to take a less fortunate sportsman into a bit of country where we had killed a bull and seen lots of signs. I gave them a rough map of the district, which it transpired they neglected to look at and left in camp. It did not seem possible for anyone to get lost on the shores of that lake, but they did it.

They were in a section approximately fifteen miles square, bound on the east by the irregular shores of the lake, on the west by a trail running parallel to it; to the north they were hemmed in by a communicating series of ponds and streams, and to the south by a big brook that flowed into the lake at right-angles to the trail. But they did not know these things when they wandered back into the middle of that block of granite-strewn wilderness, trailing a moose through its bogs and low birch-grown ridges.

As they failed to return when expected we instituted a search, and found their vacant camp, but that was all. When two days later they wan



ONE DOES *NOT* GET LOST IN COUNTRY LIKE THIS—

dered back as weak as a couple of sick kittens they had an odd story to tell. Night was falling when they had finally come up with and killed their moose, and, quite turned around, they gave up the attempt to reach camp and spent a shivering night in the bush. When morning came all they could locate was the lake, but it was 20 miles long, and they did not recognise the part they were on. Late in the afternoon they decided that they were working the wrong way and turned back, spending another night out. They realised by that time that they were on a large promontory and should cut across, but the sportsman was thoroughly scared and refused to leave the shore of the lake again.

To humour him, the guide gave in and they wasted more time travelling fifteen miles to gain five about its bays and creeks. The guide was confident of the general direction, and left on his own would have struck off through the forest, until he came to the coast or a settlement which at the most was 40 miles away. But to get grub for the weakening sportsman, who had not been able to stomach fresh moose meat without salt, they had to find their canoe.

They actually came to the brook, which should have told them that they were too far south, but they had never troubled to study the map. Any one of those boundaries within which they were originally lost would have put them right and saved a lot of misery. They did not need a compass, and though they had one it was useless as they had not checked their course.

The lesson to be derived from this is to study a map of the country you are going to cover until you have a mental picture of it engraved on your memory; if you cannot get such a map make one as you go.

Having a compass means little or nothing unless you use it intelligently, yet the average sportsman buys the first cheap one he sees and says to himself, "Now I am all right if I get lost." How right? Knowing where the magnetic pole is does not mean much to a hungry man in the middle of a silent wilderness.

Suppose you have a compass but have not consulted it, until you realise that you are lost, except to note that you have travelled in the general direction of north. How much good is the compass going to do then, unless you know the lie of the land? If you consult a map and recall that a certain brook passed a couple of hours back runs in a south-west direction and empties into a pond on which your camp is located that is all you need to know; you reverse your direction until you hit that stream somewhere and follow it down—any child could do that. But suppose there is no stream in that intervening woodland or at least none that you recognise, then you have got to reverse your direction and travel back with minutest accuracy by compass, which is impossible unless you have been consulting it every fifteen or twenty minutes on the way out and noting it on the sketch map. You have only got to be out a couple of degrees in the general direction of a day's march and you will miss that camp on the return journey by miles.

Suppose, for instance, that you are in a hodge-podge of small lakes, twisting and turning amongst them. North a little, then to the east, north again, then a loop to the west—after doing this for several hours how are you going to return? By the compass? Yes, partly so; you could not do it very well without a compass, but if accomplished by compass alone it would be a miracle. It is difficult to remember all of those twists and turns, more difficult when you have to do so in reversed sequence. Much like being asked to recite the alphabet backwards. The only way you can do it with any degree of certainty is by drawing a map as you go.

The map is actually more important than the compass, but the compass makes it possible to orient correctly your map, which you cannot do accurately by the sun. But the compass alone will not bring you back to the camp which lays like a needle in a haystack, unless you check your route out and back every few hundred yards to a matter of a degree; if you do that you cannot concentrate on your hunting. Actually if I had to dispense with one or the other I would discard the compass for a map, in a country with landmarks, and trust to the sun for orientation.

Last winter while hunting in the low bush of Northern Santo Domingo, I was frequently alone while wandering about the sun-baked mesquite in search of wild pigeon and guinea fowl. Every bit of that thorn-bush, sun-baked country looked alike, there were innumerable cattle trails through it, but they led nowhere; there were no roads within miles, and but one river which led to the sea. But I had not any difficulty. Noting the sun I would hold it in a certain position, note the time and wander off into the silent bush, holding to my course by that pitiless orb. There was always the river; if I had become twisted I could hit that



—BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT MATTER

between the mountains and the sea. So I could get water and I had my gun. But I did not get lost.

One last word of advice; when you get a compass purchase a good one with a floating dial, then you cannot make a mistake. Last and most important, if you do get lost try with all the mental and physical fortitude you possess not to get panicky, not to exhaust yourself with fright, and hurry, and if the angel Gabriel comes down and tells you that your compass is wrong, do not believe him. It may be old Nick in disguise; he loves the woods.

P. C.

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

Some "Incidents" and Flukes

SNIPE are great fun in Kashmir, as they are mostly to be found on the edge of the marshes, where they make a quick getaway on a frosty morning; but the average snipe of the Indian plains, when walked up with the sun high, is a sleepy confiding bird compared with the harsh-voiced shadow which flits from an Irish boghole.

Only around Peshawar, of my Indian stations, where there is not enough shooting for the many guns, have I found them as difficult as they should be. One had to rise at half-past four in the morning and drive out in the dark to occupy one's jheel to get ahead of other keen spirits, and one bag of eleven couple killed with 42 cartridges was one of the best performances I have ever put up with the scattergun. Crunching through eat-ice in 6in. of water made every bird give a 30-yard rise, and each curled up over high reeds with a strong breeze behind it and had to be dropped before it got too far in to be recovered. Being in form with the gun on a morning like that is a grand feeling and, although my feet were numb, I was glowing with delight when I left the marsh to cook myself some breakfast over a spirit stove.

Of those days around Peshawar one or more of my brother subalterns were usually sharers. Of C. and W. I had already had experience in Butudelkhand, in particular the first day we went out together. The first "incident" was when C. shot at a big rat snake, just missed me with his first barrel and peppered the stern of W's terrier with the second. A little later, when walking up snipe with W. on the drier wing, a quail got up and flew straight towards a group of men seated on the coping of a well some 70yds. away. Regardless of consequences W. loosed off his piece, missed the quail and had to produce several rupees compensation a few minutes afterwards. The last item of the shoot was flighting for duck, and W. and I were seated on either side of a shallow arm of water. I carefully warned him of the probable line of the birds and my position; but when half a dozen pitched between us he promptly fired at them, bagged none but shot me in both legs. Fortunately nearly all the pellets struck my puttees and hardly penetrated the skin.

There was an amusing sequel a few days later. W's terrier, a fat little bitch, had a pair of drawers made to protect the places whence the pellets had been extracted. Naturally she was shut up, as she presented a most disreputable and raffish appearance in pink flowered cretonne panties, but escaped on the morning of a ceremonial parade to arrive at the moment of the general salute and post herself in front of her master's charger and gaze devotedly up at him, heedless of muttered abuse. The brigade commander had some remarks to make to the effect that, if our C.O. allowed his officers to bring their dogs on parade, he might at least see that they were decently dressed. His remarks were passed on, with further blistering comments, but hardly troubled W's carefree temperament.

In Peshawar another subaltern joined, who was even more dangerous. Twice I and another had to drop on our tummies in a jheel while he followed a snipe round with his gun as it rose in front and flew back between us, then missed it behind us.

After that I declined his company, but a year later, when sallying forth on Christmas morning with our doctor, he came out of the fort gate to join us, and, being Christmas Day, we had not the heart to refuse his proffered assistance in getting the snipe pudding for dinner. The very first bird that rose demonstrated only too clearly that he had in no wise reformed, and, deeming the doctor better able to deal with personal injuries, I slipped quietly away. I got enough snipe for the pudding but the doctor had most excitement.

J., our adjutant of those days, was a keen but very inefficient shot, though he got just as much enjoyment out of letting off his gun as any of us. I shall always remember his coming into the mess covered with mud, and announcing that he had at last got an average at snipe, and that it was one in 37.

One day he and I were out together and his sole contribution to the bag had been a teal, which he openly admitted was not the one he had shot at, and after lunch we arrived at the long strip of marsh some thirty yards wide, with a mud wall on one side. Lunch had been good and there was not room for two guns abreast, so there was no unselfishness in my suggestion that I should sit on the wall while he shot the patch alone. He started and within a dozen yards put up a jack snipe, which he missed with both barrels. It merely floated on, in the lazy way of its kind, pitched 50yds. further on and was missed again. Five times in all was the operation repeated and ten cartridges fired without result. Then J. came back to me and implored me to "go and kill the damned bird," which I did; he then declared his intention of having it mounted as a supreme example of impertinence.

Another of our mess was P., an average shot, who brought off the most amazing fluke I have ever seen. We were snapshooting with service rifles outside Chakdara Fort, when two teal were seen flying towards us about 90ft. up. "See me bag one," says P., throws up his rifle and drops a teal!

Between us we were responsible for some wonderful flukes, though some were bound to occur, as we were out with guns on nearly every possible day, but we seemed particularly prolific of them.

My first ten days trip with C. produced two good efforts. He was in disgrace, after we had sat up for a wolf which was doing a lot of damage. It was C's shot and he was sitting about 10yds. from me. The wolf arrived like a shadow and stood over the kill, a goat, offering a clear target at 5yds. in bright moonlight. It stood for a minute or more, then



IN THE KUMARI HILLS
A sure find for a pheasant

fled like the wind, as a loud snore came from behind the bush which concealed C.

Next morning we went out after blackbuck and found a herd with a shootable head. I had already got one so C. went off to stalk it, crawling through 18in. high grass for the last stage. Unfortunately he forgot that his butt end would be regarded with suspicion by the antelope, and a large and rounded rear elevation soon excited the attention of the herd, which, stirred by curiosity, walked off to a flank to get a better view. When C. arrived at his firing point there were no buck to be seen in front of him, and he gradually rose higher and higher to investigate, until the herd, which had been regarding him with interest from another direction, took to flight.

I then adjured him to stalk a peacock, which was feeding on the edge of a thicket, and he set off with a long-barrelled Mauser pistol to slay it. Just as he started a hare bolted, he fired at it with the pistol and knocked it over at 30yds., to our amazement.

C. then began to buck about his shot as we made our way to a little tank, which we shot over and were just leaving when a greylag goose, probably a pricked bird from some other shoot, pitched on the open water in the middle. It was about 70yds. away and, at my instigation, C. had ten shots at it with his pistol, which had a long wooden adjustable shoulderpiece. Only at the tenth did he shift the goose, which flew into some low reeds and stood with just its neck showing at about 120yds. In return for my mocking he challenged me to have a go at it with my .303 carbine, a wonderfully accurate little weapon, and I got the goose through the neck first try. As a deviation of less than an inch would have resulted in a miss I fear I must put it down as the second of two notable flukes for the day, though naturally I would not admit it at the time.

A fortnight later C. went out again and took some buckshot cartridges, only five slugs in each, for goose; in spite of our suggestions that the spread would be so great that he would never hit one. A big gaggle came over him and W., about 200ft. up, and C. let off one barrel at them; down came a goose with a single buckshot in its throat. He had the last laugh.

The December rains bring in another flush of snipe, and duck are to be found on every river and tank in northern India, while once, twenty miles out of Peshawar, four swans came over me and were missed through excitement. Just as well; for swans are of no culinary value and an ornament to any country, but I did not think of that at the time.

Most duck are delicious eating, but sometimes, when they are feeding on some particular weed, they may be so rank as to be quite unfit for the table, or any way for the normal European palate. The shoveler, which is usually a foul feeder on dirty village ponds and muddy backwaters, is often excellent eating in the north, when it feeds in clear running streams, such as the offshoots of the Swat River. The large and ugly Nukta, or comb Duck, is also not to be recommended for the table, but there are exceptions even with it. But it is rare in the extreme that a duck does not find favour with our Aryan brethren, and the ranker the flavour the greater the favour when one is presented to the native helpers; half a dozen coot will please the polers of one's dugout as much as their bakshish, though the last is by no means to be omitted, and the coarse-fleshed Whistling Teal of Central and Southern India is always a welcome gift.

Teal are the mainstay of duck shoots in India, and often nine-tenths of the bag consists of these most sporting little birds. There is great satisfaction in the mid-air collapse of mallard or gadwall, but there are few sensations to beat the bringing-off of a double (not just two birds out of the brown) from half a dozen teal on flight. To my mind they then seem faster than any other game bird, except the Himalayan pheasant which, having started 300ft. above one, comes hurtling downhill.

January is the great month for small game all over India, though south of Jhansi it is hardly ever cold enough to recapture that glorious feeling of well-being which a frosty morning with the gun gives one in England or further north in India.

GAME SHOOTING IN NORFOLK

By JOHN STEVENSON

Some Remarkable Records of Last Century

WHILE the dates of the opening of the various game-shooting seasons remain much the same as they were a century or so ago, it is more surprising to find that the records achieved by earlier sportsmen compare very favourably with those of later generations, especially bearing in mind the improved weapons since available.

In 1738, young William de Grey of Merton was just beginning his studies at the Bar, a career in which he obtained many high honours ending with his appointment to the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and elevation to the peerage as Lord Walsingham. His descendant, Thomas de Grey, M.P. for West Norfolk, who was born in 1843, and succeeded, as sixth baron, to the title in 1870, lives in sporting history as one of the greatest shots for all time. For example, on August 27th, 1866, on Blubberhouses Moor, Yorkshire, he is stated to have accounted for 215 brace of grouse—" a fact which has not yet met with its equal on any of the Yorkshire moors, nor on any other in England or Scotland."

Not long afterwards, however, on the same territory, Lord Walsingham easily beat his own record. In August, 1872, he killed, with his own gun, between 5.30 a.m. and 3 p.m., no fewer than 421 brace of driven birds. In 1888 he far surpassed this on Blubberhouses moor with 1,058 grouse to his own gun!

Wondering what kind of shot he used on that occasion, the analyst is reminded of the achievement credited to one, Mr. William Bell, of Norwich, who at Sprowston in Norwich, 1818, is said to have slain with one shot five and a half brace of golden plover!

What no doubt would be regarded as a very ordinary bag in present times was, in January, 1802, set down " as the greatest day's sport ever known in Norfolk " when the Duke of Bedford, Lord Paget, Lord John Thynne and others, shooting with Lord Cholmondeley at Houghton, obtained 165 hares, 42 pheasants, five rabbits, a woodcock, and two partridges, " notwithstanding the woods had already been beat five times this season."

Similarly it was then (in 1804) thought worthy of special remark when Lord James Townsend and Major Loftus, at Stiffkey, had between them 43 brace of partridges, and Major Windham, at Cromer, 25 brace.

As is well known, " Farmer " Coke was a keen hand with a gun until well into his eighties. In October, 1825, he took on Captain Ross for a £200 wager in a partridge-shooting match, with dogs but no beaters, each to load himself and pick up his own game. Bets were eventually declared off, as there had been an inadvertent breach of the rules, but up to then Coke had killed 54 brace to his opponent's 40. The Squire was then past his seventieth birthday.

On September 1st, 1820, Mr. Robert Hamond, of Westacre, " killed to one brace of pointers without cleaning his gun, 53 brace of partridges, a hare and a landrail. He missed eight shots only." As to hares, it was apparently not uncommon, in the early nineteenth century, for Holkham Park to yield 500 in a single day's sport, for smaller totals are set down as not being up to standard. In October, 1808, Mr. Coke and seven other guns, obtained, besides well over a thousand hares, 214 pheasants, 366 partridges, 983 rabbits, 30 woodcock, 12 wood pigeons and five snipe between them during a fortnight's shooting.

Regarding snipe, there were some remarkable bags in the season of 1841-2. At Rockland, Mr. Richard Crawshay killed four birds on the wing at one discharge, while, on Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's marshes at Langley, 60 couple in one day fell to the gun of Mr. Robert Fellowes.

The first recorded pigeon shooting match in Norfolk was on October 23rd, 1816, between Mr. Nicholas Bacon and Rev. J. Pitman. It took place " in a field near the Town Close, at Norwich " and resulted in a draw. Each killed fourteen birds out of twenty-one shots, the reverend gentleman's fifteenth bird falling 2ins. beyond the permitted distance of 100 yards.

In May, 1824, a Lynn gentleman whose name is not available, shot for a wager in the rookery of Mr. John Lloyd, of Pentney, no fewer than twenty dozen rooks with an air-gun. " He began at 6.30 a.m. and finished his task in a masterly manner, some eight hours later."

Sir Richard Sutton was by way of being an earlier Lord Walsingham, some of the battues being of so wholesale a character as to excite hostile contemporary comment; but some of his personal performances are certainly enviable. For example, at the Abbey Farm, Thetford, in September, 1834, he accounted for 222 head of partridges out of 246 shots.

There are some interesting facts to be gleaned, too, about the game laws. While there is game to be had, there will always, one may reasonably suppose, be poachers; but nowadays, happily, there are rarely such " murderous affrays " as the one in Thorpe Wood in January, 1805. Six men received sentence of death at Thetford Assizes, but were reprieved and got off with transportation. There was an exciting sequel, when a desperate attempt was made to escape from the guards conveying them to Portsmouth during their night journey on the coach from Norwich, and there was another stiff tussle before the gang could be lodged again in custody.

At Norwich Assizes in 1807, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, a claim was heard by Lord Albemarle for £700 damages against a Thetford game-dealer, whose counsel declared that " the interruption of his client's commerce had caused as much alarm at Leadenhall as the stagnation of trade between Britain and Germany was occasioning among the merchants at the Royal Exchange." In spite of this eloquent plea, however, damages of £40 were secured by Lord Albemarle " at the rate of £5 for each head of game that had fallen out of a basket sent by the defendant to the London waggon office at Thetford for transport to the metropolis!"

Dickens's "Mr. Justice Stareleigh," of Bardell and Pickwick fame (Gaselee, J. in real life) tried two serious cases arising out of night poaching. The first affair resolved itself into a regular battle between a score of keepers and an equal or larger number of poachers, in Heydon Woods, in December, 1826. A son of Lord Kensington, who accompanied the keepers, was knocked down and shot, but not severely. Nearly a dozen prisoners received the death sentence, though none was actually executed.

At Norwich, in 1836, five men stood trial for the murder of William Case, a keeper, at Methwold. Found guilty on the Judge's direction, all came within shadow of the hangman's rope; but the jury sent to the Judge's lodgings at the Deanery a declaration that " our opinion is that the prisoners were guilty of manslaughter, not murder, and it was our intention so to find had we not been called upon to give our opinion as to the facts."

The judge sent this curious rider up to London for the opinion of his brother judges, who held " it would not be proper in the circumstances to exact the extreme penalty."

A QUESTIONNAIRE ON MATTERS PISCATORIAL

IT is all psychology and psycho-analysis these days; and not the least offender is the popular Press with its interminable questionnaires. Questionnaires on love, health, money, politics, sport, and every other subject—fine and foolish—imaginable. All of which leads up to my questionnaire for anglers. There seems no reason why piscator should escape the probe.

FOR MEN.

(Questions to be answered on the " See this wet, see this dry " principle.)

1. Is your horizontal " arm stretch " more than 5ft. 6in.? Yes? No?

2. Is your mind of an inventive turn? Yes? No?

3. Are you good at arithmetic and do you appreciate particularly the underlying possibilities of addition, multiplication, extension, drying-in, etc.? Yes? No?

4. Are your descriptive powers above the average? Yes? No?

(Here the " eyes big as saucers " gambit merits mention. And did not the late Mr. H. T. Sheringham in his " Fishing. Its Cause, Treatment and Cure " write:—

" You can best reach the understanding of layfolks by the use of homely metaphor. ' As big as herrings ' is the phrase which they can comprehend. A bucket is an implement with which they are familiar. Therefore, if you tell your friends that you caught ' half a bucketful as big as herrings,' they will accept the statement. But if you informed them that you had fourteen fish weighing 7lbs., they would disbelieve, for they do not think in fish and pounds. They think in herrings and buckets."

On seeing XXX, what is your reaction? Do you think first of (*a*) the strength of a cast, or (*b*) the strength of a cask.

6. Do you consider the " Come Inside " joke over-rated? Yes? No?

7. Does the local fishmonger raise his hat to you? Yes? No?

8. Do you agree that the angler is a patient man? Yes? No?

9. And with the public's idea that rain makes fish feed? Yes? No?

10. Are you conversant with the branches of the brotherhood—dry-fly fishing, wet-fly fishing, nymphing, coarse-fish angling, spooning, spinning, poaching, etc. Yes? No?

11. Gardenia fly. Is this (*a*) a dry-fly, (*b*) a wet-fly, or (*c*) a worm.

KEY.

Questions 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 and 10.—Score two points for each Yes.

Question 5.—Score two points for (*a*) or (*b*).

(Reaction neither (*a*) nor (*b*) involves total disqualification.)

Questions 8 and 9.—Score two points for each No.

Question 11.—Score two points for (*c*).

* * *

A minimum of fourteen points needed to secure classification as an angler. The higher the total marks above fourteen the larger the size of next hat needed; and the maximum of twenty-two points calls not so much for a hat as a halo.

FOR LADIES.

(Questions to be answered on the " See this wet, see this dry " principle.)

1. Are you a sympathetic and patient listener? Yes? No?

2. Are you charitable? What I mean to say is, do you—graciously and disdaining " back answers " bearing on bars and barmaids—excuse your husband's frequent and prolonged absences? Yes? No?

3. Do you believe that salt-water fish swim freely in fresh waters? Yes? No?

4. Are you solicitous over the food and drink your husband takes with him on fishing excursions? Yes? No?

5. Do you " mention it " when you find your pantry buzzing with bluebottles? Yes? No?

6. Can you enthuse over your husband's bags? (Fish, of course—not trousers!) Yes? No?

7. If treasured feathers are " missing " from your hats, what is your reaction? (*a*) Rage, (*b*) amusement, or (*c*) tolerant understanding?

8. Do you connect Ananais and Job in any way with anglers? Yes? No?

9. Do you consider anglers mad? Yes? No?

KEY.

Questions 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6.—Score two points for each Yes.

Questions 5, 8, and 9.—Score two points for each No.

Question 7.—Score: (*a*) nil, (*b*) one point, (*c*) two points.

* * *

A minimum of twelve points needed to secure classification as " Mrs. Angler."

A maximum score of eighteen points would suggest that most of us walked up the aisle with the wrong woman.

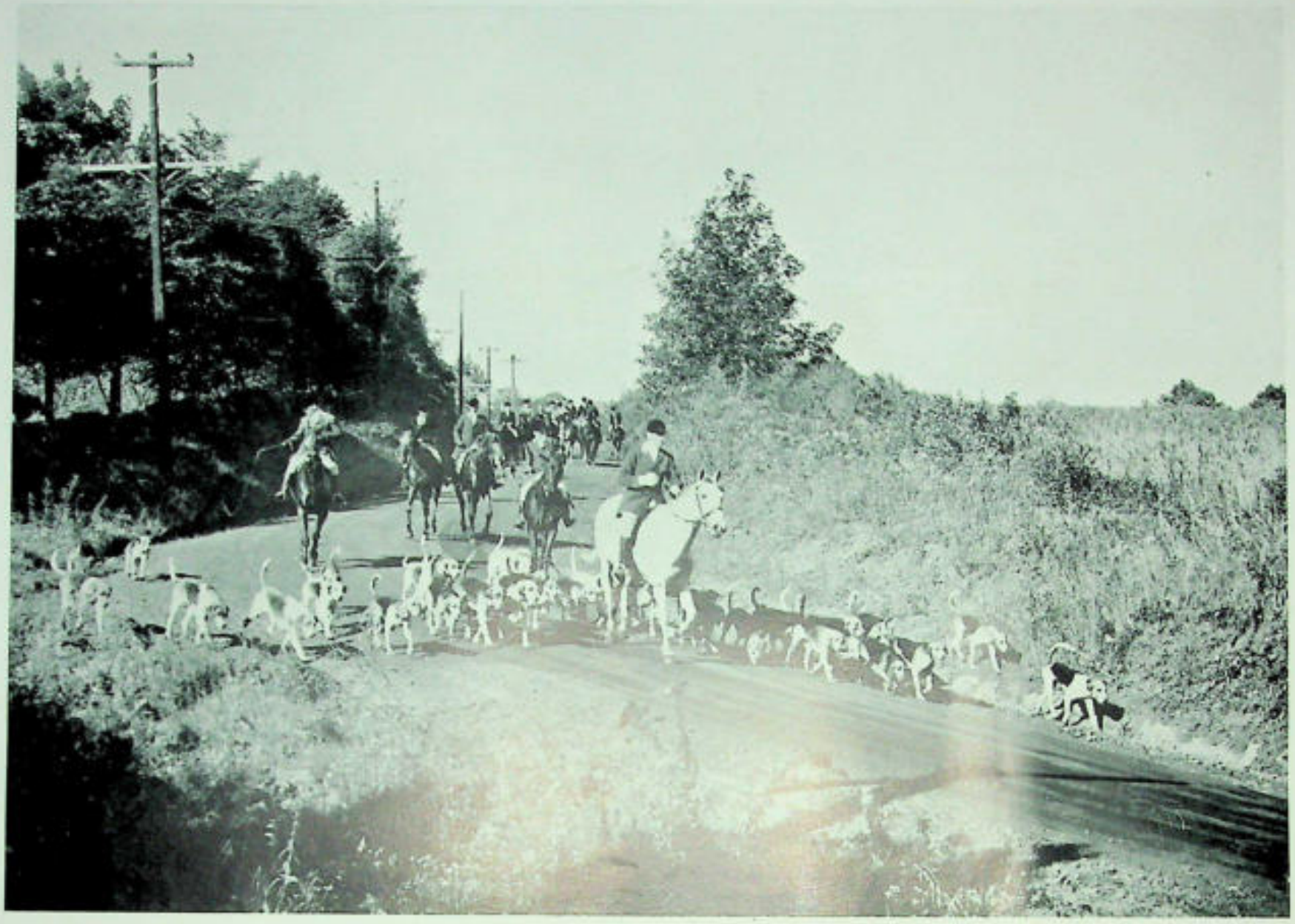
FADDIST.



You'll feel better when you've had a GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.85



BUT FOR THE TELEGRAPH POLES THIS SCENE MIGHT ALMOST BE IN ENGLAND. TO DESCRIBE HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES, HOWEVER, WOULD BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN TO DESCRIBE HUNTING ACROSS EUROPE AS A WHOLE

FOXHUNTING IN AMERICA

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

IN attempting this description of American hunting, I am well aware that there are a host of sportsmen whose broad experience on both sides of the water makes them far more eligible to undertake the task. Indeed, there must be Englishmen who have ridden with a great many more packs in the States and Canada than I have. At the same time their point of view would naturally be British and they might not always see deep enough to appreciate the reason for things as they exist over there, or fully appreciate the difficulties which the American foxhunter has to overcome.

It is because the vast majority of Britons understand so little of our condition, and because I think in many instances they are inclined to look down on American hunting as a rather poor show, that I am attempting this brief in its defence. My only authority is that I have had the privilege to follow the hounds of several representative Yankee and Southern packs, was for five years Deputy-Master of a really good little concern and have also been privileged to experience a limited amount of hunting in England and Ireland, without which I could not justly draw my conclusions.

To begin with, I think that it will come as a surprise to the average person over here to learn that there are 118 registered packs of hounds listed in Baily's for the States alone in 1935–36. Of these 98 are on the Eastern seaboard in what comprised the thirteen original colonies and four in Canada.

There were to my knowledge several more that went under during the financial depression, though this has undoubtedly been offset to some extent by others which have been formed. It should also be known that throughout the Southern States there are a host of privately owned and trencher fed packs, not registered by the Master of Foxhounds Association, which afford sport locally.

When I am occasionally interrogated by some patronising thruster over here and bring up the subject, it invariably prompts the raised eyebrow retort: "Oh, indeed—what do they hunt? Foxes! Fancy that! How did you get 'em there?"

Be it known that they were there thousands of years before the first cavalier emigrated to Virginia with the curse of Cromwell on his lips.

"But—not like *our* fox?"

Yes, like your fox—only if anything a little bigger. Just as swift, just as cunning and, I might say, just as plentiful. He looks and smells the same. If there is any difference which a sub-species specialist of the South Kensington variety might split hairs over, I can say that a clean bred pack of Peterboroughs will not recognise it, so I do not see why I should.

We also have the small grey fox, a worthless fellow, that skulks about in cover and usually is chopped down in a mile, if he does not climb a tree like a cat, or get into a drain, but he does not cross with his red cousin and thereby spoil the strain.

Despite the fact that the red fox is so plentiful by comparison with England, we seldom kill. That is not because we have inferior hounds or skill in hunting them (in fact it takes a high degree of skill to hunt a pack in America, and, I think, a still higher degree of skill to stay with one), but because of climatic and geographical conditions. The hounds are not at fault.

I hold no brief for the American hound. There is a great deal to be said both for and against him. To be fair, one has to remember that it is a vast country in which there is a far greater variation in conditions than within the British Isles. While I favour the British hound, having hunted principally behind them, and having been Deputy-Master of the only all-Welsh pack in the States for five years, I feel that in the southern states (and Virginia represents the Leicestershire of America) that the home-bred hound is the best for the conditions.

From Maryland north to Massachusetts hunting is over rolling country, largely pasture and agricultural, interspersed with thick woodlands. Here the scenting conditions are good—that is, for America—and the climatic conditions favourable to English hounds. But in the West, and in the less open country of the far South, where the pack may be said to be running through a cloud of dust raised by their leaders, they definitely are out of place. In fact, I would venture to say that in India and Australia, where a limited amount of hunting is done, the American foxhound might prove superior.

Some will say that he is faster; that I do not believe. Where the two types competed in the hound trials which I have attended, the British hounds always won, and certainly the American hound has nothing like the staying power of his British cousin; in fact, he is a cringing, timid brute that will not stand up to the thong at all. Let one snap a whip in his direction and he is off with a howl for the tall timber. As a result an American pack is never under good control and are always riotous. At the same time it must be recognised that the American huntsman does not hunt his pack as it is done here. You hardly ever see him lift or turn them, the cut-up nature of the country is such, riding through or around deep swails and large stands of timber, that once his hounds are laid on a line they hunt themselves. There is, of course, open country, of which Millbrook and Meadow Brook are excellent examples, but such countries are hunted with English hounds.

The best to be said of the American hound is that he is eminently suited to the country where he is used. His origin is lost in the dim history of colonisation. Some say that he was originally of French strain. Personally I am inclined to lean towards that theory; his deep, bell-like note, high dome and long ears, which are never rounded, support it, but there is no certainty about it.

When one considers that the best of scenting conditions in New England, New York and New



THE FAIRFIELD WESTCHESTER HUNT START MOVING OFF

Jersey which comprise the best of the country from the point of scent, would be considered very poor indeed in Great Britain, it can well be imagined what it is like in the South, where usually it is as dry as tinder. Under such conditions nose is of supreme importance and it is his nose which has probably gained for the Southern hound, amongst his own people, the reputation of being faster. It is not that he is actually faster than the English hounds, but that he can follow a line faster. Then, too, in the north, hunting continues until the snow lies on the land, without regard for hard frost.

At Star Ridge I have hunted with frost nails in the shoes, straight through the month of December and into the middle of January without ever being on soft ground. Often in such freezing weather the pack would lift their heads and come to fault simply because their noses had gone cold. We had to carry on under such conditions or we would only have had two months' hunting, for which it would not have paid to maintain the pack. Of course, if one came down over one of our big stone walls it was with bone crushing effect, but we did not seem to have any more falls, as both horse and rider were doubly cautious going in to their jumps. It was also amazing how well the horses' legs stood up under it, probably due to the long enforced rest until the following August, when we started cubbing.

Next to nose, the greatest consideration in America is tongue, for without it one could never hope to stay with hounds. We all know the deadening effect which timber has, and as one is, after a short point, riding like blazes through the next bit of woodland, at the risk of a kneecap, or racing along the outside, the music of the pack plays a highly important part in the day's sport.

It will be hard for people in England to reconcile the statement that we have plenty of native, wild foxes with the fact that we so seldom kill. My register shows that at Star Ridge, hunting two days a week we never accounted for more than eight foxes in a season, starting September 15th and usually ending after Christmas; that is, of course, excepting the cubs that were dug, or drawn out to blood the young entry during the cubbing season.

But it should not be inferred that our hounds were at fault or that we had many blank days; far from it. On the contrary we seldom had a completely blank day. Usually we had several points of from two to three miles, and the longest in my mastership was one of eight miles straight away. But there is no stopping done; the farmers do not take the interest in hunting demonstrated over here; the amount of cover is too vast to be properly stopped, and the high land is full of rocky ledges into which a tired fox can crawl for sanctuary if he does not find a deserted woodchuck hole earlier on. So while we have many a run we see little blood, other than the little grey fox which is not worth counting, but which does the most damage in the farmyard.

It would be more difficult to describe the type of country hunted than it would to describe hunting across Europe as a whole. Throughout New England and south to New Jersey, it is a rural pasture country of rolling wooded hills and open valleys quite similar in appearance to Dorset, omitting the hedges and ditches. The farms are broken up in small fields usually divided by stone walls or post and rail fences. The walls are not very high, averaging about 3ft. 9in., but one has to take them fast and jump wide as one is never sure where there is an out-cropping of smooth granite on the far side, or the hole of an industrious wood chuck. Of course, where there are stone walls there is little of the curse of a hunting country—wire.



THE MOORE COUNTY HUNT AT SOUTHERN PINES

My own country in Brewster County was almost identical with parts of Breconshire. On Long Island we come to the Meadowbrook country, famous for its great timber fences, which everyone sails over at a steeplechase pace, but it must be remembered that the footing is as firm as a bowling green and there is no brush about them. These fences are made of solid rails, 6in. to 8in. in diameter, and are seldom less than 4ft. 3in. in height. It is better to take them fast, for a fall at a fast pace is always a safer one.

Well I recall my first day to hounds in England on a Grand National horse. Every time I went at a bar way there was a grinning audience waiting to see the crazy Yankee come a cropper, but the old horse had been trained in America and, though he did a lot of floundering in the sticky going underfoot, that was often halfway up to his hocks, he did not let me down. Naturally before the day was done I knew better.

In Northern Virginia we come to a broad open galloping country where everyone can take his own line over worm fences and the formidable white-washed board fences which makes every visiting foreigner gasp and hold his breath. The difficulty of the worm fence is that it is simply made of split chestnut rails laid up zig-zag fashion with a post driven into the ground at the corners where they overlap. The top rail or two can easily be knocked off, but you cannot ride in a straight line at the fence, or you are sure to get into trouble; rather you must select a panel and ride straight at it, which means that you must ride at an angle of 45 degrees to the line of the fence—if you do not you take your jumps crooked.

As we go further south in Virginia the country becomes less developed; a land of pinewoods and swails usually without a jump to ten miles, with poor scent and miserable accommodations. But after all, as the Irishman is supposed to have said of his whiskey, there is no bad hunting for the chap who is keen enough, the trouble is that the most of us become spoiled by a taste of the best.

And lastly there is this to be said; in America hunting is broadly a game only for the idle rich. There is not that general interest in hunting which is so common in England, and therefore, except in the South, it can only flourish in the localities of the large estate owners.

The Short-Eared Owl—II

A NEST ON THE GROUND

By G. K. YEATES

THE short-eared owl breaks the normal rule of its family by nesting on the ground. It is true that both the long-eared and the tawny will do this from time to time, but in their case it is exceptional. With the present bird it is the regular habit.

The nests vary greatly in concealment. Normally the short-ear likes to hide itself well away from prying eyes, but in the case of the four nests examined on the ground where my photographs were taken the opposite seemed to be the case. In fact, they were absurdly open, as one quickly realised when the sitting bird left and her numerous white eggs glared up at the skies. The nest here portrayed is with the exception of a literal dozen grasses or so exactly as the bird built it. Another in mollinia grass was even more exposed. One I found in heather was indeed more deeply buried, but, even so, it could not have been called well hidden. In another the bird had contented itself with pulling a dozen or so grasses over the exposed hollow of the nest. I had been told that the nests of short-eared owls normally faced the east, probably because the bird likes the morning sun. Three of the four nests found, although so exposed as a whole, did definitely face the rising sun, especially the one deeply buried. The other, just to be obstinate—a bird will always refute you, if it can—faced north-west!

The female sits her uninspiring white eggs with courage and resolution. One of my birds, indeed, refused to move until my hand was within inches of her face. Only at such moments, indeed, are the short "ears" exposed. When the bird is behaving naturally there is no sign of them, but as soon as her suspicions are aroused or she sees definite danger approaching, up they go and her mien changes to one of wicked ferocity. By this immediate reaction I always knew when my relief was coming to release me from my hides, long before I could see him myself.

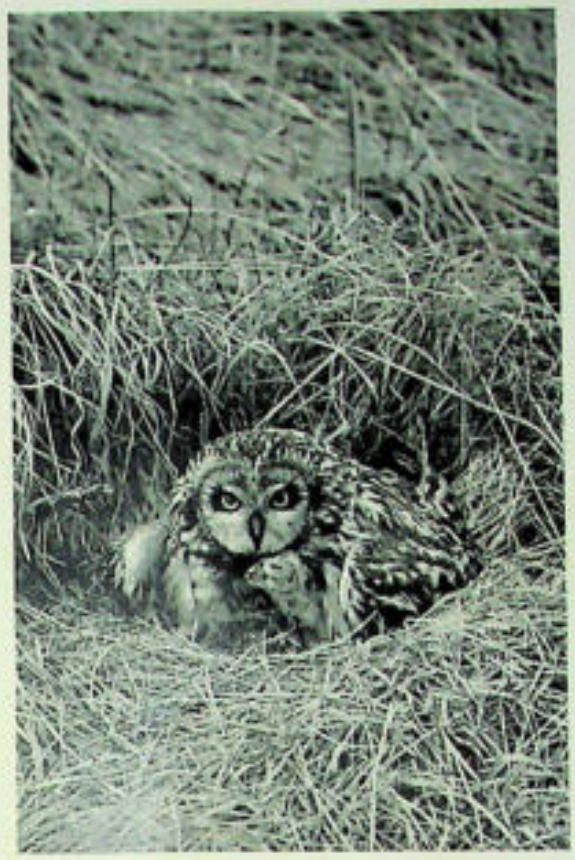
The eggs, being laid at uneven intervals, with even as much as a week between them, hatch at equally widely separated times. Thus, as so often with raptorial birds, big chicks can be found with eggs. In one nest which I watched carefully, the first two eggs hatched on April 16th, the third on the 19th, the fourth on the 21st, the fifth on the 22nd and the sixth on the 25th. So by the time the last egg had hatched the first two youngsters had more than a week's start. Hence the heavy mortality amongst the chicks of these large clutch raptorial birds. Time did not permit a complete recording of this nest, but by the end of our time (April 30th) the youngest chick had already vanished, whilst the eldest were wandering from the nest—a thing which they do long before they can fly.

Seen from close-quarters under natural conditions when the bird is not alarmed, the short-eared owl is a singularly lovely bird. Her rich dappled brown plumage blends perfectly with the surroundings of the nest. In bright light, indeed, the bird, when sitting motionless, looks very grey which increases the protective value of her plumage in the dead grasses amongst which the nest is sited.

Lovely, however, as are the dappled wings, it is the strongly marked facial disc and the huge pale yellow eyes which are its most striking features. Few things in bird-life are so fascinating as eyes. I have admired the red-currant red of the Slavonian grebe and the deep orange of the night herons' stare, but never have I been more impressed than by the vivid yellow of the short-eared owl. In its case, the effect is naturally accentuated by its constant expression of staring surprise. At first sight this often makes a photograph of this species look unnatural and strained, as though the bird was thoroughly scared. In point of fact, it is a very natural expression. Before settling on to the chicks she treated every part of the landscape to a similar scrutiny, and not the hide alone, of which she had most reason to feel uncertain.



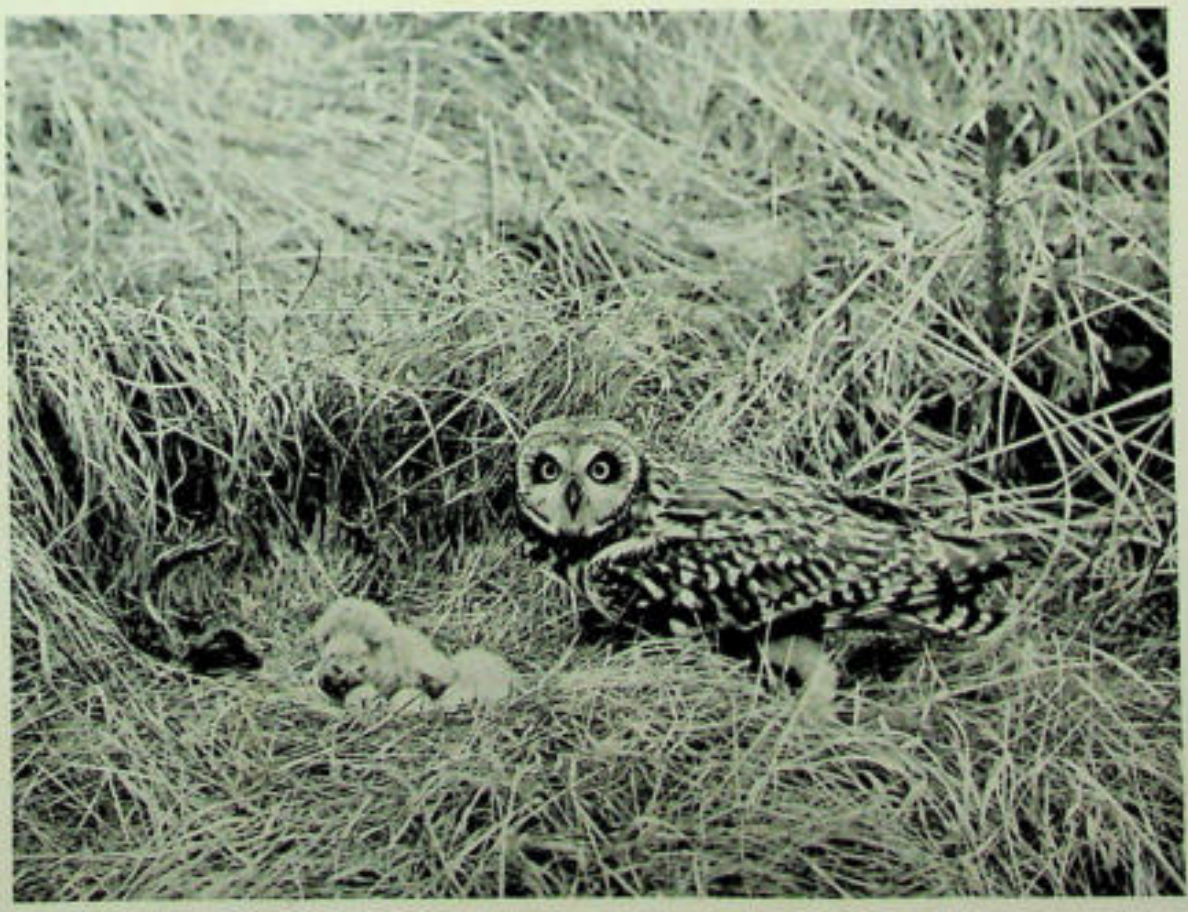
MAKING SURE THAT ALL IS CLEAR



FEEDING THE YOUNG CHICK, WHICH IS POKING ITS HEAD OUT BENEATH THE WING

With the chicks the female short-eared owl is an attentive and careful mother. During the first days after hatching the owlets are brooded steadily. Indeed, the parent's behaviour is for some days decidedly dull. The chicks are utterly helpless (they did not open their eyes until the sixth day), and even feeding seems to be cut down to a minimum. Only twice in all my visits did I see a vole in the nest. On the first occasion it was studiously ignored by the female during all the hours of my session. On the second I saw my only feed. (The eldest chicks were then five days old.) The two largest youngsters grew restive beneath the brooding bird, and one appeared under either wing and thrust its head out. The female seized the vole, tore it into tiny bits and gave these to both alike, but only a small portion of it was fed to the chicks before she herself opened her stumpy beak, and the remainder went down her own throat in one.

Apart from that one incident I saw singularly little action—an occasional change of position, now and then a preening, but that was all.



A STARING MATCH WITH THE LENS

The Short-Eared Owl—II

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By G. K. YEATES

THE short-eared owl breaks the normal rule of its family by nesting on the ground. It is true that both the long-eared and the tawny will do this from time to time, but in their case it is exceptional. With the present bird it is the regular habit.

The nests vary greatly in concealment. Normally the short-ear likes to hide itself well away from prying eyes, but in the case of the four nests examined on the ground where my photographs were taken the opposite seemed to be the case. In fact, they were absurdly open, as one quickly realised when the sitting bird left and her numerous white eggs glared up at the skies. The nest here portrayed is with the exception of a literal dozen grasses or so exactly as the bird built it. Another in mollinia grass was even more exposed. One I found in heather was indeed more deeply buried, but, even so, it could not have been called well hidden. In another the bird had contented itself with pulling a dozen or so grasses over the exposed hollow of the nest. I had been told that the nests of short-eared owls normally faced the east, probably because the bird likes the morning sun. Three of the four nests found, although so exposed as a whole, did definitely face the rising sun, especially the one deeply buried. The other, just to be obstinate—a bird will always refute you, if it can—faced north-west!

The female sits her uninspiring white eggs with courage and resolution. One of my birds, indeed, refused to move until my hand was within inches of her face. Only at such moments, indeed, are the short "ears" exposed. When the bird is behaving naturally there is no sign of them, but as soon as her suspicions are aroused or she sees definite danger approaching, up they go and her mien changes to one of wicked ferocity. By this immediate reaction I always knew when my relief was coming to release me from my hides, long before I could see him myself.

The eggs, being laid at uneven intervals, with even as much as a week between them, hatch at equally widely separated times. Thus, as so often with raptorial birds, big chicks can be found with eggs. In one nest which I watched carefully, the first two eggs hatched on April 16th, the third on the 19th, the fourth on the 21st, the fifth on the 22nd and the sixth on the 25th. So by the time the last egg had hatched the first two youngsters had more than a week's start. Hence the heavy mortality amongst the chicks of these large clutch raptorial birds. Time did not permit a complete recording of this nest, but by the end of our time (April 30th) the youngest chick had already vanished, whilst the eldest were wandering from the nest—a thing which they do long before they can fly.

Seen from close-quarters under natural conditions when the bird is not alarmed, the short-eared owl is a singularly lovely bird. Her rich dappled brown plumage blends perfectly with the surroundings of the nest. In bright light, indeed, the bird, when sitting motionless, looks very grey which increases the protective value of her plumage in the dead grasses amongst which the nest is sited.

Lovely, however, as are the dappled wings, it is the strongly marked facial disc and the huge pale yellow eyes which are its most striking features. Few things in bird-life are so fascinating as eyes. I have admired the red-currant red of the Slavonian grebe and the deep orange of the night herons' stare, but never have I been more impressed than by the vivid yellow of the short-eared owl. In its case, the effect is naturally accentuated by its constant expression of staring surprise. At first sight this often makes a photograph of this species look unnatural and strained, as though the bird was thoroughly scared. In point of fact, it is a very natural expression. Before settling on to the chicks she treated every part of the landscape to a similar scrutiny, and not the hide alone, of which she had most reason to feel uncertain.



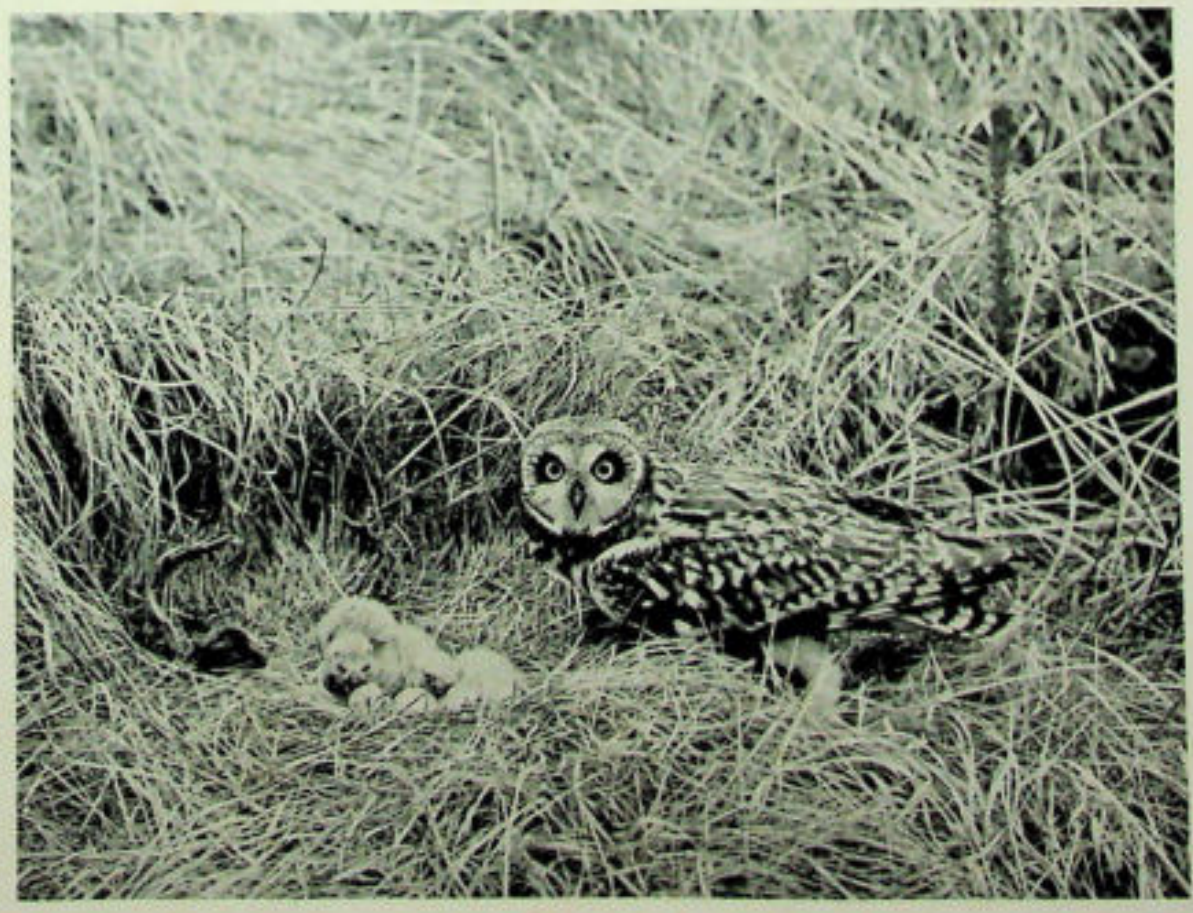
MAKING SURE THAT ALL IS CLEAR



FEEDING THE YOUNG CHICK, WHICH IS POKING ITS HEAD OUT BENEATH THE WING

With the chicks the female short-eared owl is an attentive and careful mother. During the first days after hatching the owlets are brooded steadily. Indeed, the parent's behaviour is for some days decidedly dull. The chicks are utterly helpless (they did not open their eyes until the sixth day), and even feeding seems to be cut down to a minimum. Only twice in all my visits did I see a vole in the nest. On the first occasion it was studiously ignored by the female during all the hours of my session. On the second I saw my only feed. (The eldest chicks were then five days old.) The two largest youngsters grew restive beneath the brooding bird, and one appeared under either wing and thrust its head out. The female seized the vole, tore it into tiny bits and gave these to both alike, but only a small portion of it was fed to the chicks before she herself opened her stumpy beak, and the remainder went down her own throat in one.

Apart from that one incident I saw singularly little action—an occasional change of position, now and then a preening, but that was all.



A STARING MATCH WITH THE LENS

Advice to Young Foxhunters

WHY HOUNDS SHOULD MEET EARLY

The following is the fifth and last of a series of articles on hunting in all its aspects, of particular interest to young followers, written by one of the best-known personalities in the hunting world, who goes under the pseudonym of "Kennelman." Previous articles appeared in the "Field" on November 11th, November 18th, November 25th and December 2nd

IT is superfluous to point out that it is easier for hounds to run when they are close to a fox than when they are a considerable distance behind him, and that it is easier for hounds to follow on the line of a straight-running fox than of a twisting one; that a clean and sound fox leaves a better scent than one in poor health or lame, and that when the ground is moist scent is generally better than when it is dry.

Every M.F.H. should damp down complaints from his huntsman that indifferent sport is owing to bad scenting conditions. We all know that when hounds are in good form and have had a series of days with good sport complaints of bad scent are seldom heard, and these same hounds continue to show sport day after day.

It is a mistake for a huntsman to complain continually of bad scent, for he is not infrequently the primary cause of this so-called bad scent.

Often it is considered that scent presents an inexplicable and mysterious state of affairs; but in reality the reasons for good or bad scent usually appear to be fairly obvious, and there is not much more mystery about scent than about most things.

Mr. H. M. Badger wrote an interesting book on this subject called *Hunting by Scent*.

Without referring to this book, it is a good rule, generally accepted for scores of years, that if the atmosphere is warmer than the ground, scenting conditions are usually more or less indifferent. On the other hand, if the ground is warmer than the atmosphere, the conditions are usually favourable for a good scent.

But the hounds themselves have much to do with the category in which the scent can be placed. If foxhounds are continually permitted to hunt for themselves and to make thoroughly good use of the hunting qualities bred in them from many generations of ancestors with good noses, scent will generally be considered good. On the other hand, hounds which are perpetually being meddled with, lifted, and otherwise tampered with in the field become almost incapable of running a fox and killing him unless scent is first-class.

In fact, a good huntsman is likely to experience fewer so-called bad scenting days than one who cannot allow his hounds to make full use of the hunting qualities bred in them.

Constant changes of temperature owing to showers of hail, snow or rain nearly always cause hounds to find scent indifferent or bad.

Dry weather in March and April is generally unfavourable for scent; and towards the end of a hunting season conditions are often unfavourable for good sport.

Although the type of weather experienced during March and April varies from year to year, there has been during a large proportion of seasons of the past a continuation of easterly wind, causing a spell of absolutely dry weather with frost at night and a hot sun during the day, during which the ground becomes absolutely dried up.

If sport is desired in such weather, the meets of the hounds should not take place until late in in the day—the later the better, for the following reason: In the morning the ground, which has been frozen during the night, is colder than the atmosphere, but under the influence of a hot sun it becomes warmer during the day, whilst the atmosphere also becomes warmer for the same reason.

Scent generally remains poor under these conditions until late in the afternoon, when the sun is low, whilst the ground is warm. Suddenly a cool feeling arises, and a slight but cold breeze may start to become apparent. Most foxhunters know this feeling of cool atmosphere in the late afternoon. This is the time to find a fox, and many excellent evening runs have been enjoyed under such conditions.

Generally when the question comes up about meeting late in the day there is opposition on behalf of the staff. It is obvious that from the point of view of the staff it is less troublesome to finish a day's work early; and, of course, if the meet is late both horses and hounds arrive home late, and the kennel and stable work is late in proportion.

It is a matter of the purpose for which foxhounds are kept, if to show sport then certainly, during dry spring weather, with a hot sun at mid-day, the evening is the only time in the day when there is a real likelihood of having good sport.

Of course, such a likelihood is much enhanced by the presence of much grass.

In these days of motor cars, horse boxes and hound vans there is little, if any, excuse for objections to meeting late. It is chiefly a matter of how keen and determined the Master is on having first-class sport.

In opposition to meeting late, it is sometimes urged that if it is wished to have sport the time to meet is 6 a.m. It is safe to say this, because, after all, people hunt for pleasure, and having to get out of bed at 4 a.m. destroys pleasure, and is so thoroughly inconvenient that nobody wishes to try the experiment.

Therefore, unless the M.F.H. is firm, hounds are taken to the meet some time before mid-day under circumstances which make good sport practically impossible, at any rate until most of the field have gone home. Supposing that hounds do meet at 6 a.m., every half hour is likely to produce worse and worse scenting conditions.

I have had experience of meets at all times of day, and have no hesitation in saying that in dry, hot weather, with east wind, the evening conditions are much more likely to produce good sport than those at any other time of day.

If hounds meet late in the day they should be fed the previous day considerably later than when they meet early. Many with experience consider 7 a.m. too early to feed hounds which are to hunt the following day, and that hounds should be fed up till six hours later.

It is a long fast when hounds arrive at the covert side after being last fed 30 hours before, and when they get back to their kennel after possibly a fast of 40 hours.

If, therefore, for specific reasons the meets of foxhounds are abnormally late, their fast is of necessity prolonged, unless they are fed later the previous day.

* * * *

DISTEMPER is a matter of considerable concern to all huntsmen. It has for many years past caused the death of thousands of young foxhounds annually.

On an average the more dogs which were bred in Britain, the worse the form of distemper.

During the Great War, when large numbers of dogs had to be destroyed, and few were bred, there was hardly any distemper, and when there was distemper, it was nearly always of a mild type.

Since a few years after the Great War many thousands of dogs were bred annually, and deaths from distemper were simply terrific.

The situation was so bad that a large fund was raised by the *Field* to induce the Medical Research Council to investigate this disease. After several years of painstaking research they were able to satisfy themselves that the primary cause of dog distemper was a virus, and so confirmed a work carried out in 1905 by a French investigator, Carré.

This was followed by various attempts to destroy the virus by a variety of methods, and in the tests which followed to ascertain if the virus was killed, it was found that certain tissues containing killed virus provided an excellent vaccine. For a time this vaccine and virus was only used for purposes of experiment. The results were almost completely satisfactory.

Eventually the Medical Research Council, having achieved what was asked of them, gave the prescription to the Wellcome Foundation, who made it up and issued it from Langley Court, Beckenham, Kent. For several years after this, although the results were, generally speaking, fairly satisfactory, they were not, until the last few years, so good as those obtained by the Medical Research Council.

It must be remembered that the Wellcome Foundation is not entirely a philanthropic institution.

It became the fashion for some M.F.H.s and most huntsmen to decry this stuff, and even now some refuse to use it.

My experience has been that, whereas before this system of inoculation was introduced more than half the young hounds bred died from what was called distemper, during the last few years mortality amongst hounds inoculated has comparatively seldom occurred.



It is probable that, prior to the discovery of the distemper germ, the general treatment of the disease was bad. It is true that it appeared that young hounds affected simply refused to live, and that in despair various huntsmen who, of course, have never had an education about drugs, were in the habit of dispensing dangerous drugs with the very best of intentions, but generally with results fatal to the hounds. All cases of streptococcal infection are grave.

Although the fees for inoculation are considerable, there is now no necessity or excuse for spending money on buying drugs, or for buying immense quantities of milk for the patients, or for engaging special kennelmen or women to nurse them.

It is now less necessary to breed so many whelps as formerly.

Another benefit conferred by this system of inoculation is the fact that since its general use the number of cases of distemper throughout Britain has been much curtailed, and the type has been usually less severe.

Some huntsmen detest inoculation. It appears that one reason for this is that the vaccine is only sold to qualified veterinary surgeons, and probably if all huntsmen were permitted personally to inoculate their hounds every huntsman would be its ardent advocate.

Before this anti-distemper inoculation was introduced to the public, it was not uncommon to see hounds said to have recovered from distemper so much enfeebled that they were never any good for hunting purposes, for some hounds never thoroughly recover from a really bad attack of distemper.

In spite of the almost certain immunity from distemper achieved by inoculating hounds when young, occasionally there are cases of hounds which have been inoculated contracting what appears to be a mild form of distemper. This is usually easily cured, and on rare occasions distemper has appeared with entered hounds during their first and even second seasons.

Unless taken in hand immediately this may develop into a bad form.

The Wellcome Foundation, however, can supply a therapeutic distemper serum which, if injected at once, cures the patient forthwith. It is not always realised that distemper pure and simple is a mild complaint, but that it is frequently followed by secondary symptoms such as diarrhœa, fits, pneumonia, &c. In such cases, it is highly probable that the germs of a streptococcal infection have intervened.

This serum has no influence over these secondary symptoms, and if it is to be thoroughly effective it must be injected immediately hounds show the slightest symptoms of primary infection. If injected under these conditions the serum as a cure is nearly always effective. There is little doubt that veterinary research will in time disclose even more about distemper than is known at present.

At the present time the dangers of losing hounds from distemper have been reduced to a minimum.

KENNELMAN.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF.—Whatever happens one's first day of the season can never lose its thrill, though this year, alas, so much of the glory has disappeared along with red coats and second horsemen. The morning was fine and clear, with a well-washed, high cloudless sky, sunny, with a chill north-west wind—not propitious, save that every ditch brimmed as full as in till-dyke time—a state of going invariably betokening good sport in this country. Save for a good riding Tuesday some days back, hounds have been occupied in unheroic but very serious cubhunting.

For many a year past a Saturday's meet at Badminton Station had meant a field of 300, and at least 150 cars, but now there was with the same pleasant green surroundings, some 40 horses of various sorts and sizes, and a dozen cars, mostly plastered with A.F.S., W.V.S. and A.R.P., while an armed guard wearing the badge of a famous local regiment looked down from the bridge. It was good to see several farmers snatching an hour or two off the tractor, whether awheel or on horseback, and there were several farmers' offsprings enjoying themselves on ponies. What really mattered and what one missed most on this Saturday was the Duke himself and his horn.

Centre Walk Brake produced at least its usual brace. Hounds stuck to the fox who went away up-wind by Allengrove, the corner of the Park and out over the high ivy-clad wall, swimming the flooded brook below. He went by Hebron and across the railway to Alderton Grove, where he was joined by another brace. The leash passed on into Cranhill Gorse and thence to Cranhill Wood. Scent was none too good and hounds never quite got going. They went away from Cranhill, pointing for Old Lands, then turned sharply up-wind for New Covert, Dunley, circled again and finally marked in Cranhill, whence Mr. Smith and the terrier quickly had the fox out.

From Sopworth Brake a brace went away on the down wind side, while Holland blew the bitches away on another upwind. They ran fast over the wall country as if for Silk Woods, but the fox turned near Knockdown and they circled back by Sopworth Cross Roads, making as if for Bull Park. Then they turned again into the Brake and went away by Hundred Acre farm. The fox once more turned back into Sopworth and again the bitches hunted him out and made him leave by the allotments at Sherston, over the brook to Widleys' Hill covert, where hounds divided.

The main body with Holland went on towards Luckington and three couples (towards Lords Wood) being stopped by Captain Spicer. The latter probably had the line of the original fox; anyhow, sheep foil put an end to a very good hunt. A tired fox was viewed going through a gap in the wall by the Old Rectory, but hounds coming on up the road unfortunately struck heel way. It was now more than sufficient for one horse and the order was home, to finish an excellent day. B.

BELVOIR.—On November 29th this hunt met at Thorpe Arnold, on the outskirts of Melton, but the size of the field did not suggest being so close to the "capital" of foxhunting. The weather was balmy after a boisterous night, but the recent tremendous rainfall did not augur too well for finding in the low-lying Burbage's, past which the River Eye roared, full to the brim. At only a few minutes past eleven, however, a fox broke out on the Belvoir side, and the huntsman naturally doubted its intention or ability to cross the flood. But no sooner had he jumped the rail out of the covert than hounds were over on the far side and streaming away over Cottesmore country, as if for Stapleford.

They had a good lead, and might have disappeared altogether whilst everyone was galloping for the ford, but just by the Long Covert, the fox was probably headed, for he turned sharp left-handed over the old Bretingby polo ground to the railway. Scent seemed catchy and not good enough to keep him straight. First he tried doubling back to Bouch's, but was then viewed up to the Melton—Saxby Road. Considering the petrol restrictions this was surprisingly full of traffic, and the fox did not cross for some time. Once on the wide sloping grass fields by Wyfordby Grange hounds started to run in a very different manner.

Keeping along the bottom through Rippin's Plantation they swung up as if for Brettingby Spinneys, but leaving these to port did not check until Freeby Wood was reached. With little delay a holloa at the bottom told of the fox's departure on the far side towards Newman's Gorse. The fox must have been feeling the pressure for, failing to use the usual well-worn route into the covert, he was seen by an outrider carrying on into Stonesby Ashes. Out again on the far side the huntsman let hounds work their way towards Stonesby Village, and on arriving at the lane was rewarded with the welcome news that the fox had been seen not far ahead.

He was probably making for Beeaby Oaks, but just short of the Stonesby—Sproxton Road, the pack came up and rolled him over in the open after a good hunt, with a point of six miles. This was all the more creditable as a large proportion of the bitches were new entries. Had there been a crowd of people out it is almost certain that the pack could never have hunted as they did. Although they never raced, the pace was fast enough in view of the heavy going and the heat of the day. It was all over by 12.10, and with one horse there was nothing to do but go home, well pleased with the entertainment. UNBRIDLED.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A good-sized field were kept galloping on the day they met at Little Hinton, when scent served well. After partaking of the hospitality offered by Major J. L. Nickisson (a former Master) and his wife at their home at Little Hinton Manor, a field of roots near Bishopstone was drawn, where a fox going away set a great pace into the vale. Going past Earl's Court Farm and back left-handed by Little Hinton, he was marked to ground at the foot of the hills after affording a run of fifteen minutes.

After this a fox found in the withybeds at Bishopstone chose a similar line up to Little Hinton, which he passed, and went on up the hill towards Foxhill, hounds being stopped after another enjoyable gallop of 30 minutes. At Featherbed Lane a fox set his mask past Ferne Farm to Bourton Village, going safely to ground in a pit, after giving a fast fifteen minutes. A strip of kale close by held another fox, who went away quickly. Selecting a line past Ferne Farm he made a big left-handed circle, through Stainswick Wood and past Bourton Village to Ragnall Farm, where hounds were stopped at the end of 40 minutes.

J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—After meeting at West Camel on November 28th hounds found at once in Parson's Steeple and ran fast to Bebesters Gorse; but, most unfortunately, as the field had been left at the former covert. Hounds were stopped and taken back to Annis Hills where little could be done with the several foxes afoot. From Cogberry hounds hunted slowly to Yarcombe, where the day ended.

On the Thursday hounds were at Stockbridge Oak, and, finding in Simon's Plants, ran through Holme Bushes to Whitfield, and through Conway's Gorse to Knighton Down and Honeycomb, where fresh foxes intervened. Another from Lewesdon gave a slow but good hound hunt, by the northern outskirts of Long Burton to Snagg's Arbour and on into the Park, where he went to ground.

There was but little scent during the morning of December 2nd, when hounds met at Five Bridges, and they spent an hour and a half in and about Fifehead Wood before accounting for their fox. When Nylands was drawn later, however, scent had improved considerably, and a good hunt was scored. Hounds ran fast to Lady Theodora's Gorse and to within a field of the railway before swinging right-handed. The fox then pointed for Moore Withybed, but leaving it on the left circled back to Lady Theodora's Gorse. Being again forced through the gorse he ran back almost to Nylands before going to ground. This was a fast hunt of 55 minutes over a nice line, and, as most of the horses had had enough, hounds went home.

B. V. H.

CATTISTOCK.—A small field met at Hillfield on November 22nd, and finding their first fox in West Wood ran to Paper Hill, then crossed the road into Bayard's Gorse, in Blackmore Vale territory, to bear right-handed and recross the road to Castles, where scent vanished. At Cochrane's they were away on good terms with a fox who took them past St. Francis's Home to Hendover. Forcing him through this covert hounds ran on over Batcombe Down to Sydling East Wood, then, leaving Sydling Barn on their right, swung in a big left-handed circle to Sydling Wood, where they marked him to ground below the Keeper's cottage, after a nice hunt of 45 minutes, some of which had been at top pace.

Hendover Covert was next drawn, and though hounds had previously run through it they soon found a fresh fox, hunting him up and down the covert until he found it expedient to run to the Vale. Here hounds pressed him so hard that he swung back through Hendover again, and running the length of the covert crossed the Batcombe Road into Upcerne Wood for East Hill, where he was rolled over at the end of a nice 40 minutes' hunt. A useful day.

The Saturday found hounds at the Fox Inn, Corscombe. They lost no time in finding in the gorses outside Chelborough Park, and running into the main covert drove through it to Crocky Moor, only to swing back to Chelborough Park, where their fox went to ground in an open earth. Coombe Gullies was next drawn, and several foxes—which had not been cubhunted—going away in different directions, the pack became scattered and were presently taken to another covert. At Milking Barton they hit off the line of a fox who had evidently done some work that morning, and who was killed after a short burst. Benville withy-bed held a brace, and after the first one had been accounted for hounds went away with his companion toward Ridge, but swung left-handed over the Hooke Road to continue through the Parsonage, and over the hill to the Hooke watercress beds. Here they turned right-handed again for Ridge, and were stopped on the Crewkerne Road at the end of 45 minutes.

The Sunday night was very rough, and on the Monday morning, when hounds met at Barrowlands Farm, the wind was blowing half a gale with the rain coming down in torrents. Indeed the day was so bad that I did not go out.

On the Wednesday, however, the Cattistock met again at Portisham Hill, and in spite of the fog provided an excellent day's sport. Finding their first fox near Venicky Wood they ran hard for 25 minutes, killing in the gorses at Bronkham. A second pilot was marked to ground in short time. The best hunt of the day started from the laurels below the Hardy Monument, whence a good fox led at top pace over the Portisham Road to Bronkham, swinging left-handed by Pen Barn Gorse and running hard past West End House to Steepleton Water. Hounds outdistanced the field for the first mile or two, but Gosden came up with the leaders at Winterbourne Steepleton, and they drove on over the Bridport Road to Chilly Knapp, where they put their fox to ground at the end of a first-class 35-minute hunt. LUSCOMBE.

COTSWOLD.—Captain C. Heber-Percy—home on short leave—was hunting hounds at Andoversford on December 2nd, and was welcomed by quite a large field. Finding first at Lawrence's Gorse hounds ran fast over Hampen Farm to the Stow Road, and through the Brake to Salperton Downs, where scent failed. From Hazleton Grove a good fox came away with hounds close behind, then went over to Milkwells and through Rasberry Brake. Swinging to the right hounds took the line by Turkdean to Laygrove and continued straight through this fox's stronghold. Invading Heythrop territory they ran over Northleach Downs, marking to ground close to Farmington. This was a good fast hunt over a nice line with quite a four-mile point. Several soldiers much enjoyed their day's hunting. COTSWOLD.

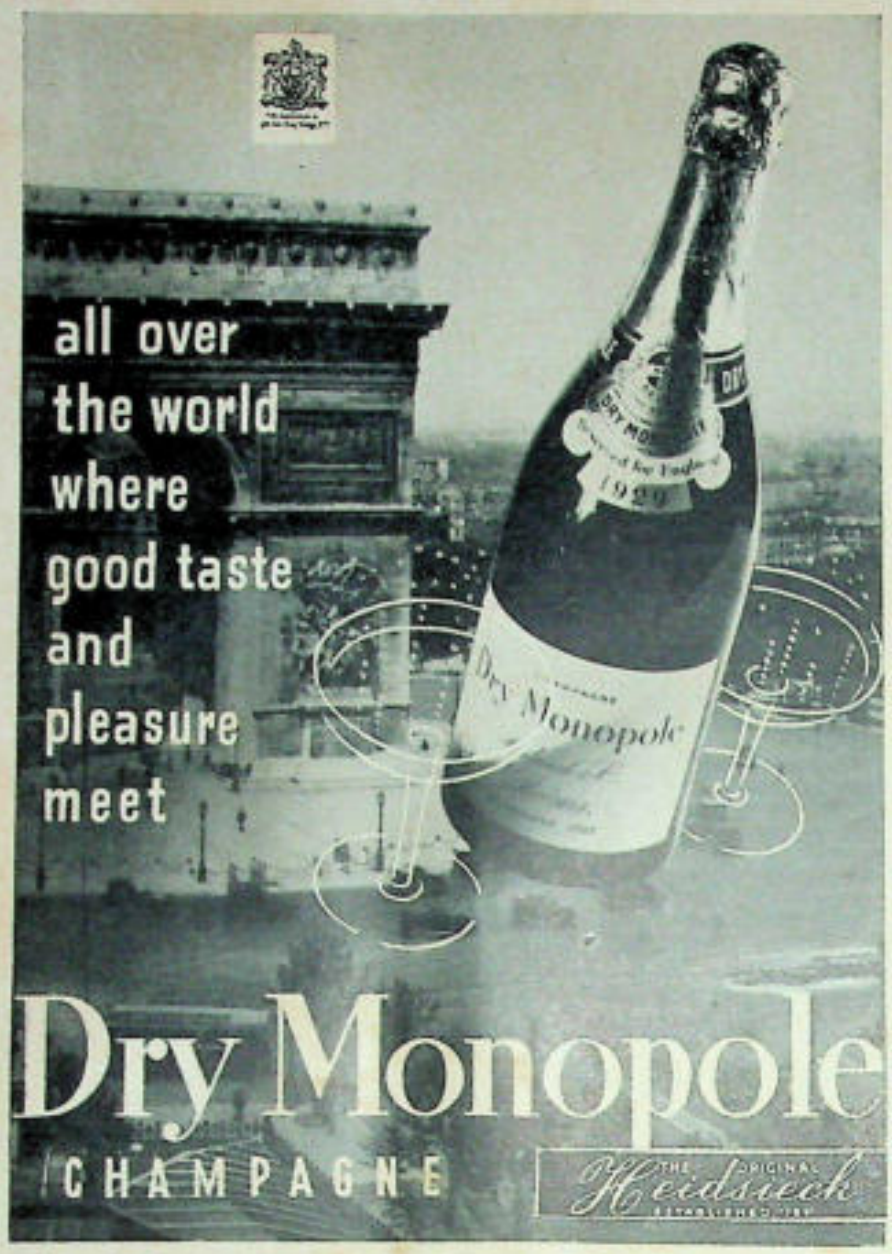
COTTESMORE.—The good luck experienced so far has rather deserted us, only moderate sport being recorded during the past week. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of satisfaction that we are keeping the ball rolling till better times come.

November 27th, when Clipsham was the fixture, was a wet morning, but it fortunately cleared up before hounds met. A short day was spent hunting numerous foxes between Clipsham, Adder and Little Haw Coverts. The ridings in these coverts are very holding and take a lot out of a horse, especially the huntsman's and hunt-servants', who have to be on the move incessantly.

The Tuesday saw hounds at Braunston. Upwind there was quite a good scent; at any rate the hunt started with a quick and straight 25 minutes. From Prior's Coppice a fox was away almost at once on the Leighfield side, and leaving the farm buildings on the left crossed the brook to rise the hill towards the Hog's Back for about halfway, before bearing left-handed. Hounds raced on to Park Farm, where some sheep caused a slight check, but being put right again the pack ran on past Quaker Spinney, marking the fox to ground in the belt of trees just under the Uppingham—Alexton Road. This quick thing inspired great hopes for the future, but followers were dogged by misfortune afterwards.

At Little Owston a fox left at once, and crossed the road into Big Owston, turned sharply left-handed, and only ran a small corner of the covert before crossing the road into Withcote. Unfortunately, a fresh fox had jumped up amongst the pack meantime, and Mr. Hilton Green stopped the lot he had with him not far from Prior's Coppice. Meanwhile the remainder had gone on towards Owston Village before Herbert and John Norman could get to their heads. Orton Park Wood was full of foxes. One broke on the Braunston side, and the same thing happened as at Owston. Mr.

Continued on page 1126





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Hilton Green stopped the lot he had with him near Braunston, while the others, attended by the hunt servants, were with great difficulty stopped on their way to Ranksborough Gorse.

The Thursday saw hounds at Luffenham Station. Mrs. Guy Fenwick had a grand show of foxes in Coppice Leys and on the Heath, which kept hounds busy all day without result.

Saturday, when Stoke Dry was the fixture, was a cold morning with a strong breeze blowing from the west. A fox from Stoke End Covert ran straight and fast to Wardley Wood to be well hunted round and about the covert, where hounds eventually killed. The next fox roused in Prior's Coppice was undoubtedly the same one hunted on Tuesday. He ran much the same line to start with, and went to ground a few fields before reaching Park Farm. FOXY.

CROOME.—There was an ominously red morning sky when hounds met at Puckrup Farm on November 23rd, but the threatened rain did not come until after they had gone home. It was a busy and an enjoyable day, though never particularly outstanding. Hounds disturbed an outlier from the coarse grass on Brockeridge Common and ran by Arbour Wood, bearing left-handed over the Ley Farm, before the hunt came to an end as they pointed for Strensham. Church Covert held the next fox, and hounds drove him out over Moat Farm and across the Strensham Road, checking on the cold plough on the other side, but hitting off the line again in the adjoining grass field.

Their fox had borne right-handed, and they hunted slowly, on a failing scent, towards the Rough Banks, until it gave out altogether. There was no delay in finding a fox in the Ridings, and the leading hound was literally only a few inches from his brush as the pack rattled him round the bottom. Finally, they had him away across the Naughton Road for Smithmoor Common, where, after a check at the western corner of the common, little more could be done. And so the hunt retraced its steps to the Ridings, and almost immediately hounds found again. This fox, however, proved to be a stay-at-home, and could not be persuaded to give a hunt, so at length a move was made to Pheasant Wood. A fox was holloaed away for Croome Park, and the headkeeper had a view of him as he went by the Home Shrubberies and across by Pershore Lodge. He had swung round to the left to Temple Greenhouse and Menagerie, and then, as usual, hounds put up a second fox, so that they had a brace in front of them as they ran by the old Hunt Stables to the Belt.

After reaching Pheasant Wood once more they pointed for Woodley's Brake, but the line faded out short of the covert, and they were trotted off to Licknore for the final hunt of the afternoon. They went away with their fox to Pirton Church, but he turned down the slope to Croome Perry, and as it was too late to penetrate this fastness hounds were stopped. Lord Coventry was out that day, on week-end leave. D. M. M.

DEVON, SOUTH.—The moor was oozing water and the wind blew fresh from the south-west when a small war-time field drew up at Challacombe Barn on November 28th. Hounds in the course of the day came upon a veritable Dartmoor "Hector" by the banks of the Wallabrook at Runnage. He lay so close in the heather that he was lucky to get off in the nick of time. Taking a spectacular flying leap over the water on to the boundary wall he almost fell back, but recovering leaped on to the green sward of Soussons Common to set a cracking pace over the ridge. Tumbling down the far slope to the swollen mine stream hounds wheeled left by Golden Dagger Mine, taking the track along to Vitifer Cottage where, after another left-handed turn, they scrambled up the rugged gully leading to Dagger Hill. Now they took the lead in their stride, and keeping beneath the Warren Inn came up to Cape Horn on the main road. They would, no doubt, have crossed had their pilot not been turned by passing traffic both here and again beyond at Stat's Bridge.

Bearing left-handed the pack streamed over Coal Mires, and racing along the slopes of Merripit were, for the moment, alone in their glory. Now, indeed,

> "As plovers o'er the moorland speed, or wild fowl o'er the sea,
> The steed that stays along with them a right good steed must be."

Even pre-war horses must have been out-distanced had hounds continued long in the same direction, but happily by Runnage wall a leftward swing to the valley let up the panting field. As hounds reached the stream a ring of over four miles had been completed in a matter of fifteen minutes.

With scarcely a pause the pack splashed across and went on to Soussons Warren, whence they paid a second visit to Golden Dagger, scaled the southern extremity of Challacombe Hill, and, as the Hunt staff topped the rise, were seen to be checked by a roadside quarry. The time of this brilliant gallop was 26 minutes, and the line was never subsequently recovered. A stout fox deservedly lives to lead them again on some future occasion.

The hunt now proceeded over Grim Tor, and southwards along the Hamel Down ridge. Hounds selected their afternoon pilot from a brace they pushed up in Bagg Park. Taking him away over the Webburn they climbed to Chinkwell Tor by Hell Corner, had a sharp flurry round Bonehill, and forced their fox away to Harestoot Mires. They now skirted Hemsworth Bog, and passing close under Holwell House and the Fairy Glen in quick succession swung left for Beech Corner.

Here, after successfully negotiating some high netting, the fox encountered a sheep dog and the pace inevitably slowed down. A left-handed loop inside the Hedge Barton drive brought hounds to Hedge Tor. Penetrating Bell Tor Bog they passed over Bell Tor, and Chinkwell Tor was presently regained after an hour's brisk hunting. Presumably the fox went in somewhere hereabouts, for the line could be carried no further. So ended the best scenting day experienced thus far this season, and although no point of note was achieved it was a day of hard galloping, and a well satisfied band wended their way homeward in time to avoid the "black-out." RALLYWOOD.

DORSET, SOUTH.—Hounds met at The Kennels, November 27th, and in spite of a howling gale and pouring rain, which had persisted throughout the previous night and was still raging at 10 o'clock, there was a nice field out. Within an hour the rain had stopped and the wind had died down, and good sport resulted. Finding on the Downs near Mr. Besant's boundary, hounds ran slowly over the plough-land to mark their first fox to ground in Scentclose. A very old one was killed at Hayward's and Mr. Jesty's kale held two brace. Going away with one hounds crossed the road, and marked to ground in a chalk-pit near Ashley Barn.

Coming back quickly to the kale field they went away with a fresh pilot, running hard for Milborne Rings, but bearing to the left over Rogers Hill Farm crossed the Puddletown road. Skirting Black Hill, and swinging still further to the left across the Shitterton Farm, the pack checked for the first time on the Milborne road. Held on they quickly recovered the line, and ran on over the high ground, pointing for Bere Wood. Just short of the main Wimborne road the fox changed his mind, leading hounds at a rattling pace over Maddox Farm, past the kennels to West Down Barn, and on over the Whitechurch road and Winterbourne Brook (which was in flood), as if for Peat Hill. Here a large herd of dairy cattle headed the fox and stained his line, and hounds were at fault until information got them going through the back-yards of Kingston village. Crossing the Bere Regis road near the Dairyhouse, and running on again within sight of Bere Wood, they were stopped at the end of an hour, this concluding an excellent day's sport.

Hounds met again at King Grove cross-roads on the last day of November and though conditions were all that could have been asked for there was only a small field out. The pack found their first fox in King Grove, and going well away ran hard to Piddletrenthide, where they turned sharp left-handed up the valley, to kill their fox in the open, close to Tennant's Gorse, after twelve minutes as fast as horses could gallop. From there the Master drew on towards Navvy's Shovel, and presently hounds found again near Cowleaze Gorse, running fast almost to Buckland Newton, where they turned square right-handed across the valley road, and over Buckland Knoll, to within sight of Plush. Hounds had quite out-distanced the field, and from Buckland Newton to the time they were found at fault near Plush were never seen. Captain Wellesley-Wesley told me he was convinced that their fox had gone to ground in the gorses on the hillside above, but scent seemed to have become worse as the day wore on, and was not sufficiently holding to allow them to definitely account for him. It was a good day's sport, and I am greatly impressed with the way the South Dorset Hounds are hunting. The Master has certainly improved the pack to a marked degree since he took them over four years ago. A. H. H.

HAYDON.—November 25th at Newborough Park was a wild and stormy day, but scent was good, and in the afternoon a noteworthy hunt was recorded. Hounds hit off the line of a fox on Greyside Fell just beyond Park Dam West, and ran fast to the Grindon Woods, which they skirted, to come away on the south side. Hunting on by Settling Stones they lost near Haydon Fell, after a nice hunt of 40 minutes.

At Newborough Quarries, they put up a brace of foxes in the young firs on the west corner. After hunting in the Quarries for 30 minutes they went away with one by Park Shield, the fox running the road for half a mile. Hounds hunted him perfectly on the road, then swung right-handed through the Chesters Woods, almost to the keeper's cottage. Driving their fox once round the woods they turned west and ran through Tower Tye into Walwick Fell at a great pace.

Keeping on the south side of Limestone Bank, and pointing due west to Carrabrough, they crossed the military road to sink the hill to the point-to-point course. The fox was now running north-west into the cheek of the wind, and hounds flew over this fine line of country with its good old turf and stone walls, crossing Teckett's Burn and the hill nearly to the Folly.

Swinging right-handed over Rigg Hill they crossed Allgood's Farm to Cornshield, and Gofton Burn at Leather Ford, into Warksburn, which they hunted right through to the west end, where they were stopped, as it was raining in torrents and hounds were many miles from kennels. They had hunted this fox for 1 hour 30 minutes, and from leaving the Quarries at Newborough ran for 60 minutes without the semblance of a check, making a point of six miles and covering thirteen—an exceptionally fine hunt. H.

TAUNTON VALE.—This hunt had a capital run of over two hours from Paddlemore, Colonel Pringle's covert, on November 27th, after meeting at Eagle Tavern. Going away directly hounds were put into covert the fox essayed to cross the Ilminster—Honiton Road, but being headed set his mask through Ding Goese, and ran on to Broadway Gorse whence, after a short check, hounds hunted him slowly on towards Jordans.

Here he must have been headed again, for he was viewed making his way back across the racecourse. Grant quickly had hounds on to the line, and they ran fast upwind across the Honiton Road to Long Rapps and Barley Hill. Then they bore right-handed through Poltimore to Paddlemore, where this good fox was lucky to save his brush.

The Taunton Vale have enjoyed excellent sport lately, and accounted for a number of foxes. Very small fields and the absence of motor cars are certainly conducive to better sport in this somewhat cramped country. In the absence of Lord Portman, who is serving with his regiment, Lady Portman is very efficiently carrying out the duties of Master. Some of the hounds have been put down, and hunting days have been reduced from four to two days a week. MARTINGALE.

TYNEDALE.—Hounds met at Robb's Heugh on November 25th, and finding in Milburn Dene hunted through the Dene and Milburn Village. The fox was caught in some wire netting, however, as he was crossing the road and was unluckily killed. Finding another in the south drive hounds hunted him round about Milburn Hall for some ten minutes, eventually going away to Quarry Wood, where they changed on to a stale line and were stopped. A good hunt followed from the new covert, hounds going away with a fox straight across a corner of the park. Then they ran east to Cold Coats, swinging north over Glebe Burn, and past East Grange Farm, to Middle Newham and West Newham. Still pointing north they continued on by Black Heddon, over Jock's Well, through Bygate Wood and past Bygate Farm, to Cowstands, where they lost after a good hunt of 60 minutes, on a fair scent.

Monday was a nice scenting day, when hounds met at Gunnerton. Finding a fox in The Dungeon they ran fast over Swinbourne Crags towards Swinbourne Castle. Most of the field got lost, hounds went at such a pace, but horses caught up with them at Erring Burn. The pack ran on by Keepwick, parallel with the Keepwick Lane, catching their fox in the open on Keepwick Fell Farm after an excellent 60 minutes. Another was killed in Beaumont House covert before hounds went home. T.

IRELAND

TIPPERARY.—A strong south-westerly wind, carrying heavy rain, was blowing when the pack met at Barrettstown Cross on November 25th. Hounds were taken to Woodlock's, and finding at once broke at the lower side, only to mark at a rabbit hole three fields away. On being bolted the fox led them back through Woodlocks and Coleman's before running across Mr. Quinlan's farm to the Red City road, where the pack checked. Recovering the line they persevered nearly to Flynn's before heavy rain washed out all traces of scent. As the weather was becoming quite impossible it was decided not to draw again.

The Marlfield fixture on the Monday was held under more pleasant conditions. Hounds quickly had a fox afoot in Marlfield covert and went away over the road towards Oaklands. Turning up wind they ran hard to Knockfolty Cross, and then bore right-handed across Monksgrange to Nicholastown where they marked in a quarry. A move was made to the Church Screen at Woodrooff. Hounds opened at once, and going away to the right of the old church ran through Barona to Poulmucca, where an open shore brought the hunt to an end. To conclude the day a fox was hunted from Donegal towards Whitelands Cross, and over the New Inn road before a rabbit hole saved him from further worry.—T.C.V.

AMATEUR ROD MAKING

By H. HARTMAN

MANY fishermen tie their own flies, but how many of them have ever attempted making a rod? When there are tackle makers to supply the finest goods there is no reason on earth why they should try to do so, but for those who are handy with tools amateur rod making is a fascinating business. By far the most difficult part of it is getting a good piece of greenheart on which to start, (the beginner should not aspire to split cane unless he is prepared to buy the sections ready made, thereby losing all interest in the job), but this can be got over by buying second-hand rods with which wonders can be worked, or by getting well-seasoned timber from some kindly tackle dealer.

Before starting on the rod, which we will assume to be a 10ft. trout rod, it will be as well to give a list of the tools required. These need be neither expensive nor numerous. The first and foremost requirement will be a small steel plane, this type being much easier to "set fine" than the ordinary wooden planes. Next in importance come two long and wide files, one coarse and one fine, two or three small fine files, a metal vice as used in garages, a small drill and a selection of metal bits. These with a few sheets of fine glass paper complete the outfit as far as tools are concerned. All that now remains to be purchased are some corks for the handle and some temporary and permanent rod fittings, such as rings, sockets, reel fittings, and the end fitting, into which is screwed a rubber button or spike.

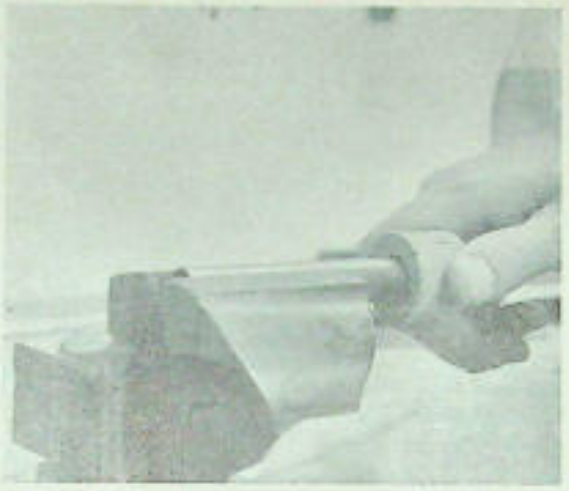
A word as to temporary fittings. As it will not be possible for the amateur, and indeed hardly for the professional, to gauge exactly what size of socket he will require for a particular rod, this depending on the timber used, it is necessary to have a series of what are known as "try sockets." These are simply brass tubes, fitting one into the other, the smaller tube of a pair naturally being for the top joint and the larger for the butt. A further set of brass tubes will also be necessary for boring the corks from which the handle is to be made. These should be put in the vice, and with a small round-backed file the inside of each tube should be filed down until the end has a sharp edge.

Having got our house very nearly in order let us begin to make the rod. A work bench or table and the requisite timber are such obvious necessities that we will assume them to be in the workshop.

By far the wisest course for the beginner is to beg, borrow or steal a rod of approximately the same size and type as the one he is about to make. In this manner he will be able to get some idea of measurements, taper, &c., but it is most important to bear in mind that such measurements can be only of the vaguest, as no two pieces of greenheart are identical, and each must be treated on its merits.

Work should be begun on the butt or handle end of the rod. First of all lay a board some 3in. or 4in. wide and about 1½in. thick along the bench; on this place the piece of timber which has been selected, so that the thick end of it projects over the board. Hold this projecting portion of the rod in the left hand, and with the right start planing it down from the top, or what will eventually be the thin end, working backwards until the point is reached where the handle will begin.

The greatest care must be taken never to take two shavings off the same place, and herein lies the secret of the board laid along the bench. By raising the rod timber 1½in. above the surface of the bench the rod maker is enabled to get his fingers round the rod, and keep up a continual turning motion during the whole of the planing and later filing operations. Having worked the



METHOD OF BORING THE CORKS

butt joint down to some measurement considerably in excess of what we expect will give the required result, it will be as well to slip on one of the "try sockets" and then to commence operations on the top joint, working it down until it fits into the fellow "try socket" to the one already employed.

The two joints are now put together and the rod "felt." As yet there is no handle, so the grip will be out of proportion. Before any alterations are made, therefore, it will be necessary to put on the cork handle, which is a surprisingly simple operation. Choose the sharpened brass tube which most nearly fits the handle end of the butt joint, remembering of course that the tube must be on the smaller and not the larger side, put it in the vice and press the flat side of a cork against it, turning the cork at the same time. When the tube has cut about half-way through pull the cork off and repeat the operation from the opposite end. A clean, sharp hole will result.

The handle is now glued and a cork pushed up the rod until it reaches the mark where the handle is to begin, the measurement having been obtained from the begged, borrowed, or stolen rod. This process is repeated until the corks reach to within 1½in. of the end of the joint, care having been taken to glue the flat sides of the corks as well as the joint on to which they are fitted. These are now clamped together between two pieces of wood, as shown in the picture, and left for the glue to set.

Clamps are the simplest method, but as they have not been included in the list of tools an alternative method is shown in the picture. Once the glue has set all that remains to be done is to file the corks down to the size required, beginning with the coarse file and ending up with fine glass paper.

Next, on to the 1½in. of timber, which was not covered with cork, must be glued a piece of wood to receive the end fitting. For this purpose nothing is better than a cotton reel. The hole through the centre of it will have to be enlarged before glueing it in place. When this has been done the reel is filed down until it fits tightly inside the "end fitting," which is now glued and nailed on with small pins.

It may now be as well to put the reel fittings on to the handle, in order that the action of the rod may be tried with the reel in place. The fixing of these requires no description as they consist of a ring which slides up and down the handle, and what is known as a "W" fitting, the latter being screwed to the handle through the cork.

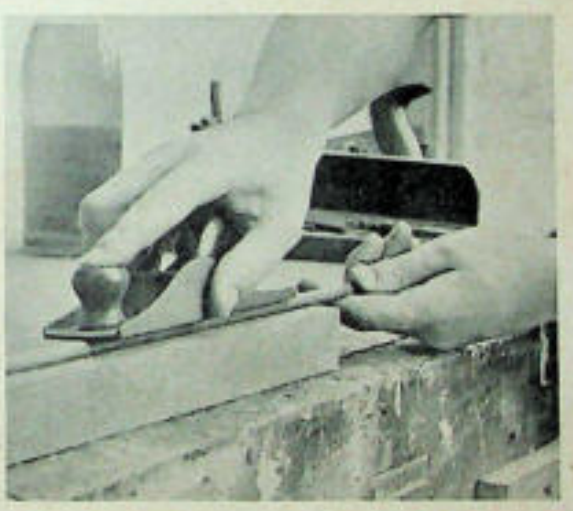
How and where to alter a rod are things which can be learned only by experience, but two rules must be borne in mind—the first that the taper must always be gradual and even, and secondly that there must be no "straight lines." This means that when the rod is put together and pressure put upon the tip the curve so produced must be even. "Straight lines" are almost certain to appear in the unfinished article, indicating that at these places the timber is too thick and should be reduced with a file; a plane might easily remove too much. Two other useful points to remember are that the action of the rod must continue right into the hand, and that the butt must therefore not be too thick, and also that the heavier the top the whippier will be the rod. Light tops produce stiff rods.

Having got the required action, the rod must be cleaned up with fine sand-paper and the permanent sockets fixed. The length required to hold the socket is marked off, glued and some waxed cotton wound round it, and the socket knocked into place with a piece of wood. To finish see that the wood is well smoothed with glass paper, rub it down with a rag on which a few drops of linseed oil have been put, and then with the stain, which is also applied with a rag. A most excellent stain can be made from a 6d. packet of seal brown Diamond Dye mixed with methylated spirit, the proportions of spirit to dye depending upon the depth of colour required. Finally, rub the whole over with a thin coat of shellac varnish.

The rod is now ready for the whippings, if it is required to put any on, for of course on a greenheart rod they serve no purpose beyond giving it a finished and more professional appearance. Ordinary thin sewing silk does well for the whippings, and twist for putting on the rings.

Two home-made tools will now be required; a small board with a nail through it, on which to put the reel of silk, and a "wood file." This is made from any piece of hard wood about 8in. long, half the length of one side being planed flat, and notches at intervals of roughly ¼in. being made in it with the edge of a file. This is used for polishing and smoothing down the edges of all bindings.

The rod is now marked off, 1½in. being allowed between each whipping, and spaces left for the rings. The whipping silk is pulled through an ordinary piece of beeswax, which makes it "tacky,"

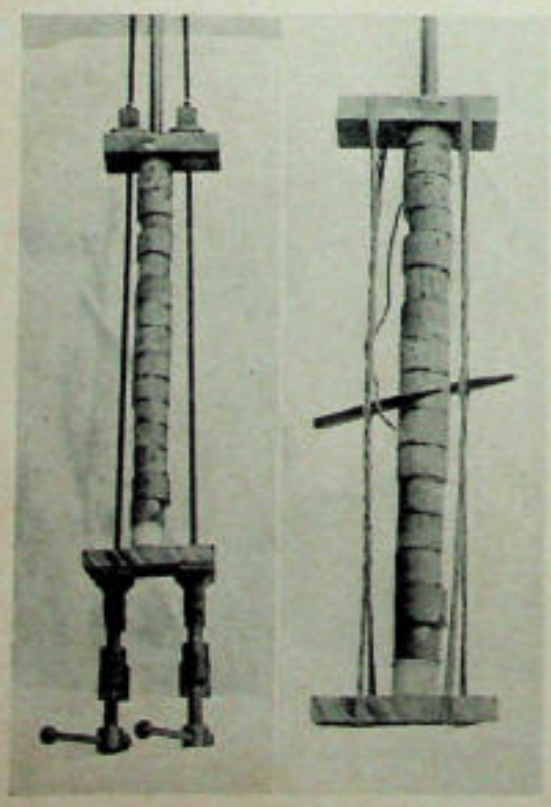


PLANING THE ROD; A MATTER FOR GREAT CARE

and the silk wrapped on. Advantage of this system is that as the turns, which should be seven or eight in number, are wound on, so by the turning of the rod will an equal number appear higher up its length, in readiness for the next whipping. When all are finished their edges should be tapped with the back of a knife in order to close up the turns of silk, and the whole rubbed over with the wood file.

The rings, which are the last item, must now be fixed. A few turns of silk are wound on to the rod, and the ring held in place. Four or five turns are now made over the base, leaving the end protruding, then the ring is pulled back very carefully until the end slips under the silk. The coils are continued until it is estimated that only three or four more will be required. At this point a loop of silk is placed under the main thread, the coils being wound over it, and when completed the thread is cut, the end passed through the loop, the ends of which on being pulled will pass the original thread under the coils. All rings are put on in the same way, and finished as were the whippings.

Three coats of varnish only stand between us and the completion of our rod. The best carriage varnish should be used. Put it on very thinly with a brush and finish off with the ball of the finger and not the brush. Plenty of time must be given for each coat to dry, and the rod will be ready for use. Use it then, and of the first fish that bows it you will in truth be able to say: "*I* caught this fish."



THE CORK HANDLE: FIRST STAGE, AND AN ALTERNATIVE METHOD OF CLOSING UP CORKS, DISPENSING WITH THE USE OF CLAMPS



GREAT INDIAN HORNBILL TAKING A GRAPE FROM THE LIPS OF ITS KEEPER

TAME ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

IT is no part of the duties of the London Zoo to indulge in the training of animals, and the word "training," in fact, could never be applied to any of the ways in which keepers come into contact with the animals in their charge. Nevertheless, this rule does not prevent the Zoo animals from learning to indulge in all sorts of performances.

Most famous of these is the chimpanzees tea-party, which takes place daily on fine days throughout the summer. Since it was started a year or two ago, it has proved one of the most popular features of the summer season at the Zoo.

The secret of the behaviour of the chimpanzees at their party lies in their natural imitative powers. Chimpanzees are wonderful at copying the movements and habits of their keepers. On the other hand they are temperamentally unsuited for imitation for any protracted length of time, which explains the fact that if the chimpanzees' tea-party goes on for more than about ten minutes it usually breaks up in slight disorder.

On one occasion the animals had reached the disorderly stage when a downpour of rain drove them and their keepers to take shelter underneath the wooden platform on which the performance is usually held. The results of this and the entanglement that ensued delighted the public rather more than the keepers. To-day there are eight young chimpanzees at the tea-party stage, all in excellent health and condition. Perhaps the most famous of them is Jubilee, the first chimpanzee to be born in the London Gardens.

The subject of tameness in Zoo animals has always been an interesting one. There are species of animals which can invariably be tamed. Among them I should certainly put the common panda and, perhaps, the binturong. In others there is great individual variation.

An excellent case of this could be seen a year ago when several baby bears were introduced into the Children's Zoo. Two specimens from Asia, which had been caught in the wild and recently imported, were wonderfully tame and entirely trustworthy with children. On the other hand, a young bear of exactly the same age, which had been born at Whipsnade, was quite untameable and exhibited the vilest temper. She had to be taken back to Whipsnade immediately. This example shows another point—that it is quite unsafe to say that animals born in captivity are more likely to be tameable than those born in the wild.

Few kinds of animals fall altogether into the untameable category. Such primitive beasts as the Tasmanian Devil might do so. At all events, among the few that have passed through the Society's hands there has never been one which has shown any inclination to tameness or, in fact, towards entering into any kind of positive relationship with its keeper.

Some animals are tame with certain people but not with others. Cheetahs, when tame, are generally trustworthy with adults but seldom with children, and wolves, particularly, will exhibit trustworthy friendliness to some people but treachery to others. Among the few people who can invariably approach and play with wolves at any stage of their lives, is Mr. Spens Stuart, who has for many years made a practice of sharing part of his morning with the Zoo's collection of wolves. Before the bulk of the public arrive he may often be seen exercising his friends on a steel chain round the Gardens.

Some of the higher birds make very interesting pets and have learned to perform tricks for their keepers. Very often magpies and jackdaws learn to talk slightly and learn games like taking a coin out of a pocket, plucking out hairs and pinching keepers' ears.

Perhaps the most spectacular bird performer is the Great Indian Hornbill in the Bird House, which has built up an extremely complicated game with its keepers, based on an exchange of grapes. Not only will the bird take grapes from between the lips of its master, and if asked, return them to his mouth, but it will swallow up to six or seven grapes and at the word of command bring them back singly or all together.

In some cases, particularly in birds, apparent tameness may be the result of a transference of one of their instinctive "drives" from their natural object to the keeper. Perhaps the best example of such a bird is George, the Bateleur eagle, which does a courtship display not only to its keeper but to any visitor who chances to stop and look and (if necessary) exclaim "George." This particular bird displays all the year round.

Perhaps the finest collection of tame animals in the Zoo at the moment is that in the Small Cat House, and in keeping with the tameness of its pandas, binturongs and cats, it is not surprising that nearly all the animals have already been adopted.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING IN WAR-TIME

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

WAR or no war, pheasants must be shot, and since there is no cold storage facilities for game nowadays, pheasants must not only be shot, but eaten. All agree that the cock is more beautiful, but the hen more tender; also that young birds are better than old ones, but opinions differ in the matter of hanging. A freshly-killed pheasant is, to my way of thinking, dry, tasteless and not nearly so good as a plump fowl; but a really "high" pheasant, that is a bird in a state of putrefaction, is worse. The natural flavour of the pheasant, which is wholesome and pleasant, does not assert itself at first; it does not appear until the bird has been hung for a few days in a dry and airy place, free from flies—from four to seven days, according to the state of the weather, will do.

There are ever so many ways of cooking a pheasant and all cookery books give a number of recipes. There is even a book by Mrs. Turner entirely devoted to the subject; it is called *Fifty Ways of Cooking a Pheasant*. How to cook a pheasant, and what to serve before and after it, must necessarily depend upon the person who has to do the cooking, that is whether you have no cook at all, a plain cook or a talented chef. If you do your own cooking or have a plain cook to cook for you, the following menu would give you or your cook time to concentrate on the basting of the pheasant—and a roast pheasant is dry by nature and must be basted continuously; also time to boil the chestnuts and to mash them:

Cold lobster; Mayonnaise.
Roast pheasant; Mashed chestnuts.
Stilton or Double Gloucester; Celery.
Chablis Vaudésir 1929, with the lobster.
Côtes de Beaune 1926, with the bird and the cheese.

No coupons required, and an excellent meal indeed. But suppose that you have the same lobster, pheasant and chestnuts, plus a first class chef to deal with them, he could give you and your friends a truly memorable meal, as follows:

Potage velouté de homard à l'Américaine.
Faisan étoffé à la Sainte-Alliance.
Mont-Blanc aux Marrons.
Verdelho Madeira 1847.
Pommery in Magnums 1906.
Château d'Yquem 1869.

The pheasant "Sainte-Alliance" is one of Brillat-Savarin's most extravagant recipes, too extravagant, probably, for war time; it can be replaced by *Faisan sauté à la Champenoise*, a much simpler dish and really quite as good as the other.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

THERE seems to be more business passing on the Stock Exchange now than before the actual outbreak of war. Several stockbrokers have told me that they experienced quite satisfactory business during the month of November.

In fact some assert that November was the best month so far this year as regards business. It is important to note that in most instances clients have made money.

It may be recalled that when war broke out markets crumbled rather badly. There was then urgent need for liquid resources on the part of many investors. Securities were therefore freely sold and prices broke.

When that selling came to an end recovery set in. Since the end of September market values have tended towards much better levels, with only occasional setbacks. British Funds, for instance, were substantially higher at the end of November than they were at the end of August. Very big rises were established in November in home railway securities.

Many of the principal industrials more than recovered the heavy falls suffered in early September. When clients make money in stock markets they come back and deal more freely. All dealings on the London Stock Exchange are now for cash. The fortnightly settlement has been suspended for the war period at least. Facilities for speculation are virtually non-existent.

Every purchase must be paid for in cash. Clients are now accustomed to cash dealings, and many confess that such business pays better than operations of a more speculative character. The general experience is that speculators frequently buy far more stocks and shares than they can conveniently pay for. That was certainly the case under the old fortnightly run.

The type of business conducted to-day is of an investment character. Naturally securities are turned over when a profit is seen. That in itself makes for more business. Interest is very largely confined to British securities.

Leading industrials are being bought for investment purposes. It is, of course, recognised that new and particularly heavy taxation will make serious inroads into the profits available for distribution on equities. Up to now most companies have been able to show good results despite heavier tax provisions.

There are, of course, exceptions. Catering companies, particularly those in the London area, have been very badly hit as a result of war conditions. The departure of many business houses from London to the country has adversely affected the earnings of such companies as J. Lyons and Aerated Bread.

The latter company, for instance, is postponing dividend on its preference capital. On the other hand, iron and steel companies are doing well and brewery concerns remarkably well. Breweries serving the industrial areas of Britain appear to be most prosperous at present.

It is considered that Ind Coope & Allsopps, with interest in many parts of the country, must show good results, providing there is no further material increase in beer duty. The £1 units of ordinary stock standing around 81/– ex dividend are regarded as a promising investment.

Net profits of the company for the year to September 30th were slightly less than the year before. The dividend was 23½ per cent on a larger capital.

Imperial Chemical Industries £1 ordinary units are a popular market around 30/6 each. This concern has numerous activities and interests. Its activities in explosives are very substantial. Synthetic fertilisers is another branch of activity. There is keen demand for fertilisers on the "grow more" policy of the country.

It is known that the company is to-day actively engaged on Government contracts of many descriptions. Total ordinary dividend for 1938 was 8 per cent. The interim for the current year has been maintained at 3 per cent. The units should be worth putting away for a time if picked up around 30/6 each.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EARLEY STREET, S.W. 1, are most anxious to assist a helpless old lady of seventy-four, suffering from incurable rheumatism. She is alone in the world, having lived with two sisters, now dead. Their father owned a large farm in Devonshire and nowadays she has no income beyond her old age pension, so she sorely needs help.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HIGH AND OVERHEAD

SIR,—The article "High and Overhead" by W. H. T. Long, in your issue of November 25th, has, I feel sure, given much pleasure and useful information to many readers, particularly those who, like myself, find difficulty in dealing consistently with high pheasants coming directly overhead (or indeed, in my case, at any angle!). I may explain that by "high" I mean from about 80ft. up to 100ft. In my own experience on high overhead shots it is by no means easy to score a good average of clean kills, particularly if the birds are coming along at a good pace. I exclude "curlers" which defeat most of us entirely. A few years ago I developed, after careful thought and experiment on my own, helped by the advice of one of our foremost professional coaches, a particular technique for shooting at pheasants, part of which is identical with that explained by Mr. Long, *i.e.*, I throw the weight of the body well forward, and balance my body on the left foot with the right foot well back and heel off the ground. Thus a strong rhythmic back swing can be given in the proper manner from the waist downwards, and not with the arms alone working from the shoulders, this latter being a fatal practice which leads to poor shooting on this, and indeed, on every type of shot.

I do not agree with Mr. Long in his advice to throw up the gun in front of the bird—this practice, I believe, tends inevitably to produce the fatal habit of "intercepting," as it is called by some coaches, or "laying up for 'em" by others, and is, I believe, one of the most fertile causes of those distressing series of misses that occur to most of us.

To ensure that the gun is kept swinging I believe a far sounder technique is to raise the gun smoothly (by smoothly I mean with no sign of "see-saw" action due to the independent action of the right and left hands) with the stock in front of the shoulder and with the barrels well up held in a firm left hand grip. Then directly the bird appears past the barrels the strong body movement explained above is brought into action, with the gun coming up and into the shoulder smoothly, and the trigger is pulled directly the stock is in to the shoulder with the gun swinging.

I like to think of the whole movement of shooting in terms of a "leading swing" rather than in terms of "lead" alone—the former will seldom result in the fatal habit of "intercepting" or poking, but the latter may, as I know only too well from bitter experience.

To maintain this desirable "leading swing" in shot after shot in the course of a day's shooting is by no means easy, even though one may practice the movement regularly, but a very good plan is to say to oneself "race him" as you start to swing with your gun, for "racing" provides an excellent mental stimulus for getting ahead and staying there!

One thing is certain—it does not pay to get careless or over confident on any type of shot, particularly when pheasants are coming in fair numbers, and this expressed thought of "race him" should be sufficient to maintain the necessary stimulus for what I like to call and think of as "the leading swing." Swinging is the result of mental as well as muscular activity, and thus as one relaxes on the mental side so does one's shooting deteriorate, anyhow mine does!

I may be wrong, but it would appear that in Mr. Long's technique there is a swinging of the gun after the stock is bedded in the shoulder, and if so I believe this to be wrong, for in my opinion the trigger should be pulled directly the stock has come into the shoulder. "Shoot quick and swing" is Lewis Carey's advice concerning the secret of good shooting, in his well-known book, *My Gun and I*, and with this authority I agree entirely. May I put it thus:

"Swing and the birds fall round you,
Poke and you stand alone."

"Intercepting" or "Laying up for 'em" will produce the same position of isolation!

Regarding the height of shootable pheasants—I believe 40yds. up to be beyond the power of an ordinary 12 bore firing 2¼in. cartridges to deal with satisfactorily (please note this word). An odd bird here and there may be killed outright, one or two may be stunned in the air and knocked right out by impact with the ground, a few be pricked by stray shots in a non-vital part and go on, but the majority would escape untouched. 40yds. or 120ft. is a big height in shooting, which reduced to a practical basis means a full 30ft. over the top of a high elm, and to attempt to put birds at this height over a line of guns equipped with ordinary 12 bores firing 2¼in. cartridges would be surely a senseless thing to do. 80ft. up to 100ft. is high enough for most of us using an ordinary 12 bore and 2¼in. cartridges, and, moreover, it is a height that gives the bird a reasonable chance, and that is what most of us desire. Further, do not we like to feel that every bird that we shoot at is a bird not only worth killing but also worth missing!

The whole subject of the art of shooting is a most complex one, and of absorbing interest to many, and thus I hope that Mr. Long will forgive my joining issue with him on one or two points in his most interesting article.

Yours faithfully,
SUSSEX.

THE FUTURE OF HUNTING

SIR,—Since the introduction of the first railway line at the beginning of the nineteenth century gloomy prophets have been for ever forecasting the end of hunting in England. As each decade passed and new inventions—the attributes of so-called civilisation—appeared, this conviction became more and more firmly fixed in the minds of the pessimists. Wire, the agricultural depression and the Great War all lent fuel to the flames, and there was a time, it is true, when that last calamity appeared as an insurmountable barrier.

In many ways the last war hit hunting harder than this war has to-day. For to-day there is not that widespread demand for horses which was the



VICTIM OF A PARASITE
(See letter "The End of the Struggle")

case in 1914; but in contrast to that is the present economical aspect of hunting, which is infinitely worse than it was at the beginning of the Great War. To-day we start with an income tax of 7/6 in the £, and it is common knowledge that to run a pack of hounds is a costly business. Hunts throughout the country are faced with a great problem. How to continue hunting while at the same time faced with a rapidly falling budget. As before, the pessimists rear their ugly heads and say that hunting is finished, but that is a defeatist attitude. A certain type of hunting may be finished, but to say that this is the end of all hunting is anticipating a situation which has not yet arisen.

In recent years we have—and there is no point in making any bones about it—been spoilt. We have been, in many places, accustomed to hunting in a grand manner. We have seen large kennels hunting large areas, followed by wonderfully turned out and numerous hunt servants and by a large and prosperous field. In many countries troubles and difficulties have been overcome by a cheque put in the post overnight, and hunting has become a social pastime rather than an integral part of the countryside. Instead of the hunt being regarded as something as natural as the rain or the wind it has become, in many places, a milch-cow, a kind of agricultural dole. "They can afford to pay. Well let 'em!"

All that must go. And if it does go then we—who hunt because we love hunting—shall have benefited something from this war. To use an American expression it is the "slickness" of hunting which must be removed. The smart people who hunt because it is the "thing to do" must be replaced by those who hunt because they thrill at the sight of hounds; because it brings them closer to the country which they love—the shadows and lights, the bite of frost in the air, dawns and sunsets, the smell of rain and the talk of the wind in the trees. They are the people who will make hunting continue. For they are part of the country and hunting is of the country, too. While one survives so will the other. When both are gone, the country will have vanished also.

They have been hidden, these honest people. Hidden by the Rolls-Royces and the crowds, and the smoke of a thousand cigars, and their voices have been drowned in the chatter of dances and parties and week-ends.

The pessimists are not to be found amongst them. They know that however hard things may be somehow or other they will continue to hunt, and through hunting to unite themselves with all that is clean and pure, with the things of Nature rather than with the things of man.

The days of ostentatious hunting may be over. Let us thank Fate they are. Away with the crowds and the large balance sheets and let us come back to small, homely hunting. The hounds may not be many, but if they have good blood in them that is no great disadvantage. Second horses may go, but as long as we have one we shall be happy, for we shall be doing something with our friends and doing it in the country we love.

Yes, we shall think more of our sport and more of our hounds when hunting returns to what it should be, and we are rid of the cheapness and tawdry accoutrements which hamper it to-day. We shall enjoy it more, too, for we shall find when we go hunting a companionship which has hitherto been lost in a crowd of pettiness and mediocrity. Our worries will be less; our delights will be greater, and when that simple day shall come, as I believe it will come after this war, we may then, for the first time in our lives, thank Herr Hitler for something. And he, wherever he may be, may console himself with the thought that, though most of his plans were doomed in the long run to ruin, he did at least succeed in doing one constructive piece of work as far as hunting in England was concerned.

Yours faithfully,
PETER WOOD

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE

SIR,—While motoring along a country road a couple of months ago on a run to the sea before petrol restrictions began, I saw a sad sight, of which I send you this picture. A fine old oak tree had been completely killed by ivy, which had wound its insidious way completely to the tips of the tallest branches.

A belated attempt had been made to hack through the stem of the ivy, which was some 3in. in diameter, but it was too late, and the life of the tree had slowly been sapped away by the strangling growth of the ivy. There are far too many trees killed by ivy, and those of us who are lucky enough to own any trees will find it well repays us to have an annual inspection of all tree trunks, to make sure they are not being threatened by ivy.

Yours faithfully,
Olives Cottage, G. B. HOPKINS (MRS.).
Wadhurst, Sussex.

FRIGHTFULNESS

SIR,—I am afraid that it is somewhat late to comment upon an article which appeared in your issue of September 16th. I refer to the article on the Germans by R. N. Rose, in which the writer attributes to the Germans a saying of a famous American General. It was "Phil" Sheridan who said that "the inhabitants of an invaded territory should be left only their eyes to weep with." Sheridan also said (or perhaps it would be better to say boasted) that he had devastated the Shenandoah Valley so completely and thoroughly "that a crow flying over the valley would have to carry his rations!" Mark you, Sheridan was speaking of his own country and his own countrymen.

Incidentally Mr. Rose might be interested to know that General Sheridan's remark concerning the state to which the conquered inhabitants should be reduced was spoken to the Prussian High Command during the Franco-Prussian War at which the General was probably the most distinguished observer.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD J. EYRE.

795, Fifth Avenue, New York.

[The Prussian High Command no doubt agreed with General Sheridan's view.—ED.]

DESTRUCTION OF GUNDOGS

SIR,—It is regrettable to hear talk of many gundogs and hounds are to be destroyed owing to ration difficulties. I can offer a good home in the country to a steady gun- and house-trained spaniel bitch.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. MORLEY
Wye, Kent. (Major, ret'red).

FLEAS ON THE DECREASE

SIR,—*Pulex irritans*, the human flea, is thought to be getting less abundant in this country.

The reason why it is not so often found in public places is probably because of the overpowering perfumes now used by women.

Yours faithfully,
Eastbourne. P. G. TILLARD.



A LICK FOR LUCK
(See letter "On Good Terms")



READY FOR A RIDE
(See letter "Complete With Lead")

ON GOOD TERMS

SIR,—Possibly a dog and a cheetah are not very often photographed together. The enclosed photograph shows Badger on very friendly terms with Singa, the pet cheetah.

Wadi Medani, Blue Nile Provinces, Sudan. Yours faithfully, L. W.

SPORT DURING WARFARE

SIR,—I was much interested in Lord Dorchester's article under the above heading in your issue for November 25th. During the late war my brother-in-law who was with the 19th Lancers (Indian) "somewhere in France," managed to get in a few days' pigsticking, the peasants having complained that wild pig were damaging their crops. As a result of this I have now in my possession the entire skin of a wild boar mounted by Rowland Ward as a rug.

Yours faithfully,
Horsham, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

SIR,—I was much interested in Lord Dorchester's article mentioning sport in France during the last war, and "G. C.'s" letter in which he refers to the ban imposed on his pack owing to French legal objections. Those who saw service on the Somme in 1918 may remember the General Order issued to the effect that all game was strictly preserved and could not be shot. Partridges were so confiding that they used to perch on the wire and, I regret to say, offered very unsporting shots to anyone inclined to try his hand with the rifle. The consequence was the Order was somewhat neglected and even now I have recollections of a much-appreciated change in diet. A few roast partridges (great care having been taken to bury the feathers), a ham from the E.F.C., a cigar and a bottle of wine! What more could Lucullus have provided?

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. R. N. ROSE.

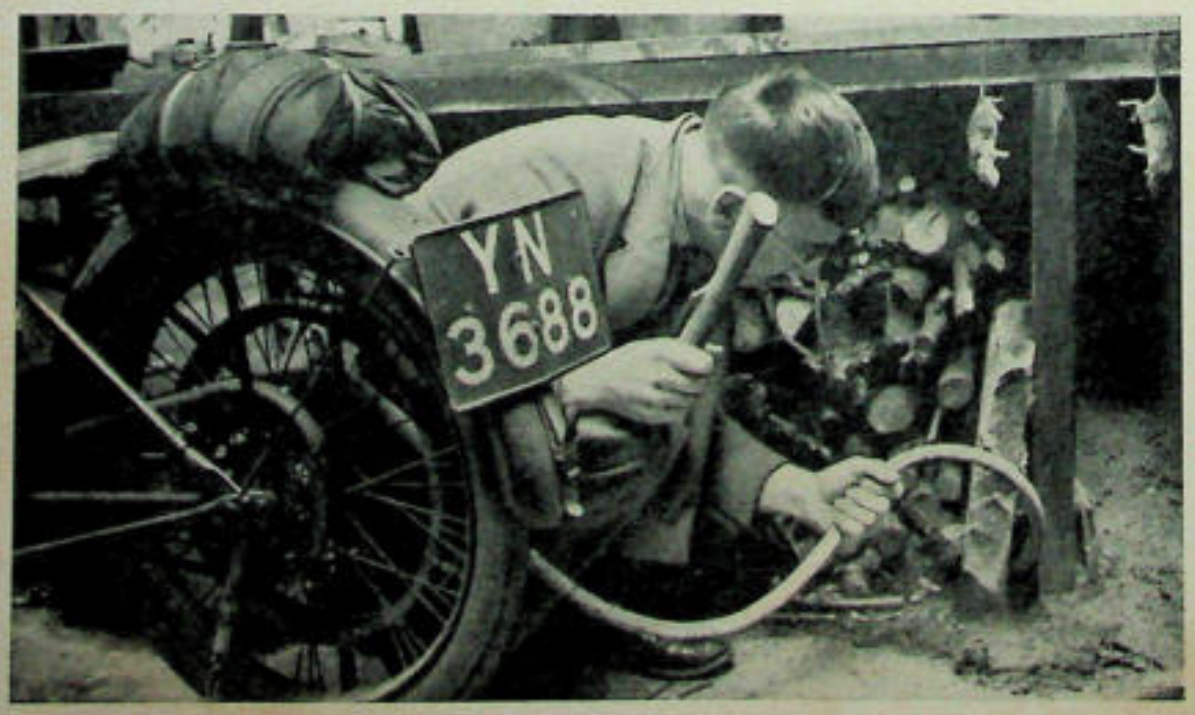
FRESHWATER SHRIMPS AS FLESH EATERS

SIR,—Fishing for trout on Tangy Loch, Kintyre, in July of 1938, our morning's catch, about a dozen, was hidden under the grass which borders the water. The trout were actually under water and when we returned at lunch time we found the fish covered with shrimps. The upper sides of the trout where the shrimps had been lodged were white, and presented a sucked appearance; so the trout were not eaten.

Seeking information about freshwater shrimps, I discovered that they are supposed to be strictly vegetarian, so last summer I asked a friend to put down some dead trout in Tangy Loch and collect the shrimps found on the trout for me. With the aid of Mr. Meleod, the keeper, my friend secured the shrimps which, being sent for scientific examination, were found to be ordinary freshwater shrimps (*G. Duebeni*).

Tangy Loch is rather a peaty loch, especially at rainy periods, and its shrimps are by no means vegetarian, as I saw them on and under stranded dead birds, as well as on trout.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie, Perthshire. DUGALD MACINTYRE.



HOSTILITIES HAVE BEEN DECLARED INDEFINITELY
(See letter "Fighting the Rat")

COMPLETE WITH LEAD

SIR,—You recently published some pictures of mine showing koalas at the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary. Your readers may be interested in the group shown in the enclosed picture. Strongheart, the Alsatian, does not mind taking his koala companion for a ride or even object to a rather unusual type of lead.

Yours faithfully,
Liverpool. FRED G. SHAW.

PINE WEEVILS

SIR,—If your inquirer, who wishes to plant only a few specimen conifers, chooses trees that are fairly large, say 10ft. high, and takes the usual planting precautions (moving plenty of soil, and secure staking) he will help to defeat the weevil, which prefers and does most damage to young trees from three to six years old.

The easiest and best weevil traps are small bundles of pine needles, tied with string. The beetles collect in these and can be shaken into a pail each morning. These traps can be used time and time again, and are easier to procure than pieces of Scots pine bark, 1ft. or 2ft. long.

Yours faithfully,
East Grinstead, Sussex. REGINALD DAVEY.

UNUSUAL NEIGHBOURS

SIR,—While walking along the banks of the Ouse, near Bedford, some years ago, I came across an old ash tree, which held in the hollows of its trunk the following strange assortment of nests: in the hollow where the top of the tree had been blown off was a kestrel's eyrie, in a hole beneath this was a jackdaw's nest, the next hole was occupied by a barn owl, and lowest of all on the other side of the tree was a starling's nest.

I discovered the nests during April and towards the end of that month all four nests contained eggs at the same time; I was, however, unable to discover whether all the families were reared. The tree is still standing and I know that kestrels and barn owls have used it since for nesting, but their neighbours never returned after the first year.

Yours faithfully,
Willington Manor, near Bedford. F. L. GODMAN.

FIGHTING THE RAT

SIR,—Rat week, which officially commenced on November 6th, was observed with more than usual vigour in our district. Many of the local farmers invited people to "ratting parties" and asked them to bring their dog as well. The enclosed photograph may be of interest to readers of the *Field* who are considering continuing "Rat Week" indefinitely—say for the duration, as everyone knows the pests account for millions of pounds worth of valuable foodstuffs in the course of a year.

The method employed here is using the exhaust from a motor cycle to drive out the rats from their lair during the daytime. The fumes do not overcome them usually, but send them scurrying out into the fresh air, where men with sticks and dogs can do the necessary "polishing off"!

Yours faithfully,
7, Wansunt Road, Bexley, Kent. M. A. SAVONIUS.

New Books

FRANCE'S AFRICAN DESERTS

Deserts. By GAYLE PICKWELL, Ph.D. Pp. XIV & 175. Plates 63, 1 colour. (McGraw-Hill; 15/-.)

WHEN we compare our literature with that of France we find that our neighbour is the fortunate possessor of an adequate selection of non-fiction books dealing with deserts. Their close association with northern Africa has naturally resulted in the publication of a popular survey of the fauna and flora found there.

At the better booksellers of Paris there is always something new of France in Africa, or with even wider scope, and it makes one feel sorry that we in England publish so little in comparison, in the popular field, of the rich life that abounds in other parts of the world. The fascination of big game alone receives our attention.

The lack of opportunity to study at close quarters is chiefly to blame. America, however, can supply us with literature on warmer latitudes and life that is restricted well away from over-populated country. How this book under notice takes one close to its deserts! The author has made a complete study of desert country, describing the great wealth of life that has made its habitat in surroundings apparently so unsuitable to life.

As Dr. Pickwell points out, "Deserts are not lifeless wastes; living things are surprisingly abundant there. All life in the desert is faced by the great water problem, however. The methods used by living things in solving it will be the phase of greatest interest to us."

He explains how these difficulties have been successfully surmounted by members of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and gives numerous examples.

Particularly attractive are the large illustrations. The photographs themselves measure 7¼in. by 9¼in.; the size may seem unnecessarily large for showing small shells, and a close-up of the holes made by a powder post beetle, but the great advantage gained by such large plates is seen in photographs depicting desert scenery, where reproductions on a smaller scale would not have conveyed a proper impression of a world unknown to us in England.

* * *

Collected Poems of Lady Margaret Sackville. (Martin Secker, for The Richards Press; 10s. 6d. net.)

In a foreword Lady Sackville analyses her feelings on looking through this collection of her poems. Certainly the reader will be able to detect, here and there, phases of development, but generally speaking the poems have as much point and merit as on the day they were written. This is particularly so in the epigrams and epitaphs, which show a keen mind and an ability to leave out unessentials, often equal to that of Landor. In her sonnets and lyrics Lady Sackville has captured the literal meaning of those often abused terms, and many of the war poems have a very sad—because so apt—application to the present time.

All through her poetic career Lady Sackville has shown much more than technical brilliance, though this is often marked and never lacking. But what gives the permanent value to her work and assures it a place in our literature is the manner in which this ability is joined to a deep knowledge of life and people. No one can read these poems without understanding more of the world—and this is surely the purpose of literature.

* * *

The Young Victoria. By MARION W. FLEXNER. (Michael Joseph; 8/6 net.)

Of the making of books about Queen Victoria there is apparently no end, but this book shows that it is still possible to be original and to throw fresh light on a very interesting subject.

Only a part of Victoria's life is dealt with—from the time when she was four years old to her ascent to the English throne at eighteen. She at last appears as a normal child, not very good at lessons, faintly bored with the quiet life of Kensington Palace, but getting a certain amount of amusement out of life.

It is remarkable that a woman of such pronounced character should have emerged from so quiet and restrained a childhood, and one of the best points about the book is the way in which it shows the sense of responsibility growing. The last few pages leave no doubt as to Victoria's future character and outlook.

The author had in mind children as her principal readers, but the book has a value for everyone in that it presents a new view of Victoria's childhood which is based on long research and reliable documents.

* * *

Koonwarra. By CHARLES BARRETT. (Oxford University Press; 8/6.)

Koonwarra is the Australian name for the Black Swan, but the bird which has given its name to Mr. Charles Barrett's book plays no greater part in it than it does in the jungle which is the book's main theme. This book, besides being about the jungle, is not unlike it, if for vegetation you substitute information. Vast masses of facts are tangled and interwoven so densely and in such profusion that it is often difficult to perceive which is the tree that supports the branch that one is trying to trace.

Such a mass of luxuriant growth is apt to obscure the light, and knowledge is hard to come by in the midst of so much profusion growing so carelessly. As in the jungle, strange dead things are there, seeming curiously alive until the author shows that they are indeed corpses by saying "that was twenty years ago, it may be different now." It would be strange if in this half light there were not some distortions, and these, in fact, occur, though no doubt the Swedes will be pleased to learn that they have filched Raould Amundsen from Norway. Reading this book is very like threading the jungle paths and, what with leaving the "flattie" for a "walkabout" and putting the "tucker" in the "billy," the ordinary reader may be forgiven if he becomes entirely "bushed."

The illustrations, which are plentiful, are those very clear and utterly inartistic photographs which one always thought were the exclusive property of the travel agencies.

* * *

Famous Sieges from Troy to Kut. By B. WEBSTER SMITH. (Blackie & Son; 3/6.)

This book is a record of twelve of the most famous sieges in history. It is illustrated with eight half-tone plates and eight maps. Of the twelve described, four at least took place within comparatively modern times, Mafeking, the Peking Legation, Port Arthur and of especial memory, Kut. Though we live in troublous times, when war succeeds war and the boom of guns is audible every day, when epic deeds which rival any of the greatest of the days of old are being enacted week by week, there is always a demand for literature that deals with the strivings of the past. The passing of time adds lustre to feats of arms as it enables a writer to throw new light upon and penetrate into the deeper motives which influenced the leading actors on the stage.

The author has handled his material skilfully and recounts in vivid style the details of each siege. The result is a series of thrills that no fiction book could emulate. It should therefore appeal to any one who likes a gripping narrative, as it will also help as a refresher in many little points of history. Perhaps the last chapter dealing with the siege of Kut, when the Turks were our enemies, will be read with as great interest as any, in view of contemporary events. History repeats itself, but always with a difference, and it is the difference that matters.

* * *

Echoing Horn. By MOYRA CHARLTON. (Putnam; 7/6.)

A short book, 30,000 words or so, of the sporting novel sort. It deals, very happily, in five chapters, with deerstalking, polo, foxhunting and hunt-steeplechasing. Mr. Justin Abbott is the hero. We see him shoot a come-by-chance royal in an October gale on the top of a high hill. We see him as cicerone to a lovely lady (with devastating lashes) at Hurlingham Club. We see him, on Flamingo, alone with Mr. Curly Craig's hounds when this gallant pack killed their fox at the end of an hour and 40 minutes and a ten-mile point. Lastly, we see Justin win the Adjacent Hunts' Race on Miss Clemency Marchant's b.g. The Mole. One gathers that Justin adds to this important success the hand and the heart of The Mole's charming owner.

Miss Charlton writes with a sufficient working knowledge of her subjects and she has a gift of apt description which does much to carry her pages bravely along. One can commend her (a minor matter) for her choice in chapter headings. It is nice, for instance, to think that a young author to-day knows, and quotes, *The Old Meltonian.*

Echoing Horn is a pleasant and readable story; a very cheerful book for the times. It will undoubtedly appeal to the public for whom it is written. The illustrations are the so familiar ones of Mr. Lionel Edwards.

* * *

Tales of the Saxon Shore. By S. L. BENSUSAN. (Routledge; 10/6.)

Another tribute to the Essex marshlands from S. L. Bensusan. It is a two-way book; an armchair-by-the-fireside book, to be read with the accompaniment of tobacco smoke and contented chuckles. Old friends, Elijah Bird, Solomon Woodpecker, Gammer Garbole, recur at frequent enough intervals to give the continuity of a novel. It is also a book to pick up at odd times, open at random and enjoy, for each chapter is complete in itself—a too-short story.

Bensusan writes dialect comfortably for the "furriner." Despite the fact that almost every page is three-parts full of dialogue in the Essex tongue, the tale runs smoothly, and that in itself is an achievement.

The atmosphere of these old Saxon villages in their setting between the sea wall and the arable is given with a sure economy. There is no room—nor need—to dwell at length on countryside and cottage architecture. A hint dropped here and there suffices; a window "cluttered up with pots of geranium," does not that give you the huddle of a village street in a nutshell? Not the end where the council houses have climbed into importance on the hill, but the kernel where every chimney has a history and the little windows—not one in ten made to open—blink over creek and salting to the sea. That is where these Saxons of Bensusan's have lived for generations—weatherbeaten men and women, kind of sturdy faith, despite the perplexing tenets of the Peculiar People, loyal among themselves for all their petty tyrannies and deceptions, distrustful of strangers and government exploitation. And well they might be, for have they not evolved long since a wiser code of ethics for themselves?

Betty Aylmer's illustrations are well chosen. They have a quaintly mediæval flavour in harmony with the quiet humour of the letterpress. A book, with Christmas coming on, that you should order "d'reetly minit."

* * *

Lucy Dawson's Dog Book. (Collins; 8/6.)

There is an infinity of dog books, and almost as many "dog" artists as there are artists who specialise in wild fowl. There is to me this difference between the two schools. The artists of the estuary are all pretty much the same in the high quality of the wild geese and whatnots which they paint so eloquently. The dog artists vary, most humanly, in performance. And the dog remains (so states an evening paper) "more popular than lovely woman as a picture subject."

Since Cecil Aldin died Miss Lucy Dawson is now (say her publishers) as well established as he. This particular book does not seem to be Miss Dawson at her best. While the black-and-white work is good, some of the colour plates seem of the Christmas card kind. But this may be due to their production.

In spite of this slight grumble I can, now I come to think of it, name no living dog artist who can better Miss Dawson, and if her work here seems to be unequal the best of it is, I have no doubt, the best available. The dogs in the book range from film dog-stars and circus dogs (a "dog's life" for either wretched animal) to the ordinary cockney terrier and, familiar to many Londoners, the sheep dogs who function in Kensington Gardens. There are also police dogs and an Alsatian from the Wallasey Training School of guides for the blind.

The book is almost entirely a picture book and Miss Dawson gives good measure, since it consists of a baker's dozen of colour plates and countless black-and-white studies. Best of all I like the colour plate of "Me Too," a Pekinese. The Peke puppies, in black-and-white, are equally charming.

There are about 2,000 words of letterpress scattered here and there throughout a book bulky of its kind. Whether by an oversight in printing or on purpose, the printed pages alone are numbered. As the plates are named in the index as "facing page so-and-so" one can only find them by finding first a numbered page and then counting forward or back therefrom. This seems an irritating awkwardness in construction.

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FAMOUS PUTTS *and* CURIOUS PUTTERS

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

A FEW weeks ago the now customary practice of auctioning golf balls at the close of Red Cross charity matches was departed from. Instead Padgham offered his putter. Bidding was brisk before the club eventually became the property of an unknown golfer. I wonder what he will do with it. Will it occupy a place of honour in his study, like the mashie-iron which hangs triumphantly in the lounge of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes clubhouse to commemorate that historic recovery shot by Bobby Jones in his championship match against Al Watrous, or will he venture out on the course to see if it has retained the magic touch of its original owner ?

If past history can be relied upon, it would seem that expensive putters have not always inspired their wielders with confidence. Often the contrary has proved to be the case. Time and again, for instance, we find that an armoury of the finest matched clubs includes a rusty old hickory putter whose days of active service look as if they had ended with the gutty ball. The presence of this ugly duckling is interesting. It shows how men who base their play upon the strictest scientific lines sometimes become almost superstitious in this most vital department of the game.

Here is an example. This summer I spent an enjoyable afternoon in the Dollymount Club chatting with Judge Shannon, that well-known legal figure who enjoys shooting and fishing as much as his golf, and cheerful J. R. H. Scovell, who became secretary of the club after a spell in the Malay States. During a lull in conversation I noticed a small figure on the home green practising hard at putting. It proved to be Paddy Mahon who not so very long ago was listed with the second best average of the British professionals. This intensive activity, I was informed, was due to recent indifferent performances on the greens.

Mahon confirmed this later. He declared that his putting touch seemed temporarily to desert him, but he had at last found a cure ; he had changed his putter. Upon handling the club in question my first impressions were that it might be used for almost anything except putting. The grip had gone and the shaft was hopelessly warped, yet Mahon used this club throughout a later championship and undeniably recaptured his cunning on the greens. Truly, faith is a wonderful thing.

A similar case occurred at Troon last year. I was talking to Charles Yates, the eventual winner of the championship, and observed that his putter looked somewhat the worse for wear. He agreed, and went on to say that it had belonged to a friend who had died three years before. He had left his clubs to his caddy, but Yates had bought the putter for one dollar and a quarter. An invaluable investment, so he declared, as through it he had gained Walker Cup recognition. No idle claim, for this battered club played a decisive part in the winning of two national titles.

Many instances come to mind of players experimenting with strange putters just before a major championship, liking the feel of the club and using it with evident success in the actual event. The final of what is regarded as the P.G.A. Match-play Championship at Stoke Poges two years ago between James Adams and Percy Alliss was one of these occasions.

Putting has never been the strongest feature of Alliss's game, yet in this tournament he charmed the ball into the hole like a man bewitched. Nothing was too difficult, and every putt was struck with deadly accuracy. The secret of this phenomenal display was simple. Just before the event Alliss borrowed quite an ordinary putter from the Secretary and obtained such remarkable results with it on the greens that, christening it "Black Magic," he "putted" his way to victory.

This putter, however, is not the first to have inspired Alliss ; in fact, I should think he must have quite a collection by now. I remember him showing me a putter in the Open of the previous year which he was confident would solve all his problems. In appearance it bore a distinct resemblance to Mahon's club, but was, if anything, one degree worse. The clubhead was loose and, when it came into contact with the ball, emitted a disturbing cracked sound. Most golfers would have hesitated to have used it at all, yet Alliss contrived to wield it throughout that championship.

Another occasion was during the Open at Hoylake in 1936. Finding that his putter failed to comply with the necessary regulations, Gene Sarazen borrowed an old brass-headed club with which he gave a brilliant exhibition of consistent green work throughout the week. The classic example, of course, was when Jimmy Marsden lent Bobby Jones an old rusty putter whilst playing over the Long Island course. Jones sank so many putts that Marsden presented it to him at the end of the round.

The club was later christened "Calamity Jane" and brought immortal fame to its owner. What a pity that the late Harry Vardon was unable to find such inspiration, for, despite his wonderful record, he was, by his own confession, an indifferent putter.

One man who suffered agonies trying to find this putting elixir was Leo Diegel. His record makes impressive reading, but his brilliance is not due to his putting. Few people realised at the time that he was left with a possible putt on the last green at St. Andrews to win the 1933 Open. He failed, in a state of nervous tension, missed the return to tie It seems strange that a man, who can confidently drive a ball some three hundred yards down the centre of the fairway, should be reduced to a state of indecision over a yard putt, yet such is golf. In Diegel's case, he was faced with a problem that has confronted many golfers. His trouble was a form of acute muscular tension which brought about a distressing nervous condition whenever he had to putt. I remember seeing an instance of this in the closing stages of a British Amateur championship not so many seasons ago. One of the finalists had worked himself up into such a state of nerves that the very sight of a putter reduced him to terrifying indecision.

In Diegel's case he tried every possible cure for this trouble, popularly known as putting "jitters." As a last resort he consulted a neurologist, with a certain amount of success. He was told that he would have to eliminate his fingers as far as he could from the execution of the shot as they are more liable to nervous tension than any other part of the body. This he managed to do to a certain extent by putting from the shoulders, which are the least affected by nervous troubles.

The result was that Diegel produced the weird putting stance which was soon called "Diegeling." This awkward-looking crouch solved many of his former fears, but, at the same time, he created a great deal of trouble for others through his new style. Some golfers are always experimenting, and many tried to adopt this stance which was totally unsuited to their style.

I remember watching a golfer of international repute wrapping himself in a knot trying to sink a comparatively easy putt in the true Diegel style, and how, after it had dropped, he declared that the new stance had improved his game. It was not long before he, and many others, realised that the putts were dropping, not because of their new theory, but in spite of it.

Putting has always played an important part in the experiences of every golfer. To prove this try to recall what golfing memories remain most vivid in your mind. The odds are that mental pictures of vital putts, both missed and holed, will leap most readily across the stage of memory.

Who, for instance, will ever forget the tense atmosphere round the home green at Southport as close on 20,000 people watched Densmore Shute miss and Easterbrook sink his putt to give Britain a well-earned victory in the Ryder Cup. Several seasons pass and the same green and the same contest take the stage. This time Britain was losing, but there appeared a remote chance of a point being saved in the match between Shute and King as they played the eighteenth. The American putted for victory and missed. King took his stance and sank his putt to gain a half with a brilliant three. To me, those putts will always sum up the excitement of the last two Ryder Cup matches.

Others may recall the memory of little Jessie Anderson emerging out of the damp cloud, which the locals termed a "haar," in that memorable Curtis Cup struggle against America at Gleneagles. Everything pointed to an American victory. The alternative was for "wee" Jessie to sink a long and difficult putt to halve the issue—a feat made doubly difficult through knowing what was at stake. Without any hesitation she struck the ball firmly, and after what seemed like an eternity, it dropped safely in the hole. Surely, one of the most gallant shots ever played in women's golf.

Perhaps the most unusual putting memories are centred round the Dunlop-Southport tournament when it was staged at Birkdale two seasons ago. On the Friday, play started in a violent snowstorm and those of us who were foolish enough to leave the warmth of the clubhouse were rewarded by remarkable exhibitions of golf. On reaching the greens the balls assumed prismatic shapes which rolled over and over as if affected by a bias. As a result the sorely-tried professionals were obliged to employ mashies for putting.

In the end play was declared null and void, but not before the majority of the competitors had gone out. Taking into consideration the frightful conditions under which they had to play, I always regard W. H. Davies' score of 39 out, for a total of 82, as a magnificent effort.



PADDY MAHON ADOPTED A RUSTY OLD PUTTER IN AN EFFORT TO RECAPTURE HIS PUTTING TOUCH



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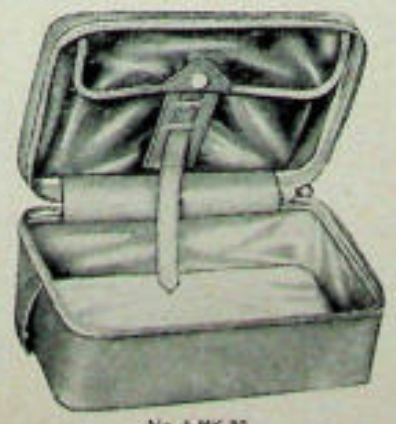
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IN THE DECEMBER GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FOR colour in the December garden we depend chiefly on the mid-winter flowering shrubs with a few fruits, notably those of the Passion flower. Against a warm wall the beautiful golden fruits hang on, at least in the south, till quite the middle of January. In one garden in this part of Surrey there is a Passion flower growing luxuriantly against a south wall. Within two years of being planted it was quite 30ft. high and about 8ft. wide.

It is lovely in flower and as lovely in winter with the mid-winter sunlight glinting on the hundreds of golden fruits. They seem to catch and reflect every ray of sunlight. To my thinking Passion flower fruits are singularly delicious, but they are seldom eaten in this country. The edible part is not the pulp, which, unlike that of most fruits, is almost tasteless, but the seeds embedded in a jelly-like substance.

The flavour is not unlike that of mulberries, but much sweeter. The trouble is that there is so little of this delectable stuff in the individual fruits.

In most gardens, however, large or small, the winter jasmine is now almost in full flower. The star-like yellow flowers are, as it were, the connecting link between the rich yellows and golds of autumn and the exquisite yellows of spring, notably the daffodils. The flowers of this jasmine never seem so attractive as on dull, sunless days when they seem to radiate light. The winter-flowering jasmine, which was introduced from China by Fortune nearly a hundred years ago, captured the cottager's fancy almost as much as fuchsias and geraniums, and became as popular as honeysuckle for porches. It is also amongst the very few winter-flowering plants that do just as well in the heart of smoky towns as in the country.

The one drawback to this plant is that if neglected for many years it becomes a mass of dead wood and hardly flowers at all. On the other hand it can be kept too tidy. For, though it should be regularly pruned, it resents being tacked up too tightly against a wall. The branches should be allowed to grow fairly freely. One of the best ways of keeping it pruned is to pick the flowering stems continuously, cutting them right down to the base. The stems can be cut when they are barely showing colour, and open perfectly when put in water.

I like them associated with the flowers of *Iris stylosa*, but whereas the iris never lasts more than two days indoors the jasmine continues to unfold its blooms for quite ten days. Immediately after flowering the branches should be pruned, cutting back all laterals to the base; and on light soil a mulch in April is helpful.

The most richly scented flowers are those of *Viburnum fragrans*, which in mild parts begins flowering as early as November, and in very mild parts of the south-west those of *Berberis hyemalis*, the scent of which is indistinguishable from that of lily of the valley. In less mild parts this shrub does not flower until February.

I remember reading, though I cannot remember where, that if plants which are not related to each other have very similar scents they invariably come from very different parts of the globe. It is certainly true in this case, for the berberis is a native of China, and was also one of Fortune's introductions. It is only fairly hardy. Its foliage is the most conspicuous of any shrub in the garden at this season.

The flowers of *Viburnum fragrans* have a crystal-like quality suggestive of jewels. Until the fall of the last dynasty this shrub was never allowed to be grown, except in temple gardens or those of the imperial palaces. It grows wild, according to the late Mr. Farrer, "only in the small hill-range between She-ho and Shi-Ja-Jung." Whereas the *Jasminum nudiflorum* looks at home in cottage gardens the viburnum would look out of place.

Rosemary is amongst the indispensable shrubs and few have such a long flowering period. In mid-December the first flowers appear, in every mild spell they are produced increasingly and by June every branch is wreathed with blue flowers. Very frequently rosemary is mercilessly pruned, usually by the type of gardener who cannot resist clipping every shrub into a pudding shape.

To clip Rosemary is to ruin it, for its beauty depends on the grace of the long, slender stems, lovely at all seasons, but particularly so in flower. The only pruning it should ever have is to keep it from growing straggly. Very often a branch will be noted with a long bare part; it should be cut back to vigorous growth, but haphazard shearing over is fatal.

The upright forms of rosemary have a dolls-house charm, but they cannot compare with the type. The white flowered form is fairly rare, and I have recently acquired a pink flowered one which is decidedly attractive, though this again cannot compare with the type. The prostrate rosemary never looks so charming as when growing over steps in the open. But this species is decidedly tender, and in most parts has to be grown as a pot plant in a cold greenhouse.

I wonder the plant is not more commonly grown round the ugly little garages which are nowadays such a conspicuous feature in most suburban gardens; it flourishes in poor, dry soil and, in addition to concealing an ugly building, also helps to keep the garage warm. In a few years these shrubs measure 2ft. to 3ft. through.

Few folk nowadays trouble to make old-fashioned confections such as rosemary sugar, yet it is delicious. It is made by pounding rosemary flowers with sugar till the latter is thoroughly impregnated with the aromatic flavour of the flower. We also use the flowers and the leaves (very finely snipped up) in salads.



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HERBS for flavouring during the winter months are so few and far between that it is worth taking trouble with the few which even in mid-winter can be gathered fresh. Sage, hyssop and winter savory being evergreen are always available, though their flavour is naturally not so good as during the height of summer.

Parsley is so continually needed in the kitchen that a little space should be found in a cold frame for some. Plants are usually transferred earlier in autumn, but if moved with a ball of earth they can be put in now and well firmed in. Parsley makes very long roots for its size, and the job has to be done carefully.

We do not make so much use of parsley as did our ancestors, who knew its value. It is wonderfully curative in cases of rheumatism. I know one person who by steadily taking parsley tea cured herself of rheumatism (and she was walking with two sticks) in three months. Parsley tea is made by boiling a large handful of parsley in a pint of water and drinking the concoction twice a day. But like all the herbal remedies it acts slowly and it is no use unless taken regularly.

Parsley honey is delicious, one of those old-fashioned dainties that has almost been forgotten. To make it, fill the jelly pan with well-washed fresh parsley and add enough water just to cover it. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for half an hour. Add the juice of a lemon to each pint of liquid and the thinly pared lemon rinds. Strain and measure. To each pint of liquid allow a pound of sugar. Return all to the pan and boil until it sets when tested.

Brussels sprouts are still at their best. The earlier sorts offered in the shops are usually monstrosities the size of cricket balls. These are very inferior in flavour, and first-rate cooks scorn them. Early nineteenth century epicures, according to the books of the period, regarded sprouts with a diameter of more than ½in. as not worth eating.

A French friend sent me seedling brussels sprouts of the variety grown by the French market growers for the best restaurants and hotels, and the sprouts measure barely ½in. across. These sprouts would not win a prize at any exhibition, but their flavour is perfect.

Sprouts should be cooked quickly, but this should be done in such a way that the valuable salts are not lost. I find it best to cook them in a casserole in very little water, salt and a tablespoonful of butter, or margarine.

There is no comparison between the flavour of green vegetables cooked in earthenware and those cooked in metal. Cooked as described, small sprouts take 20 minutes. Larger sprouts we cut in half. If overdone sprouts go to a mush, and their flavour is ruined. If not actually cooked with butter or margarine many cooks pour a little melted butter over them just before serving, but this is a mistake. The right way is to put the cooked and drained sprouts in a pan with the butter or margarine and cook them gently for a few moments before serving.

Brussels sprouts and chestnuts are a favourite mixture. In this case the sprouts are cooked without any butter and then put in a frying pan large enough to spread them out in almost a single layer. Put in a tablespoonful of butter and do not fry, but cook them very gently, shaking the pan until they just begin to turn colour, but not at all browned. Add the hot roasted and peeled chestnuts, allowing ½lb. of chestnuts to every 1lb. of sprouts. The mixture should be served in a flat dish and not piled up.

Inferior sprouts are quite good, served with an onion sauce or an onion and cheese sauce; or they can be made into a pie with alternate layers of sliced onions fried to golden brown (not blackened). The sprouts should be in double layers and about ¼in. of the golden onions between. Pour over them a thick sauce with Parmesan or any good grated cheese in it, sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs, put a few nuts of butter or margarine, and bake in a hot oven till the top is golden brown.

Potatoes are also still at their best and we find Golden Wonder easily the best baker. So often baked potatoes are served with their skins as hard as metal, but this is wrong. If they harden in too hot an oven, or with too long cooking, they soften perfectly if put into a very moderate oven for about half an hour before serving.

The horrors described as "baked potatoes," served in some restaurants and that have been parboiled and then baked, any self-respecting cook would scorn to acknowledge.

It takes an artist to mash potatoes as they should be done. They should be frothy, very hot and delicious, wholly unlike the hastily beaten up tepid concoction with occasional lumps. The secret of mashing potatoes well is to add the butter very slowly in tiny pats at a time, and to take time over beating up, and to do it over a very slow fire.

Mashed potatoes should never be put through a potato masher or a sieve. Use nothing but a fork. Break up the floury mass of well-cooked potatoes and add a dessertspoonful of hot milk. Then add a tablespoonful of butter in lumps, the size of a hazel nut, at a time, and beat with the fork over slow heat till almost a froth. Serve piping hot.

E. S. R.

SIMPLIFIED FRENCH GARDENING

Anglicised Method Ensures Increased Yield

By HILARY WHITE

GIVE a dog a bad name and it cleaves to him. Call a system French or Dutch and it remains Continental for the rest of its life. The single-paned frame lights, known as Dutch lights, because they came originally from Holland, will presumably remain Dutch lights, even though they have been manufactured in this country for a number of years.

The same is true of French gardening, which came into being in the environs of Paris in order to keep the French gourmet supplied with the good things he desired all the year round. These French market gardens, varying as a rule from half an acre to two acres in extent, are worth seeing. Each is surrounded by stone or concrete walls, 6ft. or 7ft. high, which reflect the light and heat of the sun, and keep out the cold, biting winds of spring.

Cultivations on similar lines to those followed in France have been carried out in many English gardens for generations, but it was the Frenchman who elaborated the system so as to embrace production all the year round. English French gardening may be carried out on any good soil, providing it is well drained. After the first year the original soil is hardly used at all, and the whole of the ground is practically a mass of light vegetable mould, a foot or so in depth, which has been produced as a result of the constant use of strawy manure for hotbeds.

The system should prove very popular in war time, for the whole area can be used to its utmost capacity for the production of crops in their regular sequence, without any waste of labour, time or space. It is necessary, though, to have large quantities of strawy stable manure available, and so the scheme should appeal to those who keep horses.

One of the most interesting things is that, under ordinary cultivation, few plants get sufficient water to bring them to perfection in the shortest time, but in the French garden things are different. There is enough moisture present to supply them fully. The scheme allows for intensive inter-cropping, which would not be possible under other circumstances. The catch-crops and inter-crop are grown with very little inconvenience and without overcrowding. Three or four crops may be in the frame at the same time, two or more of which are quickly ready while the other matures more slowly.

The size of the frame is naturally governed by the size of the light. It is important that they should both be uniform and interchangeable. The modern Dutch light, made with one sheet of glass, meets the necessary requirements. The frame can be made quite cheaply of unframed 1in. board, and should take three lights. The back should be 9in. high and the front, 7in. only. Two wooden cross-bars, 2in. by 2in. should divide the frame into two equal parts and help to ensure that the frame structure is firm. At each corner of the frame should be nailed a 2½in. by 2½in. leg, which should come to within ½in. of the top of the frame, and project 1½in. below.

If the French garden is to be started on ground that is old pasture the turf should be skimmed off and be burnt or charred back. On the part reserved for the hotbeds the soil should be removed to a depth of 8in. or 9in., mixed with the damp turf and stood in a heap ready to put into the frames once the hotbeds have been made up. With this soil, the first year, may be mixed, if available, very well-rotted leaf mould and a certain amount of horticultural peat-moss litter. To keep this soil from freezing it is usual to cover the heap with strawy farmyard manure to a depth of 4in. or 5in.

The hotbed should be made up on or about January 15th. If there is new and old horse manure available alternate forkfuls of each should be shaken out and laid in position about 9in. thick. This should be beaten down with the back of a fork, and another 6in. or 9in. put on top and also beaten down. The manure should be trodden down firmly and evenly, and the hollow places should be levelled with more manure. The bed laid down should be of such a length and width as to allow the manure to extend 9in. beyond the frames all round.

The frames should then be stood in position, and care should be taken to see that they are quite level. It is usually necessary to stand on each corner to get them solid, and pack manure under the feet of the frame until a satisfactory level is reached. The frame should be set end to end about ½in. apart, leaving a space of 1ft. or so between each row of frames to allow for ease of working in between. The prepared soil should then be thrown into the frames until there is a depth of 6in. or so all over the manure. This should be raked level.

Carrot seed, variety Demi longue, a forcer, should then be sown thinly all over the surface, another light raking being given. The soil should be pressed level and lettuce plants of the variety Gotte, a forcer, planted at 9in. square. The frame lights should then be put over, and no air should be given until the lettuces have all been cut. Protection should be given during frosty nights by using sacking or straw mats.

At the beginning of April, seeds of the turnip known as Demi longue, a forcer, should be sown two at a time in holes ½in. deep, made 10in. apart, exactly between the rows of the lettuce. At the end of the first week, five cauliflower plants, variety All the Year Round or Ideal, should be planted per light—one in the centre and one at each corner. By April 20th all the lettuces should have been cut and marketed, and the lights may then be removed and the frames given a thorough flooding. From this date onwards ventilation may be supplied, and a watering given every third day. When giving air the top and bottom of the lights should be raised alternately.

It should be possible to pull the turnips and market them about April 24th, and soon afterwards to sell the carrots. The former are usually sold eight in a bunch, and the latter in bunches weighing 1½lb. The frames can now be removed to another part of the garden, where beds can be prepared for melons. The original beds are then hoed, the cauliflowers being watered every other evening, and so should be ready for despatching to market early in June. Once the cauliflowers are out of the way the land should be forked over, and Glory of Nantes lettuce planted 9in. square. Dore self-bleaching celery should be planted in between the lettuce. This celery does not need earthing up, and should be marketed in September and early October.

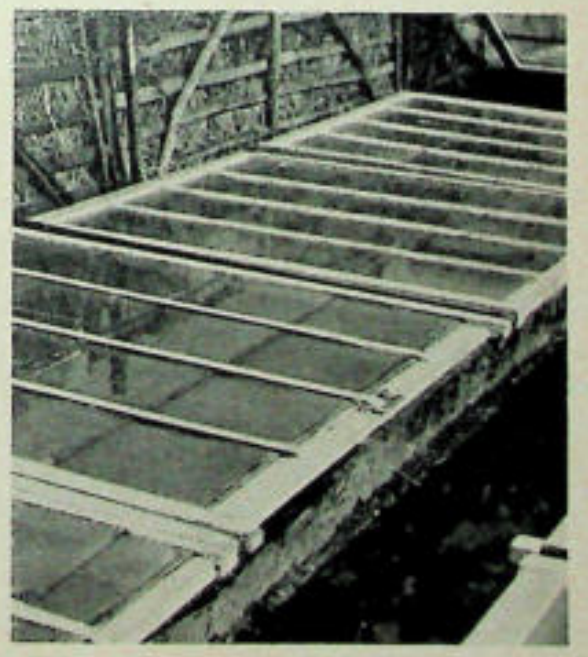
Thus it will be seen that from January to September six good profitable crops are grown. Those who would like to go further into the system should study the latest edition of *The Profitable Culture of Vegetables*, by Thomas Smith, published by Longmans.



CUTTING LETTUCE GROWN IN FRAMES UNDER DUTCH LIGHTS AT WYE COLLEGE



PULLING CARROTS FROM A FRENCH GARDEN
(Note cauliflower growing in the frames)



IN THE FRENCH GARDEN AT SWANLEY HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE
Thatched hurdles give protection from the wind



A WELSH BLACK DAIRY HERD FORDING THE RIVER CONWAY AT YSPYTTY-IFAN, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED

WINTER FEEDING OF CATTLE

By H. C. LONG

THE question of the feeding of dairy cows is a perennial one, always the subject of argument, and having no finality because we are always learning something new, or feeding stuffs vary widely in price, or in any event local conditions differ considerably. For example, during the past twenty years various new feeding stuffs have become available, and we have learnt about the high feeding value of young grass and of the "hay" made from it. Feeding stuffs have also been subject to great changes in price; we have been put through a campaign that backs a system of feeding mainly without roots; and we know that cows may or may not get fresh winter grass by day and by night, according as the district and stock are favourable to such a plan. Finally, results have differed considerably as between farmer and farmer—or, if not, farmers think they have—and consequently farmers have their own opinion, openly or secretly!

Several factors may be regarded as contributing to a high milk yield—breed and strain, good housing, complete cleanliness, an ample and pure water supply, adequate food of sound quality and mixed in kind, and—by no means least—kindly treatment. Further, only animals in vigorous health will be capable of making the best use of the food they receive and convert the highest possible percentage of it into rich and pure milk.

In his "Essays on the Management of the Dairy," 1818 Edition, J. Twamley says that "the best summer food for cows is good grass, spontaneously growing on good sound meadow land," and then expatiates on different grasses and clovers. For winter use he advises that "parsnips, carrots, and potatoes, both in a raw state, and especially when steamed, supply a very nourishing winter food," and that in addition "mangel wurzel, or root of scarcity, cabbages, turnips, tares and many other succulent kinds of food, may likewise be employed with singular benefit in the dairy." Curiously enough, he then observes that "The best winter food for cows, which the author has yet seen, and which, perhaps, is the best that can be obtained in this climate, is the bruised twigs of the common furze, gorse, or whins . . . for this food not only keeps the cows in good condition and in high health, and (as already intimated), makes them yield as much milk as they can afford when fed upon prime grass during summer, but also ensures milk of as fine a quality, and the butter made from it is equally sweet in taste and as rich as the best made summer butter."

So very much depends upon circumstances! One instance comes once more to mind—that of the farmer in one of the southern counties who made a *higher profit* than several others because the only food his cows received was grass in summer and grass, plus good hay, in winter. The touchstone of feeding, winter or summer, is that of profit, now more than ever determined by the cost of production per gallon.

It was formerly thought that the quality of milk, as represented by fat content, was dependent upon the richness of the food given, but we now know that, except within very narrow limits, this is not the fact. If a cow is well and adequately fed she will yield milk of a quality that is based upon her individuality, and even though a food especially rich in certain fatty substances may induce a slight increase in the fat of her milk, this change will only be temporary, and an adjustment to the normal will soon follow. More food, on the other hand, if the cow is capable of dealing with it, may well mean more milk, but here again the question of profitableness arises. More likely is fat to be stored in the body and improved condition occur.

Let it be remembered that one of the virtues of the new-style dried short young grass is the preservation of its vitamins, a point that is of great importance in the winter feeding of dairy cows, for the vitamin value of summer grass is then missed severely. One may well understand the value of roots, and especially fresh green stuff and carrots, in making up for the fact that so much less fresh grass is obtained by dairy cows during winter, even when hay of fairly good quality is provided.

A further point is that the cow's food must be of sufficient bulk to ensure ideal working of the digestive organs, without which neither perfect health nor the highest milk secretion can be obtained. The food must not only be palatable and attractive to the cow, but the ration must not be entirely a concentrated one; the percentage digestibility may be high, but for cattle it is important that there shall be sufficient volume without this being excessive. There must be adequate digestible dry matter to provide for maintenance—heat, life functions, energy of walking about, etc.—and for production according to the natural ability of the animal, but the dry matter must at least introduce a certain volume, such as may be found in hay and bran (dry foods that are bulky in virtue of their fibrous or open nature), and in roots (bulky because of the large percentage content of water rather than fibre content).

There is little doubt that the high value of bran is largely, and perhaps mainly, due to its mechanical and laxative effects, just as whole-meal bread in human nutrition. In winter, when the cows get much less exercise than in summer, this point is of even greater importance than when the cattle are in the open in Nature's lush and laxative summer grass. At the present time the very fullest use must be made of all classes of feeding stuffs, which will need to be husbanded with care to avoid spoiling, loss or waste. Stacks of hay on cut must be kept covered, as well as roots—it is only too easy to suffer loss from rain and frost if proper protection is not given.





VEGETABLES FOR THE BIG TOWNS AND LOCAL MARKETS

Left: Broccoli being gathered on a Cornish farm near Truro for dispatch to London and Manchester. Right: Cabbages with fine hearts grown for the Brighton market on land farmed by Captain Filkins at Ovingdean, Sussex

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Every furrow of rich brown earth that pours off the ploughshare—every new acre of grassland ploughed in . . . . every day's work done . . . . is a point gained for peace.

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FARMING IN WAR TIME—FEEDING STUFF ECONOMY

These notes are from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

NO one should underestimate the seriousness of the Minister of Agriculture's announcement that feeders of pigs and poultry must expect a reduction of at least one-third in their normal meal rations. It is bound to bring serious difficulties to specialist producers, even although the reduction need not mean a similar reduction of the head of stock on specialist farms. Hens may lay fewer eggs on their wartime ration and pigs take longer to reach maturity.

But while the fullest sympathy is due to the individuals who will suffer, it must be remembered looking at the matter from a national point of view, that we shall still be keeping many more pigs and hens than in the last war. Our pig population to-day exceeds 4,300,000, whereas in the last war it was under 3,000,000. Our 69,000,000 fowls are nearly double the number we had in those days.

The question is how to effect a redistribution of some of our pigs and poultry so that they can be fed under conditions where less imported food is required. Fortunately, we have ample scope for this change. At the present time the bulk of our pig population is concentrated on something like 15 per cent. of our farms. Yet the pig's natural function is to consume farm waste, such as tail corn, chat potatoes, scraps, and green stuff, together with the by-products of the dairy.

Those who have access to grazing or woodlands should give outdoor methods a trial. A great saving of meal can be effected; sows will be hardier and more prolific, and their young hardier and bigger, pasture will be improved; valuable food that is usually wasted, such as beech-mast and acorns, can be turned to good account. A few weeks of sty-feeding on concentrated foods will be needed at the end of the grazing period, but barren sows have been fattened on good pasture without any supplementary foods and palatable pork can also be produced under these conditions.

Special forage crops for folding with pigs can be grown. Clover, lucerne, or ordinary pasture will provide the best of these crops, but in grazing lucerne, care must be taken not to overstock it. There must be some thousands of farms where a few pigs can be added and, as with hens, improve its general economy by their manure and the consumption of waste. It is in the national interest that all farmers who can take on a few pigs and keep them on the extensive system should now do so.

In the case of poultry, the larger proportion of them—about 70 per cent.—already live on general farms where feeding stuffs can be economised with little or no reduction of stock. We managed this in the last war. We shall do so again. The poultry keeper has many a time shown his adaptability.

What steps can be taken to utilise the food supplies to the best advantage?

Rigid culling is a first essential. Not one male bird should be retained that is not used to the fullest extent for breeding. Eggs for hatching or day-old chicks can be purchased from reliable sources to meet needs where only small quantities of chicks are to be reared. Many hens can be profitably kept for egg production beyond two years. This will often effect a greater economy than replacement with pullets, that are costly to raise.

Chicken rearing plans should also be well considered. In the early stages food consumption is small, but the young birds from eight weeks old consume considerable quantities of food. But if they are reared on free range, much of their needs will be met by feeding for themselves from April onwards.

But there is someone else who can play a part in the re-distribution of our pigs and poultry, and he can play a very big part. He is the little man, who can keep a pig or two or a few hens at the bottom of his garden. He can do this on his own, or can join up with others in pig and poultry clubs. Over 400 new pig clubs were started in the last war, and in the end clubs were adding about 5,000,000 lb. of extra bacon to our supplies annually.

At a recent meeting that included representatives of the National Farmers' Union, the farm workers' organisations, the allotment holders, women's institutes, young farmers' clubs, and the pig-breeders' societies, the Small Pig Keepers' Council was formed. Its object will be to stimulate pig keeping and its secretary and organiser will be Mr. Alec Hobson, secretary of the National Pig Breeders' Association.

War-time Rations.

The best substitute for cereals is potatoes, 4lb. of boiled potatoes being equivalent to 1lb. of cereals. Both for pigs and poultry boiled potatoes may form 40 per cent. by measure of the dairy mash, the balance being made up of a mixture containing some starchy foods such as cereal meals or offals, plus a little fish meal, meat meal, blood meal, or oil cake meal.

Finely crushed oats, in which this country is practically self-supporting, can be used largely to replace wheat, barley or maize.

For laying birds a mash used successfully in the last war consisted of:—

Parts by Measure.

2 Potatoes (boiled)	1 Green Vegetables
1 Bran	½ Blood Meal

Weatings would answer equally as well as bran.

If corn is available, the following would be a suitable system of feeding:—

Morning.—1 oz. mixed corn per bird, followed by free range or a mid-day allowance of fresh vegetables—sweden, cabbage, or kale.

Late Afternoon.—Wet mash as much as the birds will clear up in about twenty minutes, probably 3oz. or 4oz. per bird (moist).

There have recently been good arrivals of palm kernel cake. Pigs may have to do without barley and go carefully on fish meal. Not more than 5 per cent. of fish meal should be used, but palm kernel cake can well make up the other 5 per cent. of fish meal or replace it entirely. It should be fed in the form of meal and is especially valuable to growing pigs.

If 5 per cent. fish meal is used, the following mixture would compare favourably in feeding value with the popular 65 per cent. barley meal; 25 per cent. weatings; 10 per cent. fish meal:—

Rolled wheat	30 per cent.
Finely crushed oats	20 „ „
Weatings	25 „ „
Palm kernel cake meal	20 „ „
White fish meal	5 „ „
	100 „ „

Palm kernel cake is highly digestible and will keep well over a reasonable period if stored in a dry place. It is not so palatable as linseed or cotton cakes and sometimes animals do not take to it readily at first. It should be introduced very gradually into the diet, an excellent plan being to add a little molasses to increase its palatability. After a time it will be eaten with as much relish as other foods.

DEALING WITH DAMPNESS IN HOUSES

By REGINALD DAVEY

THE warm golds and browns of autumn foliage, compensating for the winds and rains and cold that is to come, give the call to hibernation. Human people have something of this instinct, for autumn finds most of us doing what we can to make our houses dry and free from draught against the winter.

It is at this time of year damp patches are prone to occur at all sorts of extraordinary places, and when they do the remedy is usually to have the gutters and down pipes cleared out. During the previous spring birds may have been attracted to and built nests in the iron hopper heads, or outlet pipes, both of which offer mechanical advantages for nest building. The leaf fall with the high winds causes an accumulation of leaves in the gutters, which early rains are apt to wash into a solid mass around the outlet, or, worse still, half-way down the outlet pipe. This latter is a job for a builder, but the damage is less if the pipes are set away from the wall by short lengths of piping set washer-like on the pipe hook shafts. Clearing is also easier if the down pipes end in a shoe and discharge over a grating, and not direct into the ground, as is too often seen.

Another fruitful cause of wet places in ceilings is broken slates or tiles, or defective joints between roof and parapet wall or chimney stack. Cement listing at these places is never satisfactory, and should be replaced, when cracked, by lead flashing. Apart from these obvious defects, with the addition of cracked water pipes, most houses have long-standing damp places, of a more or less serious nature, which defy remedial attempts. When a builder is called in, it is usually found that he has some pet emulsion which he uses for every kind of dampness, irrespective of cause. Often matters are thus made worse, for, like every other ailment, dampness requires accurate diagnosis before treatment can be prescribed with certainty.

This calls for a knowledge of the various ways in which water penetrates into a building. Apart from defective workmanship and choked gutters there are two principle causes. First, there is water which penetrates through the substance of which a wall is made, called "infiltration" moisture. In the second place there is "rising damp," which is drawn up by capillary attraction from the ground, or from some other saturated wall. Easily confused with these is a third, "condensation" moisture, which does not penetrate at all, but is deposited from a damp atmosphere upon the inner surface of an impervious wall.

The most common cause of infiltration moisture is that of the exposed brick wall through which the rain drives. Bricks are by no means watertight, and if not protected in exposed positions may give trouble in this respect. Hanging with slates or tiles, cement rendering, or painting the outside surface with tar, boiled linseed oil, or some proprietary preparation, of which there are many good ones on the market, such as "Duxbax" or "Knapenite" might be tried. These treatments are cheaper, but need repeating every three years. They have the great advantage that they do not affect the colour of the brickwork. If colour is no matter tar is the cheapest of all and as effective as any.

New houses generally are built with hollow walls, to avoid rain penetration, but care in building is needed. A pair of cottages recently seen were saturated owing to careless work. The wall ties were each bridged with cement droppings, thus allowing the wet to seep across. To remedy this cost £35 and the skin off the knuckles of the bricklayer and his mate.

To cure rain penetration by waterproofing the inside surface of the wall is to leave the wall substance saturated, cooling the inner impervious coating, upon which condensation will take place in wet weather. The cure may prove worse than the disease.

More commonly dampness is caused by a high watertable in a porous subsoil. The moisture will rise by capillary attraction up the substance of the wall. This is easily diagnosed, for the dampness starts at ground level and rises perhaps 3ft. or 4ft., ending in an irregular wavy line of stain. In one case it was not so easy, for the typical signs resulted from an overflowing waterbutt which stood leaning against the wall.

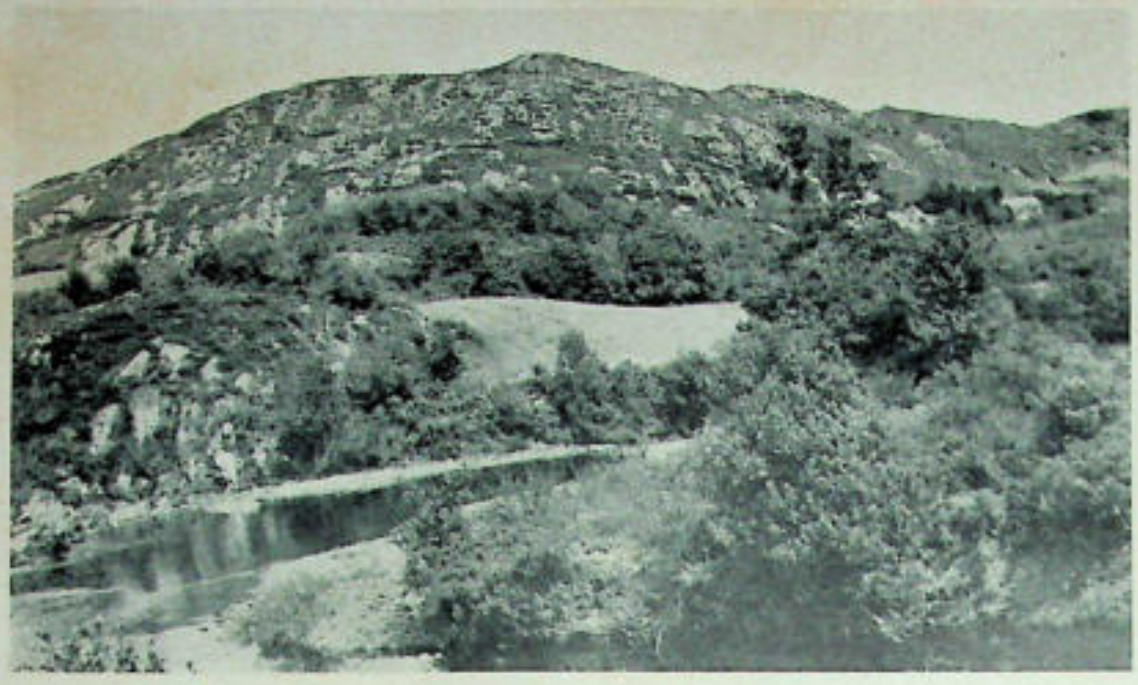
To cure rising damp there is only one remedy. A damp course must be inserted, preferably of two courses of slates laid in cement mortar. A builder can easily cut this, in short lengths, into an existing building, and the cost for a four-roomed cottage with 9in. outside walls would be about £25. Sometimes (and increasingly) specially prepared felt is used instead of slates, but many see no advantage, beyond a very small saving of cost.

Obviously the best way to cure rising damp is to keep it out with a damp course, but in many old buildings with very wide walls, or perhaps built of random stone or flint work, the insertion of a damp course is not practicable. Especially is this clear when it is realised that internal walls must be treated as well as outside walls.

When these circumstances arise there are alternative methods, but to coat the outside of the wall with waterproofing liquid will clearly aggravate the trouble, for then the moisture drawn up into the wall must all escape into the room. To coat the inside of the wall will be better, as the moisture will be excluded, but the wall remains saturated, and with an impervious inner layer the old bugbear of condensation will rear its ugly head. Occasionally a double seal of both inner and outer surface has been tried, with the worse result that condensation continued more or less throughout the year, as the wall could not dry out even in the height of summer.

For houses where damp courses are lacking and cannot be provided, the treatment most likely to succeed is the installation of atmospheric syphons, a patented product of British Knapen, Ltd. These little tubes, which are set in rows in the wall, suck up and evaporate moisture in an extraordinary way, and proved of great benefit when applied by their inventor to the Palace of Versailles. But the remedy is not less expensive than inserting damp courses.

Most cases of dampness arise from more than one cause, and the high proportion of failures in builders' remedies is due to the failure to recognise this fact. For instance, the commonly seen damp patch on a bedroom chimney breast is due generally not to defective flashing, but to rain penetration through the brickwork, calling for a damp course in the chimney head, or waterproofing of the surface of the stack.



THE ANNALONG RIVER, KILKEEL

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

MANY of Ulster's scenic gems lie hidden in that backbone of hills which stretch from Carlingford Lough across South County Down—the Mountains of Mourne of song and legend—on one side of them the sea, on the other the valley of the Bann.

It is a region typical of every contrast of scenery—sea, river and mountain, rich pastures and forest, broad roads and narrow twisting lanes, where even the motorist may go for miles and meet few others of his kind. Though more than 30 years ago the exploration of these mountains was to me an onerous duty rather than a pleasure. "Winter Exercises" in connection with the Irish coast defences was a form of entertainment beloved of the Olympians who guided our military destinies.

These "war games" invariably had reference to a large and imaginary military force defending the coastline from an equally large and imaginary fleet, and the directorate was nothing if not single-minded in its fidelity to Newcastle as the defending stronghold, although, of course, the Royal County Down Golf Club may have had a strategic value undisclosed to humble actors in the play.

Be that as it may, in those days junior subalterns were expected to be very active cyclists, and I have still the most vivid recollections of pushing my punctured hireling up and down and around Slieve Donard.

Still I am not sure that in labour and sorrow one does not get to know a countryside better than in the luxurious conditions under which we travel in the present day.

Are you fond of seascapes? Then take the road from Newry down Carlingford Lough and through Kilkeel and Newcastle to Killough and Strangford. Or do the mountains make a greater appeal? If so, branch off the Newry Road at Rostrevor for Rathfriland and come round through Castlewellan, or turn right-handed at Hilltown and pass behind the mountains into Bryansford. Or again, strike up from Kilkeel, past Mourne Park over the Cairn Brae and Spelga Pass to Hilltown.

But, if you prefer the pleasant quiet country of broad pastures and low undulating hills, drive northwards from Dundrum through Seaforde and Downpatrick, and on to Crossgar and Saintfield, and thence turn west again through Ballynahinch into the valley of the Bann.

Parts of the coast between Warrenpoint and Newcastle yield nothing in attractiveness to the more famous Antrim Coast Road between Belfast and Portrush. At Rostrevor, if you appreciate tranquillity in a setting of deep wooded glens, you may be tempted to remain. But should you have a fishing rod in your impedimenta push on to Kilkeel, where the Annalong and Kilkeel rivers, as well as half-a-dozen other minor streams, will probably afford some entertainment.

I say this advisedly, for I spent an evening at Kilkeel, and, more for the sake of killing time than in any lively expectation of catching fish, I put a rod together. Fourteen trout were my reward, and although their size was not such as to cause me any palpitation of the heart, they were good game little fish.

Between Kilkeel and Newcastle the sea and mountain views are particularly fine, especially at Annalong, a little fishing village about midway, and as you approach the giant mass of Slieve Donard. Newcastle I will not dwell upon: its amenities are too well known, and its golf links among the finest in the British Isles. But there is another very pretty stretch of country as you pass through Dundrum and round the head of the bay.



A CATTLE FAIR NEAR HILLTOWN

Here you leave the mountains behind, but they still form a background of the view as you turn right-handed for Killough, and then, still hugging the coast, northwards again to Strangford. This lap of the coast is not only picturesque, but rather interesting historically, particularly around Ardglass, where there are five castles dating from the time of Shane O'Neill. In the grounds of Oldcourt, at Strangford, are some rather quaint relics of the chapel of the Earls of Kildare, while the ruins at Saul, the reputed death-place of St. Patrick, are worthy of notice.

Downpatrick dates from long before the Christian era, when the Kings of Ullagh built the town on the hill where now stands the Cathedral. The place is saturated with legend, and perhaps its chief interest for the passer-by lies in the cathedral and its surroundings, the raths of Danish origin, the ruins of the castles of John de Courcy and de Lacy, and the tombs of SS. Patrick, Brigid and Columba. For it was to Downpatrick that St. Patrick first came in 432; here he was buried and his grave is marked by an enormous stone with the inscription "Patric" in the churchyard of the cathedral.

Here also hang the old colours of the County Down and County Dublin Regiments, which were amalgamated in 1881 into the Royal Irish Rifles. While Ulster is now substituted for Irish in the title of the corps, it is one of three Irish regiments that have survived the political vicissitudes of recent years.

From Downpatrick to Ballynahinch you follow quiet country roads overhung with stately trees—a region of woods, fine old houses and some beautiful demesnes—one of the prettiest stretches in the county. Stop at Ballynahinch and look across at Slieve Croob, with its five great cairns, and then turn off to Killinchy, whence there is one of the loveliest views in County Down over the wooded islands of Strangford Lough.

Through Dromara you come into Banbridge—a centre of the Ulster linen trade, but to my unbusinesslike mind more notable for the excellence of the fishing of the Upper Bann—and thence back to the mountain country.

It is difficult to say which are the most attractive features in the Mourne Mountains. Bryansford is a charming little village, and the demesnes of Castlewellan and Tullymore House, through which the Shimna River tumbles in a myriad cascades, are gems of quiet beauty in a rugged setting. Its wooded slopes enhance the beauty of Slieve Donard, and if you have the energy to climb but half-way up the mountain the view on a clear day is such as baffles description. It extends as far as the Sperrin Mountains, between Counties Derry and Tyrone; to the east the Scottish coast is clearly visible, and sometimes even the Donegal Highlands can be traced in outline.

I am not sure that the wilder stretches of the Mourne range are not really the finest. At Hilltown there is a choice of roads, the right-hand leading through the Vale of Kilbroney and the passes of Cruggandoo and Leckarmore, about 1,200 ft. to 1,500ft. above sea level to fall gently towards the Glens of Rostrevor. But I think the left-hand fork is the more picturesque, although the gradients are steeper and the road more winding.

At the Spelga Pass the Bann rushes down a narrow defile below the road; in places you seem literally to hang over a precipice, and then at the summit of Cairn Brae you look down to the glorious woods of Lord Kilmorey's demesne at Mourne Park.

Nor need a visitor of necessity confine himself to those routes I have suggested, for there are several by-roads at the back of the Mourne range to tempt the explorer. They are there for the adventurer who is not deterred by any difficulties of surfaces.

In piping times of peace no one need look beyond Newcastle, Rostrevor and Warrenpoint for first-class accommodation and such amusement as the season has to offer. Apart from its scenic charm, perhaps the most outstanding virtue of this route lies in the fact that distances between points of interest are not great, and that nature provides not only variety of scenery but also of entertainment.



THE WOLSELEY "TEN" ENJOYS A HIGH REPUTATION FOR ECONOMICAL PERFORMANCE

MILEAGE AND PETROL CONSUMPTION

By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and also an article dealing with some country overseas.

AN owner of a 12 h.p. car, who logs every detail of his motoring expenses, sends me his car's petrol consumption figures for the first ten months of this year. From them he deduces the fact that petrol consumption becomes more economical as the mileage mounts, but that, eventually, a point arises at which the miles per gallon figures start to recede again.

He bases this idea on a consumption of 23.5 m.p.g. for 900-odd miles in January and a steady rise in economy to a consumption of 32.5 m.p.g. for 900 miles in October, when the car had covered nearly 12,000 miles in all. The November figures showed a slight decline and he is now wondering whether this loss will be continued in December.

Naturally, if there is a point in a car's lifetime when it reaches its prime, so to speak, this point will vary with different cars, depending on their design, how they are handled, and the conditions as regards climate and traffic under which they operate. It is natural also to suggest that as a new engine becomes run in it should function more economically. But the human and mechanical elements vary so much, even during a single ownership, that one must be careful not to draw wrong conclusions.

For instance, a car's performance is influenced by climatic conditions. The engine may run hotter and therefore more economically in the summer. Less time will be taken in warming up the engine to its correct temperature. There may be less road drag on the tyres. Against these factors favourable to economy is the fact that there will be more traffic on the roads, and delays, which waste fuel, will be more frequent.

Those are what one may call seasonal constants. The human element is more difficult to apprise. A long holiday tour, for instance, instead of short routine runs and daily trips to and from the office, may result in an increase in economy for one month. Then, in the particular case quoted, the September and October figures are probably influenced by the new switch-off and free wheel driving technique designed to save fuel. For the same reason the car may have been more heavily loaded during the latter part of the period when the pooling of car accommodation came into fashion.

All this goes to show how dangerous it is to jump to conclusions in these matters unless the figures arrived at are based on known constants. At the same time it would be interesting to have petrol consumption figures from other owners, who have logged these details from the moment when they first took the new car on the road.

My own experiences on this matter extend over 120,000 miles on two popular Ford Eights. The first covered 65,000 miles before being wrecked by someone else, while the second now shows 55,000 miles on the dial. Over these long distances the average petrol consumption is about 36 miles to the gallon when the car is driven briskly. If the switch-off and coast technique is combined with reduced speed more than 40 m.p.g. are obtained. But the interesting point is that so far as these two cars are concerned, neither of them reached a distance at which the consumption started to increase owing to wear and tear. Oil consumption certainly rose, in one case after 50,000 miles and in the other after 40,000, but this rise was not accompanied by an increase in petrol consumption.

Should, however, a sudden increase be noted it is much more likely to be due to a leak in the fuel supply system than to the car's advancing age. In some cases fibre washers which secure petrol pipe unions may tend to warp and cause a leak. The cure is to tighten up these joints every ten or fifteen thousand miles. The same remark applies to the cap of the petrol pump. If this loosens with age it will also cause an air leak which will adversely affect the petrol feed, besides causing a waste of fuel.

A JUGGERNAUT FOR THE ANTARCTIC

AN enormous motor car, termed the snow cruiser, has been undergoing tests preparatory to being used in Admiral Byrd's forthcoming claim-laying Antarctic expedition. Its design is fantastic in conception and construction. Fifty-five feet in length, it is propelled by four independently driven and pneumatically shod wheels, each 10ft. in diameter. Two Diesel electric plants supply power for the motors in each wheel, while an additional 200 amps. capacity set is provided for the lighting arrangements, the auxiliaries and an arc welding plant for repair work.

Each wheel can be raised or lowered vertically over a range of nearly 4ft., the control for this action being fitted in the conning tower in the upper part of the monster's nose. By means of this arrangement the snow cruiser can either rest directly on the snow with its wheels retracted or clear obstructions nearly 4ft. high.

The principal reason for this extraordinary feature is to allow the car to cross crevasses 15ft. wide. This is achieved by retracting the front wheels and driving on the non-retracted rear wheels until the front of the car's belly rests on the off-side of the crevasse. The rear wheels are then retracted, and the front ones moved down to take up the drive and haul the machine across. The idea is reminiscent of the progress of a caterpillar, and would appear to be practical provided the opposing sides of the crevasse are fairly level, and that the distribution of weight, gradient and surface are not such as to set up wheel spin.

The car carries a five-seater biplane on its roof, an electric hoist being provided for the plane's mounting. The car itself provides accommodation for four people, and carries their stores for twelve months in a special compartment near the rear of the body. Right aft is another compartment, where the two immense spare wheels rest horizontally.

Behind the conning tower in the nose of the craft is a chart-room, from which stairs lead down to the engine room in the manner of a sea-going craft. Aft of the engine room is the galley cum laboratory cum photographic room, and aft again is a four-berth compartment which also serves as a living room, being fitted with chairs and table.

The hull of the car is made of high tensile steel electrically welded into a single-piece construction. This method of achieving a homogeneous whole was adopted instead of the usual riveting process in order to save weight. It is stated that if riveting had been used the total weight of the vehicle would have been increased by 2 tons. Indeed the need for saving weight was a major consideration with the designers, who calculated that every 2lb. saved meant an increase of one mile in the cruising radius of the car.

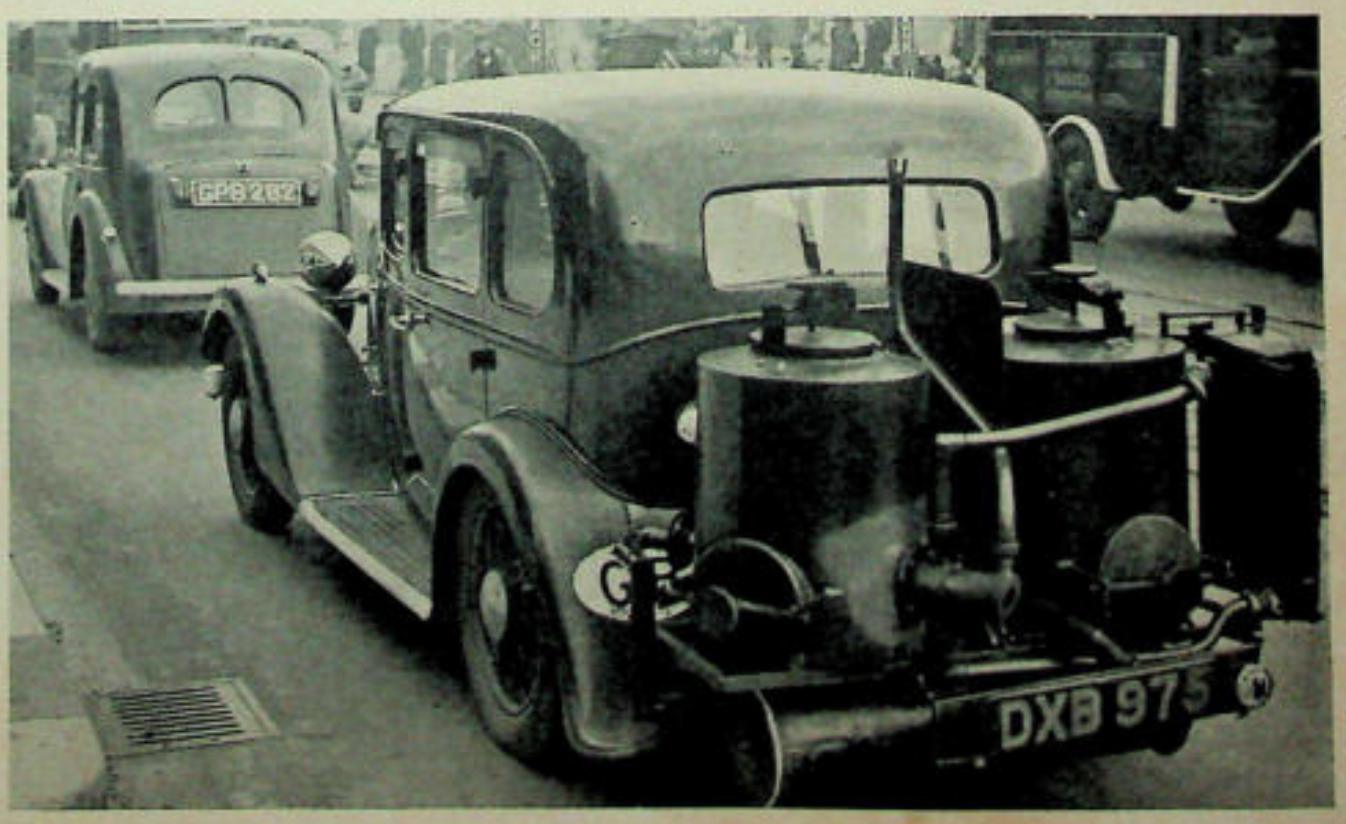
This remarkable machine was designed by Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, head scientist of the last Byrd Antarctic expedition, and the staff of the Research Foundation of Armour Institute of Technology at Chicago. Its building was entrusted to the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Co. Its radius of action, assisted by the use of its aircraft, which has a range of 1,500 miles, is such that it will be able to reach the sea from any point in the Antarctic, where it will be used for mapping out and reconnoitring new American territory.

It is claimed that by using the snow cruiser and its aircraft it will be possible to explore in a single month more ground than was reconnoitred by all previous expeditions put together.

It is to be hoped that further details of the craft will be available. It would be interesting, for instance, to know its weight, speed, consumption, and method of steering the four independently driven wheels. It would also be interesting to hear how the interior is to be warmed and the air conditioned. In such an intense degree of cold as will be encountered engine starting and the preservation of the lubricant at a workable viscosity will have to be assured in some way.

They were problems like these that Captain Scott had to face back in 1913–14 when he first surveyed the Antarctic with the aid a of tractor specially modified for the purpose.

W. G. M.



ONE WAY OF OVERCOMING THE PETROL PROBLEM

BRIDGE

BORDERLINE BIDDING

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

IT is an axiom amongst modern players that every bid must be a prepared bid. Before a player makes any bid he must consider what his partner's possible responses are and whether he will have a suitable rebid ready. In other words, in any system of approach bidding he must be ready to make one rebid over a response by his partner. In some cases the caller may have the choice of two bids, both of which may present difficulties in subsequent bidding. He will then have to choose the lesser of two evils and hope that his partner will not give a response which will make the subsequent bidding difficult. There is also a tendency nowadays to bid whenever possible, not only positional or strategic bids, third in hand on purely defensive cards, but also on hands containing the minimum of playing tricks. Many of these bids correspond to calls which in any case would have been made by good Auction players.

It is not always easy to reconcile the policy of making a prepared bid and also bidding on rather bare hands and in the following deal Z only just managed to extricate himself from an awkward situation by making an unconventional pass of his partner's Four No Trump bid.

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

Love All. B dealt.

Z—One Club (a), Two No Trumps (b), Four Spades (c), No Bid (d).

Y—Two Diamonds, Three Spades, Four No Trumps.

A-B pass throughout.

(a) Having three quick tricks in the two major suits, Z was afraid that a part score would be lost if A should pass and Y not have enough strength to open the bidding. If, however, Z bid One Spade, any non-forcing response by Y in another suit would make things very difficult for Z. He therefore produced a bid of One Club not without a certain amount of trepidation.

(b) Z's troubles now begin. A reply of Two Spades would be far too encouraging, and so Z bid Two No Trumps.

(c) This was the only contract that Z felt there was any likelihood of making.

(d) In all the bidding Z had not been able to give any real indication to Y that his opening bid was unsound and any bid but Five Clubs would be encouraging and, horrible thought, a Five Club bid might be left in. Z therefore passed.

On the opening lead of a Heart, Dummy played the 10 of Hearts, which B did not cover. Since the Spades fell the contract is made with four Spades, Two Hearts, Two Diamonds and Two Clubs on the finesse.

In the following hand the Declarer opened on a hand which was very strong in playing tricks, but weak in defence.

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

Y-Z Game. A-B love. Z dealt.

Z	A	Y	B
One Club	One Diamond	Two No Trumps	No Bid
Three Clubs	No Bid	Four Clubs	No Bid
Five Clubs	All pass		

Vulnerable Z did not feel like bidding Three No Trumps which, as it happens, could have been made with an over trick, and so he rebid Clubs, Y gave him Four Clubs and Z bid game and was very thankful when the the opponents did not double.

A led the King and Queen of Diamonds upon which B played the four and five. A now switched to the 8 of Spades and B's Jack of Spades was taken by Z's King of Spades. At first sight it appeared that Z would have to rely upon the Jack and Queen of Spades being divided, playing to finesse the 10 of Spades and discard the losing Heart on the Ace of Spades. However, Z was in no hurry; he led the Ace and 6 of Clubs and on Dummy's King of Clubs, B threw the 8 of Hearts. The 10 of Diamonds was ruffed, the Ace of Hearts played and three Clubs, leaving the following situation:—

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

Now on the lead of the 2 of Clubs B was squeezed. It should be noted that leaving the 10 of Diamonds in dummy until the eleventh trick ensured a squeeze against A if he had held the Queen of Spades.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to make Seven Spades against a Diamond lead by A.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Diamonds trumps Z to lead and Y-Z to make all the tricks.

SOLUTION

Z leads the 4 of Hearts, ruffed by Y's 10 of Diamonds, upon which B discards a Club. The Ace of Spades is now led and the 3 of Diamonds is returned, taken by Z's 5 of Diamonds, upon which A discards the 7 of Hearts. Upon the lead of the 9 of Hearts, Z discards the Jack of Clubs, Y the 2 of Spades and B is squeezed. A Spade discard and Z's 6 of Spades can be established, a Club discard and Y's 7 of Clubs can be established.

[We regret that, in error, 5 of Diamonds was omitted from Z's hand in last week's issue.]

CHESS

A NEAT FINISH

A game from this year's Russian Championship Tournament. It shows a neat finish by Botwinnik.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. Dubinin.	BLACK. Botwinnik.	WHITE. Dubinin.	BLACK. Botwinnik.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	16. P takes B	Kt to B 3
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17. P to Q 4	K P takes P
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	18. P takes P	P to Q 4 (e)
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	19. B to K 3	K R to K sq (f)
5. Castles	B to K 2	20. B to Q B sq (g)	P to B 5
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	21. P to K Kt 6 (h)	Kt to K 5
7. B to Kt 3	P to Q 3	22. B to Kt sq (i)	B to Q 3
8. P to B 3	Castles	23. Kt to R 4	B to B 5
9. P to Q 3 (a)	Kt to Q R 4	24. Q to B 3	B to Kt 4
10. B to B 2	P to B 4	25. Kt to Kt 2 (j)	B takes B
11. Q Kt to Q 2	Q to B 2	26. Q takes B	R to K 2 (k)
12. Kt to B sq	P to B 3 (b)	27. Q to B 4	Kt tks Q P (l)
13. P to K R 3 (c)	B to K 3	28. Q takes Q (m)	Kt to B 6, ch
14. Kt to K 5	Q R to Q sq (d)	29. K to B sq	Kt (K 5) to Q 7, mate.
15. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt		

(a) P to Q 4 is more frequently played here. The aim of the text-move is to play P to Q 4 only after the development of the Queen's side has been completed.

(b) Played to prevent Kt to Kt 5 as an answer to B to K 3.

(c) Not a good move. He should, instead, play Kt to K 3 at once.

(d) Black now threatens Kt to B 3 followed by P to Q 4.

(e) Black has the preferable game.

(f) An important preparatory move (see next note).

(g) If, instead, 20. P takes P, then 20 . . . P to Q 5 and White cannot play 21. Kt takes P because of 21. . . . Kt takes Kt; 22. B takes Kt, B takes P, Black's 19th move having prevented the escape of the Bishop (B to K 5).

(h) White has no really satisfactory move.

(i) If 22. B takes Kt, then 22 . . . P takes B; 23. Kt to B 2 (if 23. Kt to Q 2, then 23. . . . Kt takes P followed, if 24. Kt takes P, by 24. . . . Kt takes P), Kt to Kt 5, threatening either Kt takes P or Kt to Q 6.

(j) If 25. B takes B, then 25. . . . Kt takes B; 26. R takes R, ch (if Q to R 3, then P to Kt 5). R takes R followed, if 27. Q takes P, by 27. . . . Kt takes P, ch; 28. K to R sq (if K to B sq, then Q to R 5), Kt takes P.

(k) Threatening 27. . . . Kt to Kt 4; 28. Q to Q B 3, Kt takes P. White has no good move.

(l) Very neat.

(m) Q to K 3 would prolong—but not save—the game. After the text-move Black has a forced mate in two moves.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between Poland and Denmark.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. S. G. Tartakower. (Poland.)	BLACK. Enevoldsen. (Denmark.)	WHITE. Dr. S. G. Tartakower. (Poland.)	BLACK. Enevoldsen. (Denmark.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Kt to Kt 5	P to Kt 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. P to K R 4	Kt(Q2)toKt3(h)
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. P to R 5	P to B 4 (i)
4. Kt to B 3	Castles (a)	17. P takes P	P takes P
5. B to Q 2	P to Q 4	18. R to R 6	R to B 2 (j)
6. P to K 3	P to Q R 3 (b)	19. Castles (k)	R to K Kt 2
7. Q to B 2	P takes P	20. Q R to R sq	K to B sq
8. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4	21. R to R 8, ch	R to Kt sq
9. B to Q 3	Q Kt to Q 2	22. R(Rsq)toR7(l)	Kt to K 2 (m)
10. P to K 4 (c)	P to B 4 (d)	23. Kt to B 7	Q to B 2 (n)
11. P to K 5	P to B 5 (e)	24. B to R 6, ch	K to K sq
12. B to K 2 (f)	B takes Kt (g)	25. Kt to Q 6, ch	Resigns (o)
13. P takes B	Kt to Q 4		

(a) P to Q Kt 3 is considered to be Black's best move, the object being to exert pressure on White's K 4 as soon as possible.

(b) Beginning an action on the Queen's side. A better course is to attack in the centre by P to B 4.

(c) Taking advantage of Black's 7th move.

(d) 10. . . . P to K 4 seems better. If, in reply, 11. P takes P, then 11. . . . Kt to Kt 5 followed, if 12. B to K B 4, by 12. . . . R to K sq.

(e) If 11. . . . P takes P, then 12. P takes Kt. P takes Kt. 13. B takes P, ch, K to B sq; 14. P takes P, ch, K takes P. 15. P takes P with advantage to White.

(f) Best. If, instead, 12. P takes Kt, then 12. . . . P takes B; 13. Q takes P, Kt takes P; or, if 12. B takes P, then 12. . . . P takes B; 13. P takes Kt, Kt takes P.

(g) Kt to K sq is better but in any case White has the better game.

(h) Q to K 2, to be followed, by P to B 3 is better. If at once 15. . . . P to B 3, then 16. Kt takes K P. P takes Kt; 17. Q takes P, ch. K to B sq; 18. Q takes P, ch, K to Kt sq; 19. R to R 3 and wins.

(i) 16. . . . P to R 3 is, perhaps, slightly better. If, instead, 16. . . . P to B 3, then 17. Kt takes R P, K takes Kt; 18. Q takes P, ch, K to R sq; 19. R to R 3 and wins for, if 19. . . . Q to K sq, then 20. Q to R 6, ch, K to Kt sq; 21. R to Kt 3, ch, or, if 19. . . . Q to K 2, then 20. Q to R 6, ch after which Black has nothing better than 20. . . . Q to R 2 for, if, instead, 20. . . . K to Kt sq, then 21. R to Kt 3, ch followed by 22. Q to Kt 6, mate.

(j) If 18. . . . Q to K sq, then 19. Castles followed by 20. Q R to R sq. The only move to prolong the game is 18. . . . K to Kt 2, e.g. 19. R to R 7, ch, K to Kt sq; 20. Castles, Q takes Kt; 21. B takes Q. K takes R.

(k) Here White misses a simple win by 19. R to R 8, ch, K takes R; 20. Kt takes R, ch.

(l) Threatening R to B 7, ch and mate next move.

(m) If 22. . . . Q to K sq, then 23. Kt to K 4 (threatening R to R 6, mate), P to B 5; 24. Kt to Q 6 and wins.

(n) If 23. . . . Q to Q 4, then 24. B to R 6, ch, K to K sq; 25. Kt to Q 6, ch, K to Q sq; 26. R to R 3 and wins.

(o) If K to Q sq, then R takes R, ch and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4043

By O. E. VINZE.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at Q Kt 6, Queen at K sq, Rook at K Kt 3, Bishops at Q 7 and Q Kt 8, Knight at K 4, Pawns at K R 2 and K 5.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K B 5, Rooks at K R 4 and K R 5, Bishop at K Kt 5, Knight at Q R 7, Pawns at K Kt 3, K R 3, Q B 5, Q B 6 and K B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Observer*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4042

1. Q to Kt 8 (threatening 2. Q to B 4, ch). If 1. . . . R takes P, then 2. Q to Kt sq, etc. If 1. . . . R to Q 6, then 2. Q to B 4, ch, etc. If 1. . . . K to Q 8, then 2. Q to Kt sq, ch, etc.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 546

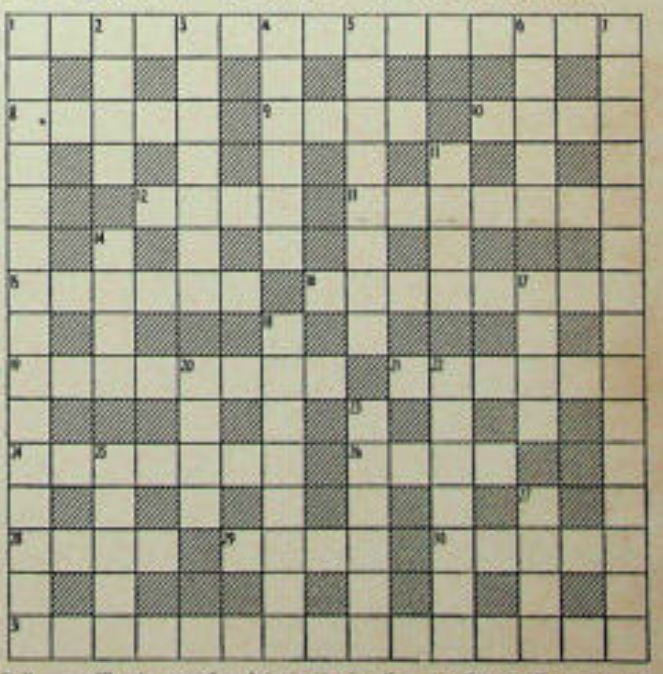
ACROSS.—1. Dickensian character who sounds suitable for the post of Nazi diplomat (3, 6, 6). 8. Body picture in its more precious form (5). 9. Did Maud use this to get into the garden? (4). 10. Irishman announcing that he is 800 (4). 12. There's plenty of room here, but it's likely to be draughty (4). 13. "Were thou the ——, pride and wrath would confound thee" (*Timon of Athens*) (7). 15. "To step out of these —— dumps" (*Titus Andronicus*) (5). 16. Contemporary composer apparently hailing from Pigbite (8). 19. Well-known family from Switzerland (8). 21. This man is hiding behind J. Keltr, if I may be forgiven the pun (6). 24. This woman is mostly a means of exit (7). 26. Lamb in disguise (4). 28. Twelve good men and true (4). 29. Do business in wood (4). 30. Bird from the Rhone district (5). 31. What false notion caused Smith to write it? (6, 2, 7).

DOWN.—1. The principal character in Herr Streicher's nightmares (3, 9, 5). 2. They are great big dears, my dears (4). 3. "—— will out; proud prelate, in thy face I see thy fury" (*Henry VI*) (7). 4. Would I go far to get this French paper from a Scottish barber? (6). 5. Rabbit food (8). 6. Character from *The King and the Book* (5). 7. Fairy tales to the verbose (8, 7). 11. Caused by a slip of the lips (4). 14. Author of *Precious Bane* (4). 17. Painter who, with the aid of acrobatics, could have practised Yoga (4). 18. Spaniard who is nothing more than a confused barrister (8). 20. A name associated with Christmas (4). 22. "suffer love: a good ——: I do suffer love indeed" (*Much Ado About Nothing*) (7). 23. King Arthur's tutor (6). 25. Lake in Italy (5). 27. A river in the same country seems to have engulfed the British Navy (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 545

Published December 2nd

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Gardening

Elm Roots. You do not say if they are in the ground or have been pulled out. In the latter event removal of soil and a good fire of coal will be all that is necessary. For roots in the ground the same result can be achieved by making a hole in the ground close to one side of the root and lighting a small coal fire, kept heaped well against the wood. This will take a week, and about 5 cwt. to 10 cwt. of coal per root. Wood is not hot enough for this work. If there is no great hurry three or four auger holes 1in. diameter, and sunk well down into the root can be filled with saltpetre crystals, or even ordinary washing soda, leaving the rain to wash it in. Some people merely roughen the top of the root with a pick and lay the crystals on it. In both cases a year should normally suffice for making the root soft enough to be broken up with a mattock. This treatment also makes the wood more inflammable.—*G. M. A., Gloucester.*

Pruning Currants and Gooseberries. Red Currants: Cut back the young shoots made during the summer, cutting back those intended to make the main branches to half their length and all unwanted shoots to two buds. If too many growths, cut out the surplus ones altogether. Continue this pruning every autumn. The object is to make bushes well open in the centre and branches evenly spaced. Black Currants: Prune in very early spring before the buds swell. In the case of newly-planted bushes cut back every branch to two, or at most three, buds. The following seasons pruning is different. Black currants bear their fruits on growths made the previous season. Cut out altogether, therefore, every branch that has borne fruit. Nothing is gained by saving them for the sake of the young growths at the tips. Gooseberries: Each bush should have about six to eight main stems evenly spaced and centre kept open. In autumn cut back every leading branch nearly half its length and all other growths to within two buds.—*G. P.*

Kennel

Hysteria. Iodide of iron is not a cure for hysteria, but a ten to fifteen day course of the syrup, say ten drops twice a day in water for a spaniel, will cause the evacuation of worms, which may be one of the exciting causes of the attacks.—*Mrs. M., C. G. S.*

Norwich Terriers. Breeders of Norwich terriers near to you are Mrs. G. Blewett, Pond House, Boxted, Colchester; Miss M. S. Mactie, Capelgrove, Capel St. Mary, Ipswich; and Mrs. D. N. Rodwell, Cherries, Great Horkesley, Colchester.—*Mrs. D. B., Chipping Ongar.*

Cavalier King Charles. There are not many breeders of this comparatively new variety of the King Charles spaniels. You might try one of the following: Mrs. A Pitt, Bourne Lodge, Boxmoor, Herts; Mrs. Jennings, The Firs, Plantation Road, Leighton Buzzard, Beds; and Mme. Harper Tross Fontaines, Kennels de Fontenay, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.—"*Marchland.*"

Bulldog Wanted. You should be able to get a bulldog at a reasonable price in the present circumstances. Mrs. Boyd Buckle, Farlington Grange, Farlington, near Cosham, Hants, used to breed them, but we are not sure if she has any now. Other breeders are: Mrs. J. W. Pearson, Manor House, Tunbridge Wells; Mrs. Van Raalte, Old Bardolfon, Hants; Mrs. E. E. Smith, Lorraine, The Mount, Leatherhead, Surrey.—*L. M. A. C., Eastleigh.*

Canker of the Ear. Simple cases of canker of the ear can usually be cured by dropping in boracic powder twice a day, working as far down into the orifice as possible by gentle manipulation. If the ailment has gone on for some time more energetic treatment is necessary. The ear should be carefully syringed with a tablespoonful of methylated spirits in half a tumblerful of warm water. Dry with a swab of cotton wool and then drop in boracic powder again.—*E. D. A., Kent.*

Lakeland Terriers. From what we have heard about them, we think you would be satisfied with a Lakeland terrier, which is roughly about the size of a fox terrier, and has a hard, wiry coat. Colour may be blue, blue-and-tan, black-and-tan, red, mustard, wheaten, grizzle or black. They are the terriers used with the packs of hounds that hunt the Fell country. Since they have been exhibited, many are kept as house dogs, and we understand that they are companionable and friendly.—*S. P., Bournemouth.*

Spaniel with Fits. The symptoms you describe are clearly characteristic of epileptic fits, which are sometimes caused by worms or a scare. They must not be confused with what is known as canine hysteria. Attacks come on suddenly, and when the dog recovers consciousness he should be handled with care as he may bite, not knowing what he is doing. If the dog has another attack, give nine grains each of bromide of potassium and hydrated chloral in two tablespoonsful of water. Repeat two or three times at hourly intervals, and then give nine grains bromide of potassium three times daily for a week.—*C. W. B., Herefordshire.*

Miscellaneous

"Hints to Huntsmen."—This book was written by Colonel Anstruther Thompson in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and was published by Vinton's. We understand that Messrs. Hatchards of Piccadilly might be able to supply you with a copy. Other standard works on the subject are Peter Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting*, which was published by Methuen with additional notes by the late Mr. Otho Paget, and *Hunting the Fox*, by Lord Willoughby de Broke. You should also read the book on *Foxhunting* published by Seeley Service in the Lonsdale series, and the similar volume by William Fawcett published in the "Sportsman's Library" by A. & C. Black. There is also a wealth of commonsense and information in the works of Surtees and Whyte-Melville.—*A. R. J., R.-J., Harrow-on-the-Hill.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Capillariasis.—Capillariasis is a thread-worm infection of the bowels, which occurs in many species of birds. We have received a young partridge, three pheasants and three pullets as specimens of this serious disease, which is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the worm-containing droppings of infected birds. Among aviary-pheasants, of which we received one specimen, the disease usually spreads rapidly owing to the confined conditions; similarly it is more prevalent during the first two months of the poults being moved to coverts. Under such congested conditions the disease frequently takes an acute course, the infected birds dying without any previous ill-health having been observed by the keepers. Chronic cases of the disease persist through the winter, gradually becoming weaker and dying in an advanced stage of emaciation. The treatment for confined birds, which were in contact with the diagnosed case, consists in the administration of the nicotine compound pill (Willows brand) procurable from the chemist. Seven days later a second pill per bird is administered. The birds should be housed on sawdust during treatment, and each day the droppings and litter should be removed from the house and burned. The feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water each day; and at least twice per week the interior of the house, including all its fittings, should be scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. Two days after the second pill has been administered the treated birds should be turned into a clean aviary or pens.—*H. H. N., Norfolk; C. C., Argyll; D., Bucks; C. L., Hants; H. G. W., Fife; J., Berks.*

Shooting

Pistol Grip for Magnum 12-Bore.—The question whether a half-pistol or straight grip is the most suitable is largely a personal one. The half-pistol grip tends to strengthen the stock somewhat at this point, but some people find it less convenient when adjusting the hand from the right to the left trigger. This kind of grip is really at its best when used in conjunction with a single trigger mechanism, for then there is no readjustment of the hand. Pigeon shooters use it in this connection.—*J. R., Dundee.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

To (Newsagent's name).....

Please deliver the *Field* to me each week until further notice.

(Signed).....

Address .....

.....

Alternatively, we shall be pleased, on receipt of the order form printed below, to send you the *Field* each week or to send a copy to any friend at home or abroad. There can be no more acceptable present than a copy of the *Field* for any countryman or woman, and this is particularly true of those who are at present serving their country abroad.

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REGISTER OF HORSE OWNERS

REGISTERS of horse owners and horse dealers are being prepared according to a War Office announcement.

Owners of horses of the following types and specifications are invited to communicate with the Under Secretary of State (Q.M.G.4), The War Office, London, S.W.1, with a view to their names and addresses being registered, together with the number and particulars of any suitable animals they may wish to offer for disposal for Army purposes:

Cavalry Troopers.—Horses of the hunter type, between the ages of six and ten years, and from 15.1 to 16 hands in height. Deep bodied, with short back, well sprung ribs, with substance, quality and true action. The maximum price to be paid is £60.

Light Draught.—Active light vanner type, between the ages of five and ten years, and from 15.1½ to 15.3 hands in height. Strong quarters, plenty of bone and true action, and capable of pulling a big weight over rough or broken ground. The maximum price to be paid is £60.

A separate register will be made for dealers, who should state, when registering, the number of suitable horses they have on their hands at present and the numbers they would be likely to be able to supply, should purchasing on a larger scale be resorted to. All applications, whether from private owners or dealers, will receive equal consideration.

The announcement makes it quite clear that such registration does not entail any obligation on the part of the War Office to purchase the animals registered, nor any obligation on the part of the owners to retain any animal so registered for War Department purposes.

No immediate purchase can be guaranteed, and all purchases will be governed by the requirements of the Army as to the type of animal and time when required.

It is also made quite clear in the announcement that horses which may be purchased may be required for service with any of the Allied Armies, and that no guarantee as regards the ultimate disposal of horses passing into the hands of an Allied government can be given.

All animals to be purchased will be inspected by an officer of the War Department as to their suitability for the Army, and will be required to pass the usual veterinary examination before the purchase is completed.

After acknowledgment of registration, notification of inspections with a view to purchase will be made to vendors by notices in the Press. It will be unnecessary for any further communications to be forwarded to the War Office except in the case of any casualty or the non-availability of any animals registered. In either case owners should at once inform the War Office.

This announcement is very definitely a step in the right direction. It should at least help to stop the muddle and indecision that has so far been so prevalent, and it does give definite details of the types of animal that may be required, a point upon which the War Office has hitherto not apparently been too certain.

Our army practice from the cavalry point of view has differed considerably from those of continental nations. We have gone bald-headed for mechanization. Continental nations have retained more than a passing interest in cavalry. As this war, as every war in which we have been engaged, is being fought on the continent, it would not be surprising to find some belated modification of our own practice.

This register should prove very valuable in such an eventuality.

UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL

OFFICIALLY there have been no football matches between Oxford and Cambridge this year. All that happened last week (officially) was that the Oxford Greyhounds played the Cambridge Sixty Club at Rugby on the Cambridge ground, while the Cambridge Falcons played the Oxford Centaurs at association football at Oxford. That, at any rate, satisfied the conventions and ensured that neither match should figure in the official records. To make the illusion more complete the teams played in the colours of the clubs they were supposed to represent. But why the subterfuge? Everybody knows that these were just war-time 'varsity matches between teams as representative as they could be made, and that they would be played with all the spirit, if not quite the skill, of the real article. Actually the Oxford Rugby team, with four old Blues, would have borne comparison with some of the sides that have represented the University in peace-time, and after a very good record in club matches they only fulfilled expectations by defeating Cambridge, who sported two old Blues, by two goals (one dropped) and two tries (15 points) to a try (3 points).

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Eric Boon retained the Light-weight Championship of Great Britain and incidentally won the Lonsdale belt outright when he defeated Dave Crowley in the seventh round at Harringay. Crowley was most unlucky. He was beaten by a sprained ankle and not by Boon. Boon very nearly won in the second round when he had the Londoner groggy from a hard right to the head. But Crowley had recovered by the sixth round and was boxing very well indeed, so well and so much better than Boon, that a points victory for him did not seem improbable. That was not to be—and, in any case, there was always Boon's right hand to reckon with. From appearances Boon had some difficulty in making the weight.

PROSPECTS FOR SPAWNING SALMON

Among the minor deprivations which the war has brought must be reckoned the cessation of the publication of daily rainfall records. Formerly, salmon fishers, with a vision of the future, could spend a pleasant half-hour studying reports of rain or snow in the Cairngorms or the watershed which feeds the west-coast streams, and calculate the chances of a good spawning season, or the probability of the winter run getting well upstream before it was stayed by water too cold for fish to face. In one village, even, the collapse of the local weathercock (popularly believed to be due to the machinations of an absent German landlord) has prevented an ingenious, and probably inaccurate, estimate of Welsh weather being made, and one has to fall back on occasional parenthetical references to the "awful weather" in letters from friends. On such slight evidence one may envisage bank-high tributaries and clean expanse of gravel, with salmon making use of the additional spawning area thus provided, conditions which provide a heavy stock of fish for future years, and make interference by poaching less effective than usual. There is, however, always the danger of hard dry weather freezing redds which have been made when floods have offered elusive opportunities to spawning fish.

SPORT?

(The Air Ministry recently asked for recruits to act as R.A.F. gunners, preferably those who "were accustomed to shooting, and lived an out-of-door life.")

I used to shoot the red-combed grouse, the pheasant,
and the partridge—
At brave brown hares and driven duck I've let off
many a cartridge.
Roaming the hedgerows, moors, and bogs became
my favourite habit
To seek and find a dodging snipe or just the simple
rabbit.

I live my life in nature's world, kingdom of fur and
feather
That dwells in covert, field, and hedge—by marshy
shore and heather.
I slew, but slaying, never failed to sense a true
thanksgiving
For lessons learnt in nature's school—that perfect
school of living.

And now I shoot among the clouds—the target's
not so pleasant
As hurtling grouse or dodging snipe, or some high-
flown cock pheasant
I shoot to kill a bird of prey, to tear his wings
asunder
Before me stays my steadfast aim, before he sends
me under.

But all the while I breathe a prayer—that I come
through these sorrows
To see the peaceful dawn on lands that win their
bright to-morrows—
That I may shoot again with no dread bullet, but a
cartridge
To kill, not fellow men, but just a rabbit or a
partridge.

HULDINE V. BEAMISH.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1182.)

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

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

BOTH the scene and the figure were as distant from revolutionary implications as they well could be. It was one of those tender-hearted November times when woolly cloudlets "bloom the soft-dying day," when the fallows shine as from an inward peace, the leafless trees write meditative designs over the sky, and the pastures sleep in the tranquillity of "the long day's work is done."

Nor was he, the figure who came clumping down the farm-lane in worn gaiters, an old fustian coat, a battered squash-hat, collarless, and with a knotted ash-stick in his hand, one to associate with visions of a new world, redeemed from its follies, regenerate from the miseries of false aims and policies, and recovered its senses. Yet I knew it was so from the moment I saw him; though he would have stared at me, his friend, in an almost bovine amaze if I had told him so—the future of man's life on earth was in this man's hands.

He was of yeoman stock, and even to-day he holds a hundred acres which he farms as a nearly self-supporting balanced concern of mixed arable and pasture with sheep, pigs and cattle and run according to an old-fashioned rotation. How he lives at all is a mystery to me and to him. He can get no labour outside his family; the men on the dole in the neighbourhood, a few out of hundreds of thousands, make more money by keeping their hands in their pockets than by lending them to him. He is being driven, as he says himself, into a premature grave by the number of forms he has to fill up and by the perpetual buzzing of bureaucrats about his ears—men "dressed in a little brief authority" and utterly ignorant of the very elements of farming—telling him what he must do and not do. But for his profound, tenacious, unvoiced passion for the soil, milk, housing, medical and other regulations would long ago have beaten him.

He is ground down by taxation, brow-beaten and interfered with in a score of different ways. Though his fellow-countrymen desperately need the good beef and mutton, butter and cheese that his fathers bred and made with the inherited skill of deep experience and practical knowledge, an urbanised Government puts every possible restriction and impediment in his way. His sound ancient custom of keeping his land in good heart by livestock dung and compost from the farm receives every kind of discouragement from science, with its one-eyed specialisation, its one-way monoculture, its one-idea'd exploitation of the land on the principles of big business, from the vested interests in artificials and from an urbanised system of control that, quite apart from its ignorance of the land and the vital problem of its fertility, does not even want to see English agriculture put on its feet again to meet the greatest of emergencies.

Because financial interests control the imports of foreign foods, tasteless and devitalised, that take the labour of a Navy to protect them, the prices he gets for healthy plants and livestock raised on land, whose humus he has been too wise to destroy by made-up chemicals, would long ago have driven anybody less obstinate than he into bankruptcy and ruin. Everything is against him except his own character and traditions.

Yet this rough, inarticulate descendant of the vanished yeoman, struggling against bureaucracy and the money-power allied to pull him down, holds the secrets of growth and decay, has an instinctive understanding of the rhythms of nature, and has plumbed the true significance and even the spiritual background of the ordered cycle of life. Those few men still living who have seen a vision of the return to sanity—Stapledon, Howard, Pfeiffer, Alma Baker, Lord Lymington, whose *Famine in England* is an axe laid at the root of illusion—these are only the voice of this grizzled old traditional farmer plodding heroically on through a deluge of troubles, artificially poured upon his devoted head.

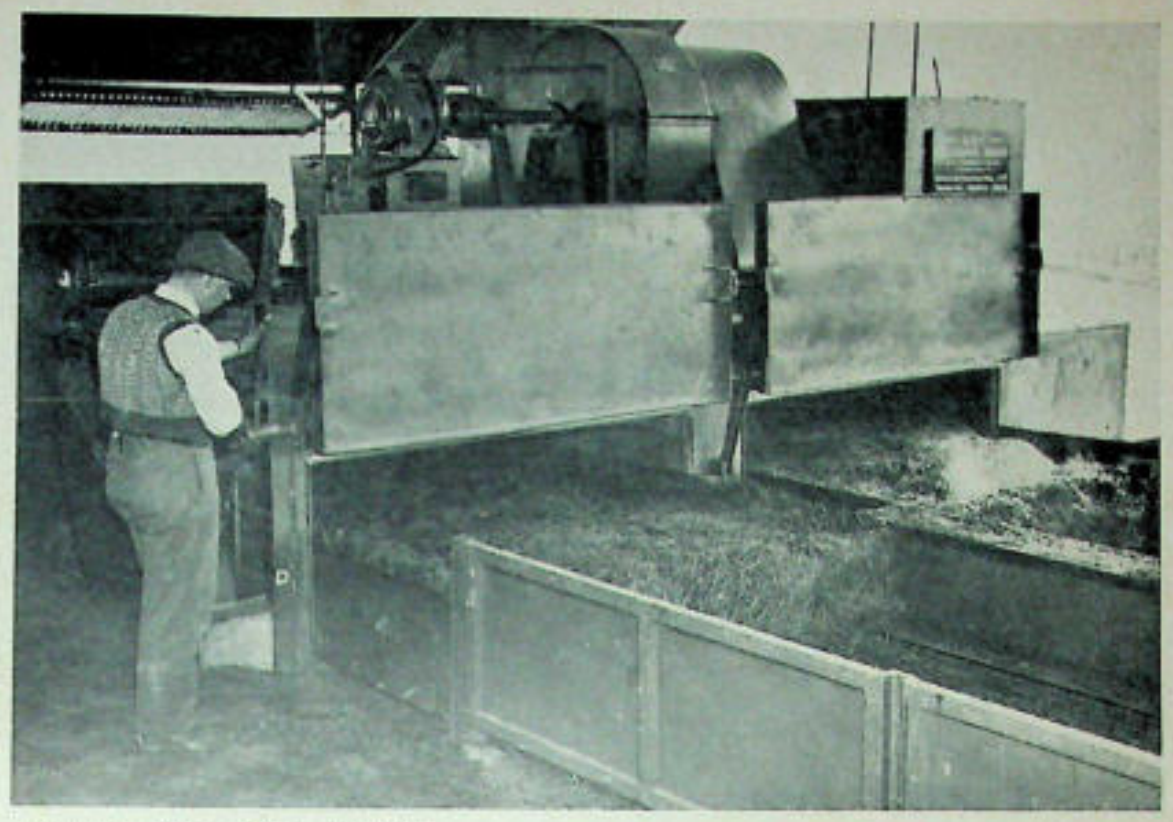
It is he, and it is he alone, not the Bloomsbury sociologists nor the socialistic weavers of yet more chains of State domination, who has the future of England in his hands, or, if he is bound down as the Lilliputians bound Gulliver, those who have caught his silent message before it is too late. A day is coming when we shall be compelled to learn, if we are to live, what he has to teach. The gigantic failure of over-specialised, over-mechanised agriculture, of earth-forcing, of land-exploitation, of food-importation from impoverished lands abroad, and of the financial interests interlocked with it that count wealth in terms of stocks and shares, is at hand. He stands, my old yeoman, on his sacred soil as the future saviour of his country.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An account of a wedding:

"The bride's going-away outfit was the bridegroom's mother's grave."



Dried grass being taken from the chamber of a drier

FACTS ABOUT GRASS-DRYING

Feeding Stuff Economy and Healthy Cattle

I HAVE paid a visit to Mr. T. S. Bennett of Manor Farm, Worcester. Mr. Bennett is a grass-drying enthusiast. At the time of my visit—towards the end of November—he had not finished his year's hay-making. He was drying several tons of grass cut from his orchards, and converting into excellent fodder material which would otherwise have been wasted.

Now grass-drying is a subject that almost invariably causes controversy, and not infrequently heated argument, among farmers. The following facts from Mr. Bennett's farm will therefore be of interest to all farmers. That the figures for 1939 are not complete does not detract from their interest in any way.

Four years ago Mr. Bennett took up grass-drying, with the dual object of effecting economies in his feeding stuffs bill and of improving the health of his cattle. How far he has succeeded is proved by figures, which afford evidence of great importance at a time such as this when supplies of imported cattle foods are not as plentiful as they used to be (and may well become very scarce indeed), and prices are rising.

During these four years Mr. Bennett's total tonnages of dried grass have been as follows:—

1936	288 tons, 14 cwt.
1937	228 tons.
1938	166 tons, 10 cwt.
1939	200 tons (estimated).

This grass was cut at three times—May, July, and September. And the tonnages of the three cuts show the effect of wet and dry periods in the seasons.

Thus, in 1936—a very wet season—the cuts were: May 143 tons 15 cwt., July 100 tons 18 cwt., and September 33 tons 1 cwt. In 1937, a normal spring with dry summer and autumn, the cuts were: May 134 tons, July 84 tons, and September 10 tons. In 1938, when there was a prolonged spring drought, the first two cuts were 27 tons 19 cwt. and 40 tons, then the rain came and the third cut was 98 tons 10 cwt. This year, a wet summer with a dry autumn, the cuts have been 79 tons 14 cwt., 99 tons 12 cwt., and 14 tons.

During these four years the protein analyses have been:—

1936	12.6.
1937	13 (over).
1938	13.5.
1939	13 (estimated; drying still going on).

That these protein yields are not higher is due to Mr. Bennett's preference for cutting grass for drying when it is fairly long and easier therefore to pick up.

During the period Mr. Bennett has been keeping a herd of 100 dairy cows, with from 20-30 young stock and 7 horses on his farm of 200 acres, one-half being dried and the other grazed. By strict costing, he is able to say with certainty that the overall cost of dried grass is £5 per ton (to include all process costs, labour, depreciation, rent and fertilisers).

In 1936, his first year, he fed his cattle medium quality dried grass plus the usual ration of concentrates. His average milk yield per cow per year was 703 gallons. In the following year (1937-38) he experimented by discarding concentrates altogether and feeding his herd entirely on dried grass. The result was a handsome saving in feeding costs.

At £5 per ton the 228 tons cost roughly £1,150, against a bill for cake which would normally be of the order of £2,000—a substantial saving. At the same time the milk yield fell from 703 to 678 gallons, a reduction of 25 gallons per cow per year. Since then he has adopted a practice of feeding dried grass as the main ration, with an allowance of cake for cows giving over 2 gallons per day. This has been found satisfactory in every way. As regards health, the cows now winter out of doors and there has been a definite reduction in sickness.

Not content with success in the main purposes for which he took up drying, Mr. Bennett has experimented. One of the commonest criticisms of grass drying is that constant cropping tends to weaken pastures, a view not held by those who have had experience of drying. Mr. Bennett has tackled the question by intensively cropping one meadow three times a year for the past four years. The average yield in 1936 was 2 tons 18 cwt. per acre; this year it averaged 3 tons 3 cwt. per acre—an increase of 5 cwt. per acre. Nor has the protein content shown any decline, remaining constant over the four years at 12.5-13 per cent.

Another experiment was made last year when he dried and fed pea haulms to young stock, with excellent results. After lying for two days in the field this dried fodder still analysed 11 per cent. protein. Analyses as high as 26 per cent. have been recorded from these dried pea haulms.

The last experiment is not yet complete. Two heifers, now 26 months old, and due to calve in early spring, have been, except for 45 gallons each of milk during the first six weeks, fed entirely on dried grass and water. They are characterised by excellent bone and large frame with very good coat. It will be of interest to see what their calves will be like.

CREAGHT.

HUNTING FIXTURES AND REPORTS

Owing to Christmas Holiday arrangements the *Field* will have to go to press earlier than usual with the issues of December 23rd and 30th. Will Secretaries of Hunts and Masters of Hounds please note that for the issue of December 23rd the latest date for receiving fixture cards and reports will be December 15th. For the *Field* of December 30th fixture cards can be taken up to Friday, December 22nd, but it will not be possible to insert accounts of hunting runs in that issue.



DRIVING CLUBS ARE NOW THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND HERE IS THE WEST SURREY CLUB, OF CRANLEIGH, ON THE ROAD

THE HORSE ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Bringing Out the Trap and Breaking to Single Harness

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. LAMONT, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

PETROL rationing has come to stay "for the duration," and it seems almost certain that it will be tightened up in the near future. Many private cars are already laid up, ere long all such will, probably, be off the road, for this is indeed a petrol war. Particularly for those living in the country some means of transport is a necessity, therefore there is already a brisk demand for the horse and trap.

Fortunately, the Army Remount requirements have not denuded the country of horseflesh as happened in the last war, consequently there is an ample supply of animals, particularly ponies, suitable for draught. But as driving is almost a sealed book to the majority of horse and pony owners of the present generation, who may now want to put their animals into harness, a few simple hints as to breaking for this purpose may be opportune.

Let us suppose that the animal to be put to harness is a good hack, reasonably quiet on the road, and accustomed to the usual traffic, for in a short treatise it is not possible to deal with the correct handling, treatment and breaking of a raw youngster, this should only be undertaken by an old hand, an expert at the game.

The first step is to acquire a set of harness and trap suitable for the horse or pony in question. In all probability both may have been laid by for a number of years. Therefore a most careful inspection and overhaul is essential. The wheels should be taken off; if the spokes are at all loose twelve hours in a pond, or pool of water, will tighten them up. The hubs and caps should be well greased before being put on. The trap should be painted or varnished all over, and cushions attended to. The harness should be sponged, and when dry treated with neat's-foot oil. The stuffing of the collar and pad should be pricked up, fitted by the saddler, and relined if necessary. Particular attention should be paid to the leather "behind the buckle," where it is most likely to perish; all buckles must work easily. Personally, I prefer breast harness for light draught.

While this overhaul is in progress the first lessons should commence. It is most desirable to give the pupil a good hour's exercise, under the saddle, just to get his back down and steady him, and the moment it is decided to put him to harness his shoulders and breast, where the collar or breast harness will bear, should be well dabbed night and morning with a strong solution of salt and water. This treatment hardens the skin and reduces the risk of tenderness or collar gall.

The initial stage should be devoted to driving on the long reins with the harness bridle on, to accustom him to the blinkers, firstly in a field or paddock, then, when going nicely, then on to a quiet road, and, finally, where there is a good bit of traffic. If the driver's "hands" are good the reins can be attached to the bit, which naturally has been selected to suit the animal's mouth and temperament. If not they should be attached to the side D's of a stable head collar or cavasson worn under the harness bridle. The pupil should be given plenty of "halt" and "go on"; made to stand stock still and move off nicely and quietly; and the long reins should be contacted with the hindquarters until no resentment is evinced.

As soon as these matters are satisfactorily adjusted the harness should be put on and fitted. It must be kept in mind that the animal in question has not been accustomed to harness, particularly the collar, crupper and breeching. Special care must be taken when putting on the crupper. At first it is advisable to undo the buckle on one side, slip the crupper under the tail and buckle up. Later the tail can be put through the crupper in the usual way. It is most essential that all the tail hairs should be free of the crupper. A few left in is certain to induce kicking. A tight crupper has a similar effect. The main consideration is that the horse must not be alarmed or frightened in any way. Therefore the breaking process must be gradual, kind and sympathetic. With the harness on he should be first led about, the slightest inclination to play up or kick should be restrained by voice correction and even a job in the mouth. Immediate reward in the shape of an apple, carrot or bowl of oats will do much towards good behaviour and contentment.

If all is well while being led the pupil can be driven about on the long reins as above until he halts readily, stands still and moves on. At each halt a kind word and immediate reward from time to time will work wonders.

The next step is to attach a rope to each trace, held trace high by an assistant, naturally placed well out of heel range, whose function is to bear on the ropes, putting gradually more and more weight on them until the pupil moves off staunchly against a fair amount of pull. If any sign of jibbing is evident then the pull must be reduced, then gradually increased while the pupil is on the move. Finally a fair-sized log of wood can be attached to the ropes and the pupil driven round the field; for this exercise it is advisable to pass the traces through the loops of a back or kicking strap, otherwise the traces and ropes will be about his hocks and he may get a "leg over." This also accustoms the pupil to the feel of the breeching and kicking strap over the loins and quarters.

The final stage is to yoke him. If the initial stages have not been hurried and all has gone peacefully and well this should not present much difficulty. It is advisable to have the driver and two assistants. The pupil should have a web halter under the harness bridle. Select a spot, dead level or preferably a very slight down gradient, have the trap placed in the line of advance, with shafts on the



AN EXERCISING CART
In the days before the motor car captured the road

ground. The reins should be doubled and looped through the near side terret.

No. 1 assistant stands to the horse's head with a bowl of oats or tit bits for an occasional nibble. Driver takes point of near side shaft, and No. 2 assistant the off side shaft. Together they lift the shafts and pull the cart gently forward, guiding the shafts into the tugs, without touching the horse's flanks, gradually allowing the full weight of the shafts to be taken by the tugs. They then do up the kicking strap, which should be so fitted that it does not bear down on the quarters, but tight enough to prevent him really "lifting."

The traces are then hooked up, and should be long enough to allow the quarters to be clear of the draw bar, and tugs just clear of the stops when the horse is in draught. The breeching is then adjusted so that it is just below the commencement of the curve of the buttocks, so that the horse can exert the maximum power when going down hill, and there can be no danger of it slipping up under the tail. It should be just tight enough to prevent the hindquarters coming too near the draw bar when the horse is right "back in his breeching," or to bring too much pull on the pad by the stops pulling the tugs forward, thus producing a drag on the tail via the crupper, the function of which is to keep the pad from moving forward. There are drivers who do not employ a breeching at all, and rely on the tugs to do the job on the down hill. This system works quite well with a light trap in a country where there are not steep gradients.

Some breakers dispense with the kicking strap, but I have always found it advisable, preferring to take no risks. If a horse once learns to kick in harness, particularly if he hurts his hocks, he is liable to acquire the habit. Of course, a good quick man at his head, or a driver who can "sense it coming," can often nip it in the bud with his voice and by keeping the horse's head up, for a horse cannot have both ends up at the same time. However "Safety First" indicates the kicking strap.

If the trap is the right size for the animal the tugs should be so adjusted that the shafts are as near horizontal as makes no matter. The traces should be slightly rising towards the collar—less so in the case of breast harness. In hooking in a trace it must be so placed on the hook as to be flat to the horse's side, not twisted.

All this while it is to be hoped that, owing to the previous lessons, the horse is standing steady; but the "hooking in" should not be so prolonged so as to try his patience too highly.

The driver now takes the reins out of the near side terret, gently feels the horse's mouth, and with the reins in the left hand separated by the first and second fingers, quietly climbs up, takes his seat and removes the whip from the whip socket. The question of "whip" is somewhat a matter of opinion. Personally, I have always used one, and in the initial stages accustomed the horse to it by laying the lash lightly over the shoulder between collar and pad, also drawing it across the back just in rear of the pad, a split second after the word of command "go on." A driving whip should never be "cracked," but it is permissible to give it a just audible "swish" to induce acceleration.

No. 1 assistant now moves to the near side, with the rope of the web halter in his hand, level with the pupil's neck. No. 2 assistant goes to the back of the trap ready to give it a starting impulse when the driver orders go on. Should there be hesitation on the part of the horse a stronger push will be necessary. No. 1 should not attempt to pull the pupil forward, his function is to assist if there is any "playing up," running back, attempt to ditch the cart, &c. It is hoped that a start is effected: should it be rather sudden in the shape of a bound it is well not to check too suddenly with the reins, provided the required direction has been taken. It is wiser to give to the initial start and then gradually reduce the pace down to a walk.

The first lessons in the shafts should be confined to the walk, plenty of halts and "go on's"; then turns to right and left, at first on a largish circle, gradually reduced as proficiency increases. In making turns the horse may be a trifle awkward at the outset, and the feel of the shaft on the side to which he is asked to turn may put him off. It will greatly assist matters, if, say when turning to the right, No. 1 pushes on the near side shaft, and No. 2 mans the near side wheel and *vice versa*.

When the lesson has proved satisfactory at the walk the pace should be increased to a gentle trot. Gradients should be avoided at first; a hard surface and the quietest roads must be selected. It is advisable to break off after, say, half to three-quarters of an hour for the first lesson, the pupil having had his good hour's saddle exercise previously, then, after water and feed and a good rest, give him a second lesson the same day, and so on each day.

The main consideration is that a horse must be so trained that he is easy to yoke, will stand stock still while driver and passengers get in and out, start without hesitation, accelerate, decelerate, halt, in fact be obedient to voice and whip. What in effect corresponds to "impulsion" in the saddle horse.

The first three or four days should most certainly be devoted to definite education in the slow paces as above outlined. The horse's shoulders are not hardened and if they become heated or at all "wrung" jibbing is the natural result. A horse with tender shoulders cannot be expected to "love his collar" and pull staunchly. The salt and water will help, but the royal road to success is to go slowly.

On the fifth day the pupil should be introduced to slight up and down gradients, and so learn to go "into his collar" and "breech." No. 2 assistant can be dispensed with as soon as "stop and go" and the turns are as they should be, but it is sound to retain No. 1, who should be in the trap, but must be quick in and out to lend a hand if necessary, and to give immediate reward at the halts.

If a second assistant is not available the job can be tackled with one only. When yoking he should remain at the horse's head. The driver, pulling the cart forward by the near side shaft, guides the point into that tug, slips round and does likewise to the off side shaft, then proceeds to hook in as above, one side at a time.

As soon as the pupil is absolutely quiet to yoke he can be backed on to the shafts till his tugs are level with the points of the shafts, which are then raised and put into the tugs. To leave a horse unattended when hooked in is a dangerous practice which is certain sooner or later to produce an accident.

Jibbing is the most usual cause of trouble when breaking to harness, but my experience indicates that this possibility is reduced to a minimum by the adoption of the above methods, combined with patience, gentleness and firm kindness. Should a horse suddenly start jibbing on the road, or refuse to leave home, man the wheels and push behind, and have someone with immediate reward just out of reach, who moves backward if the horse moves. This will generally do the trick. If not, keep him there for several hours, if need be, until he is fed up and moves off in the required direction of his own accord.

If time is not available for this manœuvre a light rope placed below the knee and pulled forward one leg at a time will invariably induce forward movement. Jibbing can be most irritating, but loss of temper plus the abuse of the whip never did produce anything but evil results when employed during breaking to harness, or in fact at any time. After a jibbing fit has been mastered the pupil should most certainly be made much of and treated to an ample "immediate reward."

(*Next week: The Art of Handling the Reins.*)



THE BERKSHIRE DRIVING CLUB AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE, NEAR THEALE
Miss Rothbart is driving "No Name," followed by Miss Hedges and Mrs. Wells driving "Sue" on the Newbury Road



WHAT NOT TO DO ON THE ROAD
The post of a speed limit sign was not intended for use as a "hitching post," and there is a dangerous corner here

JUST THE LUCK OF THE GAME

Fickle Fortune and the Salmon Fisher

SOME time ago I was asked what was my favourite quotation from any book on fishing. Without the least hesitation I was able to reply that Chaytor's remark on page 39 of *Letters to a Salmon Fisher's Sons*: "One thing you may be sure of about a salmon, you never can tell either what he will do, or when he will do it," was an easy first.

The vagaries of the salmon and the lottery of salmon fishing are notorious, and it is hardly to be wondered at that so many salmon anglers are, in their inmost hearts, if not to the outside world, a little superstitious, a little inclined to have some mascot or secret charm which they hope, and sometimes really believe, brings them luck.

Years ago I knew a man who had a lucky tie. He did not, of course, wear it every time he went a fishing, because mascots must not be overworked, or, like spirits left uncorked, the goodness goes forth from them. But if ever he wanted a fish really badly, or needed the special help of the supernatural to end a long spell of ill-luck, then the precious tie was donned, and it was surprising how often the talisman worked.

And then one day there occurred a major disaster. The wife of his bosom, and in many ways very considerably his better half, was stricken with that terrible urge which seizes so many ladies in the Spring—to clean the house, and get rid of a year's accumulation of rubbish.

The magic tie had been a deadly secret, for, like the wish one registers at the first sight of the new moon, or on the first bite of the first mince-pie, mascots are most effective when kept hidden in the depths of one's heart, and so the lady of the house knew nothing of its properties. All she saw was a shabby piece of neck-wear, tucked away at the back of a drawer, evidently long forgotten.

Some time later the tragedy was discovered. Through the half-open door of the dressing-room the wife heard a great commotion; the opening and shutting of drawers, much stamping and fuming, and called out: "What's the matter, dear? Lost something?"

"Yes," came back the angry reply. "Can't find the tie I want. Always kept it at the back of the right-hand top drawer."

The lady thought for a moment. "That old red and blue striped thing, darling?"

"That's it. Seen it lately?"

"Yes, darling. I came across it some time ago when spring cleaning, and put it in with a bundle of rubbish for the jumble sale. Didn't want the awful old thing, did you?"

For a moment there was deadly silence; then the storm broke, and maybe it is better to draw a veil over what happened. But a happy marriage was nearly wrecked, and the victim avers that his efficiency as a catcher of salmon has depreciated by twenty-five per cent.

Pet flies and baits are, of course, a more common form of the mascot mania, and invariably it is the individual lure—not the pattern, which is valued. Another, like as pea in pod to the magic article, has by no means the same properties. I know a very successful lady angler who has an old devon which no money could buy. It is an odd thing, half brass and half zinc, given to her by its maker, and I should not like to say how many salmon it has accounted for. In a way it is a two-edged instrument, for the whole time she is fishing she is terrified that it will be lost, and more than once she has waded in waist deep to get it free when snagged.

Personally I have no vast faith in any mascot. Pet minnows come, and, in the end, usually go. I had one for several years which did me very well indeed. It was a home-made affair of a devon cut off half-an-inch behind the fins and fitted with a bit of rubber tube shaped into a swallow-tail. But its last resting place was a snag in the Torridge, and no replica ever had much success.

For two consecutive seasons I think I killed a salmon on the 13th day of almost every fishing month (the 13th happens to be my birthday, which was also on a Friday) and when the two coincided the fluences were especially potent. But last year they failed me completely.

In my experience the most certain way to meet a salmon is to forget the gaff, and leave it at home or in the car. But it is absolutely essential that the lapse is genuine; it is not the least use forgetting it on purpose—you can't kid mascots or fluences that way. You can almost hear them muttering that so favourite remark of film actors. "You can't do that to me." Unfortunately I am a most methodical creature, and the gaff lives in the car the whole season through, and so the occasions when I really forget it are few and far between. But, at a guess, I should say the charm works in quite three times out of four.

On club and association water one comes across amazing instances of how luck will pursue a man for long periods, and then elude him just as successfully. When a man has a beat to himself there is little basis for comparison, but when the same rods are fishing the same water for year after year it is most marked how unevenly Fortune doles out her favours.

I remember a case some fifteen years ago on a Devonshire stream. A ticket holder on some association water caught four fish one evening between five and eight o'clock, a feat which is still a record for the river, and ended up the season with a total well above the next highest. He fished the water for two years after that without landing a single salmon.

In 1932 one angler caught seven out of the first eight salmon killed on association water, where there were probably not far short of a dozen other rods fishing regularly. For ten or twelve years a man was always at or near the top of the list at the end of the season. Then, for some quite inexplicable reason, in 1938, his catch dropped to three, whereas the top man had a dozen—it was a really bad season. But the very next year the successful angler, who twelve months before had been able to kill fish when no one else could even meet them, experienced a complete reversal of fortune. Between the beginning of March and the end of August he hooked one salmon and lost that, and two grilse in September represented his reward for a whole seven months' fishing.

That year a newcomer with a limited experience of salmon fishing had twice as many salmon as any of the older rods, and all but one of his were caught on plugs. Yet plugs had been used without much success on the water in previous years, and, naturally, as soon as the newcomer began getting fish others followed suit in trying the same bait. But none had any success worth mentioning, although using identical patterns.

I had a curious case of luck this year in Ireland. Two of us were fishing the Moy from the same boat, both spinning with tiny devons the same size and colour. Between 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. my host hooked seven salmon while I only connected with one. Then from 6.30 p.m. until 8 p.m. I hooked seven without him having a single pull.

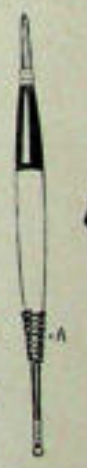
WEST COUNTRY.



"THE MOST CERTAIN WAY TO MEET A SALMON IS TO FORGET THE GAFF"—BUT NOT INVARIABLY!

STANDARDISED "LOADING" ON CASTS

HERE is a tip for bottom-fishers, which not only makes for convenience and saves time, but, by rendering all one's casts interchangeable vis-à-vis all weights of floats, also makes for economy.



The principle involved is to standardise the "loading" on all one's bottom-fishing casts, by having, say, only two small fold-over or split-shot leads, just sufficient to cock one's lightest float, on all one's casts. Then, for the remainder of the "loading" for all heavier floats, the requisite additional weight in soft drawn lead wire can be wrapped around the bottom of each such float, as shown at "A" on my sketch, the floats thus in effect becoming part "self-cockers."

For example, for a 6-shot float the weight of lead wire wrapping would be such as to equal 4 split-shot.

For greater security this wrapping can be bound with thread or silk, and painted or varnished to give a more pleasing finish.

By means of this standardisation any size and weight of float can thus always, and with but a minimum of delay, be used on each and every cast, or *vice versa*, avoiding having separate casts already made up, suitably shotted, for each different weight float it may be required to use. Where the angler's practice hitherto has been to add, or take off, a few shots each time a different weight float is used, this standardisation will also result in less fraying of casts.

Where, in certain waters, such as if one is habitually fishing in fast flow-ers, it is preferred to have more "loading" weight on the cast itself instead of just the above-mentioned two shots, the standardisation principle could still be applied. For instance, supposing it were desired to have, say, 8 split-shot, "bunched" or "distributed," on all one's casts, then for a 12-shot float the amount of lead wire wrapping around the bottom of the float would be such as to equal in weight 4 split-shot; for a 10-shot float, 2 split-shot; and so on.

N. L. W.

out of Blandford's half-sister Blanc Mange, for 4,000 guineas. Mr. Goodbody's interest in racing hitherto has been confined almost entirely to National Hunt Sport. He has bought jumpers, for Peter Thrale to train, particularly with the Grand National in view. Selim Hassan has gone to Bancroft, who has charge of the Duchess of Norfolk's horses at Michel Grove.

The nineteen yearlings which the Aga Khan sold realised 36,710 guineas. In prosperous and peaceful times they may have produced double that sum, but it must be agreed, from the vendor's point of view, and in all the circumstances, it was a very satisfactory sale. Whatever racing there may be in this country during the next two years, it is odds against these nineteen yearlings winning as much in stake money as the Aga Khan has now received for them.

In addition, of course, he has been saved the enormous costs which the training of these animals and their engagements and other expenses would have involved.

If the Aga Khan had merely sent a selection of his yearlings, or had not announced that they were sold without reserve, there would have been much less interest in the disposal and people would not have bid with the freedom they evinced last week. So far as the yearlings were concerned, it had to be "all or none" and the clean sweep policy was most successful.

Of the horses in training Mubarak (300 guineas) went to George Duller who evidently hopes to make a hurdler of this five-year-old.

Jim Russell, the Mablethorpe trainer, was buying for South Africa and India, but many people will be interested to see if Neuvy, for whom he gave 300 guineas, remains in his stable. This trainer has won two recent Lincolnshire Handicaps and Neuvy might appeal to him as suitable for that race. He has shown good form over 6 furlongs and horses of his type have stayed the Lincoln mile successfully.

Pointis, winner of the Hardwicke Stakes, was bought for 1,000 guineas by W. Carr who has done so well with other people's cast-offs. He was enquiring, soon after his purchase, when the entries for the Ascot Gold Cup were closing, but, I see, he has not nominated Pointis. If racing is conducted next season in a manner near to normal, Pointis may prove well worth the price.

Subject to the same qualification I thought that Basil Briscoe also bought a cheap horse when he gave 520 guineas for Lord Derby's Tamworth, brother to Plassy.

Buyers for the dominions and neutral countries were extremely active at the sales. Purchases were made on behalf of the Jockey Club of Argentina and much more American money was spent than is normally expended at the December sales.



AT THE NEWMARKET GATHERING OF EXPERTS
Mr. Basil Jarvis and Lady Darnley

The total receipts for the five days' sale were 115,951 guineas. At the December sales of 1914, after four months of war, the total for 359 lots was only 68,795 guineas. The number of animals offered this time was about double that of 1914.

YEOMAN.

BEHAVIOUR IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

Little Points that Can Mean a Good Deal

ONE of the things which adds much to the enjoyment of shooting is to be out with persons who observe not only the unwritten laws of sport but also the little niceties that go so far to make a day perfect. When all is said and done the actual business of firing a gun and bagging something represents but a part of the pleasure which we derive from field sport. There are so many other things that go to form the sum total of the game, and as ever the right personal attitude makes a big difference. There are men—keen shots—who would rather forgo their sport than shoot in the company of those whose code does not recognise the nicer points of behaviour or if it does who do not practise them.

The first duty is the observance of these unwritten laws. Foremost among them, I suppose, is that which makes it an offence to shoot a bird which is nearer one's neighbour. "Poaching" is a good word for it. There are, of course, frequent occasions upon which it is next to impossible to decide whose bird it is and usually in the resultant hesitation the latter escapes. This is a pity, but it does show that both parties are sensitive to the situation and anxious to defer to their neighbour. Once this feeling has been established it is possible to have a bit of "give and take" which is both a happy and profitable state of affairs. For when a borderline bird next happens by, the shooter can get down to the business of bagging it without worry. And should it in the end catch a double dose of lead, the fact of the existence of a kind of "entente cordiale" puts matters right.

There are few things more unpleasant and annoying in the shooting field than being next to a jealous and greedy shot. The very fact of it can mar the real enjoyment of a day. Some men think themselves clever when they can snap down somebody else's bird in double quick time. When a man persists in this kind of behaviour, the best thing is to pay him back in some of his own coin. But the whole thing tends to spoil matters and is definitely against the spirit of sportsmanship. But what is much worse is when the greedy shot is also a dangerous shot. It is bad enough to find one's birds shot by another and perhaps at short range, but when this also means charges of No. 5 passing uncomfortably close it is just not good enough. I have actually had my bird pouched and a pellet put through my hat into the bargain, and this at a well-known syndicate shoot!

One of the little niceties, to turn for a moment to the other side of the picture, that should be greatly appreciated, although the greedy shot might look upon it as the throwing-away of an easy chance, is when a shooter forgoes a simple shot which will give his neighbour a more sporting target. This, indeed, should always be the conduct of beater's gun, especially when pheasants are getting up out of roots and going forward. Such shots can only be easy ones to him, but they may be quite difficult by the time they reach the waiting line of guns. Beaters' gun should confine himself to birds that fly back or break out at the sides, which too may actually be the only really safe chances. Partridges and pheasants flying forward from roots may be at a very unsafe angle, particularly towards the end of a drive.

Recently I witnessed a performance that while it did not exactly err against any rule could and should have been turned into something better. A field of kale was being driven towards a narrow point. The majority of the guns were located at this end, while I myself was on a flank, where getting practically no shooting. I was able closely to watch operations. Most birds went either forward or back. As there was only one gun with the beaters, he had a clear field to himself as regards everything that went back. But of the birds that went forward, many of which did not get up till nearly the end of the beat, the majority flew low and at very short range past the centre gun. Now, owing to the shape of the field and the conformation of the line of guns, any of these birds could have been left by the centre gun to his neighbours, to whom they would have presented far better shots. But I never saw him leave one to the others, who got very little shooting, except at those birds which were missed. Time and again birds got up almost on the end of his barrels and with hardly any law were plastered with shot. I do not think a single really shootable bird was bagged, and naturally many of them must have been badly mangled.

The undue smashing of game is generally a matter of bad form. If birds anyway are so near that by shooting them there is real danger of knocking them to pieces, they should be left alone. Rabbits are a bit different, as they may be doing damage and have to be kept down. Often when shooting them in covert it is not possible to take them except at close quarters. But even in their case they should be given law if possible and killed cleanly. However, numerous their kind maybe a rabbit is good food and should not be wasted. If it has to be marketed, it will fetch an uneconomic price if badly shot, or possibly no price at all.

Willingness on the part of younger members to do any extra walking or undertake any uninviting task will always be appreciated. And such little sacrifices are often rewarded by the bagging of some odd variety, or the getting of attractive shots. But perhaps one of the nicest habits is that of refusing to claim any bird about the killing of which there is the least doubt. In spite of the greatest care and restraint, a couple of shooters will occasionally fire at the same bird. For instance, a bird may pass roughly equi-distant from each and neither can be blamed for shooting it. But "your bird, sir" will never come amiss and will generally have the result of promoting the happiest relations.

Tactful remarks go a long way towards the success of a day's shooting. In most parties there are one or two guns who are not such good shots. Or it may be there is somebody who is shooting much below his usual form. During the kind of "post mortem" that often takes place at lunch or tea, when a member of the party is bewailing his sad performance, some such remark as "but that was a great bird you killed going back high over the covert" may just have the effect of turning a feeling of complete disappointment into one of partial satisfaction. I have often seen a face light up under such circumstances. And it is better that everyone should go home in happy mood, especially so for those who wait at home.

Nothing marks the best kind of sportsman better than the way in which he takes his luck or lack of it. There are those who become super-elated when they shoot well and super-depressed when they shoot badly. There are those, too, who allow themselves to become bored when they do not get many shots and cease to take real interest in the proceedings. It is only natural to want to be kept fully occupied and to enjoy a fair share, but whatever one's fortune it is a duty, surely, to show a cheerful demeanour. Readiness to help in finding a lost bird that is not yours is always a sign of good fellowship, and is bound to bring grateful response. There cannot be the same incentive, but such little doings are all in the day's work and tend to promote a sense of friendly co-operation and understanding.

A man may stick to the orthodox rules of shooting, he may keep his place, shoot well and behave in exemplary fashion. For all that, there are lots of extra ways in which he can add to the general success of a party and to the happiness of individuals, by the exercise of a little forethought and consideration, by the adoption of an unselfish and generous attitude, and by taking the inevitable ups and downs in the right spirit. Such a person will always be welcome at any place and will find his engagement list full enough to keep him busy during all his spare time. All sport provides a test of character and sooner or later brings out the true colours. I feel that one could hardly shoot with any one throughout a season and fail to reach a pretty accurate estimate of his inner self and feelings. The test of the field is a searching one indeed.

"SCOLOPAX."

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.—From Melbourne comes news of a remarkable performance on the part of Walter Lindrum. Not that one does not expect the phenomenal from this magician of the cue, but a break of 2,466 puts all other performances in the shade. It constitutes a world's record, and Lindrum is reported as having made others of 1859, 1,054 and 1,036 and of scoring at the average rate of 909 an hour. He was taking on twelve amateurs and it shows something of the gulf between the amateur and professional player when the dozen, after receiving a start of 24,000, could only reach a total of 27,988 while Lindrum was making 36,352.

COURSING SEASON.—That there is no despondency in the sporting world is shown by the resolution to carry on with the Grand National at Aintree next year, and another famous Lancashire fixture will, all being well, find a place in the calendar This is the Waterloo Cup, which is due to take place at Aintree on February 14th, 15th and 16th. The draw for the 64 nominations will be made on February 13th.



H.H. AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS PARADING BEFORE THE SALES
His string of nineteen realised 36,710 guineas

THE AGA KHAN'S YEARLINGS

Satisfactory Prices for a War-time Sale

AMONG the yearlings which the Aga Khan sold at the Newmarket December sales was one which I had hoped particularly would be bought by someone who would race her in this country. My interest in the bay filly Mambaka lay less in the fact that she was sired by Mahmoud, a Derby winner, from Udaipur, winner of the Oaks, than that she represents the practice of close in-breeding—closer than is usually applied to the production of race-horses. As Lord Glanely gave 3,700 guineas for her we are likely to see this experiment submitted to the crucial race-course test.

Mahmoud is a grandson and Udaipur is a daughter of Blandford. In-breeding on these lines, though seldom attempted, has met with some successes. Perhaps the Aga Khan recalled that in-breeding—sometimes to an incestuous degree—was frequently effected in the Petworth stud of the Earl of Egremont, whose Derby record his Highness has not yet equalled. Lord Egremont won the great race five times and he won the Oaks as often.

Mambaka walks a little wide in front and one eye shows the white. She has four white socks. I preferred her close relation, the grey filly Bukhara, who was bought by the Anglo-Irish Agency for 3,500 guineas. This filly is by Blandford's undefeated son Bahram, out of Una, half-sister to Udaipur.

The four yearlings bought by Mr. L. Lawrence, European chief of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film interests, are intended for California, but arrangements for their transport have not yet been made. The two fillies, Queen of Bombay, by Bahram out of Queen of Scots, and Singida by Solario out of Ardetta are still at Newmarket, while the colts, Alibhai, by Hyperion out of Teresina, and Toubo, by Vatout out of Boxeuse, have gone to Steve Donoghue at Blewbury.

Those who bid for Alibhai, for whom Mr. Lawrence gave 3,200 guineas, chose to ignore what appeared to be a doubtful joint, and there were many who criticised Bakhtawar, the heavily-made colt by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter. But such a reputable professional judge as the Irishman, Mr. Charles Rogers, gave 2,600 guineas for him. The colt will probably pass into the ownership of Miss Dorothy Paget, if she has not already taken him over. There is this to be said about the colt: his sire Windsor Lad was far from being an oil painting at the same age. I must confess that even when he appeared at Chester, some weeks before his Derby victory I stressed, in something I wrote, his very plain appearance. Was it, I wonder, his subsequent performances, or his steady physical development which led me later to regard his powerful proportions with much greater admiration? He is certainly one of the best horses of the last twenty years.

The heaviness or coarseness of Bakhtawar is in striking contrast to the exquisite quality of Friar's Daughter's other sons, Dastur (by Solario), and Bahram (by Blandford)

Mr. G. Boustead, who gave 1,200 guineas for Bura, by Bahram out of Beeti, is a newcomer to English racing, though he has run horses in Ceylon. Bura will be trained by Bertie Holland at West Horsley, Surrey.

Mr. W. U. Goodbody, an Irishman who has settled in this country after a successful business career in the United States, bid the top price of the sale when he bought the chesnut colt by Hyperion



LORD GLANELY TALKING TO CAPTAIN BOYD ROCHFORT AT THE NEWMARKET SALES



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK INSPECTING SELIM HASSAN WHICH FETCHED THE TOP PRICE OF 4,000 GUINEAS



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Satisfactory Prices for a War-time Sale

AMONG the yearlings which the Aga Khan sold at the Newmarket December sales was one which I had hoped particularly would be bought by someone who would race her in this country. My interest in the bay filly Mamluka lay less in the fact that she was sired by Mahmoud, a Derby winner, from Udaipur, winner of the Oaks, than that she represents the practice of close in-breeding—closer than is usually applied to the production of race-horses. As Lord Glanely gave 3,700 guineas for her we are likely to see this experiment submitted to the crucial race-course test.

Mahmoud is a grandson and Udaipur is a daughter of Blandford. In-breeding on these lines, though seldom attempted, has met with some successes. Perhaps the Aga Khan recalled that in-breeding—sometimes to an incestuous degree—was frequently effected in the Petworth stud of the Earl of Egremont, whose Derby record his Highness has not yet equalled. Lord Egremont won the great race five times and he won the Oaks as often.

Mamluka walks a little wide in front and one eye shows the white. She has four white socks. I preferred her close relation, the grey filly Bukhara, who was bought by the Anglo-Irish Agency for 3,500 guineas. This filly is by Blandford's undefeated son Bahram, out of Una, half-sister to Udaipur.

The four yearlings bought by Mr. L. Lawrence, European chief of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film interests, are intended for California, but arrangements for their transport have not yet been made. The two fillies, Queen of Bombay, by Bahram out of Queen of Scots, and Singida by Solario out of Ardetta are still at Newmarket, while the colts, Alibhai, by Hyperion out of Teresina, and Toubo, by Vatout out of Boxeuse, have gone to Steve Donoghue at Blewbury.

Those who bid for Alibhai, for whom Mr. Lawrence gave 3,200 guineas, chose to ignore what appeared to be a doubtful joint, and there were many who criticised Bakhtawar, the heavily-made colt by Windsor Lad out of Friar's Daughter. But such a reputable professional judge as the Irishman, Mr. Charles Rogers, gave 2,600 guineas for him. The colt will probably pass into the ownership of Miss Dorothy Paget, if she has not already taken him over. There is this to be said about the colt: his sire Windsor Lad was far from being an oil painting at the same age. I must confess that even when he appeared at Chester, some weeks before his Derby victory I stressed, in something I wrote, his very plain appearance. Was it, I wonder, his subsequent performances, or his steady physical development which led me later to regard his powerful proportions with much greater admiration? He is certainly one of the best horses of the last twenty years.

The heaviness or coarseness of Bakhtawar is in striking contrast to the exquisite quality of Friar's Daughter's other sons, Dastur (by Solario), and Bahram (by Blandford)

Mr. G. Boustead, who gave 1,200 guineas for Bura, by Bahram out of Beeti, is a newcomer to English racing, though he has run horses in Ceylon. Bura will be trained by Bertie Holland at West Horsley, Surrey.

Mr. W. U. Goodbody, an Irishman who has settled in this country after a successful business career in the United States, bid the top price of the sale when he bought the chestnut colt by Hyperion



LORD GLANELY TALKING TO CAPTAIN BOYD ROCHFORT AT THE NEWMARKET SALES



THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK INSPECTING SELIM HASSAN WHICH FETCHED THE TOP PRICE OF 4,000 GUINEAS

out of Blandford's half-sister Blanc Mange, for 4,000 guineas. Mr. Goodbody's interest in racing hitherto has been confined almost entirely to National Hunt Sport. He has bought jumpers, for Peter Thrale to train, particularly with the Grand National in view. Selim Hassan has gone to Bancroft, who has charge of the Duchess of Norfolk's horses at Michel Grove.

The nineteen yearlings which the Aga Khan sold realised 36,710 guineas. In prosperous and peaceful times they may have produced double that sum, but it must be agreed, from the vendor's point of view, and in all the circumstances, it was a very satisfactory sale. Whatever racing there may be in this country during the next two years, it is odds against these nineteen yearlings winning as much in stake money as the Aga Khan has now received for them.

In addition, of course, he has been saved the enormous costs which the training of these animals and their engagements and other expenses would have involved.

If the Aga Khan had merely sent a selection of his yearlings, or had not announced that they were sold without reserve, there would have been much less interest in the disposal and people would not have bid with the freedom they evinced last week. So far as the yearlings were concerned, it had to be "all or none" and the clean sweep policy was most successful.

Of the horses in training Mubarak (300 guineas) went to George Duller who evidently hopes to make a hurdler of this five-year-old.

Jim Russell, the Mablethorpe trainer, was buying for South Africa and India, but many people will be interested to see if Neuvy, for whom he gave 300 guineas, remains in his stable. This trainer has won two recent Lincolnshire Handicaps and Neuvy might appeal to him as suitable for that race. He has shown good form over 6 furlongs and horses of his type have stayed the Lincoln mile successfully.

Pointis, winner of the Hardwicke Stakes, was bought for 1,000 guineas by W. Carr who has done so well with other people's cast-offs. He was enquiring, soon after his purchase, when the entries for the Ascot Gold Cup were closing, but, I see, he has not nominated Pointis. If racing is conducted next season in a manner near to normal, Pointis may prove well worth the price.

Subject to the same qualification I thought that Basil Briscoe also bought a cheap horse when he gave 520 guineas for Lord Derby's Tamworth, brother to Plassy.

Buyers for the dominions and neutral countries were extremely active at the sales. Purchases were made on behalf of the Jockey Club of Argentina and much more American money was spent than is normally expended at the December sales.



AT THE NEWMARKET GATHERING OF EXPERTS
Mr. Basil Jarvis and Lady Dorchester

The total receipts for the five days' sale were 115,651 guineas. At the December sales of 1914, after four months of war, the total for 359 lots was only 68,795 guineas. The number of animals offered this time was about double that of 1914.

YEOMAN.

BEHAVIOUR IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

Little Points that Can Mean a Good Deal

ONE of the things which adds much to the enjoyment of shooting is to be out with persons who observe not only the unwritten laws of sport but also the little niceties that go so far to make a day perfect. When all is said and done the actual business of firing a gun and bagging something represents but a part of the pleasure which we derive from field sport. There are so many other things that go to form the sum total of the game, and as ever the right personal attitude makes a big difference. There are men—keen shots—who would rather forgo their sport than shoot in the company of those whose code does not recognise the nicer points of behaviour or if it does who do not practise them.

The first duty is the observance of these unwritten laws. Foremost among them, I suppose, is that which makes it an offence to shoot a bird which is nearer one's neighbour. "Poaching" is a good word for it. There are, of course, frequent occasions upon which it is next to impossible to decide whose bird it is and usually in the resultant hesitation the latter escapes. This is a pity, but it does show that both parties are sensitive to the situation and anxious to defer to their neighbour. Once this feeling has been established it is possible to have a bit of "give and take" which is both a happy and profitable state of affairs. For when a borderline bird next happens by, the shooter can get down to the business of bagging it without worry. And should it in the end catch a double dose of lead, the fact of the existence of a kind of "entente cordiale" puts matters right.

There are few things more unpleasant and annoying in the shooting field than being next to a jealous and greedy shot. The very fact of it can mar the real enjoyment of a day. Some men think themselves clever when they can snap down somebody else's bird in double quick time. When a man persists in this kind of behaviour, the best thing is to pay him back in some of his own coin. But the whole thing tends to spoil matters and is definitely against the spirit of sportsmanship. But what is much worse is when the greedy shot is also a dangerous shot. It is bad enough to find one's birds shot by another and perhaps at short range, but when this also means charges of No. 5 passing uncomfortably close it is just not good enough. I have actually had my bird pouched and a pellet put through my hat into the bargain, and this at a well-known syndicate shoot!

One of the little niceties, to turn for a moment to the other side of the picture, that should be greatly appreciated, although the greedy shot might look upon it as the throwing-away of an easy chance, is when a shooter forgoes a simple shot which will give his neighbour a more sporting target. This, indeed, should always be the conduct of beater's gun, especially when pheasants are getting up out of roots and going forward. Such shots can only be easy ones to him, but they may be quite difficult by the time they reach the waiting line of guns. Beaters' gun should confine himself to birds that fly back or break out at the sides, which too may actually be the only really safe chances. Partridges and pheasants flying forward from roots may be at a very unsafe angle, particularly towards the end of a drive.

Recently I witnessed a performance that while it did not exactly err against any rule could and should have been turned into something better. A field of kale was being driven towards a narrow point. The majority of the guns were located at this end, while I myself was on a flank, where getting practically no shooting. I was able closely to watch operations. Most birds went either forward or back. As there was only one gun with the beaters, he had a clear field to himself as regards everything that went back. But of the birds that went forward, many of which did not get up till nearly the end of the beat, the majority flew low and at very short range past the centre gun. Now, owing to the shape of the field and the conformation of the line of guns, any of these birds could have been left by the centre gun to his neighbours, to whom they would have presented far better shots. But I never saw him leave one to the others, who got very little shooting, except at those birds which were missed. Time and again birds got up almost on the end of his barrels and with hardly any law were plastered with shot. I do not think a single really shootable bird was bagged, and naturally many of them must have been badly mangled.

The undue smashing of game is generally a matter of bad form. If birds anyway are so near that by shooting them there is real danger of knocking them to pieces, they should be left alone. Rabbits are a bit different, as they may be doing damage and have to be kept down. Often when shooting them in covert it is not possible to take them except at close quarters. But even in their case they should be given law if possible and killed cleanly. However, numerous 'their kind maybe a rabbit is good food and should not be wasted. If it has to be marketed, it will fetch an uneconomic price if badly shot, or possibly no price at all.

Willingness on the part of younger members to do any extra walking or undertake any uninviting task will always be appreciated. And such little sacrifices are often rewarded by the bagging of some odd variety, or the getting of attractive shots. But perhaps one of the nicest habits is that of refusing to claim any bird about the killing of which there is the least doubt. In spite of the greatest care and restraint, a couple of shooters will occasionally fire at the same bird. For instance, a bird may pass roughly equi-distant from each and neither can be blamed for shooting it. But "your bird, sir" will never come amiss and will generally have the result of promoting the happiest relations.

Tactful remarks go a long way towards the success of a day's shooting. In most parties there are one or two guns who are not such good shots. Or it may be there is somebody who is shooting much below his usual form. During the kind of "post mortem" that often takes place at lunch or tea, when a member of the party is bewailing his sad performance, some such remark as "but that was a great bird you killed going back high over the covert" may just have the effect of turning a feeling of complete disappointment into one of partial satisfaction. I have often seen a face light up under such circumstances. And it is better that everyone should go home in happy mood, especially so for those who wait at home.

Nothing marks the best kind of sportsman better than the way in which he takes his luck or lack of it. There are those who become super-elated when they shoot well and super-depressed when they shoot badly. There are those, too, who allow themselves to become bored when they do not get many shots and cease to take real interest in the proceedings. It is only natural to want to be kept fully occupied and to enjoy a fair share, but whatever one's fortune it is a duty, surely, to show a cheerful demeanour. Readiness to help in finding a lost bird that is not yours is always a sign of good fellowship, and is bound to being grateful response. There cannot be the same incentive, but such little doings are all in the day's work and tend to promote a sense of friendly co-operation and understanding.

A man may stick to the orthodox rules of shooting, he may keep his place, shoot well and behave in exemplary fashion. For all that, there are lots of extra ways in which he can add to the general success of a party and to the happiness of individuals, by the exercise of a little forethought and consideration, by the adoption of an unselfish and generous attitude, and by taking the inevitable ups and downs in the right spirit. Such a person will always be welcome at any place and will find his engagement list full enough to keep him busy during all his spare time. All sport provides a test of character and sooner or later brings out the true colours. I feel that one could hardly shoot with any one throughout a season and fail to reach a pretty accurate estimate of his inner self and feelings. The test of the field is a searching one indeed.

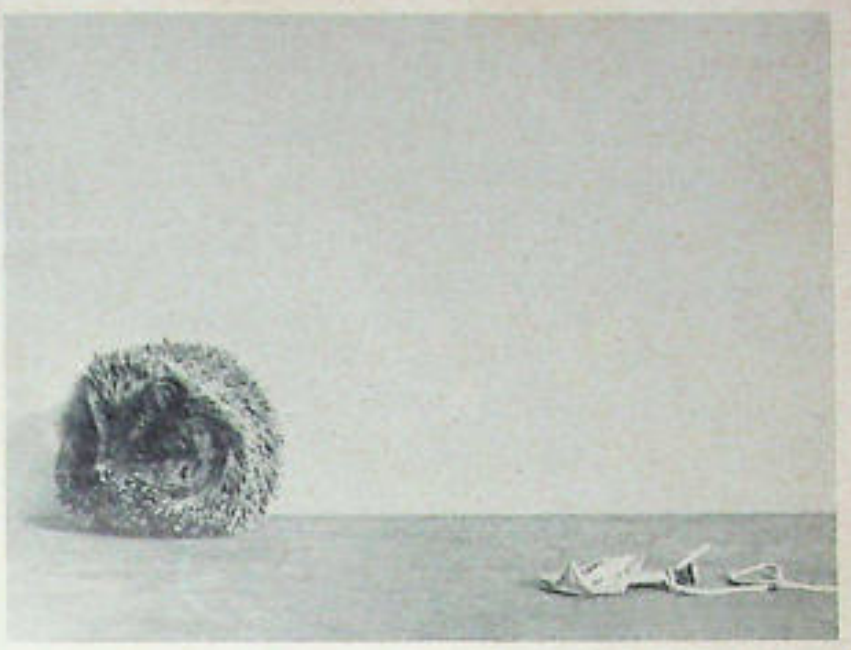
"SCOLOPAX."

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.—From Melbourne comes news of a remarkable performance on the part of Walter Lindrum. Not that one does not expect the phenomenal from this magician of the cue, but a break of 2,466 puts all other performances in the shade. It constitutes a world's record, and Lindrum is reported as having made others of 1859, 1,054 and 1,036 and of scoring at the average rate of 909 an hour. He was taking on twelve amateurs and it shows something of the gulf between the amateur and professional player when the dozen, after receiving a start of 24,000, could only reach a total of 27,988 while Lindrum was making 36,352.

COURSING SEASON.—That there is no despondency in the sporting world is shown by the resolution to carry on with the Grand National at Aintree next year, and another famous Lancashire fixture will, all being well, find a place in the calendar This is the Waterloo Cup, which is due to take place at Aintree on February 14th, 15th and 16th. The draw for the 64 nominations will be made on February 13th.

THE HEDGEHOG UNROLLS and TAKES an INTEREST in THINGS





THIS HEDGEHOG IS NOT EASILY SCARED—AND SHOWS WHAT SPINES AND CLAWS CAN DO TO A BALLOON. THE BANG HOWEVER, MAKES HIM INCLINED TO ROLL UP





ALSO HE IS NO FROTH BLOWER—BUT BELIEVES IN GETTING HIS HEAD WELL INTO IT





AND THIS IS WHAT BABY HEDGEHOGS LOOK LIKE. THEY WERE BORN IN CAPTIVITY AND PHOTOGRAPHED IN A BRADFORD GARDEN

EGGS OF SOME BRITISH BIRDS

Protective Colouration and Apparent Contradictions

By P. E. HOWES, Ph.D.

MOST of us *when young* have collected birds' eggs and have been delighted with the variation in colour, size and, to a lesser extent, shape. It is all the more remarkable when we realise that the eggshell is only the temporary protective covering for the unborn nestling.

Why do we get this profusion of colouring and marking? The answer is not a simple one, and cannot always be explained by the fact of the colour acting as a protection. This is very often the case, however. Broadly speaking, eggs which are laid in holes or dark places where the light cannot penetrate are white. Being invisible they do not need colour for protection. For this reason such widely diverse types of birds as sand martins, owls and sheldducks all lay eggs which are white, or nearly so.

There are exceptions to this rule. The puffin's egg has faint markings on its shell and it is laid in a burrow. This may be due to the puffin originally laying its eggs in an open position. It is now laying in holes, and the eggs are losing their markings. The same is probably true of the starling; here the blue eggs are getting lighter since the bird is adopting a covered site for its nest.

On the other hand, the ring dove builds its nest in the open, and lays two very conspicuous white eggs when viewed from above. It is to be borne in mind that most of the danger comes from above from marauding crows and such-like enemies. These eggs must look very noticeable to them with the dark ground behind them. A possible reason for this is that the wood pigeon originally built in a hole or dark situation. With change of site it has not, as yet, developed colour in the eggshell. In any case the wood pigeon seems to be holding its own, and even becoming a pest, so its eggs cannot be suffering unduly.

Some of the best protective colouring is seen in the eggs of the wading birds and marsh birds, the eggs of plover, snipe and redshank corresponding very well with the marshy grass in their colourings of browns and blacks. The coot and moorhen eggs have a lighter ground to fit in with the lighter rushes of the nest; the spots or streaks corresponding to marks and rust on the grass blades.

Pheasants and game birds generally lay dullish eggs and are given more protection by the bird covering the nest with leaves. In this way it is very often possible to step on a pheasant's nest before seeing it.

Amongst the smaller birds, the yellow hammer, reed bunting and blackcap afford examples of good protective colouring with their neutral background covered with streaks and blotches.

The crow family has also learnt the lesson, their greenish eggs—streaked with black and brown—blending in well with surrounding foliage.

We occasionally, however, come across cases where the colour seems to make eggs conspicuous rather than otherwise. How are we to explain away the bright bluish green eggs of mistle-thrush, song thrush and hedge sparrow, which show up clearly against the brown of the nest? The case is explained by the fact that the mother bird herself acts as protection for the eggs. The brown thrush on the nest is easily overlooked and the bird sits tightly to protect the eggs. The same is true of the nightjar, who also sits tightly, and is almost invisible with her markings of brown and blackish bars.

Let us turn now to the question of *size* and shape of egg. The rule of big eggs for big birds, and *vice versa*, is generally applicable, but not always so. The eggs of the precocious group are larger in proportion to the bird than the eggs of the helpless group. This is because the precocious youngster develops to a further degree in the egg in order to be active when hatched. This necessitates a relatively larger egg.



NEST OF THE MISSEL-THRUSH
The contrasting colour of the eggs are hidden by the closely sitting bird



THE NEST OF THE LAPWING
A good example of protective colouring in eggs

All eggs more or less approximate to the elliptical shape with one end sharper than the other. The chief exceptions to this are the marsh birds which lay eggs which are pear-shaped. There is a reason for this. These birds lay four eggs which, when arranged with the pointed ends inwards, neatly and completely fill the nest. The guillemot also lays a pointed egg—only one. The explanation has been given that this is to prevent the egg from rolling off the edges of the rocks. This is extremely doubtful, a more plausible explanation is that the birds have to incubate in a more or less upright posture due to pressure of space. This shape of egg is probably the most convenient in the circumstances.

Finally, we come to the question of the number of eggs in a clutch laid by our various birds. The number varies from one to over a dozen. Reasonable suggestions have been put forward for this variety.

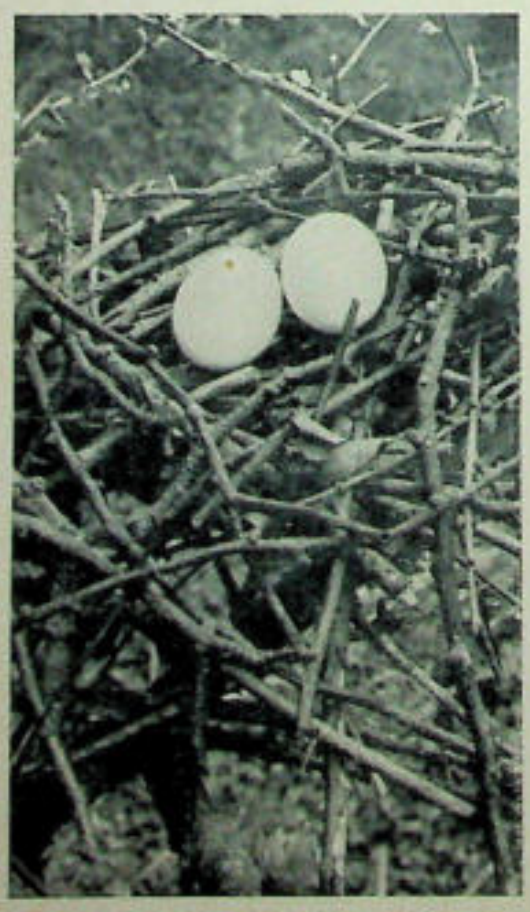
The guillemots and puffins lay one. The guillemot lays its egg on ledges of rock without any nest. It would be impossible to incubate more than one egg as they would roll about. One pear-shaped egg between the feet incubated by the bird in an upright posture is much more manageable.

Several birds lay two eggs—the nightjar being a typical example. Here the eggs are fairly well protected either by colour or by the mother bird sitting closely and harmonising with her surroundings.

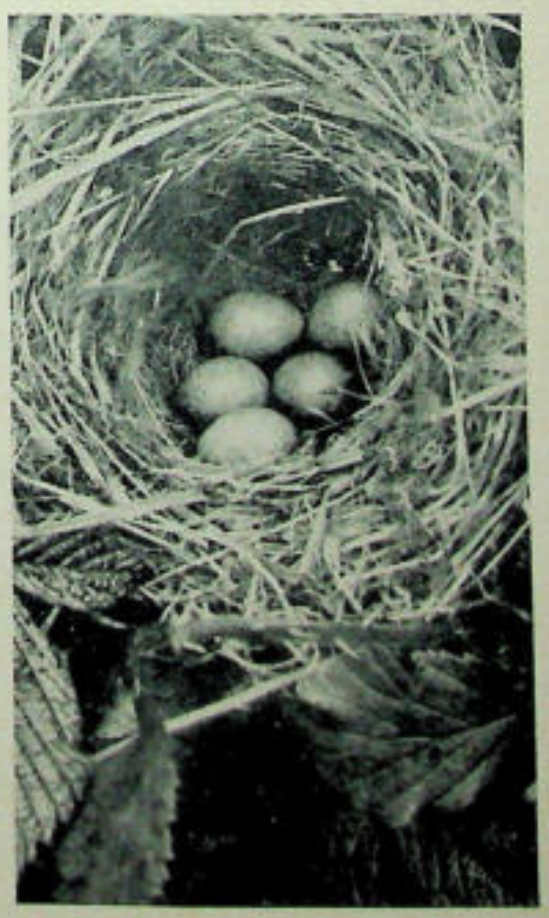
The statement made by the late Mr. T. A. Coward must be remembered. On an average each pair of birds in its lifetime must only bring two of their offspring to maturity. If this average is exceeded the species becomes a pest; on the other hand, if the average falls below two and remains so, the species is doomed to extinction. As most varieties of birds remain fairly steady as regards numbers, we must come to accept that the number of eggs laid are adjusted to the conditions of its life. Thus the precocious birds, whose young have to run as soon as hatched, are exposed to more hazards than the helpless group. Hence we find this group has a larger clutch of eggs, moorhens laying six to ten, ducks a dozen or so, and pheasants even more. However, pheasant nests with 20 or 30 eggs are usually the work of more than one hen.

Most of the helpless group lay four or five eggs—five being a favourite number. This number seems to strike the balance, and allows ample margin for the perils the young birds are put to when hatched.

Thus we see that, although nature varies conditions widely in every sense of the word, the variation is not haphazard, there is a reason for every variation. When we see confusion it lies with us and not with Mother Nature. As knowledge accumulates, doubts are gradually being eliminated, but there still remain many apparent paradoxes to be explained away.



EGGS OF THE WOOD PIGEON
An apparent contradiction to protective colouring



NEST OF THE HEDGE WARBLER
Extremely good protective colouring

QUEER SPECIES OF GAME

By MAJOR H. C. MAYDON



ORYX BEISA (SUDAN)
With unusual markings on face and jaw

I OFTEN wonder if men are as keen on big game shooting as they used to be, or whether the war, heavy licences and now cinema photography have weakened the urge? One seldom reads of any startling discovery amongst big game nowadays, and yet, I am sure, the opportunities are as good as ever. I will give you a few clues which, to my mind, need explanation: (*a*) the Chialtan markhor and sub-species, near Quetta; (*b*) the variation of wild sheep in North-eastern Persia; (*c*) the Beisa oryx in the Sudan; (*d*) the black-faced impala in Angola; (*e*) a rumour of two species of steinbok at the Cape, and a certain red hartebeest, preserved in Natal and, finally, (*f*) the gazelles in the Libyan desert.

All very remote and a trifle dull, you reply? Not if we can get red hot news, and our course lies that way. None of these might be worth fitting out a trip for, but they might offer a zest to the man who finds himself in those parts.

I will tell you the little I know of each, and perhaps some far reader may feel inclined to colour the picture a trifle. There are few incentives more thrilling than following a mystery quest. Let us take them in sequence.

(A.) I had been combing the hills near Quetta for two months in quest of a real big straight-horned markhor. That was before the earthquake and game preservation had reached a very low pitch since, in all that period, I had met no head worth shooting, but plenty of wails from my shikaris that the native poachers had been busy unrebuked. I did see two good heads in the end in no-man's-country, and made a mess of it, pulling out with a very poor trophy, but that is another story. On return to Quetta I had just time for a final fling. One of the Politicals took pity on me and sent me down to a new district, the private estate of some feudal lord. It was not so far out from Quetta, in a barren waste of lesser hills, not what you would call markhor country at all. When we reached the "manor" the first news that greeted us was that the "baron" was out hunting, but that we could reach the foot of his hill camp by car. As we showed up amid the rocks a group hastened down to meet us, for the Political was a big noise and popular, and in the group was the baron himself, with heavily-laden retainers in the background.

A quick conversation in Pushtu (or its equivalent) followed, and our friend informed us sympathetically that the baron was very sorry, but he had just shot the only good ram on his territory, and here was its yet unsevered body for us to see. Of course, it was the rare Chialtan variety—it would be—for which I would have paid years to be the shooter. The baron was genuinely sad, for he had shot one or two before, gave us leave to hunt his hills on the off chance, and offered me his head as a keepsake—not the least of my treasures, since the British Museum already possessed a specimen.

Of course, we saw nothing else in his hills worth shooting, although the remnants of that herd still exist. On a last visit to Quetta to pack up, many lesser barons and native officers had become interested, and heads were brought for me to see. There was one from the Baluchistan side, not far south of the Duzdap railway, if my memory holds, that was interesting. It was more Sind ibex than markhor, but it had a queer shape of its own, more than a hint of the Chialtan markhor, and its owner stated that all that group of hills held the same shaped heads. Since no one yet has offered a convincing explanation of the Chialtan variety, here may be a clue worth following.

(B.) It was Douglas Carruthers after the Berlin Exhibition who assured me that my picked-up sheep head from North-eastern Persia, near Nardin and Dasht on the Elburz, was a true Bokharan sheep. I had always been doubtful, but he is the only Englishman of my acquaintance who has shot one—in Russian territory—and he should know.

All I can tell you for certain is that the sheep near Shahrud and in the lesser hills along the Meshed road are the Erskinei, a smaller variety of urial, while as you climb the Elburz mountains and near the wooded country up in that north-eastern corner you will soon run into the Kopet Dagh urial, a much larger beast with the cornered, clipped-in massive horns of the Ammon type. And, if your luck is really in, you may chance on the Bokharan sheep, a rare visitor from the north-east, as shepherds say, a beast whose horns, although slimmer than those of the Arkar, seem to run longer than all and have a clear suggestion of the extra spiral of the famous *Ovis poli*.



CHIALTAN MARKHOR

If you solve this problem you will have done a good day's work for the naturalist sportsman.

(C.) I would believe it was a myth if I had not got the head, since the hunt was a nightmare, and so many good shikaris have failed to find them since. At first glance you would call it an ordinary common or garden oryx beisa, until you began to look closely, and then you would see that its face markings are somehow different, and there is a broad white strip down its chin and neck, where its necktie ought to be. It may be just chance, since one specimen does not make a new group, but then again it may not. Beisa oryx have been included in the Sudan game list for donkeys years, but I cannot meet another man who has shot one. If one should read this, please reply, for it is interesting.

At the moment the nearest oryx ground that I know is on the Hawash river, near the Addis Ababa railway. One time they came as far north as Suakin, but that is ages past. It is a head skin that one wishes to see, and that white necktie. Then jump back a century or two, when the door was open, and oryx may have strayed into Arabia, for the Beatrix oryx problem needs explaining.

It is fifteen years ago that three of us quartered the Red Sea hills for real big Nubian ibex. We hit the hills from Tokar, scouted a bit in the better-known country, crossed into the valley of the Baraka wadi and headed for the Eritrean frontier. We were then in the region of the wild asses, strictly preserved and of no interest to us, but so plentiful and so conspicuous that they gave us many a start. We had heard a vague rumour of oryx, Um Kuntartebe, they were called, and thought we might as well have a look-see. It was a queer rumour, for it was always someone else's grandfather who had seen them, and never a man in the flesh—the regular ghost tradition.



OVIS ARKAR
Kopet Dagh urial, N.E. Persia



THREE UNUSUAL TYPES
Left: Chialtan markhor; centre: typical race, Suliman Range; right: Hybrid of markhor and Sind ibex



URIAL FROM QUETTA RESEMBLING THE ERSKINEI

It was the devil's own country—a hard waterless desert, dotted with black basaltic rocks and what looked like mine dumps, with a serrated ridge of mountain tops in the east and the long, green, snaky line of the Baraka miles away in the west. We carried water for a week on our camels, and needed it, for it was as hot as blazes! I hardly know why we persevered as it was useless country for ibex, gazelles were scarce, and we were short of meat. But we had an idea that if we reached the Ambakta, which marked the Eritrean frontier, we should find a paradise of game.

We did reach the Ambakta at last, and our first trees and shade for a week in tamarisk thickets, lining a dried up sandy wadi bed. There were rare water holes, and a few natives about with herds of scraggy goats. Game seemed as rare as ever, though we shot a wild pig for meat. It looked unpromising country ahead and the mountains seemed to peter out in the west, bidding good-bye to chance of ibex, so we called a pow-wow. Two locals came forward in answer to our offer of £1 for news of beisa. One was a lesser sheikh, full of bounce and promises; the other a wizened old Arab, called Idris, from whom you dragged words like gold pieces. Both agreed that we must go back into the hot country, and then strike east into the barren foothills. We did it, being young and hardy, and gave the sheikh first run. We failed utterly, and saw nothing but jack-asses. Then, baked to cinders, unwashed and irritable, we turned to old Idris.

He chuckled and moved camp up a desolate wadi not far from the mountain barrier. He took us out one by one on very weary camels. M. drew first day and came back with a very old oryx bull, the horns so broken that he never troubled to save his head skin. G. drew second and had a long, difficult shot, which he missed. I went out on the third day. We scouted for miles in a rolling country of wadis and gebels, with Idris dismounted and spying from each vantage point. He must have spotted something at last, in his own uncommunicative way, for we mounted and set off at a trot. We surprised a herd of five beisa in a thorn-bushed wadi, and there was no time for finesse. I shot the best head, a cow as it transpired, and not too big at that, but it is the only trophy that remains of all that hunt. From that day till now, as far as I know, no more beisa have been seen in those parts. Yet three different lots had been seen, we believe, and I did leave four in my own bard.

(D.) The black-faced impala is not so exciting, and I know now that he is there in Angola, in not too few numbers. He is a distinct species right enough, for not only are his size and face markings different, but his habits vary from the common species. But the queer thing is that we had heard so little about him, and it makes one wonder if there are not more unsuspected species to be discovered.

(E.) Down in Cape Province half the hunting farmers swear that there are two species of steinbok, the buck of the flats and of the highland koppjes. That one is bigger than the other and that the colour varies. They even have two Boer names for them. Since no one ever keeps a head skin and they are only shot for meat, it is hard to judge without shooting both varieties oneself.

The red hartebeest on a farm in Natal is only a rumour, but I have heard it in two quarters, and it is no more impossible than the survival of the bontebok.

(F.) Nobody has troubled yet about the gazelles in the Libyan desert. Dorcas, of course, and let it go at that. Yet somewhere between the Wadi Hawa and the Atlas Mountains they merge into the Egyptian gazelle and the Loder's, and links in a chain are worth testing. I know that gazelles are dull, and in that waterless country one is too busy hunting elusive addax and white oryx to worry over small stuff. We shot one or two in 1934, and I examined a score of picked up heads, and saw no variation; yet ten years previously both P. B. Vanderbyl and myself shooting 100 miles further north, not far south of Bir Natrun, fancied we saw a new variety with a lighter woollier coat. It is noteworthy how soon a species fades out in the desert for no guessable reason, as, for example, the Hamra or Rufy-frons gazelle not so far north of El Fasher.

Exceeding dull, you dismiss it? Well, maybe; but you know several who would comb half the world's surface for a new bird or a queer flower, and I only suggest it as a fill-gap between the greater killings.



OVIS AMMON SHOT IN 1929 IN LADAKH

OUR GARDEN RABBIT

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THERE is a rabbit in our garden, but we are not claiming any special distinction on that account, for probably every amateur horticulturist in England's countryside suffers from the same infliction. The well-worn cliché, "common or garden," cannot be used to describe these rabbits, for there is no question whatsoever that the type which frequents the gardens of the garden lovers is a distinct species. In the first place it is a more intelligent variety, for it can discriminate between plants that are going to bloom and those that are over; it can tell the difference between Russell lupins at half-a-crown a root and the market gardener's odd lot that cost threepence; and it must be an accordion-pleated, expanding animal, for it can stretch itself some 4ft. to reach and gnaw the tender apple bark above the wire protection.

There used to be an old fatuous belief that wire netting round the garden would keep the rabbits out, and for this reason the local ironmongers are always the most affluent of the village tradesmen. They sell first to the garden-lover 300yds. of rabbit-proof wire netting, but fail to mention that it is only proof against the full grown of the species. A second length of smaller and more expensive mesh is bought when it is discovered that the garden is full of under-sized rabbits with an out-size in appetites. This is effective so far as it goes, but it will not exclude the high jump "Blues," and so a further length is purchased to erect above the original barrier, and by this time the first lot of wire is beginning to rust away.

The whole point about the wire netting enclosure, however, is that, though it fails most dismally to keep the rabbit out, it is most effective in keeping the rabbit in when he has got there, and there is no case on record of anyone losing their particular rabbit through a hole in the wire, an open gate, or any other form of carelessness. Like the poor he is with you always, and he never dies of old age, abscess on the liver, or through a surfeit of delphiniums.

To return to our own particular rabbit, who first announced his presence in 1934 by the usual method of cutting off the best carnations level with the ground. It is not certain if he entered the garden when small enough to get through the mesh, or whether he was enclosed within the wire when it was erected in the first place. This is the usual method employed by most gardeners, and a keen horticulturist of our acquaintance when he first erected his wire inadvertently enclosed within it so many rabbits that the owners of the neighbouring syndicate shoot registered a complaint with the police and his landlord.

It is difficult to assess the damage that has been caused by our rabbit during the last five years, but having seen the Sahara that one small animal can create it is easy to understand that the Australian never ceases to curse the man who first introduced the rabbit to the Antipodes. We set all manner of traps and wires, which he struck contemptuously or brushed aside, and we sat up for him on those evenings when he did not appear, though on the previous night and the night after he would lollop across the lawn in a nonchalant manner, and wash his face leisurely whilst we ran to fetch the cartridges.

Then a kind friend explained that what we required was a dog—a keen bustling Scottie—and so we got a keen bustling Scottie. He was certainly keen enough, and bustle was to understate his actions. He bustled through everything in the garden leaving game paths and ruin in his train, but though he bustled for some eighteen hours out of the 24 he never succeeded in even tiring the rabbit. However, strenuous and exciting the day may have been the rabbit was always strong enough to put in six hours of solid destruction after dusk.

Then in desperation we organised a drive. The neighbouring farmer came in with his spaniel and gun, and half-a-dozen local inhabitants obliged with their help at 1/- a time and a glass of beer. It was a well-organised and most thorough affair with excellent staff work throughout. It started at the far end of the vegetable garden, and excited yelps from Scottie and spaniel proved that game was afoot early. From time to time as we worked slowly through the undergrowth of the neglected orchard we obtained a glimpse of the rabbit as he slipped from bush to bush, but the two guns never got a chance of a shot.

By degrees we worked him into the last bit of cover—a dense bed of Michaelmas daisies—and the rounding up operations had gone according to plan. Behind the daisies was the line of beaters making the maximum of noise, in front was the wire netting running along the edge of the lawn, and on the two flanks were the guns resolved to shoot and kill. Suddenly the rabbit broke with the two dogs practically on top of him so that a shot was impossible. All three hit the wire netting and turned somersaults at the same moment, but the first to recover was the rabbit, and before a gun could be raised he was back in the Michaelmas daisies again.

This happened three times without the slightest change in the programme, and we were getting rather tired of it when at the fourth the rabbit altered his tactics and galloped along the wire with the dogs in close pursuit. They had him cold this time, for at the end of the wire the gate formed a complete cul-de-sac and only a miracle could save him. At that moment the postman arrived with the evening mail, opened the gate, and the rabbit immediately shot through it and across the lane into a dense bed of brambles and nettles, from which a pack of beagles could not dislodge him.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and though we were denied the keen pleasure of paunching our enemy with every possible indignity, and hanging his carcase up in the larder, we had the satisfaction of knowing that he was outside his Garden of Eden into which, Providence willing, he would never trespass again.

The following morning when Scottie was at exercise he saw, sitting disconsolately in an adjoining field, the garden rabbit, who was recognisable by a slight droop to one ear. With a yelp of rage Scottie gave chase, bustled him out of the hedgerow, ran him down the lane, and then, developing a surprising turn of speed, drew level. The rabbit jinked as rabbits will when hard pressed, and Scottie being on his left shoulder he jinked to the right, and shot neatly through the garden gate, which the postman with the morning mail had just opened for him.

We are, therefore, in Foreign Office parlance back to a *status quo ante*, and the rabbit with a big score to wipe off is once again inside the wire. We are wondering if it is any use complaining to the Postmaster-General and asking him to do something about it.

ANIMAL CARVINGS IN CHURCHES

By G. BERNARD WOOD



ELEPHANT RIDING ON BACK OF A TORTOISE: A STRANGE BENCH END DESIGN IN RIPON CATHEDRAL

THERE is a strange assortment of animals and birds provided within our English cathedrals and churches. Usually they are in wood or stone, having been carved for purposes of decoration and (occasionally) instruction by those bygone craftsmen, though sometimes the medium is stained glass. This mediæval portraiture of animals and birds cannot always arouse interest, and it is not always easy or even possible to discover the meaning the craftsmen intended their work to convey.

As an ecclesiastical symbol, the centaur puzzles many church visitors. Actually, this was one kind of siren (others being the bird-siren, and the fish-siren or mermaid) recognised in the Bestiaries—those mediæval books on natural history from which the early craftsmen derived much of their animal lore. The centaur is the horse-siren, the human part of the creature representing Christ when He was on earth, the animal part representing His vengeance (!) against the Jews for their betrayal of Him.

A splendid example of a centaur carving occurs on the Bishop's Throne at Ripon Cathedral. It is accompanied by another carving of quite a different order—a tortoise supporting on its broad back an elephant complete with palanquin. There is nothing self-explanatory about this beautiful piece of work, yet it enshrines a quaint story found in Indian mythology. The whole earth, according to this story, rests on the back of a huge tortoise, whose slow, ungainly movements account for our earthquakes! Instead of placing a *globe* on the creature's back, the craftsman responsible for this fourteenth-century carving evidently chose an elephant in harness as the most appropriate symbol of the country where the story originated.

Another strange story recalled by some of our church carvings concerns Alexander the Great. Alexander, it may be remembered, eventually became weary of his sojourn on earth because it left him no more possibilities of conquest. A corbel on the exterior of Chester Cathedral shows the mighty King being carried on the outstretched wings of two immense birds up to heaven so that he may see whether the beyond offered *more* worlds to conquer! The same theme occurs on a misericorde at Lincoln Cathedral, but here an element of humour is added. Alexander occupies a seat slung between two eagles whose unflagging energies are ensured by a piece of horse-meat tantalisingly suspended in front of them.

Sometimes the folk-tale is given a moral. A misericorde at Chester Cathedral, for example, demonstrates how a hunter being pursued by a tigress because he has captured some of her cubs may yet escape. He simply has to drop a few mirrors behind him as he flees, and the tigress, mistaking her reflection in the glass for one of her cubs, will stop to fondle it! The carving shows this succession of events very clearly. But what of the moral significance? The animal represents the Christian being turned from his main purpose by "the glittering shams of the world."

Many of these carvings, however, have no known moral or religious teaching. Their aim seems to be that of pure portraiture, although a comic twist may sometimes be employed. At Tostock Church, Suffolk, a glorious array of bench-ends carved in the sober likenesses of sheep, unicorns and various birds is suddenly enlivened by a horse with a beard! And in the choir at St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmund's, a hound (if hound it be) is watchful, though quiet and orderly, at one end of the bench, but at the other end its counterpart—hidden away in a dark corner—throws back its head in profane merriment.

At St. Mary's Church, Beverley, the comic device is not quite so obvious, but it takes an unusual form—that of a rabbit standing upright and having a satchel slung over one shoulder. The quiet humour of this little creature, which decorates one side of an inner doorway, seems to have appealed strongly to Lewis Carroll; indeed, the carving is supposed to have given him the idea for the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Another peculiar rabbit subject occurs in a window at Long Melford Church, Suffolk. There are three rabbits with only three ears between them, but the little creatures are so arranged that each is complete. This device is thought to symbolise the Trinity. Another device with the same meaning, probably, is to be seen on a grave-slab at Tintern Abbey, where three Wye salmon are inscribed in the stone so as to form an interlock pattern.

The entire set of sixteenth-century misericordes at Beverley Minster, Yorkshire—a set comprising 68 of the finest pieces of mediæval craftsmanship in England—is supposed to have a secret meaning, which, however, has been lost. If this inner significance really did exist, the loss is particularly unfortunate, for without some clue how can one make a unity from such widely diverse subjects as these—a man stabbing a snail, bear-baiting scenes, a sow playing the bagpipes while all the little pigs dance, a fox stealing a goose, several geese hanging a fox, and another fox garbed as a friar preaching from a pulpit? Each subject is, however, sufficient to itself, especially that which shows a man in the throes of shoeing a goose, and another which is a graphic rendering of the saying about "putting the cart before the horse."

To a lover of church carvings it is always gratifying to find evidence that the woodcarver's art is being carried on. Fortunately, the evidence *is* to be found in many of our modern churches and in others that have been restored recently. Moreover, the animal creation still seems to furnish an abundance of popular subjects.

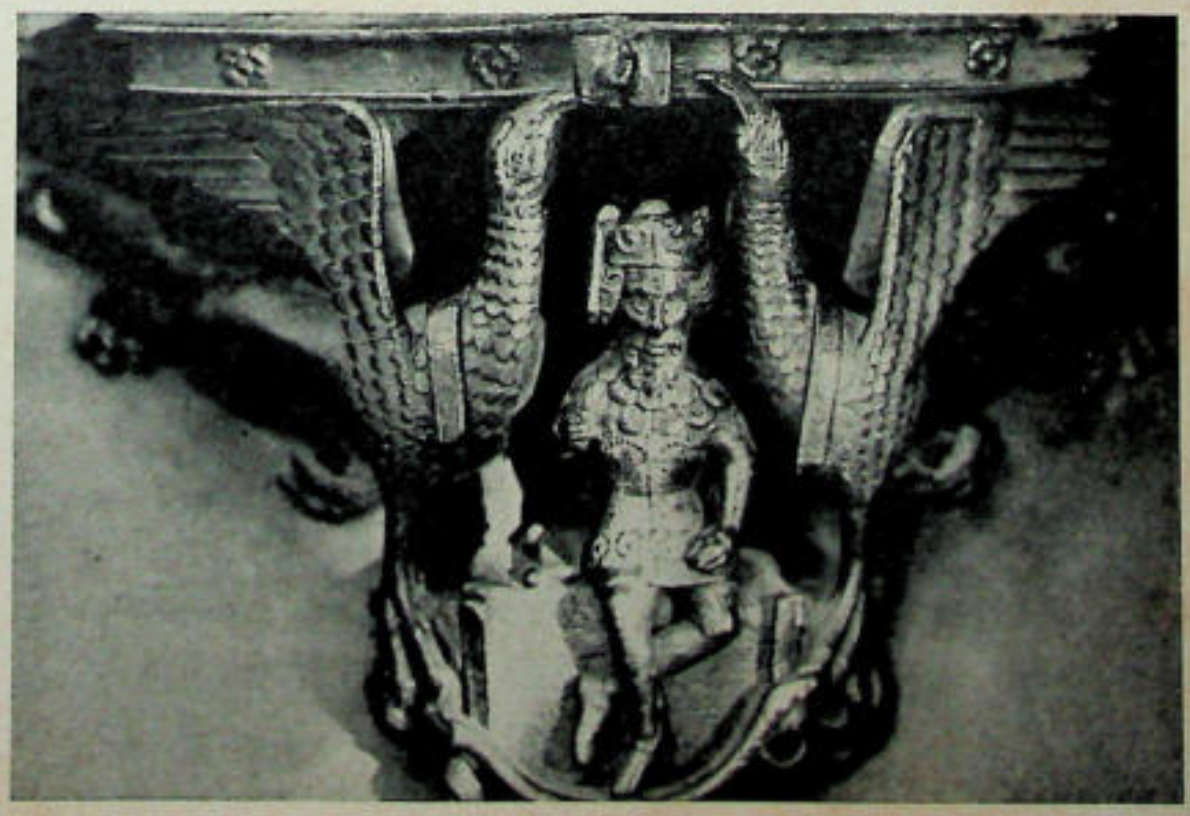
At Elvedon Church, near Bury St. Edmund's, the modern bench-ends are devoted to two semi-historical themes. In one set, serpents representing those which Patrick—patron saint of the Church—expelled from Ireland, are portrayed most artistically; the other set of benches refer to St. Edmund's martyrdom and show the wolf which was found at its self-appointed vigil, guarding the King's severed head.

Innumerable cathedrals and churches have now been invaded by the Kilburn "mouse." This is the "signature" carved upon every piece of their handiwork by members of a community of village woodcarvers which has sprung up at Kilburn, North Yorkshire, during the last 20 years. The "mouse" was chosen for this purpose because it symbolises so well, "industry in quiet places"—and Kilburn is a *very* quiet place. But the animal theme is not limited to mice; it is exploited in every conceivable way. Only recently, for example, a refectory table dispatched from Kilburn to Peterborough Cathedral was decorated in one place with a partridge—in honour of Canon Partridge, of Peterborough Cathedral.



BENCH END IN THE CHOIR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BURY ST. EDMUND'S

The origin of this table and of the quaint little carvings upon it, will make a beautiful story for future generations of church-lovers.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT "BEING CARRIED ON THE OUTSTRETCHED WINGS OF BIRDS UP TO HEAVEN." A CARVING IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

A SELECTION OF SPORTING SUBJECTS FROM THE AC



"LADY CURRE'S LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEVERN TUNNEL." BY MICHAEL LYNE



"A WISP OF SNIPE." BY G. E. LODGE

Jan Gordon gives his impression

MANN EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS



"GOING OUT IN THE MORNING." BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"WELL OVER, SPANIEL!" BY WARD BINKS

hibition on page 1172

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF.—The best day out of four last week was the Wednesday from Mapleridge Cross Roads, with the Duke, snatching a day, hunting hounds. With plenty of moisture and a rising glass scent was good all day, and the best was 20 minutes into the Berkeley country with hounds killing their fox in Wickwar Village.

Saturday, with Holland hunting hounds, was a busy day, spent between Hullington and Dunley Bottom with spells to Hare Patch and Surrendell. A brace of foxes were killed from Stanton Park.—B.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A few days ago the Master (Mrs. G. Walton) and her husband, dispensed hospitality at Longworth Manor, and there hounds moved off to draw in rough, wild weather. A fox jumped out of some bushes near Long Copse, and hounds raced him to Hinton Manor, but were at fault in the grounds. They hit off the line beyond and the fox tried the shelter of the Hinton coverts in vain; even the presence of fresh foxes on foot failing him.

He was pushed out at the top end and on past Welmore Farm, which he held on the right, there crossing the main Faringdon-Oxford road, and leaving Starveall Farm behind, the pace never eased. Racing over Cherbury Camp hounds were brought to their noses on the large arable fields beyond. Hunting more slowly to Charney Bassett flood-water brought about defeat.

At Harrowdown Hill a fox quickly went to ground; but another, from Long Copse, went away with the pack on terms and running with a good cry. He selected a line to Hinton, lying down in a ditch just beyond, but being viewed back he went through the village, past Longworth Manor, and through Longworth Rose Gardens, to Longworth Lodge. Crossing the road into the Firs he left less scent behind, but being seen stealing away the pack ran better once they were in the open again, going through Longworth village and past Draycott Farm to Northfield. Hunting steadily across the cold ploughs into Kennel Copse they turned back into Kingston Firs and marked to ground, after a ringing hunt of 90 minutes, during which they acquitted themselves well. J. R.

BLACKMORE VALE.—On December 4th hounds met at Haydon Lodge and finding on Haydon Hill had a good hunt of 50 minutes, the fox running to Green Lanes and Stock where he was left. Later from Green Lanes the pack ran to the Holts, where fresh foxes complicated matters and the day ended.

From the fixture at Lydford Cross Keys on the Tuesday the morning was spent with a twisting fox from West Wood, between Naidens, Baltonsborough and East Pennard; eventually he returned to West Wood where nothing more could be done. From Alford Coverts the pack hunted to Hornblotton where scent failed.

On the following Saturday a busy and enjoyable day was registered from Bishop's Caundle. A fox was chopped in Andrew's Gorse, and another from Buckshaw Brake crossed the Caundle Brook before swinging right-handed to the Holts. There he just failed to reach, as hounds caught him in Mr. Hutching's orchard. Finding the next fox in Nowhere the pack ran fast to Warrys, and through this covert as though to Buckshaw Brake, just short of which they circled back left-handed to the Warrys, and thence by Buckshaw House, to mark to ground at Barnes cross roads. When this fox had been evicted hounds were taken home, after a capital hunt. B. V. H.

BRAES OF DERWENT.—After this Hunt had met at Low Brooms a fox in Tower Wood went away to the Maiden Law road, where he was headed. Hounds turned with him, and crossing the Maiden Law road went down past Mr. Mitchenson's Farm, marking to ground just beyond. A terrier was handy and quickly bolted the fox who was accounted for.

Finding again below Greencroft Hall they ran up the valley past Low Town, then bore sharp right-handed over the boundary wall into Shoulder of Mutton. Going straight through hounds checked at the far end on the ride, and the fox jumped up out of some bracken near the ride. The pack ran on towards Greencroft (where the fox was headed by a ploughman) and Greencroft Towers, and over the drive to Maiden Law. Hounds checked at the Maiden Law road, where the fox was probably turned by a car as he made his point over the road and through the quarry to Wake's Whin. Hounds swung left-handed over the Burnhope road, across The Fell to Cragg Head, and lost their fox close to Burnhope Village, after a good hunt of 1 hour 15 minutes.

A good hunt followed the meet at Newlands on the Saturday. At Morrowfield Plantation two brace of foxes were soon on the move, and hounds divided. One fox went away to Clarke's Pastures, but hounds were after another and were left alone. They hunted up to Whittonstall Rectory, turning sharp back left-handed round Mr. Watson's Farm for Highfield. Hounds checked when a cur-dog came on the scene, and the fox had evidently seen him. Held on, they hit off the line and ran past Highfield Farm, bearing left-handed to the Kiln Pit road where the fox ran for some distance.

Hounds worked it out themselves and crossed the point-to-point course to Watch Hill, and the New Ridley-Scales cross road near Wheelbirks. The fox was headed back right-handed to Linderagg, running up the side of the covert, without entering, on to Kipperlin, across the point-to-point course again, over the Whittonstall road to the rectory, and past Mr. Watson's Farm, where hounds checked. Hitting off the line again they carried on towards Morrowfield, and leaving the covert on the left went on as if for Clarke's Pastures, but turned sharp left down wind to the bottom end of Mere Burn. Here they worked up to their fox and ran fast back to Morrowfield Plantation. Hounds went straight through to Whittonstall Village Rectory and the Kiln Pit road, where they checked, losing their fox on Mr. Watson's Farm, after a hunt of two hours, full of good hound work. R. D.

CATTISTOCK.—The meet at Hardington on December 2nd bore little resemblance to the fixture held there last season, when Holland, who is now hunting the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, paid a visit to his old country. It, however, did provide good sport for a representative field, including several soldiers.

Hounds found at once in Wethams Bushes, and going away on good terms sank the Vale to Oatelose Plantation, where they were at fault. A left-handed cast took them across the Hardington-Pendomer road, and hitting off the line they ran by Moore's Plantation and Primrose Hill to Holywell, lying south-east of West Coker village, where they marked their fox to ground at the end of a twenty minutes' hunt, over a nice line.

Kit Hill supplied the next fox who crossed the Pendomer road as though for Wethams Bushes, but bearing to the left of the covert continued on nearly to the railway line, finding sanctuary in an open earth near the brook which runs close to the embankment at Wickets Bere. It had been an enjoyable hunt of 30 minutes over the cream of the Hardington Vale.

Coker Wood held, but hounds could not force a fox away, so a move was made across the Halstock road to Closworth Firs. A field short of the covert hounds began to get busy, and hitting off the line raced into the covert, just as the whipper-in holloaed their fox away on the far side. The latter ran for Closworth, but scent was catchy and a large flock of sheep did not help matters; hounds had to be held forward, hitting it off again below Netherton Cross and running on at a moderate pace. One field short of the Yeovil road Gosden caught sight of his fox, and held the pack on in an attempt to give them a view before their quarry could cross the road to Clifton Wood.

It was a bold move and nearly came off, for the bitches, running their fox in view, were gaining on him, but he turned sharp through a hedgerow and gained sufficient lead to allow him to recross the road back to Hoy Stoy. Scent became poor again, and a storm in the air brought hounds to their noses, as the line swung right-handed across the Halstock road to Bingham's Bower, where this good fox beat his pursuers at the end of a capital 50 minutes.

The Cattistock had a good day from Evershot Station on the Monday, and spent much of it in the Vale country, but I was out with the South Dorset, and so missed a good morning's sport. In these days, when a man is short of horses and petrol, it is difficult to get to some of the more distant meets, and I have sometimes to rely on the information kindly given to me by those who were there. Gosden, the Cattistock Huntsman, is having a good season when one considers the difficulties under which he is working, and I am sure that the Master and those members of the Cattistock field, who are able to get out from time to time, are grateful to him for his tireless efforts in their behalf.

LINCOLN.

CRANLEIGH.—On December 9th these hounds met at Cranleigh and found immediately in Bushey Copse at 10.45. They ran across to Sparrow Copse and out over Utworth, crossing the brook by the concrete bridge, and hunting along the canal bank to mark to ground by Utworth Bridge. A brace of fresh foxes went away, however, at once from the withy bed, which adjoins the bridge, and one was hunted through Nanhurst to Cranleigh Gorse and Bayhurst, whence he probably crossed the main Guildford-Horsham road to Painshill. Hounds had changed, however, before two fresh foxes came away from Bayhurst, and settling to the line of one hunted back through Cranleigh Gorse, and Nanhurst to Utworth withy bed. He then ran along the canal bank to Mill Farm, and made a wide right-handed circle back to Nanhurst, whence he ran towards the main road at Barrihurst, but was headed back to Bayhurst.

The next fox crossed the fields and the main road to Thatched House Moors, ran through this covert to High Loxley Furse, and across Stovolds Hill fields to Billingshurst Gorse. There a shooting party probably turned him for he crossed Benbow Lane to Jack's Croft, swinging left-handed over the open to Simmond's Farm and Mill Copse, where fresh foxes were afoot. Hounds nevertheless stuck to the original one and ran to the canal, which as it was flooded he refused to face, crossing it and the ensuing brook by the two hunting bridges, over which hounds streamed shortly afterwards.

Swinging left-handed to Mill Farm the fox ran the canal bank to Utworth concrete bridge, where he jinked sharply to the right and ran to Little Garson's Copse, going to ground in the pond drain at Great Garson's Farm. Bolted from there he ran down the canal bank to Utworth and across some arable fields nearly to Knowle Wood, where being headed he returned by Utworth drive. After circling the farmyard he was caught at the edge of the garden after a two hour's hunt.

Another fox found in White Meads ran over to Bushey Copse and back, and then over Lyons Lane and Bridge Farm to Waterlands. He went straight through and over Water Bridge Farm to Hammer Lane, crossing the railway to the Stews and Orchard Copse to go on alongside the drive to the old orchard at High Park. By now he had gained rather considerably and a timely holloa enabled Goddard to lift hounds over the railway into Bushey Copse, where they hit off the line at once. They ran at speed out to Sparrow Copse, where at the top end the jays seemed to indicate that the fox was no longer so far ahead. Running through Sparrow from end to end they went through Little Garson's Copse and over the canal to Mill Farm, then bore right-handed along the canal to the withy bed, where the fox was turning very short. Hounds worked slowly towards Cranleigh Gorse where scent failed.

A drizzling Scotch mist had set in during the last half hour making a rapidly deteriorating scent very poor indeed, though hounds hunted well on this run of one and a quarter hours. The going was as usual this season appallingly heavy, and all brooks and canals were flooded brim high, as Goddard once nearly found to his cost.

SEAMSTRESS.

COTTESMORE.—Good luck is again back with us, as during the past week three nice days have been recorded. An abnormal rainfall has rendered the going very holding, which will grow more so when it is drying up.

From Witham Wood on December 4th came a good hunt from Beaumont Wood. Starting out towards Witham hounds completed a small ring before turning back through a corner of Beaumont, and running fast over a grand wild country passed Lawn Wood and Cabbage Hill, to almost reach Grimsthorpe where they were stopped after a fine hunt of 50 minutes.

The Tuesday was a nasty cold day. There was not a great deal of scent. Hounds found foxes, but they were not very enterprising and a moderate day ended early.

On the Thursday, Burley Fish Ponds was the fixture. There was sharp frost overnight and a thick fog caused the hour of meeting to be put back till 11 o'clock. As the fog was then still on the thick side the master decided not to draw the Burley Woods, and going on to the Rifle Butts hounds found a fox which gave a good but slow hunt. He chose a nice line past Orton Park Wood and was lost at Cold Overton. Ranksborough gorse held a brace, one of which gave a cheery and fast gallop past Orton Park Wood, through Lady Wood, and over the Braunston-Knossington road to be lost in the valley below. It was an enjoyable day.

The Saturday saw the hunt at Pickwell village. It had rained without ceasing all Friday and most of Friday night, so the country was wetter than ever: but in the first-class hunt of the day one

(Continued on page 1166.

WHEN THE PYTCHLEY MET AT COLD ASHBY





ABOVE: LORD APSLEY AND THE HON. JEAN MEYSEY THOMPSON. RIGHT: MR. C. O. H. BURY WITH GENERAL FANSHAWE



HOUNDS IN FULL CRY ON A LINE OVER THE PLOUGH



THE HON. MRS. HARDY, LADY CROMWELL AND MRS. BURY



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. BORWICK, JOINT-MASTER



LORD AND LADY CROMWELL BEFORE MOVING OFF



A MEET OF THE CRAVEN AT LAMBOURN
On foot is Mrs. S. D. Player, the wife of the Master

(Continued from page 1164)

forgot all about it. There was a lot of grief, but fortunately nothing of a serious nature. As usual, there was a good-sized Saturday war-time field out, including many soldiers. Little Dalby Walks had a good fox in residence, and running the length of the screens he descended the hill, passed straight through Lake Spinney, and bearing sharp left-handed, and leaving Gartree Covert just on the right, he set his mask towards Adam's Gorse before, turning to the left.

Still going on, with hounds running hard, he passed through a corner of Burrough Hill Wood, over the old Roman encampment and on past the Punch Bowl, crossing the Pickwell road to within a field of Wheathill. Here hounds swung right-handed over the big pastures, and leaving Leesthorpe Hall on the left ran almost to Pickwell. Leaving this on the right hounds still continued to run hard up to Allon Banks where the first check occurred, and a very welcome one it was after as good 45 minutes as anyone could wish to ride. With the line hit off again, the hunt continued on past Hawes Gorse, and hounds marked the fox to ground between it and Burrough Manor, after a great hunt of one hour.

A fox in Orton Park Wood left Lady Wood on the left. Here hounds made an extraordinary sharp right-handed turn, completely losing the field, and were finally got in touch with again on the Cold Overton side of Orton Park.

FOXY.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—These hounds had a good woodland day after meeting at Wigginholt Common, scent being excellent. Hounds killed their fox after each hunt away from Parham Park, and later ran fast to the Downs and over the hill to Thornwich.

A large field, with many officers on leave, met hounds at Crab Tree and had a good day's hunting, finding in Mine Pits. Hounds ran through Leonardslee to Steep Wood, then passed Leonardslee House. Crossing the road to Selehurst they drove on through Newells Rough and Cook's Copse to Sedgwick Park where hounds checked. They ran on to the Wilderness as far as the Copsale Road, where the fox turned back into Sedgwick. Here a shoot was in progress, and the hunt stopped after an excellent run with a four-mile point. Later a fox was killed from Traintfield and hounds made two big circles from Kent Street to end a good day.

C. H.

DORSET, SOUTH.—It was raining when hounds met at West Stafford House on December 4th, but that did not deter the Joint Masters—Capt. and Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley and Miss Pamela Ismay—as well as the field from accepting the hospitality which Mr. and Mrs. Refern provided. There was a fox, too, in the withy-bed which lies on the bank of the Frome River, below the house, and he crossed the lawn in full view of the company. Setting his mask for Dorchester, he ran over the water-meadows which border the river. Bearing left-handed across the railway lines this good pilot crossed the Wareham road, and entered Came Park near the Lodge Gates, turning back left-handed as if for his original starting point, but he changed his mind and recrossed the road into Came Wood.

Hounds were fairly close to him at this point, and they rattled him through the Wood and out at the far end, without giving him time to try any of the earths. Once in the open again they raced away toward Sandy Bar, but checked two fields before reaching that covert. Captain Wellesley-Wesley lost no time in making up his mind here. He picked up his hounds, galloped into the covert, and was away on the far side in nearly as short a time as it takes to write this. He had his reward, for once on the grass outside the covert hounds raced away along the ridge which lies above the White Horse near Sutton Poyntz, which is so often mentioned in the accounts of Squire Farquharson's Hounds a hundred years ago. Hounds drove at an ever-increasing pace and rolled their fox over in the open, twenty yards short of the edge of Conygar Covert, which was evidently his point. I was greatly impressed by the brilliant way in which the South Dorset Hounds were handled. The Master, who is hunting hounds himself, is well served by his K.H., Will Jackson, and by Miss Peggy Phillips, whose work as second whipper-in is as useful as it is ornamental—which is saying a good deal, for a more smartly-turned-out hunt servant I have rarely seen.

A. H. H.

HAYDON.—Wednesday (November 29th) was a wild, stormy day, when this pack met at Whitley Chapel, but there was a good scent and hounds ran well for over two hours. Finding in Steele Hall Wood they circled up into Embly Burn, back by Whitley Chapel and across Staples Farm into Steele Hall Wood. After hunting two or three times round this big woodland hounds pushed their fox away by Hackford, across White House Farm, Stotsfield and Raw Green, and back into Steele Hall Wood. Going away at the Embly end again they ran through Dukesfield and hunting their fox back into Steele Hall Wood, caught him in the burn after two hours' good hound work.—H.

MORPETH.—Hounds had a good hunt after meeting at Gubeon Cottage recently. Finding in Edington Whin they ran by Moleden Wood, Pennyhill, North Farm, Whalton, Kiplaw, Riplington Racecourse, Hedchester, nearly to Belsay, then turned back by East Trewick, and lost their fox near Meldon Lane Farm, after hunting him for 1 hour 20 mins., making a five mile point. The combined age of the present huntsman and his two whippers-in is 185 years.M.—

[We also have to thank "The Ruffle" for an account of these hounds.—ED.]

SURREY AND BURSTOW, OLD.—Meeting at Tandridge on December 2nd in fine weather hounds had an enjoyable day, and although scent was never strong foxes were plentiful. After a short hunt from Stowe Copse hounds found in Piper's Wood. The fox slipped away almost before hounds had been put into covert, crossing the brook to Chathill. Then he swung left-handed through Dodd's Coppice, crossed the lane to Foyle Tolt, and turning right-handed through Pound Tolt hounds hunted prettily back to Piper's Wood, to check beyond the covert.

The fox was viewed near the Gibb Brook Lane heading for Foyle Tolt, and picking up the line hounds ran left-handed of Pound Tolt and over the railway to Mansion House Farm. Here they probably changed foxes, going back over Pound Farm to Caterfield Junction, where they crossed the lane for Oldhouse. Scent was poor by the brook, but a forward cast recovered the line, and they hunted slowly parallel with the railway, to be run out of scent near Bombers, after a hunt of over an hour with good hound work. From Shinglebarn hounds had a ringing hunt over Gallies, back over Tickeridge to Skeynes Land, where they lost.

O. S. B.

TYNEDALE.—A field of about 50 met at Whittington on December 2nd, including several officers on leave who dropped in for a fine day's sport. Finding in Kirsopp's Whin hounds ran north through Sample's Plantation, and after a few fields turned south, in which direction they ran for the rest of this hunt. They then went fast to The Mile, through which they hunted slowly, and going straight on continued on through Foul Bogga. The pace increased as they crossed the military road at Matfen Piers and then the Corbridge road to Shildon Hill.

Not dwelling in this big woodland they drove their fox straight through and checked momentarily on the road at the far end. Quickly hitting off the line the pack raced over a nice country to Newton Hall, where they checked in the grounds after an excellent 40 minutes, with a five-mile point. Hounds were held on into one of the small covert in the park, where they marked to ground.

A fox was found in the Marl Pits and hounds gaining a good start ran fast, with Fenwick on the left, towards Westerheugh. Turning sharp back to the south they crossed The Pont by Lough House, and ran over a good country to Owston Moor. The fox made a sharp turn back by Bog House where hounds, running on by Matfen High House, lost him by Angus Whin, after a good hunt of 60 minutes.

T.

VINE.—Hounds have been having good sport since the opening meet, and have averaged a fox a day and one badger during the first month of the season. The children who compose about 75 per cent. of the field are having a great time, as they have it more or less to themselves.

On the day the meet was at The Pineapple, Brimpton (the South Berks having kindly given permission to draw Wasing Woods and other of their adjoining covert(s), a fox was found on the south side of the Brimpton Tadley Road, near the Aldermaston turning. He crossed the road and hounds ran fast by the back of the Falcon Inn and Park Farm into Aldermaston Park. They came round by Little Heath and Impestone Plantation back into the Park again, where the fox was lost.

Going back to Wasing Wood hounds quickly put up a fox, and hunted him over to Chappels and back again, but little could be done. Inhurst was the next draw, where a fox was found, and he tried to go away to Wasing, but being headed turned straight back to Broom Copse. Going through it right-handed he crossed the brook and the low meadows, crossing the road just below Ashford Hill Church for the Dairyhouse. Here, owing to difficulties, there was some delay. Hounds appeared to run through to the Harrodens end of the covert, then turned straight back almost to where they went in, to hunt rather slowly back to Broom Copse and Inhurst, where probably they changed foxes.

Hounds ran on fast by Chappels into Wasing, and swinging right-handed crossed the Tadley Road to Baughurst Common, through which they went without a check. Leaving The Falcon on the left they crossed the road, and ran practically parallel with the Mortimer Road into Benyon's Enclosure, where hounds were stopped owing to the failing light. This was a good hunt with a six mile point from Dairyhouse to where hounds were stopped in Benyon's Enclosure.

The following Saturday saw the Hunt at Three Ashes, where a fox found in North Copse went away to Park Copse. Hounds did not dwell, but ran straight on by the Piggeries towards Bramley Frith, then left the cover on the right for the railway. Unfortunately, the fox was headed, so turning sharp right-handed he crossed Mr. Field's farm into Bramley Frith. Hounds hunted him through the covert to the hunting gate on the Beauregaire side, where he ran down the inside of the covert to the boggy gateway.

Here there was a check, but hounds soon hit off the line again inside the covert, and hunted back to the aforementioned hunting gate, where the fox went away a bit right-handed over Mr. Monger's

Farm to Three Ashes. Here he crossed Ash Lane and ran the fields, leaving Mr. Hartley's house just on the right, into Inwood. It now looked like Pamber Forest, but swinging right-handed hounds came out on to Silchester Common and hunted across to the Stoke by the new water tower. Here a shooting party was out, so the Master gave orders to stop hounds. Hounds had a stale line away from Church Copse to Scrubbs, but could make little of it. HOOP OIL.

IRELAND

LIMERICK.—On the day Four Elms was the fixture unpleasant weather prevailed. Hounds drew Cabernarry and a fox crossed the Four Elms road, then leaving Cabernarry Church on the left hounds hunted on well, despite a blinding sleet shower, behind a twisting fox as though for Hannans Hills. Swinging left-handed just Carrigparson he again bore right-handed, to be marked to ground at High Park. Rose's Bog and the Friarstown covert held and a short enjoyable gallop followed through Badgerfort to ground at Garryellen. L.

TIPPERARY.—On December 2nd the pack met at Laffan's Bridge. The foxes in the Railway Gorse were loath to leave, but one was eventually forced away towards Buffarna. Turning left-handed he led at a slow pace to Graystown Castle and on towards Roan House, short of which he successfully eluded the pursuit.

There were two foxes in Coolmore. Scent had improved and hounds ran hard towards Kilmockon, over the Kilhenane road, and out to the old race-course. From here they made a left-handed circle back to Coolmore, recrossed the main road and, and as was discovered afterwards ran over a grand line of country to the western end of Dunreleague. From accounts gathered later, hounds brought their fox off the hill and ran down towards Ballyseadlane. Meanwhile the very small field with only four and a half couples hunted a fox from Ballyseadlane. He had been gone some time towards Lackelly. But nothing further could be done. It was a pity that the good hunt to Dunreleague was missed, but the hailstorms and wind made it impossible to hear or see anything. S.

SCARTEEN (The Black and Tans).—On the day they met at Old Pallas hounds began by marking a fox on Knockgrenock. The new covert at Ballytarsna was blank, though hounds were very busy, the fox having probably left before the hunt reached there. At Lintield a fox was found in the rocks above the road. He ran round Lintield House straight to Dromkeen, where he turned left-handed across the Dromkeen-Nicker road, and the Kilteely-Dromkeen road to the slate quarries at Killeenavera. Turning sharp back here he recrossed the Kilteely-Dromkeen road, and, going through Keys's old gorse, ran back into Linfield, where hounds marked to ground in an old badger sett.

With a very diminished field the hunt went on to Hanleys at Brackile, and finding at the back of Sunville went away over the railway line, just short of Pallasgreen. The pack continued to run by the railway as far as Cross Cottage, and were stopped, owing to darkness, near Cross covert.

On December 4th the fixture was at the Cross of the Tree in appalling bad weather, with torrents of rain, and a high wind blowing all day. Finding at once in Raleigh's gorse, hounds ran into Ballyseaddane. Owing to the difficulty of keeping in touch with them, through the divided lands, the main body slipped away unseen, towards Garryspillane, hunting more slowly, ran on, with Carrigeen Castle on their right, to Sancestown. Crossing the brook they turned left-handed short of the Fethard road, and carried the line to Delaney's sand pit, where they marked to ground after a fine exhibition of hound-work lasting 90 minutes.

A small field faced the wind and rain at Shamrock Lodge on December 4th. Hounds opened at once in Marlhill. The fox tactfully led them at a great pace back to Ballyhickey and on to Shamrock Lodge, where he was abandoned in favour of the kind hospitality of Major Wise, which was very welcome to a cold and shivering field.

On December 7th the meet was at Cammas Bridge. The first fox from Clewen was lost owing to a cold shower, after running a mile towards Cashel, but the good little covert produced another. After an excursion across the railway and back again he made for Cammas Park. From here he ran back along the Suir towards Clewen, and then swung right-handed nearly to the Rock of Cashel. A left-handed turn took him over the Goold's Cross road and out towards the Furry Hill. He turned across Thurles-beg, however, and ran down to Clewen again, where he was marked to ground and killed, after a fine hound hunt of one and a half hours. T. C. V.

RARA AVIS

[*The following poem has been inspired by the campaign commenced by the Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens, a campaign that will not, it is hoped, be shelved owing to hostilities.*]

The birds of the forest and air
They have stricken and trapped till rare.

Great Bustards they drove off the Down
And the Hoopoe is robbed of his crown.

The Chiefs of the Isles and the West
Still harbour the Eagle to nest.

And the beautiful Harrier's den
Grows rare in the Anglian fen.

And who shall yet speak of the Gleed
If lost is the Kite and her breed?

And how many watch her aglide
With her fork on the aerial tide?



A PYTCHLEY WAR-TIME FIELD MOVING OFF AFTER MEETING AT COLD ASHBY

From Dartford the Warblers flicked fire
Now dust in the Furze and the briar.

No Osprey remaineth to take
His tribute of fish from the lake.

Shall the cliffs of Great Britain again
Never see the White Eagle strike main?

But the Bittern comes booming again
His thunder by swamp and by drain:

Half-drumming, half-mumbling in mire
Like the groan of an ox from his byre.

They would massacre Swans upon Avon
And silence the croak of the Raven,
That lived upon Glastonbury Tor
And whose feathers King Arthur once wore!

SHANE LESLIE.

[W. H. Hudson tells us that the mediæval English would never kill a raven because it might contain the soul of King Arthur, who returned in that plumage.—ED.]

THE ZOO'S PIGS

By JAMES FISHER

THE casual visitor to the Zoo may not easily realise what a comprehensive collection of pigs the Society possesses. This is largely due to the fact that, owing to the limited accommodation in the 34 acres of Regent's Park and owing to the different requirements of the various sorts of pigs, it has not been possible to house the whole collection together. When happier times come once again the Society might do well to consider the maintenance of a special pig-house, or at all events a special pig section. As it is, some are to-day in paddocks overlooking the Park; others are in the Ostrich House; others in the Gazelle Sheds and one kind is even housed next door to the pigmy hippopotami. The latter is the curious babirusa. I have always considered one of the more charming attributes of this animal to be the fact that its generic and specific names, though pronounced the same, are spelt differently—*Babirussa babyrussa*. The babirusa comes solely from the island of Celebes. It is an extremely ugly creature, the male having very curious and well-developed curved tusks. It is nearly 100 years since the first arrived at the London Zoo, and since a female was born in the



THEKLA, THE RED RIVER-HOG

Gardens in January, 1884, it has quite often been bred. The last baby to be born arrived about two years ago, and has since been sold.

The Zoo has quite a fine collection of Indian wild swine, the animals beloved of pig-stickers and in general build and ferocity not very far removed from the European wild boar. These are in the Park paddocks, where a largely open-air life seems to suit them very well.

Perhaps the finest of all the Society's wild pigs are in the Ostrich House, where there is a pair of Abyssinian bush pigs and the famous red river-hog, Thekla. The red river-hog might be said to be the only kind of pig that could possibly be called handsome. Certainly Thekla might almost be called beautiful. Her coat, which is in perfect condition, is of a fine russet colour which is enhanced by the pronounced stripe down the middle of her back, by her long, tufted ears and by her friendly and appealing features. Added to these characters she possesses a surprisingly musical grunt. Thekla is an old friend of many of the visitors to the Ostrich House. Her keeper, Hexter, possesses her confidence to a remarkable extent and she not merely permits, but encourages him to give her her daily brush and comb.

In the Gazelle Sheds are some collared peccaries from South America, animals which though closely related to the pigs, have been placed in a separate family. Though they are extremely pig-like in build and appearance, the structure of their feet and parts of their skull and the fact that they usually have only twins instead of a large litter, is sufficient justification for this. Peccaries breed quite freely in the Zoo and there are some young ones living at the moment.

In the last year or two the Zoo has had consignments of what must be the rarest pig in the world, the Giant forest hog of Africa. This has a fairly wide distribution stretching from the Aberdare mountains of Kenya to parts of the Belgian Congo. Unfortunately most of the examples which arrived at the Zoo proved to be rather short-lived. Though the problem of their feeding, originally found difficult, was eventually solved (it was found that they required a large amount of leaves in their diet) it is possible that the difficulty of keeping them was mainly due to the problems of acclimatisation. In order to get over this difficulty in future the Society has decided, war or no war, not to import any further specimens until they have been accustomed to living in captivity in Kenya. To this end one of the Society's friends in Kenya is running a giant forest hog farm at the moment, and it is hoped that the outstanding problems with regard to the management of these creatures will shortly be overcome.

The remaining member of the pig family with which the Zoo has to deal is the wart-hog. Some of these ugly creatures have lived for many years in the Ostrich House and their digging powers can be seen by a glance at the outside paddocks—which resemble fields ploughed by a madman. Wart hogs do very well in the English atmosphere, and a year or two ago a quartet of young ones was introduced at Whipsnade. It was originally intended to enclose part of Spicer's Field, the great African paddock which is as big as the London Gardens, and allow the animals to settle down before removing the wire fence and permitting them to join the zebras and other animals in the paddock. Unfortunately a slight miscalculation was made; no sooner were they released than they went through the wire fence as if it was a spider's web and galloped about the paddock in typical wart hog manner, with their tails held straight up in the air. They were quickly rounded up and kept in a smaller paddock with an indoor den in which they are to-day.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THE hare has never attained in England full gastronomic recognition. Even Cæsar remarked that the Britons did not eat the hares which overran their land. It is strange, indeed. Hares are clean feeders and they live in the open; their flesh is tender, when they are young, and its flavour is excellent; they can be prepared in ever so many different ways and with or without most tasty sauces. Yet there are thousands of housewives in England, more particularly in towns, who have never thought that they might buy a hare for a change. In the country one gets a hare as a gift now and again, and the first thing to consider when you have a hare, whether a gift or bought, is to plan a meal that will give the hare every chance of being enjoyed. There are many ways in which to do it and here are two by way of examples and contrast:

Hare soup.
Poached turbot and shrimp sauce.
Pine apple fritters.
Beaujolais, 1936.

A hare soup made in the Scotch way, with the blood of the freshly killed hare, port wine, and a large mealie potato baked in its jacket served at the same time and crumbled into the soup, is a meal in itself. No meat course is wanted after hare soup, but a little snow-white fish with some pink shrimp sauce would be a welcome anti-climax.

With the same material, in the hands of a gifted and experienced cook, a very fine meal indeed might be served as follows:

Filets de Turbot Monselet
Lièvre à la Royale.
Ananas glacé Beauharnais.
Corton Charlemagne, 1929.
Château Cheval Blanc, 1921.
Krug, 1926.

Ham, the most popular of all stand-by side dishes, being rationed, now is the time to make game pies, pâtés and terrines, and hare is one of the best of all foundations for them. There is no inn or hotel in France where the traveller is not offered on arrival some of the Pâté or terrine *Maison* to begin luncheon with, and give time in the kitchen for the omelet to be made and the fish to be fried.

Here is a good French recipe, how to make a *terrine de lievre*. Bone carefully a freshly-killed hare and cut up the meat finely. Cut up in the same manner 1lb. leg of veal and 1lb. lean fresh pork. Mix the lot together. Chop up together 2oz. beef suet, a sprig of parsley, a small pinch of dried thyme, half a bayleaf and a clove of garlic. Choose a terrine of the right size; line this with thin slices of fat salt pork, and fill the terrine with all the other ingredients well mixed together. Put a final covering of thin slices of fat salt pork, and then put on the lid of the terrine and make it air tight with a border of flour and water paste. Put the terrine in a moderate oven and leave it there for four hours, when it should be taken out and allowed to cool.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

SIR JOHN SIMON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a Supplementary War Budget last September, staggered the nation by imposing heavy and new taxation. It was agreed at the time that the additional taxation was a necessity. All classes of the community bowed to the inevitable.

The effect of the new taxation becomes daily more apparent as public companies publish annual reports and balance-sheets. These show most clearly the effect of the extra burden of taxation.

In fact, the burden is far more imposing than was realised last September. Fortunately many industries are enjoying active trade conditions. That benefits the Treasury, and for the time being, at least, serves to minimise the blow to investors in industrial equities.

The experience of Carreras, Ltd., during its financial year to October 31st last, is a typical example. The company had a record profit that year of £2,005,839. From the year's profits £547,415 is required for taxation purposes. In the previous year, when profits were £1,608,634, taxation requirements were £185,354.

This is a striking example of the effect of higher taxation. One result is less confidence in the market for tobacco stocks and shares as a whole. Many people are naturally wondering what effect will be produced upon the dividend of Imperial Tobacco Company for the past year.

It is accepted that the Imperial Company is operating very successfully. Up to now all ordinary dividends have been paid free of tax. For the past three years total distribution has been 25 per cent. tax free. The financial year ended on October 31st, and many are anxious to know whether the company, which is due to announce its final dividend in January, will be able to maintain the distribution.

Tobacco companies naturally carry large stocks of raw materials. They have heavy expenditure under the compulsory commodity war risk insurance. Tobacco companies are hit in many ways, but against this it must be admitted that at present trade is good.

The British American Tobacco Company appears to be in a rather more favourable position. This company attends exclusively to the export trade of the big tobacco combine. I understand that the company is now actively engaged in exporting cigarettes and tobacco to the fighting forces.

The company has been paying a regular 20 per cent. dividend free of tax. The ordinary units are valued around 4⅞, which means a very good tax free return to a new buyer if dividends are kept on recent levels. Market opinion, I find, is that this company stands a good chance of repeating last year's distribution.

Increased taxation has severely penalised companies in the engineering trades. These are mainly small concerns. Many of them have been in existence for quite a time as private undertakings, but in recent years have become public companies.

In order to give just one instance of taxation effects on engineering profits I will mention Brooke Tool Manufacturing Company. It is a comparatively small undertaking turned into a public company last year. Its net profits for the year to September 30th last before providing for tax rose from £76,995 to £92,984.

This increase in profits obviously reflects the company's activities on work of national importance. It is a very satisfactory increase in trading results. When the company has made provision for taxation the profits remaining are down from £65,882 to £44,379.

Companies of this description were expected to make good during the war period. Their post-war prospects are far more obscure. The concerns are, however, seriously penalised while operating at full stretch during the period of hostilities.

Taxation problems must inevitably exercise a restraining influence upon investors. It may eventually penalise industry when additional financial resources are required for development purposes. It certainly looks as if investors' safest course to-day is to purchase the new 3 per cent. Defence Bonds at par. The bonds are at least absolutely free from any chance of capital depreciation and so are Savings Certificates.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, ask your help for a poor widow, aged 71. Her husband, before his death last year, was a male nurse and ran a nurses co-op. He was ill the last years of his life and all savings were swallowed up to alleviate his sufferings, leaving his wife penniless. She is a brave charming woman, living in one room. 2- a week for coal this winter would be a real blessing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NUMBERS OF WILDFOWL

SIR,—Now that the Wildfowling Bill has become law, and another wildfowling season is upon us, this seems an appropriate time for an impartial survey, by a pure naturalist, of certain points which seemed to be hardly recognised by the majority of the correspondents to the extensive correspondence in your journal prior to the passing of the Bill.

First, then, I do not see how anyone can state dogmatically that wildfowl have decreased or increased in the British Isles, unless he has systematically worked through all wildfowling records, past and present, making due allowance for the human element of exaggerated statistics. Has anyone done this?

Secondly, in direct contradiction to this initial necessity, many of your correspondents obviously treated the question from a purely local standpoint. Now that is a most dangerous standpoint to take up where duck and geese are concerned: for a dominant feature of their routine in their winter-quarters is that they are in a constant state of flux.

When, then, I read that A. has only a few score duck and geese on his marsh now, where he had several thousand ten or twenty years back, while B. ridicules any possibility of a decrease, because he has more wildfowl than ever before, I can be pretty certain, not that wildfowl have decreased or increased generally over the British Isles, but that local conditions have proved particularly suitable or unsuitable. It is absolutely impossible to approach this question of relative decrease or increase, if one is not fully conversant with the peculiar behaviour of wildfowl, especially geese, in their winter-quarters.

Between autumn immigration and spring emigration duck and geese are continually on the move from one part of the British Isles to another. Fifteen thousand pink feet, say, patter on a Solway marsh in October, but in three or four weeks this great assembly has been reduced to a winter resident pack of three or four thousand, and the remainder have dispersed to various other feeding grounds. According to weather, grazing, &c., so will the resident pack diminish or increase, and so will those dispersing again sub-divide or aggregate.

When it is realised that this is going on among wildfowl generally all over the British Isles, between autumn dispersal and spring aggregation, it will at once be apparent how difficult it is to form any correct estimate of specific numbers for comparison with the past, and how vain to treat the matter from a local standpoint, since nearly all wildfowling centres depend for their wildfowl upon dispersal from immigration centres.

Now if at these marshes the shooting be heavy, if new ponds have been dry up on the hills or others become derelict, if the stubbling be in an unsuitable condition, if motor-trailers have made punt-gunning possible in unheard-of places, if the wigeon-grass be depleted, then these dispersals of duck and geese are naturally not going to stay long in such unprofitable places, while they have wings to move on to another marsh or back to their central marsh.

If the punt and the shoulder-gunners are going out day after day and night after night from the beginning of immigration in August and September and October, then they can hardly expect the continually harassed immigrants to stay with them in November and December. If, on the other hand, they were to refrain from shore-gunning until the middle of October, they might find that, instead of being harried up and along their migratory line of flight, the wildfowl would have had time to settle down in their winter-quarters—and if food and rest conditions are suitable it takes a great deal of shooting to drive them away from their chosen marsh, once their winter routine has been established. Similarly, it would be good policy to hold over brent shooting until January.

As a naturalist, I sincerely hope that wildfowl are not decreasing in the British Isles, and on the whole my own experience suggests that they are not. But this is not to say that I am not in favour of the Bill. On the contrary, while thinking it quite possible that wildfowl are not decreasing in this country, I am quite certain that they are not increasing, and that gunners should shoot duck for more than half the year and not affect their numbers I cannot believe! And that some of them should object to a curtailment of this ridiculously long season seems to be indefensible.

And now as to this question of numbers. Most wildfowlers are well aware that during the last 50 years wildfowl, especially geese, have shifted their wintering ponds and immigration centres in a remarkable manner; but this does not necessarily imply that their numbers have decreased. Without going north of the Solway, and excluding Iceland, there are at least two places where 10,000 to 15,000 pink feet can be seen; one place of 7,000 white-fronted; two at least of 2,000 grey lag; and two at least of 1,500 or 2,000 barnacles; and no doubt several of a thousand brent. On one salting, at least can be seen 20,000 wigeon, 5,000 teal and 2,000 mallard. On these particular marshes barnacles have certainly decreased and pinkfeet increased. I am not conversant with the actual figures of past records, but is there any evidence that specific numbers have decreased for the British Isles as a whole during the last 50 years?

Yours faithfully,
Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

CAT VERSUS FOX

SIR,—The incident related in your issue of November 25th last, in which a lady, out after roe near Newtonmore, saw a wild-cat attack a fox, reminds me of a similar incident witnessed by a Highland fox-hunter and related by him.

The hunter's mixed pack was close at the heels of a fox when it entered a cairn. It had barely entered the cairn when it was out again with a wild-cat in close pursuit, and the cat chased the fox into the jaws of the pack. Having disposed of the fox the hunter's terriers engaged the cat within the cairn, but failed to bolt her, as she probably held a strong position, and was defending her kittens no doubt.

Cats have a strong natural antipathy to dogs and this antagonism probably extends to foxes, and is in the nature of a blood-feud.

Woodview, Yours faithfully,
Comrie, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Perthshire.



IF NOT BIRDS WHY NOT FISH?
(See letter "Labrador Retrieving Mahseer")

LABRADOR RETRIEVING MAHSEER

SIR,—Mr. C. D. Earle related in a letter to the *Field* last September how a Sealyham of his landed a trout for him that he had hooked. It was not the first dog that had performed such a feat, though ordinarily we should not expect a terrier to do it. That is not their job so much as one of the regular retriever's or spaniel's. Years ago the second Lord Knutsford told me about one of his Labradors that used to help him when salmon fishing, and now I have received an interesting letter from Lieut.-Colonel R. P. Henstock on the same subject. Two years ago Colonel Henstock was fishing in Baluchistan for mahseer, a very sporting fish known as the salmon of India. An encyclopædia informs me that the mahseer is a species of barbel, which sometimes in the tropics may attain 6ft. in length.

Colonel Henstock had with him his Labrador bitch, eight years of age and bred in India. Having her as a puppy he had taken a lot of trouble in training her for the gun, and he was well repaid for she seldom did much wrong in retrieving the mixed game to be had out there. She had never tried her hand at fish until this particular occasion. Each time he hooked one and was playing it she whined and quivered with excitement, so that eventually, when he got on to a small one in shallow water, he let her fetch it. Another time he hooked a two-and-a-half pounder in water that was up to her withers, and she had to make many attempts before she was able to push it on to the bottom in order to get a grip with her mouth. She brought it back, dropping it hurriedly at his feet with rather an expression of disgust, and then sat a yard or two away. Yet she was ready for the next. His bearer, though inexperienced with the camera, succeeded in getting a successful snap.

Labradors are so sensible when properly trained that they will retrieve almost anything. They first came to us more than a century ago with a reputation for their prowess in the Newfoundland seas, which are frequently very rough. In describing how the best retrievers of his day were made from a cross between a setter or strong spaniel and Newfoundland, General Hutchinson, in his *Dog Breaking*, wrote that by "Newfoundland" he meant the slighter dog reared by the settlers on the coast, "a dog that is quite as fond of water as of land, and which in almost the severest part of a North American winter will remain on the edge of a rock for hours together, watching intently for anything the passing waves may carry near him. . . . Without his aid the farmer would secure but few of the many wild ducks he shoots at certain seasons of the year."

This dog, no doubt, was what we now call the Labrador, and the General relates a fishing story of one that he would have been afraid to tell if its truth had not been vouched for by a Captain L——n, one of the best officers in the navy. This dog, who was entirely black, with the exception of one white forefoot, used to keep his master's household well supplied with fish, doing it in this way: "For hours together he would remain immovable on a small rock which projected into the stream [which was filled with fish to an extent one could scarcely believe], keeping his white foot hanging over the ledge as a lure to the fish. He remained so stationary that it acted as a very attractive bait; and whenever curiosity or hunger tempted any unwary fish to approach too close, the dog plunged in, seized his victim, and carried him off to the foot of a neighbouring tree; and on a successful day he would catch a great number."

Yours faithfully,
London. A. CROXTON SMITH.

PHEASANT ALIGHTING ON WATER

SIR,—On the evening of October 18th, I was out walking with my little terrier. As we were passing a small loch he disturbed a pheasant amongst some bushes. The bird flew out through the trees surrounding the loch at a height of about 12ft. to 15ft., and alighted in the middle of the water for about a second. It got up to a height of about 4ft. and again landed on the water. Instantly it got up again and flew into a tree on the side of the loch, which I marked. I walked round to this tree for the purpose of seeing if the pheasant had been over-gorged with acorns or was weak in some other respect. The pheasant was sitting on a branch quite alert, and it flew off very strong on the wing and to all appearances perfectly healthy. The loch was dead calm and in the evening light the large fir trees were reflected in it as if in a mirror. I wonder if the pheasant took the reflected trees to be real ones? Have any of your readers seen a similar incident, or can any of them give any other reason for the strange behaviour of this hen pheasant? Yours faithfully,
Thornhill, A. B. M.
Dumfriesshire.

RIGHT AND LEFT

SIR,—While walking with Mr. George Adamson, Assistant Game Warden, along the bank of the Uasso Nyiro River one night, a guinea fowl got up and was shot by the Warden.

The sound of the shot caused an 8ft. long crocodile to leave a recess beneath some rocks and rush towards the river. The Game Warden killed it with his remaining barrel, and completed a remarkable right and left.

Yours faithfully,
Isiolo, "SPEAR."
Kenya Colony.

ABNORMAL PARTRIDGE EGGS

SIR,—Last April, while searching hedgerows and banks in Wiltshire for partridges' nests, I came across one in which all the eggs, numbering four at that time, were completely white. I was struck by this discovery, but I was even more astonished when the next day I found another nest, about a mile away from the other one, in which the eggs were again pure white.

I was very eager to find out if anyone else had found partridge eggs of this colour, but all the people I asked said that they had never heard of such a thing as a white partridge egg.

I am wondering whether you, or any of your readers, could inform me if they have come across such an egg, and if so, what is the reason.

I have heard of solitary white eggs in all kinds of birds' nests, but never one where the whole clutch is white.

Yours faithfully,
T. P. HAYWARD.
Radley College.

LEFT MASTER EYE

SIR,—In your issue of December 2nd you published a letter from "Perplexed" who complained that he was troubled with a master left eye. With a shotgun is it not usual to shoot with both eyes open? When I started shooting with a rifle I shot from the left shoulder, as I have a master left eye, but on being discouraged from this practice I wore an eyeshade over my left eye. This has now enabled me to shoot with the rifle from either shoulder and with the shotgun from the right shoulder without difficulty. It may be due to having started young. I am now seventeen.

Yours faithfully,

Camp Hill, Bevlale, Yorkshire. J. C. M. LEYLAND.

SIR,—I can sympathise with "Perplexed," having been in the same fix myself. I am perfectly certain that if he follows the same lines as I did he would come out all right. Gadgets are hopeless, black monocles, etc., as one needs all one's vision to locate a bird initially. I did have a very slight cast put in my gun at a very small cost by the local gunmaker.

The whole secret is to veil rather than close the left eye, as the gun comes up; not before. I am not absolutely sure that I even do this now, as I believe that after some time my eyes changed mastership, simply through using the right and not the left.

I can only state that my shooting improved hundreds per cent. when my fault was located and this method employed. If "Perplexed" would like any further details I would gladly answer any letters direct.

Yours faithfully,

Rhual, Mold, Flintshire. HECTOR.

SIR,—For the information of your correspondent "Perplexed," I have suffered all my life from the left being the master eye, to the extent that all my reading is done with the right eye, and all longer vision with the left. Since the age of eighteen I have shot with a plain glass in the left eyepiece of spectacles, and a sighted glass to bring it equal in the right; only in a driving rain in my face do I suffer any inconvenience. To avoid the irritation of the hook behind the ear through a long day, I have a straight side-piece with a loop at the end, the two loops being connected loosely with a bit of elastic across the back of the head, lengthened or shortened as required by a running tongueless buckle.

This certainly does not affect the eye, as, at the age of well over 70, I still have the same glass in the right eyepiece as I started with, though not the same frame. Until lately I have never had to wear glasses for reading, but now, about once a week, if my right eye gets tired with reading, I use a pair of spectacles with the left eye sighted for reading to give the right a rest.

Yours faithfully,

Norfolk. A FELLOW SUFFERER.

STARLINGS AND WALNUTS

SIR,—Some time ago a report came through to me that a walnut tree at Tiptree, near here, was being stripped by starlings. At the time I found difficulty in believing that this was true and took pains to verify the story.

The enclosed photograph will show the extent of the damage. The hulls—still green—were stripped away in each case sufficiently to expose the shell, which was then chipped away and the nut extracted piecemeal. In most cases the nut was not dislodged from the tree, as will be seen.



PROOF POSITIVE
(See letter "Starlings and Walnuts")

This method is in marked contrast to the work of rooks—also very partial to walnuts—who wrench away the complete nut and carry it off for consumption at leisure.

As most people are aware, the starling is certainly omnivorous, but this is the first time I have heard of attacks being made on hard-shelled fruit—even in a severe autumn, which this has not been.

You may remember an earlier letter of mine in connection with swallows taking bees during the nesting season. Some doubt was later expressed in correspondence that the youngsters were being fed with anything but drones. Apart from the fact that my bees are not allowed to produce any great quantity of these, I verified that workers had been taken, by dissolving the droppings of the nestlings and examining the contents under a microscope.

Yours faithfully,

K. RIDGWAY CRAWSHAW.

Witham, Essex.

BIG GAME RIFLES

SIR,—Not everyone is likely to agree with the opinions of "Spear," whose letter appears in your issue of December 2nd. Like him I have tried the old black powder 4- and 8-bores, and also a double 10 by Purdey. All these rifles were very heavy and the smoke was a nuisance.

When I began to use H.V. rifles—such as the .303, 7.9 mm., .275 and .256, with their lightness and extreme accuracy, I gave up the bulkier and unpleasant weapons, and pitied the fellows who took them over. For African hunting, where the going is hard and the sun terrific in the hot season, it is a comfort to use a light rifle; and a man should, of course, always carry a weapon himself, and not trust to a gunboy, although he may take out a heavy bore if he prefers to have one handy. Doubtless the double .470, which "Spear" recommends is an excellent weapon, but it weighs a good 11 lb., and is too heavy to carry on a long day in rough bush.

I disagree with "Spear" that it is more difficult to kill dangerous game in the East than it is in Africa. An African bull elephant or buffalo is as tough as an Indian elephant or buffalo; and as regards non-dangerous game an African waterbuck is more tenacious of life than an Indian sambar.

Also, when I was in Central Africa men did not hunt in parties, and most of the experienced hunters much preferred to hunt alone—apart, of course, from their native following. Possibly, however, things have changed in this respect since I was there.

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

THE BLOWING STONE

SIR,—The scattered farms near the famous White Horse Hill, Berkshire, have a novel siren close at hand.

This is the Blowing Stone—an unwrought sandstone about 3ft. high, 3ft. wide and 18ins. thick, having a series of natural perforations.

When one hole at the top is blown strongly, with the lips pursed in the manner of a cornet player's, the stone gives out a loud siren-like noise—audible in good conditions for a distance of one to two miles.

There is a picturesque legend that King Alfred blew it to summon the Saxons to fight the Danes.

A reference is made to the stone with its remarkable properties in Thomas Hughes's famous novel *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and also in the same author's *Scouring of the White Horse*.

The picture shows my wife in the act of giving a prolonged blast—a signal we interpret nowadays as "ALL CLEAR"!

Yours faithfully,

J. A. CARPENTER.

48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate.



A SIREN THAT CAN BE HEARD FOR MILES
(See letter "The Blowing Stone")



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From an R.A.F. station in the Near East came the letter from which we have quoted. It certainly is a remarkable tribute when *half* the pipe-men in a Mess smoke some particular Tobacco. Yet we know of one case where *all* the pipe-smokers in an Army Mess were converted to the Barneys "Trio" by one of its enthusiasts.

"Wonderful Tobacco" is how this R.A.F. smoker describes his favourite brand . . . though we must admit that the *most* wonderful thing about Barneys is the enthusiasm of the men who smoke it . . . that cheery band of sportsmen who have spread the fame of Barneys to the ends of all the Earth.

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For A.R.P.

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BOOKS AND CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

"GIVE books this Christmas"—a familiar slogan. Yes, but what books? A tremendous number of books have been published during the year—about 3,000 since the war began!—and choice is by no means easy. In response to many requests, we give here a list of books—not all of them have been published this autumn, but the vast majority are post-September vintage—which we believe to be good books, and which we believe to be the best books of recent date dealing with their particular subject. They have been chosen, not only for their matter but also for the manner in which they have been produced (standard of production is obviously of importance when considering a Christmas present) and we believe that any one of the books mentioned on this page will make a welcome and ornamental addition to the shelves of the booklover.

NATURAL HISTORY

Wild Chorus, by Peter Scott. "Country Life." 21/-. The first ordinary edition. The limited edition was fully subscribed before publication.

Wild Love, by Denys Watkins-Pitchford. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7/6. Now in its second edition, but still the best life story of a fox in the English language, and a good book in every way.

Handbook of British Birds. Vol. III. Witherby. 25/-. An excellent book for anyone interested in geese, ducks and hawks. The most authoritative book on its subject and beautifully illustrated.

A Book of British Waders, by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. Collins. 7/6. The only cheap book on British waders. Not a handbook, but a series of sketches. Excellent illustrations.

Masks the Sky Gipsy, by Denys Watkins-Pitchford. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7/6. The first life-story of a wild goose. A magnificently exciting, but highly probable, story.

Plants with Personality, by Patrick M. Synge. Lindsay Drummond. 12/6. A book any garden enthusiast will love to have.

SHOOTING

Letters to Young Shooters, by Martin Stephens. Rich and Cowan. 10/6. An ideal present to young shooters of any age.

HUNTING

The Fur-Hunter's Week-end Book. By D. W. E. Brock. Seeley Service. 8/6.

The Fox that Walked on the Water, by A. H. Higginson. Collins. 10/6. Hunting experiences in America and England by a famous master of hounds.

Hounds, by C. R. Acton. Heath Cranton. 10/6.

ANGLING

Spinning for Duffers—and Salmon, by R. D. Peck. A. and C. Black. 3/6.

COUNTRY MATTERS

Country Relics, by H. J. Massingham. Cambridge University Press. 15/-. A store house of country knowledge by the greatest living authority on the past, and passing life of the countryside.

The Countryman's England, by John Moore. Seeley Service. 8/6. An autobiographical gem, beautifully written.

Tamsman, by Crichton Porteous. Harrap. 10/6. A remarkable picture of farming life written from actual experience on the land.

Yeoman Calling, by Christopher Turner. Chambers. 7/6. A serious discussion of the position of English farming, and a plan for the future.

Country Notes, by V. Sackville West. Michael Joseph. 10/6. Short essays on almost everything. Really good photographic illustrations.

Irish Gold, by Pamela Hinkson. Collins. 10/6. Altogether delightful.

Wiltshire Village, by Heather and Robin Tanner. Collins. 10/6. The essence of Wiltshire, though the village will not be found on any map. A review of this book appears on page 1174.

TRAVEL

North Cape, by F. D. Ommaney. Longmans. 10/6. A trawler's life in the North Sea.

The Alps, by R. L. G. Irving. Batsford. 10/6. A typical Batsford book, beautifully illustrated.

A Camera in the Hills, by F. S. Smythe. Black. 12/6. Mr. Smythe at his best.

Peaks and Lamas, by Marco Pattis. Cassell. 18/-.

Wind, Sand and Stars, by Antoine de Saint Exupéry. Heinemann. 10/6. A beautiful book by an air-mail pilot, who can write well.

Hinterland Liberia, by Etta Donner. Blackie. 12/6. The best book on a little known part of the world.

Baltic Roundabout, by Bernard Newman. 10/6. A tour of the Baltic States by the author on "George." A memorial now to things that have passed.

Land Below the Wind, by Agnes Keith. Michael Joseph. 12/6. A very entertaining account of life in North Borneo.

ART

Since Fifty: Men and Memories 1922–1928. Recollections of William Rothenstein. Faber and Faber. 21/-. The last volume of Sir William Rothenstein's memoirs.

Art Criticism from a Laboratory, by Alan Burroughs. Allen and Unwin. 18/-. A most interesting account of the application of scientific tests to pictures of doubtful authorship.

POLITICS

The Twenty Years' Crisis 1919–1939, by E. H. Carr. Macmillan. 10/6. An outstanding essay on international affairs.

I Was Stalin's Agent, by W. G. Krivitsky. Hamish Hamilton. 10/6. An astonishing book of the "sensational disclosure" type. On the whole more probable than improbable, but still fantastic in its picture of dictator moralities. Much of it has since been borne out by events. Should certainly be read.

When Freedom Shrieked, by Rothay Reynolds. Collancz. 10/6. An appalling picture of Germany moving towards barbarism.

BIOGRAPHY, AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Rain Upon Godshill, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 10/6. A continuation of *Midnight on the Desert*. A running commentary upon pretty nearly everything.



KESTREL AT THE NEST
A Christmas card from a painting by G. E. Lodge

Prelude to Victory, by Brigadier-General E. L. Spears. Cape. 18/- An important book, brilliantly written.

Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell. Collins. 12/6. An unusual portrait of the period.

Henry, Elizabeth and George, by Lord Herbert. Cape. 18/-. Recently discovered papers relating to the 10th Earl of Pembroke and his son. Of great human interest, though not of much historical importance.

LITERARY

The Moores of Moore Hall, by Joseph Hone. Cape. 12/6. Should interest all lovers of George Moore, and all lovers of Ireland.

The Ages of Man. Arranged by George Rylands. Heinemann. 7/6. A pocket anthology of Shakespeare, very well done and very well produced.

The Christmas Companion. Edited by John Hadfield. Dent. 7/6.

FICTION

After Many a Summer, by Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7/6. Witty and thought-provoking, and typically the author.

How Green was My Valley, by Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 8/6. A first novel and one of the most distinguished books of the year.

My Uncle Silas, by H. E. Bates. Cape. 10/6. Characteristics of Mr. Bates, and very good. The illustrations (or decorations) are excellent.

Uncle Fred in the Springtime, by P. G. Wodehouse. Jenkins. 7/6.

Rogue Male, by Geoffrey Household. Chatto and Windus. 7/6.

Let the People Sing, by J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 8/6. "Good Companion"-ish and thoroughly good fun with a serious undercurrent.

Secret Agent, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 7/6.

To Step Aside, by Noel Coward. Heinemann. 7/6. Sophisticated, witty short stories.

Wickford Point, by John P. Marquand. Hale. 8/6.

Fiddler's Doom, by Alan Fraser. Chambers. 7/6.

HUMOUR

The British at Home, by Punch. Collins. 5/-.

Second Thoughts, by Nicholas Bentley. Michael Joseph. 3/6.

Jobsam, by Fougasse. Methuen. 5/-.

Le Sport, by Nicholas Bentley. Gollancz. 6/-.

1940 New Yorker Album. Hamish Hamilton. 12/6.

The Pick of Punch. Chatto and Windus. 5/-.

And then, of course, Christmas cards—always a bother and a joy. The British Trust for Ornithology have produced an excellent card—a woodcock by Peter Scott—and this is obtainable from Mrs. J. B. Priestley, 3 The Grove, Highgate Village, N. 6, at the modest price of 4/6 a dozen. The Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens have also produced an excellent card—a Kestrel at the Nest, by George Lodge—and this may be obtained from Dr. P. Manson-Baker, at 149 Harley Street, W.1, for fourpence each. If you get these cards you are at the same time supporting worthy organisations, and giving pleasure to bird-loving friends. For the rest, with two notable exceptions, the cards this year are on the whole undistinguished.

Raphael Tuck & Co. have a large selection, but appear to have concentrated rather too much on the "keep your pecker up" aspect of the war. The British Museum have some delightful cards, including reproductions of Chinese, Indian, Japanese and Persian paintings. A new firm this year appears in the field—Batsford's, the book publishers. "A Batsford book" is now accepted as meaning a good book most beautifully produced. If they maintain the standard they have set themselves in Christmas card production, "A Batsford card" is soon going to be generally accepted as meaning the same thing in another sphere. Their reproductions of architectural and rural scenes are very fine indeed, and the prices are moderate.

SPORTING PICTURES AT ACKERMANN'S

By JAN GORDON

IN considering pictures of a specialist kind, such as those of sporting subjects at Ackermann's Gallery, the question of "rightness" is, of course, essential. But in such a locale we may take almost for granted the accuracy of the hunting scenes, the dogs, the birds, the racing and so on, while in matters maritime the historical accuracy of Harold Wyllie rouses envy in the bosoms of naval experts.

So that the question which must be asked is "Does the artist get the utmost out of (or into) his subject?" And this depends on the art of the thing, whether, after he has properly established the central theme, he is able to use his background and accessories to enhance the emotional significance of the subject.

Thus, Michael Lyne has real feeling both for this hunt and for the English landscape. "Lady Curre's looking towards Severn Tunnel" and "The V.W.H. Earl of Bathurst" illustrate this clearly.

But in others, not content with what he has accomplished, he slap-dashes in the sky, thus distracting attention from the real matter in hand. The good control of George Wright is shown in "Going out in the Morning," his compositional facility in "Full Cry," but his coaching scenes fail to carry anything like a similar conviction.

René Berti has a gay Parisian bravura, very suitable to his subjects and happiest in the smaller pieces, such as "Pesage." But in his large works he seems sometimes to use attitudes taken from photographs, and these contrast so violently with his non-photographic methods that a disturbing shock ensues.

G. Vernon Stokes's etchings of dogs solve the problem neatly. He tints the animals but leaves the backgrounds in line and by this achieves unity of method. But both Ward Binks and Roland Green, who do feel their subjects and can suggest movement, use a pre-Raphaelite and careful composition finish for dog or bird and a totally different method with loose composition for the backgrounds, which thus fail to wed with the subjects. The result is description only. Description, too, is Harold Wyllie's highest virtue.

G. E. Lodge, in spite of a definite disunity between bird and background methods, comes much nearer than the last three to an aesthetic fusion. The effect of "A Wisp of Snipe" is a little injured by what I would consider inaccurate reflections, but in "Snipe" the arabesque of the water's edge, and in "Grouse on the Hillside" the weight of the rocks, is almost enough to balance the detail of the birds.

Reproductions from the Exhibition are given in the cover and centre pages of this issue.

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New Books

IN THE WILTSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE

Wiltshire Village. By HEATHER and ROBIN TANNER. (Collins; 10/6 net.)

The only fault to be found with this engaging and knowledgeable book is the preface of a few lines. It tells us that "the book is to be regarded as fiction rather than as local history; but, like all fiction, it is based on fact." It is not difficult to gather why this circumspect attitude has been adopted, but it is disconcerting to the serious reader when he is unable to be sure to what extent the place-names, field-names, local history, antiquities, pedigrees, family annals, records and crafts of the village or villages in question are fictional or authentic, composite or particular, precise or misleading. The value of so scrupulous a chronicle—and author and artist, both Wiltshire-born, have spent a devoted and understanding labour upon the work—is somewhat impaired by this mystification. Otherwise, the book is a model of what such a record should be.

It omits nothing—dialect and survivals of old words crafts and husbandry, seasonal rhythms and events topography and geology, architecture and vegetation, all receive their proper measure of description and appreciation, not by the method of lifeless specialisation, but with warmth of colour and all the sympathy of intimate knowledge. A book so faithful and all-inclusive as this enables the unhappy townsman, prevented by the nature of his environment from seeing below the surfaces of phenomena, to realise that the essential stability of the peasant's life depends upon interweaving it with the ageless, though not timeless, manifestations of the living earth. That unfortunate preface tells us that "Kington Borel" has changed more in the last 50 years than in the 500 before them, and then destroys the meaning of what it says by remarking that it would be foolish to call back yesterday. The profound reality of village life lies or lay in its independence of such superficial factors; it was obedient to the seasons not to the times. In a well-ordered civilisation the extinction of the fundamental crafts, such as are described in the book, would be impossible, because they are the corner-stone of human life. In destroying the husbandman the towns are cutting the ground from under their own feet.

The book is as accurate as it is informing and agreeable to read. But the folk-tale of the moonrakers is not confined to Wiltshire, as is suggested, while rick-dollies are not and never were "propitiatory offerings to the bird enemy." But these are trifles.

* * *

Refuge in the Andes. By RUDOLPH MESSEL. (The Bodley Head; 10/6.)

"Will you go to Colombia and look for some refugees who seem to have got lost in the Andes?" and the sequel to the reply in the affirmative is this book.

The first chapter, "How it started," captures the mind and creates a live expectation that the book will continue to hold fast one's interest almost exclusively, but that altitude of hope is not attained, for one's interest becomes less, and then rather flaccid.

It is a description of rather ordinary day to day happenings, and of peoples and things in general, and of countries in this search for some, a few, refugees, and one cannot help feeling a little disappointed that description of the more commonplace things of life hold the stage too much, and has the effect of rather "starving" the reader's eagerness for fine descriptions of countries and of nature, in its comprehensive sense, as presented to the traveller.

However, the reader's mind is taken to the northern portion of South America, even if the mind may feel a tinge of ennui at intervals.

The photographs, of which there is a fair supply, are quite good, though collectively not, perhaps, of absorbing interest.

* * *

Half Breed: The Story of Grey Owl. By LOVAT DICKSON. (Peter Davies; 10/6.)

Mr. Lovat Dickson can congratulate himself on having one of the rarer qualities of friendship—the gift of understanding. In this book about his friend, Archie Belaney, or "Grey Owl" Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, as he was better known to his vast circle of admirers, he builds up, with infinite patience and tact, the life story of this now almost legendary figure.

It seemed a far cry from St. Helen's Woods above Hastings in 1904 to Canada—but young Archie Belaney, already schooling himself in the elementary laws of woodmanship in those same woods, had set his mind on one goal—the backwoods of Canada, where he hoped to find his father and, most important of all, Red Indians.

Mr. Dickson unfolds, chapter by chapter, in simple language the story of this boy's life, his adventurous voyage, his first job on Canadian soil—salesman in a dry goods emporium in Toronto—his back-breaking initiation into Indian guiding, porterage and canoeing, his courtship of an Ojibway Indian girl, and eventual initiation as blood-brother of an Indian tribe. "Grey Owl," as most people already know, fought and was badly wounded in the Great War and then invalided back to England, where he married a childhood friend. His stay in this country, however, was not long, his whole being and life was bound up in the wilds, so once more he returned to his beloved Canada.

The later part of this book, dealing with his transformation from a trapper to defender of the "Little People"—the fast-vanishing beavers, and his unusual introduction to Anahareo, the Indian girl responsible for this transformation, is the most moving part of this book. Readers will need little introduction to "Jelly-roll" and "Rawhide," but it is interesting to learn that these little creatures are still alive and, by now, "Jelly-roll," later re-christened "Rosa" by "Grey Owl" is doubtless dictatress over a vast colony.

Mr. Dickson does not make the mistake of trying to lift this man on to a higher plane, or to disguise his faults and failings, he deals with them sympathetically and with such understanding that some phases of his life, which very easily might be distorted, merge into the pattern and make a complete whole.

"Grey Owl" made many good friends, each one playing a part to help him on to his eventual goal, but I think not one of them knew more about him than Mr. Dickson (although one of his friends in later life), or could have put pen to paper with such sincerity to write his biography. A fine achievement.

* * *

The World of Wings and Things. By Sir ALLIOTT VERDON-ROE. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

This is a book that will bring back memories to those who learnt to fly in the Avro planes of the Royal Flying Corps in the last war. For the author, then A. V. Roe, who made the first flight over British soil some thirty odd years ago, was the man behind these famous machines. Now the great firms of A. V. Roe & Co., Ltd., and Saunders-Roe, Ltd., are world famous.

Sir Alliott tells of his early struggles—financial as well as aerial—though the book is in no way written in an over-personal tone. Rather is it an effort, and a very successful one, to trace the evolution of the aeroplane, written by a pioneer enthusiast, whose faith and foresight have found their reward. It is well illustrated and essentially readable.

* * *

Fruit Growing. Edited by N. B. BAGENAL. (Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.; 21/-.)

In the preface Mr. Bagenal writes: "Here, therefore, is a work that will, one hopes, prove of the greatest value to the novice and even to the experienced nurseryman; to both student and instructor; indeed, to all interested in the subject of fruit growing."

It is a bold claim to say that a book is of value to the experienced as well as to the inexperienced, for there is nothing more difficult than to write so clearly that even the veriest beginner can understand and so learnedly that the old hand finds much to help him. If anyone dare lay such a claim, it is "Nick" Bagenal, for he has had an unique experience, during which he has had the opportunity of discussing fruit culture with every class and type of man and woman—from almost every clime!

At first glance the book strikes one as too bulky, and difficult to read, for the reason that the photographs are very dark, and in some cases not sufficiently clear. No one can complain, however, that the book is not complete, for it deals with the ordinary fruits that are grown in the open, and in addition such unusual kinds as bilberries, chestnuts, cranberries, medlars, sloes, and Worcester berries.

The chapter on pruning will not please some "experts," but it is a clear exposition of the facts as they are known to-day. The chapter on planning and planting is very well thought out—only those who have had to plant large acreages know the difficulties thereto. Passing on through chapters on gathering and storing fruit—marketing fruit—exhibition at commercial shows, and the control of pests and diseases, we reach the main part of the book which deals with the "Culture of particular fruits." Here the advice is as guarded as in the other chapters, and one wonders whether the work is one that the amateur will fully appreciate. So many growers prefer to have yea or nay. Those with experience, however, will revel in the clear-set problems which they will be able to solve after taking due regard of the circumstances on hand.

In every book there are errors—misplacements and "inadvisabilities"—and this one is no exception, but it must not be thought that the book is full of errors, far from it. It is an excellent guide to fruitgrowing in Great Britain and should be in every library. It is so well planned and indexed that as a reference work it should prove exceedingly useful.

* * *

The Rabbit Skin Cap. (Collins; 15/-.)

The *Rabbit Skin Cap* is told as such a tale should be told. George Baldry recalls his youth, and Miss Rider Haggard guides him gently into print. There is no setting out to please, no restraint to satisfy convention, no exalting of incidents beyond their intrinsic worth—things all prone to happen when men, or women, of letters sing unlettered persons' praises. It is a record of much that was commonplace half-a-century ago, but now lives only in the memories of a few old men and women, and will vanish with them. It is as vital to record their skill and sayings, outlook and homelife, as it is to preserve the implements of their crafts. A book like this is complementary to a Folk Museum.

How many boys could braid a frail-basket to-day? When George Baldry was a boy they made them or went without, and had little enough to fill them. Listen to this about the godsend of a sheep's head for a Sunday dinner: ". . . the pot was put on and mother made five Norfolk swimmers (dumplings) . . . telling me to look after the pot. Presently the lid lifted a bit with the steam, and I peeps in and see the sheep's head going round the pot with his mouth open like old Nick after the sinners, and only one swimmer to be seen. I thinks to myself that ther old sheep ha' gone and swallowed the other four, and if I don't look slipper he'll have the last at the rate he's chasing it, and what'll mother say then, and I runs as fast as my legs can carry me, blaring, 'Mother, come quick—the sheep's hid's goin' round the pot like old Wop and swallowed four of the swimmers . . .'" *Rabbit Skin Cap* is as chock full of these plums as a Christmas pudding.

George Baldry was not big, but he was tough. He was quick to profit by experience and self reliant. Before out of his teens he had tried his hand at half-a-dozen employments—pigkeeping, brickmaking, thatching, haytrussing, hurdlemaking—and he knew a mort about catching eels and handling ferrets. What he learned he remembers still; vivid youthful impressions, when beer swilling, strap-oil and fisticuffs were all in the long day's work. And what he remembers Miss Haggard knows well how to handle. We learned that from her last book, *I Walked by Night*, the recollections of an old Norfolk poacher.

There are many old ballads and traditional verses interleaved among the pages. They lend as bright a colour to the narrative as Edward Seago's little sketches.

* * *

A very pleasant novel of country life is *Priors Mead*, by PATRICK CHALMERS (Methuen; 7/6). The heroine—an attractive young woman—unexpectedly inherits a country house and sufficient of an income to enjoy hunting with the local pack. All the different types which go to make up county circles are cleverly portrayed and the plot is refreshingly wholesome. A thoroughly readable book.

* * *

FOR THE YOUNGER READER

The following quartet of books are entirely dissimilar, yet I suppose that they all may be said to be addressed to the young. Indeed, Messrs. Faber, who publish *The Travels of Maurice*, by ALICE COATS (at 6/-), imply, in the blurb, that the book is for nursery use.

Maurice is a rabbit, handicapped (or the reverse) by a pink suit instead of the more usual white one. His travels in Europe, Africa and Asia, are in search of a land where the clover is "always in bloom." He never finds that land, but he is none the worse off in the end. An enjoyable little book with a fascinating map (in the manner of *Treasure Island*) and lots of quite delightful pictures by, I suppose, the author.

From Methuen & Co. (at 3/6) is *Chinese Children at Play*, by YUI SHUFANG. Madame Yui is, one gathers, from the introduction to her book, by Chiang Yee, "a very charming young lady, who is always smiling." If one could make such lovely pictures as she has made, one would certainly have something to smile about. They illustrate the popular games of the little Chinese, and there is, to each game, a brief description of how to play it. Madame Yui is, one reads, well known as an athlete. Her books prove that she is also a very capable artist.

The Silent Hunter is the story of a Swedish lynx, by PHYLLIS BUROS. It is illustrated, very nicely, by Raymond Shepherd, and published by Blackie at 3/6.

"List" (which means crafty) is the name of the heroine. We meet her first with her kittens, and we see her hunt and kill for them. When her litter is able to do for itself poor List is captured by a country boy, Karl, who has been tempted by a reward from the owner of a private zoo, who wants a live lynx. Karl takes his captive down-country in a crate, but, on the way, loses his heart to List, takes her back to the wild and turns her loose. A very reasonable story, but, from a natural history point of view, a provoking one. Can one, for instance, believe that a lynx courses and runs down a hare? And is not a lynx as untameable as a Scottish wildcat? The author tells of one which lived as a household pet for 20 years.

From Sweden we pass to the South Downs and *The Wednesday Pony*. This book is also a Blackie one and it costs 5/-. It is written by PRIMROSE CUMMING and well illustrated by Stanley Lloyd.

The "Wednesday" Pony is a jolly black cob, called Jingo, who, on Wednesdays (early closing day) gets a half-holiday from a butcher's cart and goes up to the downs as the saddle pony of young Tabby and Martin. There Jingo enjoys himself as much as they do. Tabby and Martin are the children of Mr. Meade (purveyor). Tabby and Martin are for ever hoping that some day, up on the downs, they will find the fairy pony of their dreams; one supposes something of the sort that *Little Red Riding Hood in Kerry* found. They attain their dream pony in a more prosaic way than did Dr. E. de Somerville's heroine, and a very nice pony was their Pixie. But, in the end, Tabby and Martin come to the conclusion that they have had the perfect pony all the time, and that he is old Jingo's self.

This is a particularly charming little story well told and full of sound pony sense, and I have enjoyed every page of it.

FREAK MATCHES ON AND OFF THE GOLF COURSE

By E. R. TIPPLE

GOLFERS are by nature adaptable people. The fact that there is no course where they happen to be does not prevent them from playing if they are determined to get a game. Times without number improvised holes have been constructed under the most adverse conditions. For example, Mr. J. E. Laidlay, finding no golf course in Egypt, put native labourers to work and achieved a course from very unpromising material. Thick bush, too, has been cleared to make fairways, marshes have been drained, and courses have been laid out even on ice in Alaska. No matter where the golfer is he will have his game, and will tend the green he has improvised with just as much care as if it were as fine as any on a first-class course at home.

Maybe it is something of this spirit which accounts for many of the freak games, some of which are recorded in the *Golfers' Handbook*. Ordinary native games can be dull at times, so that one may long for something different, no matter how peculiar that change may seem. But I wonder what prompted a golfer, Harry Dearth by name, to play a match at Bushey Hall in 1912 attired in a complete suit of armour? Such clothing would prevent that pivot of the body which we are told is important, and he must have been in danger of losing his balance when he swung his club. Little is said of this queer game except that he lost—but only by 2 and 1.

Those golfers in the army who are still stationed at home may be interested in the feat of J. N. Farrar at the start of the last war. He accepted a bet that he would not go round the Royston course in under 100 strokes equipped in full infantry marching order. He succeeded, returning a score of 94. Others at the camp, including several professional golfers, tried to equal this astonishing performance and failed.

The feats of the American, John Montague, who, two years ago, was hailed as a world beater, but who refused to participate in championship matches, must still be fresh in most people's minds. He came into prominence because of a match over one hole, which he played using a rake and a shovel, but I think the performances of his two countrymen, F. S. Smith and D. Scott Chisholm—both well-known journalists—were more noteworthy. They played together in one tournament using one club between them, and they both returned scores in the low 80's. The club was a mid-iron, and was adapted for either right or left-handed play—Chisholm playing golf "the wrong way round."

The late Captain Pennington, some years ago, played the Sonning professional, H. J. Young, a match from the air. He took up with him in his 'plane, eighty balls which were covered in white cloths to prevent them bouncing when they struck the ground, and he had to find each of the eighteen greens by dropping the balls as he flew around, each one dropped counting a "stroke." Young went round in the fine score of 68, taking two hours, but the airman, in far less time, took only 29 "strokes."

A number of matches have been played between golfers and archers. Strange as it may seem, in almost every case on record the man with the bow and arrows has proved successful. But javelin throwers have met their match on the links. F. A. M. Webster and Miss Dora Roberts, using javelins and having a mark of 2 sq. ft. on each green as their objective, once played the late Harry Vardon and Miss Gordon Robertson, who used their ordinary clubs. The golfers conceded two-thirds in the matter of distance and won by the wide margin of five and four. Webster's best throw, it is recorded, was one of 160ft.

Cross-country games frequently arouse interest on account of their sporting element. They need careful planning and usually the participants are allowed to tee up their balls before taking a stroke. Hedges, houses and ditches are apparently obstacles that these sturdy golfers can overcome with ease.

To date the longest "hole" played was between the first tee on the Radyr course to the last hole at Southerndown, Glamorgan, which measures fifteen-and-a-half miles as the crow flies. The two golfers, P. Rupert Phillips and W. Raymond Thomas, who played this hole in 1920, covered approximately 20 miles. They were wagered that they would not hole out in 1,000 strokes. Actually they needed only 608. They began on December 3rd and finished two days later. They carried with them large ordnance maps, and knowing the country they had to cover I can imagine they needed them!

In the minutes of the Royal Edinburgh Burgess Society it is recorded that in 1815 a Mr. Brown wagered a Mr. Spalding "one gallon of whisky that he would drive a ball over Arthur's Seat in 45 strokes from the Burntisfield links." Arthur's Seat—which is a high hill overlooking the Scottish capital—is 827ft. above sea level. Mr. Brown accomplished his task in 44 strokes and won his gallon of whisky.

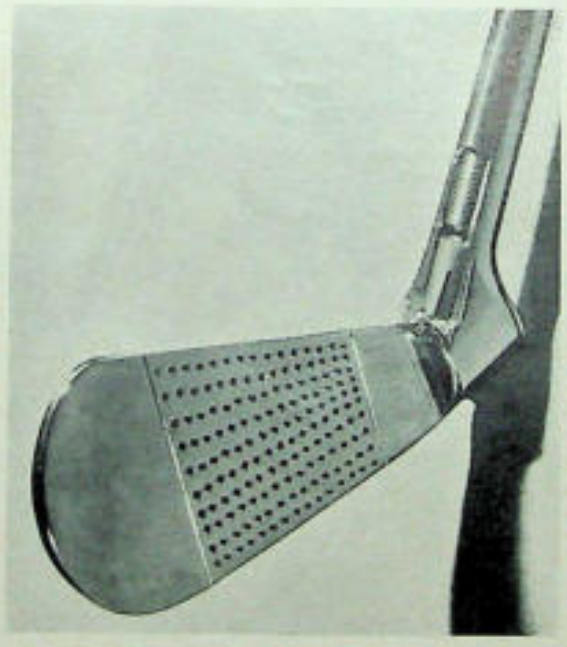
Golfers, too, have played through the streets of London, from Piccadilly Circus to the Royal Exchange, and one recalls the instance of a player starting early one morning from the City and finishing at a club in the West End inside the limit of the permitted strokes to win his wager, with apparently no windows broken and no balls lost.

The late Freddie Tait, one of the finest golfers that have ever lived, was not so fortunate in the result of one wager he made in 1898. He had backed himself to play a gutty ball in 40 teed shots from the Royal St. George's Clubhouse, Sandwich, to the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal about three miles away. He had to hole out by hitting any part of the Deal Clubhouse. He did this with his 32nd shot, the ball disappearing through a window. But the stake he won was "considerably depleted" by compensation to a serving maid, who was cleaning silver when the final shot came through the window and put her out of action and into hysterics.

SEVEN CLUBS IN ONE

IN a recent issue of the *Field* mention was made of a club with an adjustable head which made it serve for several irons. Since then we have received particulars of the "Whole-in-One" club which fulfils this function.

There would seem to be every prospect of the war conditions giving a large measure of popularity to such a golfing iron which provides no less than seven clubs in one shaft. Members of the three Services often have opportunities for golf, but, as a rule, have no facilities for stowing a full bag of clubs and in the "Whole-in-One" club the inventor's genius has provided an adjustable club with which, if desired, a full round can be played from tee to hole, even to getting out of bunkers.



THE "WHOLE-IN-ONE" CLUB AS NO. 1 IRON OR PUTTER



AS MASHIE OR NIBLICK

In both pictures the shank is cut away to show the driving screw-end of shaft and gunmetal wedge pressing on threaded end of shank

The illustrations here given indicate the simplicity of the device to unlock the movable head and alter its adjustment to the desired degree of loft, and to secure it firmly in the playing position.

By means of a *left-handed* thread at the end of the steel shaft a gunmetal wedge is driven down on to the threaded shank of the club-head to give the locked position. When this has been done, no matter how hard the ball may be struck the head cannot shift. Impact tends to tighten the wedge. Only a slight twist of the shaft is needed for the adjustment required, and a vernier indicates the number of the club (1, 2, 3, &c.). The fact that the method employed is *internal* to the club ensures perfect balance and requires only a small enlargement of the shank. In appearance the club is hardly distinguishable from an ordinary iron. All parts are rustless and no oil is needed.

The club may be obtained from leading London sports stores, and it should be appreciated as a Christmas or New Year gift.

RESULTS OF CROSSBREEDING AND INBREEDING

By A. CROXTON SMITH

MY article on the interbreeding of a basset and bloodhound, published a few weeks ago, provoked discussion when a few of us met together afterwards. One of my old friends, who remembered the experiment made by Sir Everett Millais, contended that the effects would soon wear off, and that at the end of a few generations back to one of the breeds making the outcross matters would be just the same as they were before. Expressed in mathematical terms, as the parental influence used to be before Mendel was re-discovered, it follows that very little of the blood of the breed used in the first cross, and then discarded, can remain by the fifth generation. Mendelism has demonstrated, however, that the question of inheritance is not as simple as that.

Those who have practised crossbreeding with the object of improving the stamina of a strain believe that the effects linger long after all physical evidences have disappeared. I should not care to say that there is scientific justification for such a belief. Scientists talk about hybrid vigour, the vigour that often follows a first attempt at crossbreeding. In his little work on "Heredity" Dr. F. A. E. Crew explains that "frequently the crossbred offspring are stronger, attain a larger size, mature in a shorter time than either parental stock, and not uncommonly they possess notable powers of resistance to unfavourable conditions."

But he points out that this is not invariably the case, and that "in order to obtain this hybrid vigour in any degree, it is essential that the two parental stocks shall be unrelated, pure bred, and that each shall itself be possessed of qualities that, in the opinion of the breeder and in relation to the object of the crossing, are excellent." He further mentions that the hybrid vigour decreases in subsequent generations. Unless my memory is sadly at fault, the effects of Everett Millais' bloodhound-basset cross, bred back to the pure basset, were more enduring, being noticeable principally in increased size. Those of the fourth and fifth generation that came into my hands were also more resistant to distemper, though this was a result that might not have been anticipated, as bloodhounds were more susceptible to the disease than bassets.

The effects of environment upon the constitution might very well be considered more closely by breeders, the opinion being that the blood of an animal reared far away from the home kennel is a useful refresher. There is some method in those who have occasionally bought dogs from America for breeding.

The question of inbreeding is the converse of what I have been writing. To many the practice is anathema, though I am convinced that most skilful breeders resort to it with benefit to their strains. After all, most of the famous herds of cattle were first built up on this system, and so long as it is exercised intelligently it is calculated to do more good than harm by stamping in characters that we desire to obtain.

Everything depends upon the constitutions of the animals used, for harmful points can be implanted as surely as those that are beneficial. It has to be done with great care and an intimate knowledge of the back history of the two parents; otherwise incalculable mischief may result. I cannot see any sense in mating brother to sister, as is sometimes done, for surely that gets us to a standstill, whereas the object of inbreeding is to fix characters that are usually more apparent on one side than the other.



THE HEATH GARDEN
An excellent example of what can be achieved by the judicious employment of heath

WINTER FLOWERING HEATHS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW shrubs or sub-shrubs require so little attention and afford such delightful colouring as the heaths, and those that flower during the bleakest weeks of the year are especially valuable. The tree heaths are not too hardy, but *E. carnea* in all its varieties and *E. darleyensis* are perfectly hardy. Further, these heaths, unlike most of the species, do equally well, whether lime is absent or present in the soil. Indeed, many growers assert that they do better with lime. And the foliage of heaths is always so satisfying at all seasons and, further, makes a good setting for other shrubs and plants.

Heaths are admirable for gardens where labour has to be considerably reduced. They require the minimum of attention, and in mid-winter when every other shrub looks battered the heaths remain in perfect condition. Neither gales nor torrents of rain affect them.

The first of the winter flowering heaths to blossom is *E. darleyensis*. This hybrid grows nearly 18in. high, is bushy in growth, and the flowers are rose-pink. It usually begins flowering in late November and goes on until May. Then follow *E. carnea praecox*, King George, quickly followed by Queen Mary and Winter Beauty. The time of flowering varies considerably according to the district, but in mild parts of the south-west King George is often in bloom very soon after Christmas. Best of all the later flowering hybrids is, I think, Vivelli, not only for the beauty of its flowers of the richest blood-red, but for the fact that all through autumn and early winter its foliage is a most attractive reddish bronze. Masses of it are most effective, even when not in flower.

Springwood white is generally acknowledged to be the best of the whites, but Cecilia Beale, rather more of a dwarf sort, is about a fortnight earlier. The comparatively new Springwood pink is charming.

The placing of heaths in the average garden is not easy. They are apt to look out of place in formal surroundings. In one garden I know the entrance drive is bordered with various *E. carnea* hybrids. During the bleakest weeks of the year the drive is aglow with the warm colourings of the flowers, and in summer the evergreen foliage is pleasantly restful and, unlike most edgings, requires no attention at all.

In another garden I know these heaths form the thick edgings round the rather large rose beds immediately in front of the sitting room windows. Even in winter the rose garden has a cheery appearance, and in summer the broad evergreen edgings make a most attractive foil for the roses.

My favourite amongst the winter-flowering heaths is *Erica lusitanica*. Its flowering period is longer than that of any heath, with the possible exception of *E. darleyensis*. In mild parts the first flowers begin to open, and by May the slender pale green spires are terminated with beautiful fox-brush heads of pink-tipped white flowers. The bright red stamens give an exquisite touch of colour to the snowy flowers.

The faint scent of the flowers is delightful, a quintessence of all the varied fleeting scents of wide open spaces in spring time. *E. lusitanica*, unlike many heaths, seldom makes an untidy straggling bush. It is always graceful and shapely, and the foliage in winter and early spring is a peculiarly lovely moss green.

This beautiful heath, which is a native of south-west Europe, was introduced about a century ago, and even in parts that are only fairly mild it seeds itself. But it is not a heath to expose to cutting winds, for in exposed positions the foliage suffers badly. Its hardiness seems to increase with age. *E. Veitchii*, which is generally believed to be a hybrid of *E. lusitanica* and *E. arborea*, has the same beautiful foliage, and though also rather tender it is a more vigorous grower than either of its parents.

E. mediterranea is usually listed as a spring-flowering heath, but the white form which is even more tender flowers rather earlier. In mild parts it makes bushes 6ft. to 8ft. high, and its rose-red flowers borne in such profusion from March to May are exquisite, and they are honey-scented. In spite of its name this heath is a native of inland parts of the south of France and Spain, the coastal parts of the Bay of Biscay, and Galway in Ireland. It was one of the first foreign heaths grown in these islands, and, according to Aiton, was introduced in 1648.

E. arborea was introduced a few years later. In mild parts this heath grows about 10ft. high and there are specimens about 20ft. high. Like *E. mediterranea* it flowers in March and April and the flowers have the same sweet scent. It is a rather tender plant, but it seems strange that *E. arborea alpina*, which was introduced about 30 years ago, is not more commonly grown, as it is exceptionally hardy. It is a native of the Cuenca Mountains in Spain and grows at an altitude of over 4,000ft. Like those of the type the flowers are white, and the foliage is a rich green.

The showiest of the tree-heaths is *E. australis*, a native of Portugal, introduced by the Earl of Coventry in 1769. Its rich purple red flowers produced in April and May are striking. In common with the other tree heaths it is rather tender. *E. australis* var. Mr. Robert, is a beautiful white-flowered variety.

Although *E. stricta* flowers in summer it is a charming feature in the winter garden, for the seed heads which hang on all through winter are such an attractive pinkish brown. The foliage, too, is a rich green. This heath grows about 6ft. to 8ft. high, but it has the merit of flowering when only a foot high.

IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

FEW vegetables can be sown now but it is well worth risking small sowings of longpod broad beans and early peas, as the soil is warmer now than it will be in January. I have sown broad beans in my garden in Surrey on December 20th and had a crop nearly as early as sown at the end of November. On cold soils and in bleak parts, however, it is waste of time and seeds.

Crops in the open need attention. Broccoli, for instance, benefit by having pea-sticks stuck slantwise amongst them; this not only supports them in case of strong winds but affords a good deal of protection from frost. All decayed leaves should be continually removed from Brussels sprouts, spinach beet, seakale beet, &c. These yellowing leaves not only harbour pests but they keep light and air from the plants.

If any green vegetables, such as sprouts, savoys, &c., have to be brought in in a spell of severe weather it is best to gather them the day before and put them in a frost-proof shed or a cool room to get the frost out of them. Brought into warmth when thoroughly frosted they go sappy and are unfit to cook.

Certain vegetables are much better for being "frosted," notably parsnips and carrots. The taste for young carrots always strikes me as unnatural. Like all immature fruits and vegetables they have a raw flavour, whereas the mature roots are sweet and rich. The craze for lifting and storing carrots, too, always strikes me as odd. They are perfectly hardy and only taste sweeter after severe frost. There is no comparison between roots that have been just lifted and those that have been out of the ground a few days. As for those that have been out of the ground for weeks they always taste dead to me.

Formerly raw carrots were highly appreciated for their remedial value. Finely grated, newly-lifted roots are full of a sweet juice, delicious and perfectly digestible, far more digestible indeed than cooked roots. Like apples, carrots turn colour if exposed long to the air, so the roots should be grated only just before required for the table. If they have to be grated long before, cover with a plate until it is time to serve them.

Raw carrot, celery with mayonnaise sauce and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley served in cup-like lettuce leaves make an excellent mid-winter salad. Another good mixture can be made with chopped chives or Welsh onion, parsley, grated apple and grated carrots with cold horse-radish sauce. Or the grated carrots can be mixed with the minced young leaves of savoys and a little lemon juice.

I find that the easiest way of mincing any winter greens, such as Brussels sprouts, cabbages, savoys, &c., is to take the leaves directly after they have been washed and put them moist through the mincer. If the leaves are dry they come through in small, dry, and not very appetising fragments, but put through just moist they come through almost like a purée.

Raw green vegetables are more digestible than cooked, and eaten raw neither the valuable salts nor the vitamins are lost; to say nothing of saving the trouble and fuel and cooking.

Fully matured carrots take a considerable time to cook and now that fuel is such a consideration, the easiest method is to cut them in thin rings and boil them in as little water as possible in a pan with a tight fitting lid. The little liquor left should be used for vegetable soup. There is a new roaster on the market which is a combination of baking and stewing and I find this invaluable for baking large roots. We put about an inch of water in the roaster, put in the roots, and in a hot oven they cook in about half the time it takes to boil or steam them whole.

In regard to Welsh onion (*Allium fistulosum*) mentioned above, I wonder this is not more commonly grown. In spite of its popular name it is a native of Siberia and is the hardiest of all the onion tribe. It was formerly very popular with Welsh cottagers. This onion forms no bulbs, it is a perennial, and throughout winter the "grass" can be gathered for salads, &c.

Compost heaps are greatly improved by turning and if there is any spare time in mid-winter it is time well spent to devote it to this job. It is a good plan to put all the stems of the early Brussels sprouts on the site before piling the heap on it.

Incidentally, old Brussels sprouts stems can be put to good use where saladings are scarce. Put, even without soil, in any dark shed or cellar, they soon throw out young growths which are so tender that they can be used for salads. The more complete the darkness, the tenderer the growths. We find that they are best put in a cellar.

E. S. R.

MANAGING THE MARKET GARDEN

Disposal of Produce in War Time

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

FARMERS to-day are taking over many of the crops that have been grown intensively by market gardeners in the past. Because of mass production and mechanical cultivation the large-scale farmer can grow certain crops cheaply, though the produce may not be quite of such high quality. Peas produced by the twenty or thirty acres never sell at such a high price, for example, as peas grown by the half acre or in an intensively cultivated market-garden. In the former case the trade describes them as "field peas" and in the latter as "garden peas."

Despite this, crops such as spring cabbage, brussels sprouts, broccoli, beetroot and so on, are being grown by the thirty or forty acres in many of the Home Counties. They require little man-power per acre and so on a mechanised farm costs can be kept low. It has been said that a good crop of cabbages can be produced on the large farm scale for as low as £20 per acre. The small market-gardener cannot compete with this.

The small market-gardener should, therefore, aim at quality together with earliness. He can ensure this by the plentiful use of manure, high cultivation and attention to detail. He should not take more land than he can cope with adequately; capital sufficient to work five or six acres really well is totally inadequate for twelve or fifteen acres in the same branch of culture. Success may be attainable on a small area, but attempting to work a larger plot with insufficient capital usually ends in failure.

The small man will need his frames and cloches to ensure earliness. He should invest in an overhead irrigation plant, which will enable him to have his vegetables on the market any time, even during a continuous drought. He will adopt all sorts of devices for forcing, forwarding and protecting.

It will depend to a great extent on the soil and the district as to what crops he will concentrate on. On the "moss" or peaty land it may be celery. In the south-west it will probably be broccoli or lettuce. In war time, when carrots are so badly needed, a nice sandy loam will be welcomed and on this land several crops a year could be produced. Bedford has concentrated on onions, and does them well, and onions—like carrots—will be needed badly next year.

It will depend to a certain extent on the way the produce is to be marketed as to what crops are chosen. There seem to be three distinct divisions into which the business of market-gardening may be separated:—(1) The specialised growing for the cannery; (2) The growing for sale in special, and perhaps, restricted markets; (3) The growing of produce for sale by commissioned salesmen in the public markets of our large towns and cities.

When growing for the canner it is necessary to grow varieties suited to this particular industry. A definite contact should be made between the manager of the factory and the owner of the market garden, it being often customary for the former to supply the seed. On the whole, this type of vegetable culture is more suited for large-scale production.

The growing for sale in the special markets is one which often appeals to the man with a small acreage. He restricts his crops to those for which his soil and situation are best adapted. He becomes known as a specialist and as a specialist he will be soon much sought after. He may be prepared to grow intensively and thus to grow crops which the mechanised farmer can never hope to cultivate successfully. By his intensiveness he will produce the really choice crops.

He may decide to try the direct sale to shops, hotels, restaurants and private customers. In this case it may be necessary to produce a wide range of varieties, combined with uniform and regular supplies. This outlet for his produce, however, will be free of the ruinously low terms which too frequently come from a glutted market, and the grower should be able to obtain remunerative prices.

To make a success of such a venture it is advisable to have some keen young person, preferably a young woman, to develop the selling side and to be entirely responsible for it. She should interview customers and keep them satisfied, find and secure new business, and take that very important interest in salesmanship which the grower will not be able to do. He should concentrate on growing and on keeping the saleswoman supplied with all she needs.

When growing for the public markets the crops on any particular farm or market garden may be limited, the aim being to produce at stated times large supplies of those vegetables for which the land is best adapted. Crops in which bulk is small, in relation to value, or those which need not be sent to the market immediately they are ready, will usually be grown in favourable districts a long distance from markets.

Green vegetables will be grown as a rule within a comparatively few miles of the greatest centres of population, and then the produce can be conveyed to market by road and will arrive in a fresh condition. It is under these circumstances that the prices obtained for bulky green crops are the more profitable.

The grower can, under this scheme, confine his attention to the cultivation of the land and the production of the crops, but he must be just as expert in the cleansing, grading and packing. The highest prices are always obtained for vegetables that are presented in an attractive manner. He should be prepared to visit the markets from time to time and compare his produce with others. He should take the advice of the salesmen who have to sell his produce on commission.

The great drawback to this scheme is that the produce (especially in the case of leaf and stem vegetables) must be sent when ready, no matter what the state of supply and demand may be, and will thus be sold for whatever it will bring. Should the market be glutted there may be no demand at all. It is to be hoped, however, that in war-time gluts will not be allowed, and market gardeners will be so organised that they will be instructed where to send their produce if and when one particular market cannot absorb it. It is often the case, in peace-time, that London, say, is glutted with cabbages and lettuces and Manchester and Liverpool are crying out for them.

AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH GRANTS.—The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society has approved grants for research totalling over £2,000, including grants for £300 to the Rothamsted Experimental Station, £200 to the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, and £300 to the Norfolk Agricultural Station for experiments on the cumulative effects on a light arable soil of various methods in the disposal of beet tops and straw.

Mr. John Evens, for 57 years a member of the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, and one of the original founders of the Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn Association, has been elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society for 1940.



MOTOR CULTIVATION THROUGH THE LETTUCE CROP
Economical on petrol and an ideal little machine for the small man

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF KEEP

The Value of Roots

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

EVEN in time of peace farmers are always faced with the problem of keep, although they may be able to purchase as much concentrates as they wish.

How much more is this problem accentuated in time of war, when we are unable to obtain all the feeding stuffs we may require, but at the same time desire to maintain just as large a head of live stock as before.

That is where we have to use our brains and our ploughs to grow for ourselves crops that will make up the deficiencies, and which will render us as independent as possible.

I feel that we may have to adopt methods which for a long time some of us have considered out-of-date because, by using these methods, we shall be able to combine the production of home-grown feeding stuffs with the production of farm-yard manure. And we need that manure, too, for we are not able to state certainly that we shall get all the artificials we have become accustomed to using, and which we need.

This time we start with a crop in hand which in 1914, and the war years that followed, we knew little or nothing about. I refer to sugar beet, and I feel confident that this crop is going to gain in popularity when it is more fully realised how many useful purposes it fulfils.

We need not go into the value of the sugar it produces, for this article is intended to deal with feeding stuffs for live stock; but there are other uses to which it makes a valuable contribution. The tops and crowns are a food upon which most classes of stock thrive, and it is estimated that the yield of tops and crowns is almost equal to the weight of beet per acre.

Moreover, it is stated by those who have put the crop to a practical test that twenty-five acres of tops are equivalent in value to fifteen acres of turnips.

Tops make an excellent feed for sheep if folded on them, or they can be carted off and fed to cattle in yards, on the pastures, or to the dairy herd.

Then, too, there is the beet pulp which, fed moist or dry as the case may be, is yet another valuable factor in the beet crop.

It may well be that many a farmer who, previously, has disliked the crop may be anxious to grow it in the coming year, not only because it is a cash crop, but because of its feeding value.

Then, too, I think we shall see a larger acreage of mangolds grown than for some years past. The mangold may be an expensive root to grow, under certain conditions, but it provides the heaviest crop of all per acre, when the land is well done and, which is *most important*, mangolds will keep in a clamp or store and are thus available for many months.

I am thinking of the much greater amount of straw that should be in the country next harvest-time as the result of the ploughing up campaign, and the value it will have towards helping out with keep, and at the same time with farmyard dung as well. Good oat straw, some rough hay, and a ration of mangolds fed to young cattle, that are yarded and not allowed to remain on the pastures all the winter, should result in a yard of dung which will help keep up the fertility of the land. To advocate yarding cattle again during the winter may seem, to some, a reversion to a method we had discarded long ago as being uneconomic, but during such an emergency as the one now present we have to reorientate our ideas.

Again, is not some of the finest Scotch beef produced on oat straw and white turnips? We have simply got to make more use of home-grown crops, and so we must turn again to the mangold, to the swede, and to the kales.

At a pinch mangolds can be folded off by sheep, but unless the case is desperate this is not the most economical way of using a crop that will keep from November to June. Cabbage is a hungry crop, needing land in the best of good heart, but it is one that we should consider.

Catch crops have the advantage of providing keep and at the same time of being off the land in time to put in another crop, and of these, where a flock is kept, tares or vetches are most popular, for, sown at fortnightly intervals, they provide a succession of keep.

Tare seed, however, is usually very dear, and also might not be obtainable to sow largely-increased acreages.

Talking to a practical expert the other day he told me of a catch crop he greatly favours, namely, a mixture of oats and peas sown in good time in March or early April, and well manured with phosphates and nitrogen. The seeding is about three bushels of oats, and one bushel of peas per acre. This can be cut for nourishing hay about the end of June, just as the oats come into ear and the peas in bloom, and the land can then be ploughed for another crop.

PRESERVING SHOOTING AMENITIES—I

By REGINALD DAVEY

ONE of the most pressing problems on an estate is the best way in which to preserve the coverts and general shooting amenities during the present troublous times. It is not so much a matter of the landowner wishing to reserve for his post-war years the pleasures to which he has always been accustomed. Few are in the happy position to enjoy their own shoots.

Nowadays it is a question of making ends meet on an estate, and the shooting rights have in many cases proved a most valuable source of revenue, producing rents of 2/6 per acre in ordinary cases, rising to as much as 10/- in favoured districts for choice shoots.

Sporting is rightly regarded as a valuable estate asset, and one not lightly to be overlooked. It is not only the keeping of a head of birds on the land. This may well be out of the question, and, after all, it takes but a single season to rear quite a large head. It is not even a matter of keeping down vermin, important as this task is when rearing and shooting is in full swing. A determined keeper can clear a most vermin-infested wood in a very few weeks, if he has little else to engage his attention.

It is, therefore, clear that a year's work will suffice to replenish the stock of pheasants and get vermin under control, and the second season after the war should see everything in full swing, if, and only if, the coverts and flushing points, but most of all the coverts, are still in good condition.

This question of coverts is the crux of the problem, for deterioration is apt to be rapid, and other nationally important calls are made on woods in war time. The other task of estate woodlands, the production of timber, is often regarded as diametrically opposed to game interests. Unless there is skilful co-ordination of the woodland policy with both interests in mind, either the keeper or the forester is liable to get the upper hand. When this happens the woods will tend to become either an unproductive pheasantry, or a birdless timber factory.

Both extremes are to be avoided, and in normal times a satisfactory compromise is readily attainable. The immediate call on estate woodlands is to make good the reduced imports of coniferous timber and pitprops, much of which is shut up in the Baltic. This places the accent upon the timber production side of woodlands, and it is but commonsense that game requirements take a back seat.

While it is highly unlikely that the Timber Control Board will press owners to fell timber or plantations which were planted for amenity purposes, and whose loss would have a serious effect upon the value of the mansion or estate, it is certain that a strict interpretation will be placed upon the word amenity. Probably it will apply to spinneys and copses near the mansion and around the park, and to shelter belts needed for agriculture. To stretch the term to cover pheasant coverts *per se* will scarcely meet with approval.

Landowners generally are responding magnificently to the call for mature conifer saw timber, and to the clear felling of young plantations for pitwood. This murder of thriving areas between 20 and 35 years old is unfortunately inevitable, the produce from thinning, even when carried out on the heaviest scale, being entirely inadequate to meet the large demand.

The cutting of mature trees is, generally speaking, unlikely to have any serious effect upon the shooting. The keeper may desire to retain them for roosting, as a rise for his birds, screen for the guns, or simply because he dislikes any form of change. These objections will not be serious, and the most likely case of a valley to which the birds resort on windy nights can be met by leaving a few trees for roosting. In a sheltered position they will not be likely to blow over, and the reduction of timber volume will be negligible.

The removal of areas of young conifers are on a different footing. The forester will hate the idea as strongly as the keeper, and between them they will hatch some pretty plausible reasons for retaining the plantations. If the owner is to come to a right decision he must be able to sift the wheat from the chaff, and not rely entirely on what he is told.

A covert is the home of the pheasant, and being a rather particular tenant he requires certain minimum conditions of comfort. First of all there must be concealment, so that he feels safe. This involves a growth of ground vegetation, found typically in the old-fashioned timber and underwood system typical of Kent and other counties. A similar condition results when light demanding trees, such as oak, ash and larch, near maturity. The openness of the canopy then admits sunlight, and as a direct result vegetation begins to clothe the ground.

But the concealment must not be too complete. He will not enter the sepulchral spruce woods typical of Continental forestry. No shade bearing species will make a covert, as witness any wood of beech or Douglas fir. Even with the right compromise between concealment and light and air, the trees, even of most open form, must not be so close together as to impede his flight into and out of the covert.

Draught is one evil which will cause immediate evacuation of a wood. As a plantation nears its twentieth year the growing together of the crowns kills the lower branches and ground vegetation, and creates a kind of tunnel, which is generally draughty. This can be prevented by previous planting of dense shrubs around the area, and when this has been done the covert value will be prolonged beyond the twentieth year, even though the item of concealment is sadly lacking.

Generally speaking the clearing of plantations of the 20 to 35 years age classes means the removal of areas whose direct value as coverts has lapsed, so that the shoot would not normally suffer. On the other hand the trees may have a value for roosting, owing to a suitably central or sheltered situation. Pheasants like larch for this purpose, but the depredations of two-legged "vermin" make it desirable that they should roost in an evergreen. Spruce and Douglas fir are excellent, owing to their horizontal branch growth. An old oak, covered with ivy, is as good as anything, and from all points of view the roosting argument is likely to be easily countered.

With more substance is the view that a plantation may act as a shelter screening a neighbouring covert from the prevailing wind. This function is very important, and to remove the whole of such an area may spell ruin to an important drive. In a case like this, if genuine, it is usually possible to fell all save a belt, perhaps 15yds. wide.

The general conclusion is that the wish to retain a fine young plantation is very likely to become father to the thought that its removal will irreparably damage the shooting amenities. In fact, this is most unlikely, and with goodwill on both sides any possible harmful effect can easily be provided for.

FARMING IN WAR TIME

The following is from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

BRITAIN RETURNS TO THE PLOUGH.

IN spite of difficulties, farmers are responding to the best of their ability in their task of ploughing an additional 1,500,000 acres for next harvest. Good progress is being made, although the effort is being demanded from an industry that has been facing many years of depression and whose financial resources were wellnigh exhausted at the outbreak of war. The war has already imposed on them increased costs.

It is, therefore, a great achievement that a number of countries already have in prospect the initial quota of extra arable acres for which Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith appealed. This is a tribute alike to the farmers' patriotism and to their trust in the undertaking that the country will see that they shall not suffer by what they are now doing to consolidate the "food front."

It would be unfair, at this early stage, to compare the acreage in the different counties that has been promised for additional ploughing. Each county has been given its task, but it cannot be pretended that it is uniform for all the counties with their varying conditions of soils and farming practice.

It is urgently hoped that not one favourable day will be lost in speeding the plough. But any county that is behind-hand on account of weather conditions may take heart from the knowledge that there will still be time to make up leeway in the spring.

The fact that when the farmer has done his ploughing he is still faced with the heavier cost of cropping the land only emphasises the fundamental importance of the Government's policy of ensuring to the producer remunerative prices. The addition of 4/6 per quarter for wheat and 3/- per quarter for oats grown under the peace-time conditions of 1938-39 may be regarded as a token of the Government's good faith.

The vast majority of farmers, it seems, are interpreting it in that way, for their voluntary response has been universal and very few compulsory orders have had to be served. This campaign, unprecedented in our history, to plough 1,500,000 additional acres in a single season, is moving steadily towards fruition. Yeoman England is once again playing its part.

These extra acres are essential in the national interest; but it is no less essential in the stockkeeper's own interest that he should be as independent as possible of arrivals of feeding stuffs from abroad. Therefore, although he may have



YOUNG CONIFERS
The bare stems indicate the passing of covert value

fulfilled the ploughing-up requirements of his County Committee, it should be no bar to his ploughing up even more land, if he has the opportunity, to feed his own stock.

With this end in view County Committees are now authorised to give increased freedom of cropping to applicants for the £2 per acre ploughing-up grant, and to encourage the growing not only of oats and barley for feeding but also rape, kale, roots and all fodder crops. At the beginning of the campaign it was desirable to ensure than an increase in the acreage of certain approved crops was secured; now every farmer should in addition strive to return to the practice of his fathers to make his farm as far as possible self-supporting.

Hand in hand with increased production of arable crops must go improvement of the remaining grassland so that it may produce grass food for the maximum number of stock.

FREE MARKET FOR FAT STOCK

Arrangements for the control of livestock marketing, including the purchase of the stock by the Ministry of Food, and for controlling the distribution of home-killed meat, have been under close examination, and certain adjustments are being made which will take some weeks to complete. As, moreover, the Government does not consider it desirable to introduce control during the period of the Christmas trade, it is proposed to postpone the introduction of control until the New Year.

The Government has recognised that the present system of partial control under the Maximum Prices Orders (which was only designed as an interim measure) was giving rise to increasing difficulties in the marketing of fat stock. In these circumstances, and having regard to the adequate supplies of fresh meat which are expected to be available over the Christmas season, the restrictions on marketing and the control of prices of fatstock, including pigs, were removed as from Friday, December 1st, until the date on which full control is established. This will be announced in due course.

The decision applies to all prices, both wholesale and retail. Before full control is introduced appropriate adjustments in the schedule of initial prices to be paid for fat stock, as published three weeks ago, will be made after consultation with producers' organisations. The revised schedule will take account of seasonal trends and other relevant factors.

INCREASING THE WHEAT YIELD

It is sometimes thought essential to top-dress cereals in February/March. This is still one of the most certain ways of increasing a late and backward crop—nitrogenous fertiliser applied at this time increases the number of tillers, and it must often be done if a full crop is to be obtained.

This fact, however, leads to another aspect of the matter. When a crop is already well tillered, the greatest increase in the yield is often obtained by a later dressing, say, between mid-April and mid-May. Fertilisers applied at this time increase the yield of corn without increasing the number of tillers. This is an advantage, since excessive increase in the number of tillers on each plant tends to more and weaker stem with little increase in yield.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA

BERMUDA, THE FAIRY ISLE

By DAVID CAMERON

THE oleanders, the brilliantly blue sea which changes to purple so unexpectedly, and the charming little white coral stone cottages, with the dark cedar wood and palm trees, are the most lasting impression that one keeps of a visit to Bermuda. The Irish poet Moore so rightly described Bermuda as "The Little Fairy Isle." One of the many charming things about the island is that there are flowers in bloom all the year round.

A lasting sight are the fields of Easter lilies, which are one of the few money-making products of the island. The bulbs are sold more or less to every European country, and in the U.S.A. there is a great demand for the flowers. Then there are the scent factories, the lily factory and the fidelwood factory, where the scent of the lily, along with that of other flowers, is extracted and has a ready market in the leading shops in New York. There are many other flowers exotic and simple which bloom profusely. No matter what time of year you visit Bermuda you will always find it fragrant with the scent of many flowers.

Nearly every roadway or path takes you to the gleaming coral beaches, where the water is always at a comfortable temperature for bathing and has an unusually invigorating quality. You are never more than a mile away from the sea. The tempering influence of the trade winds keep the temperature at moderate levels at all times.

Not perhaps in Hamilton, as there is too much traffic, but in other parts of the island, especially in the wooded Somerset, you will find the crimson cardinal and the blue bird, and hear their lovely songs, and also see the little chameleon peeping from a crannny in one of the low grey stone walls. There are many birds who frequent the island, but these mentioned, with the cat bird and the white-eyed vireo and a few others, are residents of the island.

The Government Aquarium, one of the most popular places to visit in Bermuda, is said to contain the world's finest collection of tropical fishes. Bermuda claims that the first penguin to be hatched in captivity was in the Bermuda Aquarium. The angel fish, shimmering with iridescent gold, blue and mauve, and the quaint little sea horses are just two of the many interesting inmates of the Aquarium. A tour of the sea gardens in glass-bottomed boats is also something that no visitor to the isles should miss. To look down into the depths of the sea and see all the wonders that are there—fish of myriad colours and lovely sea plants are sights that are rarely seen. Then there are the caves with domed roofs and thousands of stalactites and stalagmites. The crystal caves, I think, are the most beautiful, but all are interesting.

The ideal way to make the most of a short visit to Bermuda is to stay in Hamilton, at one of the many guest houses which are right down by the sea, where you can have a bedroom overlooking the sea, and at night be lulled to sleep by the gentle lap, lap of the water against the sea wall.

In the daytime, if you have a few idle minutes to do so, rest in the garden, which is usually gay with flowers and shady with cedar and palm trees, and watch the big ships, the sailing boats and the little rowing boats coming in and out of the harbour. Study a map of the island carefully so that you will be able to plan out where to go and what to see each day of your stay. Though Bermuda is only about nineteen miles in length, and about 100 miles altogether, there is a wide variety of sights and places of interest to see. An easy way of getting a general idea of the island is to go from Hamilton to St. George, in the little train that makes the round of the island from one end to the other, and then return by ferry; in this way one has a nodding acquaintance with all the parishes or "tribes," as they are called there, of Bermuda.

There are no motor cars to disturb the peace of the "Fairy Island," visitors and residents either hire or own bicycles, and the horse is still master of the traffic. You can hire a victoria, with a smiling dark-coloured driver, who may be depended on to point out to you all the places of interest as you go by, and tell you the names of the many trees that shade the winding roads cut out of coral cliffs. These trees include the native cedar, which resembles the Italian cypress, and seems able to grow out of solid rock. The scent of the cedar is very delicious; small sachets of the wood in tiny shavings make a delightful addition to the linen cupboards of the Bermudian housewife. Other trees which flourish, though not natives of the islands, are the fidelwood, a native of Barbados, and the allspice. An interesting fact about the fidelwood tree is that its leaves turn red in March and take on a fresh spring green in June, and a most delicious scent is made from its leaves. These three trees thrive in any soil, unlike some of the others which grow in the island (though only in certain soil) such as the whispering pine, the Norfolk Island pine, the monkey puzzle, the calabash and the ebony. Among the shrubs are speckled crotons, pigeon berries, the candelabra cactus, and the fragrant frangipani with its lovely white flowers.

Hamilton, the capital of the island, is a modern town with wide streets, fine buildings, shops equal to those of any European capital, and a magnificent cathedral, from the tower of which a splendid view of the town, its grand harbour, and all over the island can be obtained. St. George, the original capital, is an older town than Hamilton and has a much more foreign appearance. One of the many interesting old buildings is the church of St. Peter, where there is a three-tiered pulpit and some very beautiful old silver.

I have only mentioned a few of the interesting places and things to see in this lovely sub-tropical island, but I think that they will be sufficient to give some idea of its fascination. Bermuda's motto is "Quo Fata Ferunt" (Where our destiny leads us), and I think that it is a very fortunate destiny that leads anyone to the "Fairy Isle"—when the alarums and excursions of the present war are over.



OCEAN GARDENS

Maritime growths on the bed of the ocean are viewed through glass bottom boats



GATHERING EASTER LILIES

Easter lilies constitute one of the island's principal exports

CARE OF FARM TRACTORS

By W. G. McMINNIES

WHILE a farmer may take pride and pleasure in maintaining his private motor car in an efficient and presentable condition, he may not always lavish the same attention on his tractor and other farm implements. Yet they cost money, and his livelihood depends directly on their output of work. If the machine is held up for repairs which may be due simply to neglect in an earlier stage of its life, it is the owner who suffers. For this reason it behoves him to study and understand the details of his machine and to see that the very simple instructions that govern its care and maintenance are regularly carried out.

A piece of machinery that is properly cared for will last, perhaps, eight or ten times as long as a similar machine which has been neglected or misused—of this the ordinary motor car is a first-class example. For instance, a friend of mine and I bought a similar make of car at the same time. His was worn out and sold for a song after 10,000 miles, while mine was still going strong at 65,000—the difference was due to the fact that one car had been consistently over-driven and under-cared for, while the other had been carefully driven and regularly serviced.



LAND GIRLS AT THE WHEELS OF TRACTOR PLOUGHS

As the servicing of a tractor must be done on the farm a careful study of the instruction book will be necessary. One of the best books of the kind I have read is that dealing with the popular Fordson tractor, large numbers of which are in service all over the country. From it the following advice and information, most of which applies to tractors as a whole, has been selected as being of general interest.

To start with the importance of keeping the working parts regularly lubricated with the correct brands of oil or grease cannot be over-emphasised. Filters should be cleaned at the recommended intervals and the oil drained from the crankcase, gears and axle at the stated periods; generally given in the number of hours worked. All this is done best when the mechanism is warm and the old oil can flow more freely. New lubricant is then added.

When the crankcase has been drained it is inadvisable to flush it out with paraffin. On the other hand, the addition of ½ pint of oil to every gallon of fuel is a good thing as it acts as an upper cylinder lubricant and helps the valves to function freely. In the case of the Fordson the oil should be changed after the first 25 hours' running and then after every 50 hours' work.

One of the commonest faults in driving a tractor is to allow the engine to race. This sets up unnecessary wear and so reduces the life of the machine. For this reason when the engine is not under load its control should be set to an idling or slow-running position. For the same reason the engine should be warmed up slowly from cold and not raced up in order to secure quick vaporization by heating up the manifold. It is also bad practice to race the engine and let in the clutch suddenly when starting as this may tend to lift the front wheels off the ground. When running downhill, it is best to use a gear and rely on the governor to regulate the speed, instead of selecting neutral or proceeding with the clutch withdrawn.

In general one's policy should be to watch the tractor carefully during its early age and specially to see that all nuts and bolts remain tight, and that there are no oil leaks. During this running in period the machine should be treated with consideration, and in the event of difficulties arising with which the new owner is probably unfamiliar, it is advisable to seek the advice of the local dealer. As the tractor will have been delivered in perfect condition, the fault may be due to some misunderstanding on the part of the operator. And when a fault does develop it is a wise policy to have it put right at once instead of waiting till other faults occur. Systematic servicing is the best possible insurance for preserving the life of the machine.

Another way in which the life of the tractor may be preserved is by protecting it against the weather. It should always be covered up when left out in the open, and when it becomes scarred in service the raw metal should be repainted at once to prevent the formation of rust.

In tractors fitted with a paraffin-vaporizer a start from cold is made on petrol with the radiator blind pulled up fully. In 10 or 15 minutes in cold weather the vaporizer will be thoroughly warmed up, and the fuel control can then be changed over from petrol to paraffin. The radiator blind should be adjusted so that the cooling water maintains a temperature of at least 80 Cent. or 176° Fahr. A tendency for the radiator water to boil when the tractor is working hard in hot weather is not necessarily a sign that anything serious is amiss provided there are no leaks and that loss of water is made good.

When the engine has been running on paraffin and it is desired to stop work, the fuel should be turned off and the engine run slowly until it almost stops for lack of fuel. At this moment the petrol supply should be turned on and the engine run on it for a couple of minutes. This will obviate the difficulty in restarting as the heat stored in the manifold continues to vaporize the fuel after the engine is stopped. This causes flooding with too rich a mixture. The recommended procedure, by draining the paraffin from the system, ensures that a quick restart can be made on petrol. On the other hand, when running on petrol and contemplating a stop, slow the engine and run it for a minute or two in the idling position to cool off the valves before switching off. This action, which is equally applicable to private-car engines, will lengthen the lives of the valves.

Notes on changing engine oil have already been given, but a point not always appreciated in connection with changing the lubricant in the transmission system is that if this is postponed too long, or if too light an oil is used, the transmission will overheat and unnecessary wear will occur. Another point is that when the transmission has been drained of old oil, it is a good plan to flush it out with a little clean oil before refilling it finally.

As regards the lubrication of various points provided with nipples for engagement with a high-pressure grease or oil gun, the owner should make himself familiar with their position by studying the oiling diagram which will also give the periods at which these points should be serviced. It sometimes happens that difficulty is experienced in forcing the lubricant into the nipple which may have been damaged or stopped up with dirt. For this reason it is a good plan to have a few spare nipples available in order to replace those damaged. To neglect oiling a point because there is some difficulty in feeding it will only cause trouble in the long run.

Of special importance at this time of the year is the care of the radiator and cooling system. Rain water which is free from salts which may clog the circulation passages can be diluted in the proportion of 60 per cent. water, 10 per cent. glycerine and 30 per cent. alcohol in order to make up an anti-freezing mixture down to a temperature of 8° Fahr. Even then, in order to compensate for evaporization, alcohol must be added regularly. Naturally, if the tractor is left out on frosty nights and no anti-freezing mixture is used, the water must be drained out. Temporary radiator repairs can be made by stuffing white lead or brown soap into leaks. These should be permanently stopped by solder as soon as possible.

A few hints on the care of sparking plugs will not be amiss. When the faulty plug has been found by shorting each plug in turn with the engine running and noting the one which, when shorted, makes no difference to the sequence of the exhaust note, it should be removed, taken to pieces and cleaned with a tooth-brush dipped in petrol. Inside cleaning, it should be noted, is just as important as outside, but care should be taken not to scrape the glazed surface off the porcelain as if this were done the insulation would be affected. After assembly, the gap at the points should be set to .020 in. by moving the outer electrode towards the central one. If the adjustment is made by moving the central point there is a tendency to crack the porcelain.

If the tractor is to be laid up for some time, the engine oil should be drained out and the sump refilled with fresh lubricant. The engine may then be run for a few moments in order to distribute this clean oil. In some cases, it is recommended that a teaspoonful of oil should be introduced into the cylinders through the sparking plug holes in order to lubricate the upper cylinder walls. This may have some good effect if the tractor is not to be laid up for a long time, but if it is, my own idea is that a graphite running in compound introduced during service with the engine oil, would have more enduring effects. The engine dealt with, the radiator should then be drained and flushed out until the water comes away quite clean. Petrol and paraffin should be removed from the tanks and all points fitted with nipples given a good supply of lubricant from the gun. The tractor should then be stored in a dry place and covered with a tarpaulin. The battery should have been removed previously and sent to a service agent for expert maintenance during the laying-up period. This is a preferable plan to an attempt on the part of the owner to service the battery himself.



PEER'S DAUGHTER AND THE PLOUGH

Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of Lord Londonderry, makes a minor adjustment to the engine of a motor tractor given by the Women's Legion for the use of farmers and land owners in the Ards district of Ulster

BRIDGE

BIDDING AND PLAY

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

As a general rule it may be said that bidding mistakes are more costly than playing mistakes. This is particularly so in rubber bridge where the loss of one or two overtricks through faulty technique merely loses a few points. On the other hand, if one is in the wrong contract, however well the hand is played it may be impossible to get home. Where the standard of play is high it will be noticed that many of the swings occur because of some misunderstanding in the auction. Some difficult contracts, involving careful counting or awkward end plays will be made by only a few players, but on the whole there will not be a large difference in the points scored in play by any fairly large groups of good players. One will notice, however, that many points will be lost not only in difficult part score bidding, but by actually playing the hand in the wrong suit, no trumps instead of a suit, or *vice versa*. It cannot be too strongly urged that a player should make every effort to play the hand in the correct suit or in no trumps as warranted by the combined bidding of his own and his partner's cards. Having reached this standard he can begin to learn the finer points of play and then the finer points of the bidding. Sometimes, of course, in family bridge, one meets the contract player who has not played for several years and whose bidding is only distinguished by the lack of information given. In such cases it is usually extremely unwise to take any risks, particularly on slams, until one learns a little about the particular bidding eccentricities in which he indulges. However, in spite of every care, one sometimes cannot help getting into the wrong contract and then it is up to the declarer to use every possible artifice to make his call.

Often the only way to make a contract is to throw an opponent in the lead and hope that his return will be to one's advantage.

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

Y–Z Game and 60. A–B Love.

Y	B	Z	A
One Heart	No bid	Two Clubs	Two Diamonds
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Clubs	No bid
No bid	Double	Redouble	All pass

Z and B were the stronger players and of course were both out to score off one another. This probably accounted for the double and the final redouble, although both B and Z said they were justified on their partner's bids.

The opening lead of the King of Diamonds was taken by the Ace of Diamonds, the Ace of Hearts played and a Club led, Y's Queen being taken by B's King of Clubs. For want of a better lead, B returned a Heart which Z ruffed and led a small Club, taken by Z's 10 of Clubs upon which Y threw the 2 of Diamonds. A now led a Spade, the Queen of Spades was finessed and B took the trick with the King of Spades. B now returned a Heart, which Z again ruffed and followed by leading a Spade and finessing the 10 of Spades against A's Jack of Spades. The Ace of Spades was now led, discarding a Diamond from Z's hand and when A's Jack of Spades fell the 8 of Spades was led and another Diamond discarded, leaving the following situation:

	♠ None ♡ K, 8 ◇ J ♣ None	
♠ None ♡ None ◇ Q, 10, 6 ♣ None	Y A B Z	♠ None ♡ J ◇ None ♣ A, 9
	♠ None ♡ None ◇ 9 ♣ J, 8	

The King of Hearts was now led, Z's 9 of Diamonds discarded and since the lead was with Y, Z must make a trump trick for his redoubled contract.

In the next hand, the declarer made an initial blunder which he was very lucky to retrieve by a subsequent squeeze play.

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

Love All.

Y	B	Z	A
One Spade	No bid	Two Diamonds	No bid
Two Hearts	No bid	Three Spades	No bid
Four Spades	All pass		

B led the Ace of Clubs on which A threw the 10 of Clubs. B now led the King of Clubs and the 10 of Spades. Z, thinking that A had the King of Spades, played the Ace of Spades and another Spade, upon which B pounced with the King of Spades and returned the 9 of Spades, effectively preventing Y ruffing any Hearts. The lead of Y's last two trumps, however, squeezed B, since he could not keep both Hearts and Diamonds guarded.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

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

Z to make Seven Spades against a Diamond lead by A.

SOLUTION

The first Diamond lead is taken by the Queen, a Spade led and the 9 finessed. Dummy is now entered with the Queen of Hearts and Spades led again and the 10 finessed. Since A discards it is evident that Z's trumps must be reduced by two ruffs and dummy entered at the eleventh trick, so as to lead through B, and this requires three entries in dummy. The Ace and King of Hearts are played, the King of Diamonds and a Diamond ruffed. The 4 of Clubs is led, the Jack finessed and another Diamond ruffed and finally Dummy entered by overtaking the King of Clubs with the Ace.

CHESS

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A game from the match between England and Peru.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE. A. Dulanto. (Peru.)	BLACK. C. H. O'D. Alexander. (England.)	WHITE. A. Dulanto. (Peru.)	BLACK. C. H. O'D. Alexander. (England.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	18. Q to Kt 2	Q R to K sq (i)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	20. B to K 3	B to K 6 (j)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	21. Q to R sq	R to K 3 (j)
4. B to R 4	Kt to B 3	22. Kt to Q 2	B to sq 4
5. Castles	B to K 2	23. P to B 3	P to R 4
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4	24. R to B 2	P to Kt 4
7. B to Kt 3	Castles (a)	25. Q to Kt 2	P to K Kt 5
8. P to B 3 (b)	P to Q 4 (c)	26. R takes R (d)	Q takes R (e)
9. P takes P	Kt takes P	27. R to K sq	Q to Kt 2
10. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	28. P to Kt 3	P takes P
11. R takes Kt	P to Q B 3 (d)	29. Q to R 3 (g)	R to K B 5 (a)
12. R takes Kt	P takes R	30. Kt to B sq	K to R sq
13. P to Q 4	R to Q 3	31. R to K 3 (g)	R the R, ch (g)
14. R to K sq (e)	Q to R 5	32. Kt takes R (f)	P to B 5
15. P to K Kt 3	Q to R 6 (f)	33. Kt takes B	P takes P
16. Q to R 3	B to K B 4 (g)	34. R to Q B sq (a)	P to B 7, ch
17. Q to Kt 2	Q to R 4	35. K to R sq (f)	Q to K 5, ch
18. Q takes P (h)	Q R to Q sq		Resigns (n)

(a) The usual move is P to Q 2. The text-move, with the subsequent offer of the sacrifice of a pawn by 8. . . . P to Q 4, was introduced by Marshall in a celebrated game against Capablanca in the New York tournament of 1918.

(b) If 8. B to Q 5, then 8. . . . Kt takes B; 9. P takes Kt, Kt to Kt 5; 10. R takes P, P to Q 3 with a good game for Black. The best move is 8. P to Q R 4, *e.g.* 8. . . . P to Kt 5; 9. P to Q 4 (B to Q 5 is an alternative). P to Q 3; 10. P to R 3 and White has a good game.

(c) P to Q 3 would transpose into the usual line of play arising from 7. . . . P to Q 3.

(d) A recent improvement discovered by Marshall. His original line 11. . . . Kt to B 3; 12. P to Q 4, R to Q 3 is insufficient against 13. R to K 2, a move first pointed out by the late Amos Burn.

(e) If R to K 3, then P to B 4, threatening P to B 5.

(f) Black now threatens R to K Kt 5 in reply to which White cannot play P to B 3 because of the winning reply B takes Kt P.

(g) Threatening 17. . . . R to K 5. If now 17. Q takes P, then 17. . . . Q R to K sq; 18. R to K 3, Q to R 4 with a winning attack. If 19. Q takes K B, then 19. . . . R to R 6, threatening Q to Q 8, ch, and wins.

(h) Very risky. He should, instead, play P to B 3.

(i) R to K R 6 at once is a good alternative.

(j) An inferior move which allows White time to guard his K B 3 by Kt to Q 2. 20. . . . R to K 5, instead, would lead to a win for Black, *e.g.* 21. P to B 3, B takes B P; 22. Q to K R 2, B to R 3; 23. Kt to Q 2, Q to Q 3; 24. K to B sq, R to K 3; 25. B to B 4, B takes B; 26. P takes B, R to Kt 3.

(k) In the *British Chess Magazine* it is stated that when Black made his inferior 20th move he intended to continue with 21. . . . P to B 4, threatening P to B 5, but now saw that after 22. Q to Q 5, ch, K to R sq; 23. Kt to Q 2 (and Q takes B because of Q to R 6), Q to Kt 3; 24. P to K B 4 his attack would be at an end.

(l) If 26. P takes P, then 26. . . . P takes P followed, if 27. Q to B sq, by 27. . . . R takes Kt P or, if 27. Kt to K 4, by 27. . . . R takes R, and wins.

(m) Not 26. . . . R takes R because of 27. P takes P, P takes P; 28. Q to B sq. (28. . . . B takes Kt P is out of the question because of 29. R takes B).

(n) Not 29. Kt takes P because of 28. . . . Q to R 4; 30. R to K 3, K to R sq followed by 31. . . . P to B 5.

(o) This prevents White from playing P to B 4 with P to Q 5 to follow.

(p) If K to R sq, then B to R 5 followed by P to B 5.

(q) Beginning a neat combination which should, however, only have drawn.

(r) Not 32. R takes B because of 32. . . . P to B 5; 33. R moves, P to B 7, ch and wins.

(s) A fatal mistake. He should, instead, play 34. R to K B sq, *e.g.* 34. . . . P takes P, ch; 35. K takes P (not 35. K to R sq because of 35. . . . Q to Kt 7, ch; 36. Q takes Q, P takes Q, ch; 37. K takes Kt P, R takes R; 38. K takes P, R to R 7, ch), Q to Q 3, ch; 36. Q to Kt 3, Q takes Kt; 37. Q to K 5, ch, Q takes Q, ch; 38. P takes Q with a draw as the probable result.

(t) If K to B sq, then P to Kt 7, ch and wins for, if Q takes P, then Q to Q 6, mate.

(u) Black mates in two more moves.

A game from the match between Canada and Peru.

(French Defence.)

WHITE. Yanovsky. (Canada.)	BLACK. Dulanto. (Peru.)	WHITE. Yanovsky. (Canada.)	BLACK. Dulanto. (Peru.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	15. B takes P, ch	K to B sq (b)
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	16. Q to R 5	B takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	17. R takes B	Q to B 2
4. B to Kt 5	P takes P	18. B to K 4	B to Kt 2
5. Kt takes P	Q Kt to Q 2	19. B takes B	Q takes B
6. Kt to K B 3	B to K 2	20. Q to R 8, ch	K to K 2
7. Kt (3) takes Kt, ch	Kt takes Kt	21. Q takes P	R to K Kt sq(c)
8. B to Q 3	P to B 4	22. R tks P, ch	K takes R
9. P takes P	Q to R 4, ch	23. R to K sq, ch	K to Q 3
10. P to B 3	Q takes B P	24. Q to R 6, ch	K to B 4 (d)
11. Castles	Castles	25. R to K 5, ch	K to B 5
12. R to K sq	R to Q sq	26. P to Kt 3, ch	K to Q 6
13. Kt to K 5	P to Q Kt 3 (a)	27. Q to Q 6, ch	K to B 7
14. B takes Kt	B takes B	28. K to K 2, ch	Resigns.

(a) A mistake. He should, instead, play P to K R 3.

(b) If 15. . . . K takes B, then 16. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 17. Q takes P, ch, K to R 2; 18. R to K 3 with a winning game for White.

(c) This looks very powerful—but White has a fine reply.

(d) If 24. . . . K to B 2, then 25. Q takes B P, ch, K to B 3; 26. R to K 6, ch, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 4044

By T. R. DAWSON.*

WHITE (4 pieces): King at Q R 8, Rook at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q Kt 6, Pawn at Q R 4.

BLACK (6 pieces): King at Q B 3, Rook at K B 2, Knight at K R sq, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 2 and K 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* First prize, British Chess Problem Society, 1937.

PROBLEM No. 4045

By A. NAGLER.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at Q B 8, Queen at Q sq, Rook at Q Kt 3, Bishop at Q R 7, Knights at K 7 and Q B 8, Pawn at Q Kt 7.

BLACK (7 pieces): King at Q B 5, Rooks at K B 2 and K R 4, Bishops at K Kt 6 and K B 8, Knight at K R 7, Pawn at Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Schweizer Illustrierte Zeitung*, 1938.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4043

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

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 547

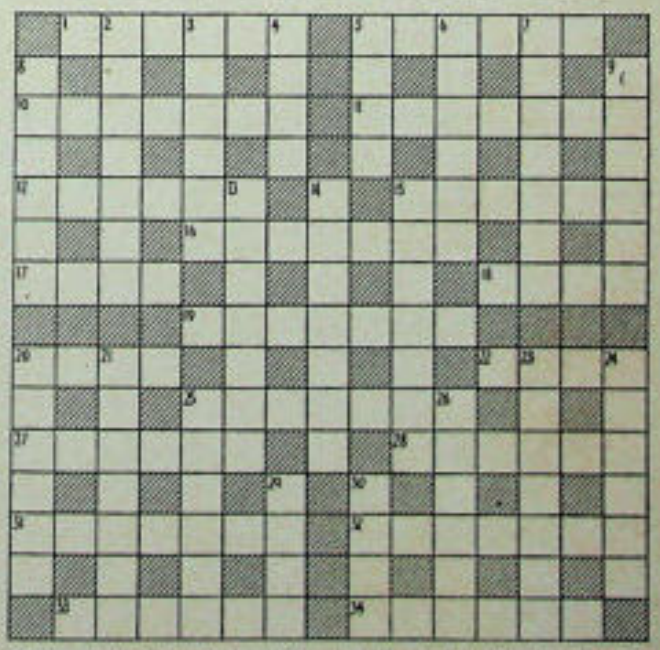
ACROSS.—1. Provides something for the batsman to take in hand (6). 5. How you should let a little of your field be left (6). 10. The prelude to a cat changing her coat (7). 11. Why lush the dazzling dog? (7). 12. This corn isn't corn (6). 15. The "truly" in "truly rural" (6). 16. Don't be gulled into thinking they have stables on the briny (7). 17. The fleet is to be found in Irish waters (4). 18. It supports Carl in the north (4). 19. Let loose the dogs (7). 20. Colloquial places of refreshment (4). 22. A race of forest stalwarts? (4). 25. A coin that is a bit over an eighth of an ounce (7). 27. Poles may often have gambled on having done this to their river craft (6). 28. Usually takes the lead in matters of training (6). 31. Where a noted race is held to reveal its own ancestry in Scottish parlance (7). 32. The beginner of an enterprise (7). 33. Cable from your liner or wire if stranded perhaps (6). 34. It was on this that Addonio rated Shylock (6).

DOWN.—2. A short fastener (7). 3. What winter does with the foliage on evergreens (6). 4. Something to put on a northern river (4). 5. A bird a note ahead of its wise colleague (4). 6. They are usually landed in Scotland (6). 7. A type of hop user who doubtless originated many fine straits (7). 8. Mere pace is insufficient in Russia it's plain (6). 9. This part of the farm shouldn't change much (6). 13. Having only a hemsh he ransacks the fowl-house for a comb perhaps (7). 14. How they'll charge me if I'm to take heirloom fruit! (7). 15. It's dreadful to find a loch needs more or less support (7). 20. An East London tree (6). 21. Such a stroke of luck may well turn its head (7). 23. There'd be a complaint if the food upset our Eastern friend (7). 24. Quite good croppers if properly set (6). 25. The knight's taken up with his plot; or what's left of it (6). 26. Certainly not the capital of Aragon (6). 29. Back the army to bring this up (4). 30. It's hot-headed in Tottenham (4).

SOLUTION TO No. 546

Published December 9th

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



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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division I. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Angling

Making and Maintaining a Club Trout Hatchery.—Unfortunately the old standard book on the subject of trout breeding for lakes, *An Angler's Paradise*, by J. J. Armistead, is long out of print, though copies might still be had through the second-hand trade. The arrangement and management of a hatchery, however, does not differ materially as between lake and streams. Some modern books containing a chapter or so on the subject are: *River Management*, by H. E. Towner Coston; F. T. K. Pentelow; and R. W. Butcher (Seeley, Service; 15/-). *Fishing in the Making*, by L. R. Peart (A. & C. Black; 10/6); *Fifty Years on the Test*, by C. E. Pain (Philip Allan; 10/6).—*M. C. C., Kilkenny.*

Country House

Cockroaches in Kitchen.—The specimens are immature examples of the common cockroach or "black-beetle." They always frequent warm places in buildings. As to how to rid one's place of these creatures it is by no means an easy matter. A powder consisting of three parts sodium flouride and one part pyrethrum powder may be sprinkled about the haunts of the cockroaches. Actually these chemicals are the basis of most of the commercial products prescribed for these insects. There are many other methods, such as traps consisting of a jam-jar containing a mixture of stale beer and bananas (peeled) with a cardboard lid having a hole big enough to enable the insects to gain access. From the hole a stiff paper cone with an opening at the apex wide enough to enable a cockroach to enter should be suspended. Once in, egress is difficult for the cockroach. Runways should be laid from the floor to the rim of the jar to enable the cockroaches to get up. It is also worth while to visit the room where these creatures occur after everything is quiet at night and to try killing them yourself. After all, the only real way to rid one's place of these things is to kill them all, so that if one carries on a war against them in conjunction with the powder and the trap which I have suggested, successful results should be forthcoming.—*H. A., Hawnst.*

Teak Garden Seats.—The best treatment for teak garden seats is a good brushing with a stiff brush to remove all dirt and lichen. Then rub in thoroughly raw linseed oil, the boiled oil is too sticky for the job.—*R. H., Bude.*

Gardening

Veitchberries.—The veitchberry is a strong grower, making magnificent canes quite 15ft. long, and as it is semi-erect requires comparatively little support. Birds attack the fruits in the same way as they attack raspberries, *i.e.*, when the fruit starts to ripen, but not when fully ripe. They soon desist, however, and netting is unnecessary. The fruits ripen after raspberries and before blackberries, and they are not really ripe till they are a very rich mulberry colour, and come so easily off the stem that they fall almost at a touch. It is a mistake to gather any of the blackberry tribe before the fruits leave the stems easily, because this is a sure indication that they are not fully ripe and consequently the flavour is not properly developed. Unlike some berries the veitchberry has the merit of being self-fertile.—*R. B., Surrey.*

Leaf Mould.—Leaf mould is a most valuable fertiliser and can be used direct on the bed, without previous preparation. If quantity is unlimited this is certainly the best course. Usually a method of increasing bulk is desired and this can be secured by making a clamp of 3in. layers of leaf mould and garden soil. This is also an excellent way of storing the mould, and even better if filled into a well-drained pit. In each case the rain should be prevented from washing out the manurial constituents, and some form of cover is essential. Rough bracken or heather thatch is excellent, if corrugated iron sheets are not available. There is little to gain by adding artificial fertilisers to the compost, and these are best sown direct into the bed. Sunlight should be kept off the compost heap, for it causes over-rapid oxidation and loss of manurial constituents. So the aim should be to store in a dry place, away from the direct rays of the sun.—*C. B. S., Macclesfield.*

Kennel

Books on Dogs.—*The Popular Cocker Spaniel*, by H. S. Lloyd, price 5/3 post free, and the *Bull Terrier*, by T. W. Hogarth, price 6/- post free, can be recommended. They are to be had from *Our Dogs*, Manchester. We do not know of a monograph on the springers. They are dealt with in general terms in the *Sporting Spaniel*, by Mr. C. A. Phillips and Colonel Claude Cane, price 5/10 in limp cloth, from the same publishers, but the book does not contain advice on breeding and rearing.—*K. B. M., Cobham.*

Poodles.—The dogs you describe in your letter are probably what are known as miniature poodles. They are charming little pets and are very intelligent. Two leading breeders are Mrs. Campbell Inglis, 20, Parkside, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W. 19, and Mrs. Boyd, Pipers croft, Nutharst, near Horsham, Sussex.—*S. P., Bournemouth.*

Flat-coated Retrievers.—Mr. H. Reginald Cooke, Dolhost, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, owner of the Riverside Kennels, which you say you know, is the biggest breeder of flat-coated retrievers for work or shoot. Other breeders are: Mr. W. J. Pfaizeckler, The Hill, Shuttington, Tamworth, Staffs; Mrs. P. M. Barwise, Newlands Farm, Winsor, Woodlands, Southampton; Mr. F. T. Allen, Peddars Way, Headlands, Kettering, Northants; Mr. W. Cass, Vineyard, Coggeshall, Essex.—*E. H. C., Grays.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Yew Poisoning of Pheasants.—From four estates we have received for post-mortem examination the bodies of pheasants which have been picked up in prime condition. In each case the cause of death was poisoning through the birds having eaten the leaves of yew, in two cases the birds had also eaten the berries. Poisoning by yew takes place within a few hours of the leaves having been eaten; almost invariably the birds eat the yew on an empty crop before the afternoon feed. On estates where keepers hand-feed before sundown, yew-poisoned pheasants usually reveal a good crop-full of corn following after the yew leaves. Thus keepers are advised to avoid laying feed in the vicinity of yew trees, in which the birds will await the keeper's arrival. Once the yew enters the gizzard, where trituration of the food takes place, the poison is liberated and the bird is rapidly overcome, loses consciousness and falls dead or dying from its perch. Thus the bodies are usually found in the morning, and there is seldom evidence of any struggling having occurred at the site. Yew poisoning of pheasants appears from our records to be confined to the period late September to December, and to birds of the year's hatch. We do not recall finding this poisoning in old birds.—*C. J., Cheshire; M., Anglesea; J. O. H., Herts; R. F. O., Lines.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

Shooting

Maximum Cartridge for Game Gun.—You could certainly use the Eley Maximum cartridge in it, firing 1¼oz. of shot, without imposing the least extra strain upon it. The only difference would be the extra recoil, which you might feel a bit if you fired very many shots, since your gun weighs 6¾lbs. With improved cylinder boring you would obtain a pattern of about 140 pellets with No. 5 shot in the 30in. circle at 40yds. This should be very deadly, being thick enough and having a reserve of penetration.—*B. H. H., Ivybridge.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

Full particulars regarding rates for trade advertisements can be obtained from the Advertisement Manager, The Field, 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE FIELD EACH WEEK

In order to ensure getting your copy of the *Field* regularly it is essential, in the present circumstances, to place an order with your newsagent. If you fill in this order form and hand it to your newsagent it will greatly assist him, and prevent disappointment to yourself.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER

AT this time last year we were promised we could enjoy our Christmas in peace. The authority of Herr Hitler graciously backed up this assurance. Coming after Munich it was a strange promise and one which held menace for the New Year, and we soon had the invasion of Czechoslovakia to prove that no more reliance could be placed upon German good faith in the present than in the past. Hope, however, ran high that the great message of Peace and Goodwill would prevail, despite rumours that the Spring would see Europe once more plunged into conflict.

The prophets were right in their reading of the workings of the savage mind, if out in their calculation of the period when civilisation would be called upon to defend itself against barbarism. Even at the moment when the familiar phrase was re-echoed concerning the "end of territorial demands," and Poland was being assured that no fears need be entertained regarding her security, the plans were being laid for the devastation of that country and the plots hatched for the co-operation of Russia in pursuance of a further campaign of aggression. From the constant threat of war it is not paradoxical to say the war of nerves ended with its realisation.

To-day the "Merry Christmas" on the cards and expressions of Peace and Goodwill may seem a hollow mockery. But in actual fact the last sentiments at least are not, for at no time can we pray with greater earnestness for victory over the forces of evil, or a real peace which will make it possible for nations to live in harmony and free from menace; for generations to enjoy such a peace and to evolve conditions which will outlaw war. Merriment we cannot contemplate, for it would be difficult to conceive hilarity when the youth of Britain is marshalled for battle, and a toll of life is being taken on the sea and in the air. There are many for whom Christmas day will be a sad one and to them all our sympathy must go out in their sufferings. But a need of cheerfulness is needed and it will not help the troops and the sailors to imagine those who remain at home sunk in gloom. They themselves, whatever the circumstances, will do their level best to provide a bright and cheerful atmosphere as they sit down to their own Christmas fare and share the parcels sent from home. They will like to imagine a glass being raised and a toast drunk to their good fortune and happiness round the table where they should be sitting.

There will be many at those tables who can recollect Christmases of the last war spent in strange places and under strange conditions; times when huts were hastily built and decorated with festive greenery, and the quartermaster spent the busiest hours of his life discovering where geese or turkeys could be procured or roast pork to add to Army fare. And there was always something with which to wash it down.

Not only at Christmas but at all times during war cheerfulness, whenever it is at all possible, must be the backing for the Fighting Forces. And in this respect those who control the destinies of our country can give a lead. All our courage will be needed for the men behind the guns, and next year's problems will have to be faced with resolution. So instead of fearful warnings from our politicians, let us have a breezier note of optimism for the war we are going to win and the victory of Right over Might. So far, the Ministry of Depression seems to have been working rather hard and we have actually been told we do not realise what the war means. Do not realise what it means when our sons are serving and we are all cudgelling our brains to meet the demands for carrying it on, let alone from where the savings for loans are to come? But these are all matters to be put aside and forgotten for this week-end. Meanwhile, Here's a Happy Christmas to all overseas and on the seas and may God protect and aid them.

OARSMAN AND DIPLOMAT

A ROWING Blue who has played a great part in international affairs connected with the Graf Spee is Mr. E. Millington Drake, our Minister at Montevideo. He has shown himself an Ambassador of Sport in Uruguay for he carried his rowing enthusiasm there and has taken a keen interest in the Montevideo R.C., and this year was responsible for bringing over a four to compete at Henley. This club was originally founded by an Englishman in 1874 but is now entirely Uruguayan. At Henley they were handicapped by having to row as a coxswainless four, but are formidable locally in coxswained rowing. The club won the American Cup presented by the President of Uruguay for the last two years, and hold the record of the Tigre in having won it eight years in succession. Their supporter, Mr. Millington Drake, who pulls a strong oar in diplomacy, rowed 4 in the winning Oxford crew of 1911. He rowed in the Magdalen crew which won the Grand in 1910, and was in the Eton crew which won the Ladies' Plate in 1905.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1218.)

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

RUGBY HELPS THE RED CROSS

Last Saturday, on the Richmond Athletic Ground, international stars from the four home countries combined to form two brilliantly talented teams representing England and Wales on the one side and Scotland and Ireland on the other. The match must have recalled to many spectators the historic match between sides similarly representative on the Rugby School Close in November, 1923, to commemorate the centenary of the game—or at the centenary of William Webb Ellis's "disregard for the rules of football as played in his when he "first took the ball in his arms with it," thus originating the distinctive f the Rugby game, as is recorded on the Rugby Close. That match provided some w memories, not least being the reappearan great English half-backs, W. J. A. Davies an Kershaw, who had retired at the end of the pr season. If the teams in last Saturday's match were not quite as fully representative as those of sixteen years ago, they were remarkably good for war time, and it was an excellent idea to play the match in aid of the Red Cross. For the same good cause another very attractive match is to be played on Boxing Day at Richmond between the United Hospitals and an international side gathered together by J. G. W. Davies. The Red Cross has benefited very considerably from sporting activities already. Golf, Rugby and Association football and billiards have all played their part. Could not Len Harvey and Tommy Farr be brought together in so noble a cause? They ought to fight; the promoters are willing. What about the men?

CHRISTMAS ON THE STREAMS

At the time we go to press it seems unlikely that Christmas this year will greet us with a mantle of white, which throws into bold relief the brown sedges of the river banks, and makes the slow-flowing river look almost black by contrast. Even with a green Christmas mid-winter fishing is a chilly business; but often enough the year ends with a lull in winter storms, and there is a fascination about the quiet of deserted streams, whose silence is only broken by the plop of a spinning bait as it falls behind some stranded bough where the current has scooped out a lie which any pike will favour. War conditions this year should make the pike more welcome on the table. Those who have only met with summer pike, eaten, perhaps, in compliment to some youthful enthusiast on holiday, will be surprised to find how good a dish a winter pike can make.

NICHOLAS MERBURY

(A Ballad of Ordnance)

Nicholas Merbury, first M.G.O.,
Dealt with supplies for the war,
Looked to the bombard, the bill, and the bow,
Keeping a margin of store.

Nicholas Merbury went overseas,
Taking munitions and men,
Sawyers and stone-cutters, clerks, O.M.E.'s,
Soldiers of paper and pen.

Nicholas Merbury camped at Harfleur
(Tentage was duly supplied),
Dealt with "deficiencies bound to occur"
(Struck them off strength as they died).

Nicholas Merbury, master of crafts,
Knew that a siege must be slow,
Husbanded shot, and indented for shafts,
Issued (in flights) to the foe.

Nicholas Merbury's subsequent worth
Came to a royal reward,
Two pretty ransoms, a stretch of green earth,
—These, and a name on the Board.

G. D. MARTINEAU.

[Notes on Nicholas Merbury, taken from *A Short History of the R.A.O.C.*: Nicholas Merbury, first Master of Ordnance (1414), accompanied Henry V to France, and is said to have conducted the siege of Harfleur. At Agincourt he took two prisoners. Henry V left him £100 in his will, and also made him grants of money and land during his lifetime.—ED.]

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

I IMAGINE that to everybody, even to officials, whose passion for ordering other people about can be a very subtle poison, there comes a moment when a nausea of human affairs overcomes them, and they long to be anywhere rather than in the society of their fellow-beings. Now, such a moment—of frequent occurrence even in the best-regulated communities of other times, and, of course, painfully importunate in the present age of European degradation—must have a vent, and this is where country people have the advantage of the dwellers in cities. The moment comes more rarely to them, and the living earth is there about them to offer the unfailing consolation of her breast. The varieties of the living earth are infinite, and I offer this example as one in a multitude.

Five years ago a book was written by a man and his wife called *Sea Terns or Sea Swallows*, giving as exhaustive and minutely detailed an account of these exquisite creatures, of their customs, manners, courtship, parenthood, language, homes and migrations, as could be conceived possible. The chapter on language alone—and the cries of terns are remarkably harsh—suggests that the authors are translating a foreign tongue of an emotional range and flexibility that no man would be disposed to grant to the most accomplished of nightingales. When I read this book the other day, I recalled with a bitter-sweet vividness my own experiences years ago among the Common, Arctic, Little and Sandwich Terns (yes, and there was one nest of the Roseate Tern) on the shingle beaches, sand-dunes and saltings of Salthouse Marsh and Blakeney Point on the Norfolk coast.

In one sense these birds are infinitely distant from our humanity. They seem the most elemental of all birds in their familiarity with the great spaces of sea and inult primordial land, in their leisurely effortless command of the air, in their exceeding wildness, in the way their colour-tones appear to be compounded from the subtle greys and silvers of their surroundings and the dark splashes of the Suæda and marram clumps, their streamlined forms from the lean lines of the advancing waves and long level spits and spearhead promontories and straight sun-bronzed mud-channels of their summer settlements. But most of all do they appear beings of sea-spray and sand-storms and sun-splinters, in a grace and beauty that makes one think both of the end and of the beginning of the world. By this I mean that it is the beauty both of the primitive wild, the morning freshness of creation, the first glad flicker of the fire of life, and also of world-end, when the experiments in nature's workshop have at last produced the final, perfect, finished thing.

But when you have spent some time among the terns you find out (as this book did with such wonderful patience and devotion) that there is also something human about them. They are a society and have learned how to combine against aggression; they have their homes and marriages and nurseries, and they experience hopes and anxieties, affections and enjoyments just as we do.

Only their lives are so much more rhythmic and ordered than ours; their very love-flights and love-ceremonies on the shore are patterned, and every year of their lives is in the closest correspondence with the pulsings of the cosmos. Some people would say that is because they are less individualised than we are. Perhaps so, but there are compensations. They never could become the victims of automatism and anarchy together as progress has nearly succeeded in making man, whose history has been rich in individuals, but also black with servility and oppression.

These creatures belong to a different order from ourselves, neither superior nor inferior, but different. The presumption of science that we can measure these beings and tot them up like a problem in arithmetic or by a mechanical foot-rule is laughable. I once saw the terns that were making their usual hullabaloo in the air above my head suddenly sweep in unison and in a dead silence out to sea. The book I have referred to says that this mysterious action is one of fear, but that is the merest guess. We do not know; we never shall know any more than the terns know why their homes have been swallowed up one after another by bungalow settlements in the same way, though not with the same malevolent intentions, as Poland has been swallowed up by sub-brute Germany and Finland seems like to be by sub-brute Russia. Let us accept the mystery and rejoice that in this tortured world of man there are still beings who are not human—and are happy.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a discourse on etiquette in a daily newspaper: "The Guards have always won the ultimate battle. Perhaps they may yet hold for us the thin white line of the white tie and the tail coat."



With more abandon in the game—Oxford (The Greyhounds) v. Cambridge (The Sixty Club)

FROM CIVILIAN TO SERVICE RUGBY

Play Which Goes Hand-in-Hand with Work

By F. I. WATSON

WHEN war broke out in 1914 Rugby football almost ceased to exist because there was practically no one to play it. The rush to the Colours following the call for volunteers carried along with it players of all ages. Men reckoned veterans on the field of play found themselves on service alongside youths fresh from school. Elderly officials were all that remained to close the playing records and guard the names and traditions of clubs great and small all over the country.

To those of us who were of the Rugby playing generation of that time, nothing brings home the contrast between the last war and the present one more than the great amount of football that is still being played. The explanation, of course, is really simple. The enemy are not this time hammering at our gates but being penned in by what looks more and more like a siege; our man power is being wisely conserved; and the modern military machine absorbs its personnel in controlled stages, which makes for greater efficiency even if it provides less opportunity for that ebullient display of ardour characteristic of the rush to join up in the last war.

It is not this time a question of rushing to join, but of waiting, no less willingly, to be called—and in the meantime what better means of physical and moral preparation can the youth of the country enjoy than Rugby football?

Actually, there is a lot of fun in this war-time Rugby. It is a less vital game in the sense that competition is taken less seriously than it is under normal conditions; but perhaps there is some good in that, for pre-war Rugby was developing along very highly concentrated lines for a purely amateur game. One needed to be very fit to enjoy it. Now there is less of the "needle" atmosphere and more of light-hearted abandon in the club matches.

Teams are constantly changing; former players snatch the chance of a game as war service permits and new ones come in to fill vacant places. Some of the "have beens" may even be tempted to put their soundness of wind and limb to the test again along with youngsters spurred on by an abnormally early chance to shine in good company.

There was a somewhat similar mixture of maturity and inexperience when Rugby was resumed after the last war, but then we were building for the future of the game, with the old hands to guide the new. Now it is not only the game that matters. It is the spirit behind it that counts for far more—and it is the same spirit that has caused Rugby to spread like a flame through schools and clubs up and down the country since the last war.

No game provided a better record of war service in 1914–18 than did Rugby football. Though its players numbered only a fraction of its present following they were among the fittest young men in the country and distinguished themselves in all branches of the fighting services. The game now is not only more widespread but better organised in every way and able to render greater service to the combative resources of the country. If any argument were needed for encouraging the continuance of the game under war conditions that surely would provide it.

The clubs themselves are entering into the spirit of the times with commendable zest. What might almost be termed a new democracy is growing in the game. Standards are being pooled and status forgotten. Famous clubs are meeting humbler rivals on equal terms, and one of the game's great advantages, as a game, is being constantly demonstrated. That is, that players of varying skill may enjoy it together; or, as one old player put it, the rabbits need not spoil the fun for the tigers provided they take care to keep on-side.

As time goes on and more young men are absorbed into the Services, many clubs will no doubt find it increasingly difficult to put even scratch teams into the field. One remedy might be temporary amalgamations among them. But the difficulties of the clubs in this respect should mark only a transition from civilian to Service Rugby.

In the last war there were comparatively few opportunities for men on service to play Rugby. For one thing, active service then meant *very* active active service, and the need for military training at high speed left little scope for organised games. For another, the number of Rugby players was far less than it is now and teams were not easy to gather together. Nor was sport within the Services organised as efficiently as it has been since.

Conditions this time are entirely different in every respect. It is safe to say that already almost any Service unit could produce a Rugby team or two, and the methods of training and warfare so far pursued do not seem inimical to a fair share of leisure for playing. Indeed, it seems important to consider how the energies and spirit of men on active service in conditions of waiting and watching like the present may best be maintained, and Rugby football suggests itself as a pre-eminently suitable means.

These are, of course, early days in the development of the vast machinery of Services activities and those in authority in peace-time have shown such ready recognition of the value of sport in the life of the Forces that they may be depended upon to continue that wise policy in war-time. The men who, in the last war, went "over the top" dribbling a football as they advanced became a tradition. They were a symbol of the unquenchable sporting spirit of British youth and perhaps of restricted opportunities for satisfying it in other ways.

Since those days the development of Rugby football in the Army and the Navy has been equalled by its growth in the Air Force, which since 1920 has taken its place in the triangular tournament between the Services that has annually been played on the Rugby Union ground at Twickenham and almost invariably produced play of the most glorious type. It is a question now whether there are not more Rugby players in the Air Force than in the Army and one can imagine with what keenness the extension of matches between units of the two Services would be welcomed.

It may be fantastic to translate the dribbling of a football by men going "over the top" into the grounding of a Rugy ball over the Siegfried line, but it is at any rate an ideal worth fostering.



THE OLD BERKELEY FIELD MOVING OFF NEAR SARRATT, WITH YOUNG RIDERS IN THE VAN

A DAY WITH THE OLD BERKELEY

By ROBERT COLVILLE

SOFT, warm rain fell throughout the night before the Old Berkeley Hounds met at the Bedford Arms in Chenies. Early in the morning the clouds appeared to be breaking up a little, but by the time hounds moved off the sky had become a solid grey once more, rain was falling steadily and the idea that foxes would be underground, and that scent would be poor, could not be regarded as being mere unjustified pessimism.

Some kale fields outside Chenies—one of the prettiest parts of Buckinghamshire—which are generally a certain find proved to be blank, and a canter alongside showed us how heavy the going was likely to be. The Mount also failed to produce a fox, and hounds were taken to Clutterbuck's Gorse—a long and straggling covert. There they put up a fox and an enjoyable burst of some fifteen minutes followed. They hunted him towards Dawes Common and Church End, and then made for Scrubs, where he was lost. The pack was now taken on to Beechen Grove and from here the bitches hunted a fox to Loudwater and back to Micklefield Green.

Later in the afternoon they found in Micklefield Great Wood, and, while one could not be certain, I think the chances are that this was the same fox. However that may be, he gave us a really good gallop, which the heavy going did little to destroy. Scent had obviously improved, and hounds hunted in the direction of Chandler's Cross, where they turned right-handed for Welwyn Grove. Soon after we came to more open country and so to Croxley Green, where the fox was lucky to get to ground as hounds certainly deserved to kill.

Although the day was far from spectacular it was full of interest and enjoyment, as a day spent among woodlands so often is. In the morning there was practically no scent anywhere, and certainly there was none on the grass. Yet hounds worked capably and with enthusiasm, and whenever Mr. Barratt had to lift them hit off the line again with great skill. There were nineteen-and-a-half couples of hounds out, and they gave us a really interesting day.

There is always one consolation in such a day, and that is that one has more opportunity of seeing the country. The Old Berkeley territory is largely pasture, though where we were hunting, in the uplands, there are large beech woods, with their convenient absence of undergrowth, and a good deal of plough. There are pleasant and winding valleys, and sometimes, on emerging from a wood, there is an impressive spectacle of rolling pasture and plough. Surprisingly little road work—in view of the country's proximity to the Great Wen—is encountered, and the chief obstacles met with are stake and bound fences, with some awkward stiles, so that a clever horse is necessary. Wire is an occasional menace, as David Griffiths, the kennel huntsman, recently found to his cost.

The day was made memorable for me in another way also, for Mr. Barratt very kindly mounted me on Middleham, who, with his companion Middleton—also out—is so well known at Olympia and Richmond. Middleham gave me a superb ride, and Mr. Barratt showed me the silver model of Middleton which has been made out of the innumerable cups he has won. It was as pleasant as it was unusual to see two such famous and successful show hunters being regularly hunted.

My impression of the pack, as a result of the day's hunting, was that they were a good hunting set with some good-looking hounds among them. I had a further opportunity of seeing them more closely next morning, when David Griffiths showed them to me in the kennels at Coldmoreham, just outside Amersham. Since the country is long and narrow these kennels are naturally far from some of the meets. Before the present war this difficulty was overcome by a special train, but this has now, of course, had to be given up.

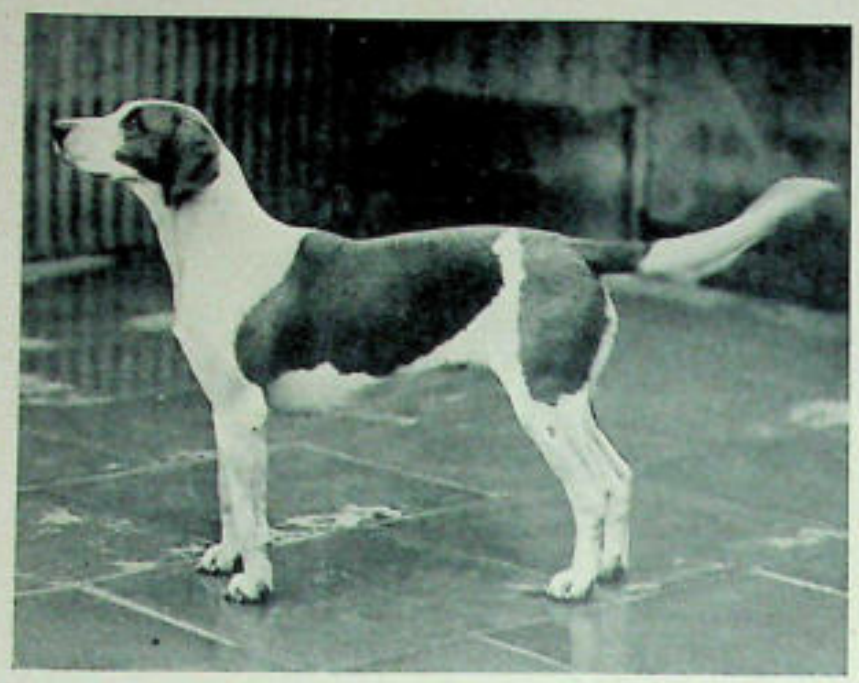
Precisely what hounds first hunted the present Old Berkeley country it is now impossible to say; but probably the best hounds were those which were purchased from the great Squire Osbaldeston, when he gave up the Pytchley country, by Mr. Combe. These hounds—among them were, of course, many of Lord Monson's breeding—were later taken to the New Forest by Lord Southampton. After a period, during which the Old Berkeley was divided, the country was once more united under the Mastership of Mr. Harding Cox. He built up a magnificent pack from Belvoir,



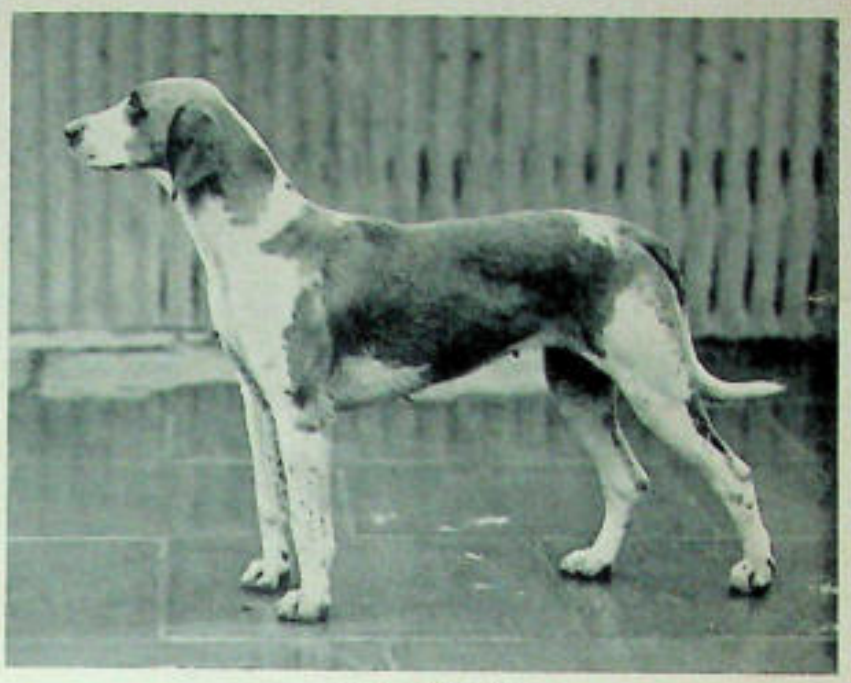
MR. STANLEY BARRATT, WHO HUNTS HOUNDS, CROSSING THE CHESS
From 1931 until last year Mr. Barratt was in sole command



MR. W. C. DEVEREUX, WHO JOINED MR. BARRATT IN 1938, TALKING TO GROUP CAPTAIN BEAUCHAMP, M.C.



A SECOND SEASON BITCH
Desperate, by Enfield Chace Lawyer '35—Delia '34



A GOOD FOXHUNTER
Gratitude, by Warwickshire Vaunter '30—North Cotswold Grayling '31

Blankney and Brocklesby blood, and also introduced a certain amount from Lord Waterford's hounds. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the difficulty of finding walks began to be apparent, and many draft hounds came into the country.

Mr. Barratt hunts a pack wholly consisting of bitches, and relies to some slight extent on draft hounds. The obvious difficulties arising from this situation seem to be well overcome.

The young hounds were, I thought, and as far as one can tell, exceptionally good. Gladness, a first season bitch by Cambridge Gordon '32 out of Golden '34, is a well-made hound with good neck and shoulders, and a grand worker. Two sisters who are good-looking and promising are Whimsey and Winifred, by South Oxfordshire Painter '35 out of Witty '34.

A second-season bitch I liked was Desperate, by Enfield Chace Lawyer '35 out of Delia '34, and there were four admirable sisters by Puckeridge Hemlock '31 out of North Cotswold Grateful '31—Graceful, Graceless, Gretchen and Gretel. These were excellent hounds, well made and good workers, and it must be remembered that no hound can be too good for the peculiar difficulties of the Old Berkeley country.

Some of the hounds—of which there are 30½ couples—belong to the country, and others, the two couples just mentioned among them, belong to Mr. Barratt. Gratitude, by Warwickshire Vaunter '30 out of North Cotswold Grayling '31, is a nice light coloured bitch and a good hunter. Her sister Gravity seems a little on the light side.

Two draft hounds which appealed to me were Chalky and Chaplet, by Kilkenny Chieftain '29 out of Portman Virtue '34. Regarding the pack as a whole, I should say that it is an excellent example of the type of pack which is bred and assembled in the first place for its working qualities, never forgetting the desirability and obvious possibility of combining show standards with the first object.

The history of the Old Berkeley Hunt is a long and distinguished one—starting with the times when the Earls of Berkeley hunted the country from Berkeley Castle to Charing Cross, a fact which was recently commemorated by the appearance of the Old Berkeley Hounds in the Lord Mayor's Show. Several immortal names come to mind—Harry Oldaker, the brilliant whipper-in, Mr. Combe, Squire Oslaldeston, the Earl of Lonsdale, who hunted the country for 20 seasons from 1842, Mr. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, whose family has such a great foxhunting name, and Lord Chesham.

The present joint-Master, Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, joined Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake in 1930, and was in sole command from the following year until 1938, when he was joined by Mr. W. C. Devereux. Mr. Barratt hunts hounds himself and Mrs. Barratt acts as Field Master. The kennel huntsman is David Griffiths, who was with the Enfield Chace in Major Smith-Bosanquet's time, and the second whipper-in is Jack Packham.

The pleasure of a day with the Old Berkeley is not confined to its great traditional atmosphere, which is commemorated by the orange livery of the Earls of Berkeley. Mr. Barratt and Mr. Devereux carry on this tradition in a truly splendid manner, and although the war has necessarily affected the Hunt in some ways it is still flourishing and successful country.



THE OLD BERKELEY HOUNDS ABOVE CHENIES



THE "LITTLE RED ROVER" BREAKING COVERT FROM CLUTTERBUCKS

SAFETY IN THE SHOOTING FIELD

The Gun is Always Loaded—in Theory

I SUPPOSE there are few people who shoot regularly who are unacquainted with the verses which begin "Never, never let your gun" and end "All the pheasants ever bred won't repay for one man dead." At the same time it seems doubtful whether training in the rules of safety is so strictly enforced as it was in the days of our fathers. Then it was no uncommon thing for a junior who exhibited the least sign of carelessness to be sent straight home, or for an adult to be admonished by the host for a similar offence. No figures can ever be given, or facts adduced, to prove one state or another. It is a case of general impression essentially.

Not very long ago a keeper said to me "I don't think Mr. So-and-so has done much shooting, has he?" and I knew at once why he said it. For we had both noticed the same thing. Mr. So-and-so smoked a pipe and when he relit it he would raise his right arm on which he was carrying his gun so that the muzzle was pointing at somebody. This happened in between drives when we were all standing together. The keeper's surmise was quite correct, but there was no excuse on such grounds, of course. The question of safety demands continual attention, whatever the circumstances. But it is often by such habits that a shooter will unwittingly give himself away, though he may be careful enough to remove his cartridges before getting over a hedge and generally in other ways conform with the recognised rules.

Indeed there seem comparatively few people who neglect the cardinal precautions. Guns are unloaded before fences or obstacles of any kind are tackled, as they are before being put down during lunch and after shooting. Obviously dangerous shots are seldom seen to be taken. Low birds are not followed across the line. It is rather when the immediate prospect of danger is absent that vigilance may be relaxed. For instance, the case stated above occurred after a drive and when, no doubt, all weapons were empty. But then it is a cardinal principle that a gun should at all times be treated as if it were loaded. In other words, a gun must be looked upon as always dangerous.

Another little way in which guns are made to cover people is when a cartridge bag is being slung or unslung from the shoulders. The shooter becomes temporarily preoccupied and in the process forgets all about the front that his gun muzzles are covering. Again, when putting a dog on the lead or stooping down to pick up a bird or when just looking for a bird, a pair of barrels may be seen pointing dangerously. The fact that no cartridges are in them does not lessen the offence. Such things seem to show that so long as the active business of shooting is in progress, the question of safety occupies a front place in the mind of the sportsman. But when this period of intense concentration is over, he may be inclined to relax and forget that his gun is at all times a source of danger.

There are times when great care has to be exercised to avoid covering somebody. If one is standing talking, for example, surrounded by guests, keepers and beaters, and has occasion to change the position of one's gun from under the arm to over the shoulder, it may be none too easy to carry it out without bringing the muzzle in line with some portion of a human being. It may even be necessary to keep the gun under the arm until the crowd has dispersed.

Talking of carrying a gun over the shoulder brings to mind the fact that this can be made a dangerous proceeding. So long as the butt is held properly down so that the muzzles are kept pointing really skywards or almost vertical, there is no safer position, for if a charge of shot should be let loose there is nothing with which it can connect. I often wonder what would be the effect of shot, discharged from a gun under the arm, striking the hard surface of a road. It would be distinctly unhealthy for persons or dogs in the immediate vicinity, not to mention the owner of the gun. But to return to the point. If a shooter allows his arm to extend when he has his gun over his shoulder, the muzzles will be brought into a very dangerous position. For they will then be at about head level in relation to other persons. And what makes matters worse is the fact that the guilty party will be blind to what is going on behind.

Of course, when a gun is carried in this position it should preferably be placed so that the top of the breech rests on the shoulder. In this way the bend of the weapon assists in keeping the muzzle in a safe position. The only other way that should be adopted is to place the gun so that the side plate of the locks forms the point of contact. This is not so good, but if the hobbing arm is kept down it will be safe. The really dangerous way, and which should be avoided, is to put the gun so that the under part of the body action rests on the shoulder. For, apart from the position of the arm, the bend of the gun will cause the barrels to point very little above the horizontal. It is a thoroughly bad position, being both unsafe and lazy, and it is usually the sign of a careless or inexperienced shot. Actually the best position is also the most comfortable one and the most workmanlike.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the habit of carrying a gun in the crook of the arm. It is a most reprehensible practice when in company and any one guilty of it should be warned. Men who shoot a great deal alone are apt to get into this way, though, under any circumstances of sport, it should never be encouraged. The habit, too, of carrying a gun at the trail, though safe enough under some conditions, can be dangerous. It only needs for the shooter to face another way to bring his muzzles in line with a pair of legs or perhaps the head of a dog. Provided, of course, he alters the angle so that the gun is pointing downwards, all is well. But a gun does not balance so satisfactorily like this.

When actual shooting is in progress the question of the safety of different shots is one of supreme importance. This indeed is the time when unremitting attention must be paid to what may be a matter of life and death. There is really only one sound principle upon which to work. It is that no shot must ever be taken when there exists the least doubt as to its safety. This means that at any ordinary day's shooting a number of chances will have to be left. However well managed a shoot may be, however well placed the guns, however well shown the birds, there are bound to be some of the latter at which fire must be held. On a big day, when a lot of game is about, the matter is not nearly so tantalising as on a small day, when every single head makes a real difference to the bag. And when the odd woodcock or other welcome variety, offering a pretty chance, has to be let off, it is indeed hard luck, but such is the fortune of sport. It often happens too that a bird is missed because it could not be taken at the most suitable time.

When walking-up the percentage of birds that cannot safely be fired at is usually smaller than when driving is the order of the day. For then there is the beating line to be considered as well as the firing line. Partridges coming low frequently cannot be taken in front. Even when beaters are a long way off the very fact of firing in their direction is enough to put one off. At the earlier pheasant shoots, when birds may be getting up and flying low in any direction, particular care has to be taken. A stop may be lurking in a hedge or at some point away from the rest of the party and has to be considered in addition. Rabbit shooting gives plenty of scope for accidents, especially as regards dogs, but a low bird may be just about head level and can be the most dangerous and damaging kind of shot.

After a drive and during the pick-up, every shooter should unload his gun. With the party scattered about and constantly changing position, the most dreadful accidents can occur if shots are fired at game that is flushed when a search is being made for lost birds. Nor, unless a field is being deliberately walked out, should shots be taken at game flushed between drives, for tactical as well as precautionary reasons. Only when a drive is in progress can one know just where everyone is.

It should be the duty of a host or head-keeper to explain the allocation of every stop or other person who may be temporarily out of view of members of the party. Particularly is this precaution important when shooters are present who are new to the ground. There may even be a house behind a belt of trees and unknown to a newcomer who is totally ignorant of the lie of the land and the shape and extent of its coverts. "SCOLOPAX."



A SECTION OF A PICTURE PUBLISHED IN THE *FIELD*, WHICH HAS AROUSED SOME CRITICISM FROM READERS, AS WELL AS THE TAKING OF A STRAY PHEASANT BETWEEN BEATS

DOCTORING DOGS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

IN looking back into my early ventures in the art of dog breeding I can now, many years after that apprenticeship was served, recall some of the advice that was given me so liberally. As a beginner, it was difficult for me always to sift the chaff from the wheat, but, at any rate, I had enough sense to analyse the credentials of those who desired to act as my mentors. Supposing they had theories about the best way in which to breed champions, I asked myself what had they done themselves in this direction, arguing that if a theory did not work for the man who advocated it it was no use to me. This was a matter in which one could judge by results.

It was not so easy to ascertain the value of the prescriptions offered for the cure of the various ailments that appear in every kennel, no matter how well conducted it may be. All my friends were not as naive as the man who wanted to preside over the accouchement of a bull bitch, his reason being that he ought to know as he had lost dozens at such times. When people come to me for assistance in their troubles, unless the case happens to be as simple as worms or ordinary eczema, I tell them to consult a veterinary surgeon, pointing out that the method of treatment may be simple, but that making a correct diagnosis is the reverse. If we were sure of our diagnosis any work on the diseases of dogs would inform us what to do.

Anyone who reads about canine ailments will soon appreciate that almost identical symptoms may be observed in complaints that differ widely, and that the drugs suitable for one would be harmful for another. Just how dangerous amateur diagnosis may be was brought home to me by a paper read by Major Hamilton Kirk, before a division of the National Veterinary Medical Association, and published in the *Veterinary Record*. He was, of course, addressing his professional brethren and not the public at large, yet even to them he was led to remark that "diagnosis is admittedly the most difficult problem with which the veterinary surgeon is confronted."

Taking first such an ordinary, everyday occurrence as vomiting, he pointed out the error of assuming, as is often done, that this is a sign of gastritis. "Emesis is a symptom that accompanies so many other diseases that it is highly dangerous to assume that the stomach is primarily the seat of the trouble. . . . It is not a matter which can be dismissed lightly merely by giving a purge and a gastric sedative. If the veterinary surgeon is to prove his ascendancy over the quack (to whom the dog has probably already been taken), he must make a systematic examination." Then he proceeded to refer to quite a number of diseases that might cause vomiting.

Another class of ailment, which in the opinion of Major Kirk seems to lend itself to easy mal-diagnosis, is skin disease. When a case is well developed and typical there may not be much room for error, but there are early and transition stages which defy accurate diagnosis by inspection alone, and for which nothing but the microscope can produce reliable results. In some stages eczema and scabies have conditions in common, the pustular type of follicular mange might be confused with acne, the dry or squamous type of demodectic mange might be mistaken for the dry form of eczema or for ringworm, and so on. Dyspnœa, or difficulty in breathing, may be grouped under six main causative headings, and pleurisy may be mistaken for muscular rheumatism. "Quackery gives birth to nothing: gives death to all things," is a saying of Carlyle that may be wrenched from his meaning and applied to the present subject.

DAMS OF DERBY WINNERS AND THEIR SIRES

The Influence of Mares on Winning Lines

A FRIEND who sold a young maiden mare at the December sales was endeavouring to prove to me that she was worth very much more than had been bid for her in the open market. She had won races; her dam was a meritorious winner and had produced other winners; the female line was in fact full of excellent running blood.

"Of course," he said, "it was her sire which put people off," mentioning the name of a stallion who, though he has had many winners of moderate class, has never been fashionable and has always stood at a low fee.

Then my friend produced a carefully compiled document to support his contention that the young mare's breeding on her dam's side made her very desirable as a potential matron, irrespective of her sire's comparatively humble standing. He made a list of the dams of Derby winners for the last 25 years, with the sires of those dams and this tabulated information was, I thought, of sufficient interest to copy. It reveals not only that most mothers of recent Derby winners have been be daughters of sires without claim to classic distinction, but that several of these famous matrons were got by horses who were never fashionable or notably successful as stallions. Here is the list as far back as 1919:—

Derby Winner	Dam	Dam's Sire
Blue Peter	Fancy Free	Stefan the Great
Bois Roussel	Plucky Liège	Spearmint
Mid-Day Sun	Bridge of Allan	Phalaris
Mahmoud	Mah Mahal	Gainsborough
Bahram	Friar's Daughter	Friar Marcus
Windsor Lad	Resplendent	By George
Hyperion	Selene	Chaucer
April the Fifth	Sold Again	Call o' the Wild
Cameronian	Una Cameron	Gainsborough
Blenheim	Malva	Charles O'Malley
Trigo	Atlasi	Farasi
Felstead	Felkington	Lemberg
Call Boy	Comedienne	Bachelor's Double
Coronach	Wet Kiss	Tredennis
Manna	Waffles	Buckwheat
Sansovino	Gondolette	Loved One
Papyrus	Miss Matty	Marcovil
Captain Cuttle	Bellavista	Cyllene
Humorist	Jest	Sundridge
Spion Kop	Hammerkop	Gallinule
Grand Parade	Grand Geraldine	Desmond

Of these Derby winners, two were from Gainsborough mares. He was a war-time "Triple Crown" winner and a great stud success. Of the other nineteen in my list there are only two other maternal grandsires of Derby winners who themselves won the great race—Lemberg and Spearmint.

Others whose stud successes were not surprising, in view of their race-course performances, were Chaucer, Bachelor's Double, Charles O'Malley, Cyllene, Gallinule and Desmond, though Chaucer's successes were gained chiefly in handicaps after he had won the Ginerack as a two-year old. Bachelor's Double was a brilliant handicap horse, winning the City and Suburban, Royal Hunt Cup, and the Kempton Park Jubilee. He also won the Atlantic Stakes at Liverpool and a total of £10,537. At stud he commanded a fee of 400 sovs. for several years and gained a high reputation particularly as a sire of good brood mares.

Phalaris, destined to become one of the greatest stud forces of modern times, was of handicap grade himself. The most valuable of the races he won was worth £877 at Windsor.

Marcovil, maternal grandsire of Papyrus and sire of Hurry On, won races of moderate class until his final success in the Cambridgeshire.

Sundridge and Friar Marcus were brilliant sprinters and that they should have contributed as grandparents to the production of Derby winners may not be regarded generally, with surprise.

Stefan the Great, was thought by some to be the weak spot in Blue Peter's pedigree, and as that has been so effectively disproved it can be passed with no other comment than that Stefan the Great (by the Tetrarch) won the Middle Park Plate as a two-year old.

Stronger support to my friend's case is afforded by By George, Call o' the Wild, Farasi, Tredennis, Loved One and St. Hilaire. The last named was included in his list as the maternal grandsire of Pommern, a war substitute Derby winner (1915). Here are the brief records of these stallions:—

St. Hilaire (by St. Simon).—Won once at two years. In training for two further seasons but did not win again.

Loved One (foaled 1883).—Won £1,847 in stakes. His fee for the mating which produced Gondolette was 19 guineas.



W. A. Rouch

TREDENNIS, SIRE OF BACHELOR'S DOUBLE AND MATERNAL GRANDSIRE OF CORONACH

Tredennis.—Maternal grandsire of Coronach and sire of Bachelor's Double (maternal grandsire of Call Boy). Never won a race.

Farasi.—Won twice at two years. Ran ten times at three years and won once (£300). Ran four races unsuccessfully as a year-old. Total winnings £1,014.

Call o' the Wild.—Won one race worth £425. Fee in 1921 48 sovs. He sired a few winners of small races.

By George.—Won £3,405 at two years, but did not score again in two more seasons. Went to stud at a fee of £9 19s., raised later to 49 sovs.

Doubtless each of these moderate racehorses possessed inherent qualities which played their part in the Derby triumph of his grandson, and no doubt someone can now produce reasons why the distinction they have gained was not surprising and might have been predicted.

When my friend's young mare has produced her Derby winner I shall be happy for once to hear those imitating words, "I told you so."

I will say this for his argument: I would much rather have a brood mare by a second class or unfashionable sire out of a quality mare from a good winning line, than one by a highly-bred fashionable sire out of a mare who never won, and coming from a family with a poor record on the female side.

Yeoman.



STEFAN THE GREAT, SIRE OF THE DAM OF BLUE PETER



W. A. Rouch

BACHELOR'S DOUBLE, SIRE OF THE DAM OF CALL BOY

GETTING THE BEST FROM LEGERING

By NORMAN L. WEATHERALL

EXCEPT, of course, for the pronounced summer-feeders, it is to autumn and winter that the coarse fisherman looks to reap the cream of his sport in the way of bigger "bags" and more individual big fish, for natural fodder is then scarcer and fishy appetites are keener. In this connection, it will, I think, be fairly generally conceded that the more likely way to lure fish of class—big roach, chub, bream, &c.—is by means of the leger. And yet, in actual practice, are legering methods adopted as widely as their recognised "taking ways" warrant? And, again, I suggest, do those anglers who do leger, do so conscientiously?

Firstly, as to wherein lie the merits of leger work.

Legering allows of the presentation, in a comparatively natural-looking manner, of a bait lying motionless on the bottom. Fish—in the main, wary and shy, especially the big chaps, for that is why they are big!—are surely more suspicious of a bait suspended at one constant depth, with float tackle rising immediately above, and, in "still" water, motionless: conditions under which fish have more time to weigh up whether or not they really want the bait, or whether there is anything "fishy" about it.

Their suspicions, however, will not be aroused to anywhere near the same extent in streamy waters, for here the bait is being borne along, though suspended on float tackle, by the current in a comparatively natural manner, for, be it remembered, it is but natural for fish to look for, and intercept, food being so borne along or in process of descent to the bottom. There is, too, but little time to weigh things up. An "escaping" bait, it must be seized quickly.

Similarly, we have the attraction of a slowly-sinking and hence still more natural initial presentation of a bait in "still" or sluggish water, the tackle being but lightly shotted, the nearest part of the "loading" distant from the hook a couple of feet or so away, or even farther if employing a "self-cocking" float.

But, out-and-out legering proper gives rise for still less fishy suspicion in "still," sluggish, or fast-flowing waters, for the bait itself, motionless, lies innocently on the bottom, seemingly still less connected with any alarming tackle (and leger tackle, in fact, can thus be stronger). And it is right on the bottom that fish, especially the big chaps, go grubbing and rooting about for food. A shifting bait, too, is especially detrimental to sport with such fish as carp, bream, &c.

Turning now to "practical politics," there are many occasions when, apart altogether from the merits of leger work as compared with ordinary float fishing, the leger is obviously indicated. For instance, to get a bait to areas otherwise (bank-fishing) unfishable, such as under overhanging trees, long distances out in very streamy waters, when operating in strong tidal waters and weirs, the method will enable one to fish a quieter eddy with fast water interposing, places where, though belied by a comparatively smooth surface, there actually is a stronger or troublesome under-current, or when it becomes too dark to see the float. Still another occasion is in very windy weather, when it is either too strong for, or it is preferred not to use, an Antennie float. Similarly when operating in very deep waters, where some anglers would prefer to leger rather than use a "Slider" float.

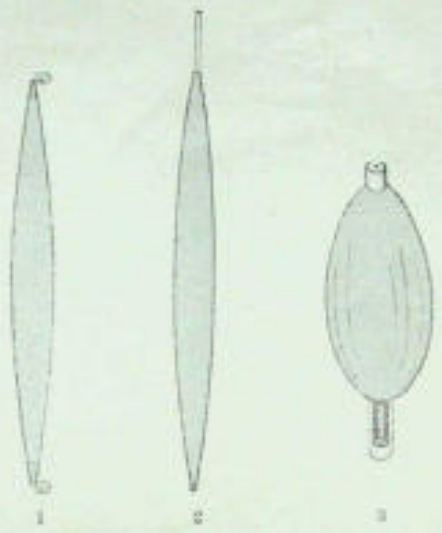
Admitted, legering entails a little more patient inactivity, for which reason some anglers get side-tracked into confining their efforts more to ordinary float work, whereby, meantime getting sport or diversion among smaller fish, they likewise hope to get bigger stuff from time to time.

Even so, they could, in fact often do, simultaneously float-fish and leger, though in such case, with the leger rod tucked away down in a rod-rest, what ought, theoretically, to be a good double-chance, often results in concentration being keener upon the actual job "in hand" and for some of the leger bites—bites in all probability from fish of class—being missed. And, of course, though probably not to the same extent, vice versa. Successful, simultaneous, operation of two rods, in fact, calls for quite a high standard of divided attention (with odds in favour of the cross-eyed!). So much so that if fish are right on the feed, especially during, say, that last precious pre-dusk hour, would it not, I suggest, often be more remunerative to give one's whole undivided attention either to one rod or the other?

Observation shows me, too, that many anglers seem to look upon a leger outfit as something to be flung out indiscriminately, as far away as possible, with but little regard for whether the bait be presented within the more normal "lie" of the sought type of quarry. The rod is laid down, partly out of sight. If it catches fish, well and good. If not, no matter, the float-rod will doubtless pick up a few, and though these may be small, somehow that initial keen desire for fish of class has waned. Like certain pike-fishing livebaiters, the angler, having wiped his hands of his livebait or legering outfit, soon settles down to his float-fishing and, except maybe for an occasional side-long glance at the "bung" or leger, or periodic examination, renewal or change of bait, his livebaiting or legering activities often remain confined more or less to the self-same position hour after hour.

And such methods, I suggest, do not constitute conscientious or proper legering. I would repeat, legering tactics have not won such general esteem for nothing. They are the more likely way to take fish of class. Legering, to get the best out of it, should surely be a job in itself. So, where swims are adequate, why not attempt to get the best out of legering by periodically moving on to fishy pastures new, seeking to find fish, and not—Mahomet and the Mountain!—leaving fish to find the angler?

Anyway—keep smiling!



TYPES OF SLIDER FLOAT

1. Torpedo float of balsa with porcelain rings at top and bottom. About 8½ in. long by ¾ in. at greatest diameter. 2. Torpedo float of balsa, of same dimensions as No. 1, but with hard celluloid tube through centre. Top of tube left long to make antenna. 3. Egg-shaped float with copper tube through centre. Tube prolonged at bottom and opening cut to allow of threading line through lower bead. Beads set in top and bottom of tube

SLIDER FLOATS

THE sea angler, who does much midwater fishing from the shore, has to rely on a float in order to get the bait just where it is wanted. Owing to the depth at which it is often necessary to swim the lure, for such fish as pollack and mackerel, the float has to be of the slider pattern. When bites are very determined and bold, as, for instance with pollack in spring, the egg-shaped type of cork serves well. A piece of copper tube down the centre of such a float, with a glass bead set into each end, gives very satisfactory results, and the cork runs up and down the silk line with great freedom and lack of friction. Now, though the egg-shaped cork does well enough for vigorous biters, it is not so satisfactory in the case of shyer fish, such as mackerel in clear quiet water.

Here a tapered torpedo-shaped float, 8in. or 9in. long and about ¾in. at its greatest diameter, will be found much more satisfactory. The top stands well above the water, thus making it easy to see, while it is so sensitive that the slightest pluck will take it under. These thin tapered floats cannot have a copper tube down the centre, as the length would make it too heavy. The alternative is a tube of hard celluloid, through which a silk line will run with a fair amount of freedom, though not of course in the frictionless way it does through a bead ended metal tube. A great many anglers use these long, thin, celluloid tubed sliders, and find they function sufficiently well; but at times when slimy weeds are drifting about wisps cling on to the line and prevent its running freely through the tube.

An alternative is to whip a tiny porcelain ring at each end of the float, so that the line runs on the outside instead of through the centre. As the bore of the ring is greater than that of the celluloid tube it is necessary to have a loose bead on the line above the float, so as to be able to keep the stop small. For this latter there is nothing better than a bit of bright coloured wool; this will run through the red rings with great freedom, but is stopped by the bead.

Balsa is an excellent material for slider floats; it is very easy to cut to shape, is strong and lighter than cork.

There are mackerel fishers who devote a great deal of ingenuity to their sliders, making them of all kinds of light wood, including willow and elder. On the whole balsa is by far the most satisfactory material. If desired, the stiff celluloid tube can be made to project 2in. or 3in. above the top end of the float, thus making an antenna, and still further increasing sensitiveness. These long tapered sliders, with either a porcelain eye or a tube, have a great advantage in that there is nothing for the line to catch round. If the porcelain eye is not right at the tip the line is liable to foul the float when casting against the wind. When made of balsa the float is so light that nearly the whole of the weight can be put into the lead at the top of the trace, thus helping everything to function smoothly. The strand of gay coloured wool can be seen to run along the top of the water, until stopped at the top of the float, thus indicating that the bait has gone down to where it is wanted.

As regards colour, green body, scarlet top and a white tip is generally satisfactory. Orange also shows up well, while in certain lights black is easy to see.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.

COURSING GOES ON

By A. CROXTON SMITH

COURSING is one of the things that may go on without interfering with military necessities, and the three or four big meetings that have taken place have met with a success that was unexpected. There are difficulties, of course, mainly associated with transport, it no longer being possible to take dogs by car from the South of England to Lancashire, for instance, and the long journey by train is not likely to do them any good. But for all that the Waterloo Cup has been fixed for Feb. 14th to 16th.

Local dogs from reasonable proximity have been forthcoming to fill the lists at meetings, which is perhaps an advantage as it encourages the smaller owners to have a shot. I see no reason why a certain number of field trials for gundogs should not also be held. Championship meetings would be another matter, as it would not be right to offer this honour where competition would inevitably be restricted.

If it had not been for the war coursing men would have looked forward optimistically to the present season. From the 58th annual volume of the *Greyhound Stud Book*, which is compiled by Mr. Sydney H. Dalton for the National Coursing Club, I gather that last season, though interfered with by severe weather, was an improvement upon its immediate predecessor, which suffered considerably from outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease. The number of entries in the current *Stud Book* do not differ to any great extent from those of recent years, reaching 10,100 registrations, of which 4,562 were re-registrations. Breeding is represented by 1,271 litters, which is only 47 fewer than last year.

It will be remembered that from September, 1938, the new rule came into force, under which it was made obligatory for detailed markings to be recorded of all greyhounds at the time of registration and re-registration. Concerning the working of this rule, so far, Mr. Dalton writes: "Generally speaking, it has operated smoothly and is now in thorough working order. May I, however, use this preface as a medium for drawing the attention of owners in general to the necessity for accurate and complete records of markings to be shown on the diagrams on the registration forms? This is especially important at the time of naming puppies, and it will, I feel sure, be realised that inaccurate or incomplete markings, submitted at the time of naming, must inevitably lead to difficulty in establishing the identity of a greyhound when subsequently a transfer of ownership is required, with consequent delay in the issue of certificates."

Although this desirability for precise means of identification may not be as urgent among coursing greyhounds as it is among those engaged in track racing, a rule is a rule and must be observed. The early distrust of the racing track seems to have died down, and some of the smaller meetings now actually put on a stake occasionally for track dogs. When the new sport met with so much opposition from coursing men, I remember the late Lord Dewar explaining to me why he thought this attitude was unreasonable. Before racing came it was impossible to dispose of unwanted puppies at remunerative figures, but another story had to be told when a demand set in for racing dogs.

MECHANISED TRANSPORT AND ANIMAL TRANSPORT IN FRIENDLY RIVALRY



THE FAMILIAR PACK HORSES OF THE LAST WAR CLIMBING A STEEP BANK WITH A LORRY TAKING A GRADIENT IN THE REAR



THE G. S. WAGON WITH THE MULES HAS A HELP OUT FROM A TRACE HORSE WHILE THE PACK TEAM LOOKS ON



THE DISPATCH RIDERS COMPETE. THE MOTOR CYCLIST SEEN ON THE LEFT MAY FIND THIS WATER-SPLASH EASY, BUT THE HORSE CAN TAKE DEEPER WATERS. ON THE RIGHT ARE CAVALRY AND A MOTOR CYCLIST TAKING A STEEP SLOPE

CAN A CUCKOO SWIM? *By E. A. R. ENNION*



NOTHING ESCAPES HER EYE

I LEFT the house in the grey light before dawn. The way to the fen was by a long, straight drove, strung with mist in the cool sweet air of the morning. Larks were singing by the time the head of the drove was reached. The cuckoos were calling, but the hedge birds not yet stirring. For the first mile sloe and sallow and hawthorn bushes lined the drove and the ditches were nearly dry. Presently blackbirds began to slink down and hop bemusedly along the path. Whitethroats started purring: I saw one, dark and draggled with dew, carrying a large white butterfly about—the first find of the day, picked from its sleeping-place by a bird as sleepy as itself.

Further along the drove water half-filled the ditches and the bushes petered out. Meadowsweet and brambles took their place, mingling with fen flowers—comfrey, loosestrifes, hemp-agrimony—and outlying reeds. As the water level rose the reeds grew taller. They choked the ditches and invaded the rough grasslands on either side, almost smothering a wooden bridge that gave entry to the fen itself. This was the frontier between drove and wilderness; it was a point of honour to be there before sunrise, no matter what the season.

On these spacious mornings there was time to linger on the drove and watch the sedge warblers rise singing from the bushes. They flew up and tottered down with wings and tail spread but working aimlessly. This loose-knit falling and the scurrilous chatter are characteristic of the bird. Reed warblers do it too, but in a gentler, less extravagant way. The two bird's territories overlapped along the drove. Sedge warblers built their nests in the meadowsweet and tangles of the more open spaces; reed warblers chose intervals where reeds grew thickly enough to please them. They scolded more softly than the sedge-birds. Their song was not so jerky; the notes were purer and, like their plumage, more subdued. They had no dusky arrowhead pattern down their backs and no clear cream eyestripes. The russet above and the buff below were less distinct; the colours merged by virtue of an overlying tinge of reddish-grey not present on a sedge warbler.

Over the bridge the reeds carried all before them. Five hundred acres lay in a triangle between two fen lodes. There were pools of open water in the foreground. Beyond these reeds stretched to the flat horizon in one vast, unbroken sheet, more green than brown with all the new spears bursting into leaf.

Two to three feet of water—more in places—lay beneath. It was possible to move about if the lie of the submerged paths and ditches were known; even then a ducking was no unusual event. A close, uncannily quiet place without a landmark. Vision was limited to some 10ft. whichever way you looked. There was no bird life in the depths, only the criss-cross of stems and the waving plumes for company. Even the starling hordes which roost there for the first half of the winter (until frost strips the reeds too bare for comfort) avoid the middle and cluster round the waterways and clearings. The birds live round the fringes.

The first reed warbler's nest was easily found. The choice is limited before the new reeds have grown up. A thick clump on the outskirts of a reed-bed, or along a water-lane, is chosen for the site. There must be strong stems three or four years old, growing close enough together to transfix the nest; and these must be surrounded by a sheaf of new leaves at least 4ft. high for concealment. In June, those conditions would be fulfilled in countless places, but by mid May only a few met the requirements. In late seasons nests are often built among the reed-mace stems which offer protection earlier than reeds. Mosses and feathery waterweeds lie exposed at the base of the reeds as the water dries up, and these are woven into late nests built over shallow water.

The nest I found was entirely a product of the reeds. Strips of old leaves formed the cup and bound it to four stems. Fine shreds stiffened the walls and its lining came from the plumes. A nest so deep and compact that the stems it was anchored to could be bent nearly down to the water without spilling the eggs. It was a complete insurance against wind. The chief danger was from a roving magpie or a carrion crow.



ANOTHER PAGE FROM DR. ENNION'S SKETCH BOOK

One nest was accidentally overthrown while I was reed-cutting. The birds were dancing round me but, despite my care, had concealed their nest too well. I reset it by entwining the supporting reeds with those of another cluster ten yards away. Three eggs were fished up and replaced. The pair accepted my apologies, and, a fortnight later, three young reed warblers hopped out. They had grown and feathered at an amazing rate and were expert at once in slipping about the reeds. It was amusing to watch the old birds sidling down the stems—sliding down banisters, one in each foot—to feed them.

The cuckoo is the arch-enemy of reed warblers. She sits by the hour on the high willows and nothing escapes her yellow eye. Many nests are victimised but not all the young cuckoos fly. A nest built to carry a fairy and four eggs for ten days—and four little mites for eight days more—won't always stand up to the weight and wriggling of a young cuckoo for a month. There is no other perch until his wings are competent and sometimes the nest begins to slither down the stems. I have found his lordship at the bottom sitting on a pancaked nest. But that was where the water had receded as the summer days went by. What happens when the reeds stand in deep water—can a cuckoo swim?

THE STORY OF MANKA

MR. DENYS WATKINS-PITCHFORD in his *Manka, the Sky Gipsy* (Eyre & Spottiswoode; 7/6) gives us the life story of a wild goose. It is the first time, in all the huge volume of animal literature, that a wild bird has been chosen to fill the important position of hero in a full-length book. Manka, an albino pink-footed goose, makes a remarkable hero for a truly remarkable book.

This is a bold venture on the part of the author. We know from his *Wild Lone*, which was the story of a Pytchley fox, that he knows wild life intimately and that—more important still in this class of literature—he can write about it graphically and excitingly without stepping outside the bounds of natural probability. But a good many people know a great deal about the fox; very, very few know anything about wild geese, and even then a good deal that they do know is based upon conjecture. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford does know a great deal about wild geese—enough to admit, I feel sure, that he knows very little—and he has used his knowledge based, not upon conjecture, but upon personal and close observation, to write a life history, which, if it does contain much that is conjecture—and that is inevitable—does not exceed anywhere throughout the book the limits of natural probability. And that is a triumph in itself.

Manka actually lived. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford has seen him—and so have I, or another just like him. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford has put this bird into places and districts which he has actually visited and knows well, and I rather think I know many of them myself. All this, then, might be called fact, is at any rate based upon fact, and, if the human characters are fictitious, they bear a life-like resemblance to human characters I have met in the wild shore-wise places.

The story takes us from the mountain tops that are ever white and the frozen seas of the far north to the quiet marshes and deserted estuaries of our own coasts. Every detail of Manka's life, and of his struggle, a life-long struggle, against man and against the elements, is told convincingly and in beautiful, compelling prose. I think, myself, that the author has got as near to the mind of a wild goose as man will ever get—and I personally was absorbed from start to finish and put the book down with a feeling of satisfaction that I rarely feel when I have read an "animal story."

But Mr. Watkins-Pitchford is more than an author, more than an extremely good observer of nature in the wild—he is an artist of no mean ability. He illustrates his own book. His woodcuts are beautiful and full of life and atmosphere.

Personally, I think this is a better book than *Wild Lone*—the best book of its type I have yet read or am likely to read. B. V.-F.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Only a skeleton party supported these hounds when they met at Allington, although this is usually one of the most popular "unfashionable" appointments. However, transport considerations are all-important, and the soldiers who usually swell the Saturday following had been attracted to the Quorn. Members of the Allington shoot previously reported such a number of foxes in the coverts that it seemed likely they would be embarrassingly plentiful: however, no doubt the foxes had put their own construction on the gathering in the village and made off to quieter quarters.

It was difficult to find one, after an idler in the privets had been killed, but Moss and Plumbs then held a proper sort of fox, who proceeded to give a red-letter hunt. This part of the country is renowned for its lavish scenting qualities and, with the aid of all the rain which had fallen recently, hounds had a great advantage, so proceeded to make the best possible use of it.

First they went away across the wide and well-known fields towards Normanton Thorns, then turned to the right over a delightful "pocket" of pasture, which lies between that covert and the village of Long Bennington. It was first class enjoyment to jump the fence on the crest of the slope and to see the pack in formation speeding away over a nice line as enjoyable as any in Leicestershire. At times the going was, of course, very deep, but, as the fox was probably headed on the North Road, hounds turned back and gave the labouring horses a chance. The hitches were soon going again and crossed a line which our absent friends will recall with watering mouths. First the big Normanton Covert and then the little one seemed to be the goal, then the spire of Bottesford loomed nearer, but hounds swung to the left, and with a determined note in their voices hunted magnificently on as if for Allington. Just short of the Rectory they caught this stout fox, with full honour and glory to all concerned. The huntsman had every reason to be delighted with the performance, and it was only a pity that more followers had not been there to admire and enjoy it. UNBRIDLED.

BERKSHIRE, OLD.—A small field were treated to a good gallop with the only fox found after meeting at Circourt Bridge. They struck a line close to Challow Bone Mill, but the fox had been gone some time. Nevertheless the pack hunted slowly but surely, aided by a holding scent; and crossing the Wantage road pointed for West Challow. Swinging right-handed, almost up to Childrey Brickworks, they crossed the Childrey road, and at an increasing pace ran well over Mr. Carter's farm to the canal below Sparsholt.

Turning from the village they went along, holding Sparsholt Copse on the right, into Kingston Spinnies, then pushing him out reached Fawler village. The fox was evidently turned here and hounds checked. His line was soon recovered, however, and Uffington reached; then turning right-handed, and crossing Conaton Farm, the fox went into Uffington Gorse. Hounds hunted him once round and pushing him out killed on the canal bank, after fifty minutes, including a point of four-and-a-half miles. J. R.

BRAES OF DERWENT.—A good day's sport was recorded from the Sandyford Cottage fixture on December 9th. Hounds found a leash of foxes in Sandyford Plantation, one going away over the Riding Mill Road with one-and-a-half couples after him. But the main body were hunting another in covert, whom they pushed away into Healey Big Wood. Making a big circle round this great woodland, they forced him out on the east side, back through Sandyford Plantation, and over the Riding Mill Road into Broomley Fell. Going away from here at the bottom end to the Wheelbirks Lane, the fox went on up the hill to Fotherley, bore sharp left to Fotherley Gill, and passed Wheelbirks to the Hindley Road; there he was headed and viewed over the Scales Cross Road. Hounds hit off his line and ran on into Fort Plantation, going away up to Linderagg, where there were some big earths, which he evidently did not know about.

The fox ran alongside the covert to Kipperlin, making a sharp right-handed turn across the point-to-point course to Watch Hill. He made a circle round the hill, came back over the Scales Cross Road to Wheelbirks, turned sharp left-handed up to Fotherley Gill, and doubled up and down with hounds close at him, but he just managed to get to ground in a drain. He was bolted and killed, after a good hunt of 70 minutes.

Hounds had a three mile jog to draw the far end of Healey Big Wood, and with a greatly improved scent ran hard through this big woodland, going away at the east end to Sandyford. Just skirting the covert they crossed the Healey Road for Lingy Field Farm, and leaving this on the right pointed for Buildings Wood. They turned sharp to the left past Davidson's Farm, over the Riding Mill Road, and with a grand cry ran through Fotherley Gill to the Scales Cross Road, where they checked. Hitting off the line near Three Bridges they ran on beautifully into Fairley May Gill, and at the far side turned back to Three Bridges, where the first fox had gone to ground. This one was headed back up the hill nearly to Linderagg, came back over the Apperley Dene Road to Wheelbirks, and crossing the drive was marked to ground after a capital hunt of 45 minutes. B. D.

CARMARTHENSHIRE. There is no change in the Hunt staff, except that the Master has been recalled since the "outbreak," and has taken two of the hunt horses with him. Phil Davies, now in his 49th consecutive season with these hounds, is hunting them as he did through the last war. He is fit and well, and has accounted for more than the average number of foxes. Fields are very small, as all members seem to be on service, and the majority of the usual large "farmer fields" have not taken up their horses from grass, as they are short handed on the farms. The pack has been reduced to 23 couples and if reductions are necessary below that hounds will be sent out to walk with farmers.

The Carmarthenshire have stuck to the same old strains of foxhound, be they called Welsh or English, since 1839, and every effort will be made to maintain them throughout the war. These rare old musical hunting strains could never be collected again if they were once lost. C.

CATTISTOCK.—Last week's sport was above the average for this season so far. Hounds had a brilliant day from Eversholt Station on the 4th, when they spent the better part of the day in Blackmore Vale country, and useful sport on the other two days on which they were out—Wednesday and Saturday. Gosden tells me that, in his opinion, sport suffers seriously in that it has been impossible to "cub-hunt" the outlying coverts properly; the result being that foxes do not run as they should, but are inclined to seek safety by skulking in covert and refusing to face the open.

On December 11th, hounds met at Little Minterne, and I would have gone more than twice as far gladly for the mere sight of that veteran sportsman, Captain Gerald Digby, R.N., who was in the field that day. He will be 81 in a few days, and I do not believe that there are many sportsmen in England who enjoy a day's hunting with foxhounds more. It is almost 30 years since I first made his acquaintance one cold March morning at Wynyard's Gap, in the days before all the world had gone mad, and I hope that I may hunt in the same field with him for many more.

Hounds found their first fox in the Minterne gardens, but were unable to drive, because scent was anything but good. However, a holloa soon took us up the slope, and we galloped down the ridge, which overlooks the Cerne valley, toward Cerne Abbas. But the fox was not enterprising and within a mile he had turned back, retracing his steps towards Minterne, to bear right-handed over the road to Clingers. There scent apparently improved, as hounds were eventually able to roll him over in the bracken on the northern slope of Mount Silver.

On the Wednesday hounds met at Tatton Cross in the Friday country, and a nice field, including the Master, saw hounds find a brace in Wetmore, close by. Settling to the line of one, they went away over the road, through Tatton Copse and Culverwell (where they swung right-handed), re-crossed the road, and drove on through Tanacre to Wann's. Here the fox turned back and sought shelter in Tanacre, after a nice 35 minutes. Possibly it was a fresh fox who went away a few minutes later, and running past Fleet Lodge set his mask down the coast for Wyke Regis. Near Chickerell he turned inland and retraced his steps, leaving the Chickerell brickyards on his right and running back past Fleet Lodge to Herbury, where hounds hunted him up and down the gorses for 20 minutes. This hunt, although it covered no great point, was over a line of country which I have only seen the Cattistock cross once before in the eleven seasons I have hunted with them. Though wire has crept into some of it, it still affords nice galloping. Hounds should have killed this fox at Herbury, for they had hunted him diligently for almost two hours. Luck, however, was against them, and they were holloaed away on a fresh fox by some well-intentioned but ignorant member of the field. LINCOLN.

CROOME.—The day from Stonehall Common was damp and scentless. Cold, relentless rain descended almost from the start, and effectually washed out every vestige of scent, though, curiously enough, hounds were able to run better in the last quarter of an hour than they had done the whole day.

Lord Coventry hunted hounds, and at Kempsey Common a fox was soon away. He ran a ring through Pirton Gorse and Pool Covert back over the Park Farm and, on reaching the common again, hounds hunted the whole length of this then bore right-handed to Stonehall Common. Scent was catchy in the extreme; they would run for a few yards, then they threw up, hit off a faint thread of scent, and carried it a little further, then checked once more. They managed to puzzle it out inch by inch to Littleworth Allotments before a holloa on the Stonehall Road set them going for Stonehall Fields, but it was not long before the field found themselves back at the inevitable Kempsey Common, where one hour from the find they appeared to have lost their fox altogether.

A few moments later, however, a fox was viewed away from the gorse pointing westward. Whether or not this was the hunted one I can not say, but at all events a brace was now on foot and hounds divided. The main body of the pack doubled back over the common to the Nash and pulled their fox down in the garden.

They found again in some kale at Pirton, but this proved to be an unenterprising fox, who escaped underground after running two or three fields. Scent had by now vanished into thin air, and although they hunted a fox across the intervening field from Barnes's Rough to Severn Bank, there was no trace of scent in covert, so at length the unequal struggle was abandoned. Followers were to be granted a gallop before going home, however, for there was a fox in Woodley's Brake, and though he lay low for as long as he was able hounds drove him out at last, over Mr. Nixon's plough, where scent was very cold, to Kinnersley and the Kennels.

The Menagerie was obviously his objective, and on reaching there hounds were hard put to it to hunt him at all. After some ten or fifteen minutes in covert, however, they got going in the open again, and settling down fairly close behind their fox ran well as if for Kinnersley, left-handed to the Belt and the old hunt stables. We had a nice line of fences, and for about a quarter of an hour enjoyed the cream of the day. Time and again foxes have been lost in the vicinity of the hunt stables, and have never been located, but this hunt ended in the discovery of their sanctuary, which proved to be an unknown drain running beneath some trees at the edge of the Belt. It is an impregnable place, and once there a fox is safe from his pursuers, but at any rate it is satisfactory to have found its whereabouts. D. M. M.

DORSET, SOUTH.—I was puzzled on the morning of December 11th as to whether I should meet the Cattistock at Little Minterne, or the South Dorset at Buckland Newton, less than two miles away. I finally tossed a coin to see which it should be—tails South Dorset, heads Cattistock—and it came up heads. About half-past one, when the Cattistock had killed their first fox, and were trying to find a second, who should appear in the middle distance but a South Dorset Hunt servant. He recognised me and asked: "Are any of our hounds here, sir? The Master is just over the hill; we ran into that little covert just over the road; I think our fox is to ground there." I told him that I had seen two couples of his hounds, and galloped in the direction in which he pointed; but just as I caught sight of them the fog descended on us all, and hunting was at an end. I met a lady on the road, who told me that the South Dorset had had a good hunt.

On the Thursday, hounds met at Higher Waterston, where Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman entertained the field before hounds moved off. It was a mild damp morning, with hardly a breath of wind stirring, and scenting conditions were excellent. The pack found their first fox half a mile from the meet, in Muston Copse, and ran for six minutes as fast as I have ever seen hounds run in my life. At the end the fox found temporary sanctuary in a rabbit hole in a bank. The second fox, roused in a root field of Mr. Lovelace's, ran to Dole's Wood, where he tried to beat his pursuers by twisting and turning in the rough pasture nearby; but he, too, eventually sought shelter in a rabbit hole, and was added to the South Dorset tally, which is rapidly assuming good proportions. The field that was out meant going, and when Captain Wellesley-Wesley found a stout fox near Pat Castle, they settled down to ride across the lovely country to the eastern slope of the Piddle Valley. Hounds drove on over the Cheilbourne Road, past Piddletrenthide to Redlands, and then swung left-handed above the village through Tenant's Gorse, and past New Copse to the Boundary Road, which they crossed into Cattistock country. The Master, knowing that there were rabbit-trappers in that territory, wisely stopped hounds at this point, at the end of a 50-minute hunt, which ranks as the best I have had this week.

It is a pleasure to watch the South Dorset Hounds hunt, and it must be a source of great satisfaction to the Joint Masters to be able to provide sport at this time. A. H. H.

Essex Hunt Driving Club.—Circumstances and weather permitting, a meet for horse-drawn carriages of any description will be held at Hatfield Heath on Sunday, December 24th, at 11.30. This will be followed by a short drive of about three miles. For those who care to bring with them a picnic lunch accommodation for this and stabling will be available at the end of the drive, so as to make a break before making the drive home. In order that a few arrangements can be made, will coachmen intending to take part in the drive, or requiring such accommodation kindly notify Col. S. F. Gosling, M.F.H., Hillsboro', Harlow. Please bring a halter and horse rug and feed. A collection will be made for our sailors engaged in mine-sweeping.

Garth.—Owing to the war, the joint masters, Lord Northesk and Miss Effie Barker, have reluctantly handed in their resignations, and the country has been taken over by the committee, who have appointed Colonel and Miss Barker to act for them.

From their Roebuck, Binfield, fixture, on December 11th, an excellent day resulted. Finding immediately in Stokes Farm, Shore, hounds ran fast over Bean Oak Farm, pointing for Wokingham, but turning sharp right-handed the Ashridgewood Point-to-Point Course was crossed at a fast pace. Mr. Henry Bowyer's good fences being much appreciated. Swinging to the left by the house, the pack crossed the Bell Hill road, and made a big left-handed circle over Mr. Fifield's farm, before being run out of scent by the main Reading-Wokingham road. It had been a fast twenty minutes.

Another fox from Stokes Farm withybed took much the same line, before being marked to ground on the Point-to-Point Course. From Ashridge Wood hounds pushed a fox straight out towards Bell Hill, but being headed on the road turned right-handed over Broad Common Farm, crossing the lane into Haines Hill Park. Crossing the road, they ran through Sorrel Wood and over Park Farm into Billingbear home covert, where hounds checked slightly for the first time. Up to this the pace had been fast. Running on more slowly across Billingbear Park, Beech Wood was reached and, scent improving, hounds pushed their fox through Pond Wood and Tippins, until they were run out of scent at Monks Alley. With only the hunt staff, acting master and one member of the field left, this fast 45 minutes ended a good day's sport, where hound work was of the best. G.

Hertfordshire.—This Hunt is carrying on for the season on a reduced scale. Hounds are hunting two days a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—and the meeting time is 10 o'clock. They have had an average cub-hunting season and have been showing good sport since they have been allowed to go. Their best day so far was on December 6th, when the fixture was the "Speed the Plough," Barton, and those who made the long journey were well rewarded. Scent was poor in the morning and little was done with foxes in Cain Hill, and Cainhoe Park.

As hounds were drawing Long's osiers an outlier was disturbed from a hedgerow by some people shooting. Samways soon had hounds on his line, and after crossing the Gravenhurst Campton road the fox ran as if for Cainhoe.

This stout-hearted fox scorned the shelter of this large covert, however, and swung away right-handed towards Campton. Leaving this on his left the fox recrossed the road, ran through the Osiers and the Square covert, and led to the top of the hill by Meppershall Village. Here hounds started to run fast into the Shillington Vale. With Shillington on their right, they crossed Rosehill Farm and maintaining their pace ran on to Holwell. There was a long check here, and after a clever cast by Samways beyond the Pirton-Hulwell road, the line was recovered. Hounds could now only hunt slowly and were defeated close to Oughton Head, having made a five-and-a-half mile point. The time was 90 minutes, and as hounds ran the distance was some nine miles. M. J.

Quorn.—It does one good to see the fine work being carried on in these hard times, and what a difficult job it must be keeping the "ball rolling" until this ghastly business is all over. Foxes are plentiful, hounds having up to December 12th thinned them down by 46 brace. The pack was made up of a beautiful young lot of hounds, and the tragedy of it was, like everywhere else, the times compelled the putting down of several couples. However, we must be thankful that the sport is being so well held together for better times, and that its job is being so well done in keeping foxes down.

The meet on Friday (December 8th) was at Mr. Burton's farm at Kirby, and an old fox was found in Sanham House garden. Pointing for Great Dalby, he turned left-handed under Eye Kettleby, and went to ground on the outskirts of Melton Mowbray after a fast 30 minutes. A short hunt then took place from Ashby Pastures, by Cream Gorse to Rotherby Spinnies, when the fox beat them.

The best was to follow, after hounds had roused a fox at Dale's Hill. He led them at a fast pace through Brooksby Spinnies over the brook, and then swinging right-handed they left Rotherby Spinnies on the right, and just missing Cream Gorse continued to run fast up the valley. Leaving Kirby Village well on the left the fox continued on to where the G.E. Ry. line crosses the Leicester main road from Melton, and was marked to ground, in the very same earths that had given safety to their previous fox earlier on.

The Army was well represented when a large field met hounds at Widmerpool New Inn on the Saturday, and a capital 45 minutes was enjoyed, over a grand line, with a fox found in the Curates and eventually lost at Old Dalby.

On Tuesday, after meeting at Newtown Linford, a brace of foxes were killed in Ley Wood, making the total to that date 46 brace, ten being accounted for in the last ten days' hunting. Later hounds had a nice ring with a fox from Beaucliffe, over the road by Blackhill Farm, and right-handed over the Sheepshead Road. The fox ran on over the plough to the Beacon, where he again went to the right over the Woodhouse Road, leaving the Windmill on the left. Making his way back by Maplewell Hall he went on through Blake's Hay into Ley Wood, where he was eventually lost, after affording a nice hunt. S. R.

Tedworth.—The war time difficulties of the Committee are great, but have to some extent been met by reducing the pack to little over 20 couples, and the staff to skeleton proportions, while hunting days are now two a week instead of three. With only one horse out each for Will James, and his hon. whipper-in, Mr. Tom Baker, junior, hounds have to go home early. Certain farmers are nobly foraging the few horses at the kennels, and other kind friends are providing turn-outs for the remainder not required.

There was no opening meet, and in the interests of poultry keepers, methods which normally are only considered orthodox during cubhunting, have been followed until lately. Although this is not a country which lends itself to much holding up and scent has been moderate, nevertheless hounds have killed over 20 brace of foxes up to date, which is at least up to the average when hunting three full days a week. They have been let go since the end of November, and helped by a decided improvement in scent have hunted really well.

The few who turned out in a snowstorm at Wilcot Cross Roads had their just reward in the course of the day. The withybeds at Sharcott did not hold, being practically under water, and there was further disappointment after finding at North Copse Draycott, through hounds having to be stopped at West Stowell from going into the hills which were enveloped in fog. Compensation, however, was forthcoming on reaching Tawsnead, one of the most certain finds in the country. After several foxes had gone away hounds settled on to the line of one who, after pointing for Draycott, turned right-handed under Picket Hill to Woodborough Withybeds.

Crossing the canal, he led through Frith Copse to Wilcot Manor, where he ran through the Sanctuary and Lady Ernest St. Maur's gardens. Hitting him off beyond, hounds left Hare Street behind and hunted nicely over the Pewsey Old Golf Links to Little Bristows, crossing the canal to Stowell Park, where they could make no more of it among the farm buildings. The time was about 70 minutes, and although slow at times there was much good hound work.

From New Mill, on the 9th, foxes were difficult to find after several days' heavy rain. From the Secretary's Gorse hounds went away on good terms, and scent serving well drove hard across Sunnyhill Farm and behind Mr. Cattern's house to Bromsgrove, where the fox was viewed close in front. Pushing him through the top edge of the covert hounds ran to the left of Clay Copse, as if for Clench Common, but swinging half-right to the Hangings behind East Wick rolled him over after 30 minutes at top pace. Clench Common and the Rainscombe Coverts were blotted out by thick fog, and had to be left, so a return was made to the Pewsey Vale. Hounds got going again from the Secretary's Covert, and ran much the same line as before to Bromsgrove, beyond which they had to be stopped owing to the fog.

Will all followers of these hounds please bear in mind that in war time it is more important than ever, in the interests of our good friends the farmers, to close *all* gates, avoid doing any unnecessary damage by riding over growing crops, and that "larking" on the way home over hunt jumps, gates or anyone's farm is at all times unpardonable. Any accidental damage to gates, &c., should be reported immediately. Hark Forard.

Tynedale.—Hounds met at Chollerford on December 11th and roused a fox in Woodcock Wood. They went away close at him, then ran through The Styden and to the military road, where they checked. The fox ran the road for about 500yds., and quickly hitting off the line the pack went on through Tower Tye and over the Fourstones Road into Carr Edge. Without dwelling they hunted into the Newborough Quarries (a Haydon stronghold), and after circling the Quarries ran up to Newborough Hall. The fox made a sharp turn back here and went through Maggie's Dene to Greyside Fell. Hounds slipped across the Fell at a good pace and marked to ground just short of the military road, after a good hunt of 55 minutes.

Another followed from Errington Wood into the Haydon country. Going well away hounds traversed Carr Edge into Newborough Quarries and continued on through Maggie's Dene. Up to this point it was a similar line to the first hunt. They then pointed west through Miss Mary's Dene and hunted on beautifully beyond the Settling Stones Mines for Grindon, where they were stopped after an excellent hunt of 50 minutes, with hounds many miles from their kennels. T.

Vixe.—Saturday (December 9th) saw hounds at the College Arms. Quite a fair field was out, including some soldiers. A fox found in Blackwater went away to Cranes and Morgastons, then came back again to Blackwater, before making for Grassey Copse and Beaurepaire. For two hours and ten minutes hounds stuck to their fox with a catchy scent, and hunted him round Cranes, Blackwater, Grassey Copse, the Gulleys, Beaurepaire and Pepper Wood, Folkets. He went away from Cranes through the corner of Pepper Wood, out by the Home Farm, and hounds coursed him across the big ploughed field, pulling him down not 10yds. before he reached the Gulley, an exciting finish to a good hunt. I hope the soldiers enjoyed themselves.

Another fox found in the Beaurepaire withybeds ran over the cricket ground to Blackwater and to ground in Cranes. The terrier soon bolted him, but he went to ground again as quickly as possible in the earth by the Home Farm. Hoof On.

IRELAND

Limerick.—On Friday (December 8th) Creeve's Cross was the fixture. Craggard held a fox who, unfortunately, was headed and went to ground. Meadesfort held, and hounds coursed him for two fields and caught him. A second from here went away over a nice line, through Coolcappagh, passing Flavins to Riddlestown and Arlament. Then the fox bore right-handed back into Riddlestown demesne, where hounds killed him. The next hour before dusk was spent with ringing foxes round the Riddlestown area, till it was decided to call it a day.

On Monday hounds were at Ballysteen. The early part of the day was spent with ringing foxes on Ballysteen, two being marked to ground before the Hunt moved further afield. A first-class hunt ensued from Neville's Gorse. Leaving Ballynorth on the right, a good fox from here kept a straight course past Melltown Lough to Castletown-Waller. Hounds were close behind him on the demesne here, but crossing the Dromore Road he faced the open once more. Heading first as though for Ballynolan, the fox then turned right-handed, passed Pallaskenry on the left, and continued through Milltown to Ballymacourtney, where he went to ground. This was a good hunt of one-and-a-half hours, hounds hunting beautifully. L.

Tipperary.—The sky once more threatened rain at the Bannixtown fixture on December 9th. Hounds disposed of an outlier on the way to draw Ballinards Wood. A fox was soon afoot in Spike, but scent was bad, and he was hunted slowly to Peppardstown House, back through Spike, and towards Ballinards Wood, before a heavy storm washed out the line.

As usual there was a large field at New Inn on the 13th. The day was still and grey, but a blue haze and a falling glass did not promise a great scent. At Kelly's Bashful hit off the line of a fox who had slipped away unobserved. Hounds hunted well to the main gate of Outragh House, and up to Outragh Cross, where they were defeated on the road. The pack was taken back to Marl Hill and found at once. Close to their fox they ran across the main road and down to Halley's, where scent failed. Finding again in Rockwell, they went fast through Dogstown to Racecourse Hall, where they turned left-handed towards Dangan Dargan. Unfortunately cattle foiled the line, and it was only with considerable assistance from Mrs. Masters that they managed to run on slowly to the left of Saddler's and towards Knockroe, before being forced to admit defeat after making a three mile point.

T. C. V.



SNIPE SHOOTING IN THE UNITED PROVINCES
The coolie carries his rifle on the chance of a shot at big game

SCATTER-GUN DAYS

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY

THE Imperial sandgrouse are the mainstay of trans-Indus small game shoot. They come to water soon after the rising sun has warmed the stony plains on which they rest at night. It is often difficult to hit off their line if a river is their objective, for they alter their drinking place from day to day; but if it be one of occasional pools in an almost dry bed they come in hundreds to that which has a shallow edge and shelving bank, and their chuckling call will be heard long before they are seen flying in from all directions. Before the sandgrouse arrive flighting duck sometimes give good sport, and a walk down-river when the sandgrouse shoot is over will provide snipe from marshy reedbeds close to undercut banks, and a bittern (wonderfully good eating in the cold weather) be flushed out of them; while the return walk along the top of the bank will often result in a bustard and a few partridges. All these I have bagged in a couple of hours in Baluchistan and Sind.

But the cream of it is in the United Provinces. Go early to a tank and first there will be the duck; ten minutes shooting at these and then a rest, and they will come back and fly round again. At a quarter past nine the sandgrouse come to drink—not the big imperial this time, but the common, painted and spotted; smaller birds, but providing excellent shooting. After that the snipe round the edges of the jheel, and then follow up the channel which fills the tank in the wet weather, and have a go at the teal which have hidden in little pools under overhanging bushes. Very likely peafowl will also be flushed, and there is nothing better than a peahen, four days hung, for a Christmas dinner.

If in Bundelkhand it will not be far to another tank, where the tall trees on the bund hold green pigeons and there are blue rocks raiding the threshing floors or harbouring in the depths of the wells, while the walk between will often give a chance at blackbuck and chinkara, and the dry ravines furnish many a quail and partridge. A most pleasant country for a Christmas shoot and during the first two months of the year.

At the end of February the more southerly duck move north again, as the heat increases, and March will see the snipe spending the mid-day hours under bushes near the jheel, whence they are often shot in drives in Madras. In Bengal the paddy will be full of them just before it is cut, and the most notable Indian bags have been made under such conditions; though, to my mind, the strain of avoiding peppering some ryot working in the fields, who invariably ducks down as the guns approach from afar, then bobs up again just in line with a bird when they are near, is too great a set-off against any number of rather sleepy snipe to make a possible record bag enjoyable in the getting.

Round Peshawar, in May, the snipe may be found under cotton bushes round a jheel, but such shooting is devoid of all the pleasure of a frosty morning and the quick rise and getaway of the longbills from a half-frozen marsh, with the cries of the wheeling lapwings as accompaniment to their harsh "Sea-u-ap."

In March the duck may be found crowded in the smaller rivers near Rawal Pindi, awaiting favourable weather for their next great flight over the mountains to Central Asia and Siberia, and it is curious that more than two-thirds of them are drakes, while the proportion is reversed when they arrive in September and October. Some few of these duck, though none of the teal as far as I know, stay on right up to June, and they do not seem to be pricked birds, though none of them breed, except such residents as the spotbill and the nukta.

But a wet and windy March may hold up the duck in the north, and great bags be made if they are hit off rightly. Over six hundred duck in two days to two guns is the record as far as I know, and that was near Peshawar in March, 1905. This does not take into consideration the bags made by a dozen guns or more in the Maharajah of Kashmir's preserves, which have run to over two thousand in a day.

Let all who take up shooting in India have a dog to help them. Spaniels and Labradors do well in the hot weather as long as they have water to bathe in; even the mali's little tank in the garden is sufficient, and they are priceless companions for trips after big game. Cockers are a little small for India, and liable to get tired out quickly in a deep jheel, while sore feet are often the result of a day after chikor or other partridges.

Training a youngster is great fun, and if his master wishes to try out the pup there are field trials held every year in Northern India.

One amusing story is told of these. Rivalry was very keen between two neighbouring princes, and the last four dogs in the stake were being given deciding runs, two of them belonging each to these rivals. The retriever belonging to one was sent for a bird and could not find it in some 18-in. grass, and the owner and handler suggested that it was a runner and had gone before his dog was put on to it.

Judges and competitor walked forward to try and find the bird, and two spectators noticed that His Highness stopped suddenly and began directing the efforts of others from one particular spot without moving from it. The bird was not found and H.H.'s dog was given another trial, so the line began to move forward and the two spectators went to where H.H. was just starting on again. He had been standing on the bird!

Scent on hard ground baked by the sun is almost wanting, so do not be surprised if your dog fails on most runners, and be careful of letting him go into water which may hold muggers. Also many sportsmen forget that the sun is very hot, especially for a black-coated Labrador, and that an extra water-bottle should be taken for every canine helper. A keen dog may go on working in the heat until it drops from exhaustion in the shade of a bush or rock, and I have known two such cases where it did not recover and the owner lost a valued friend.

There is hardly a spot in India where a scatter-gun is not good value, and even the hours of duty may be pleasantly enlivened by its use. In October, 1914, I was in charge of the Burma central wireless station at Bassein, in the Irrawadi delta, and the nine-hole golf course ran right round it. When things were slack the clubs and a gun could be taken along, a few holes played, and the golf varied by the pursuit of the little flocks of golden plover always on the course. Then, not half a mile away, was a shallow tank, and in an hour's break from the routine of examining such messages as "Love and kisses to daddie" for treasonable matter, or listening for the telefunken of the Emden, I have collected a dozen snipe and half as many plover.

From the permanent snow-line to the seashore there is hardly a district in India which does not afford some employment for the gun; and, with a dog to help, I am not sure that it does not give better fun than the rifle.



A MORNING'S BAG IN PATIALA STATE
2 house grey partridges, 1 hare, 1 grey crane, 1 demoiselle crane and 2 blackbuck

The Horse on the Road Again

THE ART OF HANDLING THE REINS

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. F. LAMONT, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

In last week's article Brigadier-General Lamont dealt with steps to be taken in putting a horse into harness, and in making vehicles and harness which had been long in disuse ready for the road again

NOW that horse transport is forced upon a large number of the community, the art of driving should be seriously attended to by all those who are adopting, or who are intending to adopt, this means of progression. Of course the old hands are in their element, they have been "coachmen" from their youth up, but the younger generation have it all to learn.

Hanging on to a pair of reins, one in each hand, getting to the journey's end any old how, provides neither credit to the "conductor" nor comfort to the horse. Those who know will shake their heads, smile derisively, but more in pity than in anger. Is it not advisable to try to do the thing properly, if it is to be done at all? For driving, even a single horse, is an art, can be a great source of pleasure, and is not difficult to acquire if a few simple fundamental principles are well digested and put into practice. Unlike riding the "independent seat" is provided, ready made, therefore the "coachman" has only to occupy himself with the smooth performance of his animal, and the completion of his stage at that pace best suited to his horse or horses with the minimum of distress.

It must be assumed that the harness fits correctly, that the trap or carriage is the right height and therefore suitable to the hands and niches of the horse or pony. No animal can possibly go comfortably or give of his best unless these important details receive minute attention.

* * *

For the purpose of this article we will presume that the horse is properly broken to harness and so only requires proper handling, and start with single harness. The primary consideration is that the horse should go nicely up to his bit, which means that he is well into his collar or breast harness. The bit must therefore be exactly suitable to his mouth and temperament, and also to the driver's "hands." A bearing rein is neither necessary nor desirable. Personally, except in very exceptional cases, I never liked a snaffle for harness work, preferring a driving bit, either straight, half moon, or, better still, the universal Portsmouth reversible Army bit.

The fitting of the curb chain, as in the riding bridle, is all important, and the selection of the cheek, middle or bottom bar is again a question of mouth and hands. The horse must be neither behind nor in front of his bridle. A talk with the saddler, and the examination of driving bits in his shop or as illustrated in his catalogues, will prove of the utmost value.

Before getting up it is all important to inspect the fitting of the harness, unless the "coachman" has harnessed up himself. I have actually seen a dog-cart brought round with the off side trace a hole longer than the near side one. The bit should be "felt" to test the fit of the curb chain. In the old days some cunning old ostlers at inns, where horses and traps used to be put up, would leave a few tail-hairs in the crupper, if the driver was absent-minded or stingy in the matter of the tip. Even with well-mannered horses this state of affairs generally produced a good kicking match.

If all is well, or any defects are adjusted, the coachman takes the reins, from the near side terret, into the left hand, separated by the first and second fingers, moves back level with the step, adjusts the reins so that he has an equal feel of both sides of the horse's mouth and mounts quietly into the trap. He settles himself comfortably on the "box," tucks the rug round him on both sides if he is alone, or if a companion is to sit alongside he tucks in his off side one, and folds the near side over his knees ready for said companion. He then re-adjusts his reins, shortening or lengthening them from the front, not by pulling them through from the back, and takes his whip up out of its socket. It is one of the unwritten laws that no passenger must ever get up until the coachman is settled on the box. The signal is the taking up of the whip.

It has often been advanced that driving a saddle horse spoils its mouth and balance. That may be so if a driven horse is allowed to lean on his bit, go all on his forehand, and/or be put to a heavier load than he is well master of. I have driven hunters, hacks and polo ponies, single, pair, tandem and four, and have never found any deterioration due to harness work.

Now for the position of the hands, which is of the utmost importance. It proclaims the finished coachman and betrays the inept.

Fig. I.—The left hand, wrist slightly bent, near side rein over first finger, off side rein between second and third fingers, both reins down the full of the hand, pinched and prevented from slipping by the third and fourth fingers. The thumb is lightly pressed against the near side rein, but in conjunction with the first finger can be used, say, to hold the whip if the right hand is otherwise engaged. The two fundamental principles are:

(*a*) There must be an even feel on both sides of the horse's mouth.

(*b*) The reins must not be allowed to slip.

The left hand must be in the centre of the body, about level with the third waistcoat button counting from the top. Higher than that is definitely "swanky," lower is on the sloppy side. The whip hand should be a trifle to the right and a shade higher, the whip pointing to the left front. The hand in this position, about 6in. to 8in. in front of the body, maintains nice contact with the mouth, the bend of the wrist provides elastic give and take, similar to the top joint of a fishing rod.

Fig. II.—To incline to the left turn the thumb over towards the body. Obviously this movement tightens the near side rein and at the same time eases the off side rein. As soon as the necessary amount of incline has been produced the return of the hand to the normal feels the off side rein and straightens the horse.

Fig. III.—To incline to the right turn the thumb away from the body, which movement brings the third finger nearer the body, so tightening the off side rein and relaxing the near side rein. To straighten resume the normal.

Fig. IV.—To turn to the left. Advance the right hand on to the near side rein, say 6in. in front of the left hand. Holding the whip with thumb and forefinger, take hold of the near side rein with the third and fourth fingers, at the same time advancing the thumb and first finger of the left hand to ease up the near side rein a trifle. Then actuate the near side rein by turning the right hand back down; this movement is most important, as it turns the whip point forward, whereas if the right hand is simply drawn back the whip will seriously interfere with the hat, and/or face of anyone sitting alongside and, in addition, tends to pull the rein out of the left hand. While the right hand is in operation the left hand advances a trifle to ease the off side rein, but must be ready to steady that rein if there is any tendency to cut the corner.



Fig. I. Near side rein between thumb and forefinger. Off side rein between second and third fingers, both reins pinched by third and fourth fingers, must not be allowed to slip



Fig. III. INCLINE TO THE RIGHT. *Turning the little finger towards the body actuates off side rein. Thumb pointed forward eases near side rein as required. Whip hand standing by ready to assist if necessary*

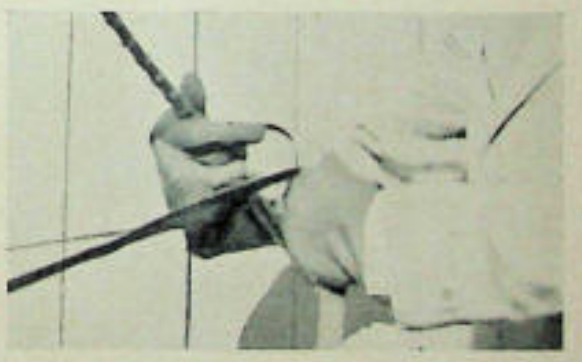


Fig V. TURNING TO THE RIGHT. *The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop in the off side rein, thus this rein is not pulled out of left hand. Near side rein is eased as required*



Fig. II. INCLINE TO THE LEFT. *Turning the thumb towards the body actuates the near side rein. This movement automatically eases off side rein. Whip hand standing by ready to assist if necessary*



Fig. IV. TURNING TO THE LEFT. *The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop in the near side rein, thus this rein is not pulled out of the left hand. Off side rein is eased as required*



Fig. VI. SHORTENING REINS. *Little finger of right hand between reins. The motion of turning the right hand over keeps the whip forward and causes a loop on both reins, which can be absorbed by the left hand as required*





A SMART TURN-OUT WHEN THE DOG-CART WAS POPULAR, AND A PAIR ON THE NEWBURY ROAD TO-DAY

Fig. V.—To turn to the right the right hand actuates the off side rein exactly as in Fig. IV, the left-hand co-operating by advancing a little at the same time, ready to steady the near side rein if required.

In both turning to the right or left, provided the reins have not slipped, the withdrawal of the right hand and the return of the left to the normal "straightens up" as soon as the corner has been safely negotiated.

If going at any pace slow down before reaching the corner. With a two-wheeled trap the wheels should be nearly opposite the corner before the turn is commenced. With four wheels it can be more gradual. The whip must, of course, be held out to warn traffic. There must be no last-minute grab with the right hand; well in time the right hand must be advanced, gently laid on the required rein, ready for necessary action.

For inclines, if the turns of the hand, *vide* Figs. II and III, are not sufficient, owing to lack of mouth sensitiveness, the right hand must be employed as per Figs. IV and V.

Fig. VI.—To shorten both reins. Advance right hand, place fourth finger between the reins and grip them. Release the hold of the left hand, slide it forward along the reins as required. It should never be found necessary, driving single, to bring the right hand right back behind the left, as when shortening your leaders in a team.

To shorten the near side or off side rein use the right hand as per Fig. VI. For the near side advance the left hand the required amount, open up the thumb and absorb the number of inches necessary into the palm of the hand. To shorten the off side rein again advance the left hand, keeping the thumb well pressed down on the near side rein, loosen the grip of the third and fourth fingers, slightly open the second and third fingers and absorb the required amount of the off side rein, then tighten up left hand grip, and remove the right hand from the reins.

Sit well up; nothing looks so bad as a crouch over the reins. Do not look at the reins, keep the eyes on the road and on the horse. When turning or inclining it is quite unnecessary to move the hands to the right or left; the reins pass through the terrets; therefore the pull, or feel, on the reins are in a straight line from the mouth to the terret.

In order to become proficient in the handling of the reins as above, so that there is no fumbling or looking, it is essential that serious practice should be undertaken, with the reins attached preferably to spiral springs or elastic, and with a whip.

The seat should be considerably higher than an ordinary chair, to approximate a driving box. Select a nicely-balanced whip.

When driving, it will be found that a horse will make his turns much more easily and smoothly if, instead of a hard continuous pull on the rein on the turning side, it is gently actuated just as the leg on the turning side starts to come forward, eased as that foot comes to the ground, and actuated again as the leg is coming forward. If a horse does not react properly, probably being "one sided," he should be well put through his lateral flexions and driven on the long reins until both sides of his mouth are equally responsive.

It must be remembered that we are now dealing with a 1 h.p. vehicle. Always move off at a walk for a few paces, break into a gentle trot with a touch of the whip just in front of the pad, the reins being eased. Never "pull the bell," *i.e.*, tug the reins as a signal to go on. Alas, how often do we see this aid! Gradually increase the pace to a nice steady trot. Ten miles an hour is very much "all out." Eight miles is a good fast trot. Six miles is a medium to slow trot. Never over-drive your horse. Walk up the hills. If it is steep passengers should get out. Start down-gradients nice and steady. It is well to train your horse to the voice. "Go on," "Whoa," is sufficient, but do not keep chatting to him. The whip drawn across the back close to the pad, or applied on the shoulder, should produce acceleration which must be quite gradual, never jerky.

When pulling up the process must be gradual. Reduce the pace, measure the distance by eye, and come to a halt exactly at the spot required. Nothing looks worse or is so disconcerting to the passengers than a halt with a bump.

Similarly it is very bad driving to pull up "stunt," in the case of a traffic block. Stopping and starting takes quite a bit out of a horse; a good driver senses any condition on the road which will necessitate a halt if pace is maintained. He therefore slows down, judges his distance, then accelerates and "takes his opening." Of course, some road hog who has wangled petrol, probably on "work of national importance," may cut in. Well, so be it; but you can always record your opinion.

In the good old driving days, it was only necessary to swing the whip lash round in a circular motion to indicate you were going to stop. Nowadays this signal would not be understood; therefore the whip hand should be well raised and held up.

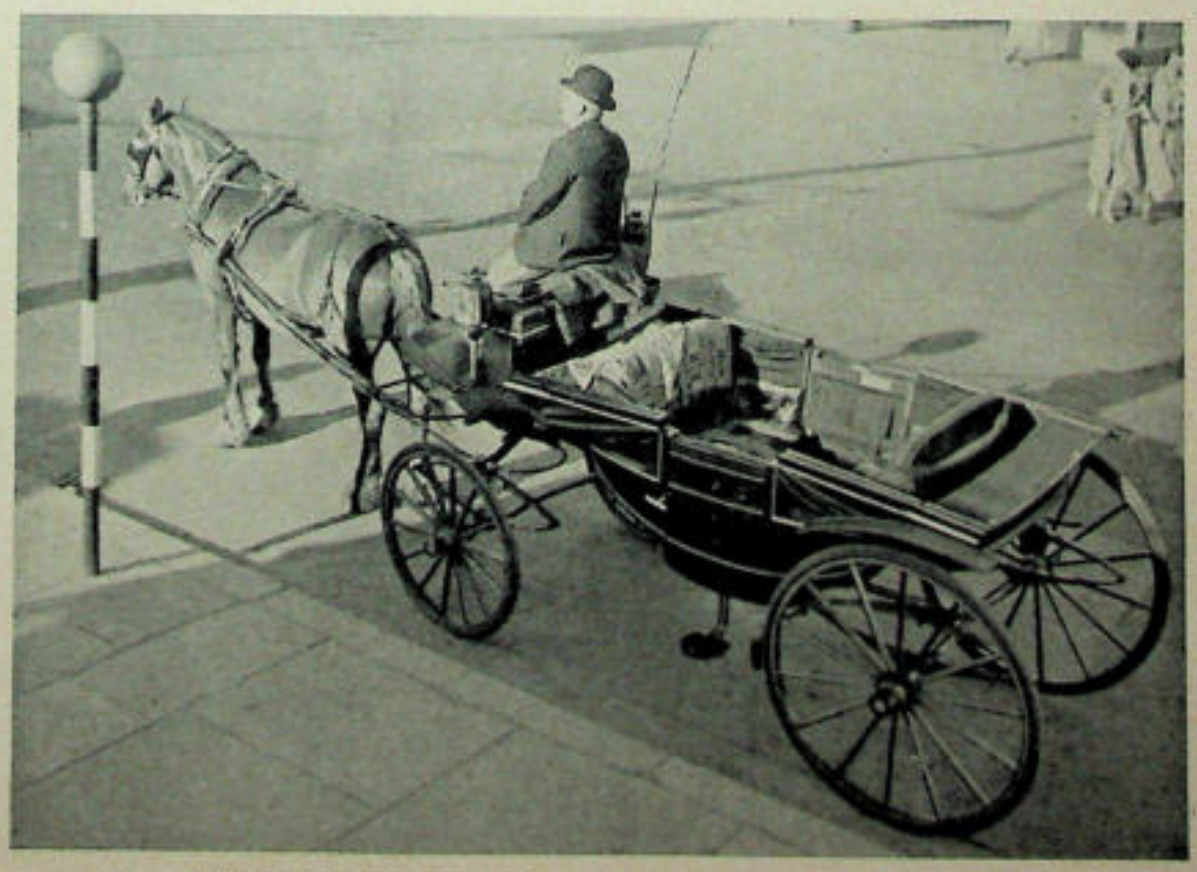
To sum up, the art of driving may be defined as driving a horse or horses so that they go cheerfully, happily and comfortably, that they do their journey and come home neither distressed nor done up, and are fit to come out day in and day out all the year round.

All the care and efforts of the best horse-master in the world can be stultified by a bad coachman. Therefore it is of primary importance carefully to study "time and distance" and start in good time. Maintain a nice steady pace. Neither drive long nor far until the horse is fit and thoroughly collar hardened. Be careful not to drive a horse "over his water," watch for symptoms, pull up and let him stale.

With two wheel vehicles adjust the seat according to the load, so that there is practically no weight on the shafts; with a "tub" cart adjust the passengers. Going downhill sit back; a heavy weight on the tugs may produce a stumble or bring a horse down. Particularly in hot weather never miss an opportunity of giving a drop of water. A few good swallows on a journey help a lot. Be very careful about shoeing; have a word with the farrier. Frog pressure is all important. There are several good non-slip pads, efficient and helpful on to-day's roads. Watch for corns. Never bring a horse home hot, on the homeward journey do not push him. Even drop your hand on to your knee and let him walk the last bit on a loose rein.

After the motor car the horse will appear woefully slow, but this defect is counterbalanced by the pleasure derived in handling the animate in contradistinction to the inanimate.

So, as it has been said, "Be to his virtues ever kind, and to his faults a little blind."



A CHANCE FOR THE CABBY WHO HAS NO PETROL COUPONS TO WORRY ABOUT

A VISION OF PAN BY THE RIVER

By ERIC TAVERNER



IN these out-of-season days memories are apt to crowd upon the angler, memories of pleasant times and high endeavours. One such recalls to my mind a vision of Pan by the river. "I hear," a friend had said to me one day, "that there is still one trout left in the Isle of Wight. You'd better try and catch it; and I think you'll probably find it at Carisbrooke."

The Twenty-Ninth of April dawned with gentle rain falling on the chestnut leaves just outside my bedroom window. Breakfast discovered me with a strong desire to go in search of that last trout, of the existence of which I could scarcely bring myself to believe. Desire soon gave place to a deep conviction of adventure awaiting me—a feeling so strong that I walked out on to the sea-wall to look at the weather. It was fine, if overcast. The urge to seek this high adventure became irresistible. And what a journey it was in air clean and sweet after rain! How cool was the south-east wind that smelt of woods full of primroses and violets and whispered of modest anemones! Here and there hung great sprays of wild cherry. Cuckoo called from an elm tree under the downs and willow-wren greeted me as I passed. Trout or no trout, the spring was everywhere. What else could matter?

Local enquiries had convinced me that the clear chalk stream of Carisbrooke held no trout and that Medina was a more likely stream; medieval Medina, the Middle River, that almost divides Wight into halves with a straight cut from Catherine's Down to Cowes. Much is tidal and a busy waterway: the rest is a sluggish stream, ill-used or just neglected, often stained a dirty orange by washings from road and gravel-pit.

That part of Medina to which I had been directed I knew well from the road. There never meandered—almost movelessly—a water less likely to hold trout. Commonsense described any trout it might contain as poor in condition, possibly the ill-favoured survivors of happier days dragging out a dull existence. Yet, some instinct forced me to go on. At the worst, I was on the high road to adventure. There might, after all, be trout.

Close to the point where the high road from the east enters Newport there is a flour-mill that draws upon the river for its power; and near to the top of the millhead is a sluice through which water spurts out into a brick-revetted hatch-hole. The sea was at low ebb. I could see the stream below the hatch trailing away out of sight and passing beneath the arches of overhanging trees and under a distant bridge—no more than a tenuous trickle on its way to join the estuary. Below the sluice alone was there depth of water where a fish might lie.

As choice of pattern appeared of little moment, I thought a large Alder with woodcock wings would serve as well as any other fly. After a few casts I tightened on a fish, which, later, proved to bear a close resemblance to a sea-trout. On either flank there were just two red spots and no sign of finger-marks, until the silver deposit had been rubbed off. Was this a true sea-trout or a trout that was enjoying the best of both waters, salt and fresh, by living as an estuary trout?

Whichever description may have been true, it had certainly been feeding on river shrimps, which suggested the wisdom of putting up a large, hackle March Brown. But, in the course of searching through my fly-book, I came across an artificial shrimp that had long been lying there in idleness—a lure worth a trial at such a place, although I had always thought it far too orange in colour to imitate a crustacean, normally sandy grey and mainly translucent. Trout, however, often see similarity where we see only differences.

Just then the sun obligingly shone between parted clouds and allowed me to see into the depths of the pool, as the Shrimp was searching every corner. It seemed to be completely void of fish. But, when I exchanged the Shrimp for a March Brown, fish appeared from unsuspected hiding-places—shadowy forms that rose towards the fly and flashed brilliantly in the crystal-brown water as they turned away from the fly whenever it dragged against the current.

A fish of about three-quarters of a pound accepted the March Brown with confidence and I played it to a standstill. Surely a sea-trout, this time? There are the silver flanks and black spots. But the wall was high and the net-handle too short, even though I lay down and, digging in my toes, endeavoured to reach the water. The fish gave a violent kick of protest and went back to its tideway feeding.

As I scrambled to my feet, I saw sitting upon my sleeve a dun midge with a slate-grey body. A plain hint—but I let it pass, for about ten minutes earlier a friendly gardener had told me how I should find some better fishing upstream, which my optimism had pictured as a piece of fair water peopled with hatching duns and fish busily feeding on them.

A short walk up the road brought me to the entrance of another flour-mill, which a sign-post revealed to my astonished eyes as one bearing the name of Great Pan Mill. Great Pan! Was he here, too? A thousand thoughts assailed me—Elizabeth Browning's haunting lyric—the enchantment of *The Crock of Gold*. I checked myself. In the ripening hours of a spring morning upon a strange river angling is a serious business. The full enjoyment of those thoughts must wait—if wait they would.

I passed quickly through the mill and, climbing the railway gate, stumbled and tripped over ill-spaced sleepers—the dusty smell of new-ground flour still lingering about my senses. All the time I was struggling to turn my back upon the beckoning call, upon the irresistible presence, of one who "is nearly a god."

Beside the railway-line stretches a long water-meadow, where grow king-cups and purple cock-flowers; and countless teazles, gaunt and brown, mark the course of the river in springtime. I walked across the meadow to the waterside and searched with a March Brown every likely place without the slightest symptom of success, without as much as seeing fly or fish. I covered all the water right down to the point where the withy-bed barred further progress. All the time the music of that poem floated through my head; and I fished as in a happy dream.

I returned to the railway-line and found a narrow, water-logged path through the withies, leading to the angle of the river that the gardener had so hopefully described. There the river bent first to the right and then to the left, before hiding itself in a tangle of overgrown alders; while its margin was fringed with tall, brown grass and the dried-up stems of the last summer's figwort.

A first survey of the water was not encouraging. It was moving solidly and was very turgid. There was no sign of fish or fly. I went down once with a March Brown, laid down the rod with the fly hanging in the river and, sitting down on a tussock, began my lunch. Everything was bathed in sunshine. I heard the rising note of an early bumble and its falling away, as the bee turned on a new course. A chaffinch sang in the osier-bed with the virtuosity of a willow-wren. And, then, far away in the distance I heard—or was it my fancy?—I heard the call of a pipe. "Sweet, sweet, sweet, O, Pan, piercing sweet by the river!" And the warmth of intense happiness spread over the countryside.

Time and trout became of little moment; but a tiny insect dragged me back to reality. It rose from the water and alighted on my knee. Like a flash there darted into my mind the last words I read the previous evening, before turning out the light. "Olive floss-silk ribbed with golden twist—wings from the palest feather of a young starling—legs, a pure dun hackle"; Ronalds' dressing of the golden dun midge. Few fishermen carry any such pattern; but the magic of Pan guided my hesitating fingers to a Rough Olive I had tied sometime that winter and dubbed it with paleish olive seal's fur.

At the first cast and just as the fly swung round into midstream, a trout swirled at it. At the next cast, the fly was taken very close to the far bank. I tightened at the flash; and a soundly-hooked trout made off downstream at a tremendous pace, pulling the line through grasses and overhanging bushes in an alarming way. I held the rod-point as low as I dared and prayed that the dropper-fly would not get foul of any snag; but the power that directed the midge to my knee stood at my back then and throughout the whole day.

Half a score of trout rose to the same fly and none that were fairly hooked got off. But pulling home the hook was a delicate matter, for the fish came up very subtly. There was a slight humping of the water, a shallow ring, a flash, or a barely perceptible crinkling of the surface of the water, to indicate that one of them had come up for a look and had, perhaps, signed off with its tail, as it went off in search of something better.

In the lower part of the pool, however, I did not encounter a single offer. Two pale wateries sailed down scatheless. It would have been a waste of the short feeding-period of a Spring day to stay there any longer; and the head of water above Pan's own mill was still to be fished.

I returned to the tussock to rescue the remains of my sandwiches from the "curiosity" of ants, and walked downstream. A little-used path turned aside and led through a wire run full of distressed hens, across which I moved with the guilty stealth of a marauding fox, and soon afterwards brought me again to the millhead. Here the middle of the water was untenanted, but I found two trout willing to take the fly that pitched right under the distant bank, where it was margined with sedgy grasses. Four brace to the Rough Olive, as the clock in a neighbouring church-tower struck four. High time to reel up; the first swallow of the day went up the river.

As soon as I had reached the main street, I met a man. "It's exactly between the times of the 'buses," said he. "Then I'll go by the high road until one comes my way," said I. And as I walked the word, "Great Pan Mill" rang through my head. I had seen his mill. I had heard his pipe. Had he, then, once sat by Medina, "high on the hill, while turbidly flowed the river"? Nonsense! I whispered to myself, half ashamed at such extravagant thoughts; this is the twentieth century; we are anglers in the modern sense. Will Brown, of Black-Horse Alley, is gone these two hundred years; and any tackle-maker will sell you fifty different patterns for a single occasion. Midland Jack is proud to beat Norfolk John by half-an-ounce.

And yet—is fishing no more than the catching of fish? Do we care no more for the spirit of the river? Every man has to make his own choice. Did not Pan himself say to Brighid, as they sat together on the hillside: "Everyone must come to me of his own free-will; you must come to me, because you want to"? Men say that Pan has gone far away to teach other shepherd-girls their proper trade; and yet for some of us his presence still lingers wherever he stopped to cut a reed from the riverside and, sitting on a tussock, with his shaggy legs crossed, played on his pipe till the whole world danced and sang.

My reverie was rudely broken by the arrival of the 'bus, full of stolid market-women. But, as soon as I reached home, I turned to that page in Ronalds and read, "it seems to require a warm day to disengage itself from its nympha. No fly is more abundant, especially in showery weather, and just after rain. On such occasions very great sport may be had with it." That was the prose of it! but, as I leaned out of my bedroom window that night and listened to the rain falling on the chestnut leaves—oh! so softly—I heard again the echo of that distant pipe; and my heart was filled with happiness as I thought of that vision of Pan by the river.



From the picture by Simone Hoerdt, reproduced by permission of the British Museum

THE HOG AT BAY

"Experience has shown me . . . that firearms are not to be depended upon when going on foot (where the ground is unrideable) against a wild boar. The spear and sword are the least likely to fail."

BIG GAME HUNTING IN INDIA, 1838

Pastimes of a Cavalry Officer Who Speared Bear on Foot

WHILE on a visit to an Indian State I came across a small book, published in 1859, entitled *The Wild Sports of India*, by a Major Shakespear, an officer of cavalry and a pre-Mutiny commandant of the "Nagpore Irregular Force," who, during over 27 years' Indian service from 1834 onwards, hunted every species of wild game in India. Of special interest was his partiality for the sword as a hunting weapon. He explains:

> "Since meeting with an accident out hog-hunting I always on horse-back carried a sword so that should my spear break I can finish my hog, and sometimes, if expecting any desperate work, when on foot also. . . . The sword is the queen of weapons."

Also:

> "Experience has shown me . . . that fire-arms are not to be depended upon when going on foot (where the ground is unrideable) against a wild boar. The spear and sword are the least likely to fail."

Again:

> "I have laid open the brain of a wild boar with the sabre, exposing it for five or six inches."

Furthermore, he not only sabred pig (besides sticking them) but sabred other animals as well, including a panther. For this particular pastime he recommends a blade 39in. long and slightly curved.

He was an ardent admirer of the Arab horse, and for hunting he kept a "shooting horse or galloway" (*i.e.*, a small horse). One such Arab he possessed, only 13.3 hands high, proved itself a very highly-trained, courageous and active animal. It had to be, to do the work expected of it. Thus his master would use his horse to gallop close up to, and round, any savage animal and so mark it down until the Indian hunters came up with his rifles. On one occasion he speared and killed a panther off horseback. However, it was chiefly for recovering wounded animals that he employed his shooting horse. What this extremely dangerous work implied of the horse's qualities and training is exemplified by an occasion when the author, while riding him shot a wounded panther in the act of springing at him; and by another instance when a wounded panther rode on the horse with him "somewhat in the fashion in which ladies and gentlemen used to ride pillion."

The wild boar, the author considers, was not the only animal which was to be stuck; for he lays it down that "bears if found on rideable ground are [also] to be killed off horseback with the spear." He, himself, had only stuck two, but a friend of his had speared a great many in this way. He remarks, however, that it calls for exceptional courage and spirit in the horse, because:

> ". . . horses which are not in the least afraid of panthers and wild hog do not like to go up to bears. As long as the bear is running away from them they seem not to have any fear, but when he turns to charge, he is such an ugly brute, shaking his long hair, roaring and snapping with his teeth, that a horse will rarely go up to him, especially alone."

A very noticeable change, other than that, of course, in weapons, which has occurred in the hunting of large game in India, relates to the employment of dogs. They are very seldom used nowadays, but in the author's time their use was common enough for baying a wounded animal, be it bear, boar, tiger or panther, and they proved their value time and again. In India the "sporting dog" has not been generally employed. Until the introduction of field trials dogs of high breeding, whether country bred or imported, were not in many places considered to be able to stand the climate. Major Shakespear kept country-bred terriers of English stock. They could be readily replaced because the British soldier in India bred them in the barracks. There was, however, a mastiff he had of which he writes in the highest terms as being a really fine and noble specimen of a courageous dog, worth its weight "in silver." It could always be depended upon, he says, to recover wounded big game. And of his dogs generally he gives many instances of their amazing pluck and daring spirit. For example, his favourite "panther dog" on one occasion three times closed with a wounded panther, and although beaten off at first eventually rolled over locked with the animal. The same dog, in another encounter with a panther, sustained between 40 and 50 wounds. The brass band and the steel spikes of his collar were divided and marked all over with the panther's teeth.

Panther, he remarks, when on the few occasions they are found on rideable ground, can be speared though it requires not only an active and courageous horse, but also a very keen spear. The loose skin of the panther renders it very difficult to run him through except at full speed and with a finely pointed spear, because the point is apt to go round the body between skin and flesh. Consequently the animal is not disabled from making his spring. Should he spring and you find yourself in his grasp, then "your hunting knife in his heart is the most likely thing to relieve you." Quite!

He commends spearing bear on foot as a very favourite sport of his, and one which yielded him excitement enough for any sportsman. To his keen chagrin, because it was a method that appealed strongly to his sporting instincts, he had only one opportunity of spearing a bear this way. He

> "always held the opinion that two determined and courageous men, in the habit of looking danger in the face, can spear and kill on foot the biggest bear that was ever bred in India."

This is what he has to say on the subject of sabreing wild boar:

> "Sabreing, that is cutting them [the wild boar] down, is not easy; but using the point is, I think, both more easy and effective than the edge. Why the sport has never been attempted in Europe I cannot conceive. I should suppose that in the forests of Germany there must be . . . glades and open spaces where a horse could catch a hog and a spearman kill him; and I have often wished that . . . one of the jolly old barons would be good enough to mount me to try to kill the sanglier. I think I could do it without hounds or carbine."

His book, which is written in a modest and convincing style, certainly persuades one that if anybody could have done so, he could have.

NILGHERRY.

BILL BARWELL'S BOXING DAY

The Story of the Sixth Stand

WHENEVER anybody tells me that a story is "founded on fact" I always marvel at the slenderness of the base that can carry so imposing a structure. Nevertheless this story *is* founded on fact. It is only surrounded by an essential, and in war-time, almost a becoming camouflage, because despite the changes of our changing world the law of libel remains immutable.

Bill Barwell was a well-known East Anglian poacher. Had he Appeared in the dock he would have been called a "Raffles." By that it is inferred that he had a pleasing manner and address, wore a clean collar on occasion, and was more or less at home in any society. He had been a guest, invited and uninvited, in a number of not unimportant houses.

Bill poached to a large extent for the love of getting away with it: he also poached because he liked shooting. But let it not be thought that he did not poach for hire, because he was a master of disposing of other people's game. There was, for instance, the prosperous establishment ridiculously close to Piccadilly Circus.

The local police of course knew all about him. The main run of them kept him within reasonable bounds. The indolent played live and let live. While the young and zealous breathed threatenings and slaughters till they got tired of it. There was one young hero fresh from a course at Birmingham, who very nearly had him. For one late October morning Lord Markover's head keeper, the redoubtable Mr. Amos, arrived bright and early to say that there had been a raid on his feeding ride during the one brief interval since the summer when every back was turned and every ear closed, and though the damage could not be calculated, he reckoned by the trail of feathers left behind that not less than ten brace were gone. Further, Simmonds, the under keeper, sent in hot pursuit on a bicycle, had been just in time to see Bill disappearing into his coal house with an ominously suspicious sack over his shoulder.

The young policeman thereupon hid himself behind the hedge on the other side of the road, and waited there for no less than three and a half hours, during which time his sojourn was rewarded by the sight of the baker's van arriving and by the departure of Bill's two children for school. He scrutinised them carefully — he had read his Scarlet Pimpernel—but there wasn't as much as a tailfeather about them.

At 10.30 a.m. Bill's wife came over to the hedge and said Bill was afraid he would catch cold and wouldn't he come in and have a cup of tea. Assuming the air of one whose normal function it is to survey the heavens from a rank ditch, he declined.

Half an hour later Bill emerged bearing a sack which he placed in the back seat of an ancient car, which then emerged, not without a suggestion of asthma which even a home-made brassiere round the bonnet could not deaden, slowly, from Bill's gate. It was the moment for the Majesty of the Law to unfurl itself in full panoply. "I'd trouble you to let me look in that bag." "Certainly." It was full of brussels sprouts.

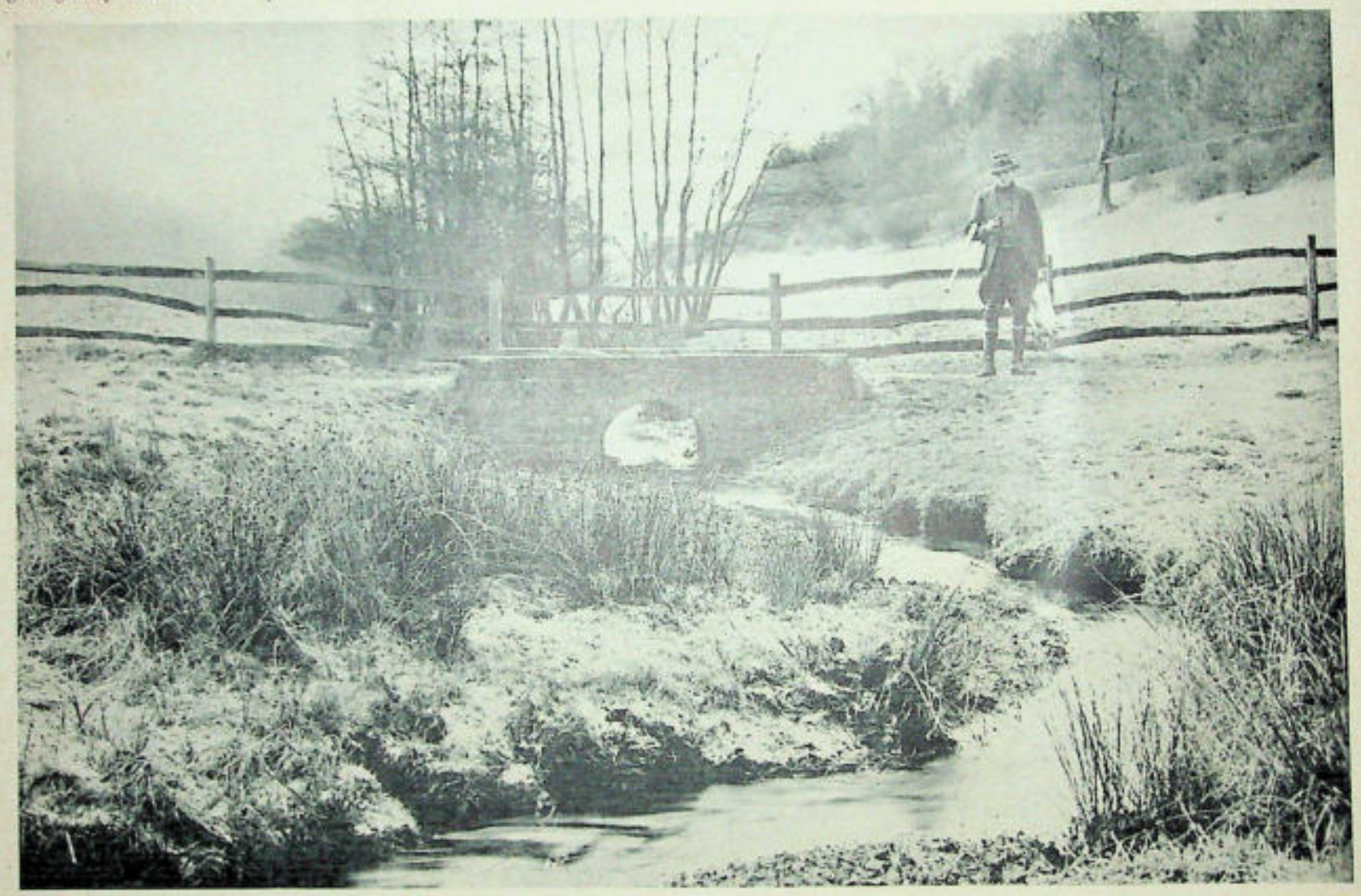
It was not till sometime later that it was found that the baker's van had been the unwitting remover to the station of some "chickens for London." The zealot realised that his study of the Scarlet Pimpernel was not close enough.

About three years ago Lord Markover was shooting his coverts on Boxing Day, the first time through. Those who were lucky enough to be asked usually expected to kill some three hundred-odd pheasants on the first day, and good high birds at that considering it was a flattish country. The last stand on the first day brought back the leavings of two earlier drives into their home covert. Five guns were normally placed down the length of the covert and the sixth was out of sight of them round the corner. If the stopping was good he was out of luck that gun: if it wasn't a nice lot of old cocks would break away high on his side.

On this occasion a roll of white strips a hundred yards long had been placed down the side of the covert, and young Geordie Waite, the postmaster's son, was put beyond it with a flag the size of a blanket. Beyond him, all snuggness and shooting stick, was one of Markover's City friends and his loader. He was the outside gun. It was getting dark, and there would be just enough light to finish the day satisfactorily.

Just as the beaters began tap-tap-tapping through the wood a voice called out "Geordie, Mr. Amos wants you back with the line." ("I could have sworn it was Bert Simmons" he said afterwards.) Geordie went. A minute or two later that outside gun's loader noticed the stop flaps being rapidly rolled up and idly wondered why. Then an underkeeper hurried up, touched his cap respectfully, and said "I beg pardon, Sir, but will you go to the far end of the covert and walk down with the beaters. All the guns have had to move up one."

Almost at once the rise began. The five guns in front did pretty well, but it was soon clear to his Lordship that the stop on the far side of the covert was extremely inefficient: that his City friend was getting the lion's share of the shooting: and that most surprisingly, judging by the number of high birds that were crumpling suddenly above the tree tops, he was beginning to shoot a great deal straighter than his wont. Lord Markover was not displeased: he was by nature a kindly and hospitable man;



A COUPLE OF RABBITS BEFORE BREAKFAST ON A FROSTY DECEMBER MORNING
(From a photograph by E. W. Tattersall)

while he could not forget that he was going to ask for some advice about his Randfonteins after dinner.

The drive came to the end, and not a minute too soon, for there was no longer the light to do justice to *phasianus colchicus*. The guns began to congregate after the manner of guns on the first day discussing their day's sport. (On the second day they are discussing what to give the keeper.) In a minute or two they were joined by our City friend. He was looking a little glum, though smiling bravely through it all, after the manner of those whose school tie teaches them that Its Only A Game.

"Well, old boy," said Lord Markover, "You had a good stand there, anyway."

"Well, not exactly. I would have if you hadn't moved me up, but James got all those high birds."

"Moved you up? never moved you, or James either."

The evidence took a great deal of sifting; and re-sifting. And it was no more pleasant at the end of the process than at the beginning. I don't know who liked the conclusions least, Lord Markover or Mr. Amos. But Bill Barwell certainly had the best stand of his life by practising the arts which make a great general: common sense, cunning, audacity and a thorough knowledge of local conditions.

M. T. S.

THE PIED FLYCATCHER IS FEARLESS

By FRANK A. LOWE

THERE are four species of flycatchers in the British list, two of which are regular summer residents the other two passage migrants, the one species having been noted only on five occasions and the other scarcely more than 50. Of the two resident species the spotted is to be found in practically all districts, though in varying degrees of abundance, whereas the pied flycatcher is distinctly local, occurring in considerable numbers in certain favoured areas of Wales and the English Lake district.

Probably the deciding factor as to which particular parts of these localities should be occupied by pied flycatchers is the presence of running water. In one lakeland dale, where numerous rivulets follow a stony course down a well-wooded slope, there are certainly no less than a dozen pairs nesting within a square mile.

In this same valley a single garden of a few acres holds half a dozen pairs, and when sitting by one nest I have seen two males perching in the same tree at the same time, while a third not more than 20yds. away entered a nesting box. Pied flycatchers take to nesting boxes quite readily, and in very favourable circumstances one might almost say that the species is colonial. They will nest as close to houses as tits, and one can watch them quite as easily.

In this respect the pied is like its commoner spotted congener, in most others its behaviour is very different. One can guess to a nicety where a spotted will alight after hawking a passing insect, for nine times out of ten it will return to the same perched on the tyre of a cycle parked against a garage wall.

If I have ever seen a spotted flycatcher moving about the ground I do not remember the occasion, yet pied flycatchers will settle on the ground readily enough and do not seem averse to doing a part of their foraging there. Birches and oaks are probably the birds' favourite trees, but where fruit trees grow near they will flit from oak to apple without prejudice.

Incubation is undertaken solely by the hen, her mate feeding her assiduously at the nest throughout the period. He is a devoted husband as a rule, although individuals have been known to possess two wives, and I have heard of one case where a cock had two hens occupying the same nest box simultaneously. This happened in a garden much favoured by flycatchers, and my informant has both a great knowledge of these birds and unique opportunities of observing them.

I have already inferred that this species shows a singular fearlessness of people, but when the eggs are due to hatch the birds suffer a temporary nervousness. I became aware of this while watching at a nest low down in an oak tree, which contained eggs much incubated: the hen returned in a few minutes, but instead of entering the hole she hovered a moment before it, then shot off into the next tree. This happened several times in the space of twenty minutes or so, until I transferred by attention to another nest with newly hatched young. The owners of this nest showed no hesitation about entering even when I stood close by without any attempt to conceal myself: the nervousness had passed with the accomplishment of hatching.



COCK PIED FLYCATCHER

The duty of feeding is shared by the parents, but when the young are small the cock pays more visits than the hen, for she will spend short periods brooding. Even when the hen is foraging the cock does not immediately stop feeding her, for on occasions I have seen her fly to him as he returned with a bill full of insects. With drooping wings she would flutter on a twig before him, and he would yield up his cargo to her entreaties. Sometimes she would eat this food herself and sometimes carry it to the nest.

Watching birds at close quarters one sees the food distributed, after which the nest is cleaned up, the old birds carrying off any excreta which might foul the nest. When working on twites I learned that the old birds often swallowed the excreta, and I suppose they would disgorge it away from the nests. More recently I saw ring ouzels employ the same method of disposal, so what I thought was a peculiarity of the twite was not a peculiarity at all. One cannot see what takes place inside the breeding holes of pied flycatchers, but although I saw the adult birds take food to one hole hundreds of times over periods of several hours, I did not see any excreta carried away until the young were well grown.

Although these birds are so friendly disposed towards others nesting in close proximity one cock is occasionally seen to drive off another. When a real source of danger threatens they are exceedingly brave in defence of the nest, when the hen can be quite as aggressive as the cock. A hide is not really essential for watching flycatchers, but in order to get a particularly close view of them I fixed up a tent very near to a box containing a nest. This gave me a most unexpected interlude. A red squirrel came towards the box while both old birds were away foraging; as he drew near the returning flycatchers swooped down at him like furies. They pecked and chivvied him unmercifully, until he decided he had no option but to beat a hasty retreat. He ran from tree to tree still hotly pursued, and the last I saw of him was a flash of red disappearing into the wood with two diminutive but exceedingly irate flycatchers giving him a very uncomfortable time.

Shortly after this display of bravery the hen came to the nest with a strange cargo—a short fat earthworm, which squirmed between her mandibles. Although I had spent many hours with the birds, I had never seen earthworms offered before; whether it was acquired by accident or design one cannot tell, but the youngsters never got the chance to sample it, for after flitting about the tree for a little while the hen swallowed it herself and went off to get what turned out to be a mixed load of flies and caterpillars. The bulk of this mass of insects is alive when taken into the nests; from such close quarters one can plainly see the loose ends twisting about at the sides of the bird's bill.

During the breeding period pied flycatchers remain very close to where the nests are situated. They seem to be able to find an endless supply of food within a few yards, probably due to the proximity of the water, where innumerable flies are hatched. After the young are fledged and out in the open it is not long before the entire family leaves the vicinity of the nursery, and those lucky people who have pied flycatchers in their lakeland gardens must find them strangely empty when the confiding and conspicuous birds pass on their way.

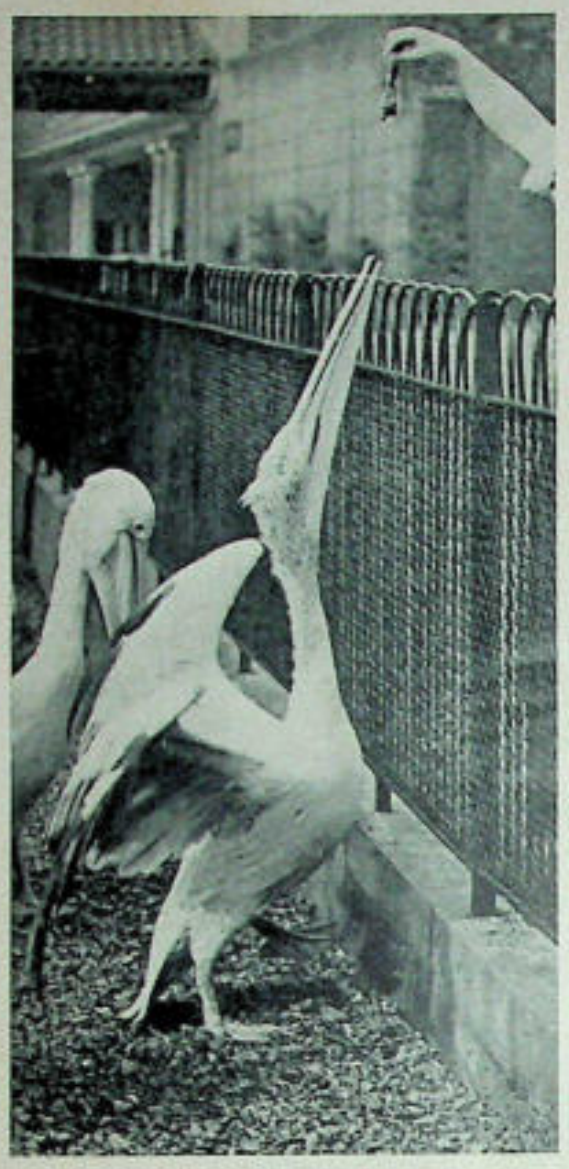


COCK PIED FLYCATCHER HAWKING IN A BIRCH TREE



HEN PIED FLYCATCHER APPROACHING THE NEST WITH A LARGE WORM

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE. The engagement is announced, and the marriage will shortly take place, between Lieutenant Ian K. MacRosty, The Black Watch (R.H.R.), only son of Captain and Mrs. James MacRosty, late of "Pittachar," Crieff, Perthshire, and Nesta, younger daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Maguire, of Eastbourne.



A TIT-BIT FOR THE PELICAN

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

THE Zoological Society of London, during the hundred years in which it has been open to the public and Fellows, had, until the present year, never closed except on Christmas Day. This unbroken record has been unfortunately spoilt by Herr Hitler, who caused the Zoo to close for a fortnight at the beginning of September. In normal times, however, Christmas Day is the only one on which the animals get a rest from their friends. Only half the normal staff of keepers is on duty and all they have to do is to make their charges comfortable, clean their cages and feed them. The feeding of the animals at the Zoo is, next to the wages bill, the largest single item of expenditure.

About from £12,000 to £15,000, or rather over a tenth of the Society's annual receipts, are devoted to purchasing food. Some of the items are extraordinary. Over 100 tons of horseflesh are needed every year; every ten monkeys consume a ton of monkey-nuts. Fruit is the most expensive item.

Though it has to purchase vegetables and seeds to the extent of 91 tons of hay and 5 tons of birdseed a year, items such as a quarter of a million bananas (or to be exact, 244,649 last year) occupy by far the largest proportion of the budget.

Fish is another expensive matter, particularly with the difficulties of distribution during the war, and some of the birds, like pelicans, are being persuaded to take to a meat diet.

As might be expected with a collection of animals of widely different tastes, some of the foods required are, to say the least, peculiar. The Society uses 6½cwt. of meal-worms each year and 49 pots of a proprietary patent food. This last is for the humming birds. It is mixed with honey and condensed milk and goes into the little pots which can be seen hung up from branches in the central aviary in the Bird House. The pots are specially made with an open tube from which the birds can sip as they hover in flight.

Sugar cane is another interesting item; the Society requires this for many of its ungulates and other vegetable-feeding animals, and gets it from Madeira. Bamboo, so necessary for the giant pandas, comes from the warmer and moister parts of Britain. Regular supplies arrive each week from Wales, and from Devon and Cornwall.

Before the war started the Society was making careful plans to grow a stock of eucalyptus in the Isles of Scilly and the south of Britain so that in the future it might be able to keep the interesting little Koala bears from Australia. It is to be hoped that these plans will be able to come to fruition.

With the evacuation and the consequent drop in the Zoo's public, extra supplies of food have had to be given to certain of the animals to make up for those which would otherwise be given them by the public. In times of peace, when the season was in full swing, many of the bears on the Mappin Terrace received hardly any supplies from their keepers, since they got plenty from the numerous visitors. On Bank Holiday and other days when there were large crowds the keepers were very often hard put to it to prevent their charges from suffering from over-feeding.

In the old days the public used to offer most incongruous articles of food to the animals. Lions were offered grapes and practically every animal was offered paper bags. One ostrich, which died some ten years ago, was found at the post mortem to contain nails, safety-pins, screws, coins, pieces of cloth and all sorts of foreign bodies. It had quite clearly suffered from the experimental tactics of the public, based on what they had heard of the omniverous capabilities of the ostrich.

It is a happy fact that such cruel, though no doubt unwitting, acts are no longer common at the Zoo, and that aided by the facts given in the Guide and by notices all over the Gardens, the ordinary visitor now tends to give the proper food to the proper animals.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

TURKEY on Christmas Day has nothing like the same hoary tradition as lamb on Easter day. It came into fashion at about the same time as the crinoline, but whilst the crinoline was merely a passing craze the turkey became a well-rooted gastronomic habit which has so far resisted the alarming menace of smaller numbers in family, to say nothing of the apparently never-ending rise in the cost of turkeys. Of course, the turkey was known and relished long before early Victorian days in England, but it used to be eaten earlier in the year, before it had had time to grow legs like those of a channel swimmer. Many Christmas Turkeys are, like many early Victorian houses, very handsome but too large. The Christmas turkey is invariably a roast turkey and a very fine bird it looks as it is brought to table for all to admire before its white, meaty breast is carved and served round. But there are other ways to cook a turkey than roasting it, and there is better meat on its bones than the breast; the darker meat from the legs and back is not so dry and it has more flavour.

In the United States, where Turkey Day is Thanksgiving Day, a month earlier than Christmas Day, the fact that the best part of a turkey is its imposing size is so universally recognized that what matters most is the stuffing that goes into the bird; there are ever so many different stuffings recommended for giving the turkey a richer flavour, some being simple enough, such as chestnut and rice stuffings, but others are of the liver-teasing order; such as the Creole stuffing, which includes, *inter alia*, chopped uncooked oysters and pâté de foie gras.

An excellent way to cook a turkey is to deal with it as one would a chicken fricassee, cutting it up in pieces and stewing them very gently in a cream sauce with small onions and mushrooms, in the manner which cookery books describe as *à l'ancienne*. Another very nice way to serve a turkey is to boil it, after its breast bone has been removed and a good, solid and somewhat rich stuffing introduced, and then to glaze it and serve it cold, with a well-dressed salad. It has also the great advantage of relieving the work in the kitchen on Christmas Day.

Here are two menus for Christmas Day, morning and evening, worthy of the blessed message of peace on earth to men of good will and good appetites.

Luncheon.

Natives
Boiled Turbot and shrimp sauce
Roast Sirloin of Beef and vegetables.
Christmas Pudding.
Fruit
Chablis with the oysters and fish.
Château Claret with the beef.
Port with the pudding and dessert.

Dinner.

Giblet soup.
Cold Boiled Turkey en Aspic.
Batavia endive salad.
Mince pies.
Fruit.
Sherry with the soup.
Champagne with the rest.
Cognac after the meal.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets have become highly selective. Speculative business is curbed by cash dealings. Many are, however, combing markets for securities likely to show price appreciation. It is readily admitted that a fair volume of such business is passing.

Purely investment stocks are largely left alone for the present. No major war-time borrowing by the Treasury is expected until the early spring of 1940. Encouraging response is, however, afforded by the offer of new Savings Certificates and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds. The securities have made a definite appeal to small investors.

In markets commodity and metal shares have been most popular. There is extensive buying of tin shares, for instance, on home account. Buying orders for Australian base metal shares has been coming from the Commonwealth. That class of buying is usually worth following.

Rubber shares are coming into the Stock Exchange picture. There has been keen buying of the commodity, largely on American account. The price rose to over a shilling a lb. for the first time since April, 1937.

Then Egyptian land and oil shares have been closely followed at rising prices. Others have been directing attention to South American Government bonds and the shares of British owned public companies operating in the Argentine, Brazil and Chile.

There is undoubtedly scope for talent in markets at present. Every operator must, however, be prepared to take risks. Market sentiment must be governed very largely by news from the war front. Adverse war news can have a most detrimental effect upon market conditions. The operator must be prepared to take the rough with the smooth.

Many, I find, take an optimistic view of future conditions in Brazil. The Brazilian Government has paid no interest on its large external debt for some years. Trade conditions in the country are definitely improving. Keen demand for Brazilian primary products clarifies a somewhat chaotic foreign exchange situation, which may lead to some partial interest payment on Brazilian debts.

That is why speculative investors are buying Brazilian Government 5 per cent. 1914 Funding Loan at a price around 24. If Brazil resumes payment of some interest on the bonds a higher price would be warranted.

In tin shares keen activity has been seen for some while. All control in the tin market has been removed. Producers are permitted practically unrestricted output, and the Ministry of Supply has withdrawn its order of a maximum price of £230 per ton for tin in London and the Straits.

The price of tin promptly shot ahead. The metal has been changing hands in large quantities. Producers are already showing the effect of the new conditions by increased dividends. A security such as Tronoh Mines 5/- units standing around 20/9 seems worth speculative attention.

In 1938 this company managed to pay 15 per cent. in all. Up to now 5 per cent. has been paid on account of the current year. Two years ago the units were standing at practically 38/- each.

The same applies to rubber. Rubber growing is now a payable proposition. Production at present is 75 per cent. of standard, to be increased to 80 per cent. of standard for the first quarter of next year. On a 75 per cent. production and a price of over 1/- a lb. all producers see a good margin of profit.

A share such as Tebrau, with estates in Johore, is a reasonable proposition. I believe we shall see much better prices for rubber shares in the early part of the New Year. Tebrau has an issued capital of £165,000 in £1 stock units. They are valued at 29/- each.

Its financial year ends on June 30. The dividend last year was 5½ per cent. Rubber shares are being bought on the probability of substantially increased dividends and better conditions in the industry, and recent dividends are ignored as market factors.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1, are anxious to raise 2/6 a week for a helpless old man of 82. He was a traveller, and as each of his firms were hard hit in the bad times, none are able to help him now. So after his board and lodging is paid for he has nothing for the bare necessities of life. Please help us to provide this for him; it cannot be for long.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE USE OF VENISON

SIR,—Since the outbreak of war I have been investigating a scheme founded on my own experience for putting venison to the best use. The Government Departments which might have been interested have so far been too busy to be approached for consideration of individual ideas, which led me to explore the matter as a personal enterprise.

Owing to the many restrictions, the difficulty of obtaining plant, etc., these investigations show that it cannot be dealt with in that way. If the war went on long enough to bring about a real meat scarcity such a venture would doubtless prove profitable, but for the present it would need to be nursed into maturity. It is more a matter of making use of our deer as a national asset, likely to improve permanently the market for venison, and as such I think it comes within the scope of a Government undertaking.

We are aware that there is very little market for unprepared venison—*i.e.* carcasses. Apart from prejudice, people do not know how to cook it, and it is too late now to educate them. This is particularly the case if carcasses are to remain unskinned for several days, and unless stalkers take the utmost care in cleaning them. Venison will not stand any abuse at all. It should be treated just as mutton is treated, yet one sees carcasses dumped at railway sidings, exposed to rain, and finally put into cold storage. Thus this sensitive meat is abused as no other meat would be, and we wonder why it is not popular beyond the limited circle of those who have used it all their lives.

Compare these existing methods, with their attendant risk, wastage, and transport difficulties, with the method I am about to suggest, whereby every part of the deer, including the bones, would be converted into compact, nourishing, and very palatable food, which would tend to increase the value of venison for all time, rather than destroy it for good. Government assistance to such an end would be warrantable even if there was no war, and it is not a question of heavy outlay which the tax-payer would be called upon to meet, but rather of a small factory to develop a small and comparatively local output, to be permanently valuable to the Highlands.

In Canada some years ago, the autumnal epidemic of deer carcasses was in excess of transportation facilities to the rail head. These carcasses were stewed down to pulp at a bush station, and the pulp was shipped out in barrels to the mining camps at the rate of four or five deer to the barrel. All kinds of game, including bear, squirrel, and woodhare, found its way into the stew, which nevertheless was most palatable, and it had a ready market for the making of stews, rissoles, and soup. In this country it is not a matter of venison or no meat at all, but rather of serving up our venison in such ways as will overcome existing prejudice, and establish a permanent market for it.

If you approve, sir, I would therefore suggest that you use your influence to bring about the establishment of a small Government factory for the preparation of venison as a cooked or prepared food. The equipment necessary is not great, nor the labour required, compared with output, and I have a fair idea as to overheads.

Venison can be served up in many attractive ways as a cooked food. One of these is as jellied venison, similar to potted head, but delicately spiced and flavoured. The shapes can be of any size, as a luncheon counter meal for one, or larger. The shapes can be re-heated to make a stew, used as stock, or as rissoles. The meat is cut from the bones of the freshly-killed deer. The bones only are first stewed down to a rich stock, in which the cut meat is gently stewed, herbs, seasoning, vegetables, etc., being added. The same process affords the making of rissoles, rolls, etc., or the uncooked meat can be shipped out as sausage meat.

Since the supply of venison would practically cease with the cold weather, the plant might then be turned over to the making of other foods, and in any case the time is unquestionably appropriate for eliminating the custom of shipping out rank, unskinned, and unsavoury carcasses, and of making a clean job of it on the spot, thus establishing a permanent outlet for our deer.

Yours faithfully,

Bradleys Hotel, H. MORTIMER BATTES.
South Queensferry.

KANGAROOS AND YOUNG

SIR,—In your issue of December 2nd, "The Zoo in Winter," you mention the early days of a young wallaby or kangaroo.

In 1931 I spent nine months in West Australia, north of Roebourne. My spare time was spent hunting kangaroo, and I got to know their habits very well. The rifle I had was a single shot Martini shooting a long .38 revolver bullet, so I had to get within 100yds. to kill.

In the flat open country stalking was very difficult and interesting, but more than once I have seen a "Mammy" kangaroo when startled pick up her youngster with both front paws and dump it head first into her pouch with small ceremony. I see no reason, therefore, why she should not pick up the newly-born kangaroo and drop it in her pouch. When newly born they are very helpless and immature, and I should think it much more likely the "Mammy" drops the youngster into her pouch rather than it finds its own way.

We always tried to get the old "Buck" kangaroo of a party and never shot a "Mammy" except in error. After shooting a kangaroo you skinned him and cut off his tail. The hide makes good rugs and is exceptionally strong leather while the tail makes very good soup, very much like ox tail soup. The largest tail I remember getting weighed 19lb.

Yours faithfully,

Parkfield, H. M. CRANKSHAW.
Moseley, Birmingham.



A CASCADE WHICH DISAPPEARS
(See letter "Another 'Bottomless Pit'")

SHOOTING DANGERS

SIR,—As an old regular reader of your paper, I venture to comment upon your cover to the issue of December 2nd.

Doubtless it is a very well reproduced copy of a smartly taken photograph, but I am more concerned with the incident, one which I have always looked upon as both an unsportsmanlike and dangerous practice.

I carry a shot in my ear now, received several years ago, and also marks on my legs on another occasion. I have seen guns refuse to carry on because of this same habit of those who are too keen to get the last hen pheasant, or perhaps a hare or rabbit, when the drive was over. I have always thought it extremely dangerous, too, for the beaters, and have severely censured those shooting with me for doing so. Perhaps I am wrong.

I think it might be very interesting to hear the views of others, who perhaps are more modern than I am after 50 years of shooting game.

Yours faithfully,

Barnston Hall, H. B. TURNER.
Dunmow.

SIR,—In the picture on the cover of the *Field* of December 2nd an incident comes out perhaps with greater interest than the one noted at the foot of page.

Two of the loaders are carrying guns pointing at the legs of some of the party!

Dangerous guns remind me of a happening many years ago. I was a guest at a partridge shoot and arrived rather late. I passed down behind the line until I came to the head-keeper and asked him for my position. He replied "You will be the last gun on the left," then he whispered in my ear: "But keep your eye on the next gun to your right as he has already let off his gun twice accidentally."

At lunch-time my friend the keeper remarked to me: "What's happened to you missing those birds?" I replied: "Well, I simply obeyed your instructions and kept my eye on the next gun and not my own and also my hands were a bit shaky."

"I'm sorry," he said "I should like to have taken his cartridges away and it wouldn't have made any difference to the bag."

"No," I replied, "unless he got you or me." I never saw that gun again at shoots thereabouts.

Yours faithfully,

Moulin, R. ARTHUR MOSSMAN.
Pitlochry.

KEEPING PEDIGREE DOGS

SIR,—During the last war the majority of dog breeders reduced their kennels to such an extent that after the war was over there was considerable difficulty in resurrecting the breeds. There may have been exceptions, but since my experience is confined to gundogs, I dare not write of other breeds. The reduction of kennels was due to the fear of food shortage, the lack of competition and the fact that purchasers were not inclined to come forward.

Another war has broken out and although I am aware that it is an impertinence on my part to suggest a remedy for what happened between 1914 and 1918, I should like to remind breeders of pedigree stock that they have done wonders in the last 20 years, reviving strains with great diligence and under difficult circumstances. It would therefore be advisable to continue breeding economically, keeping perhaps two of a litter, and if shortage of food occurs, as it may do, there should still be enough to support the choicest animals, which will eventually form themselves, or, if the war continues longer than one hopes, through their progeny, provide the nucleus for reviving breeds.

One difficulty is apparent. Sentimentality over the old favourites should, if possible, be reduced, so that they may not interfere with the progress of the younger generation.

During the time when shows are not permitted the judge is no longer arbiter, and in consequence the breeder must rely on his own judgment and, if possible, the unselfish co-operation of his rivals. One does not wish to face the situation of 1918 again, with depleted kennels and no guide to breeding form.

Yours faithfully,

Hurtwood Edge, IAN RANKINE.
Ewhurst, Surrey.

ANOTHER "BOTTOMLESS PIT"

SIR,—The narrow chasm, near Evanton, Ross-shire, through which the small Auldgrande River flows, resembles that of the Eldon Hole, shown in your issue of December 2nd. Probably a stream formed the Eldon Hole in ancient times.

The Black Rock photo shows the Ross-shire chasm where it emerges into the open, but it does not show the actual pit, which is a dark hole into which the upper cascade, shown in the photo, disappears. An awesome roaring sound comes from this pit when the river is in flood, and the cavern was supposed to be a sort of side entrance to Hades.

An extremely wicked lady of those parts ("The Lady of Balconie") once made a compact to deliver herself body and soul to "Auld Clootie" at the entrance to this chasm, at a given date. The lady kept tryst with the Old Gentleman and was accompanied by a chaperon, her governess companion. Bad as the Lady of Balconie was, she had a care about household matter, for, before entering the Stygian gulf, she turned round and threw her household keys to her devoted companion. The keys fell on a rock, and they must have acquired weight through supernatural contacts, for their marks are imprinted on the rock where they fell to this day.

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie,
Perthshire.

BIG GAME TROPHIES WANTED

SIR,—We are collecting a number of big game trophies for the mess of a very sporting regiment moving to new permanent headquarters. If any sportsman who is disposing of his collection or any part of it would care to let me have particulars, we are sure he would find his trophies have a home where they will be looked after and appreciated. We should, perhaps, mention that this firm has no financial interest in the matter whatever.

Yours faithfully,

166, Piccadilly, ROWLAND WARD, LTD.
London, W.1.

A LANCASHIRE PILGRIMS' WAY

SIR,—Although the Pilgrims' Way between Winchester and Canterbury is almost universally known, not quite so many people realise that there were other ways used by the pilgrims in other parts of the country during mediæval times.

One of these crossed the mid-Lancashire moors about a mile to the north of Holcombe village and was used by those religious devotees who made their way northwards to Whalley Abbey.

The accompanying photograph shows an inscribed stone on Holcombe Hill and it is reputed to stand on the line of this old route. The inscription on the stone reads: "Nothing is known of the removal of the ancient cross, but its massive socketed foundation stone remained here until August, 1901."

Yours faithfully,
S. MOORHOUSE.
Bolton-le-Sands,
Lancs.

WAR AIMS

SIR,—The sentiments of your splendid article on War Aims will be applauded by all those who took part in the last war, and had the mortification of seeing the politicians throw away all that the soldiers gained.

Most of us have realised all along that some politicians have learned nothing from the last war, but it comes as a shock to us to hear that we are not fighting the German people, and that there must be no "redrawing the map," or other corrective measures by which victors normally strive for future security. Field-Marshal Lord Milne's speech stands out as plain sense amidst a flood of sentimental nonsense.

The Defence of the Realm Regulations make it a serious offence to proclaim opinions likely to hinder our war effort. I can imagine no greater "damper" than that applied by leading politicians telling the English people that they must for the second time fight Prussian hooliganism, with no hope of seeing either their money back or the hooligan jailed!

Yours faithfully,
H. R. WAITING.
36, Church Road,
Richmond.

CLASSICS OF HUNTING

SIR,—The article in your October 14th issue on hunting and its literature by General Higgins interested me very much, as it bears out my contention that the great majority of present-day beaglers and foxhunters do not bother to read any of the classics of the sports they follow. In my own hunt, which is a private pack with some 25 members, I know only two who have even heard of Jorrocks, much less Beckford or Somerville. It seems a shame that these giants of the field are not given their due attention, and I am going to make it obligatory for my whippers-in to read at least these three masters. I shall also include Captain Otho Paget's excellent book on the *Art of Beagling*, and *Hunting*, by the eighth Duke of Beaufort.

I was depressed to read of the havoc the war is producing in the packs. We of course expected that they would have to be reduced, but hardly to the extent mentioned in your columns. I for one would be glad to enter into negotiations with the Master of one of your packs and see if we could not work out a way of taking over a few couples for him for the duration of the war. I think, moreover, that other Masters here might be willing to do the same thing, and it might be possible by this method to save some valuable hounds for the strains. There are some 30 registered packs in this country.

Yours faithfully,
PHILIP K. CROWE.
Master of the Kingsland Beagles.
Forest Ridge,
New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A.



WHERE STOOD AN ANCIENT CROSS
(See letter "A Lancashire Pilgrim's Way")



A CHAPEL BY THE CLIFFS
(See letter "A Pembrokeshire Hermitage")

A PEMBROKESHIRE HERMITAGE

SIR,—The recent letters of Messrs. S. Moorhouse and G. B. Wood regarding hermitages at Knaresborough and Warkworth, prompt me to send a picture of St. Govan's Chapel, in Pembrokeshire.

The tiny church, which is tucked away in a cleft between towering limestone cliffs, measures but 20ft. by 12ft., and, according to legend, was the hermitage of St. Govan, a contemporary of St. David, who at one time was an Irish abbot, but who spent his last years in solitude here.

At the end of the chapel is a little bell cote and it is said that at one time a silver bell hung here. This was stolen by pirates who took it away to sea. However, a great storm arose and wrecked the ship, and the bell was washed back to the Pembrokeshire coast. Eventually, one great wave hit it with such force that it was embedded in the cliffs, and for many years a rock near the chapel was said to give out a metallic ring when struck. Unfortunately this rock has disappeared, for no one has been able to find it in recent years.

Yours faithfully,
H. HAMER.
Marton,
Blackpool.

FROM THE CROP OF A GROUSE

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of December 2nd, under the above heading, Mr. Macintyre states that a grouse will eat bell heather, bracken and bumble bees. If this is so then these acquired tastes are surely peculiar to Kintyre, where both grouse and their natural food are scarce.

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

SNIPE SHOOTING IN KASHMIR

SIR,—In November, 1937, I wrote to you about a very fine shoot His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir had had on his snipe jhil at Anchar, near Srinagar.

On that occasion His Highness picked up 122 snipe to his own gun. Last year he improved on this and picked up 66 couple. Shooting recently—to be exact on October 5th—His Highness accounted for 67 couple. There were three guns, one of the others being His Highness the Nawab of Palanpur. In Kashmir snipe are frequently driven and this is the kind of shooting which His Highness prefers. The birds come over very fast and give grand sport, as every type of shot is offered. 134 driven snipe is a fine pack up by one gun. On a shoot of this kind some 40 shikaras (small flat-bottomed canoe-like boats) and about 100 beaters are employed.

Yours faithfully,
R. G. WREFORD.
Srinagar,
Kashmir.



SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS ABOVE A KASHMIR LAKE
(See letter "Snipe Shooting in Kashmir")

EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF CLUBHOUSE

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

THE history of the gradual growth and evolution of the golf clubhouse offers fascinating material to those interested in the beginnings of the game. Detailed research into any question of golfing origins is usually rendered difficult on account of the frequent unreliable character of the sources at one's disposal. The position is complicated further through the disappearance of so many vital links into those convenient "mists of antiquity," and, in the end, certainly has often to give way to probability.

It is refreshing, therefore, to find occasions when this state of uncertainty is minimised by facts substantiated by reliable evidence, and, as a result, I can describe something of the known primitive beginnings of many of our famous clubs.

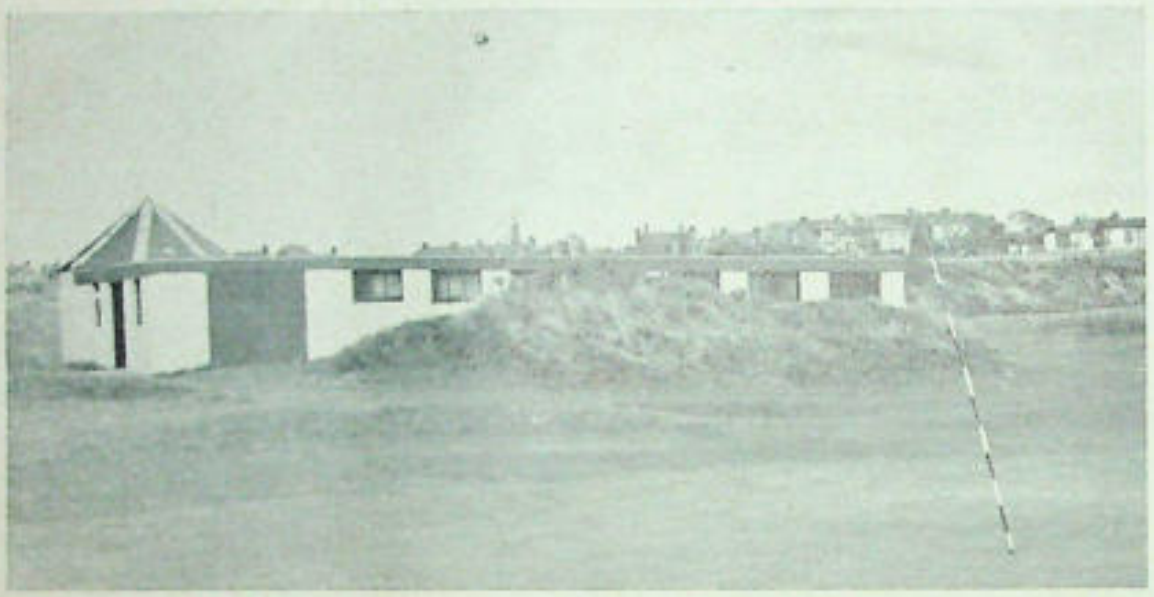
Oddly enough my introduction to one of the earliest meeting-places for golfers was quite by accident. Whilst upon a few days' visit to Edinburgh I was invited by Captain Thurston to lunch with him at the Bruntsfield Golf Club. I was delighted at the prospect. It had long been my intention to visit this stronghold of Scottish golf, which, according to one document, was in existence as long ago as 1761. Moreover, to a mere Sassenach, the story of the founding of this club is steeped in Scottish atmosphere.

I then explained gently to the driver that we were about a hundred years late in arriving at this particular locality, but would he mind taking me to where I wanted to go. After some enquiries we eventually arrived at the present Bruntsfield, where my experiences were greeted with considerable hilarity.

This old custom of making nearby taverns as golfing headquarters must have been a very happy arrangement, judging by the records. The connection of Mrs. Forman's establishment with the Musselburgh Club is but one instance. It must have been a rare sight to have seen this almost Dickensian character dispensing liquid refreshment through a hole in the wall. It helped to lure the Lords of Session away from their places on the Bench at three-forty-five to enable them to catch the four o'clock train for Musselburgh!

Other examples come readily to mind. Hoylake, in those early days, was centred at the Royal Hotel, which is but a stone's throw from its namesake, the testing Royal Hole. About the same time, the favourite meeting place of members of the Royal St. George's Club was in the Bell Hotel, which is quite a long walk from the course.

The Royal Isle of Wight Club can claim to have been founded at a luncheon party given at the Royal



THE OLD LUNCH HOUSE AT PRESTWICK
Members partook of refreshments here brought by the landlord of the Red Lion Hotel

According to the traditional version, it occurred when the memory of Prince Charlie and the Rising of 1745 still kindled the fire in men's veins. One of these smouldering brands fell into the midst of an erstwhile happy company of golfers and caused a minor upheaval, and as a result the Bruntsfield Links Golf Club, or Association, as it was then termed, came into being.

It was with such thoughts that I set out. Upon naming my destination to the taxi-driver I noticed a puzzled expression pass over his face, but, as he asked for no further particulars, I assumed it was the poor fellow's natural expression and forgot all about it. To my surprise, however, we headed for the centre of the city and soon plunged into a most depressing network of gloomy streets. I hailed the driver to ascertain if he was sure of his way. The reply was apparently in the affirmative for our course remained the same. Finally, we stopped. The driver opened the door and announced that he had arrived.

I gazed around; we still appeared to be in the heart of the city. "Where was the course?" I enquired. "There," came the reply. I turned to where he indicated and saw what seemed to be a stretch of disused ground over which one or two odd creatures with mashies and dubious-coloured balls were aimlessly meandering.

Somewhat shaken, I looked again and then espied behind some trees a small hotel bearing the name—Ye Olde Golf Tavern—with the date 1456 alongside. Then I realised where we were. Technically, the driver was correct. This bare piece of ground tucked away in the centre of the city was the original Bruntsfield Links, and this tavern was no other than the celebrated "houff" that played such a prominent part in the beginnings of so many famous Scottish clubs.

Here it was that a Mr. Scott had backed himself to drive a ball in forty-five strokes over that volcanic stump in the distance called Arthur's Seat, and failed in the attempt; and where a Mr. Brown had taken up the challenge, performed the feat, and won a wager of a gallon of whisky—all of which was doubtless consumed at this very tavern.

Spithead Hotel by that pioneering sportsman, Captain Jack Eaton. This last-named hotel became so popular with the members, and their numbers increased so rapidly, that another storey had to be added, and even this accommodation was later supplemented by a private room built on by the members.

The first meeting of the Prestwick Club was held in the Red Lion Hotel on July 2nd, 1851, when 57 of the 60 originally invited attended and elected Lord Eglinton as their first captain.

These meeting places, however, served only as temporary measures. It was soon found that separate and independent accommodation was necessary. Even at Prestwick, during the Red Lion days, a change was introduced in the form of a lunch house. I was taken to see this interesting relic by Major MacBrayne this summer.

It now serves as a toolshed, but at one time it must have been a common sight to have seen the landlord of the Red Lion arriving with a basket of beer on one arm and a pannier of bread and cheese on the other for the members' lunch. A truly picturesque arrangement that went on until a clubhouse was eventually built at a cost of £758.

A similar process of development took place over the oldest seaside golf course in England, namely the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! At the outset it was decided that the hiring of a room in Beer's Farm was sufficient for their needs. Its main object was the storing of clubs so as to save members the trouble of carrying them up the hill to the village. Then when membership began to increase the need was indicated for more comfortable accommodation.

Their first headquarters was a bathing-machine which was duly dragged out to the first tee by coastguardsmen and was used for the storing of food and drink. This was later replaced, first by a tent, then by a marquee. These were taken to the first tee on a handcart pulled by Bryant Andrews and his son, Philip—a method which was improved as the club became more prosperous by the introduction of a donkey cart!

Finally these temporary structures were abolished and the club gloried in the erection of an iron hut by the Pebble Ridge, and Bryant was appointed as steward.

Four illustrations of these early days can be seen framed in the present clubhouse. They depict in amusing fashion the thrills and spills of an adventurous foursome, and in the background we catch a glimpse in one of the iron hut, and, in another, of the lonely-looking tent pitched on what looks like a desolate waste.

Another example of these early structures is to be seen at that supremely natural course, Island Malahide, where after being ferried over by Vincent O'Brien, who has been doing this for over 40 years, I found the history of the club's progress in three buildings. The first was a small primitive shack; the second was little better, although slightly larger; whilst the third represented the present phase.

Usually these first homes have some good story connected with them, but few are so choice as the one associated with the original small hut which served as a clubhouse for Formby members. According to tradition a bottle of whisky was always kept on the shelf bearing the following inscription: "A moderate go, 4d."!

Looked at now in retrospect it can be seen that the gradual evolution of golf clubhouse construction follows in close detail the tracks of architectural advance in other spheres. None of our architectural monuments of superb beauty have been the fruit of a single mind and advance has only been won after years of experimentation.



THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH "HOUFF" ASSOCIATED WITH THE BEGINNING OF MANY WELL-KNOWN GOLF CLUBS

New Books

A CAVALCADE OF SPORT

Sporting Spectacle. By WILLIAM FAWCETT. (Methuen; 12/6.)

To think of England is to recall the quiet peace of the countryside rather than the bustle of industrial centres, and to think of the country is to bring to mind those sporting pursuits which are inherent in English tradition. And so, when we read William Fawcett's book *Sporting Spectacle*, we capture something of the spirit of England, and see a cavalcade which stretches on down the centuries, from the early days of the stage coach and highwaymen, through the vicissitudes of hunting and racing to the present time.

To gather together in a composite volume much that is best and most interesting of fact and legend of the turf and the hunting field is no mean task; but Mr. Fawcett has achieved it, partly by research but largely through his own knowledge of a subject which to him is something more than of passing interest.

For this reason it is when we reach that part of his book where he dips into the great store of this knowledge that we derive greatest pleasure; and it is in these chapters that he plays upon the chords of our own memories. One does not need to be a "horsey" person to enjoy this book, for even those who know most, or imagine they do, can always learn something, and there is much here of hunting history, custom and tradition, and of the turf, that is news to most of us. And it is not the least of the pleasures of this work that one can say, not infrequently, "well, I never knew that."

Nor is it all fact leavened with legend and anecdote; there is shrewd reasoning, sympathetic understanding, and sentiment of the right sort. We see that with the passing of the years much that was, shall we say, crude, in hunting and racing ways, most of that which was cruel, and all, or nearly all, that was dishonest in racing, has given way to a finer and better understanding. Throughout the ages, though other times have meant other ways, the traditional English love of the horse has remained, and this work of William Fawcett's serves to remind us, if such a reminder were necessary, that such a noble creature is deserving of the best at our hands.

* * *

Wanderings in the Peruvian Andes. By Dr. A. M. RENWICK. (Blackie; 10/6.)

In taking up this book one rather hopes to find that the author had woven into it a description in detail of the civilisation of Peru before the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century, and before Christianity had been brought to the country. One cannot think of Peru without remembering the account of that attractive form of civilisation, with its high standard of moral law, and its amazing ingenuity in industry, and its highly commendable measures for obviating poverty. Before that civilisation, which was developed by a once barbarous race and continued until the Spanish conquest and the introduction of Christianity, we must bow, and as the Chinese say: "When you bow, bow low." Had the author of *Wanderings in the Peruvian Andes* entranced his readers with a survey of the accomplishments of that ancient race who felt the urge to rise higher, his record of wanderings would, one ventures to think, have worn a garment of richer texture, and have reached the heart and soul of the reader, and qualified it for a place on the top shelf for travel books. As it is, it is a book recording impressions descriptively written of an interesting tour in an interesting country. In that capacity the book justifies itself, and it should be stated with full generosity that the supply of plates is bountiful and beautiful. With more "soul" in the description of the beautiful, more rapture, the appreciation of this interesting symposium of travel would be on a little higher plane.

Those interested (and they must be numerous) in Peru with its immensity of space, spaces of silence yet with a presence, and with its mountainous scenery will find much in this book to impress their minds.

* * *

Fleet Street Goes Racing. By PERCY SWAFFER. (Hutchinson & Co.; 12/6.)

We are so accustomed to studying the racing pages in the daily papers that we have come to take them for granted, and few of us ever spare a thought for those whose task it is to compile those pages and to give us so much accurate information every day. Mr. Swaffer has spent many years "behind" the racing pages of different papers, and in *Fleet Street Goes Racing* he has an enthralling tale to tell of the gradual evolution of those pages, and of the changes which from time to time come over them.

The story of the racing pages of the Press is the story of racing itself, and of the trend of public opinion and of public sympathy. In this book one is able to discover for the first time why it is that detailed descriptions of individual races have been dropped from the Press, and also to find out the reasons which underlie many other things which everyone has remarked, but which no member of the public has ever been able to explain.

Mr. Swaffer tells the story of the Press and of racing, and he blends the two with such skill, and flavours the mixture with so many interesting side-lines about horses, people and institutions, that the result is a book which must be of equally absorbing interest to the man who is interested in racing, or in the Press, or simply in his fellow men. This book can be recommended to anyone, except the man who wants to borrow it, for it is certain that it will never be returned; it is a book which, once it has been read, will be kept in a convenient place for reference, and this will be greatly facilitated by the index which is so thoughtfully provided.

* * *

The Blaze of Noon. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. (Secker & Warburg; 7/6.)

It has the ring of an autobiography rather than a novel. Louis Dunkel disengages Sophie Madron from self-haziness and a Cornish quarryman—a delicate wooing threatened only by the coming of Amity Nance. All plain sailing until you find that Louis is a blind masseur, Amity a physically attractive deaf-mute, and Sophie a ward with a somewhat unchaperoned past—and present, for that matter. The story runs lightly along, never too insistent to sidetrack its burden—the struggle, and triumph of a man who had every nobility but sight. He writes in the first person with incisiveness and frank conviction. Here is no blind man's bluff, but a relentless rejection of sentimental plea and suppression of all matter and incident normal to ourselves but irrevelant to him. Elizabeth Bowen, in her foreword, says, "this book, by knocking away devices, by moving behind the known terms of reference, looks like and, I think, is, the beginning of something new." We are agreed about that.

* * *

A Man in the East. By MAX RELTON. (Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 10/6.)

In the title of this book the author, Mr. Relton, has admirably summed up his attitude to his own travels; here he is just A Man in the East, and inside, under a picture of himself with a tiger which he has shot, he is M.R. with Tiger. Nowhere is there any "I" or "My," Mr. Relton is, in his own opinion, just A Man whose opinions and achievements are neither greater nor lesser than those of any other Man. This complete absence of self-importance is a necessary adjunct to a book which is, admittedly, a facetious description of what was, nevertheless, a very interesting journey; it is also a quality which, by reason of its rareness among authors, is at once delightful and refreshing.

Mr. Relton sets out to entertain his readers and this he succeeds in doing throughout his 287 pages, but he also manages to interest them, and to shed some illuminating sidelights upon that very complex subject, the Sino-Japanese War, and all that it means to China.

The first half of the book is the most interesting because in it Mr. Relton is dealing with China, where he has lived for two-and-a-half years, while in the later sections he is dealing with Indo-China, to which country he made but one short excursion, in the course of which he was not able to gain a very deep understanding of the country or of the people who inhabit it; but the entertainment value is maintained throughout and the reader can be certain of many a quiet chuckle as he turns the pages.

At the end of the book the more serious undercurrent, of which there have been many glimpses, finds expression in a few quite admirable pages, which are devoted to a comparison of the lives, hopes and aspirations of the city dweller at home and the man who spends his life in strange countries; an illuminating study of something by which many people have been struck upon their return from abroad. The pictures are so good, and were obtained at the expense of so much trouble, if not to say subterfuge, that it is a pity there are not more of them.

* * *

Vinegar and Brown Paper. By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS. (Hurst & Blackett; 7/6.)

"Vinegar and Brown Paper"—with the addition of a little pepper—was, one reads, years ago considered an efficacious cure for toothache, but only one of these ingredients, viz., pepper, seems to have any connection with Mr. Carstairs first novel dealing (not with dental troubles) but the private and professional lives of eight London glamour girls. The author's knowledge of the off-stage conversation and behaviour of these gorgeous creatures is astounding, if he can be accepted as a reliable authority on the subject. This book is light and quite amusing, if you are easily amused.

* * *

Home-Grown Timbers. (Second Edition.) FOREST PRODUCTS RESEARCH LABORATORY. (H.M. Stationery Office; 2/-.)

At a time when inevitably many square pegs are sitting uneasily in round holes a second edition of this comprehensive work is doubly welcome. Highly technical and of especial interest to manufacturers and timber merchants, the handbook is one that every landowner, agent or farmer will find invaluable. It gives reliable data of the various properties of our native timbers, forming a sound basis for deciding which species can replace others for a special purpose.

Interesting facts emerge. Yew is more durable than oak. Beech, hornbeam and sycamore absorb creosote more readily than poplar, willow or sweet chestnut. All boards split more readily along the radial than the tangential plane. Elm of straight grain is more easily cleft than oak.

Each of our native species receives full description from the point of view of seasoning, wood bending, durability, insect attack, preservative treatment, working qualities and uses.

A most valuable book for all concerned in any way with trees, and one that has proved so popular a second edition has become necessary in less than two years.

* * *

Flame. By MARY MASON. (*Country Life*; 5/-.)

As one may suppose, this is the story of a dog.

Flame is, of course, the name of the hero. Flame is "a dog without a heart." We meet him as a yearling, when his owner, who must go abroad, parts with him. The story tells how Flame, the once heartless, develops his affections, becomes as sentimental as he is beautiful, wins on the bench, brings about a reconciliation between two old friends who have quarrelled (sahibs both), and (in a most unsetterly manner) attacks and overthrows the gipsy who has assaulted the small boy who is now his master.

This book is somehow unconvincing as the study of a dog of character, but it makes a very agreeable story for the schoolroom, and the author has a love of the country, of country days and ways, and a gift of description which is pleasant.

The illustrations by George Thomson are good; one or two of them extremely so.

* * *

Silent Flight. By ANN C. EDMONDS. (*Country Life*; 5/-.)

The story of Jane and Brian, twins, who by perseverance, the good fellowship of a glider club and the spur of mutual rivalry achieved their ambition—a metamorphosis through grub and chrysalis stages in a surprisingly short time to full-winged flight. It is written clearly. There is no palisade of technical terms; they creep in one at a time almost unnoticed, until the reader is taking them in his stride. And, by the same token, feels himself rid of the ground and looking with Jane and Brian down the long cloud-streets of a vivid, silent world. For such is the author's wizardry. In bright, straightforward prose, she lifts him up into the gracious company of kites and sailers soaring and circling in their airways between the clouds. Nor does she let him forget that these rewards of flight are not won without hard work and long waitings for right weather on the ground.

Patrick Nicoll's delicate pencil drawings of gliders in cloud-swept skies are the ideal illustrations for the book.

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CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN spite of the war there will, I imagine, be few houses without our traditional Christmas decorations. Formerly not only were houses adorned but streets, too. The more extreme Puritans objected to all decorations and once during their regime decorations in the streets were forbidden by law. But, as one member of Parliament observed "The English do hate to be reformed," and in spite of the law decorations appeared as usual. Nor is it likely that the War will deter us in these days.

Ever since Druidic times the holly, or "holy tree," our finest native evergreen, has been associated with that season of the year when the days begin to lengthen, a symbol of hope. In the woodlands when all else speaks of decay and death, the vivid splendid foliage of the holly lit by its brilliant berries is the true symbol of life. It is small wonder that holly figures so largely in the old carols:

> *"Though winter blasts blow ne'er so high*
> *Green grow'th the holly,*
> *Green grow'th the holly;*
> *So doth the ivy;*
> *The God of life can never die,*
> *Hope! saith the holly."*

Our native holly can hold its own with any foreign species, even with the striking Japanese *Ilex latifolia* with leaves almost as large as those of *Magnolia grandiflora*, and generally regarded as one of the finest Japanese evergreens that can be grown in these islands. Another interesting Japanese holly is *I. crenata Mariesii*, the rare dwarf form of *I. crenata*. It is small leaved and has black berries. This holly is suitable for the rock garden. Fortune introduced *I. cornuta*, one of the most curious of the Chinese hollies. It has almost rectangular leaves and very large red berries, which are, however, not freely produced.

I. pedunculosa continentalis, the Chinese form of a remarkable Japanese species, was introduced by the late Mr. E. H. Wilson. The leaves are about 4in. long, but its most striking characteristic is the fact that the berries hang on stalks almost an inch long, which makes them look almost as though they had been artificially suspended. One of the most famous species is the Paraguayan holly (the source of "maté," the tea drunk throughout South America) which cannot be grown in these islands.

Mistletoe in pagan times was regarded as even more sacred than the holly. It is our only native parasitic shrub and as such, apart from its beauty, has always attracted attention. To the Druids it was a mysterious shrub and to the modern scientist it is still in many ways a mystery, for many of the secrets of the mistletoe remain to be discovered.

Why, for instance, does mistletoe grow so freely on apple trees and so seldom on the pear? There are a few famous mistletoe pears in the country, but though efforts have frequently been made to sow mistletoe on pear trees, in no known case has the plant developed further than mere germination.

Again, some mistletoe plants are unisexual and others are bisexual. On the oak mistletoe grows extremely rarely, and perhaps this accounts for the Druids' veneration for mistletoe oaks. There are very few mistletoe oaks in the country, the most famous, perhaps, being that at Eastnor Park, near Ladbury. Mistletoe is curiously capricious in regard to the localities where it grows. In Essex, Worcestershire and Herefordshire it is common, in the North very scarce.

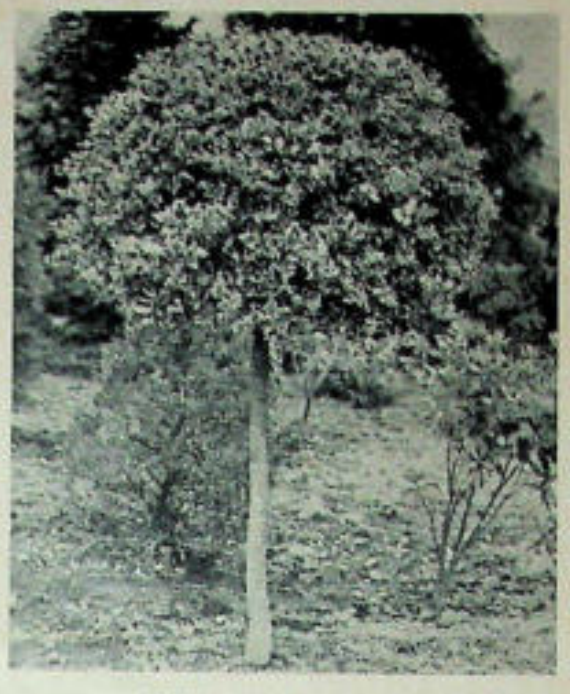
The custom of kissing under the mistletoe affords yet another problem. The custom is unknown in any other European country and the origin of the custom in this country is unknown. Owing to its association with pagan rites mistletoe was forbidden in church decorations, yet formerly it was the custom in York Minster for the priest to place a branch of mistletoe on the altar for the Christmas festival. The origin of this custom, too, is unknown.

Even the origin of the name "mistletoe" is uncertain. Some authorities say it is derived from "mistel" (different) and "tan" a twig (*i.e.*, different from the tree on which it grows). Other authorities derive the word from mistl (bird-lime) and tan (twig), in reference to the custom of using the berries for making bird-lime. The Celtic name of mistletoe was gue, "the shrub of shrubs," i.e., the best of all shrubs.

Ivy in mediæval times seems to have been regarded as the sinister rival of holly. Some of the varieties of our native ivy are singularly decorative, particularly the small-leaved kinds with dark purplish berries. They are perhaps most attractive when grown in shrub form. The Canary Island and Persian ivies are the most decorative of all the varieties it is possible to grow in these islands. The variegated form of the Canary Island ivy, with its bold dark green leaves, silver and white round the edge, is one of the handsomest of evergreens. The Persian variety has leaves nearly a foot long and about 4in. broad. The Himalayan ivy is conspicuous for its berries, which are usually yellow but sometimes red.

Various other evergreen shrubs are very useful for indoor decoration at Christmas time. For instance, *Leptospermum scoparium* var. *Nicholsii*, with its reddish purple sprays of dainty leaves, is charmingly distinctive. It is hardy only in the extreme south, however. *Cassinia fulvida* (syn., *Diplopappus chrysophyllus*) grows in almost any soil, is perfectly hardy, and is a gay evergreen, for even in mid-winter the yellow of the young shoots is suggestive of spring. The cassinias have a heath-like appearance, but unlike so many heaths they are not resentful of lime.

The silver variety *C. leptophylla* is not so popular, for its silvery appearance is not so attractive in winter as the green and gold of *C. fulvida*. The humble *Euonymus radicans variegata* has most attractive foliage for picking.



ILEX REGINA NIGRA AUREA
"Ever since Druidic times the holly has been . . . . a symbol of hope"

All these shrubs afford delightful foliage sprays for the bowls which we all enjoy filling with the stray flowers still to be found in the garden, even in mid-winter.

THE CURRANT TRIBE

BOTH the black and red currants are amongst the invaluable small fruits, and there is still time to plant them provided the weather remains open. Black currants are particularly useful not only for jams, jellies and puddings but also for various other confections.

It is useless to plant black currants on poor shallow soil, and heavy soil is almost equally unsuitable. They need a well-worked and liberally fed soil. In preparing the site for them, heavy ground needs lightening with well-decayed manure, wood ash, &c., and light soil has to be enriched with these manures.

Black currants, like gooseberries, flower very early and therefore need a site where they are sheltered from cutting winds and where bees are likely to visit them. In some gardens with every care taken in the preparation of the soil they fruit badly and it is usually due to lack of insect pollination. This is especially the case with that first-rate variety Boskoop Giant. Black currants are nearly always grown in bush form; they should not, however, be grown with a "leg," but with the branches rising from soil level. As cordons they are not at all satisfactory.

It is best to buy one- or two-year-old plants and these usually fruit their second season. They need firm planting, but the top fibrous roots should not be more than 3in. below soil level. Cut out all weak branches before planting. The first pruning is done in very early spring before the buds swell, and, in the case of newly-planted bushes, every branch should be cut back to two or at the most three buds.

Established bushes are treated differently, for black currants bear their fruits on the branches made the previous season. Consequently, the whole object in pruning them is to encourage the production of young growths from as low as possible and old branches need cutting out altogether. Pruning established bushes ought to be done as soon as they have finished fruiting and not left till autumn.

The only other attention these fruits need is to be kept well hoed. This is not merely to remove weeds but to conserve moisture.

It is most important to spray black currants with a lime-sulphur wash from the time they are cuttings. This should be done when the leaves begin to unfold. It is the best preventive of big bud, attacks by aphis and other troubles. The usual strength is one gallon of lime-sulphur to 13 gallons of water, but some varieties need a weaker strength, and when buying new varieties it is advisable to ask the nurseryman the strength they require.

Nowadays it is usually only the black currant fruits that are used, but the leaves can be used for making delicious syrup. To make it boil 1lb. of white sugar with half a pint of water to a syrup. Then add a pint of black currant leaves and simmer for fifteen minutes. Cool and strain. When quite cold add the juice of three lemons and half a pint of whipped cream. Serve in individual glasses, decorating with a teaspoonful of black currant jam in each glass.

Black currant cream made with honey is good. Rub 1lb. of black currants through a sieve, mix the pulp with two heaping tablespoonfuls of honey and three of cream. Mix well and then fold in the whipped whites of two eggs. Serve in glasses.

Recipes for black currant jams and jellies are to be found in most cookery books, but the best I know is a jam made with black currants, cherries and raspberries. If necessary bottled cherries can be used. The proportions are 1lb. of black currants, 1lb. of cherries, 1½lb. of raspberries and one pint of red currant juice. The jam is made in the usual way, but 1lb. of sugar must be allowed to every pint of the liquid.

Red currants are chiefly of value as a cooked fruit, but some modern varieties are so good that they are fit for dessert. Unlike black currants the red variety flourish in the bleakest and most wind-swept parts. They succeed in almost any soil provided it is not water-logged, but full sun is essential. Again unlike black currants they do well in cordon form, though bushes are the most satisfactory.

It is important not to plant them too deeply. The top roots should not have more than 2in. to 3in. of soil above them. After planting the main shoots should be cut back to half their length. In subsequent pruning the object is to keep the bushes well open in the centre and the branches evenly spaced. Therefore, in the autumn cut back the young growths that will have grown during the summer from the branches shortened at planting time.

Those intended to make main branches should be cut back to half their length and all unwanted shoots to two buds. This pruning should be done every subsequent autumn. Always cut back to a plump bud, for if a branch is cut to a poor bud it may die back. With older bushes it is a good plan to cut out one old branch every year to make room for vigorous young growth.

Cordons are treated in exactly the same way, i.e., cutting back all growths on each branch to two buds and shortening the leading shoot or shoots by a third. As with bushes, always cut back to a plump bud. In parts where birds attack the currant bushes badly it is best to postpone pruning till February, or even March in cold parts. After the leaves have fallen red currants should be sprayed with a 5 per cent. solution of a tar-oil wash.

Of the white currants the sweetest is Bar-le-Duc, the variety so commonly grown in France and from which the delicious Bar-le-Duc preserve is made. The fruits are a soft yellow. The largest fruited variety is Transparent, but it is only a moderate grower. Pink currants look pretty, but the flavour is only fair.

E. S. R.

FARMING IN WARTIME—THE PLOUGHING-UP CAMPAIGN

These notes are from the Bulletin issued by the Ministry of Agriculture

CONDITIONS in this country of soil, climate, farms and types of farming are so variable that generalisations are apt to be misleading. Therefore, in surveying the progress of the ploughing campaign a truer picture can be given by dividing Britain into districts and presenting a brief account of each.

Norfolk, universally held by those who live in it to be the premier arable county of England, has made remarkable progress in the task deputed to them by the Minister, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith. Helped by the traditional skill of its farmers and farm workers and with good leadership from the county committee, Norfolk already has not only made arrangements for ploughing the additional acreage assigned as its first war-time task, but now hopes considerably to exceed it.

In spite of the heavy demand on labour in this county for lifting the sugar beet crop and other seasonal work, there is one district where 47 per cent. of the scheduled grassland has been already ploughed and 27 per cent. actually drilled with wheat.

Suffolk also has its quota of extra arable acres promised. In common with many other parts of Britain, the whole of this effort has been voluntary. In fact, it has been the universal experience over the whole country that compulsion has been almost unknown, although never before in our history have we attempted a ploughing campaign in a single season on anything approaching this scale. Suffolk farmers also are in many instances exceeding the quota asked of them and the reduced supply of feeding stuffs is leading to an additional campaign to render every farm self-supporting.

More Sugar Beet

Farmers are being asked to grow an additional 53,000 acres of sugar beet this year; that is, an increase of about 15 per cent. on the 1939 area of 337,000 acres. There is good reason to expect that the extra acres will be forthcoming, for the 1940 contract offers the growers an increased price that works out at 4/11 per ton of beet in an average year. There is also the undertaking that prices will be reviewed in the event of increased production costs not taken into account when the contract was drawn up.

But the beet crop is also important for its contribution to animal feeding stuffs. The tops—often underrated in food value—are almost equal in weight to the roots, and this year the crop has yielded about 350,000 tons of dried pulp (and molasses), which growers have got back from the factories on favourable terms.

Helping The Smallholder and Crofter

The reduction of the minimum area eligible for the Government ploughing-up grant announced by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith in Parliament on December 7th, will enable many smallholders and crofters to make a further contribution to the food production campaign.

Probably an additional 75,000 to 100,000 acres in the United Kingdom may now be brought within the scope of these grants. In many ways the smallholder can obtain an even greater benefit than the large farmer by growing as much of his own feeding stuffs as he can under present conditions. The freedom in choice of crops for the newly ploughed land that can be exercised by the county committees will be particularly useful to the small farmer in this respect.

Guaranteed Price For Rye

The Minister also announced a system of price insurance for rye introduced on the same lines as that for oats. The standard price will be the same as that for oats and the rate of any subsidy payment that may be payable will be calculated by reference to the average price of oats if satisfactory market prices for rye cannot be collected.

This means that rye will be subsidised, if market prices make a subsidy necessary, on an acreage basis. The farmer growing an average crop of rye can count upon a guaranteed return equivalent to 9/- per cwt.

Rye is particularly well suited to light sandy land, such as is found in the Eastern Counties, and on these soils it is often the safest and most productive grain crop. It needs little manure, and is less liable to damage by wireworms than other cereals. Early sowing is strongly recommended, but it can be sown up to the beginning of March.

At present the United Kingdom acreage is only about 18,000, but at the end of the last war it was over 100,000. Rye is used for making some breakfast foods and can be used, if necessary, for bread, but its chief value is for feeding livestock. In composition it is similar to wheat, but it is more liable to cause digestive disturbances, and should not be fed until it has had time to condition in the stack.

It may be fed cooked to horses up to half their ration. Ground and scalded for pigs it may be used to replace one-third of the barley meal. Not more than ¼lb. per day should be given to sheep. With poultry it should be confined to feeding adult stock, and its safety limit for laying stock is reached when the grain ration contains one-fifth rye. The straw has practically no feeding value.

Pigs Find New Homes

It is hardly necessary to reiterate that the need to reduce imported rations for pigs by at least one-third does not involve a reduction of a similar amount in our pig population. There can be few people who ever expected such a thing would happen. Even the individual farm where the bought rations are reduced by one-third will not have to reduce its pigs to that extent. But it is encouraging to find a strong demand for weaners, general throughout the country, reflecting the reinstatement of the pig on general farms, allotments and cottage gardens. He has disappeared from too many of them.

Specialist pig farmers who find it necessary to reduce their head of stock will naturally look to this market. More general farmers are acquiring a few pigs each and the newly-formed Small Pig Keepers' Council is already receiving a most encouraging send-off. So far there is no prospect in sight of weaners being a drug on the market.

Owners of large numbers of pigs kept intensively may be faced with the immediate difficulty of how to keep those that are not wanted until they are sold. Probably the most satisfactory way out is to replace half the normal cereal ration by boiled potatoes supplemented by boiled swedes or other vegetables. The pigs will take about a month longer to deliver the bacon, but they will get there.

Artichokes For Pigs

Artichokes are normally grown for human consumption but in war-time they are often worth cultivating as food for stock, especially pigs. The tubers contain rather more water but also slightly more protein than potatoes and, on the whole, are of very similar feeding value.

As a crop artichokes possess several advantages; like potatoes, they respond to good treatment but they can also be grown successfully on poor, light, gravelly or peaty soils. They are able to resist drought and are remarkably free from insect and fungoid pests. They may be lifted, like potatoes, in autumn or left in the ground to be forked out as required during the winter. Frost does not injure the tubers if they are allowed to thaw in the ground. They may be grown in odd corners or on waste land.



FORDSON TRACTORS ARE PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE LAND CAMPAIGN

Continued wet weather has hampered ploughing everywhere, but in Essex, as might be expected by those who know the heavy character of its land, the results have been particularly unfortunate. Large areas of such land normally seeded to wheat have not been planted. The need is all the greater, therefore, to concentrate on spring oats and barley that will come in for the 1940 harvest.

But Essex has special problems that have nothing to do with the weather. There are vast areas of thousands of acres of London clay that went back to grass both in the depression of the 'nineties and after the last war—in such districts as the Dengie Hundred, Great and Little Wigborough and where "Tolleshunt" and "Layer" are picturesque prefixes to parishes whose agricultural story is not so pretty.

More Sugar Beet

Farmers are being asked to grow an additional 53,000 acres of sugar beet this year; that is, an increase of about 15 per cent. on the 1939 area of 337,000 acres. There is good reason to expect that the extra acres will be forthcoming, for the 1940 contract offers the growers an increased price that works out at 4/11 per ton of beet in an average year. There is also the undertaking that prices will be reviewed in the event of increased production costs not taken into account when the contract was drawn up.

But the beet crop is also important for its contribution to animal feeding stuffs. The tops—often underrated in food value—are almost equal in weight to the roots, and this year the crop has yielded about 350,000 tons of dried pulp (and molasses), which growers have got back from the factories on favourable terms.

Helping The Smallholder and Crofter

The reduction of the minimum area eligible for the Government ploughing-up grant announced by Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith in Parliament on December 7th, will enable many smallholders and crofters to make a further contribution to the food production campaign.

Probably an additional 75,000 to 100,000 acres in the United Kingdom may now be brought within the scope of these grants. In many ways the smallholder can obtain an even greater benefit than the large farmer by growing as much of his own feeding stuffs as he can under present conditions. The freedom in choice of crops for the newly ploughed land that can be exercised by the county committees will be particularly useful to the small farmer in this respect.

Guaranteed Price For Rye

The Minister also announced a system of price insurance for rye introduced on the same lines as that for oats. The standard price will be the same as that for oats and the rate of any subsidy payment that may be payable will be calculated by reference to the average price of oats if satisfactory market prices for rye cannot be collected.

This means that rye will be subsidised, if market prices make a subsidy necessary, on an acreage basis. The farmer growing an average crop of rye can count upon a guaranteed return equivalent to 9/- per cwt.

Rye is particularly well suited to light sandy land, such as is found in the Eastern Counties, and on these soils it is often the safest and most productive grain crop. It needs little manure, and is less liable to damage by wireworms than other cereals. Early sowing is strongly recommended, but it can be sown up to the beginning of March.

At present the United Kingdom acreage is only about 18,000, but at the end of the last war it was over 100,000. Rye is used for making some breakfast foods and can be used, if necessary, for bread, but its chief value is for feeding livestock. In composition it is similar to wheat, but it is more liable to cause digestive disturbances, and should not be fed until it has had time to condition in the stack.

It may be fed cooked to horses up to half their ration. Ground and scalded for pigs it may be used to replace one-third of the barley meal. Not more than ¼lb. per day should be given to sheep. With poultry it should be confined to feeding adult stock, and its safety limit for laying stock is reached when the grain ration contains one-fifth rye. The straw has practically no feeding value.

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When lifted in the ordinary way enough small tubers will normally be left in the ground to re-establish the crop in the following year. For pigs they are believed to be more suitable in the raw than in the cooked condition. Consequently pigs, especially sows and older pigs, may in suitable circumstances be left to harvest the crop for themselves. Such harvesting is useful for brood sows owing to the exercise obtained in the labour of rooting the tubers out.

Planting may be done in autumn or in spring. As a rule the land is ploughed, ridged and manured as for potatoes. Tubers may be spaced 18ins. apart in rows 30ins. apart. From 12 to 15 cwt. of sets per acre will be required. The weight of crop obtained is generally somewhat less than that of potatoes. On the other hand, expenses would normally also be less.

Village Rat Clubs

Although National Rat Week is over, there is little need to stress the fact that every week should be rat week on farms suffering from these pests.

Enlightened private enterprise has resulted in Rat Clubs being formed in some villages, where so much per tail is paid for all rats brought in to one person appointed to count the tails and then burn them.

Here a private word of warning might be given. It is advisable for farmers in neighbouring districts to agree the rates of payment. In one known instance a halfpenny per tail was being paid in one county and a penny per tail in the next. Quite an export trade in rats' tails suddenly sprang up from one county to the other.



A FLOCK ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS, NEAR ALDWORTH

MANAGEMENT OF THE FLOCK

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

TO those who love sheep, it is good news that the Minister of Agriculture seems to realise to the full the important rôle they can play in the campaign for increased food production at home.

This was a point I have frequently stressed in these columns because, having had much to do with sheep all my life, I have been convinced that the sheep can produce meat from grass with a modicum of concentrated foods in a far cheaper way than any other animal.

As this is the case, I welcome the suggestion, made by the Minister that farmers should increase their sheep stock by breeding from old ewes, which in the ordinary course of events they would draft out, and by taking a crop of lambs from their ewe lambs.

Personally, I would far rather do the former than the latter, unless I were lucky enough to farm on really good land.

As a rule each year sees an exodus from the flocks of the full-mouth, or regular draft ewes. They are generally sold at the recognised shows and sales of the particular breed to which they belong, and they are usually purchased by someone who intends to start a flock, and buys these ewes because they are known breeders, and are generally the cheapest age to buy, or they are purchased by someone who intends to cross them with a ram of another breed, and for the production of fat lambs, when both dam and lamb are sold out as fat.

Now, it is a well-known fact that there are more lambing casualties among the young ewes which come down with their first lamb, than with any other age, and it seems to me that to take a crop of lambs from ewe lambs is to ask for a still greater rate of mortality than one experiences from the young ewes.

There are, of course, governing factors which cannot be ignored, i.e., the size of the breed, and the type of land upon which the flock is kept.

We recognise the fact that grass-ewes, and especially the half-breds, or the Border-Leicester-Cheviot cross, are possessed of such inherent fertility, and are such heavy milkers, that even the ewe lambs can be looked upon as being able to breed and feed a lamb, while amongst the arable sheep those kept on the best land attain growth and maturity that cannot be looked for in ewe lambs of the hill or mountain breeds.

From this it follows that one would never risk taking a crop of lambs from a mountain breed, or from a down breed kept purely on downland grazing.

Thus, I would never risk putting my ewe lambs to a ram unless they had access to plentiful keep, and I should always mate them to a ram lamb, giving it not more than 50 to 60 ewe lambs to serve.

In the ordinary course of events in-lamb ewes have to look after themselves until about a month before lambing, when they will get a certain amount of trough food and hay to steady them before they go out on the pastures. I have seen excellent results from feeding in-lamb ewes on sugar beet tops, and after they have been exhausted on dried sugar beet pulp, but when it comes to ewe lambs I hold that they require really good feeding to promote their growth, build up constitution, and provide them with sufficient food, not only to maintain themselves in this respect, but to provide the essential nourishment for the lamb they are carrying.

As a matter of practical farming politics I dislike the idea of breeding from immature animals which have not yet achieved their own maximum of growth, but I realise that the present emergency demands a big sacrifice in preconceived ideals, and so we must steel our hearts, and put the ram lamb in amongst our ewe lambs. In doing this I suggest that, having regard to the exceptional circumstances the first, and best, fold on our crops must go to these ewe lambs, and that when they are safely in lamb we must remember that we have to stimulate their immature milk yield, and so trough food must be fed to them, such as crushed oats, bran, or a mixture of linseed cake and bruised peas or crushed beans.

I also think that the best fields of old turnips should be held back for them, for old turnips spell milk, and I have found that, try as you will, you cannot get these "baby" ewe lambs to milk well. Just another tip: when the ewe lambs come to the lambing pen—and they should be put to ram last of all the breeding sheep on a farm—the shepherd should be instructed to stay with them every night, for when they come to lamb it will be found that there will be more need of expert sheep midwifery than in any of the other ages of breeding ewes. We expect losses, and it is up to us to prevent them where possible.

To swing from sheep to another subject might it be suggested that the farm teams should be kept up to scratch. There is an immense amount of work falling on the cart horses this month. On many farms they still have to plough, although I always say to use horses for ploughing, unless under exceptional circumstances, is a waste of horse power, but even where the tractors plough and sow the land horses are most generally employed in harrowing it and rolling it, and at the same time they have to cart the corn from the threshing machines, and they are generally employed in carting dung on to the land, or helping in moving the sugar beet. They want consideration, and I suggest they are only getting it when their weekly ration is in the neighbourhood of 2½ bushels of oats and a truss and a half of hay, sound seeds mixture at that, or even to the extent of two trusses per week. Bed them up well, groom them efficiently and they will serve you well.

POULTRY ADVISORY COMMITTEE.—The Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has appointed Capt. Guy Clifford, a Lancashire poultry farmer, and vice-president of the National Poultry Council, and Professor T. J. Dalling, Professor of Animal Pathology in the University of Cambridge, as additional members to the Wartime Poultry Advisory Committee recently set up to give advice on matters affecting the interests of the poultry industry under war-time conditions.

EXEMPTION FROM WAR RISKS INSURANCE.—The Board of Trade has issued an Order which excludes from the scope of the War Risks Insurance Act a number of agricultural products while still on the farm. A previous Order had exempted the great bulk of these products, when so situated, from the operation of the scheme; but a few, including milk, butter, cheese, eggs and wool, remained insurable. Insurance of these was compulsory if their total value at any time amounted to more than £1,000, but this figure was rarely, if ever, exceeded, and insurance consequently remained voluntary. Farmers have not, in fact, availed themselves of the facilities, and it has been considered unnecessary to retain any distinction in regard to different classes of agricultural produce.

PRESERVING SHOOTING AMENITIES—II

The Ideal Covert

By REGINALD DAVEY

TIMES of enforced economy are not those for suggesting costly or extensive improvements. At the same time, even with depleted resources, much can be done to prevent that general falling into decay which is so much to be deplored. Last week a general picture was given of a covert as seen through the eyes of its principal tenant, the pheasant, whose modest requirements are sunlight, concealment and freedom from draught.

Oak, ash and larch woods provide the right admixture of light and concealment, for after about the 40th year the crowns become widely spaced and green vegetation appears. From planting up to the 20th year conditions also are good, but from the 20th to the 40th year the intensity of the competition causes a closing of the canopy and the death of all ground plants.

Many excellent coverts of this age are driven every season and always yield a good crop of birds, for the reason that the owner has had the foresight to provide marginal cover. This can take the form of any fairly dense growing evergreen shrub, preferably backed by two rows of firs. Rhododendron proves unsurpassed for this purpose on sandy soils, laurel and privet on clays or silts, yew and juniper on chalk. For the outside trees Austrian pine is excellent on all soils, but its unrelieved blackness is better cheered with an admixture of lighter foliaged species.

Few estates will be left entirely devoid of labour in the woods, and the question will be the best manner in which to employ what is available. The addition of marginal cover to plantations that are approaching their 20th year is a task that either woodman or keeper can undertake, if need be, single handed.

When a wood begins to grow dark, and the ground vegetation and scrub shows signs of disappearing, the covert value will decline rapidly unless something is done to allow the scrub to survive. The needful task is to thin the wood, removing the suppressed and badly shaped trees that are crowding the better shaped dominants, and, incidentally, let in the sunlight. The heaviness of the thinning, the number of stems removed, is controlled by species and fear of wind damage. For a wind firm species like oak, ash or larch growing on a deep firm soil, a very heavy thinning need not cause apprehension.

From a timber production point of view a heavy thinning should be followed by pruning side branches of trees up to timber height. This should be done before the stem reaches a diameter of 6in., and if there are many live branches to be removed it may have to spread over a few years.

Thinning, both for the game and timber production, is a task that a restricted staff can undertake, provided the trees to be cut are marked by someone who understands. One advantage is that the produce will rather more than pay the labour bill.

The biggest question that owners are likely to have to face is the clear felling of their young conifer plantations, between the ages of 20 and 35 years for pitprops. On some estates this has resulted in 40 or 50 acres of land being suddenly bared and ready for replanting, an almost impossible undertaking in present circumstances.

It is fortunate that if we provide the correct conditions most of our timber trees will reseed themselves naturally. Oak, ash, beech, sycamore and Scots pine are widely known for natural seeding. The method was explained in the *Field* (November 18) but it depends upon the exclusion of the rabbit, who will eat all young seedlings, with the possible exception of sycamore.

The rabbit is the one point about which both woodman and keeper always agree. Both would like to see him exterminated. Both are in normal times too busy to give him the undivided attention that is needed to achieve that end. That it can be done was demonstrated on a 1,000 acre estate in Sussex, the method adopted having been explained in detail in a previous article (November 11th). Surely a woodman or keeper could not be better employed than in ridding the woods of an unmitigated pest, whose only virtue is that he keeps the grass rides neat and trim.

Once the rabbit is exterminated, and the danger points on the estate boundary protected with wire netting against fresh inroads, all the bare spaces in the woods will begin to clothe themselves with young trees in great profusion.

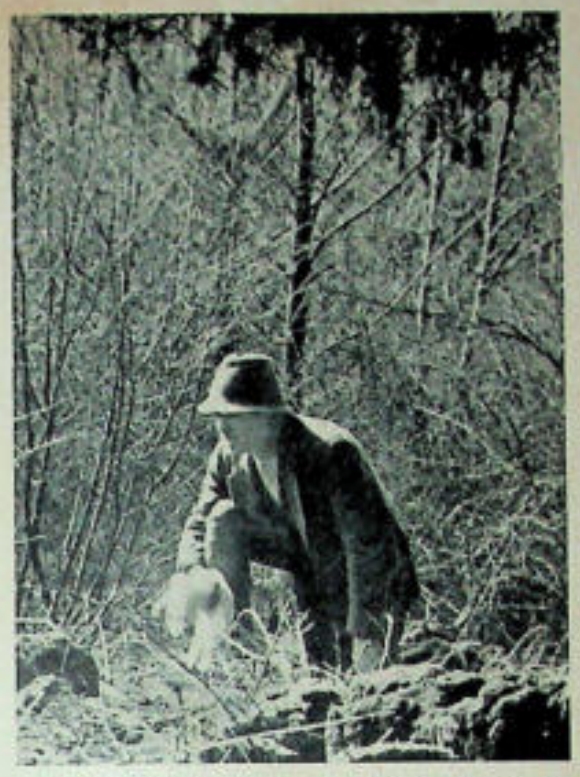
In most cases the crop will be dense enough to overcome weed growth, but in places and for easily damaged species like ash, it may be advisable to cut the weeds for two years, so as to let the trees get ahead. Oak is the one tree that benefits from the stimulating effect of being overtopped by weeds, and should not be brushed, unless it is choked with grass, a pest that no tree can survive.

It is most fortunate that trees will seed naturally, saving an outlay of £10 or £12 per acre, and calling for rather less after care than an ordinary plantation. Were this not the case there would surely be but little hope for the private woodlands in this country, heavily cut over now for the second time within a quarter of a century. This reclothing is well worth the effort of bringing about, for, apart from timber production, it is the only way to replace the missing coverts. After three years growth the covert will be usable, meanwhile providing valuable nesting space.

The design of flushing points and their siting in relation to coverts is too wide a subject to discuss now. Suffice it to say that the ideal arrangement is for the covert to connect with a flushing point, so arranged that the birds will be directed to fly back into the covert from which they have just walked. This cannot always be secured, and even when it can there may be involved a rather long walk for the birds. In this case the going should be made as easy as possible.

The object of the covert, so far as driving is concerned, is to allow the pheasant to walk forward unimpeded by too dense growth, but so concealed that he can feel that he is not seen by the beaters. The more distant parts of a covert can, with advantage, be slightly more open and easier walking, so that the birds may not be tired unduly and tempted to fly or break out at the side.

For these distant parts the ideal to aim at is ten-year-old sweet chestnut. As the flushing point is approached the covert will become slightly more dense, but only in the flushing point should flying be preferred to walking.



RIDDING THE WOODS OF AN UNMITIGATED PEST

IMPORTANCE OF TESTING FARM SOIL

By HILARY WHITE

SOIL analysis is a long and tedious operation and it is doubtful if at the end of it the results achieved are really worth while. At the present time the county council authorities are offering to analyse soils gratis, as part of the War Agricultural Committee's work. If every farmer takes advantage of this offer the provincial soil chemists will be kept very busy, and it may be months before the answers arrive!

On most farms normal methods of manuring do keep up the fertility, particularly where heavy dressings of farmyard manure are given. Sufficient attention, however, is not paid to liming, and it has been said that 60 per cent. of the arable land in this country suffers badly from lime deficiency.

Farmers often imagine that because a soil has a limestone "base" or origin, or because a soil is over chalk, that there is no need for lime, and so they never attempt to give such applications. The fact that fields are crying out for lime is not sufficiently apparent to them, and routine work may go on from year to year without their remembering to give the lime application in January or February, or whatever month may be considered right and convenient.

Lime deficiency, of course, varies tremendously from field to field. It can easily be as high as 4 tons per acre in the worst cases; it often reaches 2 tons and it may be as low as 4 cwt. It is when it exceeds 10 cwt. per acre that reduced crops result, and that the artificial manures applied can never be used to the greatest advantage by the plants. This latter statement is particularly true in the case of the members of the cabbage family—sprouts, cauliflowers and the like—swedes and turnips, sugar beet, barley and clover.

Most market gardeners recognise the desirability of applying lime to land that is to grow a cruciferous crop. Arable farmers as a whole realise the need of giving lime to land that is planned for a beet crop. There are, however, other sensitive crops than these, and it ought to become the routine practice on every farm and market garden to test for acidity.

There are various methods of carrying out such testings actually on the field. The taking of representative soil samples back to the farmhouse is never popular, but a testing on the field that gives immediate results is not laborious. There are various methods of doing this, the hydrochloric acid test, the thyocyanate test and the easiest of all, that carried out with a special soil "indicator."

In the hydrochloric acid test a small quantity of soil should be placed in a cup and a little water added. The whole should be stirred together until all the air has escaped. Hydrochloric acid should then be added drop by drop, and if an effervescence is seen and heard the soil contains sufficient lime, and in fact a good deal of lime. It is not, however, a perfect test because some soils are neutral or very slightly acid, and these would not cause an effervescence. Despite this they would not really need liming. (Concentrated hydrochloric acid is usually sold at the chemists as spirits of salts.)

Thyocyanate is definitely poisonous and has to be used with the utmost care. It is usually supplied by the chemist as potassium thyocyanate in an alcohol solution. In this case it is important to take a small quantity of *dry* soil and roughly three times the quantity of the thyocyanate liquid. The two should be shaken together in a bottle or test tube, and afterwards the colour of the liquid should be examined. If it is red, there is a serious shortage of lime; if pink, only a moderate deficiency; and if yellow or no particular colour, lime is not needed.

The easiest method, without a doubt, of telling whether soil needs lime or not is by the use of an indicator set which can be purchased from most chemists. One is made by the British Drug Houses and the other, known as the Soilometer, is made by Messrs. Baird & Tatlock.

The liquid supplied as a reagent is bluish green in colour, but directly it comes into contact with acidity of any kind it turns yellow, bright orange or red. The yellow colour notes a slight lime deficiency, the orange colour a moderate deficiency, and if the liquid turns bright red then the soil is very acid.

All that has to be done is to place a very small quantity of the soil—either moist or dry—on to the little saucer or dish provided in the set. A little of the indicator is then poured on, and the two are allowed to remain in contact with one another for a few minutes. The porcelain dish should then be tilted somewhat so that the liquid runs away from the soil and gathers in the channel provided for the purpose.

Here it can be examined for colour and it is the colour that decides the amount of lime to be applied. With the soil testing set is supplied a little chart or explanatory leaflet which gives instructions as to the pH and the amount of lime necessary.

The farmer has to remember that when taking a sample of soil from a field, in order to estimate acidity, it should be a typical sample, and not a portion from one corner of the field only. It is always better to walk over the field, picking up teaspoonfuls of soil from various parts, and then to mix these together so as to form what can be called a representative sample. It may be advisable to take another sample from 8in. or 9in. down, i.e., to the normal depth of ploughing. If a top and bottom sample are taken the soils concerned should be kept separate and tested separately.



MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE, JERSEY
Once impregnable, now a museum of many of the relics of Jersey

SOME QUAINT MUSEUMS

By MANSFIELD HORN

COLLECTING something or other seems to interest most people. Manhole covers or match-box lids will be found treasured somewhere; and these museums are not all to be found in the big cities. In fact some of the most interesting are found in more or less remote places, and some of the objects in them should find pride of place in the best museums in the cities.

I have been to museums in the Channel and Scilly Isles, Wales, Scotland and in most English counties. Some of these have been small collections; some have been large, but they are all the more interesting because of their individuality.

At Portland, near the Pennsylvania Castle, a residence built by the Governor of Portland, is an old cottage Thomas Hardy made famous. It was the home of "Avice," the heroine of *The Well-Beloved*. Dr. Marie Stopes, a resident on Portland, bought this cottage and presented it to Portland. The garden now contains numerous fossils found when excavating for Portland stone, while smaller exhibits are in the building. The fossils seem in strange contrast to a modern miniature bridge in the garden.

Not far north of Portland is Cranbourne Chase, near Blandford, and here is the collection started about 1880 by General Pitt-Rivers, known as the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Farnham. Part of the grounds were designed as pleasure gardens, with an open-air bandstand and theatre, ancient temples, some buildings re-erected after use at exhibitions, and the remains of the Larmer Tree. This tree is said to have marked the meeting place of King John when hunting and was known to have been in leaf as late as 1894. Now an oak grows where this elm used to be, little remaining of the original tree except small pieces of bark. The keepers in these grounds wear a uniform claimed to be over 1,000 years old in design, the uniform of the Cranborne Chase keepers, who had many fights with poachers in protecting the deer then roaming on the plain.

About two miles away is the Gypsy School, so called because it was used until 1855 for the purpose of teaching gypsy children. Original notebooks and attendance books have been preserved, but there are fewer gypsies now. These school buildings have been converted into the Farnham Museum, containing a miscellany of articles, including peasant costumes and furniture from Brittany. There are collections of locks and keys through the ages; finds in the neighbourhood of Cranbourne Chase and Salisbury Plain featuring the various types of pottery; skulls and models of excavated graves; pottery from abroad and tools of the Stone, Iron and Bronze Age from home and abroad; a wealth of agricultural implements with the development of the plough illustrated; and weapons of tribes, dried heads collected by head-hunters, figures from Easter Island, and a number of bronzes.

This museum has a small resemblance to the Abbey Folk Park Museum, New Barnet, as it also tends to show developments through the ages, and it possesses many quaint vehicles. The New Barnet Museum claims to be the only Folk Park in England, and owes its inception to Father J. S. M. Ward.

At Tresco, in the Scilly Islands, is a fine collection of figureheads from vessels wrecked in the vicinity, together with anchors and a German mine. They stand in the tropical gardens, the climate allowing plants to be grown there which in other places in this country could only be kept in hot-houses.

Many stories are told about these wrecks. One of them concerns the local parson who took off his cassock as he walked to the church door, and told his congregation there was a wreck, adding, "This time we all start fair!" On the previous race to a wreck he had been late. On St. Mary's is the Druid's Chair and Sun Rock, a relic of the ancient people who once lived on these islands, which have now become a centre of the early flower industry.

The Channel Islands have several museums. The situation of that at Mont Orgueil Castle, Gorey, Jersey, is probably the most attractive of any museum. Over 310ft. above sea level this castle now houses the arms of the peoples of Jersey, together with old armour and other relics. Perhaps the chief feature of this museum is not so much its collection as its beauty, and its pleasant situation overlooking the entire island. In St. Helier, the chief town, another museum deals with Jersey and its history much more fully, and in Guernsey, among other museums, is one which has for its chief theme the relics of Victor Hugo who lived at Hauteville House.

Victor Hugo used to write standing up at a desk in a room upon the roof. Numerous treasures include a blue china salt-cellar, valued at 15,000 frs., said to have been the work of a pupil of Michel Angelo. Collecting oak seemed to have been Hugo's hobby, and there is a Garibaldi bedroom which the General never visited. Among the tapestries are some fine Gobelins.

Chastleton House, near Chipping Norton, is not very far from Sulgrave Manor. Sulgrave was the original home of the Washington family, and is now also a house for the collection of Washington relics, and is much visited by Americans on account of this. Chastleton House, built in 1603 by Walter Jones, on land bought from Robert Catesby, the conspirator, has as the chief treasure the Bible which Charles I used on the scaffold. There is some fine panelling and plaster-work, and a set of pewter said to be the largest in England. Tapestries and furniture, embroideries and portraits are also to be found in this house which has been kept as near as possible to its original state.



TRESCO, ISLES OF SCILLY
Figureheads from wrecked ships adorn the pillars of this museum

A collection of stocks, whipping-post, pillory and ducking stool can be seen near Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon, but these look too good to be true! There are other museums in the neighbourhood which doubtless are better known to lovers of the bard.

At Hardwick, Notts, is Hardwick Hall, "with more windows than wall," a house with some of the finest tapestries and old furniture. Contrasting with this immense residence is the smallest house in Great Britain on Conway Quay, N. Wales, where an old sailor used to live. There are only two small rooms—so small, in fact, that people are only allowed to go in the house one at a time.

Of the numerous pieces I have seen which should be treasured for all time is one at the Grosvenor Hotel, Shaftesbury, Dorset. This is the "Chevy Chase Sideboard," representing the battle of Chevy Chase which took place on August 10th, 1388. It was carved from solid oak by Gerard Robinson and took fifteen years to complete. It is said he went mad after the work was finished. It seems a pity that such a very fine specimen should not be stored instead of being used daily. The amazing detail workmanship of this has to be seen to be believed. The artist has even captured the expression on the faces of the combatants in the six scenes represented. Museums are legion. Their appeal varies according to taste, but most of them represent the work of a lifetime on someone's part.



PORTLAND MUSEUM, DORSET
The garden contains numerous fossils including fossilised tree trunks

TRAINING THE LAND ARMY

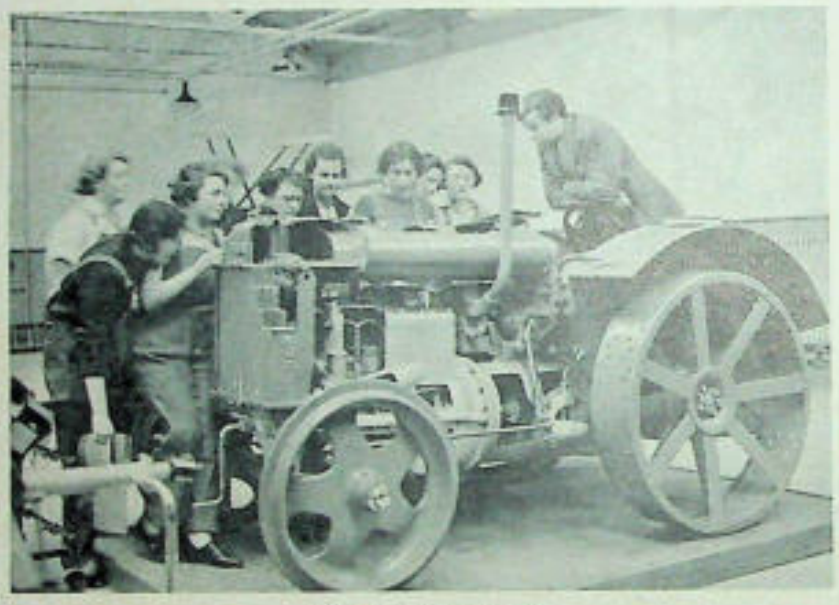
By W. G. McMINNIES

For the duration of the war the "Travel by Land, Sea and Air" Section, which has long been a feature of the "Field," must unfortunately be omitted. We shall, however, publish each week an article dealing with some aspect of motoring in wartime, and as often as possible, an article on travel.

ALL over the country the throb of the tractor bears witness to the great new offensive of our land army. In its way, it is just as much an indication of national effort as is the hum of aircraft, the rattle of machine guns, or the whirr of the factory.

And under the attack of thousands of tractors, whole countrysides are changing their dress from green to brown. To-day, perhaps, a great sweep of pasture sprawls on to the skyline. To-morrow it has changed its coat for a richer, more rugged covering. The tractor is the tailor who has cut this new pattern so cunningly, quickly and economically with ploughshares for his scissors, and the national emergency as his guide to fashion.

With commendable foresight the Government had built up a big reserve of tractors during the pre-war period, and was able to place them on the land when war broke out. The next problem was to man these machines, for which purpose the women's land army came into existence. Their work is to fill the places of the younger men as they are called up from the country, besides creating a new force to carry out the cultivation of the millions of acres to be brought under the plough during this winter.



UNDER INSTRUCTION
Members of the Women's Land Army listen to a talk on the principles of the Fordson Tractor

While a tractor is a simple enough piece of mechanism to run and maintain many volunteers have not sufficient mechanical knowledge to ensure the most efficient results. For this reason a training centre has been started at Boreham, in Essex, where the Henry Ford Institute of Agricultural Engineering has been placed at the Government's disposal.

The Institute is housed in an old and imposing mansion on the main Chelmsford—Colchester Road, about three miles from Chelmsford.

The ground floor includes a large conference room fitted with ciné and other equipment, dining-room and electrically worked kitchen. The west wing has a reception room, changing room, showers and toilet accommodation in addition to a large recreation room. An exhibition hall, lecture rooms, library and offices occupy the first floor.

Adjoining the east courtyard there is a recently erected workshop covering 5,000 square feet in area. It is completely equipped for servicing tractors and implements and includes a motor-driven forge, acetylene welding plants, hydraulic press, compressed air plant and working sectional models of engines. The agricultural machinery in use are a combine harvester, ploughs, harrows, power-driven binder, mower, cultivator, and manure spreader. For practical work on the land there are also four standard and one row crop tractors.

The women pupils are drawn from all classes and occupations. A few hail from the country, but most of them come from the cities where they have been employed as clerks, secretaries, typists and shop assistants.

During their training, which lasts four weeks and is of an intensive kind, the women receive a Government grant of ten shillings a week for pocket money, their board, lodging and instruction being provided free. Upon taking up a job on a farm their pay will be 28s. a week, while their board and lodging will cost about 14s. a week.

The hours of instruction extend from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., with a show of films, lantern slides and discussions on most evenings. There are lectures, too, which deal with such subjects as the care, maintenance and operation of the tractors and the various implements used on a farm.

After mastering the theoretical side the women don overalls and start their practical instruction in the workshops. Here they are taught not only to strip and re-assemble a machine, but also how to effect repairs and diagnose faults. Thus in the event of a tractor in service suddenly beginning to spit or splutter these Ford Institute women will not have to stand by and wait helplessly for a man to put the trouble right. They will do the job themselves and enjoy doing it. The same kind of practical work is also carried out with power-driven machinery and other instruments that they will encounter during their service on the home front.

Having mastered all these technical details they are then instructed in the actual handling of the tractor. This is perhaps the high spot of the whole month's teaching. May be, the tractor seat seems a bit hard after the well-padded cushions of an Austin, Morris, Ford or Standard car, and perhaps her perch on the throbbing monster with its great steel-tyred wheels may not seem so secure as in a ten horsepower saloon, but even then there is a memorable thrill about this new kind of driving, this making of patterns and lines that the machine draws so neatly over the rolling fields.



LEISURE MOMENTS
One of the simply furnished but pleasant rest rooms at the institute

The initial practices take place on a special trial ground and once these are mastered the pupil proceeds to the farm for practical ploughing.

Here it is interesting to pause for a few moments and watch the women, comparatively new pupils, ploughing stubble with the aid of Fordsons and three furrow ploughs, hitching up, setting and driving. Each does her job with commendable care and precision, cutting straight furrows with short headlands. After a spell at this work the instructor turns them over to the work of cultivating and harrowing which is again attended with good results.

Despite the need for compressing the course into a short space of time, the claims of recreation periods have not been forgotten. The provision of games rooms and a library in the mansion have been considered already and in the evenings after work there is always plenty going on there. The living quarters, although simple, are airy and health giving, affording very much the same sort of accommodation that the pupils must expect when they take up their jobs in reality. Some of the pupils live in modern cottages built for the Institute in the village, while others are accommodated in a jolly old Essex country house, which had been brought up to date.

The Institute was in action before the war when the advantages of machinery for use on the farm and the need for familiarising the farmer and his labourers with its control, care, and maintenance became obvious. It was understood from the beginning that the degree to which mechanisation might be substituted for horse power and man power was necessarily a problem to be settled by each individual farmer who, once having learned of the machine's possibilities, could size them up in reference to his own activities and local conditions. It was therefore never the object of the Institute to force wholesale reorganisation and mechanisation on the farmer, for it understood that in many cases such a course would be impracticable and inadvisable.

But to-day it is generally accepted that farmers can benefit by some form of mechanisation and that proper instruction in the theory and practice of power driven machinery would be of inestimable benefit to all those who directly or indirectly win their living from the cultivation of the soil. For this reason before the war the Institute ran regular fortnightly classes of instruction not only for farmers themselves but also for their sons, managers and workers. Courses were also organised for students at Agricultural Colleges which did not possess the same facilities on the spot. At certain times of the year courses of longer duration were also organised for students and those holding scholarships granted by the Ministry of Agriculture or County Authorities. A small fee, ranging from £3 upwards, was charged for the fortnightly courses which dealt with such subjects as the design and construction of the tractor, its practical operation in such matters as gear-changing, loading, choice of implements, its lubrication, care, repair and fault finding, the correct hitching, loading and setting of implements, the design, construction and use of the latest power driven farm machinery such as combine harvesters, grass and grain driers, and the Row Crop tractor. Besides this, students were instructed in the use of the forge, small petrol and oil engines, shop tools and mechanics as applied to the farm. Altogether a very comprehensive and well worth while curriculum.



FROM THEORY TO PRACTICE
Students test their knowledge with a tractor in the fields

BRIDGE

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

I SHALL be concluding this series at the end of the year and in these last two articles I propose to discuss the answers to the Christmas competition.

1. Score Game all. Z deals and bids One Heart; Y Two Hearts; Z Two Spades; Y Three Spades; Z Four Spades. A B pass throughout. A holds S A, 2; H 9, 8, 7, 6, 2, D K, Q, 2; C Q, J, 10. What should he lead?

Answer: 9 of Hearts.

On the bidding Y has probably Five Hearts and Four Spades and Z Three Hearts or possibly Two Hearts. B should be able to ruff an opening Heart lead or a second Heart lead when A takes a trump lead with the Ace of Spades. Full marks were awarded to any competitor who led a Heart.

2. Score love all. Z deals and bids One Club; A One Heart; Y Three Clubs; B No Bid; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds; S Q, 8, 7, 2; H A, Q, 10, 9 4; D A, 2; C 4, 2. What should he lead?

Answer: 10 of Hearts.

Since Z bids Three No Trumps he should have the King of Hearts. However, Y may have three Hearts to the Jack in which case the lead of the Queen of Hearts would present Y-Z with a second stop. The lead of the 10 of Hearts will guard against this and if B has a Club trick and two Hearts the contract should be defeated by two tricks.

3. A B love. Y Z game. Z deals and bids One Spade A No Bid; Y Two Hearts; B Three Diamonds; Z Three No Trumps. All pass. A holds; S K, 10, 5, 4; H 10, 9, 8; D Q, 7, 2; C 10, 9, 4. What should he lead?

Answer: 2 of Diamonds.

This is the standard lead, from three to an honour, to break up any double guard such as K, J, 4 in Z's hand. With such a holding in Z's hand, the lead of the Queen of Diamonds would give Z a second stop in Diamonds.

4. Score game all. Z bids One Spade; A Two Diamonds; Y holds S K, 2; H K, J, 8, 2; D K, J, 8, 2; C A, 10, 2. What should he say?

Answer: Double.

On Z's opening bid there should be no doubt about the double; a penalty of at least 800 is likely. The only excuse for bidding Three No Trumps is an extreme distrust of partner or a pressing need to catch the last train.

5. Score game all. Playing Culbertson, Z bids One No Trump; A No Bid. Y holds; S 4, 2; H 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2; D 5, 3; C 2. What should he say?

Answer: Four Hearts.

This was a very easy question to those who knew their Gold Book. With the No Trump bid showing a 4-3-3-3 distribution and at least four honour tricks, the response is automatic with an eight card major suit. Three Hearts would be forcing and two Hearts gives an entirely incorrect picture of the hand.

6. Score game all. Z deals and holds; S A, J, 8, 2; H K; D A, Q, 7, 2; C K, Q, 4, 3. What should he say?

Answer: One Diamond.

This is quite a straightforward example of a prepared bid. The simple rule of bidding the suit below the singleton gives the correct answer.

7. Assuming that in problem 6 Z bids one of a suit, A doubles, Y and B pass. What should Z say and why?

Answer: Redouble.

It is obvious that B has made a penalty pass and that the Diamonds are stacked against Z. He therefore makes an S.O.S. redouble, asking Y to bid his longest suit.

8. Score Love all. Y has S Q, 6, 5, 4; H A, K, 3, 2; D A, 10, 2; C 8, 6. Z has S A, K, 9, 8, 7; H Q, 8, 6; D K, J, 3; C A, J. Z is playing the hand in Six Spades, the opponents have not bid and A leads the King of Clubs, taken by Z's Ace.

(a) What card should Z now play and why?

(b) Assuming the trumps break 2-2, how should Z play the hand?

Answer: (a) A small Spade.

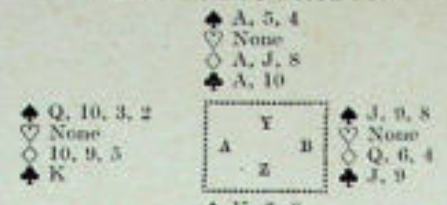
If the four outstanding Spades are in A's hand a Spade trick must be lost. If, however, the four Spades are with B, the safety play of a small Spade will enable Z to avoid losing any Spade tricks.

(b) Although all the competitors did not notice the above safety play most competitors spotted the elimination play which would make the contract of Six Spades possible against any distribution. However, many competitors seemed to consider it beneath their dignity to mention the possibility of the Hearts breaking. The correct answer should be on the following lines.

Trumps are extracted in two rounds and the Queen, King and Ace of Hearts played. If the Hearts fall 3-3 a Club discard is taken on the thirteenth Heart and the Diamond finesse guessed. This will give twelve or thirteen tricks according to the failure or success of the finesse. If the Hearts do not break evenly, the fourth round is ruffed and the lead thrown with the Jack of Clubs. Whichever opponent takes the lead will have to play either a Diamond, giving Z a free finesse, or a Club, giving Z a ruff in one hand and a discard of a losing Diamond from the other.

Next week I shall discuss the play of the two hands illustrated by problems 9 and 10.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM



The above problem is one of the many fascinating deals from G. Coffin's "End Plays." Z to lead and make all eight tricks against any defence by A-B.

CHESS

STAHLBERG'S PLAY

The following game, from a tournament at Oslo last July, is a good example of the enterprising play of the Swedish master G. Stahlberg.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Lundin.	WHITE. Stahlberg.	BLACK. Lundin.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	27. P to R 5	B to K 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	28. Q to B 3	K to B 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	29. P tks P, ch	Kt takes P (*j*)
4. Q to Kt 3 (*a*)	P to B 4	30. P to R 4 (*j*)	R to Q sq
5. P takes P	Kt to B 3 (*b*)	31. R takes R	Q takes R
6. Kt to B 3	Kt to K 5	32. P to K Kt 4	Kt to K 2
7. B to Q 2	Kt takes B (*c*)	33. P to K B 5	B to Q 2
8. Kt takes Kt	Q to R 4 (*d*)	34. P to R 5	B to B 3
9. P to K 3	Q tks B P (*e*)	35. B to B 4, ch	B to Q 4
10. K Kt to K 4	Q to Q R 4	36. Q to Q 4	Q to Q R sq
11. Castles	P to B 3	37. P to K 4	B takes B
12. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to K 2 (*f*)	38. Q tks B, ch	K to B sq
13. kt to Q 5, chs	P takes Kt (*g*)	39. Q to Q 4	Q to B 3
14. Kt takes P, ch	K to Q sq	40. P to Kt 5	Q to B 2
15. B takes P	Q to B 2	41. K to Kt sq	Q to R 5
16. B to K 2	P to K Kt 3	42. P to K B 6	Kt to B 3
17. Kt to Kt 3	B to K sq	43. Q to Q 5 (*m*)	Q to B 2
18. P to K R 4	P to Q 3	44. K to R 2 (*n*)	P to Q R 4
19. P to R 3	B to Q B 4	45. K to Kt 3	Kt to Q sq
20. K R to Q sq	Kt to K 2	46. P to K 5	Q to B 2
21. B takes B (*h*)	Q takes B	47. K to B 4	Q to K sq
22. Kt to K 4	Q to B 2	48. Q to Q 6, ch	K to B 2
23. Kt takes P	B to Q 2	49. Q to B 7, ch	K to Kt 3
24. Kt tks P, ch	K to B sq	50. Q to Kt 7, ch	K to B 4
25. Kt to Q 6, ch	K to Q sq	51. Q tks P, ch	K tks K P (*o*)
26. Kt takes R	K takes Kt (*i*)	52. Q to K 7, ch	Resigns.

(*a*) Q to B 2, keeping control of White's K 4, is more frequently played nowadays.

(*b*) 5. . . . Kt to B 3 is a good alternative, *e.g.* 6. P to Q R 3, B takes B P; 7. Kt to B 3 (if White's Queen went at B 2, he would, instead play P to Q Kt 4, after which Black's Queen's Knight would be out of play), P to Q Kt 3; 8. B to Kt 5, B to Kt 2; 9. P to K 3, B to K 2, to be followed by Kt to B 4 with about an even game (Eliskases v. Botvinnik, Moscow tournament, 1936).

(*c*) The alternative Kt takes Q B P has gone out of favour.

(*d*) The usual—and, we think, better—move is B takes P.

(*e*) 9. . . . B takes P; 10. K Kt to K 4, B to Kt 5 would give the position which actually was reached after Black's 10th move. If, instead, 9. . . . B takes Kt, then 10. Q takes B and Black has nothing better than 10. . . . Q takes Q. He has then difficulty in developing his Queen's side, while White is a pawn ahead and has two open files.

(*f*) After 12. . . . B takes Kt; 13. R takes B, Q to B 4; 14. Q to Q sq, White would get a strong pressure along the open file.

(*g*) A very good move.

(*h*) 13. . . . K takes Kt is, we think, to be preferred, although after 14. Kt takes B, ch, K to K 2; 15. Kt to B 2 White would have a very good game.

(*i*) Fine play.

(*j*) White has now four pawns for his piece.

(*k*) Not P takes P because of the reply R to R sq.

(*l*) Beginning the advance of the pawns.

(*m*) Not 43. Q to Q 6, ch because of 43. . . . Q takes Q; 44. P takes Q, Kt to K 4, to be followed by K to B 2 and P to K R 3.

(*n*) The King now advances to join in the fight.

(*o*) If K takes Kt P, then Q to K 7 and wins for, if Q to R sq, then P to B 7, ch.

CONGRESS AT BUENOS AIRES

A good game by Capablanca.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. Y. Mikenas. (Lithuania.)	WHITE. J. R. Capablanca. (Cuba.)	BLACK. Y. Mikenas. (Lithuania.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. P to Q Kt 4	P takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. B takes P	Kt to R 2
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. Kt to K 5	B to K sq (*g*)
4. Q to B 2	Kt to B 2	17. P to B 4	P to Q Kt 3 (*h*)
5. Kt to B 3 (*a*)	P to Q 4 (*b*)	18. Q to Q 3	R to Q sq
6. P to Q R 3 (*c*)	B takes Kt, ch	19. P to R 5 (*i*)	P to Q Kt 4 (*j*)
7. Q takes B	P to Q R 4 (*d*)	20. P takes P	P takes R
8. P to Q Kt 3	Castles	21. R takes Q	P takes Q
9. B to Kt 2	P to K 3	22. P takes P, ch	B takes P
10. B tks Kt (*e*)	Q takes B	23. R takes B	Kt to Kt 4
11. P to K 3	B to Q 2	24. R to B 2	R to Q 4
12. B to Q 3	K R to B sq (*f*)	25. Kt takes P	R to K sq
13. Castles (K R)	P to R 5	26. R to B 5	Resigns.

(*a*) Best. If, instead, 5. P to K 3, then 5. . . . P to K 4; 6. P to Q 5, Kt to K 2; 7. Kt to B 3, B takes Kt, ch (not P to Q 3 at once because of Q to R 4, ch); 8. Q takes B, P to Q 3; 9. B to K 2, Castles; 10. Castles, Kt to K 5; 11. Q to B 2, P to K B 4 with about an even game (Krees v. Dr. Alekhine, Dresden tournament, 1937).

(*b*) The usual—and, we think, better—move is P to Q 3, preparatory to P to K 4.

(*c*) 6. B to Kt 5 is a good move here. If, in reply, 6. . . . P takes P, then 7. P to K 5, the continuation 7. . . . Q to Q 4; 8. B takes Kt, P takes B; 9. Kt to Q 2, P to Kt 4; 10. P to Q R 4 being good for White.

(*d*) Preventing P to Q Kt 4 and threatening to fix White's Queen's side by playing P to R 5. An alternative line of play is 7. . . . B to Q 2; 8. P to Q Kt 4, P to Q R 4; 9. P to Kt 5, Kt to R 2; 10. P to Q R 4, P to B 3.

(*e*) B to R 4 is a good alternative. With the text-move White parts with one of his two Bishops, but the one he retains has more scope than Black's.

(*f*) Beginning an attack on the Queen's side, but it develops very slowly.

(*g*) B to Kt 4 is better.

(*h*) This move, preparatory to P to R 4, is too slow. Black should, instead, play Kt to Kt 4.

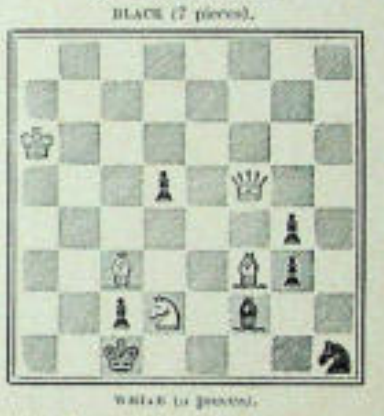
(*i*) Beginning a decisive attack on the King's side.

(*j*) Presumably Black relied on this move in conjunction with 18. . . . R to Q sq since now White cannot play B to R 2 because of Q takes Kt. But Capablanca has in readiness a neat combination which leads to a winning end-game.

PROBLEM No. 4046

By G. HEATHCOTE.*

BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Observer*, 1937.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4044

1. B to Q 8 (threatening 2. R to Kt 7). If 1. . . . P to B 3 or P to Kt 3, then 2. R to Q B 3, &c. If 1. . . . P to B 4 or P to Kt 4, then 2. R to Kt 5, &c.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4045

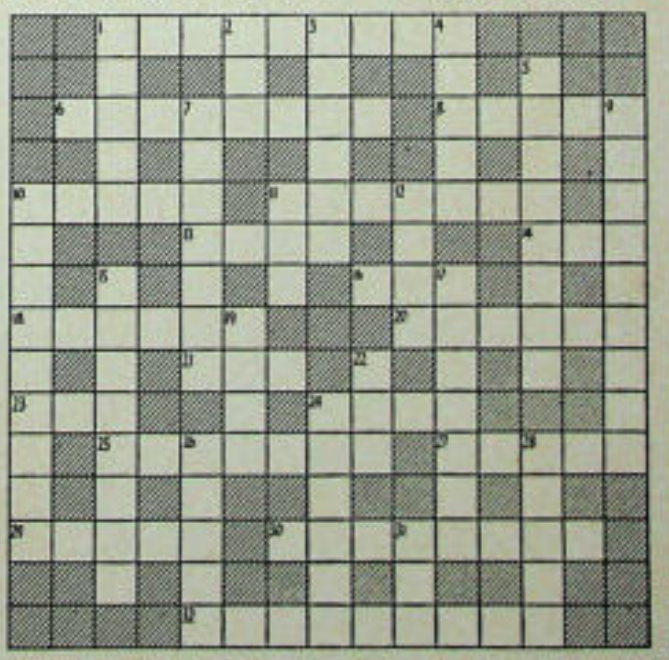
1. R to Kt sq. Any move; 2. Q or Kt mates.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 548

ACROSS.—1, A useful dog, though ever coming in last (9). 6, Hay meals should be provided for this dog (8). 8, The late Charlie Chan (5). 10, "In a ——-nighted December" (Keats) (5). 11, One of the spaniels (7). 13, This is what you are now reading (4). 14, "Men —— rightest when they shoot in jest" (Dryden) (3). 16, This is only part of a dog (3). 18, What her cel could do to her shoe (6). 20, Horatio speaks of the cock's "lofty and shrill-sounding ——" (*Hamlet*) (6). 21, Dr. John Brown wrote about this dog and his friends (3). 23, "If I can't pay, why I can ——" (Heywood) (5). 24, A grating sound, such as the breaking of a spar (4). 25, A dog that can be confused or inept (7). 27, Heathen (5). 29, The man who does the washing in India (5). 30, This is a big dog to get upset at a small (8). 32, Honey drag is the stuff to give this dog (9).

DOWN.—1, The end of a rope could be passed through this steward (5). 2, "Full many a gem of purest —— serene" (Gray) (8). 3, A shoeing to seize inside (6). 4, A geometrical figure that might be described as a square pushed out of shape (5). 5, A variety of 1 across (8). 7, Not an aristocratic dog, as the mixed strain of our shows (7). 9, This dog will readily be spotted (9). 10, A rude bonbon of course makes the dog confused (9). 11, At regular intervals this young animal is seen in the 11 across spaniel (4). 12, A water trench, constructed by exploding the atom (4). 15, The speed hog changes his ways, and becomes an intelligent dog (8). 17, A dog of similar breed to 7 down, with pep in its make-up (7). 19, "Rivulets hurrying through the ——. The music of doves . . ." (Tennyson) (4). 22, "Give every man thy ——, but few thy voice" (*Hamlet*) (3). 24, Try ale (anag.) (6). 26, This is put on cakes (5). 28, This protection could be a drug (5). 31, "I have much —— to know myself" (*The Merchant of Venice*) (3).



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

SOLUTION TO No. 547

Published December 16th

	W	I	L	L	O	W		F	A	L	L	O	W	
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI, Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Billiards

Playing a Shot.—(*a*) First decide what position you have to hit the object ball. (*b*) then decide where you have to hit your own ball. (*c*) Get your cue in the proper position to do (*a*) and (*b*). (*d*) Now make the stroke with your eyes fixed on the object ball. (*e*) Do not move until well after the stroke is made.—*J. B., Harrow.*

Farm

Soil Testing.—British Drug Houses, Ltd., Graham Street, London, N.1, supply for six or seven shillings a small pocket-size soil-testing outfit called the B.D.H. Soil Testing Equipment. Its basis is a bottle of litmus dissolved in alcohol, and when poured over a small piece of soil gives a colour varying from blue (alkaline) through green and yellow, to orange (acid) and red (very acid). Most soils are of the green-yellow-orange range. Yellow shows a deficiency of the order of 10cwt. or 15cwt. per acre of calcium oxide, while orange means a ton per acre.—*M. F., Devizes.*

Kennel

Tapeworms.—(1) Unless the dog is badly constipated there is no need for a preliminary purgative. (2) The dog should be fasted for at least 24 hours before giving the worm medicine. (3) If segments of tapeworms are still being passed ten to fifteen days after the first dose a second dose should be given.—*C. R., Southampton.*

Faulty Retrieving.—All dogs do not mark a bird when it falls. You say yours marks the first of two that are shot. When he has delivered that wave him in the direction of the second. He evidently wants some help. As to the faults in the water: As soon as he has picked up a bird, encourage him to come in at once so that he will not drop it and go after another. Do your best to bring him in promptly. With patience you should be able to improve his work.—*E. K., Alton.*

Miscellaneous

Preservation of Fox Head.—We think the best preparation for preserving a mounted fox head is "Insect Death," which is manufactured by Messrs. Rowland Ward, Ltd., 166, Piccadilly, London, W.1.—*E. M. L., Dundee.*

Wine Trade Directory.—Messrs. Harper's Wine and Spirit Gazette, of 8, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3, publish *Harper's Directory and Manual of the Wine and Spirit Trade* (price 15/-), which, we think, should meet your requirements.—*H., London.*

Naturalist

Tail of an Otter.—The tail of an otter is generally referred to as the "rudder." Some people call it the "pole," but we believe that the majority of Masters of Otter Hounds do not approve of this term.—*J. L. F., Priestown.*

Green Slime in Pool.—Green slime inevitably forms on the sides of a vessel containing stagnant water. The usual remedy for swimming pools is to add copper sulphate crystals or lime, both of which sterilise the water and prevent the slimes gaining a footing. For water required for drinking purpose in an aviary we imagine that neither of these methods would be suitable, though we have never seen a dead bird in or near a public swimming bath. Also a dressing of from two to ten parts of copper sulphate to one million of water by weight is effective against green slime, the strength within the limits depending upon the species of algæ concerned. This strength does not kill fish, so presumably birds will be safe, but if you have any wading birds you must remember that much of their food will be destroyed and you must increase their rations accordingly. Get your chemist to work out the dose carefully, after giving him the size of the trough, and begin with the smaller dose, increasing gradually until you achieve the desired result. If you are still in doubt, write to the London Zoo, giving them the dimensions of the pool.—*I. K. D., Newbury.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Breast Abscess of Pheasants.—A correspondent forwarded the bodies of two cock pheasants which he had shot. In each bird there was an abscess, about the size of a hazel-nut, in the centre of the breast. The abscesses were filled with yellow-coloured cheesy matter. The bodies were in prime condition. Our correspondent stated that he had shot several pheasants with similar abscesses of the breast; but he had not observed them in hens. A similar type of abscess is sometimes found in poultry as a result of pressure from the perch against the keel-bone. Possibly the lesion in the cock pheasants may have resulted from wounds due to fighting. If the abscess is cut out the carcass would be fit for cooking for human consumption.—*F. N., Norfolk.*

Zinc Poisoning of Aviary Birds.—The cause of death of a budgerigar and of a red-fared lovebird from different aviaries was due to zinc poisoning. Usually this form of poisoning is due to the birds nibbling at pieces of solder on the wire of the aviary or cage, or on metal fittings and utensils. For example, the soldering on some of the seed pots, trays, swings and "playthings" which are procurable for aviaries are imperfectly finished, so that the soldering is left rough. Perforated zinc should not be used for the windows of aviaries, since the broken or rough edges are liable to be picked, particularly by the smaller parrot tribe of birds and by finches. Seed trays are sometimes surfaced with zinc or lead sheeting; and if this is corroded or split the birds will pick at the jagged edges. Zinc or lead poisoning is usually the cause of a relatively slow and fatal illness of some two to four weeks' duration. Gradually the affected bird becomes listless, goes off its food, loses flesh and appears to be "tied in the mouth." To prevent this not uncommon fatality, jagged edges or soldered joints and surfaces of metal used in the aviary should be filed smooth or covered. It is advisable occasionally to go over the wire of an aviary with the eye and fingers; corroded or broken joints can then be repaired.—*X. Y. Z., London; C. C., Birmingham.*

Feed and Cover for Ducks.—Useful artificial feed for duck are barley, crushed oats, wheat, acorns and boiled potatoes. Opinion is divided as to the practicability of planting aquatic plants that will provide natural feed. I.C.I. say not, but another knowledgeable person, Mr. Lucey of the Surrey Trout Farm, thinks that something can be done. The difficulty with duck is that they will punish any weeds growing tidily in the shallows, and only the deeper growing sorts, which you do not want for your fishing, survive. On a peaty lake only the rather useless water milfoil (*Myriophyllum spicatum*) will grow strongly. If there happens to be a strong gravelly bottom you might try water lakewort and water lobelia, but as an experiment, the plants being of very local occurrence. For general duck use you cannot beat American pond weed (*Elodea Canadensis*) and the broad-leaved pond weed (*Potamogeton Natans*), but they will spread and be a nuisance for the fishing. In practice you cannot combine duck and fish. You must decide between them, or else confine the duck to one or two lakes. For shelter and cover, duck seem to like reeds as well as anything, and if your lakes are not well supplied in this respect it would be worth while introducing bullrushes and Norfolk reeds. In all probability your local nurseryman will be able to supply or, at any rate, tell you where you can secure supplies, but if you have difficulty we suggest an inquiry to the Royal Horticultural Society. American rice grass does not possess any special advantages, so far as we can ascertain. We should sow the seed in a moist, sandy silt, and transplant the young plants to the water's edge.—*C. B., Lymington.*

EDITORIAL NOTE: Answers to Correspondents will be carried on though necessarily in a restricted form during the war.

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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

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

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

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KEEPING THE SEAS

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound aboard one of His Majesty's ships with officers of the Royal Navy. Mr. Winston Churchill, when broadcasting on the glorious exploits of our cruisers and submarines, said: "The present satisfactory position in the naval war is due to the care and conduct of operations by the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, and also to the Naval Staff at the Admiralty, of whom Rear-Admiral Phillips is the Deputy-Chief."

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HOME FOOD PRODUCTION

JUST before the adjournment of Parliament the Minister of Agriculture described the results of the Government scheme for ploughing up 2,000,000 acres of rough or worn-out grassland before next summer as "inspiring."

In the last war it took four years to complete an equal task. In this case the importance of British agriculture was realised well in advance, and plans to restore the fertility of pasture land were set in motion some time before war broke out. It is of no use now pointing out the folly of policy that allowed our agriculture to decay. The *Field* has pointed that out often enough in the past. We were stressing the importance of a policy remarkably similar to that now being pursued by the Government three years ago. We hope that when this war is over the same mistakes with regard to British Agriculture will not be repeated. It does not matter how industrialised we become—and we are unlikely to become any more industrialised (indeed, as mechanisation spreads we are likely to see a lessening of our own industrial output)—agriculture will remain our most important industry. Be that as it may, we may feel with some confidence that after only three months of war, measures to produce more food from our own soil have been taken in good time.

But even when these 2,000,000 acres have been ploughed up—and that should be accomplished before next summer—much more will have to be done. We are in no position yet to slacken off. The amount of arable land in this country at the beginning of 1939 was more than 2,000,000 acres less than it was in 1914—a sufficiently biting comment on the domestic policy of every Government since 1918—and this, bad enough in itself, must be related to a considerably enlarged population and a greatly reduced merchant fleet. There are to-day in this country some millions of acres of land which are now yielding but a fraction of what they once provided in the way of food for our men and women, and feeding stuffs for our animals. We cannot slacken off. We have yet much leeway to make up on 1914, and we shall need in this war all our resources, of which agriculture has been by far the most neglected, and for the longest time. It was good, therefore, to hear Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith's announcement of another ploughing-up scheme for the year after next spring.

Last year we imported 7,500,000 tons of animal feeding stuffs. Now we have got to economise drastically both in shipping and in foreign exchange. The more the farmer can grow, therefore, on his own land to provide for his own stock the better for the nation. But the farmer must have a reasonable return, and this reasonable return must be provided in such a way that there is not at the same time a large increase in prices. The Government plan for taking control of the whole output of the land should cover that.

We have in the past been very critical of Government policy with regard to British agriculture. The justification for our criticisms is to be seen in the steps now being taken, in themselves an admission of gross neglect in the past.

It is with all the greater pleasure, therefore, that we welcome these plans. They should, if carried out to the full, provide the corner-stone of a properly balanced agriculture, which is the essential for a strong Britain.

THE NEW YEAR

THE year that is passing will not be regretted by any one of our readers. Yet it is difficult to look forward to 1940, as—only twelve short months (and what months) ago—we looked forward to 1939. War, rationing, restricted petrol, heavier income-tax, rising costs of living, the black-out, and boredom—these things do not make for a Happy New Year. But we must look beyond the immediate drabness and hardship. Out of all this mess and sorrow and worry something must arise, for that is the way of the world. From this war must come Peace. Who is there who does not hope—and live in that hope—that this will happen in 1940.

THE "FIELD" IN WAR TIME

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

Owing to war-time difficulties in the supply of paper and the probability of rationing being shortly enforced, readers are urged to place a regular order for the *Field* with their newsagent. (An order form will be found on page 1254.)

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

IDLE HANDS

In the first weeks of the war the popular Press, presumably representing popular opinion, broke into a diatribe against the Ministry of Information, the B.B.C., the evacuation scheme and the black-out. The first three of these means of filling up space seem of late to have fallen into abeyance in favour of a concerted attack on every aspect of the black-out. One responsible journal wrote of this necessary precaution as the modern counterpart of Milton's Hades. Are we then to believe that the majority of the citizens in the richest—and among the most intelligent—countries in the world are reminded only of the first book of *Paradise Lost* by evenings spent in their own homes? Can they really find no lasting delight in the quiet perusal of favourite passages of literature read in happier days? It is true that we have no Hazlitt. Is the art of conversation quite dead? We have, of course, no Jane Austen. Does nobody play the piano or other instruments? Bach produced an orchestra from among members of his own family. There is much talk of the future world which it is hoped to raise from the ashes of the present conflict. It will certainly not rise like the phœnix, and if we have really been pursuing ephemeral pleasures which have reduced England's homes to a likeness of Hades, surely it is time we took on our lips and in our hearts the words and resolve of the principal occupant of that region and considered

What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair.

THE NATIONAL CHESS CENTRE

British chess life, although for the past 35 years admirably organised by the British Chess Federation and its subsidiary units, has always lacked a national home. Now this want has been removed by the recent opening of the City and National Chess Club on the sixth floor of the John Lewis building in Cavendish Square. This new centre is being run under the auspices of the John Lewis Partnership, but the British Chess Federation has the option of taking it over if it should become a flourishing concern. It is to be hoped, therefore, that as many chess-players as possible will support the venture. They will find at the centre every comfort in luxurious surroundings. The club is open on Saturdays from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. and on other weekdays from 2.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. R. H. S. Stevenson at the club. We should add, in conclusion, that the credit for this new enterprise, which will, we think, prove of great value to British chess, is due to Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, the chairman of the John Lewis Partnership and a strong chairman of the John Lewis Partnership and a strong supporter of British chess activities. He deserves the hearty thanks of all interested in the game.

SALMON ANTICIPATIONS

Now that Christmas is behind us, tackle cupboards with their jumbled—and, alas, often rusty—contents should come in for a better share of their owner's attention than some of them have received this two months past. With the New Year almost upon us there is only a fortnight before the earliest salmon rivers open their season, and though few men have the chance, or even, it may be, the inclination, to fish them, it is a reminder that the close season has passed its zenith, and that in fishing as in less peaceful pursuits, success comes oftenest to those who are prepared. News of the early season will be awaited with interest, for we shall get none till the fishing starts. Of recent years salmon have shown a tendency to run later in the spring than heretofore. Fish which sought the streams in December now delay their arrival till the year has well started, and even February salmon have been scarce at times. Is this a growing habit or shall we, this year, see a recurrence of the early runs?

IT WAS MOST PEACEFUL

It was most peaceful in the long narrow wood
Running along beside the railway line.
I wished to be alone there and I was,
Though I could not be lonely. All the trees—
Some larch, but chiefly young beech—were quite calm,
And dazzling white spots lingered on their boles
And on the ivy covering the ground
Between them. No hot train went rumbling by
The steep banks massed with comfrey, pink and blue
Flowered, an occasional black bumble bee
Hanging in one small bell—a heavy clapper,
Too large and too content to make a sound.
Not even a ring-dove hollow voiced implored
Taffy to take *two* cows, *two* cows, *two*.
The wood was very silent, and I walked
Quietly there, and dreamed with the still trees.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

IF ever I hear anybody talking about the New World that statesmen are never weary of building in the air, I feel I should like to fell him with my blacksmith's hammer, which unchristian sentiment must be excused, partly from the extreme provocation and partly as a consequence of this present New World that inculcates these thoughts of violence. Have we not had enough of the New World created by the Industrial Revolution, but that we should be still at the old game, so fashionable between 1914 and 1918, of pulling Utopias out of a hat?

The New World constructed in 1830 is drawing to a close for the reason that, carried to its logical extremity, it is falling to pieces. The keynote of this New Age has been the swallowing of little businesses, small properties, individuals making their own way, and country folk plying their skilled crafts by brigand combines, corporations and vested interests. Yet we profess surprise that Goliath Germany does precisely the same thing to David Poland and ogre Russia to little Jack Finland. But it does not occur to the statesmen, the amateur Utopians (particularly the socialists) and H. G. Wells, the arch-Utopian, that, instead of "babbling o' green fields" of the future, like Jack Falstaff on his deathbed, we might look back to the green pastures and still waters of the past.

So, restraining myself from grasping the blacksmith's hammer, I go and visit his smithy instead. Is he not the very emblem of personal skill, independence, security and contentment, the things that make life worth living? The blacksmith that I know is the son and grandson of a blacksmith; he had a brother, now dead, who was a blacksmith, and his sturdy black-haired, rosy-cheeked son, is now his father's apprentice. What heart-easing stability and continuity are here! and what do I want with new worlds when here is the old one, so stable and secure and tenacious that, without horses to shoe, or gate-irons, whippletrees, paddles, tines, chains, hinges for field-gates, middle-staffs for wagons, tyres for the wheels, and a hundred other odds and ends for the farm to make any more, this blacksmith still survives in the midst of an age that has no use for him!

What is more, he brings the past, when such men were of account in the world, complete and entire into the present with him, for all the world like a gipsy caravan travelling from place to place. That is to say, he works in the forge that his grandfather did, and like his grandfather before him he heats his irons under the same great shouldered chimney-stack in the middle of the stone floor, and within the walls hang with hammers, tongs, shovels, horseshoes and innumerable other objects of his craft, that our new world regards as old junk. Four generations of blacksmiths have kept the home fires burning at this smithy against the hosepipe of progress.

A few doors away in the little market-town lives an old shepherd of over 80. His father and grandfather, they too were shepherds and, what is more, all three generations used the same sheep-bells and "sharped" their shears with the same whet-stone. All the arable on which he folded his sheep is now weedy, undrained grass roughage at a time when the need for home-grown food is more insistent every day. Further on lives a basket-maker and *his* line goes back, ultimately to a Breton ancestry, for at least three centuries, basket-makers all.

But the New World we live in preferred shoddy foreign baskets and now he makes them no more. Still further on there is a large open courtyard, with a big chestnut in the middle, piles of shavings beside it, and a grand old William pear growing up against the gable-wall of a Georgian house. Here lives a hurdle-maker whose father was a hurdler, and he in turn was the son of a hurdler. His mother planted the chestnut tree and bore seven children in that same house, and the present hurdler is training his son to be a hurdler after him. One of his workers stayed with him from the age of 12 to 64 and is still alive, the sexton of the church.

All these examples of what the Old World was like occur within a square mile, and yet the New World we live in, which has done its damnedest to take their livelihood from them, to break up the family continuity and to turn their sons into machine-minders, clamours for a yet newer one. This New World longs for a way of life that will give it contentment, security, independent work and a good home, and when it is there in front of its eyes it refuses to look at it. But he who spurns the cheese on his plate and cries for the moon, because he thinks it a better and bigger one, will come off as he deserves with an empty belly.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a daily newspaper:

"The French 26,500 ton battleship Dunkerque, with her light 13in. guns, was also stated to have been waiting."



THE ESSENCE OF GOOD SHOOTING

Swing and Footwork the Basis of Success

WHENEVER the question of how some problem should be solved is discussed, it is natural that a certain amount of criticism should be provoked. Especially is this the case in regard to shooting at moving objects. For here is a matter that cannot be reduced to a cut-and-dried basis to the extent that target shooting can be. It is impossible to say just exactly what has to be done in every case. For wing shooting, as our American friends call it, is an art rather than an exact science.

However, there is a base which is common to all shotgun shooting, and it has several times been mentioned in this paper. It is the principle of footwork; footwork that allows the requisite body movements to conform with the flight of the bird. Hence the expression of "being on" a bird has come into use. It means being in unison with it, moving with it, keeping in step with it, as it were.

Such are the general principles which underlie all successful shooting. The majority of shooting people realise this, though there are some very fine performers who have never stopped to analyse what they do. It may be because they get so much shooting and so much other active sport that they do not have time to think deeply about it. At all events, they are always vague about what they do and can never seem able to help in elucidating a knotty point. To them shooting is a kind of knack that one can either do or not do and that is all there is to it. Obviously such will not be interested in any attempt at analysing shooting actions.

But among the greater number who appreciate the general principles of the game are yet many who seem to fight shy of any attempt to reduce to some definite description the actions required for dealing with various shots. As soon as details of the different movements are set out, they at once begin to feel that they run the risk of being turned into some sort of an automaton. And, naturally, any such an idea is unattractive. For freedom of action, unramped style and elasticity mean more than half the battle, and anything that may seem to limit or restrain such things is not to be encouraged.

This is how it appears to them, and since it does it is but natural that they should feel as they do. They will contend that it is no good talking of footwork and balance when so often one has to take birds from all sorts of uncomfortable stances, if they can be called stances at all. It may be in a boat, lying in a narrow pit waiting for geese or with one or perhaps both feet immersed in a bog; it may be clambering up some rock-strewn hillside or in the narrow confines of a pigeon hide. What of all this talk of shooting positions, then? Does it not savour of just pure theory? Has one to enter the shooting field with a head crammed with details of foot and body movements? One might as well be on the barrack square! And, anyway, even supposing there is something in it, how can one remember to do the right thing at the right time on the spur of the moment? Surely it is best to keep a clear head and not to worry, to go out and shoot away and trust that things will work out with the balance on the right side!

This is certainly a common-sense way of looking at the matter, and were it not for the fact that certain people habitually miss certain shots and the general standard of shooting is not very high, it might be as well to let "sleeping dogs lie" and refrain from probing into the whys and wherefores. But because some men can shoot well without ever bothering their heads about footwork, swing and all the rest of it, does not mean that shooters are just born. And there is quite a bit of evidence to show that even the giants of the past, those veritable knights of the trigger, took steps to study as well as practise their job. I firmly believe that many a man could improve his scoring, good though it may be, by applying himself at times to some of the problems. Nobody, after all, is a 100 per cent. efficient.

Certainly in the case of the ordinary performer there is good reason to encourage study. By all means let a beginner get all the practice he can in the field. In any case it is only by being constantly in the field that he learns sufficient lessons to enable him to analyse the whole process of shooting. Upon such practical experience—much of it bitter experience—is founded the ability to set out in detailed form the fundamental movements necessary for the different shots. Of course, it is neither always possible nor always essential to carry out to the letter precise steps on each and every occasion, as though one were presenting arms! The last thing to encourage is any idea of stereotyped drill. But it will be found that certain foot and body movements are at the back of all successful marksmanship, and where the circumstances are such that they cannot easily be performed, efforts have to be made to carry them out as well as may be.

Herein lies some of the difficulty of sport. Here is the reason for the need of physical fitness and bodily activity. Where the gun is happily placed on firm, flat ground and has opportunity to carry out in comfort the movements necessary, say, for high overhead birds, he is lucky. This should be reflected in extra good scoring. Where he is not so fortunately placed he can hardly expect to reach the same percentage of kills to cartridges. The point is that, however he may be placed, he has in some way or other to adjust the body so that the appropriate swing can be given to the gun. Some men being especially active and supple are able to succeed where others fail. But suitable gun swing is essential, whatever the circumstances. Some may seemingly perform that swing with greater ease and less effort, but swing they must. And to a greater or lesser degree footwork is at the bottom of it, for footwork facilitates the proper freedom that the body needs to make the swing. In a confined space or in an insecure stance footwork may be reduced almost to the mere bracing of the muscles, but it still remains the basis of success.

"SCOLOPAX."



I BEGIN LIFE ON A FARM

By S. P. B. MAIS

Mr. Mais, famous as a broadcaster, and the author of many books on the English countryside, begins life on a farm and does not apparently find it quite what he expected. The opinions expressed in this article are, of course, Mr. Mais's own. We wonder how they will strike "Field" readers

I NEVER thought that the time would come when I should agree with Touchstone, but there is a shrewdness in his judgment of country life that I had overlooked until I came to live it.

> "Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious."

In a word the country is a grand place to visit, but a sorry place to live in.

Perhaps my plunge was too sudden, or the country that I find myself in too remote.

At any rate I now sympathise with the evacuated Birmingham expectant mother, who was found screaming "Blast the country. I'll go dippy if I see another green field."

Immediately on the outbreak of war, obeying the urgent injunctions of the Ministry of Something, I offered my services to the nearest farmer in the village where I was staying. He expressed neither pleasure nor surprise. He sent me to stook a very large field of recently-cut barley. I spent the greater part of a very hot week with my wife in that field, uninterrupted by the farmer or anyone else.

We received neither encouragement nor thanks. Virtue, however, was distinctly its own reward. We were taken out of ourselves. We were usefully occupied. We had a Minister's word for it that we were helping to "prosecute" the war.

But if that farmer's lack of courtesy is typical, I am not surprised that so few volunteers were forthcoming to lend a hand on the land.

Then came my war work.

It entailed going to live on a very remote farm, but not to work on the farm.

For many years I have gone up and down the country lecturing to audiences of every sort in towns, advising them always to stay on farms in their summer holidays and if possible to shake off the city fetters permanently and live on a farm. It seemed to me eminently desirable, though I had never tried it for myself since my early childhood, when I was brought up on my grandfather's farm. Even on holidays I had not stayed on farms, though I always envied those of my friends who took my advice and came home with glowing accounts of their life on this or that farm. Consequently, I viewed with a good deal of pleasure the idea of settling down on a farm, even if I were to take no part in its life. It was held out to me as a very exceptional farm, in that it boasted both a bathroom and a telephone, as well as indoor sanitary arrangements.

On my first view I was not impressed. It lay in a hollow below a small church, a group of thatched cottages, and its own outbuildings. It was white-washed. The windows were small, the walls thick, the rooms low-ceilinged and the accommodation for my books and papers scanty beyond belief.

But the bed was comfortable and the food plentiful, well cooked and excellently served. The whole house was spotless. What smells there were came from a pig below my study and my own Corgi, whose good breeding manifested itself in a desire to roll in manure which is easier of access than I had believed possible. Before I moved in I formed plans of riding over the moor, even of following hounds on off days.

There have been no off days, and the only available horse has run a nail into her foot. I have neither heard nor seen a hound.

Judging from the fact that the words "Air Raid Warden" are written on our gate, and that the small children who trek two miles to the nearest school have to carry their gas masks to and fro daily, you might imagine that we are in the very thick of things. This is not quite the case. The nearest station is over two miles away, and is served by four trains daily, mainly to convey dead rabbits and live sheep.

The nearest inn is four miles away, the nearest shop eight miles away. The post arrives at 10.15 and the newspapers are left at the cross-roads, about half a mile distant, at 2.30. Passing traffic is so rare that everyone knows from the time of day or the sound of the engine just who it is, the laundry, the stores, or the butcher, each calling once a week. There used to be a weekly bus on market days, but that luxury has been stopped. We are completely self-sufficing except for drinks and these have to be fetched in the farm car on market days.

I had not realised until I came here how the tempo of the day is ruled by the ducks. Theirs is the first voice I hear in the morning, and the last noise I hear before going to bed.

They occupy a triangular green patch in front of my window and they give me my cue to many activities. Their loud quacking reminds me that some one is pumping water from the well, and they hope against hope that some of the overflow will come their way. It passes down a drain just the other side of their fence, and desperately they strive to push their beaks towards the delicious nectar, but always they are frustrated. Water makes ducks thin, and these ducks are being fattened for my delight. There were ten. I had grown quite fond of them, when I saw the farmer's wife march over the grass plot, eye them with an expert eye, and suddenly separating one from its companions, carry it off to its doom.

I suppose I shall become hardened in time to the sight of one's more delectable dishes strutting about proudly as these cockerels do, or waddling about comically as these friendly ducks do, but at present I prick up my ears when the cackling or quacking of the single bird becomes unduly strident, imagining that it is in its death-throes for my sake. I shall certainly arrange to be away when it comes to the turn of the pig to be sacrificed.

I imagined that when I came to live on a farm I should spend much time in the lofts and stables and granaries. My dog does, my daughters, aged eight and three, do, but I have had no opportunity at all yet to find out what is the extent or kind of my host's stock.

I hear the swish of the milk hitting the sides of the bucket in the early morning, so there must be cows, and there is full evidence of their passing in the yard through which I have to push my bicycle every morning, but my departure and the cows' arrival have not so far synchronised. The cows are not obtrusive as the turkeys are. I have always hitherto regarded the turkey as a menacing creature.

My three year old, whose first visit to a farm this is, has other ideas. Armed with a big stick, she drives them forth in all their Sultan-like pride from the parts of the yard that is not by right theirs, and she staggers forth with a dish of provender at the appointed hour to give them their meals.

"To get the whole world out of bed,
And washed and dressed and bathed and fed
And at day's end to bed again
Believe me, Saul, costs worlds of pain."

The whole of this farm seems to concentrate on getting fowls and ducks and turkeys and geese out of bed in the morning, fed and back to bed at night.

In the lanes on my way to work I meet an occasional labourer, his only cloak against the moorland rain a ragged sack, homing after seeing the cows back into the field. Every day I pass the hedger some few hundred yards nearer the farm, and I repeat to myself the lines of Monk Gibbon:

"All is so clear to them,
All is so plain,
These who go home at dusk,
Along the lane."

I am less inclined to believe this than I used to be now that I have had an opportunity of seeing some of these dusk-travellers at fairly close quarters.

There is that batch of seven unkempt village schoolboys loitering home, thinking out fresh tortures for the even smaller girls who dare not pass them and so are kept "creeping like snail unwillingly from school" even more slowly behind them.

They are let out of school at 3.30 in order to get home in the full daylight. When I pass them at 4.50 they are not half way. Night descends with a suddenness that makes me glad to draw the blinds and pull the curtains, shutting out the bats and rats. Lighting is something of a problem. Candle-light sounds romantic. It is not very helpful to read by or to light up a bathroom. It is definitely unsuitable for shaving. The torch must be used sparingly as batteries are almost impossible to replace. I find my hand feeling automatically for the switch, and cursing. And at bedtime the rustlings in the wall and the padding of the feet along the floor of the long loft overhead that runs along the whole length of the house, drives sleep further away than I had expected. Silence does not always induce repose.

Some day I hope to explore the surrounding country, but so far I have had to content myself with remarking on the fine display of ferns in the high hedges, the fecundity of the rabbits, and the curious fact that the stone with which the lane is metded is mauve while the stone with which the walls of linhay or barton are built is a pure Westmorland green.

I would not say that this life is conducive to good imaginative, creative work. It ought to be, for everyone works better in quietude than in clamour. But the country air lacks stimulus. The atmosphere is subdued and sad. The slow speed at which people approach me along the lane gives full time to prepare a bright conversation, but after the friendly greeting which I find comforting there seems little more to add than a statement about the direction of the wind, and a prophecy (certain to be falsified) about impending rain.

I should not say that my wants are extravagant. I like to hear passing footsteps without knowing to whom they belong. I like an early and regular postal and newspaper service, I like electric light and constant hot water. I like the possibility of "letting up" once a week by dining out or going to a play or a "flick." I like the prospect of sudden unexpected lively companionship. Above all, I like a stimulus to work and here it appears to be completely lacking. I have written creatively in trains. I find the rhythm of the farmyard less inspiring. The slowing-up of the tempo of life seems to affect the tempo of my writing.

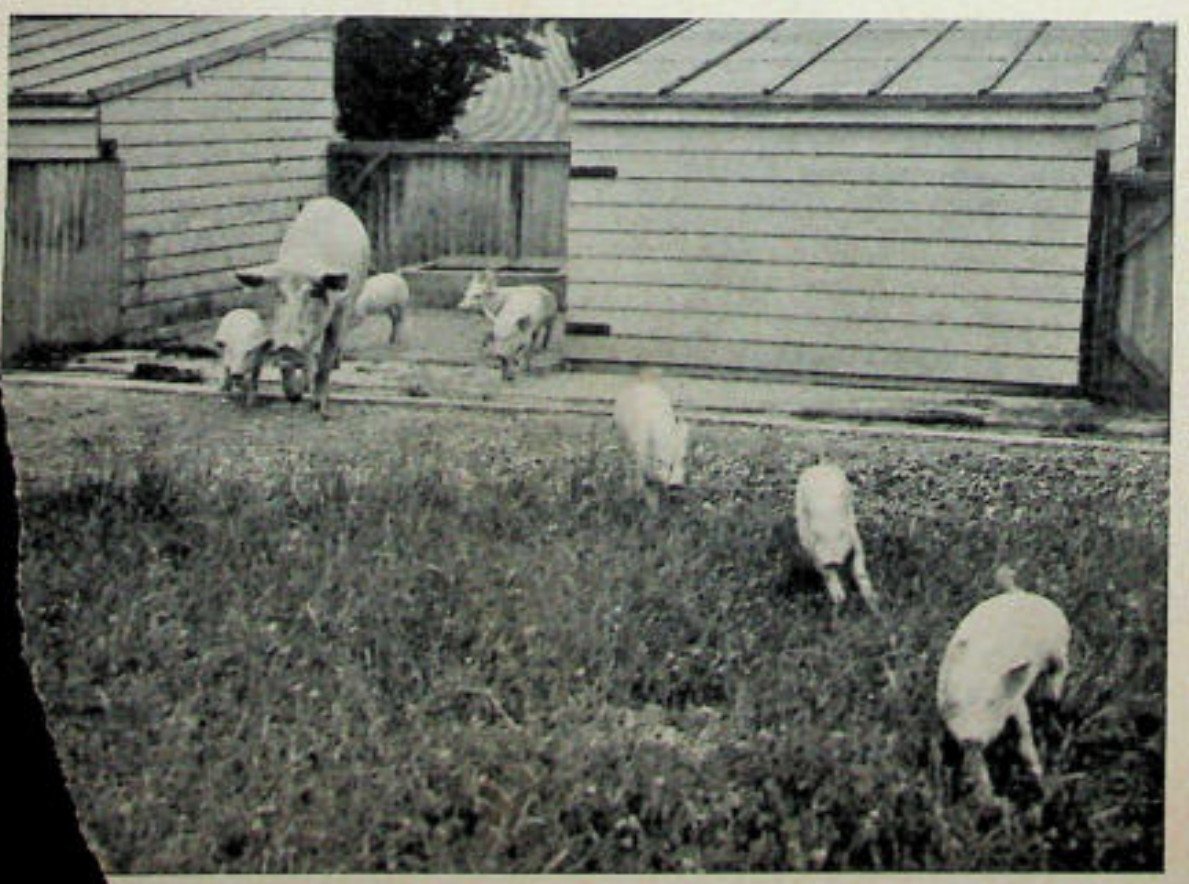
Not that I am blind to the beauty of the surrounding woods and streams. It is only that this beauty seems to be sleeping if not dying unless you can share it with cheerful companions.

Rupert Brooke's indictment of the girl who came swishing through the woods, invading the sanctity of his solitude, is proof enough that he was himself only in these woods for the day. Had he become, as I have, a resident, he would have pined for any interruption, any distraction. This life is making me realise the value of amenities and cheerful companionship. I am willing to sacrifice quite a lot of beauty and quietude for electric light and an amusing dinner party.

And as soon as all this fury is over, my work here done, and I am permitted to return to the town, I shall probably romanticise this life and long for a return to the days when I turned and lived with the cows. But the bardic life like war is best in retrospect.



"THE TEMPO OF THE DAY IS RULED BY THE DUCKS"



"...HALL CERTAINLY ARRANGE TO BE AWAY WHEN IT COMES TO THE TURN OF THE PIG"



AND YET HE LOOKS HAPPY ENOUGH



THE DREAM THAT FAILED

By FRANK WALLACE

CAPTAIN JOHN SORREL (pronounced "Sawl," more because its owner thought this sounded rather grander than for any other reason—"Old Huguenot stock, you know!") was one of those hard bitten he-men with black eyes who liked having his own way. Not that he, by any means, always got it. His sister, Miss Janet Sorrel, who kept house for him was actuated by a demon of possessive jealousy which caused her to keep a very strict eye on his doings, and effectively did away with any chance he had of calling his soul, or anything else, his own.

She was not above opening his letters and he had not a nook or corner which was exempt from search at any moment. This feature of their daily life not unnaturally embittered a disposition which could hardly have been described as sweet at the beginning. Her great fear was that he would get married, which accounted for the constant surveillance to which he was subjected. She could very nearly, but not quite, read his thoughts.

As is not uncommon with unimaginative men, once he had got an idea into his head he so dwelt on it to the exclusion of everything else that it became an obsession. He had one possession which his sister could not get at, and this was what, in the privacy of his own thoughts, he called his "dream lady." A married woman, who was certainly no better than she should have been, had once, many years before, told him that he was good looking, and he had never forgotten it.

His "dream lady" frequently told him so, but then she had never set eyes on him. Captain Sorrel's idea was "catch 'em young and treat 'em rough," which may perhaps have accounted for his singular lack of success in finding a mate. Such an attitude is scarcely the best to adopt as a prelude to adventure. His "dream lady," it may be mentioned, had grey eyes, a wide and tender mouth, golden russet hair, and long and slender hands.

It was just after breakfast, and Captain Sorrel turned to his wardress. "Well," he remarked, "I must be hitting the trail."

He was one of that type who are always "hitting the trail." After a "quick one" with his pals he "hit the trail." Where he hit it did not seem to matter much. A few moments later he emerged from the house a rifle slung on his shoulder, a glass on his back, and a stick in his hand. His sister poked her head out of the window "Where are you going?" she queried.

"On the hill" replied her brother. "Dugald told me last night he saw a very good eleven pointer beyond the little loch. I'm going to try for him before those people over the march hear he's there."

He went up through a small birchwood, gold and yellow in the blaze of autumn to where the bracken made great splashes of red and bronze against the dead heather. Presently a little loch came into view below him, making a picture which would have delighted the heart of a lover of Nature, but Nature hardly entered into the scheme of things so far as Captain Sorrel was concerned. He was out for a stag, or rather *the* stag, for stags of any size were rather rare.

He ran his black eyes over the scene, then stiffened, for only a quarter of a mile away he saw movement. Well screened from view, he had taken care of that, he put his rifle on the ground, drew out his glass and steadied it on his stick. Several hinds were at once magnified into life. For some moments he watched them but could see no stag. Then a flicker of light brought his glass to rest on a small ridge of rock. The grey object which might have been a dead branch moved, and a still more careful examination revealed it as a stag's horn with three good points on the top. Restoring his glass to its case the stalker picked up his rifle and disappeared.

Meanwhile, from beyond the burn which twisted and turned between little meadows yellow now with autumn grass, dells still green with ferns and mosses on which the golden sequins of the dying birch leaves made a carpet, another stalker, this time a lady, was making her way.

As she came to the edge of a knoll she, too, stopped, and taking out a glass proceeded to subject the vicinity to a close scrutiny. Presently, too, her glass remained motionless, focussed on the same area, though from her point of view it presented rather a different aspect, as had been Captain Sorrel's. She, then, after a short pause repeated exactly his actions and disappeared.

For a considerable period nothing happened; then from behind a knoll about four hundred yards from where the deer were feeding a small grey object showed. Five hundred yards distant another small brown spot, with a hint of gold in it, appeared. Behind was the little loch and to the left the burn sang and laughed between steep banks, where some duck swam lazily in the reeds.

Just as these separate movements took place a great grey stag on a sudden stood up above the hinds. Giving a loud roar he paced slowly towards them. As he drew near one of them raised her head. The stag stopped and looked at her. She took a few steps away from him. The stag advanced. She took a few more steps. The stag followed. She broke into a trot; the stag into a gallop. Straight away from the watchers the chase continued, the hind keeping well ahead.

As she turned, like a collie with sheep turned the stag. In and out among the peat hags they went until at last the hind having got well away from her pursuer trotted sedately back to her companions. Then occurred one of those things which stalkers always hope for but which so seldom happen. The stag, with raised head, watched her, then, lowering it, he made straight for the burn which defined the march. He was well over a quarter of a mile from his hinds when, suddenly stopping, he gave a spring, dashed madly forward and collapsed in the burn.

A loud crack at almost the same moment came to the ears of the male watcher. The hinds bolted past him, scattering wildly as he rose to his feet almost in their path. Muttering expletives, his face black with fury, he cautiously made his way to the march. Reaching the bank of the burn he peered over. Just below him lay the stag and bending over it with a knife in her hand was a slim, girlish figure. As he watched she gave an ineffective jab at the animal's neck.

Captain Sorrel's expression, though still pretty grim, relaxed: "You seem to be having trouble," he said.

The girl whipped round, presenting a startled face to the onlooker, as the knife dropped from her hand.

"Oh! what a fright you gave me," she gasped.

Captain Sorrel's expression again changed. Not to put too fine a point on it he goggled. His jaw dropped and for an appreciable pause he just gaped. For here she was, his "dream lady"! She certainly presented an attractive spectacle. Her face was flushed, her golden russet hair was in delightful disorder, her mouth was parted to show a row of little white teeth and long and slender hands, destitute of any adornment, were clapsed in front of her breast.

"Oh!" she repeated, noting the onlooker's expression, an expression to which, it may be added, she was not entirely unaccustomed, "What a fright you gave me! I didn't know there was anyone there." There was no doubt whatever that Betty (for that was the name of the young lady) was, at times, an absolute little devil. She was, to start with, small, which always tends to bring to the fore that "poor little woman" feeling in the heart of the protective male. "Poor little woman" they say, blowing out their cheeks and puffing at their moustaches. "They don't understand her!"—"they" being anyone, male or female with whom the object of their solicitude is brought into contact, from a husband to "in-laws."

Captain Sorrel's heart sang, if so entirely an unmusical organ could be said to do any such thing. Anyway, red in the face he plunged forward, picked up the knife and muttering "Allow me!" proceeded to bleed and gralloch the stag.

"Oh! how clever you are" exclaimed Betty, gazing down at him "and so clean. I mean," she added hastily, "you've done it so cleanly. Hardly any of it happened when I tried!"

"Gad!" though the gallant Captain, "I'm making an impression. By gad, I am." He tucked the stag up comfortably, displaying his undoubtedly good figure to the best advantage during the operation. "Strike while the iron's hot" he thought.

"Your people can get him in all right now" he said awkwardly. "A jolly good head. I wonder if you'd mind if I came over and measured it. Rather interested in heads."

"Oh! do," said Betty. "When'll you come? To-morrow's Saturday. Come on Sunday. We're sure to be in in the afternoon."

"Not bad looking" ran her thoughts, "but pretty grim. It's rather fun anyhow."

"Confound it" thought Captain Sorrel, "I wonder who 'we' is? She might have asked me to lunch." Aloud, still goggling at her, he said, "Thanks awfully. Love to . . .": "Like any lovesick boy!" as he thought to himself angrily after they had parted. He turned to watch her growing smaller in the distance. She *had* got a good figure!

To say that Captain Sorrel thought of nothing else during the next two days is no under-statement. He grumpily told his sister on his return that he had had no luck. "No luck!" sang his unmusical heart. Nor did he tell her where he was going when he set out on Sunday afternoon, after announcing in no uncertain manner that he was not going to accompany her to church. Time enough to tell her anything when it was all fixed up. For that he might fail to "fix it up" never entered his head for a moment. He had found her at last!

When he reached Kinravoch he suddenly realised that, so stunned had he been, he had never even enquired his divinity's name. He rang the bell and when the maid appeared stammered out "Is anyone in?" "Captain Sorrel?" said the maid. "That's me" he gulped. It was all right. She had told them he was coming! She must be looking forward to seeing him. He was shown into a pleasant room, bright with flowers. The door opened and he whipped round. Only a man!

The latter came forward holding out his hand. "My name's Gratton" he said. "How are you?"

The door opened again before he could say more and *she* came in. "I think you've met my wife" said Gratton.

GRAND NATIONAL CONDITIONS CHANGED AGAIN

ENTRIES for the Grand National will close on Tuesday next, January 2nd, and the great race, fixed for Friday, April 5th, will be run at Aintree. Anywhere else it would not have been the Grand National, a fact which was ignored by those who talked about running it at Newbury. All that could have been done was to give a somewhat similar title to a new substitute long-distance steeplechase, like "The War National," as the race run at Gatwick in 1917 and 1918 was named. The corresponding event in 1916 was called the Racecourse Association Chase. In the first year of the last war, the Grand National was duly run at Aintree and won by Lady Nelson's Ally Sloper, trained by Aubrey Hastings and ridden by Jack Anthony.

The conditions of the coming Grand National contain several alterations from those which governed the race last March and the war is not responsible for all of them. Mr. Bulteel, the clerk of the course, told me many months ago that he intended to change the minimum weight to 10st. 3lbs. Last season it was 10st., after being at 10st. 7lbs. since 1931. Before that date it was 10st. for a long time. In 1919, 1920 and 1921 the bottom weights carried 9st. 7lbs., while the minimum for many years in the last century was 9st. and horses have carried less than that in some Grand Nationals. For long the top-weight has been 12st. 7lbs., but, by a new rule of the N.H.C., it need not now be more than 12st. in steeplechases of 4 miles or upwards.

Mr. Bulteel's new minimum of 10st. 3lbs. is a deliberate compromise. A bottom weight of 10st 7lbs. is now thought to restrict the range of weights a little more than is desirable, and a minimum of 10st. has been found to inflict the necessity of severe wasting on many riders and to cause some of them to use saddles lighter than the arduous task demands.

The first Grand National is usually taken to be the race won by Lottery in 1839, though it was called the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase. In 1843 the title was changed to The Liverpool and National Steeplechase and it then became for the first time a handicap. The present name dates from 1847.

To anticipate anyone who does not accept Lottery's Grand National as the first of the series, I may add that I am well aware that in each of the three preceding years a steeplechase of considerable interest was run annually in the vicinity of Liverpool and that these events were undoubtedly the forerunners of the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase promoted in 1839 "under entirely new management." The racing committee for this new venture included the Earls of Derby and Sefton and the family association with the Liverpool meetings at Aintree is still actively maintained. The present Lord Derby and Lord Sefton are stewards and the greater part of the course, including the ground on which the stands are built is still leased from Lord Sefton.

In 100 years the conditions of the Grand National must have been altered in one way or the other at least 100 times. It is surprising, when one comes to think of it that it should have been thought necessary to "fiddle" every few years in this way with the conditions of an event of ever-increasing popularity, but I suppose it can be argued that many of these changes were made to good purpose and that the world-wide fame which the Grand National has achieved is due in large part to the wisdom and foresight of those responsible for them.

GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS

THEN IN SILK——



EVAN WILLIAMS
Won on Royal Mail in 1937. Now a gunner



ROBERT EVERETT
Won on Gregalach in 1929. Serving with the R.N.V.R. as a sub-lieutenant. In the last war he had two years afloat as a midshipman



T. CULLINAN
Won on Shaun Goilin in 1930. Also with the Gunners

W. A. Rouch

A remarkable group of four other Grand National winners appeared in the *Field* of December 2nd showing Cullinan with three other winners in uniform. Sub-lieutenant F. Furlong, who gained a family triumph on Reynoldstown in 1935; Lieutenant Fulke Walwyn, who won on the same mount in 1936; and Bruce Hobbs (in the Yeomanry), who won on Battleship in 1938. Incidentally this corrects the dates of their victories, which were misprinted in the December 2nd issue.

There have been alterations to the course and some of the obstacles—stone walls, banks and much plough had to be negotiated in the early days, and there are still many racegoers who can recall when the last obstacle was a flight of hurdles. The course was all grass in 1885 and the last alteration of any consequence to it was effected in 1888. A shorter line from the Canal to the winning post was adopted, and I am wondering if it was then that the flight of hurdles was abolished. Perhaps some reader knows when that obstacle disappeared. That the value of the race should have changed greatly from time to time is not surprising, and with it the amount subscribed by owners in entries and forfeits. Owing to the anticipated effects of the war, the management has greatly reduced its liability in respect to the race next April compared with Grand Nationals of recent years, when the executive added £5,000, or £4,000 to the sweepstakes made by the owner's forfeits, the maximum forfeit on these occasions having been £100 each. The Grand National of 1929, won by Mrs. M. A. Gemmell's Gregalach, was worth the record sum of £13,000 to the winning owner. Last March, when there were fewer entries and a smaller field than in some years, the value to the winner was £7,284 10s.

The race which closes next week will not be a sweepstake. It will be a "plate" of £5,000 out of which there will be £500 for the second and £250 for the third. The fourth prize, which has been provided out of the stakes for many years past, has been dropped. An owner's liability is 10 sovs. to enter, 50 sovs. extra if left in after January 30th and an additional 40 sovs. if left in after March 26th, so the cost to run will still be £100. The executive take all the entry fees and forfeits, and the winner's share of the plate, after deduction of his own £150, will be £4,150, which will still be much more money than the race was worth before 1919. It was a plate when Jerry M. won in 1912, and the winner's share was just under £3,000. The sum of £100 was allocated then to the breeder of the winner.

——NOW IN UNIFORM

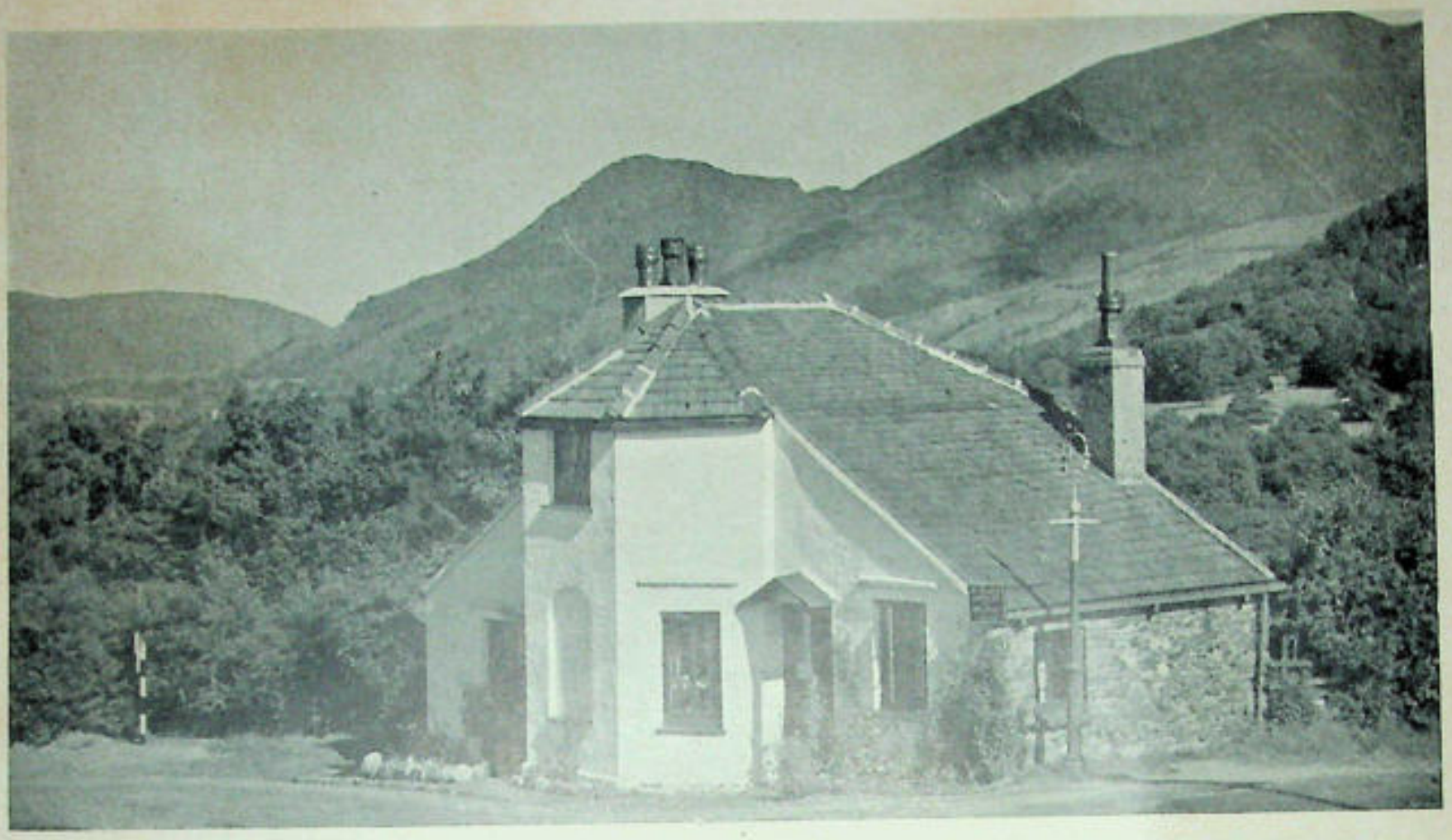


TED LEADER
Won on Sprig in 1927 and serving with the Forces

One of the most important changes in recent years was the introduction of a qualification for entry. This was another step to try to keep out bad horses and to reduce the number of runners after the huge fields of 1928-9 and 1930-1. When Gregalach won in 1929 there were 66 starters. When in 1935 Reynoldstown gained the first of his two Grand National victories, the number of starters had fallen to 27. By this time no horse could be entered unless he was six years old and upwards and had, at the time of entry, been placed first, second, or third in a steeplechase of three miles or upwards, worth not less than £200 to the winner, or in a steeplechase of any distance at Aintree, or have won any steeplechase to the value of £500 to the winner (selling races excepted).

For the race next April, any horse which has won or been placed in a steeplechase of three miles or upwards of a value of 80 sovs. to the winner is now eligible.

YEOMAN.



A PICTURESQUE SPOT
The old turnpike house at Keswick, Cumberland, with Skiddaw in the background

DAYS OF THE OLD TOLL GATES RECALLED

By M. LOVETT TURNER

FROM the days when ancient trackways followed the outline of hills to avoid the mire and swamps below, to the days when Macadam brought out his method of making roads, about 1816, mud was the bane of the traveller. Had the roads made by the Romans two thousand years ago been kept in better repair, the story of English road traffic might have been different. It is said that Cromwell captured 900 Royalist horses when he found them abandoned and stuck fast in the mud.

When the only way of travelling was on horseback winter rains checked, but did not deter, the traveller from arriving at his destination, but when waggons and carts took the road, leaving deep ruts and holes in their wake, sad indeed was the plight of the wayfarer. Roads were little better than broad ditches, and so ill-defined that it was not unusual to find people floundering through fields and by-lanes. It was a common occurrence for coaches to be overturned, and riders and their steeds drowned during the winter rains.

Even as late as the eighteenth century Daniel Defoe speaks of a devout lady, who went to church on Sundays drawn by a team of six oxen—and not one too many to judge by the description of roads in those days. Little, however, seems to have been done to improve even the main roads. Some bequests were left by wealthy landowners for the repair of bridges, and various public bodies were held responsible for the roads in their vicinity.

Although as early as the middle of the seventeenth century toll was charged on the road between London and York, little improvement resulted. It was the sudden foible of the fashionable world to stay at our inland spas that produced the first real effort to safeguard travellers. Beau Nash raised the large sum of £18,000 to improve the roads leading to Bath, but it was either inadequate or misspent, for many were the complaints of the condition of the roads in that district for long afterwards.

In 1727 the first real attempt to improve matters was made, and turnpike trusts were established to collect tolls with which to keep roads in repair. As toll and turnpikes increased so did tricks to outdo them flourish. Field paths were eagerly sought, or one man would keep the gate keeper in conversation while others rushed the gates, leaving the unfortunate man gaping and furious. There never lacked a gay youth who would set his nag at the gates, clearing them and waving a merry "good-day" to the outraged keeper!

In spite of these drawbacks the office of toll-keeper was eagerly sought, for it could be a paying occupation, as little of the money paid was spent on the upkeep of the roads. The toll-gates were a great annoyance to the traveller and an expense to countryfolk coming in to market. Even Sam Weller, senior, was heard to say that he would quit the cheery life of the stage coach to "keep a pike," in order to avenge himself and his wrongs on the travellers who had annoyed him!

These attempts to improve the condition of the roads did not spread over the whole of the country. In 1743 Lord Hervey wrote to Lady Mary Montague complaining that the roads grew more rough and tedious as he left London; adding "I know of no turnpikes to mend them."

Gangs of youths and roughs took advantage of the general feeling against turnpikes. After destroying one on the borders of Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, which was not replaced, they soon became a menace to the whole district. Calling themselves Rebekahites, after the blessing bestowed on Rebekah, which ran "Let thy seed possess the gates of them which hate thee," this gang, dressed in long white garments, with their faces masked, made systematic attacks on every toll-gate they came across.

Rousing the toll-keeper by ear-splitting blasts on trumpets of cow horn, and by gun shots, they would take out all his furniture, cut the posts to the ground and chop up the gates. Then the toll-house



SARK TOLL HOUSE, DUMFRIESSHIRE
First building in Scotland over the border from Carlisle

itself was unroofed and either burnt to the ground or levelled, leaving the unfortunate occupant in sole possession of the debris.

This went on until, in 1843, an old woman of seventy was shot dead for calling out that she knew the names of her persecutors. The coroner's jury, either terrorised or else in sympathy with the rioters, returned the preposterous verdict that "The deceased had died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation; but from what cause is to the jury unknown."

After this flagrant miscarriage of justice a commission was formed to enquire into the alleged hardship entailed by toll-gates, and gradually they were banished from the roads, leaving only a few private roads and bridges where toll is still paid. The pretty little toll-gate houses became private homes, and many remain to this day.

Perhaps the most fearsome of these gate houses is the one on the London to Bath road, between Newbury and Hungerford. It has a most grim and business-like appearance, something between a Norman castle and a moated grange. In contrast to this are those at Marshfield, Gloucester, and Stanton Drew, Somerset, with only the iron hasps and marks of the gate posts to tell what was their duty in the olden days.

A table of tolls payable is retained at Tueton Bridge, but as it was drawn up in 1881 no mention is made of the motor car. Perhaps it is fitting that it is classed to-day with the stage-coach, landau, barouche, phaeton, chaise, hearse and other delights of our grandparents. Few things seem to have been missed, even persons riding upon horse or beast are included, but not the homely dog!

To give an idea of the weight—for heavy vehicles were charged at so much a ton—weighing machines were erected at the side of the toll gates. A particularly handsome one is still standing at Soham, Cambridgeshire, and looks like a second cousin to a windmill. Few walking beneath it to-day think of the times when everything had to pay toll for the benefit of passing along the king's highway.

Bridges erected by private persons still pay toll, though the roads are clear. There is a charming little toll-gate house at Kerne Bridge, Herefordshire, where recently children who had to pay a penny a day in order to get to school went on strike—or their parents did—but the dispute was settled by the local education authorities, who now pay the toll.

A toll-gate that seems to have "stolen the thunder" this year is at Burrow Bridge, Athelney. Although set in the midst of Somerset's smooth and well-tended land, it has little to attract the notice of the average tourist until the gate-keeper comes to collect the toll. The bridge was built 125 years ago, when fifty men raised £2,550 for it—a large sum but a good investment, as it has paid five per cent. ever since. The last bond was redeemed this year, so that in 1940 the bridge will be free to all and sundry.

Habit is strong in Somerset. At the auction for its tolls, held in a Langport posting house, the same hour glass used in 1814 appears, bidding proceeding as the sands run out. The last bidder holds the tolls for the coming year. Even then the glass has to be turned three times before the bargain is complete. This year the sum realised was £1,725 as against £513 in 1925.

Toll-gate houses have a charm of infinite variety. Perhaps the one at Ashton Gate, on the Weston-super-Mare road from Bristol, is the most original of them all. Redminster Gate, Bristol, still possesses a house that rivals a cubist drawing for angles and corners. It must have been practical for there is a clear space all round it—though perhaps due to the widening of the road and not to the foresight of its builders.

The most romantic of the toll-gate houses is undoubtedly that at Sark, Dumfriesshire, though anything less romantic than its appearance is hard to find. It is the first building over the border and a deadly rivalry exists between it and the famous Gretna Green smithy. It boasts that 10,000 couples have been united in its "marriage room" since it was built in 1830.



WEIGHING MACHINE AT SOHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Introduced after 1740, machines like the one here depicted, were used for assessing tolls payable by heavily laden wagons



AT KERNE BRIDGE, NEAR GOODRICH, HEREFORDSHIRE



THE OLD TURNPIKE, WHICH GAVE ITS NAME TO ASHTON GATE, BRISTOL





A MEET OF THE GRAFTON, AT WICKEN, NEAR STONY STRATFORD
Left: Lord Hillingdon who is acting Master while Lord Cadogan is serving with the Army. Right: Colonel Cross and Miss Douglas Pennant.

HUNTING IN WAR TIME

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

BELVOIR.—Sport has been good and hounds have run so consistently that it is difficult to select the days most worthy of comment. The dog pack have not had a mention this season so far, but the way they ran, after meeting at Ingoldsby, puts them high in the honours list.

There was a misty drizzle on the Friday of their visit to this fine wild part of the country, which has a lot of Belvoir history woven into its woods and turf, but the resulting haze was certainly not of the scent-spoiling sort. The size of Ingoldsby Wood, the first draw, usually causes delay in getting a fox to leave and the density of the undergrowth often makes his discovery difficult. However, no sooner were hounds in covert than they forced their fox away and within ten minutes he was off on the Boothby side with the huntsmen and his charges close in his wake. Over the road and through Boothby Little Wood they screamed, without the shadow of a pause, pouring over the fields to the left of Humby Wood. The pack ran just as fast as they possibly could to Ropsley Rise and did not even require attention in this great stronghold. Breaking out again over the Bridge End road they reached Londonthorpe before the huntsman had cause to help them.

He hit off a line over the High Dyke to Welby village, through Welby Hazels and on to Ancaster Quarries, whose numerous excavations are a huntsman's despair. Though it is certain that by now the original fox had exchanged with a friend, the hunt was by no means over, for it went on round a big ring by Oasby to Heydour Southings, where a considerable pause was not unwelcome to those who had survived the expedition. Another substitute was probably roused here, to be hunted more slowly back to Ancaster, which ended a splendid day. There had been perpetual motion for two and a half hours, with a seven mile point. UNBRIDLED.

BLACKMORE VALE.—From the meet at Barrow Cross Roads held recently, hounds started an enjoyable day's hunting. There were at least a leash of foxes in Ilchester's Gorse, and hounds soon settled on one who pointed for the vale, but swung right-handed, between the Barrows and the railway line, to be lost near Hazelgrove. On returning to Ilchester's Gorse another fox was hunted over a nice line to Nightingale Copse and Yarcombe, before turning left-handed into Hazelgrove Park, where scent failed. Little could be done with a fox from Babcary, but from Lytes Cary hounds scored a good hunt, by Cogbury and through Urgashay, as though for Chilton Cantel. The fox was apparently headed near Speckington, turning back to recross the road through West Camel village. He continued by Parson's Steeple to Yarcombe, from which covert he was hunted through Annis Hills. Hounds were stopped near Cogbury as horses had had more than enough.

After meeting at Halsey Arms on the following Thursday, little could be done with foxes at Short Wood. From Ranksborough Gorse hounds ran well by Warry's to Buchshaw, and thence over the Cuundle brook to Butterwick, where fresh foxes intervened. This was a point of four and a half miles over a nice line.

On the Saturday, from North Cheriton hounds were taken to the withybed, and finding at once ran at a good pace by Tinker's Lee and Horsington Marsh, almost to Coombe Throop, where the fox, being headed from the railway, turned back to be lost near Marshbarn Farm. Returning to Grove withybed hounds hunted a second fox to ground near Gould's Farm. After one had been chopped in Rodgrove another fox from this covert ran by Shaw Hill, and turned right-handed near Sandley Tunnel towards Kington Magna, but recrossed the Buckhorn Road, to be hunted through Quarr and the gardens of Shank House to Cucklington, where hounds were stopped after another hard day.

B. V. H.

COTSWOLD.—Meeting at Queen Wood a short time ago, these hounds brought off a good hunt, with a six mile point, over a hilly line. Within a few minutes of drawing three or four brace of foxes were quickly afoot. This is usually the case, as Queen Wood is a favourite dwelling place, being sheltered from the wind. A travelling fox was soon away, and with a good start he ran up the hill over Drypool Farm where hounds checked, but soon righted themselves. They ran through Puckham to the Firs, then sank the valley to the Brockhampton Road. Crossing Syreford Farm they hunted on to the railway and over the Stow Road to Lawrences' Gorse, where the fox was accounted for. C.

COTTESMORE.—December 11th saw hounds stopped for the first time this season at Castle Bytham owing to fog. From Owston village on the Tuesday they were unlucky. The pack went well away with a fox from Owston Wood and crossed Witheotes, where the fox was headed so returned to Little Owston. He crossed over into Big Owston, and going away on the Knossington side was hunted up to Hawes Gorse, where the pack marked to ground, having run well for fifteen minutes in the open.

From Hambleton on the Thursday hounds had an excellent day; scent was good and they ran fast all through the day in two enjoyable hunts. They found at once in Hambleton Wood and were soon running hard to Gibbett's Gorse. The fox did not delay here, and crossing the Swash Brook reached Lax Hill covert. Leaving this hounds ran at a great pace back over the brook, and leaving Gibbett's Gorse on the left just touched Hambleton Wood to pass through Hambleton Hall demesne. Holding the Church on the right they crossed the Egleton Vale, and killed in the open close to Lax Hill, after a first rate gallop of one hour.

Owing to the wet it did not seem likely that Burley Fish Ponds would hold, but they sheltered a brace. One crossing the Oakham Road left Catmore on the right, and hounds ran fast straight across the Egleton Vale to the outskirts of Hambleton Village. Holding this on the right they ran almost to Barnsdale Wood, before turning through Armmey, and leaving Half Moon Spinney on the left entered Hambleton Wood. The time taken was 37 minutes and hounds had run fast all the way. Masses of dying bracken in the wood saved the tired fox, as scent petered out altogether. And so ended a good day's sport and a hard one on horses.

FOXY.

CROOME.—Scent this season has been far from good, and the north-east winds which have lately swept the country have done nothing to improve it. Saturday (the 16th) found us at Drake's Broughton in dull December weather. Only a small field followed hounds to this first draw at Broughton Coppice. A quick find resulted in a twisting hunt of half an hour or so, during which the fox employed his zig-zag tactics throughout, crossing and recrossing the railway, running to the Bow Brook above Walcot, and finally returning whence he came.

After spending some time in covert hunting in Broughton Coppice, under entirely scentless conditions, hounds were taken by way of the Brickpits to Lodge Wood, where they found again. Jack Partridge, who runs the terriers, followed a fox away for Cattleeroft Farm, but after a short gallop had to leave him among the vast acres of Tiddesley Wood, where hounds were stopped. Deerfold held the next fox, who at 12.25 broke across the road to Blaythorn, where there was a check, but information was brought to Pavitt that he had been viewed going into Mill Rough. There hounds put him on the move again, but scent faded out beyond Whittaker's Laurels. On returning there, however, they suddenly opened up in a grand chorus of music which put fresh life into all, and it was not long after this that the pack got going in the open.

Now followed the *bonne bouche* of the day, when for half-an-hour followers were galloping with the cold wind in their faces, and had several awkward places to negotiate before reaching Stonebow. The fox had been seen to cross the main Worcester-Pershore road for Hand's Brake, and hounds hunted the line up the brookside to the Great Western Railway, on the far side of which they began to bear right-handed towards the Tag. At Stonebow they threw up momentarily, which was lucky, for a train passed at that minute and it was but a short while later that the pack was streaming over the railway, making for Drake's Broughton. Their fox had turned above the Bow Brook to recross the main road to Lodge Wood, beyond which scent failed after one hour's hunt.

D. M. M.

TYNEDALE.—December 16th proved to be a good scenting day, when hounds met at Carr Hill. Some time was spent in Cochran-Carr's Whin, and a brace of foxes were killed. Then hounds were quickly away with a fox from Hollywell Dene, and ran fast towards Shawell, they next turned to the left with Aydon Dene on the right, making a straight line nearly to White House Whin.

Just short of the covert they turned west towards Halton Castle, completing the circle back into Hollywell Dene. Going on, hounds divided just opposite Aydon Castle, one lot, with huntsman and a few of the field, running straight through Aydon Dene and Shawell. Crossing the Corbridge-Stagshaw road they left Stagshaw House on the right, to go on through the Pot Holes. The pack checked under Sandhoe, when pointing for Beaufront, and were stopped.

In the meantime the rest of the pack, with the master and the majority of the field, hunted a fox up to Aydon Village. When the pack was united in Aydon Dene they put up a fox who had evidently done some work, and caught him in the second field. Finding at once in the Kennel Whin, hounds ran north at a great pace, and crossing the military road almost reached Little Whittington, just short of which they divided. A few couples raced straight into the cream of the country, while the main body swung back over the Watling Street as if for Stanley Wood. Re-crossing the military road they crossed Stagshaw Common for the Stagshaw House grounds, where the run ended.

Another good day's sport followed the meet at Swinburne South Lodge on the 18th. Finding at

(Continued on page 1234)

THE ENFIELD CHACE AT HATFIELD WOODSIDE



HOUNDS IN FULL CRY, THROWING A TONGUE



TED COX, THE HUNTSMAN WITH THE PACK, ENTERING HATFIELD PARK





LEFT: MISS JOAN HENDERSON, ONE OF THE JOINT MASTERS. RIGHT: BELVOIR BLOOD FOR THE ENFIELD CHACE KENNELS



MOVING OFF FROM THE MEET MR. F. RUSSELL-DORE, JOINT-MASTER, LEADING WITH SIR FRANCIS FREMANTLE, M.P., AND MISS ELIZABETH BENNETT

once near the drive gates hounds ran at a great pace to the river west of Chollerton, which the fox had crossed, and were stopped. With a fox found in the Whins near the Sanatorium hounds hunted past the Dukes, over the Crags, and through Pity Me and Ripley Hill, then swinging right-handed by Colt Crag reached Little Swinburne.

Turning back again through Colt Crag and Folly Moss, they left Little Swinburne to the west and ran north to the Hallington Water Works, going on through the Liddell and the Stables covert. The fox was viewed just in front and they ran back through the Liddell, by Five Lane Ends, and across Middle Farm to Erring Burn. Hunting alongside the burn to the Watling Street hounds had to be stopped as it was growing late. This had been a capital hunt of one and a half hours. When hounds were running through Folly Moss a few couples killed a fox on their own. There was a great scent in the morning, but it was not so good in the afternoon.

T.

IRELAND

SCARTEEN (THE BLACK AND TANS).—On Monday, December 11th, these hounds were at Kilfanish Gate. It was some time before they found on a hounds ditch, south of the main road. Crossing the Ballycahill road, hounds ran almost to Rathanny house, but the fox being headed turned sharp left-handed over the Cansoque river, going on through Ballycahill and over the Knocklong-Elton road. Hounds marked him to ground, close to the railway near Elton.

Knocktoran, the next draw, provided a good fox, who was found at the back of the house. Running across the Elton-Ballinvreena road, he went perfectly straight over a grand line of country almost to the hill of Knocklong. Before reaching it, however, he turned sharp right-handed over the famous Black Ditch, and ran on, still over lovely country, through Mitchelstowndown and over the Morning Star river. Hounds, still running hard, crossed the Tipperary-Kilfinane road and ran up almost to the village of Glenbrohane.

Here they were at fault, for the first time, on the upper road near Glenbrohane village, but soon hitting it off continued up Shevereagh Mountain. Sticking well to their fox hounds brought him down again almost to Glenbrohane and turning right-handed by the Chapel hunted towards Ballinalacken. After going a short way, the fox set his mask once more up the mountain and hounds had to be stopped as horses could not face the hill again. This was a good hunt over a fine country.

On December 14th the Hunt met at Derk and had another good day. In the home covert a fox at once ran straight over the road by the front gate, and on for Newtown Ellard. Leaving it on the left hounds ran towards the hill of Rahard, as if Cullen was their point; but before reaching the road they turned sharp back right-handed towards Sarsfields Rock. Leaving it on the left they crossed the Ballyrusty-Pallas road, and ran on almost to Garrydoolis, but turning right-handed again faced Knockderk. Before reaching it, however, they turned right-handed into Derk Covert where the fox had been found.

Though making only a large circle hounds ran hard the whole time, and covered a distance of roughly four miles. After hunting in the covert for some time they put their fox out, and running through the laurels at the back of the house pointed for the screens near the road, crossing there into Woodville. Not delaying here hounds went on to Crosse, through Newton Ellard to Ballyrusty Church, and crossing the road killed their fox a few fields beyond the Church. This was a good fifty minutes from the second time the Hunt left the covert.—S.



A MEET AT CHAGFORD
The Master, Major A. C. Arden, followed by the kennel huntsman, Tom Bunch

THE MID-DEVON HUNT

A Fine Pack in a Very Rough Country

"CURATE wanted for Moretonhampstead. Must have a good voice and be a good horseman as he will be required to act as Whipper-in to the Mid-Devon Foxhounds."

Such were the requirements of the Rev. W. Clack, M.F.H. in 1840—sufficient evidence of the standing in the community of the Mid-Devon Hunt 100 years ago.

The Mid-Devon country covers the centre of Devonshire of which Nimrod had rudely written a few years earlier: "Devonshire is certainly the worst hunting country I ever was in. Yet, strange to say, there are more hounds kept in it than in any other three counties in England."

Now the fox is hunted two days a week, on one day on the north-eastern part of Dartmoor and on the other on the cultivated land to the east. In Mr. Clack's time, both fox and hare were hunted as foxes were few, and Dartmoor, as a hunting ground, was not properly appreciated.

The great name in the history of hunting in Mid-Devon is Bragg of Furlong, a family now no longer represented in the district. Their hunting records going back to 1604 were destroyed when their house was burnt down early in the present century.

The modern history of the Hunt begins with the Mastership of Mr. George Bragg in 1793. In 1822, Mr. Bragg gave his hounds to the Rev. W. Clack, who was joined by Colonel Stephenson in 1825, and the joint-Mastership continued until the hounds were sold in 1857. Then Mr. Thomas Westlake hunted the country with a pack of large harriers until 1865, when he took over the neighbouring South Devon country in which his Mastership is regarded as the golden age.

In 1865 the country reverted to the Bragg family, the brothers William and George getting together a private pack. In 1869, Mr. William Bragg died and Mr. George Bragg carried on alone for 20 seasons in spite of twice losing his whole pack through rabies.

It was in 1878 that Mr. Bragg decided to hunt fox only. He was followed by a number of Masters for a few seasons each, of whom, perhaps, the most noteworthy is Mr. Gilbert Spiller, well known to-day as an active all-round Devonian sportsman. Mr. Spiller hunted hounds himself and showed excellent sport. Finance was always a problem in this remote provincial country, and the prosperity of the Hunt ebbed and flowed with the resources of the Masters at the time. In 1902-1904, Mr. Loraine Bell, who had the loan of a part of Eggesford country, hunted regularly four days a week. In the first two seasons of the Great War, very remarkable sport was shown by Mr. Frank Collings, then landlord of the Three Crowns, Chagford. Mr. Collings kept one horse and ten couple of hounds on a total subscription of £175 a year. He hunted the country two days a week and, especially on Dartmoor, hounds were quite frequently running all day. It would hardly have been possible in an enclosed country to do much with so small a pack but on the open moor, a small pack is sometimes an advantage, provided that the huntsman knows where to find a fox. This was Mr. Collings's especial talent. A stranger would be mystified by a conversation between him and Mr. Tom Hext of the Warren Inn: "Where be 'im lying to?" "Roundabout." "Outalong roundabout?" "Aiss," followed by a jog across the open moor to the only spot in miles of waste where a fox was lying.

Even the modest guarantee of £175 became too much of a burden, and the Hunt was given up in 1917. For several years the country was hunted by the South Devon, but that Hunt, with an enormous home country, was not able to devote more than one day a week to the Mid-Devon country.

The demand for the revival of the local pack became insistent, and in 1936 the interregnum came to an end. The present Master, Major A. C. Arden, collected a pack of draft hounds and hunted most of the country on loan from the South Devon; the Hunt being known as the South Devon (North). With no cubhunting and a scratch pack of hounds, it was a great achievement by him and Mrs. Arden, his whipper-in, to kill ten braces of foxes in a country where, in some places, hounds had not been seen for 20 years. He had many days of good sport; perhaps the most striking being almost the first when he took out thirteen-and-a-half couple, whose names he hardly knew, a draft just arrived from Cottismore and killed two old dog foxes in the open.

In 1937, by an arbitration award of the M.F.H. Association, the country was formally handed over to the Mid-Devon Hunt, and the old blue collars were worn again at a special meet on May 1st. In the next season 20 braces of foxes were killed, a record for the country; an indication not only of the efficiency of the present establishment but also of the difficulty of catching foxes in this very rough and hilly country.

Last season the previous record was broken by the end of February. With less than usual disturbance by weather, there had been a succession of first-rate days. One of the best hunts was a nine-mile point in two hours from Lovaton to Steps Bridge, where it was thought that the fox was drowned in the River Teign.

The subscription list is headed by H.M. the King who is the largest landowner in the Hunt. There are few rich residents, and though finance is not the anxiety it once was, it is still a matter of constant care. Every village holds an annual Hunt ball, which contributes to the Hunt funds. The regular field includes many farmers and the members of a very flourishing pony club.

The hounds were collected from a number of kennels, principally the Brocklesby and the Cottesmore. The latter have a great deal of Berkeley blood, and Major Arden in building up his pack worked on the line which has been so successful in the case of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and others.

Last season was the first in which a home-bred entry had been put on. The previous summer 400 enthusiasts attended the first puppy judging for 25 years, and when the Master paraded the pack in the ring, the cheers would have blown the roof off the tent at Peterborough.

The best type of hound for the country in Major Arden's opinion is a hound with all the qualities—nose, tongue, drive, speed, stamina. The most important point of conformation is that the shoulder and feet must be natural. On the open moor hounds run as fast as they do anywhere; the in-country has small enclosures and big hairy banks, and hounds need plenty of drive to get on after their fox. There are some big woodlands like the Forestry Commission's plantings at Fernworthy and the five-mile chain of the Moreton Woods on the banks of the River Teign, in which hounds without plenty of tongue would be hopeless.

The most difficult task for hounds in this country is a hunt which starts on the good scenting moorland and goes on to the bad scenting in-country. Although very rough, it is because of its variety a lovely country in which to build up a pack of hounds, especially as all the natives take a keen interest in the process.

M. RYAN.

"SIX-PUN'-TEN"

By J. IVESTER LLOYD

The Mare with but a Single Fault

THIS is the true story of a hunter mare, and if your conception of such an animal includes nothing which could be bought for less than 100 guineas, then it will not amuse you. At a sale in Brighton she was knocked down to my father for £6 10s.

Handsome, and without a fault that the eye could find, she was sold without a character. Even then, the price seemed ridiculous; but perhaps it was because few bidders had turned up on such a bitterly cold day.

The first sign of trouble came when, on the way out of Brighton, bound for the cottage near Devil's Dyke, the mare declined to enter a certain street. No sort of persuasion by my father, or by a small crowd of grinning urchins, would induce her to go that way until, somewhere near by, a hurdy-gurdy luckily, because "Six-Pun'-Ten" was most unwilling to leave hounds.

In hacking her about the lanes mother discovered the mare's fault. She had a strong distaste for known roads and, while she would step out with the best on a fresh route, there was always the greatest difficulty in getting her along a path which she had once trodden. But she had a great love of music and of anything connected with hounds, and only for these things would she willingly cover the same ground more than once.

Mother set out for a meet and, after a few yards, "Six-Pun'-Ten," deciding that she had been in that particular lane rather too often, jibbed. Whip and heel would not alter her decision and, at last, she had to be reined back all the way to the cottage. This got her started, but my father had my father said that he had an idea, and went into Brighton on his cycle, "just to work it out," he said.

On the day that "Six-Pun'-Ten" was to show her paces she was even more "nappy" than usual, and needed a closer acquaintance with the whip than the mere sound of its cracking before she would start at all. Then father covered a mile-and-a-half, walking behind and assuring mother that all would be well. At the end of that distance, he said that, having played his part, he could go no farther and, sitting by the roadside, he lit a pipe.

At that moment, from round the corner, came the jangling sound of a hurdy-gurdy and the mare almost danced the remaining half-mile, carrying herself as if she had never been sold for less than 100 guineas. This time she fetched a tenner from her delighted new owner, and an Italian organ grinder duly received a fee of five shillings for playing his instrument in front of two empty cottages until the deal was clinched and "Six-Pun'-Ten" had trotted out of sight and sound.



HINTS ON EQUITATION

Remember not to study the manual when mounted, since you may be reading page 37 (para. 4) whilst the horse is demonstrating page 82 (para. 5)

struck up. The Italian who turned the handle earned my father's gratitude for, at sound of it "Six-Pun'-Ten's" head went up, her ears pricked, and she stepped out with all dislike for that street apparently forgotten.

The cottage near Devil's Dyke had no stabling, but the mare was bedded down with plenty of clean straw in a warm outhouse. Mother, to whom she was a present, would probably have taken her in the cottage itself had there been room, but, with the table, a chair or two, a barrel of October ale and three couples of beagles, the single room was full enough already.

On the following afternoon, the wind which swept across the South Downs, bringing with it a hint of Channel spray, bore another sound besides the screaming of the gulls. Rising and falling in cadence, but coming ever nearer, was the music of running hounds. This brought my parents out of their cottage to stare into the keen wind. Soon they saw the pack streaming along the skyline, followed by a small field.

A whinney from the outhouse made them look round, and they saw "Six-Pun'-Ten's" head at a window which was set so high in the wall that she could only reach it by standing on her hind legs.

Within a short space of time the mare was saddled and bridled and led out of her stable. Her gaze was ever towards the high downs and she had to be firmly held while mother mounted. Then she was away up the narrow lane and through a gate which, fortunately perhaps, was opened by a farm hand. It was obvious that she had been schooled on the downs, for she had nothing to learn about crossing that country.

She slid confidently down the steepest slopes, partly on her hocks, while her rider knew enough to sit back and let her have her head. So they came up to hounds, run out of scent, just as the Master was giving the word for "home." Luckily the road taken by the pack ran close by the cottage, to walk behind, cracking a whip at intervals of 20yds. until they heard the clip-clop of horses jogging on, and a whipper-in's "gently there." Where the lane joined a road, the pack came in sight, the mare jibbed no more and father took his whip home.

A fox, roused in a small spinney in a cleft of the hills, went away at once and hounds came out of a covert to a ringing holloa and a tuneful "rattle" on the horn. They drove along on a grand scent, their voices echoing across the downs.

On her six-pound-ten's worth of horseflesh mother found herself well in the first flight. A young thruster on a blood 'un offered to give everyone a lead over an ugly place, but his expensive mount refused, and it was "Six-Pun'-Ten" who showed the field her heels as she sailed over with little apparent effort.

When that fox was rolled over in a farmyard, after 50 minutes of the best, there were only three up, besides the Master and the first whipper-in, and one of them was my mother.

The little mare gave her many another good hunt, but always there was that difficulty in getting her started for the meet, when father and his whip had to play their part until she could see a scarlet coat or a hound.

At the end of the season my parents decided to leave Sussex. "Six-Pun'-Ten" had to go, and she was offered "cheap to a good home." A woman replied and, judging by the letter, here was an obvious "good home" for the mare, so everything must be done to get her into it.

It was arranged that the would-be purchaser should see the mare on a by-road about two miles from the cottage. Here was a problem. "Six-Pun'-Ten" knew that road well; there would be no scarlet coats and no hounds to make her step out, and the sight of a man walking behind cracking a whip would "crab" the deal at once. However,

LINES TO JULIA, A PUG

I know a pug called Julia,
A Pug-nosed Pug is she—
And don't you know how truly a
Proud thing a Pug can be?
Her pride she cannot smother
When to walk abroad she goes,
For she never meets another
With an Adjective for nose;

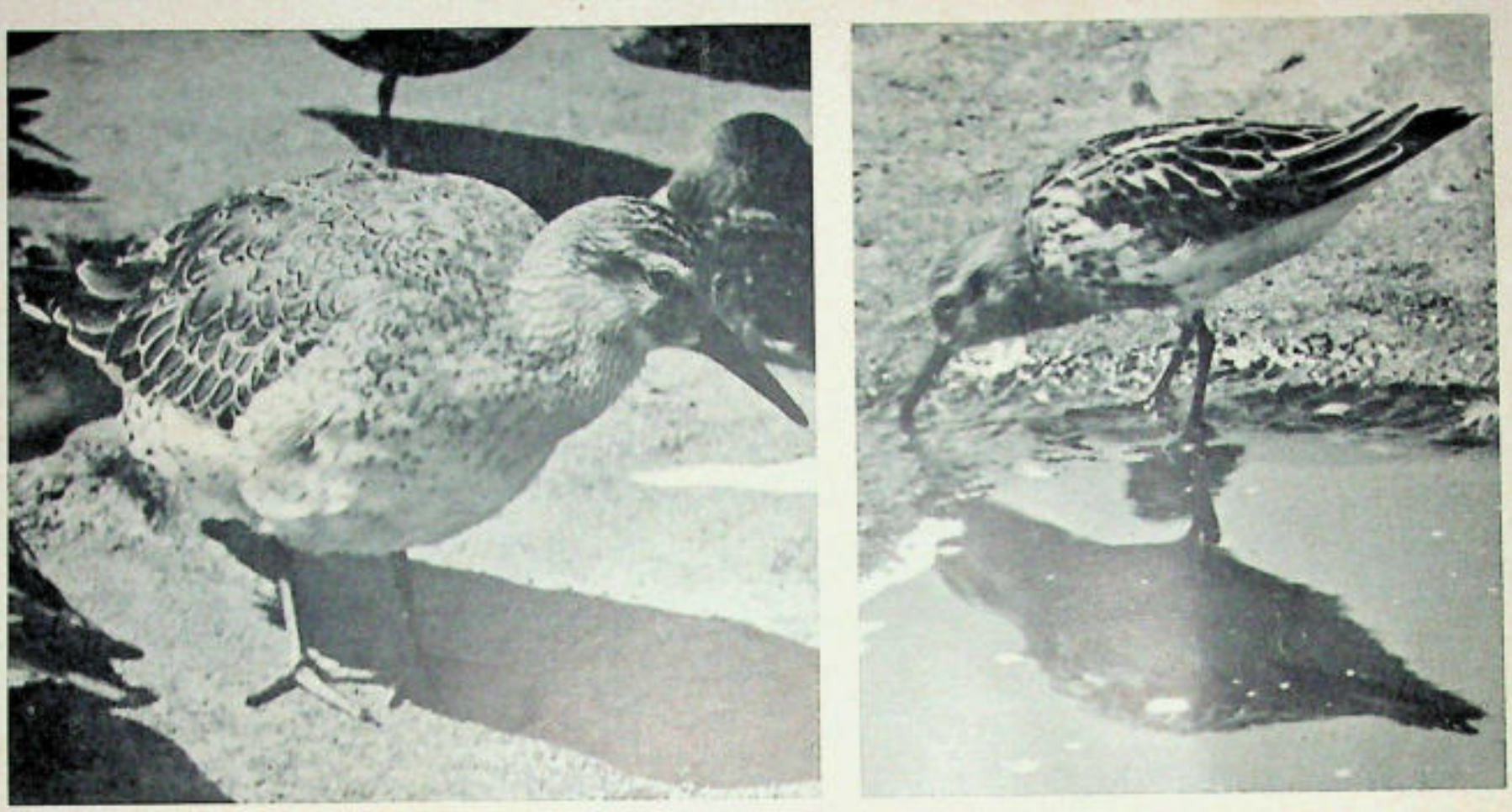
She's met a Gold Retriever
And a Setter, surnamed Red,
And once she met The Belvoir
On the road near Woodwell Head;
She's met a prize Dalmatian
And a Sheep-Dog on the Downs,
And a champion Alsatian,
But their noses all were *Noses*;

She's met, in any number,
The Fox-Terrier, as well
As the Cocker and the Clumber
And the Springer Spaniel;
She's met, most prone to tragic tiffs,
The White Bull Terrier;
But none of them had Adjectives
For noses, anywhere;

But Julia, but Julia
A Pug-nosed Pug is she,
And, therefore, see, how truly a
Proud thing can Julia be;
Her pride she cannot smother,
In a Pug-nosed snort it shows,
For she never meets another
With an Adjective for nose.

PATRICK CHALMERS.

BIRD LIFE BY THE SEASHORE: KNOTS, DUNLINS ANI



LEFT: CLOSE-UP OF A YOUNG KNOT. A TRULY REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH. RIGHT: A DUNLIN FEEDING, HIS HEAD IN CONSTANT MOTION AS HE DABBLES HIS BEAK IN THE POOL.

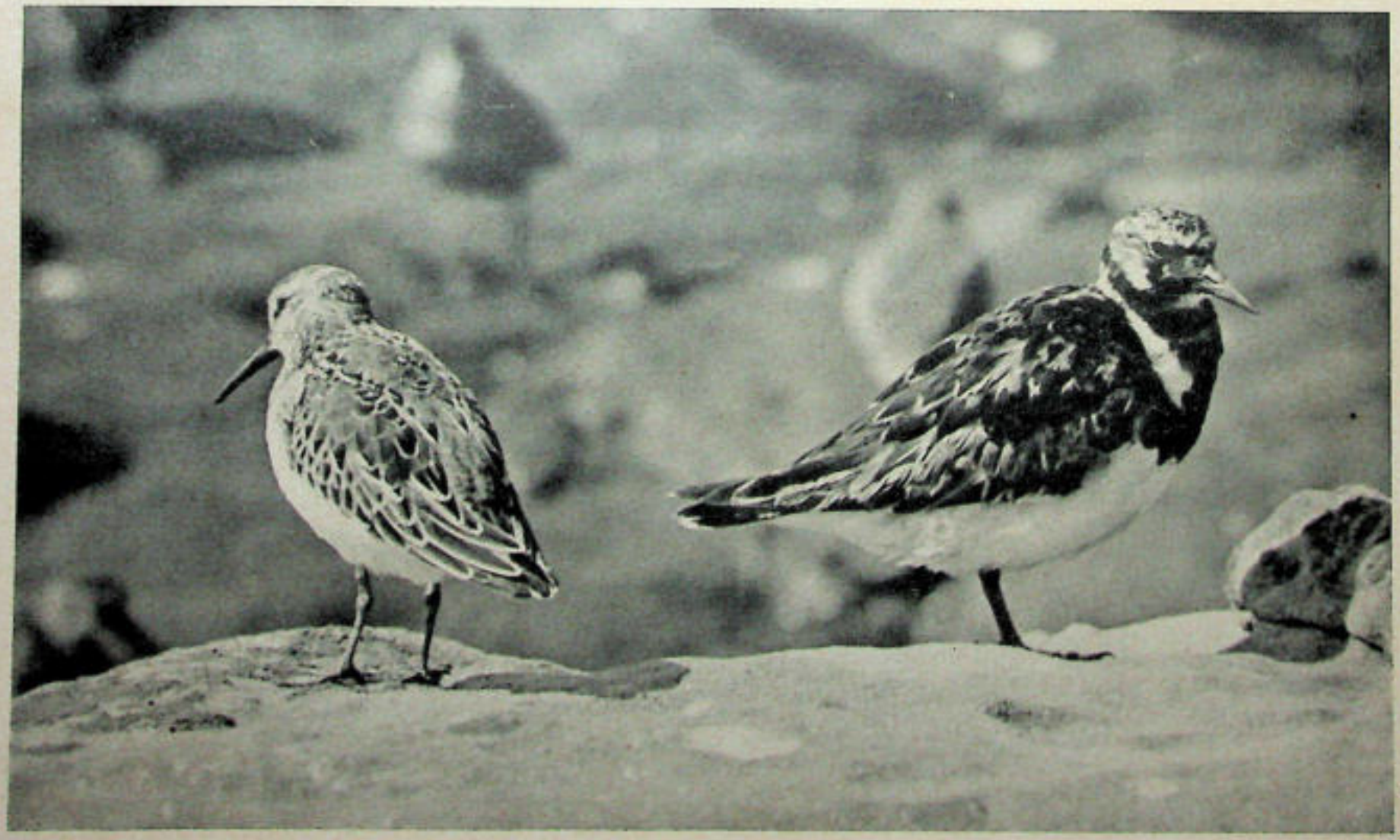


THE VANGUARD OF THE AUTUMN MIGRATION ASSEMBLES ON THE ROCKS. KNOT AND DUNLIN PHOTOGRAPHED IN AUGUST

TURNSTONES PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUY B. FARRAR



"BRAKING" AT THE END OF A FLIGHT. A SEPTEMBER STUDY OF KNOT ALIGHTING. THE KNOT IS AMONGST THE MOST PRODIGIOUS OF BIRD TRAVELLERS, BREEDING NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, AND WINTERING AS FAR SOUTH AS CAPE COLONY



TWO NORTHERN MIGRANTS: A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF A TURNSTONE AND SANDERLING



CHILEAN EAGLE

RARE ANIMALS AT THE ZOO

By JAMES FISHER

ONE of the most important duties of the Zoo—and indeed one of the most obvious—is that of housing and exhibiting rare and curious creatures of the animal kingdom. It is this duty that is specifically mentioned in the terms of the Society's Royal Charter, under which it has worked for over one hundred years. And for all of this hundred years this policy has been faithfully followed.

Three years ago Mr. David Seth-Smith wrote an article about Zoo rarities, in which he pointed out how carefully the Zoo had applied itself to the task of obtaining the rarest and latest animals. He pointed out, too, that up to 1936 the Zoo had not yet had specimens of the giant panda, the bongo or the giant forest hog. It is pleasant to be able to record that since then all three of these extraordinary animals have been shown in the Society's gardens.

An important task which can only be fulfilled by zoos, particularly those of the park type, is the maintenance and breeding of animals which are on the verge of extinction. Perhaps the best example of such an animal is Père David's deer, which, never common, is now extinct in its native Chinese haunts. The only herd left in the world is now on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Woburn, and if it was not for the existence of this estate there would be no Père David's deer left alive.

Similarly, all the world's white-tailed gnus are in close confinement and it is doubtful if they number two hundred. Those at Whipsnade are breeding successfully, a fact which augurs well for the future of this interesting species.

The remnants of the once numerous European bison are all in zoos and parks. On January 1st, 1938, Dr. Jan Zabinski, the Warsaw zoologist, calculated that the pure-bred individuals of this species numbered no more than 97.

The giant panda was only discovered by Père David, who also discovered his deer, in 1879. It arrived at the Zoo in December, 1938. The giant forest hog discovered in the Kenya forest in 1910, and later found to be present also in the forests of the Belgian Congo, arrived in 1937, and so did the bongo, which comes also from the forest region of Kenya and from parts of the Congo.

The bongo is the largest of the forest antelopes, and is a fine example of adaptation to such a habitat. Its vertical stripes and the disruptive pattern on its legs serve to conceal it. Its large ears help it to distinguish its enemies in conditions where sight is of little use, and even its horns are laid back so as to afford little resistance to its passage through thick vegetation.

There are still some interesting mammals that the Zoo would like to have. Perhaps the most primitive of all, the duck-billed platypus, has never been in the collection, and in fact has only once been kept alive in a zoo outside Australia; a specimen lived for about 90 days in America a year or two ago. The problem with regard to keeping the duck-billed platypus is mainly one of food, though Australian zoologists have now developed a technique which enables them to keep examples for years.

The Koala bear, like the platypus, will prove difficult to import. Apart from the Australian protection regulations, the problem of food is equally difficult. The Koala has been kept in the London Zoo on one occasion; the specimen lived for several months.

In Africa are two creatures which have never yet appeared in the gardens. Both of them are extremely rare, and both come from the Congo. One is that amazing Lemurine creature, the Awantibo, a nocturnal animal of incredible rarity. One or two collectors have made attempts to secure live specimens, but so far it has eluded them. The other is the Congo peacock, described within the last decade from specimens which had lain in a museum for some years labelled as ordinary Indian peacocks.

The discovery of this bird was of great interest to students of geographical distribution, for it is the only member of the pheasant family to have been found in Africa and is separated from its nearest relative by the Sahara and other natural barriers hitherto thought to be impassable. Live specimens of the Congo peacock have now been secured for American zoos, but the London Zoo will have to wait until after the war before it gets its chance. Nevertheless, it has recently secured one or two very rare birds.

Most spectacular of these is the Quetzal of Central America, a trogon, sacred to the Aztecs and characterised by the brilliant green plumage of the male, which has tail feathers longer than its body. The specimen in the Bird House to-day is rapidly approaching full plumage.

Nearly two years ago Mr. F. Shaw Mayer, the well-known collector, brought an Orange-wattled Bird of Paradise back from New Guinea. This is so rare that I can find only one previous account of the bird in the literature. Unfortunately, the specimen died after rather over a year in the collection. More recently Mr. Shaw Mayer has discovered an entirely new species of Bird of Paradise, quite closely akin to the beautiful kind known as Princess Stephanie's; the main point of difference is that the tail feathers of the new species are over three feet long in the male.

I have just learned that Mr. Shaw Mayer is returning to the East Indies and it must be hoped that he will be able to find out more details of this curious bird, which lives many miles inland in difficult country.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING

By ANDRÉ L. SIMON

MOST professional cooks have flat feet but no imagination. It is not their fault; merely professional deformation. They are all day on their feet and their attention is so entirely given to the securing of immediate results that they cannot let their mind wander into unexplored fields. But where most professional cooks fail, others have a better chance of success, whether amateur cooks or not, who have vision, the right disposition and a lively interest in what they eat and drink.

Of the many good resolutions for the New Year there is one which you have probably overlooked, and yet one that you and your friends would be all the better for, did you think of it and stick to it. In these troublous and worrying times we must take greater interest in what we eat and drink, not spending more money but more imagination upon the choice of our daily meals. And this is the good resolution for the New Year which I commend to all. Let us try, if only once a week, something quite new, something that we have never tasted before, even if it happens not to be better than, if as palatable as, what we have been enjoying for years and years. What sense is there in this? Firstly, that there may be and, in fact, we know that there will be, in war time a shortage of just those foods which are the most popular—bacon and eggs, for instance. Secondly, because when you eat something that is quite new, it is not merely your sense of taste that is aware of it and puzzled by it; the newcomer causes some stir below the belt also, and it is responsible for a freer flow of gastric juices, just as any new form of exercise brings into play muscles which, when never used, just run to fat and lose their elasticity.

There is no shortage of cookery books and no difficulty whatever in getting new recipes to prepare all manner of foods that we hardly ever hear of, good as they may be, not so much fish, poultry, game and vegetables of unusual names and rarely to be bought in shops, but those "heads, tails and innards" which most butchers find difficult to sell because nobody wants them, chiefly because nobody knows of them. In order to help their readers introduce greater novelty into their daily meals, the *Field* has made arrangements for the *Curation Book*, issued by the Wine and Food Society, giving hundreds of suggestions for unrationed dishes, to be sent free, *during January*, to any of the *Field's* readers who will apply direct to the Wine and Food Society, 6, Little Russell Street, London, W.C. 1.

IN THE CITY

By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK markets have now settled down to cash dealings. There is not the same freedom in dealings as was the case under the fortnightly accounts. Under existing conditions comparatively little business has an exaggerated effect upon security values.

The amount of stock available is by no means excessive, especially in the more popular securities. There is frequent delay in the delivery of securities purchased. That, however, does not penalise the public in any way. Once stock has been purchased the buyer is entitled to all dividends which accrue, and he can always dispose of the security on his transfer receipt.

I find most dealers taking an optimistic view of the future. Just at the moment there is very little business in British Government stocks. That is nothing unusual at the end of a year. The market is, however, less active than is usually the case.

That is due to a disposition on the part of the banks and other big financial houses to keep resources as liquid as possible to meet any demand upon their resources under war conditions. It is highly probable, however, that renewed interest will be directed to the Funds with the turn of the year. I find most dealers in the market perfectly content to wait for a return of business.

There is a probability that early in the New Year the Treasury will be coming forward with large new loans for war purposes. That in itself is likely to stimulate interest in the Funds. The general belief is that prices for Government stocks will be higher in the early part of 1940 than is the case to-day. Naturally a good deal must depend upon the character of the news from the war fronts.

There are also hopeful anticipations concerning the home railway market. Principal interest is directed to the terms on which the Government will take control of the railways for the war period. It is accepted that the railways are operating far more successfully to-day than was the case twelve months ago.

No weekly traffic returns are now published. It is, however, known that revenue has been largely augmented. Much traffic has been diverted from the roads to the railways partly as a result of the black-out and petrol rationing.

It is most difficult to estimate dividends on railway stocks for 1939. A great deal must depend upon Government terms of control. It is accepted, however, that the stocks which received full dividends for 1938 will again receive full distribution for 1939.

Consequently, a security such as Southern Railway 5 per cent. preferred ordinary, now standing around 54½, is regarded as a promising purchase. The same applies to London Midland & Scottish 4 per cent. first preference stock, with a price around 58½. The Midland 4 per cent. 1923 preference is more of a speculation at the price of 41½, although many seem prepared to purchase the security as a speculative investment.

Opinions concerning industrials are much more divided. It is recognised that the extra taxation imposed under the Supplementary Budget is eating deeply into divisible profits. This is made perfectly plain in annual reports. Most concerns are able to show increased profits, but in many instances dividends are reduced as a direct result of larger taxation.

Some sections of industry have naturally been seriously hit by the war. London catering companies for instance have experienced a very bad time. Taking trade as a whole, however, the experience is quite satisfactory, but there is that overhanging dread of taxation.

Associated Portland Cement £1 ordinary are a persistently drooping market. The price is now in the neighbourhood of 61s. It is believed that this very important concern is operating successfully, but there is virtually no support for the security because of taxation fears.

This security is regarded by many as an attractive purchase around the present price. Few are, however, prepared to take the taxation risk. Tobacco shares have also halted in their upward movement. The recent report of Carreras Ltd. proved conclusively that taxation has been making heavy inroads into divisible profits, and there is, therefore, some uncertainty concerning future dividends on Imperial Tobacco as well as British American Tobacco ordinary stocks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE COTTAGER'S PIG

SIR,—The cottager's pig must return to its sty. To-day there are hundreds of empty sties all over the country. Moreover, something more tangible might be done to link the allotment movement with the spread of producing bacon pigs as a national necessity. In certain areas, where piggeries could be conducted without creating a nuisance to nearby residents, allotment holders could at very little expense erect their sties and raise a considerable amount of green meat for their pigs. A garden or allotment is so closely allied to the feeding of pigs that the surplus or residue from each is helpful, either way you look at it.

As a war-time measure, certain authorities waived their bye-laws as to keeping pigs within a certain distance of inhabited dwellings, but as pig housing is so different nowadays, public authorities, working in conjunction with the Pig Board and the veterinary surgeon, could easily evolve ways and means of skirting round the presuming "nuisance" caused by feeding and raising pigs in rural and urban areas.

Pigs to-day can weather almost any kind of condition, and, given a tolerably clean bed—he never makes a mess of his—and a dry bed, he will thrive well, even if his sty does not admit his roaming about. Yet he should have air and proper ventilation in his sty. Free drainage of the sty is an essential, hence it should have a gentle slope. The floor must be kept perfectly clean. The roof of a sty should always be impervious to rain and frost. It should be made of something that renders the interior neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer. If corrugated galvanised iron is used an underlining of straw will keep out both frost and sun. This lining must be removed frequently and burnt in case it harbours vermin.

At times a pig will display the propensity for scattering his bed around the sty and squatting himself on the bare floor, instead of resting on the dry litter which has been provided for him. Such display of "cussedness" can be prevented if he is given something in his sty to snout and turn over.

Green food and roots raised on the allotment will appeal to him when he is in this exuberant mood.

Years ago, the fact that a cottager or villager possessed a well-tilled garden, and had a pig or two in his sty, gave him a sense of ownership that is lacking to-day. In spite of what the authorities behind the allotment have done during the last few years to increase the spread of pig producing, the present time calls for a united effort of both our rural councils and the leading societies in order to maintain the country's need in this time of emergency.

Yours faithfully,
Sunnyside, Cromford Road, G. BARTON.
Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

CROWS AND RABBITS

SIR,—With regard to Mr. J. T. Gracie's report of having twice in one week disturbed carrion crows from a rabbit, which had been eaten away between its head and shoulders, I have come across this many times in Perthshire and Inverness-shire, but more often the victim was a mountain hare.

I have never doubted that the animal was first attacked and paralysed by a stoat, the crows driving the stoat off, or perhaps finding it injured as the stoat left it. Had the crows been the initial aggressors, I think their work would have been obvious by the removal of the eyes of the victim, and next they would probably have attacked the abdomen, as they do in the case of a dead hare or rabbit.

It is very doubtful whether, unaided, crows could stop a fit rabbit or mountain hare.

Yours faithfully,
H. MORTIMER BATTEN.
New Club, Edinburgh.

EGG COLLECTING

SIR,—I congratulate Mr. Moray Brown on his admirable letter, and especially on his way of egg collecting, which, though harmful, is at least a step in the right direction, and whereas I like his subject "Bird Protection," I heartily disagree with him on several points. To begin with, I cannot possibly see how anyone can justifiably claim that the egg collector or the learner photographer do no harm to the bird life of Britain. Does he honestly imagine, I wonder, that his learner photographer disturbing a nesting bird, or a studious egg collector robbing a rare species of her clutch, improves or increases bird life?

I have definite knowledge to the effect that the crested tits nesting at Abernethy were robbed of clutch after clutch, year after year, until the eggs were almost colourless, and, if allowed to hatch, the offsprings weak. I suppose our learned ornithologist, in his defence of egg collecting, denies that this is bad for the numbers of crested tits in Scotland! I am sure no one can call that bird protection.

I will take as another example of the bald futility of the statement, "it is not collectors, egg collectors, photographers (or learner photographers) who are to blame for the decrease in numbers of certain species," the fact that after many years' absence of a nest of the species, a reeve laid a clutch at Hickling in Norfolk in 1907. An ardent egg collector disposed of the eggs (if he had taken one he would have still done harm), and the ruff has not again nested in Norfolk to this day.

As for his saintly gamekeeper, who allows the kestrel to nest outside his door, I heartily wish there were more of his kind, but I think the fault of game preserving lies in the master, not the man.

I may seem narrow-minded, but I hope not quite so much so as those who think that a hawk (whatever species) must be shot, and every egg collected. As for the shooting of owls of any breed, I think it disgraceful whatever the circumstances, and the same applies to hawks.

Yours faithfully,
Bradfield, Berks. A. D. H. RIVIERE.

STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF BULL ELEPHANTS

SIR,—In the Luangwa Valley in Northern Rhodesia it is not uncommon to find the marks made by an elephant lying down on its side, perhaps to sleep. One may in one day see perhaps several such marks. I cannot remember seeing any mark made by a cow elephant, but all were made by big or biggish bulls, and almost invariably these bulls had



A THIRD BROOD?
(See letter "Skylark Nesting in October")

lain down on a slope or against an ant heap, so that the shoulders were higher than the feet.

In October, 1937, I followed a large bull elephant from a native garden. At about noon I saw that a second and smaller bull had joined the large one. At about 1 p.m. I saw in front of me in burnt savannah country two large mounds. We approached closer and saw that they were two elephants lying apparently asleep. The large bull lay further away from me, and I decided to walk round the two elephants and to shoot the bull in the top of the head. We, my bearer and I, passed the two elephants about 40 paces to our left, and moved round to a position from which I commenced to get to close quarters. We had to proceed rapidly because the wind was uncertain. As I began to move closer the big bull stood up on its feet and was plainly suspicious, and had probably heard the drumming of our feet.

I shot it and again a second time, and not till I had fired both barrels was the small bull able to get to its feet. Then it promptly became offensive and drove us away for some distance, making short rushes in our general direction and endeavouring to locate us.

When I passed the two bulls lying down the smaller one lay on level ground, with its head to the north and legs stretched. The trunk lay along the ground, the eyes were open and the elephant appeared dead. The large bull lay exactly parallel to the smaller one but, with the head in the opposite direction, and so close that the soles of its feet were almost touching those of the young bull. Its trunk was repeatedly moving about on the ground. When the big bull got to its feet it did so very rapidly. One moment I saw it apparently asleep and next moment it was on its feet. The small bull when it awoke drew in its forelegs and gave a great roll or hurch on to the forelegs, after which it rapidly hoisted itself to its feet.

The big bull had a foul and suppurating wound in the base of the right tusk, and it occurred to me that it had lain down on its right side to ease the pain and irritation and that the small bull had copied its senior.

Yours faithfully,
Nyasaland. NYASA.

BUTTERFLIES IN A SEPTEMBER GARDEN

SIR,—I have been wondering whether anyone besides myself would write to the *Field* to report far more butterflies about than usual during last September.

This was my experience here, and during the first three weeks of that month my garden, which is always a good butterfly haunt, was simply crowded with certain sorts.

One morning I counted 28 commas in the garden in the space of ten minutes, fourteen of them were on a short row of *Aster Bessarabicus superbus*—together with fifteen red admirals, some peacocks and painted ladies, and the colour contrast of their shapes against the brilliant purple blooms was remarkable. Another morning I counted the following eight varieties on one bush of buddleia—painted ladies, red admirals, peacocks, commas, small tortoiseshells, one brimstone, one large white, and one meadow brown.

I had two large inroads of painted ladies, nearly all newly-hatched, judging from the brilliant condition of their colour and the down on their wings, and I frequently saw between 20 and 30 of them at one time in the garden. Red admirals were with me for three weeks in definitely larger numbers than I have ever seen in my life. Peacocks were well above the average, and commas of the second hatch unusually so, though I have this variety every year.

There were even more small tortoiseshells than usual, but I looked in vain for any colour variations among them. The only variety I missed was the clouded yellow, of which there were a large number in 1938, and one pale clouded yellow—a female.

All visitors to my garden commented on the numbers flying about every day, and I do not suppose I shall ever have the luck to see so many again in my lifetime.

Yours faithfully,
Hants. O. D. LUCK.

SKYLARK NESTING IN OCTOBER

SIR,—The nesting of the skylark late in October is sufficiently rare an event to merit notice, and I thought the following account would interest your readers. On Tuesday, October 17th, 1939, a farm worker crossing a stubble field on New House Farm, Simonswood, West Lancashire, flushed a skylark off a nest with three eggs. My friend Mr. Richard Gregson, who farms the land, would not believe him until he himself had seen the bird on the nest. He immediately got into touch with me, and a regular observation has been kept on the nest and sitting bird. On Sunday, October 22nd, I took this photograph, the bad weather conditions necessitating a time exposure. Despite this, the bird had been sitting through hard night frost and heavy mist and fog. On the morning of October 22nd I had been hoping to do some photography from the hide by the nest, but the fog had no sooner lifted than the first drizzle of the rainstorm that followed came on. The record was examined by a number of members of the Merseyside Branch of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, which is compiling an Ornithology of the Liverpool area.

The autumn song of the skylark was slightly early in this district this September, and I presume this October nest is a third brood. House sparrows were carrying straws for building purposes in a nearby shippon across the moss, and young barn owls were still being fed in another barn not far away; but these are regular autumn nestings, whereas we have no record of so late a skylark's nest after so much frost and fog.

Yours faithfully,
Wavertree, Liverpool. ERIC HARDY.

OLD SHOOTING STOCKINGS

SIR,—While their friends are knitting or waiting for supplies of wool many of the men in my Balloon Squadron are finding their turn of duty on the winches at night very chilly.

A supply of old shooting stockings would remedy this, and if any of your readers could spare a pair or two, they would be very gratefully received by me and immediately distributed to the men.

Yours faithfully,
Wilderness House, D. A. J. BUXTON
Ongar, Essex. *(Wing Commander).*



A SCRUM (COMPLETE WITH DOG) IN AN EXHAUSTING CLIMATE, AND SOMETHING A BIT LESS STRENUOUS
(See letter, "Rugby and Golf by the Palms")

RUGBY AND GOLF BY THE PALMS

SIR,—Here are some pictures of typical English games—being played under typically un-English conditions. The Rugby match under the coconut palms is at Tulagi, the capital of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. Tulagi's total white population of about 50, including women and children, does not provide sufficient for two complete Rugby teams, so a proper game is only possible once every six weeks, when the regular mail boat from Sydney puts in. Play only starts in the late afternoon, when the sun has gone down, and is a pretty exhausting business in the heat and tremendous humidity of the Solomons climate.

The golfers are on the nine-hole course at Kavieng, administrative centre of New Ireland, and the most northerly settlement in the Territory of New Guinea; less than 3 deg. from the Line. Despite almost daily tropical downpours Kavieng's links are playable nearly every day, as the green is on a bed of decomposed coral which drains off in less than an hour. The course is an excellent one, and plays in and out a grove of coconuts which provide some hundreds of natural hazards.

Yours faithfully,

14, Linlithgow Road, S. A. PEARL.
Toorak, Melbourne.

SAFETY AND SPEED

SIR,—I should like to draw the attention of the writer of your Motoring Page to the case of Baker *v.* Longhurst (reported in "The Times" of June 22nd, 1932, or in 2 K. B. 461), in which Lord Justice Scrutton said:

"If people who rode motor cycles went at such a pace on dark nights that they could not pull up when they saw something they must take the consequences of their negligence. There might have been a pedestrian there who was not required by law to carry a light or (as in the New Forest) there might have been cattle. People must go at such a speed that they could pull up within their range of vision."

Speaking on similar lines on November 8th, 1920, Mr. Justice Rowlatt in Page *v.* Richards and Draper, said:

"If there is any difficulty in the way of his seeing—like a fog, for instance—he must go slower in consequence."

May I suggest that for the words "like a fog, for instance" should at the present time be substituted "like a black-out"?

Yours faithfully,

Great Driffield, THOS. HOLTBY.
East Yorks.

UTILISING THE GAMEKEEPER IN WAR TIME

SIR,—The younger keepers have gone, or are going to join the fighting forces, but the older ones, men who were out in the last war, are staying in their situations for the present, but are uncomfortably feeling that they ought to be busy at food production.

Service on home defence may give an outlet to a few keepers, but there are plenty of non-producing town-bred civilians, of mature ages and with a knowledge of soldiering, who can guard bridges; while the keeper, with his specialised knowledge of trapping and netting rabbits, not to speak of poultry rearing and farming, can be made more useful about the home estate than he would be as a member of the R.D.C. or other purely working corps.

It may take some time for rabbits to reach the prices they did reach during the Great War, but reach those one-time prices they will, if the war should last as it threatens. Some keepers whom I know got five shillings per couple for rabbits during the Great War, and were informed by their employers they paid for their wages best of all the estate employees.

There is nothing in law to prevent a gamekeeper contracting to kill a farmer's share of the rabbits as well as the estate share, and in fact that was done on some estates long ago. The idea was to rent the farmer's right to catch rabbits from him. This is a civil contract, and cannot be legally enforced, but in practice no need is found to call in the aid of the law, and farmers are pleased to get a sum of money down and have their rabbits well killed.

The younger rabbit-killers as well as keepers will reach the fighting lines in due time, but the older keeper can keep his eyes open when work of any kind is in progress on the estate, and if he is not as active after poachers as in his youth, his presence on the ground, and his past reputation, at least act as deterrents.

Yours faithfully,

Woodview, DUGALD MACINTYRE.
Comrie, Perthshire.

THEIR TEMPORARY ABODE

SIR,—For many years past, during November, two white swans have arrived at West Bay, North Berwick, where they stay for three to five weeks. This year they brought a family of eight young swans with them. There is much speculation on where they come from and where they go to.

Yours faithfully,

North Berwick. J. C. H. B.



"THIS YEAR BROUGHT THEIR FAMILY WITH THEM"
(See letter, "Their Temporary Abode")

men will carry on at home, and, as in the last war, the old estate keepers will accept smaller wages to do harder work.

Keepers all know about the care and management of live stock. They can rear pigs and poultry, and can do a bit of gardening, and most know something about forestry, so that an active elderly keeper is really a war-time asset on any estate.

Some of our home parks are being ploughed up for wheat growing at the present time, and an old keeper can supervise such work as well as another. Examining one such old park, after it had been ploughed lately, I found out that its prior draining had been scamped, the drains being made so shallow that the plough had displaced the tiles. The old

WHITE PLOVER

SIR,—When after a flock of golden plover last week there were two white ones among them. I have never heard of white golden plover. I was not able to secure one for my white game birds' collection on this occasion, but hope for better luck another time. I am still short of a white partridge and should be very grateful for one.

Yours faithfully,

Bradshaw Hall, HENRY M. HARDCASTLE (Colonel).
Bolton.

[White varieties of golden plover have, of course, been reported before.—ED.].

WHEN IS A CHARGE?

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter by ".577" "When is a Charge?" of September 23rd. I am sure he is correct as regards the general bearing of a beast which means mischief and intends to attack deliberately, but the novice will not always recognise the symptoms. I do not consider, however, that any animal, even a man-killing elephant, is really dangerous to approach within one thousand yards.

I do not think that he will deliberately stalk one or more human beings from even half that distance. But of course his exact whereabouts are generally uncertain!

As regards the question of a lead projectile. No white hunter in Africa ever uses any rifle except an H.V. Only a small amount of lead can be exposed in an H.V. projectile. Even then accuracy suffers. The hollow-capped bullet can be very deadly, but often fails unaccountably at both buck and carnivora.

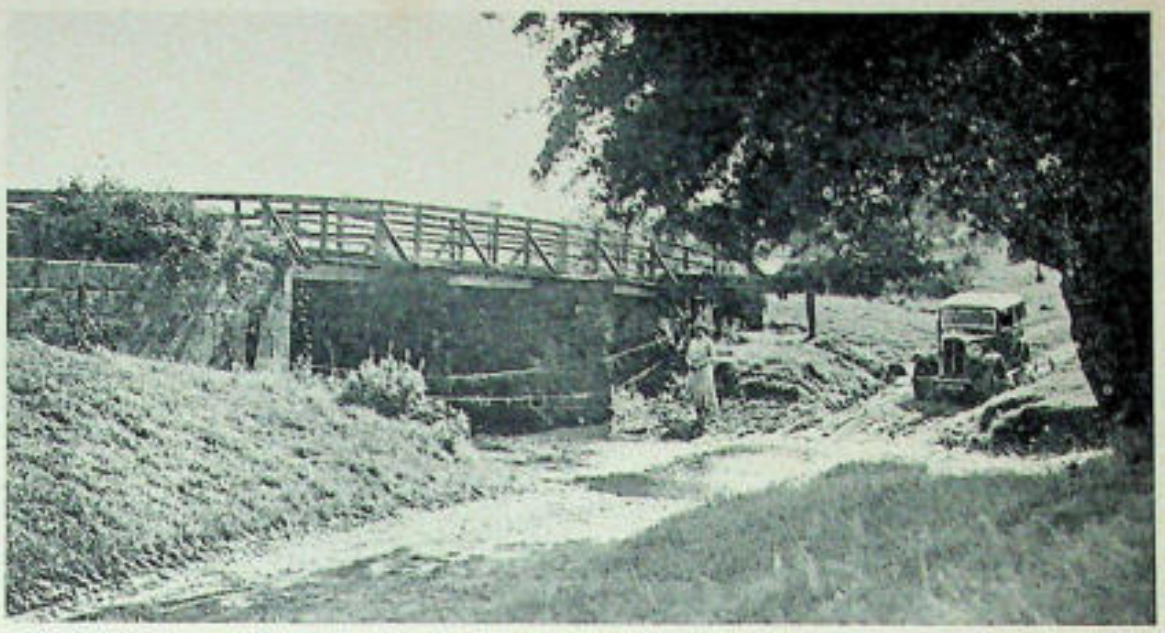
Speaking with some experience, I would advise your younger readers, who hope to hunt dangerous game after the war, to provide themselves with a usual proportion of blunt-nosed solid cartridges for whatever rifle they may fancy.

The game scouts of Uganda and Tanganyika, who control the increase and depredations of all destructive game, are issued only with solid ammunition for the .404 Mauser rifles with which they are armed. I know that the results obtained by them are excellent in proportion to the rounds expended.

".577" admits the necessity of the solid bullet against elephant and rhino. I would add buffalo most definitely to the list, and I have also found the solid bullet of the .318, the .404, and the .470 effective and consistent against lion and tiger.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. MARRIOTT.

Rift Valley Sports Club,
Nakuru,
Kenya.



NEAR STOKE DRY BUT WILL SOON BE VERY WET
See letter "Doomed to Drowning"

DOOMED TO DROWNING

SIR,—The picturesque old footbridge over the Eye Brook near the village of Stoke Dry, of which I enclose a photograph, will, before the winter is over, disappear beneath the waters of a reservoir which has just been constructed by damming up the valley of the stream. When constructed it will supply water to the town of Corby. It is some two miles long by half-a-mile wide, and will contain 1,700,000,000 gallons.

Yours faithfully,
Leicester. F. LUMBERS.

MARKED WOODCOCK

SIR,—A keeper presented me with a left leg of a woodcock (*scolopax rusticula*) shot in the second week in November near Tweme Minster. It's right toe had been clipped. If any reader uses this form of marking gamebirds perhaps he would be glad of this information, and we should like to know how far it has come.

Yours faithfully,
K. SCHOLEFIELD,
Clayesmore School. (Clayesmore Bird Club).
Tweme Minster, Dorset.

PORBEAGLE OFF CORNWALL

SIR,—A little while ago Messrs. George and Robert Mitchell landed a large shark here caught in their drag nets. I identified it as a porbeagle by the lateral keels on either side of the body near the tail and by the teeth formation. The fish was 8ft. long, and as it is of rare occurrence I thought it might be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,
Cadgwith, nr. Helston, JOHN TUNNARD.
Cornwall.



WITH THE SIGNAL ALWAYS SET AT "ALL CLEAR"
See letter "The Ghost Station"

THE GHOST STATION

SIR,—At Newland, in the Forest of Dean, there was once a station between Colebrook and Redbrook which was closed down during the last war. It presents an extraordinary sight to-day, with the track and platforms overgrown with grass, and the right of way reserved for chickens, geese and turkeys, while the station offices serve as a farmhouse. I enclose a picture of the scene. The railway lines were uprooted to provide metal for armaments.

Yours faithfully,
Bristol. F. R. WINSTONE.

A SPORTS GROUND UNDER THE PLOUGH

SIR,—The Government's campaign for putting land under the plough is not sparing the West Country sports ground, shown in the accompanying picture. There are three acres to be planted with potatoes for the spring, and with a yield of 8 tons per acre a crop of 24 tons is expected. In this instance it might be debated whether the cultivation of the ground outweighs the advantages derived from it as an aid to physical fitness.

Yours faithfully,
Bristol. F. R. W.



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION?
See letter "A Sports Ground under the Plough"

New Books

FLOWERS OF YESTERYEAR

Old-Fashioned Flowers. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. (*Country Life*; 15/-.)

THE modern demand for either a collection of species or a border which is "a riot of colour" has eliminated many of the old-fashioned flowers in which nurserymen in the past took such pride. Signs are not wanting that we are on the eve of a revival, if not of their popularity at least of their appreciation by more than the discerning few. To those who wish to collect the old-fashioned flowers Mr. Sitwell's book will be both a delight and a valuable work of reference. Modern nurserymen may, indeed, be encouraged to learn what is at present a sadly neglected art.

Not surprisingly, auriculas are Mr. Sitwell's favourites, and his chapter on this subject would convert even those remarkable people who can walk with unseeing eyes past florists' auriculas into lovers of these strangely beautiful flowers. It is, perhaps, not odd that in the early nineteenth century auriculas were the recreation of Lancashire and Cheshire folk, particularly the miners and weavers of the former county, for auriculas have always appealed to country folk, perhaps because people who live very close to the soil are usually deeply appreciative of rare beauty.

The old border auricula Dusty Miller was once a universal favourite, and though it cannot compare with the stage auriculas it is amongst the most charming of old-fashioned flowers. The red and yellow kinds are still obtainable, but Mr. Sitwell fills this reviewer with envy by mentioning a blue and a purple Dusty Miller. The former, if a true blue, must be enchanting. As for the green-edged stage auriculas and their exquisite mealing, they are, to quote Mr. Sitwell, "completely incredible."

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the old primroses and polyanthus. The double primroses may be disappointing, always excepting Madame Pompadour; but the charm of the freak primroses and cowslips, of which Parkinson wrote, is irresistible. On the rare occasions when they are exhibited at R.H.S. shows they invariably attract a small but knowledgeable number of folk, who always end by discussing whether the true double green primrose exists. I, for one, agree with Mr. Sitwell that such a primrose, whether it exists or not, has nothing but its rarity and ancient origin to recommend it.

This book abounds in pleasant old-fashioned names, and why is it that modern nurserymen seem to have lost the art of bestowing really attractive names? The name that I found most pleasing is that of one of the old pinks—St. Phocas's nosegay. St. Phocas is one of the patron saints of gardening. It seems a pity that his name should be associated with only one plant, and that a pink which has apparently disappeared from cultivation.

* * *

Random Recollections of an Essex Sportsman. By THEODORE CHRISTY. (Benham & Co.; 3/-.)

It is only natural that someone who has had an interesting and varied life should either wish, or be persuaded by his friends, to write an account of it, but, unfortunately, the living of such a life does not necessarily equip a man with the facility for recording it. Mr. Christy has done much, but he has not that happy knack which would enable him to bring the past to life.

He begins by deploring the use of the first person singular, and says that he does not wish to compete with a friend of his who contrived to write the word "I" fifteen times on one page of his book. Such good resolutions are not kept and only five pages later Mr. Christy goes away out in front with no less than eighteen on half a page!

There is too much in this book, which is a pity, because trifles are allowed to obscure much that is of interest and has definite value as a record of the not-so-distant past, and a departure to Leicestershire, which the author admits is fiction, is to be deplored, because it attributes to that much-maligned district many faults of which it is most certainly innocent.

The book is illustrated with photographs and has been laid out in paragraphs which, although excellent on the large pages of a periodical, make for confusion on these small pages.

* * *

Ups and Downs. By COLIN DAVY. (Collins; 10/6.)

One does not have to be a good listener to enjoy the type of conversation which is carried on over the port and cigars after an excellent dinner; at that time of the evening a sense of well-being pervades the body, and the ear is particularly attentive, the memory particularly keen; one reminiscence leads to another and the ball of conversation is kept rolling without any effort. At times such as this comforts create an atmosphere which is favourable to the story-teller, they are among the most delightful which life has to offer.

Thus may the body affect the mind, but to reverse the process is not easy and it is only very rarely that a man is found who can, by his conversation, create that feeling of ease, comfort and interest which is usually associated with good wine. Major Davy is one of these rare people, he is always interesting and never boring, and, which is equally important, he is very easy to listen to.

His latest book is a model of the art of omission: to read it is more akin to listening to a conversation than to reading a book. Throughout the history of his racing career there runs a strain of informality which is usually found only among friends of long standing. There is no attempt at heavy documentation, there are no long excursions into past history, no going off the track to drag in famous names, just a plain straightforward account of the little things of an eventful life, interesting and genuine.

Any amateur rider with the experience of racing in England, India and Egypt which has fallen to the lot of Major Davy cannot help but be interesting; but it is more than interest, it is atmosphere, which makes one want to chip in every now and then with some story of which one has been reminded, the atmosphere of an outstanding and charming book. Let us hope that this book will achieve its object in providing the author with an opportunity to continue his riding career, and so lead to another book. All those who contribute to his next horse in this way will be well repaid, even if they are so foolish as not to back that horse when it does make an appearance on a racecourse.

* * *

Viper's Progress. By MARY MITCHELL. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.; 8/6.)

Miss Mitchell is already well-known from her other books, one of which is *A Warning to Wantons*; the same theme which is suggested by that title may be taken as the moral in *Viper's Progress*. The reactions of the three men, Armand, Henri and Paul, to Catherine's outlook upon life form the basis of an absorbing and able series of character studies.

At first, the long drawn out treatment of the more sordid aspects of life, and the almost complete lack of action, seem to indicate a love of them for their own sake, but when one has read about half the book one realises that this somewhat lengthy and not altogether pleasant preamble is necessary for what is to follow. As the story unfolds and more characters are drawn into it the action intensifies and the contrasts between the protagonists are thrown more into relief; this process is continued up to the last chapter and one is left marvelling at the result and Miss Mitchell's undoubted ability.

The book is a consummate achievement in character drawing and in the ingenious inter-weaving of themes to produce the contrasts which are necessary to show so clearly and so sympathetically a cross section of society.

* * *

Country Relics. By H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Cambridge University Press: 15/-.) *The Sweet of the Year.* By H. J. MASSINGHAM. (Chapman & Hall: 7/6.)

Mr. Massingham is the acknowledged champion of the England that was, of the arts and crafts and husbandry of an English countryside now expiring in the stranglehold of mechanisation. In his garden in Buckinghamshire he has built a museum, and in this he houses an excellent collection of the tools that once helped to make this country great. The first of these two books deals largely with these relics, and is noteworthy not only for the beauty of its prose (there is no finer writer of English prose living), but also for the amazing—indeed unique—fund of knowledge contained within its covers. The second book—like the first, it contains much that has appeared already as "A Countryman's Journal" in the *Field*—is concerned not only with the England that is past, but also with the England that is passing. Here, too, is prose unequalled and knowledge second to none. England as a whole could do with more books of this type.

* * *

Death of an Argus. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.; 8/-.)

Herr Munson, one-time leader of the local Nazi Bund, died in peculiar circumstances upon an East African farm, but so far as the story is concerned he might just as well have died anywhere else. Black servants are always convenient adjuncts to a detective story because of the way in which they will say in evidence just what their employers have told them to say, and in this respect Miss Huxley's natives run true to type. Beyond this, the setting of the book has little or no influence upon the story and the characters are such as might be found in any part of the world.

All of which implies that this is a somewhat nondescript sort of story; nothing in it matters very much, there is little local atmosphere, and no attempt at a serious portrayal of the characters of the protagonists. Two more or less straightforward deaths are complicated by a series of gruesome sidelines, which are subsequently justified by a rather bogus piece of psychological reasoning, and the police eventually arrive at the correct solution by a series of extremely fortunate guesses. Nevertheless, the book is eminently readable and will provide excellent entertainment in such places as warden posts, because it will not matter very much if the reader is called away in the middle, and he may be glad of an opportunity for escaping from that kind of conversation which some women think that men indulge in when they are on their own, rather forced and plentifully interlarded with wisecracks which do not crack.

* * *

Animal Stories. Chosen, arranged and in part re-written by WALTER DE LA MARE. (Messrs. Faber & Faber, Ltd.; 8/6.)

There must be many people for whom the name of Mr. de la Mare is almost synonymous with those enchanting tales that have delighted us ever since our nursery days. In this new book the author has lost none of that charm of personality and delicacy of touch which has endeared him to so many. Even a long preface does not detract from the tales which follow; in fact, it is as good as anything in the book.

These are not new tales, they are the old ones which have been told and re-told in the mountains and the forests since the beginning of civilisation itself. In the course of the centuries all that is unnecessary has been abandoned and now the fewest possible words remain, but what words—so clear and so happily chosen that each little scene which is depicted is alive and true to the last detail. That which has been for so long the heritage of the country people of all lands must needs be true if it is to live; the scene is true and if the happenings do appear perhaps a little fanciful what of it? Does not the author tell us that what is real need not be actual—it is all in the mind of the reader?

The innate vitality of these stories which has kept them alive for so long is quite sufficient to ensure that they will never die; to all those who love the dying, star-clustered moon, the pounding of breakers upon distant rock-bound shores and the first pale streaks of dawn over the forest, these tales will come as old and trusted friends, for such people have the minds to appreciate them, and when they have seen the book

> And read it o'er, then they will say
> Their money is not thrown away.

* * *

Climbing Higher. By ELIZABETH YATES. (A. & C. Black; 2/6 net.)

Countless children will look forward to joining Michael and Meredith Lamb in their latest adventures. Last time they were in Switzerland, and now their uncle—a man with a wholly remarkable confidence in their ability to evade sudden death—takes them to Iceland. Here they see much of the scenery on horseback, climb several mountains by the most difficult path, and, in spite of it all, return home safely. The background to these travels is a really sound knowledge of Iceland, its customs and inhabitants. And if we ever get back to normal travelling again some of the extremely sensible remarks might well be taken to heart by an audience larger than the author's immediate public.

* * *

Banners in Asia. By W. L. RIVER. (Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd.; 8/6.)

The basis of any journey, great or small, must be the questions of time and distance, and, however much research into other aspects of that journey is necessary, these two questions will always remain as the most important. It is a pity therefore that Mr. River did not spend some short while in the country when preparing his book; had he done so he might have been able to assist in the driving of bullocks or sheep to market, and if he had had this experience it is more than likely that the course of his book would have been materially altered. As it is, he asks us to believe that the Torguts could have covered 500 miles across the snow-bound steppes of eastern Europe in the depths of winter, with 5,000,000 beasts of all sorts, in a period of less than fifteen days.

An extensive bibliography, an interesting historical note and two glossaries go to show the immense amount of work which the author has put into his study of this stupendous but little known episode of history. To a certain extent he has been successful in creating for himself the atmosphere of a country to which he has never been, but he has not been able to re-create the personalities of the protagonists. The principal character, Sabutai, speaks not with the mind and tongue of an eighteenth century Torgut warrior, but with those of Mr. River, who, under the cloak of history has put forward his own version of a common sociological theory of proved impracticability.

In this book we find a modern theory masquerading in the fancy dress of the eighteenth century; since the clothes are "original" it is perhaps not surprising that quite often they fit but ill.

* * *

The Temple of Costly Experience. By DANIELE VARE. (Methuen & Co.; 7/6.)

What strikes one immediately on reading this book is the fascinating way in which the atmosphere of China and the East is interwoven with the lives of characters which are mostly European. The author seems to possess an uncanny power of interpreting Chinese things and anyone who can do this is well worth reading. There is humour and tragedy and intriguing characterisation. Some of the characters have already appeared in *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* and *The Gate of Happy Sparrows*. The present book is a worthy successor and is likely to cast a spell over the reader until the last chapter is reached. There is not a dull page.



THE PRICKLY PEAR IN SICILY

INSECTS VERSUS PEST PLANTS

The Problem of Controlling Noxious Weeds

By E. F. LINSSEN, F.Z.S., F.R.E.S.

MUCH has been written about prickly pear cacti: of the speed at which they spread over the world, as well as of the remarkable successes that have attended the control measures adopted.

The spreading of these *Opuntia* cacti—reaching the phenomenal rate of 1,000,000 acres infestation per annum during its climax in Australia—originated from plants introduced as ornaments and curiosities. The main pest, *Opuntia inermis*, was introduced to Australia as a single plant in a flower pot, one hundred years ago. Such spectacular facts have, of course, a very general appeal, not just restricted to agriculturists, and have caused quite a furore of writing, but these successes in Australia have quite masked the efforts made to check prickly pear in other countries, notably in India and Mauritius.

The cacti have, therefore, had the stage all to themselves, and relatively few people know anything of the many other species of weeds that have invaded different parts of the world. Government experts, however, have had to tackle these problems in a variety of ways, finding themselves faced with much greater difficulties.

These other weeds can, like the prickly pear, render land useless, and in addition the poisonous properties of some are dangerous in the extreme to cattle. The problems concerning such noxious plants are naturally more especially confined to grazing land and to parts of the world that are not over populated. Here the usual cultural, chemical and other methods of control are normally impracticable, on economic grounds; even such control methods—where it is possible to adopt them—have often been found to be inadequate, and the alien weed has been able to continue its invasion and colonise land to the extent of rendering it useless.

The control of prickly pear was brought about by introducing various insects that feed upon it. By carefully excluding the natural predators and parasites of these insects the latter have been enabled to breed unchecked. The multiplication of insects under such conditions is enormous, and has been the means of destroying the cacti at an extraordinary rate. In New South Wales twenty-five million acres have been cleared by this means.

The question one naturally asks is why not adopt the same means for controlling other noxious weeds? Everything seems to point in this direction: insects are particularly conservative in their choice of food plant, and in many cases will die rather than adapt themselves to a strange food. The feeders have been gratifyingly voracious, and have confined their welcome attentions to the *Opuntia*, that have proved such a veritable scourge.

However, we must remember that insects whose plant-host is the prickly pear are unlikely to transfer their feeding habits to other plants. The cacti have such peculiar characteristics, such as the resistant skin, the acrid juices with which they are endowed, as well as other specialised properties, both physiological and morphological, that such insects would find other plant tissues entirely foreign to their requirements and could not adapt themselves to the different physical and chemical attributes.

There are many orders of cultivated plants that are closely related to weeds and which do not present such fundamental differences. It is, therefore, extremely dangerous to introduce an insect to control a pest plant that belongs botanically to a group of economically important plants that are closely related to it. Such risks are considered to be too great, for many insects are known to feed on several species of plants, normally confined to one genus, and from necessity they may transfer their attentions to such plants which constitutes a great risk to agriculture. Even so, a noxious weed, belonging to a group of cultivated plants, may be morphologically highly specialised, and the insect that attacks it in its native habitat will in all probability have evolved an equally specialised mode of life. Insects that feed upon leaves do not, however, show such peculiarity, and it may be expected that they would transfer their attentions to the leaves of plants related to their natural host-plant. The notorious Colorado beetle of North America, *Leptinotarsa decemlineata*, transferred its appetite from the American deadly nightshade or buffalo burr (*Solanum rostratum*) to the potato, spread at the astounding rate of 88 miles per annum, and has even crossed the Atlantic. From France it is infecting neighbouring countries.

Leaf eaters are, therefore, regarded as the least satisfactory insects with which to conduct experiments for finding a suitable controlling agent, but root and stem borers, internal seed and fruit eaters, fall into quite a different category. Such insects are more intimately adjusted to their particular host-plant, and there is much less likelihood that they will attack even closely related plants.

There is an added advantage presented by these specialised feeders. Plants show a remarkable vitality of recovery, even after they have been completely stripped of all their leaves, but damage caused internally to the stems and roots is much more likely to prove fatal than other forms of attack. Other specialised feeders that attack seed-pods, for example, are also very useful for preventing pest plants from spreading further. Gorse or furze (*Ulex europæus*), a native of Europe and North America, has become a pest in New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania, in spite of the fact that it is useful as a hedge shrub, and when young is relished by sheep. It spreads mainly by the bursting of its seed-pods. As furze is not entirely injurious an insect was sought that would confine its attentions to the seeds, and so prevent spreading by seeding. In England and France there is a small weevil, *Apion ulicis*, which inserts its eggs in the young pod, the larvæ destroying all the seed. This is one of several insects that has been imported in large numbers into New Zealand and is proving successful.

WILD DEER OF THE BRITISH ISLES

Damage to Crops

IN spite of the publicity which has been given in the Press and elsewhere, it still seems the general impression that the wild deer of the British Isles are found only in Scotland, on Exmoor, and in the New Forest. Actually, deer of some sort can be found wild in most wooded districts of England. Unless moved by hounds or beaters, however, they are seldom seen, because they do not show themselves much, except in the mornings and evenings when they are feeding.

The roe deer of the south of England are seldom a serious inconvenience to farmers. Fallow, on the other hand, if allowed to increase, can be a very serious menace to arable crops. Corn may be left until nearly ripe, then in one night a herd descends on a field, leaving it patched and pillaged by the morning. Mangolds, stored in clamps against the hard days of February and March, can very soon be reduced to an untidy mess by marauding deer, long before they are needed by the farmer. Such conditions are bad enough in the piping times of peace; during a war, when everything possible is being done to increase the arable area of England, they are intolerable. Ordinary rules of sport cannot apply to such conditions, and any method consistent with humanity of keeping down the deer is legitimate.

It is possible, however, for people to kill venison cleanly and safely with the rifle, and at such seasons as will yield meat in the best condition, thus helping to reduce the nation's meat bill. The alternatives to the rifle are the shot gun or the noose, both of them repugnant to sportsmen, and cruel. In the hands of a careful man a rifle is not dangerous; deer are seldom seen in flat open country where people are about. The shot gun in the hands of an enraged farmer inflicts many a painful wound, and often kills at a season when venison is hardly fit for human consumption, or orphaned fawns may be left to starve to death. It seems a shame to shoot a buck with horns in velvet, but, from the larder point of view, it is better than killing one after the rut, when the meat is unfit for the larder.

The best time to kill a buck is just before or in the early days of October; then they are fat and in prime condition. Does can be killed up to December, and, if the rifleman is knowledgeable enough to be able to pick out a barren doe, even later; but that is not easy. When a deer is killed it should be at once gralloched, the importance of which has already been emphasised by writers in the *Field*.

Now for my stalking ground. It is a stretch of woodland of low-limbed oaks and golden bracken, and much alder wood on the boggy land below; it is three miles long under a southern slope and was much favoured, they say, in olden days by King John. Around it is some arable land, but mainly rough grass, much of which will soon be ploughed up under war emergency measures. The deer having increased beyond reasonable numbers, the owner asked me to reduce them. Having borrowed and tested a rifle I began operations in September, but with no success, since the bracken was still densely green and the deer were difficult to spot. Moreover, in those warm evenings there were too many adders about for my nerves. To be successful in still hunting one must move slowly and keep a very sharp eye around for deer; when on a summer stroll in these woods it is possible to see and kill as many as a dozen basking adders the knowledge is apt to cramp one's style.

On the evening of October 6th I knocked over a nice solitary buck, but he got away before I could give him the *coup de grace*, and in spite of following up his trail until dark, I lost him. Next morning I finished the poor beast off. He had a nice head of about 30in., and weighed clean 197lb.—a very fine beast and as fat as butter. On the morning of the 14th I killed another solitary buck, just as it was getting light enough to shoot in the morning, weight 165lb. Subsequent mornings yielded a small fighting buck of 145lb. By the 18th the rut was in full operation. Once I heard three bucks roaring at the same time; it is not really a roar, but a grunt rather like that of a discontented boar, a sound not heard from great distances, particularly when there is a breeze through the trees. Stalking to these grunts is not so easy as might be imagined.

The next week gave me two good bucks, one of 180lb. and the other of 182lb. and antlers 36in. long on the outside curve. This latter was an older buck than the rest (all of whom had four teeth), since he had been through the six tooth age and had two broken teeth.

When one has shot a deer the problem is to get it home. Dragging 13st to 14st. through wooded country is no joke; ponies are not trained to carry them as in Scotland, so the only thing to do is to get them on to a hard road and then load them up on to a trailer.

KOTTOR.

THE POOR MAN'S TROUT FISHING

Memories of a North Devon Stream

By M. LEYBOURNE POPHAM

SOMEONE once asked me where a few weeks' inexpensive trout fishing could be obtained and I immediately thought of North Devon.

The name may recall long and sometimes dull reaches of the Taw or Torridge. Actually, I have in mind a more exciting little stream in the heart of "Poor Man's Country," the Lyn, which comes down off Exmoor. It is smaller than either of the rivers that flow into the sea together below Barnstaple, but it has the captivating charm that only moorland streams seem to possess.

Lyn trout, too, are modest in size, but it would be hard to find their equal in cunning and gameness. Most of the water is under the jurisdiction of the Brendon and Lyn Fishing Association, which has its headquarters at the Stag Hunter's Inn, at Brendon. It is here that when the season comes round the fisherman must go to get his ticket, costing about 10/- a week, which allows him to fish approximately five miles of the river from the right bank.

The Association's water is magnificently kept. Especially during the past two years have improvements been accomplished in the form of path-making and bank clearing. Some may think that the river has received slightly too vigorous a "pruning," but even so, you have to combine rock climbing with fishing when on the lower reaches. But do not grumble at this penalty; the beauty of the valley attracts folk other than those with rods, and the rockiness of the fisherman's track persuades the majority to keep to an upper, smoother path.

Occasionally enthralled onlookers stop and ask questions, such as, "Where's yer float?" or "Do they bite when you catch them?"

Some prefer to recount fishing stories of their own. A friend of mine was told last year by a man to whom she was showing some trout, "I know a bloke what caught a large one of those. It had a pointed nose and great big teeth!" Never before have I heard of our little glistening trout being confused with the predatory pike! Usually, however, one is left to enjoy the many delights of the river alone.

There are pools black with depth, rock strewn "rapids," stickles, small falls and deep stretches of slowly-flowing water. But even with variety such as this, I suppose everyone develops a liking for a particular part of a stickle or pool.

There is one spot I never can resist. Encouraged by the knowledge that in this stream the takeable fish of any size often lie in rough water, I must always cast into those comparatively quiet areas below large rocks in a fast-running stickle. It was when doing this for the first time, I discovered a snag which I have only recently overcome. Simple enough it is to throw a fly into the tiny "pool," but another matter to prevent it being swept away at once by the current.

Casting from over the shoulder, I tried a longer line than was necessary to reach the pool, "checking" the fly so that it fell gently in the right place, with a certain amount of slack line in the water. That did not work, as even with the slack there was an immediate drag on the fly.

Eventually, by casting horizontally over the water (in any case the best method on this stream), it was possible to throw a line roughly in the shape of a reversed question mark, thus, ʔ, the upper tip of the curve representing the fly, and the stroke the rod. The result of this simple and satisfactory method, very possibly not by any means new, is that the fly sits up in the pool perfectly for a second or two before being dragged away.

As Exmoor's climate is so temperamental, choice of tackle presents something of a problem. It is really unwise to travel down already equipped with flies and casts. A far better plan is to wait until at one's destination, when the water may be studied at leisure before deciding on what to buy.

Spates occur at odd intervals during the summer, but the nature of the stream is such that surplus water quickly passes down. On one occasion when I was on the river, the water was quite low and crystal clear. All right for dry fly, but hopeless for the few who preferred to fish wet.

In this clear water it is essential to use 4x cast, or even 5x if possible. Personally, I use nothing finer than 4x, partly on account of the severe strain imposed when hooked up during casting (a frequent happening, I must admit), and also for the fact that I find no matter how expertly a fish in rough water is played, it manages nine times out of ten to fray the cast on rocks and stones.

Flies are a matter of personal preference and experience. I like them small, though in broken water it is easier to use a fly with a size 3 hook. Size 1, however, is my choice whenever possible, and when practical, sizes 0 and 00 are quite successful.

After a few hours' rain on low, clear water, that Devon favourite, the hare's ear, kills as well as any. When the water is up and a little coloured, a coch-man, tupp, or almost any light-hackled fly will give some grand fun. Other good dry flies for the Lyn are blue upright, yellow badger, coch-y-bondhu, pheasant tail and black gnat.

If ever you go to fish this river, make Brendon your headquarters. You have below the village about two-and-a-half miles of twisting, tree-clad valley; above the village, the river is bordered by meadows, and is far less rocky than down below.

Should you stay at the Stag Hunter's Inn, you will be able to obtain from Mr. Totterdell, the proprietor, permission to fish Ashton Water, the name by which about a mile of river above the top end of the Association's water is known. Then how lucky you will be, for this reach is little fished. There are some big trout in it, too.

K·L·G

AND

MILES PER MINUTE

1 MILE A MINUTE IN 1899
BY M. JENATZY DRIVING AN ELECTRIC CAR — NO PLUGS REQUIRED

2 MILES A MINUTE IN 1906
BY MR. MARRIOTT DRIVING A STANLEY STEAM CAR — NO PLUGS REQUIRED

3 MILES A MINUTE IN 1927
BY THE LATE SIR HENRY SEGRAVE DRIVING A SUNBEAM USING K.L.G PLUGS

4 MILES A MINUTE IN 1931
BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING A NAPIER-CAMPBELL USING K.L.G PLUGS

5 MILES A MINUTE IN 1935
BY SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING HIS ROLLS-ROYCE USING K.L.G PLUGS

6 MILES A MINUTE IN 1939
BY MR. JOHN COBB DRIVING A RAILTON CAR USING K.L.G PLUGS

K.L.G's PART IN
40 YEARS PROGRESS

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD PUTNEY VALE LONDON S.W.15

POLO PRODIGIOUS WITH FIVE A SIDE

Great Days in India in the Nineties

WHEN I arrived in India in 1895 it was to help plant tea, and this I had to do in an out-of-the-way corner of Cachar. Modern Moffussil India knows little of what was accounted normal in these bygone days. The young planter who got a bungalow with windows was lucky. Many were bamboo and thatch erections, with square holes cut in the mud-plastered wall, which could be covered only by a panel of bamboo plaiting, slid along a cane. As my pay was 150 rupees a month, and it was laid down I must keep a pony, the bungalow was good enough. A deep verandah could be added all round at small cost, and, if dark within, it was comparatively cool.

The pony had to be a lad of all work, and serve for play as well. During the rains we got no polo, but from late October until the middle of April we hoped to play once or twice a week. Not to play at all was counted bad, because mustering all we could, it was difficult to complete two sides.

We were not far from Manipur State, and our polo took its tone from the game played on the princes' ground in Imphal, the State capital, with modifications. There the Manipuris played on anything higher than a hassock, but we aimed at about twelve hand. The Manipuris had no goals. They scored by driving the ball over the end line, and almost any number could play on a side. This was going out, and when I joined our club we played five a side, and with goals.

It must have been a brave sight when those armies of little horsemen careered up and down the ground. Think of the noise of hooves and rattle of equipment. As things stood we could not always find ten Europeans, even with stray civilians, engineers, forest planters and policemen all lugged in. So we had to employ two Manipuris as professionals. These attended on playing days. The senior got two rupees and the junior, of course a relation, one rupee. Besides, they supplied ponies, sticks, balls, bridles, and other things, but the last proved their undoing.

At stick play Manipuris were adept. They made their own of local canes, and set the head on at a wide angle. This permitted a much longer stick than would ordinarily be used on an 11-hand pony. The ball was hit from far outside the stirrup. They could all lift it into the air, and using both hands stand up in their stirrups and swipe the ball again before it touched the ground. This and the handiness of their tats turning on a four anna bit, made them hard to compete with. The bridle and short rein were made of Manipuri cloth, dyed red and blue, and decorated with coloured pom-poms of wool. The rein was so short it lay on the neck for the two-handed stroke. With bare feet they held the stirrup side pinched between the big toe and the next, and they urged the pony by a leather quirt, looped on the wrist. Their saddle flaps were turned back to protect their knees when riding off; especially necessary when playing with those in field boots.

Those were great days, and they passed all too soon. It was the housekeeper touch did it. The most important player was a burly individual of 18st. With the sturdiest of ponies, his progress down the ground was ambulatory. But it did not matter. Whenever he paused to get breath the chief professional would land the ball beside the fat one's stirrup, for the professionals' sister was the housekeeper. We all got tired of this, and worked a club meeting to bar Manipuri professionals, and soon after that our heavyweight gave up playing. The consequences might have been dreadful if he had had to ride for the ball.

Those primitive days have gone. The club keeps its old name, but plays on a full-sized ground and owns a palatial club house. The ponies are all about 15 hands. Still, they share one old trouble. Although the members all arrive in cars, there is still a dearth of players. In spite of the average rate of pay having trebled there are too few ponies. The youngsters buy cars first, and ponies later if they are so inclined. Many are not. Perhaps the professional player will return.

R. G. B.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Editor of the "Field" offers prizes of 3 guineas, 2 guineas and 1 guinea for the best photographs sent in by readers, of sport, games, country life or of artistic value and general interest.

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Tuesday, Jan. 30th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The *Field* Newspaper, 114 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the *Field*, apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print, together with details of exposure, lens, and camera used.

Entries from abroad not arriving in time will be placed in the next of the series. Do not send negatives.

REAPING THE RIVERSIDE HARVEST

Household Articles Made from Rushes

By JOAN ROBESON

FROM out the River Windrush, one of the loveliest and loneliest of all the rivers flowing down the little valleys of the Cotswold Hills, a Burford, Oxfordshire, woman finds a profitable spare time hobby. For more than 20 years Mrs. E. Search has harvested its rushes and worked them into fascinating and useful articles.

She has chosen for her "show room" the front parlour of her home at The Leaze, and here a various assortment of floor mats, table mats, baskets, chair seats, and trays may be seen. There is, too, a little cane work and a few articles fashioned from sea grass; the latter obviously not a "home" product.

The chief employment, however, is with the rushes, and Mrs. Search delights to recall how once an order for a set of doll's house mats was followed by another for 200 square feet of floor matting! The work demands a great deal of patience and energy, and Mrs. Search must be given credit for an excess of both, especially as she never received any instruction in the art. Her friends say she can copy any design from the barest description and produce an identical article. She says herself "all my experiments come to something."

The very first venture was a small mat to place underneath a flower pot, and it found its way to an exhibition of work organized by the local Women's Institute. Since then she has exhibited much farther afield, and some of her work has been shown in Canada.

There is, apparently, little of the competitive spirit abroad in Burford; no one else has taken up the work, although the Windrush is one of the few rivers in that part of England producing rushes suitable for use. Quite a flourishing industry is, however, carried on with rushes cut from the waterways in Norfolk, where scores of people are kept constantly employed.

The work is hard, dirty, and moreover evil smelling in the process of cutting and drying out the rushes. They are cut during July and August, when they are bright green and in full flower. They become rotten and useless if allowed to stand any later. The best rushes are those of 9ft., or even 10ft., in height, anything less being of little practical use. Only the finest can be used, as they are apt to crack and break in twisting. Immediately after cutting the preliminary drying process commences. First, the rushes are laid out on the ground in a dry place, preferably a large shed, and as far away as possible from the dwelling house owing to the peculiarly rank and pungent smell arising from their green state.

When thoroughly dried they are collected into bundles, tied together, hung up, and forgotten for the next five or six months. This waiting period is essential to allow the rushes time to mellow and ripen for working. Before being used they have to be soaked in water to make them soft and pliable. As so many months elapse between harvest and fruition obviously a sufficient supply must be cut at one time to ensure enough working material left over until another harvest is ripened for use.

Each summer, Mrs. Search, her husband, and a few friends gather the rushes from the river by the wagon load. It is an extremely dirty, not to say filthy undertaking, the men frequently standing up to their waists in water, and their feet deep in sludge and mud.

Unfortunately, this little self-made industry is virtually at a standstill this winter owing to the action of the Thames Conservancy Board cutting out all the weeds and rushes from the river last summer.



CUTTING THE RUSHES

The work is hard and dirty, the men frequently standing up to their waists in water



MRS. E. SEARCH AT WORK AMONG SOME OF THE ARTICLES SHE HAS MADE

GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDENS, SINGAPORE

DECORATING Government House at Singapore, requires more than 20,000 flowering plants in the course of a year. Flowers are changed twice a week, and about 100 pots are required to beautify the porch and rooms every day. This constant supply necessitates a continuous cultivation of new plants in the nurseries of the Botanic Gardens. Plants which survive longest in the interior of Government House are palms, and these begin to change colour after a month or two.

Care is taken to make the domain one of Singapore's beauty spots—as well as a pleasant retreat for the Governor from official duties. Sir Shenton and Lady Thomas are keen horticulturists, and take great pride in their grounds. They are fond of the English type of garden, with its crazy pavements and herbaceous borders, and like the brightest of flowers around them. Violets are the personal favourites of Lady Thomas, gardenias those of the Governor.

The water garden holds pride of place in the grounds. Planted in 1935 it has crazy paving pathway, dwarf growing plants, and lily pool.

In the House nursery artichokes, lettuces radishes and watercress are grown—some for consumption and some for experiment. There are also banana and other plants of good varieties. Fifty gardeners are employed in the grounds.



THE WATER GARDEN HOLDS PRIDE OF PLACE



ONE OF SINGAPORE'S BEAUTY SPOTS

PRESENT-DAY BALL *versus* THE GUTTIE

Cotton and Compston (with gutties) Meet Taylor and Braid

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

IN estimating the passage of time by the changes effected in it, the year 1848 seems a far-off time indeed. Why this date, you may ask. Well, to golfers it is of considerable importance. It marks the dawn of a fresh epoch in the game—the arrival of the gutta-percha ball. Prior to this golfers played with the feather ball which, from all accounts, must have been very unsatisfactory. Its durability left much to be desired.

All this was changed, however, by the arrival of the guttie ball, which completely revolutionised the game. A perusal of the early records describing the methods of production show that its embryonic state was of primitive simplicity, and an excellent mental picture of this period can be captured from the recorded description of Allan Robertson and Tom Morris making these balls in the former's kitchen, and then selling them through a window by the corner of Links and Golf Place.

A wide gulf of change and progress separates us from those days, and the guttie is now merely a



J. H. TAYLOR, WHO WON THE OPEN ON FIVE OCCASIONS —THREE TIMES WITH THE GUTTIE

dusty museum relic. Yet next month this span of years will be bridged, and for one day the guttie will return to the scene of its former triumphs. It will figure in a Red Cross match over the Royal Mid-Surrey course when Henry Cotton and Archie Compston will play it against the present-day balls of J. H. Taylor and James Braid. The golfing world is naturally delighted at the magnificent results attending these charity matches by Cotton and his fellow-professionals, but it is an added pleasure to think that these two famous veterans are thus able to make their contribution in the twilight of their distinguished careers.

The present generation of golfers have been denied the privilege of watching these old masters in action at the height of their fame. Instead, we have had to be content with reading and listening to accounts by others of how these men made golfing history with the guttie and later the Haskell balls. Now, as a consolation, the opportunity presents itself of watching two of our modern experts trying to tame the ball of their predecessors.

It will be extremely interesting to see how they fare, and the result is by no means a foregone conclusion for the younger men. I should imagine that the Cotton-Compston partnership will step on the first tee at the shorter odds, but their lack of playing experience with the guttie is a factor that cannot be overlooked. As it is, the scales are tipped in their favour mainly through the enormous difference in their opponents' ages. The Braid-Taylor combination can be reckoned to put up a stout resistance, but it is quite likely that the toll exacted by Anno Domini will decide the issue.

Braid at sixty-nine can look back upon an amazing record. At the outset his parents were strongly opposed to him taking to golf as a career, and so for a time he found employment in a London store. But even then, the golfing urge would not be denied. On his half days Braid took part in sundry exhibition matches over courses round about London, and it was mainly due to one of these that he obtained his first golfing post. He arranged to play against Taylor, and, to the surprise of the public, finished level with his formidable opponent.

In his prime Braid was a law unto himself and well did old Andrew Kirkaldy say of him: "There goes that greyhound; he is taking his putter while we are struggling with our brassies." He shares with the late Harry Vardon the distinction of winning his first Open championship at Muirfield, and in Braid's case it came the year before the rubber-cored Haskell was introduced. Thus he only registered one success with the guttie, his other four successes being crammed into the brief space of ten years.

That first Open victory came during a time of national stress and crisis. The Boer War was being waged and the ranks of golf had suffered a heavy loss through the death in the fighting line of Freddie Tait. Braid marked his success in a unique way by giving his eldest son the middle name of Muirfield. At the age of forty he won the Open for the fifth time, and so just failed in his attempt to equal Vardon's total. He now holds a world-wide reputation as a designer of new courses and reconstructor of old ones; in fact, his fields of operations have been so extensive that it is something of a novelty to visit a course that has not at some time or other undergone Braid treatment.

Just as Braid was the mighty driver and Vardon the supreme iron player, so Taylor was the mashie player *par excellence*. His ability to cut the feet under the ball inaugurated the era of lower scores. He set himself a higher standard in all approach shots, and instead of pitching for the green, as most golfers of those days were content to do, and the present average golfer still is, he always pitched for the pin, with the result that, time and again, he only required one putt to get down.

Taylor's golfing nursery was among the rolling sand dunes of Westward Ho! and this famous seaside course can thus claim to have taught the first English winner of the Amateur Championship and the first English winner of the Open in the respective persons of Mr. Horace Hutchinson and J. H. Taylor. Seeing that both these men learned their game over the same links one would have imagined a common similarity in style, yet strangely enough the opposite proved to be the case to a marked degree. In all, Taylor has five Open successes to his credit, and of these three were registered with the guttie, and it seems a pity that in this coming match we shall not be able to see him playing once more with this old ball.

Perhaps later on we may have the pleasure of watching a foursome between Taylor, Braid, "Sandy" Herd, and Ted Ray, with all four playing



ARCHIE COMPSTON, WHOSE TENDENCY TO HIT DOWN ON THE BALL MAY PROVE A HANDICAP WITH THE GUTTIE



JAMES BRAID (LEFT) AND HENRY COTTON, WHO BETWEEN THEM HAVE WON THE OPEN TITLE ON SEVEN OCCASIONS

the guttie. The ideal venue in the South would be Walton Heath, whilst the dose might be repeated over a Scottish links such as the Royal Burgess course at Barnton. We should then be able to see how these veterans handle this none-too-responsive ball. Such a match would prove both instructive and interesting to the onlooker, and should be particularly popular in the North.

My reason for making the last assertion is based upon the memory of a similar match played not so very long ago over the old Musselburgh course. My friend, Mr. J. B. Mathieson, and three other club members decided to play a match with guttie balls over the original nine-holes lay-out. The foursome was supposed to be private, but somehow the secret leaked out, and much to the embarrassment of the players, the greater part of Musselburgh's golfing public turned up to watch the fun.

Scotland's interest in this forthcoming match at Mid-Surrey has been shown in practical fashion. The guttie balls that are to be used have been presented by a Perth golfer and were made in 1902 to commemorate the Coronation of King Edward. For this Cotton and Compston ought to be thankful as some unkind donor might have sent guttie balls as first used. These were rolled by hand and unpainted, their tiresome trait being a tendency to duck violently when driven. It was noticed, however, that as soon as the ball became dented and cut through use this ducking ceased. As a result a form of recessing in moulds was introduced which successfully steadied the flight of the ball.

A recent clubhouse discussion revolved round the question as to whether Cotton or Compston will fare the better. I unhesitatingly backed Cotton. Not that I have a Cotton-complex, but because I feel that his style will enable him to gather the ball in the air more naturally than Compston, whose tendency to hit down on the ball will prove somewhat of a handicap. Both men are powerful hitters and it will be interesting to see if they rival the prodigious distances which Braid obtained with the guttie.

Incidentally, I came across a reference to the driving powers of these early golf balls in a Minute of the Glasgow Golf Club dated April 11th, 1786. The ball in question was of the feathery variety and the entry read as follows: "We, John Dunlop and C. Corbett, at the request of Matthew Orr, Esq., now in London, attend this day at the Golf House to witness John Gibson strike five teed balls towards the first hole in the green, which done, the day being mild, with little or no wind, we measured the distances as follows: 1st ball, 182 yards; 2nd, 194; 3rd, 186; 4th, 201; 5th, 201. A rising towards the hole, about 140 yards off, prevented running. J. G. asked to strike off the 1st to the 2nd hole, on nearly a level for 200 yards, when there is a gentle declivity, drove a distance of 222 yards."

Judged by present-day standards such figures with a feather ball make excellent reading. It now remains to be seen what our present champions can register with the guttie.

FELLING AND HAULAGE OF TIMBER

By REGINALD DAVEY

Previous articles of special interest to owners of woodlands published in the Field, have been as follows: "Restocking Private Woodlands," November 11th and 18th; "The Country needs Timber," November 4th; "Measuring Timber," October 28th; "Marketing of Timber," October 14th; "Seasoning Timber," October 7th; "The Thinning of Plantations," September 30th; and "Estate Woodsmen," September 23rd.

WHEN timber is sold the owner is invariably sought out by the keeper, and asked not to allow the fellers in the woods until after February 1st, or at the earliest January 1st. It may be that the wood forms an essential rise for some drive, in which case the request is justified, but usually the keeper fears that the operations will drive away the pheasants. Not a single case is known where this has occurred.

A classical instance is that of an owner who turned a deaf ear to the keeper's request, and found that the pheasants, always sociable birds, were actually incommoding the fellers by sitting on the timber haulage gear and had to be dislodged.

Apart from the loss of an essential rise, or the loss of a few birds if any of the timber fellers prove unable to resist temptation, work in the woods will not drive away the birds. But it should not be allowed to continue too late in the day. It is no matter if a bird is dislodged from its roost a little early in the morning, but if it is unsettled at night it may not return. The maxim for timber fellers in coverts is "Come as early as you like, but leave half an hour before sundown."

This question of when timber may be felled is one of great importance this winter. If our home woods are to make good the reduction in imports, owing to the closing of the Baltic, felling of mature conifer stands must proceed apace. This can only be achieved if felling starts at once and proceeds steadily until the spring. Gangs of skilled fellers are limited and they need full-time employment to meet the call.

From March to July, when the pheasants are nesting, strange men are not desired in the woods, and it is reasonable to exclude them, but this will not deter felling which should be completed before March.

Most sales of timber fix a time within which the trees must be cleared. It is helpful to know what is reasonable. A man can fell 100 cu. ft. in a working day. The week is calculated as five days, allowing for wet days, when felling is liable to be dangerous. Fellers are paid 10— per 100ft. measured over bark for felling conifers, removing and burning branches. For hardwoods the price is 12 6, while 5— per cord is paid for cording up the limbs.

Thus, if the owner sells a wood estimated to contain 10,000 cu. ft. of timber, the bark and any wastage of defective stems must be added back in order to arrive at the figure upon which the fellers will base their charges. The gross volume may well become 13,000 cu. ft., feller's measure; and the wood will take 130 man-days to fell. A gang of five will thus be able to fell and trim out the trees, and burn or cord the top, in slightly over five weeks.

If the trees stand by a hard road haulage will start when the fellers are about one-quarter through, and will carry on, finishing later. A good load for tractor and timber wagon is 200 cu. ft. With good clearance, and up to a four mile haul to the station, a set of tackle will make two journeys a day. Allowing for wet days, four may be taken as the working week.

Haulers charge on the basis of over bark measure, as do fellers, so the 13,000 cu. ft. will take eight weeks to clear. Assuming ideal conditions the whole task can be carried out in twelve weeks, but in the case of hardwoods the cordwood will have to remain until sold, but can be stacked out of the way.

If the trees lie back away from the road, and can be reached only by a woodland ride, passable only in frosty weather or during the summer, then the hauling schedule cannot be adhered to. With modern tackle, and the use of the winding drum, much can be overcome in an emergency, but costs naturally rise, and the value of the timber is depressed.

The principle of the winding drum is to haul the trees from where they lie to and on to the wagon, and then, if the ground is bad, for the tractor to attach the line to a tree root or anchor and haul itself over the bad place. Once over it lowers its anchor and hauls its load on the drum. This dot-and-carry-one kind of progress enables extraction from almost any situation, but it is very slow.

For trees lying beyond an arable field after harvest clearance will be the only possible solution. In this case a year will be a proper allowance for clearance. For trees by a hard road three months is a fair time limit.

The time for payment is another matter of concern for the owner. Some firms of timber merchants make a practice of paying cash before cutting, but the more usual custom is for 10% to be paid on signing the contract, and the balance six months later. A method of anticipating the balance is to secure a bill payable in six months and discount it at the bank. When dealing with the Timber Control payment is normally made on the signing of the contract, subject in some cases to a discount.

Contract for sale should require the buyer to fell the timber in a workmanlike manner, doing no avoidable damage to the other trees. A penalty of double value for cutting trees not included in the contract is usual. When a wood is not completely cleared it is impossible to haul out the trees without some superficial bark damage to those that remain. A few of these trees will also have some branches broken in the felling, and it is not practicable to insist that no damage whatever shall be done to the trees that remain. It is fair to make the buyer responsible for avoidable damage, and, in particular not to fix blocks to growing trees.

The general principle on the subject of damage is that the buyer shall have facilities for felling and removing the trees, without being responsible for the normal consequences of this operation. Thus, if he clears down a drive he may create potholes. If he crosses a field he will form ruts. This is all unavoidable.

The buyer should be shown the route to be used for clearing, and it should be marked on a map attached to the contract. If he deviates from this route then he will be liable for any damage that he does. He will also be responsible for any damage done and which he could have avoided by exercising reasonable care, even though he uses the allowed clearance route.

To make the buyer liable for all damage, whether avoidable or not, is neither fair nor likely to result in a satisfactory bargain. But there is one thing that is important. It is that all men should be properly insured against accident, a fairly high rate of premium applying to tree felling. In the case of a sale outright the buyer would be liable for an accident, but if he is lent estate men the question may arise as to who is actually employing them. On the other hand, if the merchant's men stop and carry out work for the landowner the same difficulty may arise.



SIX TONS OF TREE TRUNKS AND A STIFF PULL FOR A TEAM OF NINE HORSES

"GREEN PEACE"

A Garden of Fragrant Leaves

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

OUT-of-the-way names of houses, especially of small houses in remote parts of the country have always fascinated me, "The Laughing Stock," "Puck's Cottage," "A Box," "Little Bo-Peep," "The Silent Pool" and "Gallow's Gore" are amongst many that come to mind, but the one I like best is "Green Peace."

For years the name has lingered in my mind, and I think it suggested a garden of "green peace" I am making now. The modern fashion for a garden is a "riot of colour," "a blaze of splendour" and so forth, but to my thinking there is a great charm about a green garden, especially a green garden of fragrant leaves.

A garden in which there are "greens" of every hue, from the silvery green of lavender and santolina to the purplish green of red sage and the deep sea green of rosemary and green fretted with gold and silver such as the variegated thymes; and foliage ranging in form and texture from the feathery charm of fennel to the rough handsome leaves of clary and the softness of mullein.

My "Green Peace," a small plot about 60ft. by 30ft., is enclosed with a hedge of sweet briar, but this hedge is not clipped in the usual way. The graceful branches are 12ft. high, fragrant through the season, starred in summer with lovely pink flowers and all through winter hung with scarlet hips like fairy lanterns. Sweet briar hips are so acid that unlike other rose hips they are left untouched by birds. All round this enclosing hedge is a bed about 5ft. wide and it is planted informally with rosemary, lavenders of all sorts, hyssops, santolina, sages, sweet cicely, fennel, angelica, clary, lovage, apple mint, alecost, the camphor plant, winter savoury, rue, tansy and southernwood.

Some of these are seldom to be found in modern gardens. My visitors are usually particularly interested in alecost, or costmary as it was sometimes called (incidentally this is the only plant so far as I know dedicated to Mary Magdalen), the camphor plant, sweet cicely, lovage and apple mint. Alecost grows about 4ft. high, spreads rampantly, and has fragrant, pleasantly flavoured leaves which we often add to salads.

The scent of camphor plant leaves is indistinguishable from camphor. This plant, too, spreads rapidly and the flowers are daisy-like. Sweet cicely, as both Gerard and Lawson recorded three centuries ago, is one of the slowest of slow growing perennials. A plant about six years old with its huge silky fern-like leaves about 5ft. high is lovely and the scent of the leaves, though sweet, is not unsuggestive of anise.

Lovage in good soil grows 7ft. high and has handsome, much indented, polished leaves, with a scent suggestive of a sweet pear and parsley combined. The old apple mint is, to my thinking, quite the most decorative of the mints, and it is curious it is so seldom grown. This, too, grows 7ft. high in mass with its woolly foliage and pinkish-grey flower heads is delightful.

There are various lavenders, ranging from the stately Walhampton Giant, which grows quite 4ft. high, to the midgets, such as *L. nana atropurpurea*. White flowered lavender, which was Queen Henrietta Maria's favourite, is here. With its pearl-like flowers and exquisite scent it is, indeed, a gem amongst lavenders. Although perfectly hardy it is apt to die out after its third year and should, therefore, be propagated by cuttings taken every two years.

The taller lavenders associate well with southernwood, or lad's love, as cottagers used to call it. This is one of the most deliciously scented of all the artemesias and throughout the summer the bushes are huge masses of feathery green. It needs drastic pruning to within 15in. of the ground, and if left unpruned grows straggly. Walafred Strabo, the ninth century monk-gardener, described it as having "well nigh as many virtues as leaves."

The centre of my garden of "Green Peace" is a camomile lawn which is mowed and rolled just like grass, has a pleasant scent and remains a bright emerald green through the most severe drought.

Why camomile lawns are not more popular in this country is a mystery to me. A large stretch of one of the lawns in the garden of Buckingham Palace is planted with camomile, but of all the thousands who walk on it at garden parties I wonder how many are aware that they are not walking on a grass lawn.

In the centre of this lawn is a circular patch with a sundial. The sundial is set on a large stump of elm with its rough bark left on. The sundial dates from the reign of Charles II, with an inscription I have never seen quoted in any book on sundials.

"O Blessed Solitude,
O only Blessing,
Solitude is my Paradise
And the City a Prison.
The Crown is the work of our hands.
God be with us.
Long Live Charles II."

All round the base of the sundial grows that vigorous upright thyme, *T. fragrantissimus*, one of the most attractive of all the thymes.

MID-WINTER SALADS

IN most houses at this season salads are not very varied, and this is a pity, for apart from the fact that raw vegetables are rich in vitamins, and none of their valuable salts are lost as in cooking, a well-arranged salad bowl is a decorative feature and makes what might be a dull meal more interesting.

As a nation we make too little use of raw root vegetables for salads. Grated raw carrots are full of their own natural juice and are delicious. Cooks are too fond of mincing instead of grating. Threepenny graters can be obtained at most cheap stores, and are invaluable, for grated roots are better than minced, as anyone who has tried both methods will acknowledge. Carrots, for instance, if grated, are moist, but put through a mincer rather "gritty." Turnips, beet, radish and swede all grate to perfection, but grated beet is so pungent that very little can be added to a mixed salad.

We find Hamburg parsley invaluable for mid-winter salads, and why this delicious root vegetable is not more commonly grown is incomprehensible. It makes roots the size of parsnips and is so hardy that it can be left in the ground all through winter. In the last severe winter we were lifting ours right up to early March and the foliage, which is much coarser than that of the parsley commonly grown, was nearly as abundant as in autumn, even after heavy snow.

When cooked the flavour is not particularly attractive, but the roots grate to the consistency of ground nuts and have a nutty taste. We have them with mayonnaise sauce. Incidentally, the skin of this root vegetable is a creamy white, and so fine that there is no need to pare it before grating. As with all root vegetables most of the health-giving salts are both in and immediately under the skin.

Jerusalem artichokes grate easily, but they turn colour so quickly that they look very unattractive. Any root vegetables should be covered if grated more than half an hour or so before serving.

Many of the green vegetables grate well, especially cauliflowers and firm Brussels sprouts. I discovered accidentally a better method, however, of adding the coarser green vegetables. They are impossible to grate, and if put through a mincer in the usual way come through in rather tough little bits. But if put through not dry, but just wet from being washed, they come through in a moistish but not really thin purée, and are excellent to mix with grated root vegetables.

Raw green vegetables are extremely wholesome, but most of the goodness is washed out by the ordinary methods of cooking.

Salads appeal to the eye, and even in mid-winter they can be adorned with edible flower petals. We use stray rose petals, rosemary flowers and marigold petals. Variegated kales, too, make a most pleasing surround. Too often these kales are grown in well-cultivated soil, with the result that they are scarcely variegated.

To secure brilliant colours they should be grown in the poorest soil, and it is a good plan to cut off the tops before the most severe weather sets in. Deprived of this protection the shoots are much more richly coloured. In fact, the poorer the soil and the more exposed the position the better the colouring.

It is surprising in how few gardens herbs are grown for saladings. We use quite twenty, and a tablespoonful of finely snipped-up herbs is an excellent addition, either to a mixed salad or to sprinkle over a more or less plain lettuce salad. Even in mid-winter there are plenty of herbs available for salads.

Self-sown chervil seedlings (and chervil never fails to sow itself abundantly) remain green all through winter. French cooks appreciate this herb at its true value and no *bouquet de fines herbes* is complete without it. All the evergreen herbs can be used through the most severe winter, notably sage, thyme, winter savoury, lavender and rosemary. Many people do not seem to realise that the leaves and flowers of the two last named are edible. They are pungent and aromatic.

We even use tiny snippets of rue, but the flavour of this evergreen is so strong that only the smallest quantity can be used. The old-fashioned apple mint remains green and in perfect condition for six to eight weeks after spearmint is just bare stems.

Apple mint never suffers from rust. It is a rampant grower and in good soil grows quite 5ft. high. Epicures say it makes the best mint sauce, and we use it for this purpose, but the average cook takes some persuading to abandon her conservative ways. Ours has long since abandoned opposition to our eccentric demands and is now keenly interested even in new experiments.

Welsh onion we have grown for years, simply for mid-winter salads. For the rest of the year it is forgotten, but in winter when the grass of chives is not available the grass of Welsh onion is green and abundant, and gives just that touch of onion flavour without which no mixed salad is complete. This hardiest of all onions is so hardy that after weeks of snow the foliage remains green. It is a perennial, though it can be raised freshly every year from seed. It makes no bulbs.

With trouble lettuce, chicory, endive and corn salad can be had all through winter. I was sent by a French friend the seed of a self-folding endive which he hopes French seedsmen will take up. It is first-rate, but so far it has only "self-folded" in our garden in a rather half-hearted way.

Chicory is perhaps the easiest salading of the above-named to have even in mid-winter. On a commercial scale it is forced by elaborate methods, but for small supplies all that is necessary is to take half-a-dozen or so of the roots, cut off the tops and fit the roots rather tightly with a little soil into a wooden box or 8in. pots. On no account must the roots be injured. In complete darkness and in a cellar with central heating the leaves will be ready in about a fortnight.

E. S. R.

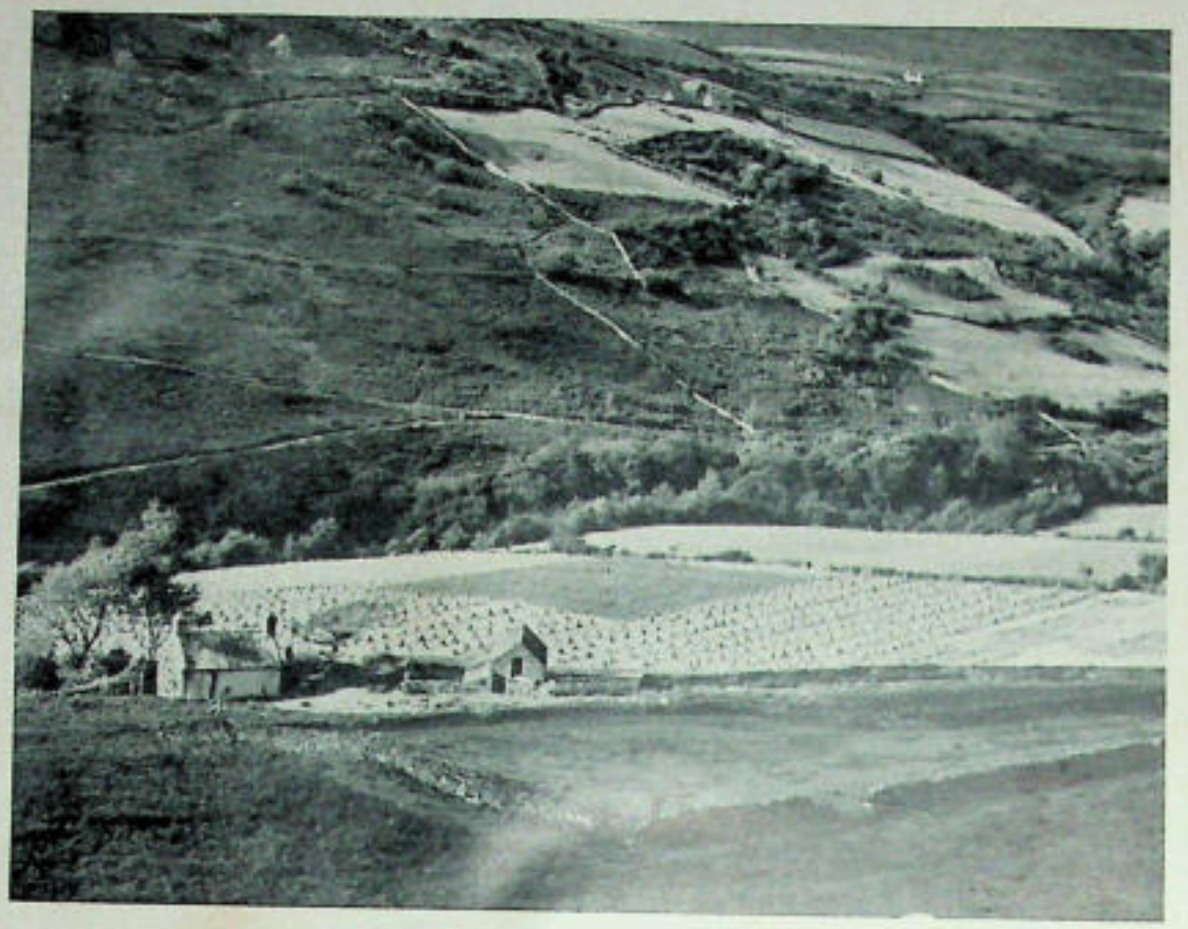
THE GARDEN IN WAR-TIME

ONCE again the garden, no less than the farm, is called upon to take its share in the production of food in a great national emergency. Those who remember the conditions prevailing in the years 1914–1918 will recall the successful efforts then made to increase home supplies of vegetables, and the appeal recently made by the Minister of Agriculture to "Dig for Victory" will doubtless meet with the fullest measure of support from those who have, or can acquire, suitable ground. It is essential that the resources of the garden be employed methodically and to the fullest capacity, and to those who may be undertaking such work *Sutton's Amateur's Guide in Horticulture*, 1940 should prove of great assistance.

In a foreword to the book Messrs. Sutton call attention to the desirability of ensuring a succession of vegetables throughout the greater part of the year, and as an aid to this end they publish a comprehensive table of sowing and planting times which should prove of much service. Further, the well-classified and descriptive lists of vegetables and salads will render easy the task of cropping the ground to best advantage, whatever the size of the plot to be cultivated, while this information is supplemented by brief cultural notes on most of the principal subjects. It should not be overlooked that profitable gardening implies the use of the best strains, in which connection it may be said that the stocks raised and distributed by the Reading House have a world-wide reputation for reliability in cropping and superior table quality.

Although under existing conditions the vegetable garden must necessarily receive first consideration, the wide usefulness of flowers and their cheerful influence in times of stress should not be forgotten. In our hospitals, especially, gifts of cut flowers will doubtless be very welcome. It is pointed out that flower gardening, if intelligently undertaken, need not result in any serious outlay, and fortunately there are many delightful subjects which may be grown in the open or in the unheated greenhouse at a minimum of cost and labour. Indeed, the floral section of the Guide offers a remarkably wide choice of species and varieties suitable for almost every purpose for which flowers are wanted, all of which may be grown from seed. There is also an extensive list of garden tools and the several sundries needed for the successful upkeep of the garden.

Not the least attractive feature of the Guide is the large number of illustrations, almost every page containing one or more excellent pictures. We understand that regular customers of the Royal Seed Establishment will shortly receive a copy, and others interested in gardening may obtain the book on application to Sutton & Sons, Ltd., Reading.



A HILLSIDE FARM IN WALES

BRINGING BACK THE LOST ACRES

Tackling the problem of the Hill Farm

By E. WALFORD LLOYD

ALL classes and conditions of farmers have their war time as well as their every day problems to solve, but the combination of the two have set them a somewhat tangled skein to unravel.

Especially is this the case with the hill farmer, and by this title I mean the man who is farming some 500–1,000 acres of poor thin land on the chalk, where, in all probability the major portion of the land has gone to rough grass and has been used for sheep farming on the ranching system, and only a few of the best fields have been kept under the plough.

Very frequently these farms are sorely infested by rabbits who will destroy not only the few crops that can be grown, but will also denude the farm of every blade of grass within their reach that grows upon this hungry soil.

At one time, when arable sheep paid their way, and when the expenses of growing crops for their consumption and the cost of their shepherding were not out of all proportion to the returns made from the flock, such farms as I have in mind grew very useful crops of cereals and sheep keep, together with seeds mixture, hay, and, very frequently, good sainfoin, and the problem of farming them reasonably well was not too difficult.

However, during the past decade, there has been no encouragement to the hill farmer to keep the sheep fold going, in order that he may grow cereals no one wants, except at cut rates, or to breed lambs that have to be sold below the cost of production. Thus, on many a farm I know well, the arable sheep have been replaced by grass sheep, and a dairy herd (often on the Bail system) has been installed, which means that the grassland, rough or good, is dressed by the cattle as the Bails move on, and is kept in fair heart. On other farms grass sheep have shared the wide expanse of grass in company with large bunches of young store cattle.

Utilising this type of land in such a fashion a living has been made. Now the emergency is such that portions of these farms must again play their part under the plough. This presents a rare puzzle, especially to the man who is limited in the amount of capital he has at his disposal.

Fortunately, cropping orders are now very elastic and are so wisely designed that the best use can be made of the land without fear of effort being wasted (so far as human effort is concerned). Thus, a farmer who has such land to consider has not been compelled to sow wheat whether he liked it or not. I am only giving what is my personal opinion of the best way to treat such land, conditions being as they are, and if no arable sheep are present on the farm. I think the best and most useful way in which such land can be cropped to help the nation, and to give a return to the farmer is to plough it, work it to a fine tilth, and drill barley in the spring, or if too large an hereage is being put in during a limited period of time, to plough and press the land, and broadcast barley.

With no sheep available the manures required would be basic slag and potash salts, for such land as I have in mind would hardly show lime deficiency on analysis. Barley will be badly needed by brewers, by pig and livestock breeders, and whereas such land, in its present condition, would not grow a paying crop of wheat, it is practically certain to yield up to six or seven sacks of barley to the acre.

This should pay for doing. Barley on this light land should be a far better paying crop than oats, for much of the land will not grow a good sample of white oats, which are those chiefly in use to-day, but if it were not desired to put in all barley, and so avoid having all one's eggs in a basket, I would sow good spring black oats, for in these days anything that can be fed to livestock will help to eke out supplies. The best fields could be seeded with clover, but—only the best. Then, if there was a good take of clover there would be an assured hay crop the next year, and aftermath upon which sheep could be folded if possible, or which could be ploughed in when oats or wheat might be sown.

The advantage of barley on such land is that if manured with potash salts and basic slag the crop would only exhaust one-third of the manure in the production of one crop, and thus a man could take barley, in this time of emergency, twice or even thrice in succession.

Granted that the bulk of the barley could be sold off at a decent price, there would be tail barley and the straw left behind, and here would be an opportunity for keeping yarded cattle to produce dung for the land, or to yard pigs. It does seem to me fairly obvious that the poorer soils that cannot produce a really paying crop of wheat should be allowed to produce just as much feeding stuffs for stock, or barley for brewing as possible. It will all be needed, and these soils can play quite a useful part in the national agricultural economy if treated in this way.

I have only briefly outlined an emergency policy for such land. To farm it on a long term lease is quite another matter and, so far as I can see it, demands three year clover leys, the use of tares, oats and peas, rape and turnips, trifolium, Italian rye grass for grazing and ploughing in, and a gradual return to stocking such farms in the natural way—a ewe flock; but then I think so highly of sheep, and must not try to force this idea upon my fellow men, who may not possess the same regard for them.

DIGGING FOR VICTORY IS HEALTHY

Enemies and Friends of Plants

DIGGING is one of the healthiest operations there is, and owing to labour shortage in gardens many a garden owner will be offering to help with the spade work and do his digging for victory.

Double digging can not only be health giving and vital to the success of the garden, but it can also be extremely interesting. A look-out should be kept for the "denisons" in the soil and much can be learned from their study.

There are no "neutrals" in the soil. Insects there are either enemies or friends. Friends naturally should be encouraged and treated with care, but enemies should be given no quarter.

Naturally, it is most important to be able to recognise a beneficial insect from a pest. Unfortunately, beginners often destroy creatures that they ought to leave alone. Worms, for instance, are definitely beneficial, while slugs of course are not. Frogs and toads should be encouraged and so should beetles, those long oval insects up to ½in. in length, which may be of a striking metallic colour or black with a violet sheen. The Devil's Coach Horse beetle is another friend. This is black, large and active, and can easily be recognised by its peculiar habit of "cocking up" its head and tail simultaneously.

There is one friendly slug, known as the Testacella. It is a dirty yellow and may be from ¾in. to 2¼in. long. It always works underground and feeds largely on soil pests. It cannot fail to be recognised, for it has a small, flat shell growing along its back.

Much reference has been made to the Glow-worm during these black-out days! It is definitely helpful and so are the larvæ of the Lady-birds, the "night lights" as they are called. These latter are shaped like tiny little brown "alligators." They feed on all kinds of plant bugs.

Two insects that are often confused are the millipede and centipede. The centipede is a friend and kills large numbers of soil pests. It has a flattened body and each segment of its body has one pair of legs only. The millipede's body is round, and the first four segments of its body has one pair of legs and the remaining segments have two pairs each. The centipede is yellow-orange and similar in colour to the millipede, except that the latter when young is whitish-grey.

Millipedes when young and old can do a great deal of harm. They damage the roots and stems of plants and often become a serious pest in the greenhouse. When young they are about ¼in. long, but when fully grown they are usually just over an inch. To eliminate them whizzed naphthalene should be dug into the soil at the rate of 1oz. to the square yard, and early next spring it is possible to trap large numbers of them in portions of carrots buried just below soil level, these being spitted on a stick so as to be removed easily.

The wire-worm is sometimes confused with the centipede for it is of an orangey yellow colour also. It can easily be distinguished from the centipede or millipede for it has short legs on the first three segments of the body *only*. Its body is *very* tough and wiry (hence the name) and it is difficult to kill by squeezing.

Slugs often burrow down deeply into the ground during the winter to escape being killed by frost. They are, however, often detected when digging. Eggs may be found also. These are round, transparent, jelly-like and glistening white. They are usually about three times the size of a pin's head, though they may be slightly larger. If the baby embryo have started growing inside the eggs are opaque and yellow. They are usually laid in groups of from four to fifty.

Where slugs or their eggs abound a mixture consisting of equal parts of finely divided copper sulphate and hydrated lime should be dug in, at the rate of an ounce to the square yard. This mixture will kill any slug that comes into contact with it.

P. F.

PIG CLUBS.—Although the newly formed Small Pig Keepers' Council has hardly had time to begin work, it has already received several hundreds of letters from people anxious to lend a hand in increasing our supplies of pig meat.

Enquiries have come from farmers and farm workers, wealthy suburban residents, miners from the Welsh valleys, large country houses, tenants of small urban houses and innkeepers. Some are already members of pig clubs and would like to see their clubs expand; others want to form a pig club; others desire to know how to go to work to keep a pig or two at the bottom of the garden or in some outbuildings. All who want advice or help in starting a club or keeping a pig are invited to apply to the Council.

PEARS PREFER PROTECTION

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

FEARS have been expressed again and again that apple planting in this country has been overdone. Naturally, these fears are not substantiated in war time, when imports from America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand are reduced to a minimum, owing to the need of transport for war material. But in normal peace time the thousands of acres that have been planted during the last ten to fifteen years have made a great difference to the apple trade, and it is feared that prices may tend to be yet lower when the younger orchards really come into bearing.

Pears, on the other hand, show no tendency of over-production. It has been said that there are ten times as many apples grown in this country as pears. The pear, then, occupies a very small position in the nation's fruit-growing industry. There is no reason, however, why it should not be more grown—especially as there is a definite demand for the fruit.

One of the snags is, of course, that pears will not grow anywhere. They ask for a deep, well-drained, medium loam such as the "brick earths" found in the Sittingbourne and Faversham districts of Kent. The climate should be temperate and this is why pear growing often succeeds near a river or the sea, where the expanse of water keeps the temperature from sudden changes. Planting has been carried out successfully in varying districts, even as far north as Acton Bridge in Cheshire.

Pear plantations do need protection and it has been shown at the East Malling Research Station that artificial shelter afforded by hop lewing (hop canvas) has lessened the force of the wind and increased the crop. In the experiments it was demonstrated that the greatest crop was on the sheltered south side of the tree. The reason that established plantations crop more heavily is thought by many people to be because of the natural shelter provided by the larger size of the trees.

A sheltered situation will, therefore, give the best results. Not only will the blossom set better when the trees are protected but the fruit will not be blown from the trees, nor will the trees themselves suffer from exposure to strong winds.

Frost holes should be avoided for pear blossom is very subject to frost damage. Low-lying land is not ideal either for a similar reason, and nor are shallow soils over chalk or gravel or the cold, half-drained clay soils.

The saying, "He who plants pears plants for his heirs" is not true to-day, for the quince stocks bring trees into bearing early. For the commercial orchard the Angers Quince or Quince A would seem to be the most suitable, though for cordons or trees grown in a limited space, on the Fuseau system, for instance, the Quince C stock is to be recommended.

Unfortunately, it has been found that there is some incompatability between the scion and root stock when certain varieties of quince are used. This incompatability is demonstrated by the fact that the trees remain stunted and small, or else they may grow normally and then in a high wind the tree will snap at the original union of the stock and scion.

This makes it important for the fruitgrower to insist that the compatible quince stocks are used, now classified as A, B, or C. Even then there are some varieties of pears such as Williams bon Chrétien, and Dr. Jules Guyot which show a certain degree of incompatability, and so these should be "double worked." The variety Beurre d'Amanalis should be grafted on to the quince and in a year the Williams or Dr. Jules scion can be grafted on to the d'Amanalis. The East Malling Research Station can supply fruitgrowers with a list of varieties which they have found to do best when double worked.

When planting pears it is necessary to consider cross-pollination. Even the so-called self-fertile varieties do better when there are other kinds nearby. The self-sterile varieties naturally need the pollinator, and the system known as the one in nine, is ideal. It allows for the maximum number of the main variety, and yet every tree has a pollinator next to it.

Planting can be carried out any time during the winter and the younger the trees the more quickly will they become established and acclimatised. It is better to plant maidens in the case of cordons, pyramids, Fuseaus and bush trees, and for half-standards or standards, two-year-olds. Bush and pyramids will need to be 12ft. apart always, cordons 2ft. apart in the row, and Fuseaus 6ft. apart between rows and 3ft. apart in the rows. Pears should always be planted shallowly so as to prevent roots growing out from the scion. Scion rooting is very common with pears, and can quickly ruin the dwarfing effect of a quince stock. The union of the stock and scion should always be at least 4in. above the soil level. Many nurserymen graft or bud the stocks quite high up these days, for this reason.

There is no more popular market pear at the present time than Conference. It is a variety liked by the public and is a regular cropper. Under the ordinary spraying routine it is quite resistant to scab. It has been said that Conference will never be overdone. They sell well all over Great Britain and in Ireland, too. It is important to have pollinaters for this variety, for though they will make no difference to the weight of the crop, they will to the shape of the fruit. Self-pollinated Conferences are often deformed and ugly looking.



A FINE CROP OF WILLIAM PEARS

Laxton's Superb is a good early pear and is suitable for the summer trade in seaside towns. Williams bon Chrétien is always in demand, and though it is subject to scab, this can easily be controlled by lime-sulphur spraying. Fertility, though not such a good quality pear as the other two, can be a paying proposition, especially when thinned. It is said to be the best dry weather pear. Pitmaston Duchess is a large pear, and can prove quite profitable. It is preferred on some markets to others. Dr. Jules Guyot is the only other variety that has really proved a commercial proposition. It is a free and regular cropper and does well year after year. It is not a good quality pear, but the public buy it because of its "good looks."

MAINTENANCE OF THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

By CARTHEW ALLERDYCE

ONE of the economies that may easily be practised, as a result of shortage of labour owing to the war, is likely to be the leaving down of the herbaceous border for another year or two. Those who replanted their borders last autumn and winter are indeed fortunate, for they have nothing to fear for two more seasons, except in the case of one or two plants, such as the *Chrysanthemum maximum* (the ox-eyed daisies), and some of the more rampant Michaelmas daisies. Herbaceous borders, however, that have been down three years already may suffer unless everything possible is done to prevent deterioration in plant stocks.

Fortunately there will always be, in a big flower border, plants that prefer to remain undisturbed over a long period of years. The Japanese anemone is an example, as is the peony, the lupin and the double gypsophila.

Even though it may not be possible, or advisable, to renovate the whole border, certain portions of it will undoubtedly need immediate care and attention. The large clumps of Michaelmas daisies, solidagos, helenimms and phloxes should be dug up and replanted *in situ*, after they have been split up into four or five smaller portions, and the inner portions of the clump thrown away. It is this centre part that is the original plant and is by now exhausted and useless.

It is always impossible to replant in the border all the portions of the clump that has been split up despite the fact that the centre has been disposed of. The over-plus that remains should either be planted in a special border for cut flowers for the house, or should be given away to those less fortunate. After the clumps have been removed it is advisable to fork over the ground deeply, and to add at the same time a complete fertiliser with an organic base (such as a good fish manure) containing nitrogen, phosphates and potash in the ration of 1 : 3 : 2. This should be applied at the rate of 4oz. or 5oz. to the square yard.

Firm planting is essential and to ensure this it is better to tread the soil down moderately before planting, and again after planting, than to stamp vigorously around the plants when in position, having planted them in loose soil.

It is our duty to do everything possible in war-time to stop the wane in quality, and by tackling certain portions of the herbaceous border each winter it will be possible to keep up the quality, without necessitating the employment of a great amount of labour. This is the kind of work that the garden owner should be prepared to carry out with interest and intelligence.

Certain perennials, like the pyrethrums and perennial scabious, should be dug up and replanted immediately after flowering in the summer. Others, like the oriental poppies, the globe thistles, the gaillardias and border phloxes often provide the best stock if root cuttings are taken, instead of carrying out the ordinary plant division.

These cuttings may be the length of one's middle finger and may be placed perpendicularly in a compost of sandy soil in a frame. If they are covered with ½in. of a similar light open compost, and the soil is kept moderately moist, young growth will soon appear. The frame can then be ventilated freely and in the spring a nice, vigorous young plant will be ready for putting out in the border again. In the case of the phloxes it is usual to lay the 2in. root cuttings horizontally ½in. deep.

To ensure quality it is advisable in the case of some perennials to raise plants every three years or so from seed. This method of propagation is to be recommended because it is inexpensive. Seedlings are always more vigorous and freer from diseases than are plants propagated vegetatively.

It is possible to save small batches of seed from the best of the old plants or to obtain new seed from a fresh source so as to ensure variety. The inclusion, for instance, of the Russell lupin section into a flower border would be welcome. Perennials that can be raised successfully from seeds include anthemis, columbines, foxgloves, gaillardias, coreopsis, geums, hollyhocks, blue poppies and sweet williams.

The seeds can be sown in a sheltered position in the open during the summer-time. There is no need for the soil to be rich so long as it is finely divided and porous. The seedlings should not be allowed to become overcrowded and so should be thinned early. The rows should be regularly hoed and kept clean of weeds. The young plants thus raised may take their place in the herbaceous border in the following season.

In the last war there tended to be a general decline in quality and vigour all round in fruits as well as flowers, and it is to be hoped that these notes will serve to encourage all garden owners to keep up, by these means, a high standard in war-time.

ANOTHER WAY WITH RABBITS

An account was recently given of how Berkshire is tackling its rabbit problem. This is how Hampshire is going to work.

The County Committee have drawn up a list of 140 expert rabbit-catchers who are prepared to work on terms that the Committee lay down. When cases of rabbit damage are reported, particularly to young growing wheat, the occupier of the adjoining woods or land where the rabbits are numerous is requested to take steps to reduce their numbers.

These notices are promptly followed up, and if the Committee is not satisfied that the action taken is effective, some of the official rabbit catchers will be put in to do the work on the Committee's behalf.

The Committee have suggested that the price of rabbits should be maintained at a satisfactory level by arranging for the freezing of surplus rabbits in winter for release in summer.

* * * *

In reply to a Parliamentary question on the subject of pigeon shoots, the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, said he would gladly draw attention to the need for the exercise of care by pigeon shooting parties in order to protect homing pigeons.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KHYBER

By PATRICK TURNBULL



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

A RIFLEMAN OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER

FROM the earliest days of the history of the world, when the tales of the fabulous wealth of India first roused the lust of greed and conquest in the hearts of warlike but comparatively indigent peoples the Khyber Pass has always been considered as the easiest route by which to cross the mighty mountain barrier which protects the North-west and Northern frontiers.

Through the arid Khyber marched the forces of Alexander, the Macedonian, before sweeping down over the Indus as far as Lahore, the conquering Moguls, and the invincible Tartar hordes of Genghiz and Kubla Khan. Later, the Khyber witnessed the tragedies of the British retreat from Kabul, and it is doubtful whether there is any other mountain pass in the world which could tell a similar tale of invading armies, of battles, of ambush, massacre and bloodshed, or whether one could tread an inch of its precipitious and stony way without stepping on a spot where, at some time or other of its troubled history, a man had not met a violent death.

Seen from the Indian side the range of mountains barring the Northern horizon, through which runs the cleft of the Khyber, presents a distinctly hostile appearance. It is cold and blue, like steel. There is no sign of vegetation or of any relief from the granite hardness of the steep rocky slopes, so that, no matter what the season, the mountains, shimmering in a glaring sun or frozenly outlined, seem to be the mirror of the soul of the warlike and merciless tribes who inhabit their unfriendly wastes.

From Jamrud Fort, some nine miles north of Peshawar, usually known as "the gate of the Khyber," the road crosses the stony desert country and loses itself in the foothills. It seems to the naked eye to terminate abruptly, but, on carrying on from Jamrud, it strikes right into the heart of the range, and, as soon as the first piece of rising ground is reached, begins to climb upwards in a steep series of hairpin bends, until on looking back it can be seen curling down like a huge grey snake to the vast expanse of the plains, which stretch southwards and spread to a limitless limpid horizon.

To stand for a moment looking down into the distant India is extremely impressive, for so in the long dead past must the great conquerors have stood, conjuring in their minds the dreams of the untold wealth ahead, which should be despoiled by their lust-maddened soldiers, and open to them visions of a luxury almost unimaginable.

From this vantage point the road drops to the massive fort of Shagai and then to the famous Ali Masjid gorges.

These gorges are not only dangerous for motor traffic by reason of their repeated succession of blind corners, but form at the same time an almost ideal spot for an ambush or a hold-up. The road is bordered on one side by a sheer wall of rock, from whose summit it would be a matter of great ease to let fall a boulder on any passing traffic, and on the other by a sharp drop to the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, and, although during the daytime the pass is supposed to be perfectly secure, I must confess that it was always with a sigh of relief that I left the gorges behind me.

Flat country, as though one were traversing the bowl of an enormous crater, prevails as far as the important military garrison stronghold of Landi Kotal, and from then on it is again a mountainous and winding road which leads to the smaller post of Landi Khana and the actual Afghan frontier.

Landi Kotal is extremely interesting in that it is a typical frontier post.

A strong barbed wire defence surrounds it through which none may either leave or enter between the hours of sunset and sunrise. Even in the daytime vigilance must not be relaxed and any parties leaving the protection of the wire must be armed.

These precautions are extremely necessary owing to the very warlike nature of the tribes who inhabit the frontier regions.

Actually, the Khyber is not in Indian but in tribal territory. Only the road itself is British. The villages on either side and the tribes owe no allegiance to the British or Indian Governments, and, provided they do not attempt to interfere with the posts or the traffic on the road, the tribesmen are at liberty to do as they please.

Probably the North-west frontier tribesman is the most bloodthirsty individual in the world. War, plunder, the vendetta are the very breath of his existence.

Since the soil is poor and unproductive, rather than break his heart trying to eke out a miserable existence by the labouring of the inadequate cultivated patches at his disposal, the average tribesman prefers to let his neighbour work and then, by robbery and murder, reap the benefits of his toil.

In such a way the innumerable blood feuds, so rife in tribal territory, are started, and these feuds, whose law is summed up by the motto "a life for a life," endure for generation after generation, until one or other of the warring families has been exterminated.

It can therefore be understood that on the Frontier a modern rifle is worth its weight in gold to a tribesman, for in a country where every male child is taught to shoot almost from the cradle, and is an expert marksman, the possession of an accurate weapon is the surest guarantee of preservation. So deadly, in fact, are these family vendettas, that I have often heard it stated that the average life of a tribesman is about thirty years.

Living under such circumstances only the physically perfect survive, with the result that the average Shinwari, Afridi or Zakka Khel is a remarkably fine specimen of manhood, almost immune from the effect of hardship and fatigue; he is impervious alike to extremes of heat and cold, can march between 50 and 60 miles in a day in the most mountainous and difficult country, at the same time existing on a diet which any European would consider starvation.

There are several tribal villages on either side of the road between the Ali Masjid gorges and Landi Kotal which afford interesting examples of small communal life.

Each village is, in itself, a strongly fortified post, proof against a surprise raid. A high wall, conveniently loopholed, surrounds it, pierced only by a single and very massive gate, while a typical feature is the round watch tower, constantly manned both by day and by night, and from which, when times are quiet, the watchmen indulge in sniping practice in order to combat the dullness of everyday life.

The women of the villages, dressed always in black robes, are not often seen, but they have a reputation for the most ferocious cruelty, and it is they who, armed with knives, coldbloodedly follow in the tracks of their menfolk in time of war, in order to mutilate the enemy wounded who are foolish enough to allow themselves to be taken alive. It will be remembered, perhaps, that Kipling gave excellent advice to anyone who should be so unfortunate as to be disabled without hope of rescue.

I noticed, however, that whenever the women did venture outside the village walls an armed guard always accompanied them, and that if they went any distance for such tasks as the gathering of wood, the surrounding hills were picketed in order to make doubly sure against the risk of a surprise attack.

But the tribesman is not the only enemy against whom the troops in the garrisons of the Khyber Pass have to fight. If less dangerous than the Afridi sharpshooter the weather is a more constant source of worry and a very predominant factor. In few places can such terrific extremes exist between the seasons.

During the summer months the temperature rises to well over a hundred degrees in the shade, the only difficulty being, as has often been remarked, that there is no shade. The rocks are absolutely devoid of all vegetation, and during the daytime become so hot that it is almost impossible to touch them with the naked flesh. The sun beats down pitilessly, and to be exposed to its rays is a torture, so much so that, in the hottest season, even the hardy tribesman does not care to venture out of the protection of his hut.

No less severe is the winter. Snow frequently falls in Landi Kotal itself. The surrounding crests and ridges are all snow-capped, while the higher ranges to the north and the distant giants of the Safed Koh wear a continual white mantle. The winds have a bitter intensity, unequalled in my experience, which frequently made me wonder whether I was in Siberia and not in India. So cold is it, in fact, that troops, accustomed to the long winters of England, find their powers of resistance taxed to the utmost, and cases of pneumonia are not uncommon.

Yet, despite the arid unloveliness of the Khyber, there is a fascination undeniable in its grandeur, a fascination which grows upon one, and so takes root in the imagination that after a time the gentler scenes of beauty seem tepid and insipid. The rugged power, the sense of hidden menace so often to be found in the typical Frontier scene, has a peculiar dignity and majesty, nowhere more apparent than in the historic Khyber Pass, which must needs appeal to anyone who still can see something of the adventure of life, and appreciate the gallant fight of one of the last barriers formed by both primitive man and nature against Western civilisation.



By courtesy of the Indian Railways Bureau

A NATIVE CARAVAN IN THE KHYBER PASS

ON DOING OUR OWN WORK

By W. G. McMINNIES

THE immense advance in the servicing of cars that has been achieved in the last few years has made us owner-drivers casual and lazy. We can get the chassis lubricated quickly and efficiently by means of specially designed plants in a matter of half-an-hour. We have our sump drained, flushed and refilled as regularly as clockwork. We rely on other people to see that the battery, gearbox and axle are all topped up, and that our tyre pressures are correctly maintained. We never think of soiling our fingers even to do such a simple task as setting the plug points or adjusting the brakes. Why should we, the trained experts at the garage will do all these jobs so much better themselves and their charges are not exorbitant? In many cases, of which the Ford Company is an outstanding and pioneer example, there are fixed prices for the various routine jobs and whether you are at Land's End or John o' Groats they are all the same.

But the time may be coming when the necessary expert labour and advice for servicing may not be as readily available. And then if we wish to keep our cars in good condition we shall be thrown back on our own resources. Those of us who have graduated through the hard school of practical experience from the days when we had to mend punctures on the roadside will be better off than more modern owners to whom the mechanism of a car remains a box of tricks which, luckily for them, seldom fails.

For the benefit of those who may soon have to do their own car maintenance let me say at once that the time and possible discomfort they endure in so doing are well spent. For a motor car is a valuable piece of machinery and deserves to be cared for properly. Unfortunately for the present-day owner the modern car is not as easily owner-serviced in some ways as its predecessors. Firstly, being built much nearer the ground and with its wings more closely and widely enveloping the wheels, accessibility to various parts is impaired and in extreme cases a pit or ramp may be needed in order to reach certain parts that require routine attention. In the second place access to some parts is more difficult than it was on cars of an earlier vintage, this being due to a general change in design in which one part may be made to combine the functions of several others.

The best way to set about this business of looking after your car yourself is to study the instruction book as thoroughly as possible. Some months ago I acquired a car of extremely unorthodox design. I knew practically nothing about its details of construction or its care and maintenance. There was no agent within eighty miles of my home who was familiar with the car's peculiarities. So the only thing to be done was to master the technical side of the thing myself. Then at any rate I should be able to go to a garage man anywhere in the country and not only tell him but also show him exactly what I wanted done in the way of care and maintenance.

The first thing I did was to spend some time in the service department at the factory. I told the expert there to service the car thoroughly and stood by while he did so. I got down into the pit when he did. I poked my nose under the wings and aprons when he was making adjustments there. I accompanied him on the road both on his original fault diagnosing trip and also on his final passing out runs. And I made notes of the things he did and where the various parts requiring attention were situated.

This time was well spent and when reinforced by a careful study of the instruction book and oiling diagram enabled me to instruct the same mechanic at my local garage in the proper way of servicing an unusual piece of mechanism. But it did something more. It enabled me to service the car myself should circumstances arise to prevent me employing a mechanic.

Let me give you some hints on how best to set about such work. Start with a clean car and then you will not get in such a mess as you otherwise would. See that the garage floor is clean, too, because you are almost certain to have to get under part of the car sooner or later. Wear an overall of some sort and gloves of some kind if you don't want to ruin your finger nails. If you cannot work in gloves then an old tip is to fill your finger nails with soap scrapes before you start work. In any case it is a good thing to have a tablet of motor soap in the lavatory for use after work.

Sometimes I have serviced the car on a lawn and then my preparations include the laying of a tarpaulin on the ground. For small jobs requiring a minimum of grovelling one can use one of the car mats or a coconut mat.

Having charged the grease or oil gun with the recommended brand of lubricant, and this is important because different parts of the chassis require different sorts of lubricant, clean up the faces of the nipples with a brush soaked in paraffin. This prevents the gun forcing dirt into the nipples. Sooner or later you are almost certain to come up against a nipple which will not take its ration of oil or grease. Either it is stopped up or the oil leaks out somewhere between the nipple and nozzle of the gun. For this eventuality the experienced owner will have armed himself with a few spare nipples and will save himself much time and trouble by fitting a new one in place of the faulty one.

Generally it will be found that leakage is due to the edge of the nipple having been damaged by a blow. Failure to take the lubricant on the other hand may be due to the interior mechanism of the nipple having been upset by some foreign body. In using the gun, pumping should be continued until the lubricant squidges out from the bearing. This is important because it shows that the lubricant has not only reached its bearings but has also driven out before it impurities such as water and dirt. It is a good thing if the car has been out in dirty weather or been travelling over flooded roads to grease up as soon as possible, for the water will have entered the bearings and if left there will set up rusting, with its attendant dangers. In some designs one nipple is used to supply several bearings either by piping or by passages drilled in the mechanism itself. An universal joint is a good example of this. In such a case the pump must be operated until the lubricant overflows from each bearing supplied by the nipple. It is not sufficient to stop pumping as soon as it comes out from its immediate bearing.

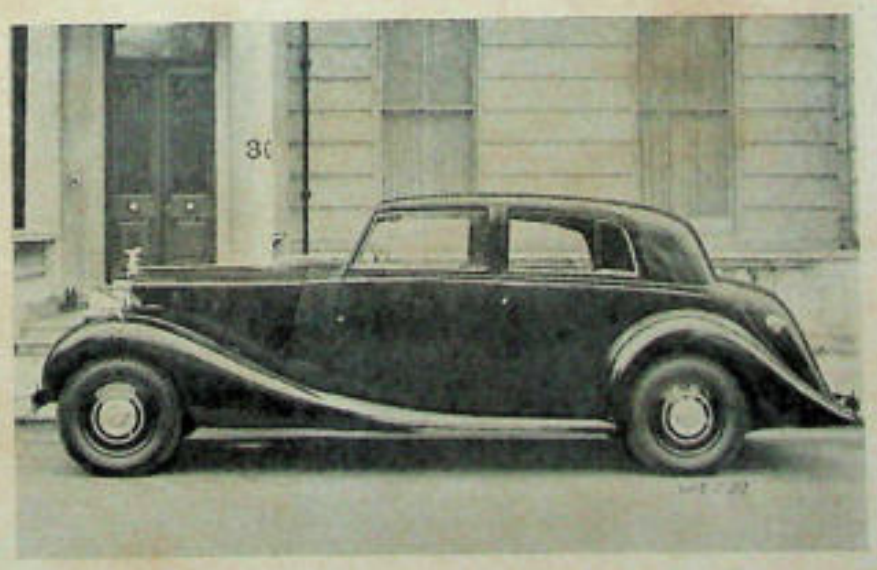
Perhaps the most vital parts of a car requiring regular greasing are the swivel axles and steering joints. To do this job effectively, the car should be jacked up by the front axle so as to take the weight off the bearings. The steering wheel can then be turned from lock to lock to ensure the penetration of the oil into every corner. Spring shackle-pins, where not fitted with oilless bushes, should also receive special attention. Nor should the road springs be forgotten, for if they are neglected they may be the cause of many unsuspected squeaks. Road springs are best treated with a spray applied between or at the side of the leaves when the weight has been taken off them by jacking up the chassis. Another part, often neglected, is the starter pinion. My car suffered from this neglect at one time with the result that pressing the starter button produced an unwilling response and some grumbling from the pinion. A few drops of fine oil soon put matters right and starting regained its earlier ease.

Two more points. In these days of black-out the utmost braking efficiency is all-important, and a foot or two saved in an emergency stop may make all the difference between a fatal accident to yourself or someone else. So the maintaining of braking efficiency not only as regards stopping power but also in respect of evenly balanced application is a duty that every owner should have carried out. Most instruction books give details of how to take up the brakes and when these have been carried out it is quite a simple matter to test the car on the road and see that it responds properly to the controls. As an example of what not to do I quote a friend of mine who recently had her brakes re-lined and told me that they were squeaking badly in consequence. They certainly did and as she drove off on a 90-miles' trip I felt sure that one of the rear brakes would seize up owing to over-heating long before she reached her destination.

The other point concerns a detail to be considered when laying up a car for a period and especially during the winter when there is so much damp about. The experts have told us that in order to prevent the ill-effects of acids on the cylinder walls it is advisable to remove the sparking plugs and spray fresh engine oil on to the cylinder walls. It is also suggested that fresh oil should be used in the crankcase. But as the effects of the oil spray on the cylinder walls will not last for ever and it is a bore to keep on doing this job more than necessary, a more permanent cure may be effected by using colloidal graphite in some form or other. It can be introduced with the petrol during the pre-laying-up period of driving or sprayed into the chamber, or, in the event of the cylinder head being raised for decarbonising, smeared direct on the walls.



SUPER SNIPE HUMBER SPORTS SALOON



SPECIAL BARCLAY-DESIGNED FOUR-DOOR SPORTS SALOON

LATEST DESIGNS IN SPORTS MODELS

AMONG the attractive models for the new year is the Humber Super Snipe Saloon (26.88 h.p.), priced at £445, which is an improvement in design and comfort even on the high standard which the Humber models have always maintained. This is one of the range of new 1940 models which were prepared for this season's programme prior to the outbreak of the war, and the keynote of the new Humber range is quality.

With this particular model steel disc wheels are supplied as standard, and the abolition of running boards adds to the distinction of its general appeal. Like the rest of the range it embodies the very latest ideas in engineering and comfort and is a particularly fine looking car with coachwork of craft.

Another recent and striking model is a new Wraith, specially designed by Jack Barclay, Ltd., 12 & 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1. A four-door sports saloon, it was built by James Young, Ltd., and mounted on the latest 30-h.p. Wraith Rolls-Royce.

BRIDGE

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

By RALPH SWINGLER, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S.

SOLUTIONS (*concluded*)

9. Score Love all. Y deals; Y has: S J, 6; H Q, J, 8; D A, K, J, 10; C A, J, 6, 2; Z has: S Q, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 3; H 4, 3; D Q, 7, 4; C 5. The bidding has gone:

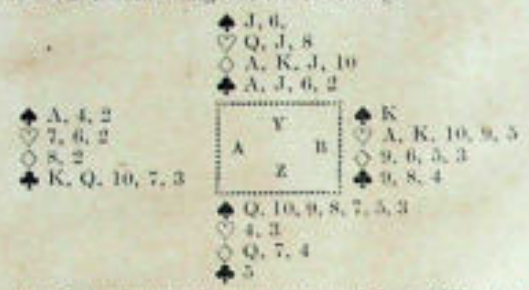
Y	B	Z	A
One Diamond	One Heart	One Spade	Two Clubs
No bid	No bid	Two Spades	No bid
Two No Trumps	No bid	Three Spades	All pass

and the following cards have been played:

A	Y	B	Z
8 ♢	K ♢	5 ♢	4 ♢
2 ♠	6 ♠	K ♠	3 ♠
2 ♡	8 ♡	K ♡	8 ♡
2 ♢	10 ♢	6 ♢	Q ♢

How should Z play the remainder of the hand and why?

Answer:—For this deal the probable distribution of the cards is something like the following:—

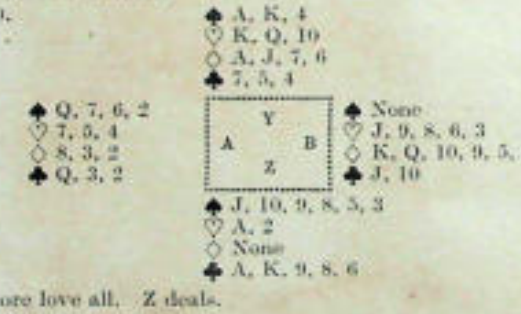


On A's lead and subsequent play of the 2 of Diamonds, he is marked with an original holding of a doubleton Diamond. B certainly has the Ace of Hearts and probably three more. At first sight it would appear that Z has only two Spades and two Hearts to lose. However, if the distribution is as indicated, a Spade lead will be taken by A's Ace, a Heart played, taken by B and a Diamond returned, giving A a ruff. The problem therefore is to prevent B getting the lead before A's trumps are extracted.

It is accomplished by throwing a "loser on a loser." This neat play is not very well known and is not often met in practice, but is nevertheless very interesting.

Answer:—Z leads the 5 of Clubs upon which A will probably play the Queen and the Ace of Clubs is played from dummy. The Jack of Clubs is now returned and assuming B does not cover, a losing Heart is discarded. A cannot now put B in to get the Diamond ruff and Z will make its contract.

10.



Score love all. Z deals.

Z	A	Y	B
One Spade	No bid	Three Diamonds	Double
Four Clubs	No bid	Four No Trumps	No bid
Five No Trumps	No bid	Six Spades	All pass

A leads the 8 of Diamonds. How should Z play the hand?

The problem in this hand is to avoid losing a trump trick to A and not as one competitor put it, "to play the hand so as to be only one down." The play required was described in the *Bridge Magazine* as the Grunewald Coup and has been analysed under the title "Forced Coup" in G. Coffin's *End Plays*.

The general sequence of play should be as follows: The Diamond lead is ruffed and the Jack of Spades led and taken in dummy with the King of Spades, a Diamond is ruffed, the 10 of Spades run and the Ace and King of Clubs played and the Ace and King of Hearts played. Two Club discards are taken on the Queen of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds and the following situation is reached:—



On the lead of the Jack of Diamonds Z discards the 9 of Clubs and must make the two tricks. The coup can also be effected by taking one round of trumps less. This method was adopted by Mr. Allison of Cork.

The standard of the entries in this competition was refreshingly high. Over half the competitors obtained higher than 60 per cent. and the best five entries obtained over 90 per cent.

COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS

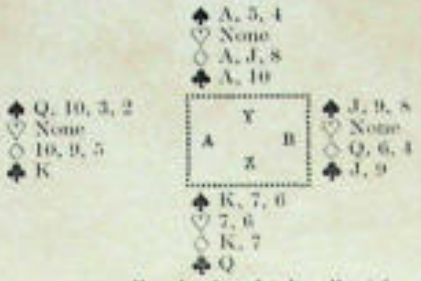
The prizes for this Competition have been awarded as follows:

C. I. ALLISON, Mallow Club, Mallow, Co. Cork, Eire.
J. N. BECKETT, Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W. and MRS. ERIC STANTON, The Vicarage, Skipton Bridge, Thirsk, Yorks.—1½ guineas each.

W. BENNETT, Higher Dunsalter, Thorverton, Devon.
F. BOLTON CARTER, Glenavon, London Road, Leicester and MAJOR ROUSE, R.A.M.C., No. 7 General Hospital, B.E.F.—½ guinea each.

In concluding this series of articles, I would like to thank my readers for the many interesting letters I have received. Many of the enquiries and proposals have been of considerable value in gauging the trend of readers' interest and consequently in preparing articles.

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Hearts trumps. Z to lead and take all tricks.

SOLUTION

This pretty ending is taken from G. Coffin's book *End Plays*, and he calls it the Barco squeeze from the writer who discovered the hand.

Z leads a Heart and A and Y discard a Spade each. B, squeezed in three suits, also discards a Spade. Z now leads his other Heart and A is squeezed in three suits.

CHESS

A STRONG ATTACK

The following game, from this year's Russian Championship Tournament, shows a strong attack by White.

(*Indian Defence.*)

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

(a) This is not frequently played but seems quite good.
(b) If B to Q 2, then Kt to K 5.
(c) Preparatory to a demonstration on the Queen's side which seems premature. A better line, pointed out by Lilienthal in "64," is 8. . . . Kt to B 3; 9. B to Q 2, P to K 4, after which White has nothing better than closing the centre by 10. P to Q 5.
(d) Played to prevent P to K 5.
(e) Black should, instead, play 14. . . . B P takes P, *e.g.* 15. P takes P, P takes P; 16. Q takes P, Q to Q B 4.
(f) Black is in too great a hurry to attack on the Queen's side. He should prevent Kt to B 5 by playing 15. . . . P to K Kt 3, even though that move would weaken his King's side.
(g) A powerful move, threatening Q to Kt 5.
(h) If 19. . . . P to K 3, then 20. Kt takes P (Q 6). If 19. . . . Kt takes P, then 20. R takes Kt, R takes R; 21. Q to Kt 5, P to Kt 3; 22. Q to B 6, P takes Kt; 23. B takes P, ch, K to B sq; 24. B to Kt 6, ch, and mate in two more moves. If 19. . . . R takes P, then 20. Q to Kt 5, R to K Kt 3; 21. Kt to B 6, ch. If 19. . . . Q takes P, then 20. Q to Kt 5, Kt to R 4; 21. R to B sq followed by 22. Q takes Kt. The best move is played so that Black can reply to 20. Q to Kt 5 with 20. . . . Kt to K sq. If, with the same purpose, 19. . . . K R to K sq, then 20. Q to Kt 5, Kt to K sq; 21. Q to K 7.
(i) If, instead, 21. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 22. Kt takes P, then 22. . . . R to K 2.
(j) Stronger than Kt takes P at once.
(k) Black has no really satisfactory move.
(l) If 23. . . . Q takes B, then 24. Kt takes R, Q to Kt 4; 25. Kt takes P, B takes Kt; 26. R takes B and wins.
(m) A good move.
(n) If 25. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 26. Kt to R 6, ch, K to R sq; 27. Kt to B 5 and wins. If 25. . . . Kt to K 5, then 26. R takes Kt for, if 26. . . . Q takes R, then 27. Kt to Q 6, ch and wins. If 25. . . . P to Q 7, then 26. P takes Kt, Q takes P; 27. R takes R, ch, R takes R; 28. Q takes Q P and wins.
(o) If 26. . . . K to R sq, then 27. P takes Kt, R to Kt sq; 28. R to K 7 and wins.
(p) Threatening Q to R 6, ch and mate next move. If now K to Kt sq, then P to B 7, ch and wins, or, if, instead, R takes R, then Q to R 6, ch followed by Kt to Q 6, ch.
(q) The Queen cannot be saved.

EUWE v. LANDAU

The second game of the recent match between Dr. Euwe and Dr. Landau (*Field*, December 4th).

(*French Defence.*)

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

(a) This transposes into a variation which is considered to be rather in White's favour. P to Q B 4 is the best move.
(b) Alternatives here are P to Q Kt 3 and P to B 4.
(c) If, instead B takes P, then Castles (Q R) with good attacking chances for White.
(d) Beginning a combination which turns out badly. He should, instead, play 13. . . . P to K R 3 and after 14. B to R 4) 14. . . . B to Q 2. If at once 13. . . . B to Q 2, then 14. B takes Kt, B takes B; 15. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 16. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 17. Q takes P, ch, followed by 18. Kt takes B.
(e) Best. If, instead, B takes Kt, then R to Q sq.
(f) Better than K takes P.
(g) If B to Q 2, then B to B 5, preparatory to B to Q 4 and K to Q 6.
(h) If B to Q 2, then K to Q 4, preparatory to B to K 5.
(i) White now threatens K to Q 4 followed by B to K 5.
(j) This forces a win in a few moves.

PROBLEM No. 4047

By O. WURZBURG.*

WHITE (6 pieces): King at K B 4, Queen at Q B 7, Rooks at Q B sq and K Kt 4, Bishop at K Kt 2, Pawn at Q 5.
BLACK (8 pieces): King at K R 7, Bishops at Q 6 and K Kt 8, Knight at K R 2, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 3, K 5 and Q B 7.
White to play and mate in two moves.
* *American Chess Bulletin*, 1939.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4046

1. Kt to B 4 (threatening 2. Kt to R 3). If 1. . . . B to B 4 or 1. . . . K to Kt 8, then 2. B to Q sq, &c. If 1. . . . P takes Kt or 1. . . . P to Q 5, then 2. Q to Q R 5, &c.

A HUNDRED BRILLIANT GAMES.—We have received for review a book of 100 pages, containing a selection of 100 brilliant games of chess, most of them played by masters. Fine specimens of the play of Dr. Alekhine, Pillsbury, Blackburne, Tchigorin, Marshall and many other distinguished players are given. Nearly a quarter of the games are examples of the Kieseritzky Gambit. The notes are by Mr. P. Wenman, an ex-champion of Scotland, from whom the book, *One Hundred Chess Gems*, can be obtained at 643, Wells Road, Bristol, 4. The price is 3/6.

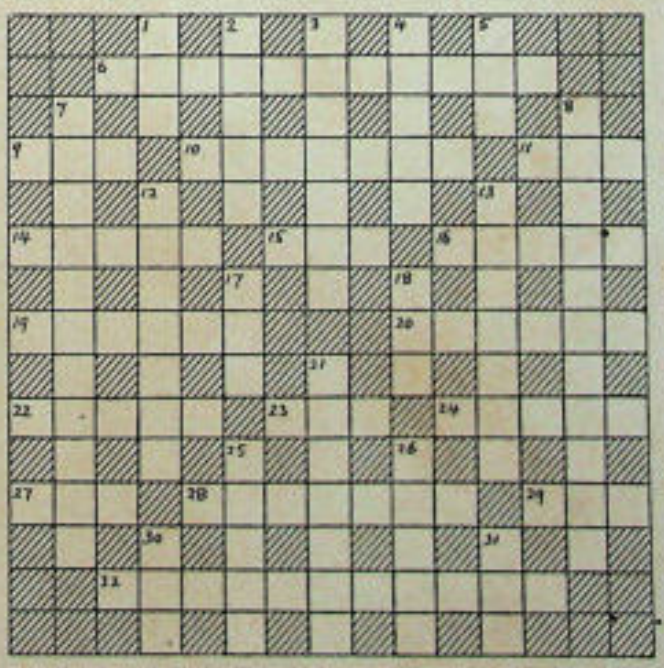
THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 549

ACROSS.—6, The province of the *Field* (11). 9, Ovum (4). 10, This dog sips ale (7). 11, Scatter seed for a pig (3). 14, Sign of deduction (5). 15, The tail of a donkey (3). 16, Spear (anag.) (5). 19, Firearms are not required for this shoot (6). 20, The god of 7 down (6). 22, A ship has swallowed up a Scottish river—the means of holding it together in fact (5). 24, After dark this container is transformed into a bird (5). 24, Remove an article from vest to produce a Scottish loch (5). 27, Twisted (3). 28, Domestic fowls (7). 29, The cold spell in Venice (3). 32, Fixes terror (anag.) (11).

DOWN.—1, Large snake (5). 2, These birds frequent marshes (5). 3, Country houses with farm buildings, entirely flooded by a river (5). 4, Rose and I in some confusion (5). 5, A girl from Nevada (3). 7, The Home Front first line (possibly) (11). 8, This tree is not found in a mine or on the shore (6, 5). 12, These birds are of American origin, though their name suggests otherwise (7). 13, Species of the genus Erica (7). 17, The end of 28 across (3). 18, Fatherless pacha (3). 21, Duck (7). 25, One of these animals, if placed before 19 across, produces the bird mentioned in the clue to 25 across (5). 26, This cereal evidently contains a good deal of moisture (5). 30, Half of the meadow (3). 31, Mineral containing metal (3).

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



SOLUTION TO No. 548

Published December 23rd

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE "FIELD" Staff of Experts is prepared to reply, on this page, to questions which are deemed to be of general interest. Anonymous letters will be ignored. Natural History objects for identification, if of a perishable character, and birds for post-mortem, should be properly packed and sent in as fresh a condition as possible, accompanied by all available relevant information. *Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.* No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.

CARTRIDGES FOR TESTING.—Cartridges for testing (not less than six) should be sent by passenger train, packed in a wooden box, labelled: Safety Cartridges. Class VI. Division 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible. Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for a valuation by an expert at a fixed fee.

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

Country House

Damp Walls.—You must first discover how the moisture gains access. It may be: (1) By capillary attraction from the ground up the substance of the wall; (2) By rain penetrating through the face of the wall; (3) By water penetrating from above, generally in the case of parapet walls or defective gutter. Sign of (1) is dampness appearing first at floor level and rising upwards to a height of 4ft. or so, terminating in a wavy line; (2) brings patches of dampness or a general dampness on a wall surface; (3) generally produces dampness starting at ceiling level and extending downwards. Your house you describe as destroyed with damp, which indicates that probably two or possibly all the above influences are at work. Remedies are: for (1) insert a damp-proof course of two courses of slates bedded in cement. For (2) an external application of an impervious substance, pudlock cement or boiled linseed oil or some proprietary preparation like Snowcrete or Duxbax. (3) requires a cement flaunching on top of the parapet wall to throw the water off, insertion of a slate damp-course as low as possible above the roof timbers, and treatment of the exposed brickwork as for (2).

In the case of an old house with very thick or stone walls, the insertion of a damp-course may be impracticable. In this case the damp can be kept from penetrating by an internal application of pudlock cement rendering, bitumen preparation, boiled linseed oil or Dussol. Although the water will not penetrate, almost as much damp will appear on the wall as beads of condensation water. This effect is even more pronounced when a wall is proofed both externally and internally, the imprisoned moisture eventually dislodging the rendering.

Applying these principles to your case I should advise the following: (a) If you can, insert a slate damp-course right round the house, and not forgetting interior walls. If you cannot, there is a remedy. It consists of inserting rows of atmospheric syphons supplied by British Knapen Ltd. These syphons were used successfully on the Palace of Versailles. (b) Get a builder to examine your rough-cast rendering and point up any cracks. Then dress it with boiled linseed oil, Snowcrete or Duxbax, and repeat every three years. (c) Flaunch, insert damp-course in and treat as (b) any parapet walls and chimney stacks. (d) Save yourself the cost of the central heating system and spend the money on curing the dampness. A dry house does not feel cold, and you may be satisfied with cheaper means of heating, perhaps an anthracite stove in the hall. (e) Do not waste money on treating the interior surfaces of walls, except as a last resort.

You should get a copy of the book *Damp, Dry Rot, &c.*, from British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex. This firm specialise in damp-treatment and send a representative to advise for a fee of 4 guineas. If you require a more unbiased opinion consult a qualified surveyor, who will charge about 10 guineas for a report. Your trouble is clearly beyond tinkering with by a local builder, and you can easily spend money to no effect. The addresses for the various substances are: Snowcrete (Snowcrete, Rotherhithe New Road, S.E.16). Syphons (British Knapen Ltd., Stone Grove Manor, Canons Park, Edgware, Middlesex). The "efflorescence" is the salts dissolved in the soil moisture, which becomes evaporated on the wall surface and leaves the salts behind. The trouble will disappear with the cure of the dampness.—*L. H.*, Ilminster.

Gardening

Right Time to Lime Soil.—Lime can be applied at any time provided the ground has not been manured within a month. It is customary, however, to manure heavy soils in autumn, and lime them in spring and to manure light soils in spring and lime them in autumn. If manure is put on light soils in autumn it is apt to be washed down below the level of the roots of the next crop by the autumn and winter rains. Slaked lime is used on heavy soils and either carbonate of lime or hydrated lime on light soils.—*J. M. R., Isle of Wight.*

Attack on Lime Trees.—There is little doubt from your description that your lime trees are infested by aphides, a common pest on these trees. They are minute in size, soft bodied, and fairly long-legged. Aphides or "plant lice" are provided with a curiously constructed beak for sucking the juice of plants. The secretion of which you complain is emitted from two prominent tubes, near the tip of the abdomen, called honey tubes. It covers the leaves, and is known as "honey-dew"; later it turns black and mouldy. Bees and ants are very fond of it, and use it as a substitute for nectar when that is scarce.

During summer the young aphides are produced viviparously, and are "budded" off at such a tremendous rate (the young quickly breeding again) that the number from one female and her descendants often number millions in a few weeks. You do not mention the height of the lime trees in question, but if the top can be reached by spraying, you have an easy remedy. Use a tar distillate, half a gallon, 3/6, would make twelve gallons of solution. It is sold under various proprietary names, such as "Kerbskillegg," "Mortegg," &c. It should be applied in a forcible spray before the buds burst. The later the spraying is done the better the result, the eggs becoming more vulnerable as their hatching season approaches. If grass is growing under the tree avoid over-saturating it or it may be browned. Applied annually, the effect would be cumulative.—*M. B., Scone.*

Shooting

Right to Shoot Rabbits.—The answers to your queries are as follows: (a) As the sporting rights are reserved, the tenant himself and one other person only can kill ground game with firearms under the Act. In this case, as presumably the latter is not a member of the farmer's household nor in his ordinary service on the land, he must be bona fide employed for reward. Under these conditions the rabbit-catcher mentioned, who must have the tenant's authority in writing, can shoot, but he cannot have any other person to shoot (except the tenant). (b) No, but he can authorise others, as above, to kill.—*E. K., Pickering.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis in a Red Squirrel.—A female red squirrel, which had been found dead on our correspondent's lawn, had died in a very emaciated condition owing to the infection of its bowels by the germs of coccidiosis. It is a common fatal infection of wild rodents.—*H. B., Kingswood.*

Streptococcal Septicæmia of a Muscovy Duckling.—The owner's letter accompanying the body of a Muscovy duckling, about eight weeks of age, reported that the parent birds produced a first brood of seven which died after several weeks. Having been assured that their death was due to their having been allowed to go on his pond, the owner kept the second brood in a wired enclosure. Of this brood three died suddenly when about seven to eight weeks of age. The cause of death of the bird sent for examination was a germ infection known as streptococcal septicæmia. This disease is met with occasionally among fowls and water-fowl, both domesticated and wild.

In birds which withstand the disease for several days, swelling of the joints commonly occurs; the swollen joint may discharge a blood-coloured glue-like fluid; sometimes the swelling extends along a leg above and below the joints. The more rapidly fatal cases usually die of pneumonia. The probable source of the germ infection in this case was the site (a pen or coop) in which the young ducklings were brooded. Unless thoroughly cleaned out every day the rearing pen or coop becomes insanitary very rapidly, and insanitary housing is the usual source of the disease among domesticated stock in this country. Pens should be moved on to clean ground daily.—*S., Suffolk.*

THE FIELD

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN

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

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